THE

BYRTH, LYF, AND ACTES

OF

KYNG ARTHUR;

OF HIS NOBLE KNYGHTES OF THE ROUNDE TABLE,

THEYR MERVEYLLOUS ENQUESTES AND ADUENTURES,

Thachyeuyng of the Sanc Greal;

AND IN THE END

LE MORTE DARTHUR,

WITH THE DOLOUROUS DETH AND DEPARTYNG OUT OF THYS WORLDE OF THEM AL.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

LONDON:

Printed from Caxton's Edition, 1485,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

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PRELIMINARY REMARKS

ON

THE ORIGIN

OF

THE FOLLOWING ROMANCE.

ALTHOUGH our information respecting the domestic habits of our ancestors is but scanty, it seems agreed upon, that, in the infancy, or rather the absence of literature and literary taste, romances were very generally read, and served to fill up the hours that are now devoted either to study, or to more refined amusements. Such, indeed, was the demand for these extravagant fictions, that our earliest printers employed their skill on them, and gave them a much wider circulation than when confined to manuscripts, and in the hands of the wealthy only. The book now before the reader was first printed by Caxton, in 1485, and is reckoned one of the finest spe-

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cimens of his typography. The only copy, however, now known, is one in the library of the Earl of Jersey; which was originally obtained from the Harleian Library, by Brian Fairfax, whose books were purchased by the late Mr. Child, grandfather of the present Countess of Jersey. It is from this copy that Mr. Dibdin was enabled to rectify the many errors of his predecessors, and give an accurate description of the volume in his "Typographical Antiquities."

The second edition was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1498, and may be accounted yet more rare than the preceding, as there is but one copy extant, (in Lord Spencer's library,) and that very imperfect. It was purchased by his lordship at the memorable Roxburgh sale, for £31 10s. A third edition was printed by Thomas East, but without date; after which no edition can be traced until that of 1634, of which the volume now before the reader is an exact reprint.

The long interval between the first three editions and this of 1634, may be accounted for from the state of public affairs, both ecclesiastical and civil—but principally the former. That great event, the REFORMATION, engaged the attention of the public for nearly the whole of the sixteenth century; and the transactions

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of the seventeenth, as far as the Restoration of Charles II. were very unfavourable to works of imagination and amusement.

Sir Thomas Malory was the author or compiler of this work, and, according to Oldys, seems to have compiled it out of several manuscripts written in the French and Welch tongues, respecting king Arthur and his knights: and, he adds, "to be conversant in the adventures of such redoubted champions, Caxton thought would inspire a noble spirit of valour in our gentry, which made him recommend it to them. If this sir Thomas Malory was a Welchman, as Leland, and others after him assert, he was probably a Welch priest; as appears not only by the legendary vein which runs through all the stories he has thus extracted and wove together, but by his conclusion of the work itself."

It is remarkable, that Caxton was at first very unwilling to print this work, because he doubted whether such a person as Arthur ever existed; and it is amusing to read the arguments by which he was persuaded of the existence of that noted monarch. The modern reader, however, need not be told, that the Arthur of *history*, and the Arthur of *romance*, are very different personages. Still its merit, as a fiction, is very great. It gives the gene-

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ral reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were: it is also written in pure English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains, are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime.

Alexander Chalmers.

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PREFACE.

ICH as the English is in every other branch of literature, it is peculiarly deficient in prose romances of chivalry, a species of composition in which the Portugueze and the French have excelled all other nations. The cause of this deficiency may perhaps be found in our history. At a time when the feelings and fashion of the age tended to produce and encourage such works, and when the master-pieces in this kind were composed, our language had not found its way among the higher classes, and our prose-style in consequence was wholly unformed. We had metrical romances in abundance, because these were in the proper sense of the word popular; they were designed for recital, and all who had ears to hear were fit audience. But for long compositions in prose readers were required, and in those ages reading was a rare accomplishment even in the highest ranks: this is one reason, among others, why poetry has in all countries preceded prose; and in this country French was at that time the language of those for whom books were written. Just as the English tongue acquired a decided prevalence, and had been stampt for immortality by Chaucer, the civil wars began, and the men, without

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whose patronage literature could make no progress, were engaged in a fierce struggle, not merely for power, but for life. When the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster was terminated, and the government assumed a settled form under the Tudors, the glory of chivalry was on the wane. The character of war had been changed by the general use of gunpowder; this produced, though somewhat more slowly, a change in its costume; and the intellectual activity of the age was at the same time excited and almost engrossed by the momentous struggle for religious liberty.

II. For the same reasons that during the golden age of chivalry no original compositions of this description were produced among us, no translations were made from the numerous works which had appeared in French. To this circumstance the Morte Arthur is owing: it is a compilation from some of the most esteemed romances of the Round Table. Had the volumes from which it is compiled existed in English, Sir Thomas Malory would not have thought of extracting parts from them, and blending them into one work. This was done at the best possible time: a generation earlier, the language would have retained too much of its Teutonic form; a generation later, and the task of translation would have devolved into the hands of men who performed it as a trade, and equally debased the work which they interpreted, and the language in which they wrote.

III. Much has been written concerning the origin of Romance, as if one nation must necessarily have borrowed its fictions from another. But, in reality, mythological and romantic tales are current among all savages of whom we have any full account: for man has his intellectual as well as his bodily appetites, and these things are the food of his imagination and his faith. They are found wherever there is language and discourse of reason, in other words, wherever there is man. And in similar stages of civilization, or states of

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society, the fictions of different people will bear a corresponding resemblance, notwithstanding the difference of time and scene. Thus the adventures of Jason and of Theseus differ more from the stories of Knight Errantry in the inferior tone of their morals, than in the character of the incidents themselves; the labours of Hercules are for the most part such as might have been achieved by one of the Twelve Peers, or of the Round Table; some of the Arabian Tales bear the strongest features of chivalrous romance; Rustan might break a spear with Esplandian; and the tale which Herodotus relates of the King of Egypt's treasury and the thieves, might have been found in the Thousand and One Nights, or in the Decameron.

There are indeed particular resemblances which must undeniably be referred to a common origin. Such, for instance, is the main incident in the story of the Stealing of the Veils, which the German Musæus has given us as a popular tale in his own country, which appears in Mr. Scott's Supplement to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and which Ali Bey, the Spaniard, found as a believed superstition at Fez. Such in the Welsh Hanes Taliesin is the pursuit of Gwion the Little by Ceridwen, which is so like an incident in the Arabian story of the second Calender, that either the one must have been derived from the other, or both (as is most probable) from some unknown source. Such, too, is the tale of a descent into the sea in a house of glass, which is found in Eastern, in Spanish, in Teutonic, and in Cymric romance. Many other such resemblances might be traced, especially in comic stories, and even in popular jests, which found their way from one part of the world to another when there was no intercourse either of war or traffic between the east and west. In what manner then may this intellectual intercourse be explained? Most probably by the dispersion of the Jews. When there were no other travellers, the Jews found no difficulty in travelling every where, because they had countrymen established in every part of the civilized or semi-barbarous world. When the European sovereigns

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first became desirous of opening a trade with India, it was found that their Jewish subjects knew the way. The science of medicine was in their hands; they brought spices and drugs from the east; and perhaps the physician as well as the barber, who was then an inferior member of the same profession, found it desirable to add the art of story-telling to his other accomplishments.

IV. The favourite subjects of Grecian fiction were the Argonautic Expedition, the War of Thebes, and the War of Troy. There was some historical foundation for each of these stories, and upon this foundation a great superstructure of fable was erected. These topics satisfied the Greeks and Romans, so that their epic and dramatic writers contented themselves with drawing from these approved sources. Although we are now weary of such mythological subjects, still it must be acknowledged that there are some not inconsiderable advantages in taking up a popular fable, according to the advice of Horace, and the practice of so many ages. It is especially perceived in dramatic composition: all difficulty of opening the subject, and ushering the different personages of the piece to notice, or, as Mr. Bayes has it, of *insinuating the plot*, is obviated: the audience come to the representation possessed of that previous knowledge which enables them to take a lively interest from the first scene, and perhaps to derive greater pleasure from watching the developement of a well-known story, and observing the skill with which new situations have been invented, new thoughts produced, and new feelings called forth, than from a play of whose constituent parts they should be wholly ignorant: in this case some time elapses before they understand it sufficiently to be interested at all, and then the interest of curiosity becomes the predominant feeling, which it ought not to be. For this reason, rather than for any lack of invention, poets kept to the beaten track as long as classical literature existed. And here one of those resemblances is to be observed, which similar causes have produced

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in different ages, and among different people. What the Theban and the Trojan wars were to the ancient writers, the histories of Charlemagne and Arthur were to the poets and romancers of the middle ages.

V. A gratuitous assertion has been hazarded by M. de Caylus, that the fables of the Round Table were invented by a jealous spirit of national rivalry, in imitation of those of Charlemagne. "The English," says he, "would not yield to us in heroical fictions: they opposed one of their heroes to ours, and a British to a French chivalry. Things went even farther than this. The French pretended to derive their origin from Francus and from Hector: the English chose to be descended from Brutus, son of Ascanius, (of Silvius he should have said), and grandson of Æneas. The pretended history of Jeffery of Monmouth established this filiation. Thus with regard to antiquity things became equal between us; and the choice which they made of Arthur for their hero in the middle ages, gave them the advantage over us of about two centuries in priority, so that the reign of Charlemagne became but a copy of his. Yet as the fabulous history of Charlemagne is the eldest, the imitation in the others is ill disguised. Arthur and Charlemagne have each a nephew of great prowess, whom they love above all other men; Roland and Gawain play the same part. No person is ignorant of the numerous wars which Charlemagne had to support; Arthur, being as great a warrior, was engaged in twelve. Both fought with the Pagans; both fought with the Saxons; both made a great many journeys; each was equally generous in distributing his spoils among his chiefs. Charlemagne was sober, his table was frugal: he only admitted his friends and the chief persons of his kingdom to it on solemn festivals. Arthur observed exactly the same conduct. The twelve peers of the one correspond to the twelve knights of the other's Round Table. Thus then it is highly probable that the whole history of Arthur has

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been formed upon that of Charlemagne, and that the reign of this latter prince has been the source of all the romantic ideas which were so prolific in the succeeding ages."

This is written neither with accuracy, nor with judgement. The resemblances which are indicated are like those between Monmouth and Macedon; Charlemagne was a king, and so was Arthur, and they each had a nephew, but wherein the resemblance lies in the two kings, except in their sovereignty, or between Gawain and Roland, except in their relationship to the respective monarchs, it requires the aid of an hypothesis to discover. In reality, there existed no such rivalry, as the hypothesis premises, between the two nations at that time; that rivalry had not yet begun, nor does national rivalry display itself in such things. It can scarcely be necessary to observe, that this is no question of national literature. The books of the Round Table, whether written by Normans, Bretons, or natives of any other province, belong equally to France; they are the pride of French literature; nor have we any thing which can be placed in competition with them.

VI. M. Ginguené assigns to the Romances of the Paladines a great superiority over those of the Round Table. "It cannot be denied," he says, "that the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne, armed to deliver France and Europe from the tyranny of the Saracens, are more interesting than the Knights of Arthur seeking the St. Greall, encountering, in obtaining it, the most perilous adventures, and finishing by turning monks or hermits. It is true, that if the labours of the Knights of the Round Table and those of the Twelve Peers have little similarity in their object, the knights of the two orders resemble each other greatly in their valour, their gallantry, and their exploits; and that the first authors of these romances have almost equally introduced the wonders of fairy machinery, and the interest of love-episodes. But the fable of Charlemagne must have attracted

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the imagination of the Italians much more powerfully than that of Arthur, since, knowing them both in old translations, they employed themselves upon Charlemagne and Roland, long before they took up Lancelot, Gyron the Courteous, and some other heroes of the Round Table. Roland, and the other Paladines, became national, or at least popular, in Italy as much as they were in France itself; and when at last he was celebrated by the great Ariosto,—when the Homer of Ferrara had united to all the charms of romantic fiction the nobleness and the splendour of the epic trumpet, the name of Roland had nothing then for which to envy that of Achilles."

Undoubtedly it is true that no poem of any lasting popularity has been produced upon a Round Table story; and that in its kind the Orlando Furioso will hardly be equalled, and cannot be surpassed. But the cause why Charlemagne and his Peerage should be more popular in the south of Europe than King Arthur is obvious: it is owing to the historical and local celebrity of the founder of the Western Empire; to the notoriety of his existence, and the importance of his reign,—not to any greater charm in the fictions which were engrafted upon it.

VII. " As to Arthur," says Milton, " more renowned in songs and romances than in true stories, who he was, and whether ever any such reigned in Britain, hath been doubted heretofore, and may again with good reason. No less is in doubt who was his father,—and as we doubted of his parentage, so may we also of his puissance. Considering all things," he adds, " there will remain neither place nor circumstance in story which may administer any likelihood of those great acts that are ascribed him."—His own countrymen go farther in their scepticism. Mr. Owen says, there ought not to be any doubt that there was a prince of this name, for he is mentioned by Llywarc, Merddin, and Taliesin, who were his contemporaries, and he is recorded in the Triads: but the Arthur of romance, according to

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him, is a mythological person. "Arthur," he says, "is the Great Bear, as the epithet literally implies: (it is odd that he did not think of Arctos and Arcturus to strengthen his hypothesis): and perhaps this constellation, being so near the pole, and visibly describing a circle in a small space, is the origin of the famous Round Table. Telyn Arthur, or the Harp of Arthur, is also the British appellation for the beautiful constellation Lyra. Uthyr Bendragon, or *Wonder the Supreme Leader*, and Eigyr, or *Generating Power*, were the parents of the mythological, not the real Arthur, who was the son of Meirig ab Tewdrig. In some of the Welsh stories concerning him we recognize adventures which must have had a common origin with those of Hercules, and with the Argonautic voyage. It may not be amiss," he adds, "to glance into the gloomy region where the Arthur of mythology is concealed, so as to catch in his features an identity with some celebrated name recorded in the history of the primitive world. In so doing, are we mistaken or not, in recognizing him as Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, the presumptuous Belus? We can see but indistinctly here, and therefore may have erred: may others prove more fortunate."

Mr. Davies, who is certainly far the most able writer that has yet attempted to explore the dark region of Welsh antiquity, concurs in all this, except in identifying Arthur with Nimrod. He will have him "only another representation of the polyonymous patriarch—the deified Noah;" and the monuments which bear his name in so many parts of the island, he supposes to be remnants of Arkite worship. Mr. Davies is often elaborately fanciful in his explanations, and sees every thing through the haze of theory; but his volumes contain a great deal of valuable research, his views are clear and consistent, and his inferences are frequently acute, and sometimes convincing. He has proved satisfactorily that the Welsh bards adhered to the Druidical superstition long after the establishment of Christianity; and he has adduced strong grounds, at least, for supposing that the Arthur

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of history was initiated in the same faith. But with regard to any mythological personage from whom the real Arthur derived his name, and the romantic one many of his adventures, farther evidence must be required. Whether the Mabinogion will supply it I am very doubtful. The specimens which I have seen lead me to no such conclusion; they are, however, exceedingly curious, nor is there a greater desideratum in British literature than an edition of these tales, with a literal version, and such comments as Mr. Davies, of all men, is best qualified to give. Certain it is that many of the Round Table fictions originated in Wales, or in Bretagne, and probably might still be traced there.

VIII. All which can be gleaned from Welsh authorities, respecting the real actions of Arthur, may be found in Mr. Turner's elaborate and most valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons: it is sufficient to prove that he made a brave stand against the Saxons, though not always a successful one, and that he was sometimes engaged in destructive wars with the petty princes of his own country. To trace the fictions to which he has given birth, would be a work of extraordinary labour and difficulty,—greater, perhaps, than any individual could accomplish. Many of the oldest works have never been published, and some, perhaps, are no longer in existence. The printed romances are of extreme rarity, and their bulk is such that they cannot be perused without a serious expence of time, more than commensurate with the importance of the object. Such, however, as I have been able to obtain, I have gone through, and among them are the most important of those from which the Morte Arthur has been compiled.

IX. Merlin is the first of these in order. I am indebted to Mr. Laing for the use of a copy in his rich collection, in two volumes, foolscap quarto, with a third, containing the Prophecies.

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Sensuyt le premier volume de Merlin. Qui est le premier livre de la Table ronde. Avec plusieurs choses moult recreative. Nouvellement imprime a Paris en la grant Rue sainct Jacques a Lenseigne de la Roze blanche Couronnee.

This romance begins with a bold fiction bordering upon impiety, though assuredly it was not invented with any irreligious intention. The author pretends that the Devils held a council in consequence of the diminution which their power on earth had sustained since the Incarnation: the result of their deliberations was, a resolution that the best way to oppose the power of God in the world, would be to produce an incarnation of the Devil. A fiend accordingly volunteered for this service; but by a strange mistake, for one of his subtlety, he chose a religious damsel for the subject of the experiment; and she, by her prayers and penitence, sanctified the child, of which she had innocently and unwittingly conceived. As soon as young Merlin had saved his mother from the punishment to which she was condemned, he desired her confessor, the holy man Blaise, to write down his history, and whatever else he should tell him; upon which Blaise adjured him in the most solemn manner not to deceive him, or make him do any thing but what would please God. Merlin satisfies him upon this score, and tells him that all people will gladly hear his book, but that it will not be of authority, inasmuch as he is not one of the Apostles. Blaise is thus made Historiographer to the great Prophet and Enchanter, who with becoming regard to the information of posterity, supplies him from time to time with the most unquestionable materials. As soon as any thing remarkable has happened, away posts Merlin to Northumberland, and communicates it to his veracious chronicler.

The style of fiction with which this romance begins might induce an expectation of something better than what follows; but, in reality, it is one of the poorest books of the Round Table. There is the history of Arthur's birth, and the wars of his father Uther. Uther and

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Pendragon are made two persons in this book, brothers; and Pendragon is slain in a battle upon Salisbury plain, where the river Thames flows by the city of Salisbury. This battle was fought against the Saxons, who were Saracens, and made strong war in those days upon Britain, under their Kings Hardagabran, Pignorez, Magloras, and Gaudoufles: the daughter of the Saxon Hangius had converted Vertigiers to the Law *Mahom*, and was the first person who called the people *garçons*. After the death of Uther, the kings who had done homage to him refuse to acknowledge Arthur, notwithstanding a miracle has designated him to be their lawful sovereign. This occasions a series of tiresome wars, till the Saxons return and give these princes sufficient business at home. Merlin then sends for King Ban of Benoic, and King Boors of Gennes, to go with Arthur, and assist King Leodagan against the Irish King Ryon, famous for his mantle made of kings' beards. While he is busy in successfully terminating this war, the Saxons lay his own kingdom waste; but it is defended by some half-score of his nephews, with Gawain at their head, who have luckily all left home with one accord for the sake of receiving knighthood from their uncle's hands. Meantime King Claudas, the old enemy of King Ban and his brother Boors, had applied for aid to Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome. *Mais ce nestoit pas ce Julius Cæsar que le chevalier Mars occist en son pavillion au royaume de Perse, mais fut celuy que messire Gauvain occist en la battaille dessoubz Langres pour ce que celuy Julius avoit deffie le roy Artus.* The one Julius Cæsar has evidently been mistaken for Julian; as for the other, it may well be supposed that the aid of Arthur and all his chivalry was required against so formidable a personage.

Le second volume de Merlin.

On les vent a Regnes chiez Jehan Mace, a Caen chiez Michel Angier, a Rouen chiez Richard Mace aux cinq chapeletz pres la grant eglise. This Richard Mace was the printer.

Here we have the war against Claudas and the Emperor of

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Rome, in behalf of King Ban and King Boors; the marriage of Arthur with King Leodagan's legitimate daughter Guenever; the reconciliation between Arthur and his brother-in-law King Lott; the destruction of the Saxons; another war against that cruel shaver King Ryon of Ireland, who is now slain by Arthur; the defeat of the Romans, with the death of their Emperor Julius Cæsar; and, finally, Merlin's disappearance, being the fatal termination of his amours with the nymph Vivian. The first books of the Morte Arthur draw largely from this romance, which has evidently been derived from the same original as the metrical romance analysed by Mr. Ellis.

X. As the Prophecies of Merlin are usually sought for to accompany the Romance, it may be proper to notice them here. The title and colophon are as follow:

Les Prophecies de Merlin. On les vent a Regnes chiez Jehan Mace, a Caen chiez Michel Angier, a Rouen chiez Richard Mace, aux cinq chapeletz pres la grant eglise.

Cy finent les propheties de Merlin, nouvellement imprimées a Rouen, pour Jehan Mace, demourant a Regnes pres Sainct Sauveur a lymage Sainct Jehan levangeliste. Et pour Michel Angier demourant a Caen pres le pont Sainct Pierre, et pour Richard Mace demourant a Rouen jouxte le portail aux libraires a lenseigne des cinq chapeletz.

This book is put together in extraordinary confusion. It seems almost as if the chapters had been written separately, and printed according to the accidental arrangement in which they were found. There is not the slightest resemblance to the predictions recorded by Jeffery of Monmouth,—the present strange compilation is much more amusing, and much more curious. Merlin, like Frey Luys d'Escobar, answers all questions respecting this world and the next; points of natural history as well as of theology and prophecy are introduced;

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and occasional fragments of romance, including a considerable part of Merlin's own history, by no means according with the account given by the holy Blaise his chronicler, make up the odd medley. In one place it is said, *celuy compte est translate de Latin en François;*—in another, *le compte dit et si le grant livre le tesmoigne;* and these expressions seem not to be a mere form of fiction, but real references to an earlier work. It has evidently been written at very different times, and, of course, with very different purposes in the persons who availed themselves of Merlin's name to give their own opinions currency, or answer their own ends,—a fraud which was frequently practised in the middle ages. Many parts have a political bearing, which is now no longer explicable, unless the occasion for which they were composed could be ascertained. Many other places touch upon the corruption of the church, and the venality of the clergy: Merlin says, *noster Seigneur Jhesu Crist souffrit que je nasquisse au siecle, pour la honte des ennemys denfer, mesmement pour compler au siecle le mauvais miracle du Dragon de Babilone, que nul saint nen a parle fors seullement monseigneur saint Jehan.* p. 54. There are frequent allusions of this kind, in the spirit of an enemy to the Romish church; and yet in other places the Albigenses seem to be alluded to as a race worse than the Saracens.

According to this book Master Tholomer was the first person whom Merlin employed to write his predictions; and when he was made a bishop, and it was no longer fitting that he should be thus engaged, one of his clerks, by name Master Anthoine, succeeded to the office of Propheciographer. This personage had a most profound respect for Merlin. *Je voy clerement, dist Maistre Anthoine, que tu es le plus subtil homme qui oncques fut au siecle, si ne fut nostre seigneur Jhesu Crist.* p. 49. A third great reporter was Meliadus, brother of Sir Tristram; he was the paramour of the Lady of the Lake, and used to converse with Merlin in his tomb. The Sage Clerk Raymon was also a writer of these Prophecies. He was a very remarkable personage, who travelled through the air, over land and

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sea, upon a huge stone, having a devil in its centre, like the kernel of a nut. This devil was the unlucky fiend who had Merlin for his son; and it is to his credit that he speaks well of a son so unlike himself and all his father's family: The Son of Mary, he says, permitted Merlin to be born of that strange generation in order to deceive Lucifer and those of his council: "and know," he continues, "that if luxury had not overtaken him, neither Peter, nor Paul, nor James, nor any other of the Apostles, would have done so much good as he would have done in the world. Nevertheless, so much he did, that I know of a certainty he is not damned, but is out of the power of Lucifer." The Sage Clerk Raymon of Wales was succeeded in his office by Rubers the Chaplain.

XI. A much larger portion of the Morte Arthur is taken from Lancelot du Lac than from Merlin.

Le Roman du vaillant Lancelot du Lac, Chevalier de la Table Ronde; translaté du latin en françoise, par Robert de Borron, ou de Bourron. Paris, Verard, 1494. 3 *Vol. in fol. gotiq.*

Cy fine le dernier volume de la table ronde faisant mention des fais et proesses de moseigneur Lancelot du Lac, etc. imprime a Paris ce derrenier iour dapuril mil cccc quatre vingtz et quatorze pour Anthoine Verard. 3 *Vol. in f. goth.*

This is the bulkiest of all the Round Table Romances, but it is also one of the best; and the hero might be considered as the ideal of a perfect Knight for honour, generosity, and constancy, as well as courage, if it could be forgotten that he lives in adultery with the wife of the King whom he serves, and who regards him as one of the best and most faithful of his court. The lamentation over Sir Lancelot's dead body, toward the close of the Morte Arthur, which has often been quoted for its beauty, is translated from this Romance.

XII. Sir Thomas Malory has also drawn liberally from the following romance.

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Histoire du tres-vaillant, noble et excellent chevalier Tristan, fils du Roi Méliadus de Léonnois (rédigée par Luce, chevalier, seigneur du château de Gast.)—Imprimé à Paris pour Anthoine Verard. 2 tom. en 1 Vol. in fol. goth. (sans date.)

Cy finist le seconde & le dernier volume fait & cōpile en l'honneur & memoire du tres vaillāt noble et excellent chevalier Tristan fils du noble roy meliadus de leonoys. Imprime a Paris pour Anthoine Verard libraire demourant pres le pont nostre dame a lenseigne Saint jehan levangeliste ou au palais au premier pillier deuant la chappelle ou on chante la messe de messeigneurs de parlement.

The history of this romance has been investigated by Mr. Walter Scott, in his edition of Thomas of Ercildoune's poem, with his usual ability and erudition, leaving nothing undone. That it is originally British appears certain. Mr. Davies, indeed, endeavours to show that the story is allegorical mythology, and Tristram himself (or Trystan, according to the Cymric orthography of the name) a mythological character,—but this is the utmost wildness of hypothesis.

I began the perusal of this, as being the most celebrated of all these romances, with great expectations; those expectations were not answered: the story in its progress not only disappointed, but frequently disgusted me. Vile as the thought is of producing by a philtre that love upon which the whole history turns, and making the hero, or rather both the heroes, live in adultery (and that too in both instances of an aggravated kind), these are the conditions of the Romance, which must be taken with it for better for worse: they are the original elements, of which the author was to make the best he could. But it is the fault of the author that so many of the leading incidents should shock, not merely our ordinary morals, which are conventional and belong to our age, but those feelings which belong to human nature in all ages. The characters also are in many instances discordant with themselves; and the fault, so frequent in

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such books, of degrading one hero to enhance the fame of another, is carried here to great excess. An author may do what he will with the creatures of his own creation,—they are as clay in the potter's hand,—but it is a foul offence in literature to take up the personage whom another writer has described as a Knight of prowess and of worth, and engraft vices upon him, and stain him with dishonour. Who could bear to see Desdemona represented as an adultress?

XIII. The Romance of Meliadus de Leonnoys, the father of Tristram, is, in my judgement, very superior to that of the son.

Le Roman de Méliadus de Léonnois, Chevalier de la Table Ronde; où sont contenues, avec les faits d'armes, plusieurs proësses de Chevalerie faites par le bon Roi Artus, Palamedes, & autres Chevaliers, estant au tems dudit Roi Méliadus: translaté du latin par Rusticien de Pise, et remis depuis en nouveau langage. Paris, Denys Janot, 1532, *in fol. gotiq.*

Amen.

Le present vollume des faitz & geztes du noble roy Méliadus de Léonnoys fut acheue d'imprimer a Paris le xx jour du moys de Mars Lan mil cinq cens xxxii.

The author of the Brut professes to have composed, or recompiled this volume, at the request of King Henry of England, from the Latin, in which it had been rudely and confusedly written by Master Rusticien de Pise, at the desire of an English King Edward. I do not believe that any of these Romances ever existed in Latin,—by whom, or for whom, could they have been written in that language? Nor would it be worth while to guess what Kings are intended, when the patrons may be as imaginary as the originals. Unlike all the other romances which have been noticed, I suppose Meliadus to have been the work of a single author;—and he sets out like a true Knight Errant who is in search of adventures, without knowing what course he shall take, or where his journey is to end. His intention was to write a book about

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Palamedes,—the best conceived character in Tristram,—and in the name of Palamedes the author says he begins it; so he brings Esclabor, the father of this Knight, from Babylon to Rome, and from Rome to Northumberland, and having thus got to King Arthur, nothing more is said about the intended hero. A few desultory adventures of King Pharamond, and the Morhoult of Ireland, bring Meliadus on the stage, and his rival the *Bon Chevalier sans paour*. *Sans paour* he was, but not *sans reproche*, having at a tournament either done something which he ought not to have done, or left undone something which he ought to have done,—I do not recollect which, for many years have elapsed since I read the book, and the circumstance is not among my notes: but it is manifestly in reference to this character and this circumstance that the Chevalier Bayard obtained his well known appellation. Meliadus and the Bon Chevalier sans paour are the two heroes of the Romance, nor is it possible to discover which of them the author himself prefers, for he does them equal justice. Many tales of their heroism and of their rivalry are related, just in the manner of the episodes in Gyron, so much so indeed as decidedly to identify the author of the two books, were there no other proof. The manner in which each speaks of his rival is always very fine, and in the noblest spirit of chivalry.

The business of the first half the book ends in a tournament where they take different sides, and where on the whole the Bon Chevalier is the more fortunate. A more connected story follows. Meliadus falls in love with the Queen of Scotland and forcibly carries her off, out of King Arthur's dominions: for which he is attacked in his own kingdom, and by the prowess of the Bon Chevalier sans paour conquered and taken. Arthur imprisons him; but his confinement is more rigorous than the King either intends or knows. Meantime Arthur falls sick: his vassals (like Alexander's Captains) go to war with each other, and Ariohan, a terrible Saxon, at the instigation of

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some of them, invades Logres. Arthur recovers, and summons all his liegemen, but the Bon Chevalier sans paour refuses to come, saying that the king has disgraced and wronged all chivalry by the manner in which he treats the best knight living. Meliadus is then delivered in consequence of this generous conduct on the part of his rival: he accepts a defiance from Ariohan, and concludes the war by defeating him. The remainder of the volume is filled up incoherently with any stories about the Round-Table Knights which came into the head of the author, or into the hands of the compiler. Galahad le Brun, Segurades, Gyron, Tristram, &c. &c. are introduced without the slightest connection of time, place, or anything else, and the whole ends with the death of Meliadus, in the words wherein it is related in Tristram.

XIV. Gyron le Courtoys is the work of the same author, whose style indeed is distinctly marked, especially in dialogue, and who in his tone of morals is infinitely superior to all the other Romancers of this school.

Le Roman de Gyron le Courtois; translaté de Branor le Brun, le vieil Chevalier qui avoit plus de cent ans d'âge, lequel vint a la Cour du Roi Artus, accompagné d'une Demoiselle, pour s'éprouver à l'encontre des jeunes Chevaliers, lesquels étoient les plus vaillans, ou les jeunes, ou les vieux; et comment il abbatit le Roi Artus, et quatorze Rois qui en sa compagnie étoient, et pareillement tous les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde, de coups de lance: et traite ledit Livre, des plus grandes Adventures que jadis advinrent aux Chevaliers Errans; avec la devise et les armes de tous les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde. Paris, Ant. Verard, sans date, in fol. gotiq.

Imprime a paris pour Anthoine verard marchant libraire demourāt a Paris pres petit pont deuant la rue neufue nostre dame a lenseigne Saint iehan leuangeliste. Ou au palais au premier pil-

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lier deuant la chappelle ou lon chante la messe de messeigneurs les presidens.

This romance begins with an adventure of Branor le Brun, a knight above an hundred and twenty years of age, who though he had not borne arms for forty years, comes to Camelot to try whether the knights of King Arthur's court were as good as those of his days. He is however so persuaded of their inferiority, that he only invites them to run at him, as at a *quintain.* Palamedes, Gawain, and many others unhorse themselves in doing this; but the old knight honours the king, Sir Tristram, and Sir Lancelot so much as to take a spear against them, and he overthrows them like so many children. An adventure of Tristram and Palamedes then follows (without any connection) which is in the Morte Arthur.

Gyron is now introduced, and goes to Maloanc, the castle of his friend Danayn le Roux. The lady of Maloanc, Danayn's wife, falls in love with him, and tempts him twice, but without effect. They go to a tournament, where Meliadus and his friend Sir Lac are present; Sir Lac becomes enamoured of the lady, waylays her after the tournament, and wins her from her escort of five and twenty knights, but loses her himself to Gyron. Gyron unluckily has now caught from Sir Lac the love with which the lady herself had not been able to inspire him; his heart gives way to the temptation; he leads her, "nothing loth," to a fountain in the forest, and takes off his armour. "At this point of time, when they were in this guise, ready to commit the villainy, then it happened that the spear of Gyron which was placed against a tree, fell upon his sword and made it fall into the fountain. And Gyron who, as ye have heard, loved this sword greatly, as soon as he saw it fall into the water, ran towards it, and left the lady. And when he came to the fountain, and saw that the sword was at the bottom of the water, he took it out, being greatly vexed, and drew it from the scabbard, and began to wipe it. And then he began to regard the letters which were

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written upon the sword; they had been cut there by reason of the good knight Hector le Brun. And these were the proper words which were there written: *Loyaulte passe tout, et faulsete si honnit tout, et decoit tous hommes dedans quals elle se herberge.*" Upon this his conscience smites him with such remorse for having sinned in intention, that he instantly stabs himself. The lady, who is called by no other name than La Belle Dame de Maloanc, prevents him from repeating the blow, and after a while Red Danayn finds them in this situation. The whole truth is acknowledged to him, and he, not to be wanting in generosity, loves Gyron more than ever for this his courtesy, as it is termed, and takes him home to Maloanc, where he is soon healed. During all this time Gyron is only known to this family, the rest of the world supposing him to be dead. A great deal concerning Hector le Brun is related by way of episode to King Meliadus, and Gyron occasionally hears stories of himself introduced with considerable skill, as well as interest, to raise his character.

This part of the Romance, though interrupted with some episodical matter, has more unity of purpose than is usual in such works. There is no other division than that of chapters; but in what may be called the second part, the character, or more properly the conduct of the two friends is reversed. Red Danayn going to escort a damsel for Gyron, to whom she appertains, betrays his trust, and carries her off; Gyron pursues him, and overtaking him at last, defeats him after a desperate combat, and though he had determined to take his life, spares him for the sake of courtesy. Immediately afterwards he rescues him from a giant. The incidental parts in this division, are, a story of Galahalt le Brun, with whom Gyron in his youth had been companion; and a curious adventure of Breus sans pitie, in which he finds the bodies of Febus and the damsel of Northumberland in a house hewn in a rock; and learns their history from the son of Febus, a very old man, who in this habitation leads a life of penance with his son, which son is the father of Gyron, a fact

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of which Gyron is ignorant, he it appears being in the predicament of Prince Prettyman. Then comes an excellent adventure of the knight sans paour in the valley of Serfage, where Naban the black makes serfs of every person who enters: the reader is referred for the sequel to the Romance of Meliadus. Danayn in his turn delivers Gyron and his damsel, who had been betrayed, and were tied to a tree that they might suffer from the severity of the weather in the cold country of Sorolois. These knights are now reconciled; they separate, each seeking adventures, both are made prisoners; and we are referred to the history of Meliadus for their release, "the Latin book from which this is translated saying no farther." The Romance ends with a chapter in which Galineus the white, son of Gyron and the Damsel, who was born in the preceding chapter, defeats the best knights of the Round Table one after another; but he is a wicked knight himself, having been wickedly brought up by the false traitor who imprisoned his father.

Francis the first of France preferred this to all other books of chivalry, and for that reason commanded Luigi Alamanni to versify it in Italian; the command was repeated by his successor Henry II.; but Alamanni added little to his reputation by the poem; the easy sweetness of his verse is less delightful than the simplicity and strength of the old prose. The poet has justly praised the morality of his story; I know no other Romance so completely free from all impurities of thought or language; there are indications enough in it of an immoral age, but it seems as if the writer had escaped the contagion. Either in the poem or in the Romance, Spenser probably found the original of his Braggadochio. What may be suspected in many of these books appears almost certain in this, that the writer frequently, when he began an adventure, knew as little how it was to end, as the knight who set off in quest of one; he invented the story as he proceeded with it, and sometimes in its progress modified, or completely changed the character which he brought upon the

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stage. It is worthy of notice that in this Romance the knights of King Arthur's court are represented as mere children to those of Uther Pendragon's days. The prowess of these elder worthies exceeds even the hyperboles of Esplandian: one of them makes nothing of attacking large armies single-handed, and killing giants with a blow of the fist.

XV. I am indebted to Mr. Heber's usual kindness for the use of Lancelot, Tristram, Meliadus, and Gyron. The following work, great part of which is incorporated in the Morte Arthur, is in Mr. Laing's collection.

Lhystoire du sainct greaal, Qui est le premier livre de la table ronde; lequel traicte de plusieurs matieres recreatives. Ensemble la queste dudict sainct greaal ffaicte par Lancelot, Galaad, Boors et Perceval, qui est le dernier livre de la table ronde; lesquelz livres ne furent jamais imprimez jusques a present.

Avec le privilege du roy nostre sire jusques a troys ans lequel sensuyt.

Le roy nostre sire a donne et ottroye lettres de grace et privilege a Galiot du pre marchant libraire, demourant a paris, de faire imprimer le livre du sainct greaal. Et deffend ledict seigneur a tous marchans libraires et aultres quelconques du royaume de France quilz ne impriment ne facent imprimer ledict livre jusques a troys ans apres ensuyvans finis et acomplis, en cas de debat lesdictes inhibitions et deffences tenans nonobstant autres lettres subreplices et a ce contraires. Donne a Paris le xxvii jour de Janvier Mil cinq cens et quatorze.

Par le roy, et syne Bucelly.

The first volume concludes at f. 122, (erroneously numbered 116.)

Cy fine le premier livre et hystoire du sainct Greaal utille et prouffitable a tous chrestiens qui desirent scavoir et veoir plusieurs

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choses merveilleuses des haulx faitz dont nostre seigneur Jhesucrist voulut douer ses vrays serviteurs chevaliers errans pour la loy exaulcer et la foy de crestiente entretenir.

The paging is continued through the second volume.

Le second volume du sainct greaal, contenant la conqueste dudict sainct Greaal, faicte par Lancelot du Lac, Galaad, Perceval et Boors.

Cy fine le derrenier volume de la queste du sainct greaal, faisant mention de plusieurs merveilleuses adventures, faictes et mises a fin par les compaignons de la table ronde, et principallement de par Galaad filz de Lancelot du lac, qui a este la derreniere branche de cestuy livre venue et yssue de la semence de Joseph darimathie. Nouvellement imprime a Paris. Par Jehan petit Galiot du pre, et Michel le noir Libraires demourans a Paris. Le xxv jour de Septembre Mil cinq cens et seize.

This remarkable book is said to have been translated by command of the Holy Church, from Latin into French, by a person whose name is sometimes written Sire Robert de Berron, sometimes de Bosron, and whose christian name is as little determined, being in some places Robert, and in others Pierre. The name perhaps is as fictitious as the command of the church; bold, however, as the latter falsehood may appear, the author has advanced a more extraordinary assertion, which I know not whether to qualify as fiction or as intended imposture. He affirms that what he is relating ought to be received as truth, *car celluy*, he proceeds, *seroit plain de trop folle hardiesse qui oseroit monstre mensonge en si haulte chose comme est ceste saincte hystoire* que le vray crucifix fist et escripvit de sa propre main, *et pour ce doit il estre tenu en plus grant honneur.* He then proceeds to say, that according to the Scriptures, our Saviour wrote only twice during his mortal life, once when he composed the Lord's prayer, and once when the woman was taken in adultery; *ja ne trouvons si hardy clerc qui dye que Dieu fist oncques escripture puis*

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la resurrection, ne mais la saincte escripture du Sainct Greaal seullement, et qui vouldroit dire que puis il eust fait autre escripture de auctorite il seroit tenu a menteur: et si dy bien quil seroit de trop folle hardyesse qui mensonge vouldroit mettre en si haulte chose comme est ceste hystoire que le filz de Dieu escripvit luy mesmes de sa propre main, puis que il eust mis la mortelle vie hors, et revestu la mageste celestielle.

Whether this blasphemous fiction be the unpardonable license of a romancer's fancy, or the pious fraud of some zealous believer in transubstantiation, I presume not to determine: in the dark ages there were no bounds either to such fancies or such frauds. Legends not less impudent have obtained belief in the Romish church; and if the light of knowledge, which at one time trembled in its socket, had been put out, the Sainct Greaal, with whatever intent it was written, might possibly have become one of the sacred books of the west, as the Mahabbarat and the Ramayuna are received for holy scripture in India.

The first part of this book is clearly by one hand, and that hand may be traced (if I mistake not) in Lancelot du Lac, which in its printed state seems to have undergone many interpolations. The legend of the tree of life is found in both Romances, and the dreams, types and moralizations of the Sainct Greaal, like the Lord Savage, the Physician without physic, and the Speaking Flowers at the beginning of Lancelot, are precisely in the worst manner of the Gesta Romanorum. There is not the slightest allusion to the tradition concerning Glastonbury, the writer therefore was ignorant even of the legendary history of England. The second part has no moralizations, and appears to be by a different author, perhaps by many; of this indeed there is internal proof: Perceval, whose name is thus written towards the conclusion, is in other places called Perlevaulx.

XVI. This personage is the hero of a Romance which is also in

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Mr. Laing's collection, and from which some parts are blended with the story of the S. Greaal in the Morte Arthur.

¶ *Tresplaisante et Recreative Hystoire du Trespreulx et vaillant Chevallier Perceval le galloys, Jadis chevallier de la Table ronde. Lequel acheva les adventures du sainct Graal. Avec aulchuns faictz belliqueulx du noble chevallier Gauvain Et aultres Chevalliers estans au temps du noble Roy Arthus non au paravant Imprime.*

¶ *Avec privilege.*

¶ *On les vend au Pallais au Paris. En la boutique de Jehan Longis, Jehan sainct denis, et Galliot du pre. Marchans libraires demourant audict lieu.*

¶ *Fin du Romant et Hystoire du preulx et vaillant Chevallier Perceval le Galloys. Jadis Chevallier de la Table ronde. Lequel acheva les adventures du Sainct Graal. Avec auchuns faitz bellequeulx du noble chevallier Gauvain. Et aultres Chevalliers estans au temps du noble Roy Arthus. Le tout nouvellement Imprime a Paris, pour honnestes personnes Jehan sainct denis. et Jehan Longis, marchans Libraires demourans audict lieu. Et fut acheve de Imprimer le premier jour de Septembre. Lan mil cinq cens trente.*

It is stated in the Prologue to this volume, that Philip, Count of Flanders, gave orders to bring to light the life and chivalrous feats of Perceval, according to the chronicle of the said Prince, and the treatise of the Sainct Greaal. Both the count and his chronicler died before this could be accomplished. A long time after, Madame Jehanne, Countess of Flanders, seeing the beginning of this chronicle, and knowing what had been the intention of her ancestor Count Philip, ordered *ung sien familier orateur*, by name Mennessier, to translate and complete the work. " The which he did, but forasmuch as his language, and that of his predecessor, is not after the usage of our common French, but altogether unaccustomed and strange, to satisfy the desires, pleasures, and will of the princes, lords, and others who follow the mother tongue of France, I, says

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the writer, have employed myself in translating the book, and converting it from rhyme into prose, following closely, according to my possibility and power, the sense of my preceding translators." I know not whether the metrical Romance was in Flemish, or in the Walloon dialect, or in the dialect of Picardy, in which some writers have supposed that Amadis of Gaul was originally written, in contradiction to the most positive and undoubted evidence.

This volume seems rather to have been made up from many metrical Romances than from one. One story in it may decidedly be traced to a Welsh or Breton origin. A chapter begins thus, *icy fine et fault le compte de lescu,* when no tale of a shield has been told. An adventure of Gawain is related with gross inconsistencies, which could not have existed in any single original; and Gawain occupies as great a portion of the book as Perceval himself. Perceval, though clearly identified with the personage of that name in the Sainct Greaal, is not represented here as having the virtue of continence. The Romance has many interesting situations, but Perceval, as here pourtrayed, is less attractive than any of his compeers.

XVII. There are other Romances which I have not met with, from whence materials for the Morte Arthur have been drawn; but these are the principal sources, Lancelot, Tristan, and the Sainct Greaal, having furnished nearly two thirds of the whole. Whether this compilation was made originally by Sir Thomas Malory, or translated by him from a French compendium, has not been ascertained; nor is it of importance, as there is no claim to originality on his part. The compiler seems to have altered the incidents as freely as the arrangement, and may perhaps have made some additions of his own; Mr. Douce has suggested that he used manuscripts to the texts of which we may probably always be strangers, and this therefore must remain doubtful. It is probable also that some of his materials have never been printed. "O blessed Lord," says Caxton,

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"when I remember the great and many volumes of St. Graal, Ghalehot, and Lancelot du Lac, Gawain, Perceval, Lionel and Tristram, and many other, of whom were over long to rehearse, and also to me unknown." Ghalehot may perhaps mean the *hault Prince* Galehault, who figures in the history of Lancelot; or more probably Galahad, who sate in the siege perilous, of whom there certainly existed a separate Romance; it was the favourite book of Nuno Alvarez Pereira, who endeavouring as far as possible to imitate the character which he admired, became himself the fair ideal of a perfect knight, as courteous as he was brave, as humane as he was courteous, as pious as he was humane, uniting in himself the accomplishments of a hero, the feelings of a true patriot, and the virtues of a christian and a saint.

It seems too, from the exclamation of Caxton, that Gawain and Lionel had each their history; but I believe none are known to be in existence, or at least that none have been published. The story of Beaumayns has, from its structure and completeness, the appearance of having been a metrical Romance. I do not know from whence the story of Balin and Balan has been derived; it has finer circumstances in it than any other part of the Morte Arthur.

The history of the Round Table Romances may be investigated with better opportunities in France than in England; but it must be sought for also among the remains of the Welsh and Breton fictions, and something may perhaps be discovered in the Walloon tongue, though it is to be feared that many a precious manuscript may have perished during the first frenzy of the revolution in Brabant and the adjoining countries. If a society for this purpose were formed by the lovers of chivalrous literature in all countries, the members, while they procured their own individual gratification, would contribute something toward the restoration of that feeling which formerly prevailed in the republic of letters, but which the convulsions of the political world have so long and so mournfully suspended. The

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object should be, a faithful republication of all this family of romances, whether in verse or prose, with a careful investigation of the history of each. It would not be difficult to detect, from internal marks, the order in which they were written, though perhaps impossible to ascertain the time. In their present state the productions of very different times are frequently blended together. Much light would be thrown, in the progress of these researches, upon the history of literature and the manners of the middle ages.

XVIII. The Morte Arthur was a favourite book among our ancestors. It continued to be printed till the middle of the 17th century, with much alteration of orthography, but very little change of language; and were it again modernized in the same manner, and published as a book for boys, it could hardly fail of regaining its popularity. When I was a schoolboy I possessed a wretchedly imperfect copy, and there was no book, except the Faery Queen, which I perused so often, or with such deep contentment.

The present edition is a reprint with scrupulous exactness from the first edition by Caxton, in Earl Spencer's library, that nobleman having, with his wonted liberality, permitted a transcript to be made from this most rare and valuable volume for this purpose.

XIX. "In books of chivalry," says Addison, "where the point of honour is strained to madness, the whole story runs on chastity and courage. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and to avoid scandal must have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, until some misfortune has brought a knight errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and did not gratitude restrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her disdain. However he must waste many years in the desert, before her virgin heart can think of a surrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and

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stronger than himself, seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head; and after seven years rambling returns to his mistress, whose chastity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour." This is altogether inaccurate. Addison appears not to have read the books which he thus characterises: he mingles the manners of the chivalrous romance with the morals of Cassandra, Cleopatra, Clelia, and other works of that class which were fashionable in his days, and has thus produced a description which resembles neither. Amadis was the first romance in which the female character was made respectable; and even there, although the author designed to make the women as admirable as the heroes of his tale, he thought the virtue of chastity might be dispensed with, provided they were constant in their love.

The morals of the chivalrous romance were however always taken at the highest standard of the age, except perhaps in Tirante the White, where they are brutal even to loathsomeness; but the ferocious spirit of the times frequently appears. Gawain and his brothers rescue their mother from a villainous knight, who has beaten and bruised her as shamefully as the Infantes of Carrion used the daughters of the Cid. Gawain killed him; "and then Aggravain, Gaheret, and Gaheriet, alighted from their horses, and the one cut off his head, and the other cut off his arms, and the other ran his sword through his body; and still this did not satisfy them, but they cut him in pieces, like flesh upon a chopping board*." Lancelot and Palamedes take a squire belonging to Naban the Black, of the valley of Serfage. "Sir," said Lancelot, "what shall we do with this squire? It is proper to shame him in his members, and send him back to Naban, in order to enrage him and do him a despite. Go then to the squire, and cut off one of his feet, and one of his hands, and bore out one of his eyes; and set him again upon his horse, and send him back to his master the giant, and tell him that Lancelot du Lac and Palamedes, companions of the Round Table, have done him this

* Merlin, T. i. f. 142.

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despite: and that we will speedily come and visit him. And as Lancelot had commanded, so it was done*." The argument of a chapter in the Sainct Greaal runs thus: "how Perlevaulx had a tub made ready, and made all the knights of the Sire des Mares be beheaded before him, so that their blood should run into the tub; and how he caused the Sire des Mares to be drowned in this tub, in the blood of his knights!" The history of Europe during the middle ages, is full of cruelties like these: it must be considered as a great merit in the romance writers, that they have not introduced them more frequently; that they have sometimes reprehended them, and that in their ideal heroes they held up for imitation fairer models of heroic virtue than were to be found in real life. Chivalry was in its noon-day glory under Edward III., and the influence of chivalrous literature may be traced not only in the splendour of his magnificent court, but in the virtues of the Black Prince.

XX. The authors of these books never supposed that they were outraging probability; none of the marvels which they feigned were regarded as impossible; they were all founded upon the received opinions of the age; the belief in magic, the science of gems, and the wonderful properties of wells, fountains, and lakes, whose effects were described in books, the authenticity of which had never been questioned. Travellers and naturalists told of more monsters than the romance writers ever devised. Their giants were not larger than those who are sometimes imported from Ireland; they are frequently represented as fighting on horseback, and it was never thought necessary to imagine a breed of gigantic horses for their use. Boyardo indeed, or Berni, exceeds this; but his license is that of a burlesque writer, the vice of all the Italian romantic poets. Even they never created giants of such steeple-stature as was attributed to the heroes of old, whose sepulchres were said to be discovered in different lands, and whose fancied bones were actually shewn in museums.

* Meliadus, f. 229.

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It is in describing their tournaments, and the exploits of their knights on horseback, that the Romance writers have committed the greatest exaggeration: their heroes seldom encounter without breaking a lance, and giving or receiving a fall. There exists, however, a full account of the proceedings at a pass which Suero de Quiñones, and nine companions, maintained at the Bridge of Orbigo in Spain, against all comers, for thirty days, in the year 1434. This *Paso Honroso*, as it is called, is the most famous adventure of its kind that was ever undertaken; and a writer was present who recorded all the circumstances with the utmost minuteness. This curious record has not been preserved, but a careful compendium of it was published in 1588, by Fr. Juan de Pineda, author of the Monarquia Ecclesiastica, and having become exceedingly scarce, was reprinted at Madrid in 1783. Seven hundred and twenty seven careers were run; the combatants frequently failed in their career, and seldom fell. One person was killed, the lance unfortunately piercing him in the eye; very few were hurt, and only an hundred and sixty six spears were broken. This appears poor jousting after a tournament in Romance, yet it is not likely ever to have been excelled in any real exhibition.

The prowess of the knights of Romance in other respects is not much exaggerated. Lancelot and Tristram in armour are what the Chicken and Gulley were without it; men of the greatest skill, strength, and courage, in a mode of fighting wherein those qualifications rendered success certain.

XXI. Nothing can be more inartificial in structure than the Romances of the Round Table. Adventure produces adventure in infinite series; not like a tree, whose boughs and branches bearing a necessary relation and due proportion to each other, combine into one beautiful form, but resembling such plants as the prickly pear, where one joint grows upon another, all equal in size and alike in

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shape, and the whole making a formless and misshapen mass. Even this clumsy mode of transition is often disregarded, and the author passes from adventure to adventure without the slightest connection, introducing you without prologue or prelude of any kind to a new scene, and bringing forward a new set of personages. In this respect Amadis is greatly superior to every other work of the same description. Lobeira was the first Romance writer who formed a clear and connected plan, and bore it steadily in mind throughout the whole progress of his narrative. The skill with which his fable is constructed is not less admirable than the beauty of the incidents, and the distinctness with which the characters are conceived and delineated. Amadis infinitely surpasses every earlier romance in all these points, and has not been equalled in either of them by any of later date.

These folios were the only books of recreation when they were composed and printed; and in those ages large volumes were not regarded with that fear which is now felt by the busy, and affected by the superficial and the vain. A folio romance was the stock of amusement for weeks or months, a dozen or a score of pages sufficed for the evening's reading; and perhaps more satisfaction was gained than lost by travelling thus deliberately through the story: it became an habitual pleasure. The rapidity of modern narrative is less readily understood, and produces fainter effect; these tales were slowly received, and made a profound impression, as slow showers penetrate the deepest; and hence it was that they so strongly affected the manners and morals of the age. As the manners have become obsolete, the fashion for such works has passed away; and now for the full enjoyment of them a certain aptitude is required, as it is for poetry and music: where that aptitude exists, perhaps no works of imagination produce so much delight. It is something like that pleasure which the poet and the painter partake from forest scenery, or in following the course of a mountain stream.

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Notes to the Preface.

READING a rare accomplishment. § I.]—The knights in romance are seldom represented as deficient in this respect, still it is spoken of as an accomplishment. When Gawain wins the *espee aux estranges renges* which had belonged to Judas Maccabeus, and Joseph of Arimathea, he finds an inscription upon it, and the writer tells us that he could read well,—*Et Gauvain qui bien sçavoit lire tendit la main,* &c. Perceval, f. 68.

It appears that Perceval himself could not read; *entour de cest anneau y avoit en escript en lectres dargent deux vers en latin qui signifioent, que nul chevallier naresne a lannel son destrier, sil ne se peult comparer au meilleur chevallier du monde.* Perceval ne sçavoit pas lyre, *mais bien en avoit ouy parler,* &c. f. 177.

In the Partidas there are reasons given why it is proper that the sons of a king should be taught to read and write.

Some of the Arabian Tales bear the strongest features of chivalrous romance. § IV.]—In a note to Ewlia's Travels, the translator, M. Hanmer, says, that the three principal heroes of Arabian chivalry are Antar, Hamza, and Seedi Battaul. Antar is the author of one of the seven poems called the Moallakat, known to English readers by Sir W. Jones's translation. Hamza was a hero of the first age of Islam, and uncle of Mahommed; his deeds are celebrated in the Hamzanamah. Seede Battaul is the hero of the age when Islam had attained its highest power and splendour. M. Hanmer says, that this title signifies literally the same as Cid el Campeador, and that Ruydiez de Bivar obtained this title in imitation of the Mussulman hero; in this he is assuredly mistaken.

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Arthur. § VI.]—According to Mr. Owen, Arthur is recorded with Morgan the Courteous, and Rhun, as one of the three blood-stained sovereigns of Britain; an appellation not less equivocal than it is indiscriminating. But it appears in the Cambrian Biography, that there is a different edition of this triad, in which Llew Llawgyfes appears instead of Arthur. And in another work, where Arthur's name is retained, a different interpretation is given of the epithet, making them the three ruddy chiefs. If this be not as vague an epithet as that of blood-stained, it would tend to shew that the Keltic complexion did not predominate at that time; among the chiefs perhaps it did not, owing to the mixture of Roman, and, in the west of England possibly also, of Iberian blood.

The slight mention which Llywarch has made of Arthur may perhaps be accounted for by the triad which records that bard as one of the three free and discontented guests of Arthur's court. But some of Llywarch's poems have been lost, and in these there may have been more notice of the Welsh hero.

Geffrey of Monmouth's History, after long maintaining its credit, was included in the Index Expurgatorius. "I know not," says Hakewill, "why it should stand branded with a black coal among the books prohibited by the church of Rome." There would, however, be good reason for the prohibition if the following story, which Giraldus Cambrensis relates, were true.

"It is worthy of observation, that there lived in the neighbourhood of this city of legions in our time, a Welshman named Melerius, who, by the following means, acquired the knowledge of future events, and the occult sciences. Having on a certain night met a damsel whom he loved in a pleasant and convenient place; while he was indulging in her embraces, instead of a beautiful girl, he found in his arms a hairy, rough and hideous creature, the sight of which deprived him of his senses; and after remaining many years in this condition, he was restored to health in the church of Saint David's, through the merits of its saints. But having always had an extraordinary familiarity with unclean spirits by seeing them, knowing them, talking with them, and calling each by his proper name, he was enabled, through their assistance, to foretel future events: he was indeed often deceived (as they are) with respect to circumstances at a great distance; but was less mistaken in affairs which were likely to happen soon, or within the space of a year. They appeared to him on foot, equipped as hunters, with horns suspended from their necks, and truly as hunters not of animals but of souls: he particularly

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met them near monasteries and religious places; for where rebellion exists, there is the greatest need of armies and strength. He knew when any one spoke falsely in his presence, for he saw the devil, as it were, leaping and exulting upon the tongue of the liar: and if he looked into a book faultily or falsely written, although wholly illiterate, he would point out the place with his finger. Being questioned how he could gain such knowledge, he said that he was directed by the demon's finger to the place. In the same manner entering into the dormitory of a monastery, he indicated the bed of any monk not sincerely devoted to religion: for he said, that the spirit of gluttony and surfeit was in every respect sordid; but that the spirit of luxury and lust was more beautiful than others in appearance, though, in fact, most foul. When the evil spirits oppressed him too much, the Gospel of Saint John was placed on his bosom, when, like birds, they immediately vanished; but when that book was removed, and the history of the Britons, by Geoffry ap Arthur, substituted in its place, they instantly re-appeared in greater numbers, and remained a longer time on his body and on the book. It is worthy of remark, that Barnabas placed the Gospel of St. Matthew upon sick persons, and they were healed; from which, as well as from the foregoing circumstance, it appears how great a dignity and reverence is due to the sacred books of the Gospel, and with what danger and risk of damnation every one who swears falsely by them deviates from the paths of truth." Hoare's Giraldus, 1. 106.

Certain it is that many of the Round Table fictions originated in Wales, or in Bretagne. § VII.]—In Mr. Owen's Cambrian Biography is the name of "CARADOG VREICHVRAS, or Caradog with the Brawny Arm, the son of Llyr Merini, Prince of the Cornish Britons, in the close of the fifth and the former part of the sixth centuries. He is styled in the triads, one of the three celebrated commanders of cavalry."

A considerable part of the Romance of *Perceval le Gallois* relates to this personage, and the character of this part is so very different from the usual manner of Romance, that I suspected it to be of different origin, before, almost by accident, I was enabled thus satisfactorily to trace it. I will as concisely as possible abstract the story, in hope that some Welsh or Breton antiquarian may pursue it to its source.

King Carados, who holds his court at Nantes, marries Ysenne, the beautiful niece of Arthur. Unfortunately she had attracted the affections of Eliaures, a knight and enchanter. (This name bears a remote re-

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semblance to Llyr Merini, but a closer one to Llwyr vab Llwyrion, mentioned in the Cambrian Biography, as "a mythological character.") The enchanter deceives the husband in a manner too loathsome to be repeated, and becomes the father of a young Carados, whom the king believes to be his son and lawful heir. When the youth is of proper years, King Arthur holds a *court planiere* for the purpose of knighting him. On such occasions it was the well-known custom of the king never to dine till some adventure had presented itself, and this day there happened a very remarkable one; for a knight made his appearance, and having obtained a boon, on condition that what he should ask was reasonable, replied, that he would deceive nobody: fair blow for blow was what he desired; he would lay his neck on a block for any knight to strike, on condition that if his head were cut off, and he should recover from the wound, the knight should submit in his turn to the same experiment. Sir Kay, with good reason, thought this a very uncomfortable proposal, and protested that he would not accept it for all the wealth in the world. And when the knight offered his sword with which the operation was to be performed, no person ventured to accept it; till Carados, growing angry at the sort of disgrace which was thus incurred by the Round Table, threw aside his mantle and took it. "Do you do this as one of the best knights?" said the stranger, "No," he replied, "but as one of the most foolish." The stranger lays his head upon a block, receives a blow which sends it rolling from his shoulders, walks after it, picks it up, replaces it with great success, and says he will return when the court shall be assembled next year, and claim his turn. When the anniversary arrives, both parties are punctual to their engagement; great entreaties are used by the king and queen, and the whole court, in behalf of Carados, but the stranger is inflexible; the young knight lays his neck upon the block, and more than once desires him to make an end of the business, and not keep him longer in so disagreeable a state of expectation. At last he strikes him gently with the side of the sword, takes him aside, and tells him, what the reader has probably surmised, that he is his father, Eliaures the enchanter, revealing to him the whole secret of his birth, and all the abominable circumstances connected with it.

Carados, who is very much distressed at the discovery, goes immediately to Nantes, and discloses it to the king. It is ascertained that Ysenne still continues her adulterous intercourse with the enchanter; to prevent which, and to punish him in the most lenient manner, she is by

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her son's advice confined in a tower. But bars, bolts, and stone walls are no obstacles to an enchanter; Eliaures persists in visiting her, and entertains her at night with concerts to the disturbance of the neighbourhood, who complain to the king. Carados is again consulted; by his help the enchanter is surprised and taken; and the king subjects him in revenge to the same unutterable indignities which he himself had been made to commit. The incident is perhaps the most disgusting that occurs in any work of fiction; and it is to be regretted that it should defile a story which is in other respects of singular beauty, and even purity of feeling.

Eliaures would have borne this revenge more patiently than might have been expected from an enchanter, as if he was conscious of being the aggressor. Ysenne, on the other hand, conceives a deadly hatred against her son, and insists that her paramour shall inflict upon him some cruel punishment. He yields to her intreaties; and by his directions when Carados next visits her, she pretends to have her hair dishevelled, and desires him to reach her comb from the closet. When he opens the closet, a serpent, enchanted for the purpose, fastens upon his arm, and remains there sucking at his flesh and blood,—no human skill sufficing either to remove the reptile, or alleviate the torments which Carados endures.

Carados was betrothed to Guimier, sister to his bosom friend Cador, and daughter to the King of Cornwall. As soon as they are informed of his deplorable condition, they set out for Nantes, that Guimier may attend upon him. When he hears of their coming, his first emotion is that of joy and love: presently he begins to fear that the sight of his emaciated form and of his sufferings will disgust Guimier; and this apprehension becomes so strong, that he departs secretly from Nantes, and hides himself in a hermitage. He is sought far and near by the knights of Arthur's court; and Cador makes a vow never to desist from the quest till he shall have found him. He goes through "England, Ireland, Gueldres, Northumberland, Scotland, and Spain," and then returning into Bretagne, after more than two years wandering, discovers him in the hermitage, reduced almost to a skeleton, and evidently near his death. All other means of relief having already been tried in vain, Cador has recourse to the wicked mother, and succeeds in exciting her to have compassion upon her son. Accordingly she applies to Eliaures, being in great fear of losing her soul if Carados should lose his life. The enchanter tells her that he could not live three months longer unless he were re-

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lieved, and that there is but one method of delivering him. A maiden must be found, his equal in birth and in beauty, and loving him better than herself, so that she will expose herself to the same danger to deliver him. Two vessels are then to be provided, the one filled with sour wine, and the other with milk. Carados must enter the first, naked, so that the wine shall reach his neck; and the maid, naked in like manner, must get into the other, and exposing her bosom upon the edge of the vessel, invite the serpent to forsake the withered flesh of his victim, for this fresh and inviting food. The vessels were to be placed three feet apart, and as the serpent crossed from one to the other, a knight was to cut off his head: if he failed in his blow, Carados indeed would be delivered, but it would be only to see the object of his love suffering the same cruel and hopeless torment. The sequel is easily foreseen; Guimier willingly exposes herself to the perilous adventure, and Cador kills the serpent. That arm in which Carados had suffered so long recovered its strength, but not its shape; the tendons and the very bones were swoln, in consequence of which he was called Carados Briefbras, manifestly the *Vreichvras* of Mr. Owen's Caradog.

Shortly afterwards the adventure of the drinking horn occurs at Arthur's court, as in the ballad of the Boy and the Mantle, Carados being the Cradoc of the poem. The ballad is evidently older than the printed Romance of Perceval, and therefore derived from the same source. How well his wife deserved the honour which she then obtained is shown by this story, which is more probably of Breton than of Welsh origin.

The single stanza which has been preserved of Arthur's composition, records Caradog as one of his favourite chiefs.

> I have three heroes in battle,
> Mael the tall, and Llyr with his army,
> And Caradog the pillar of Wales.
>
> Turner's Anglo Saxons, 1. 105.

A bold fiction, bordering upon impiety. § IX.]—" His mother's confession," says Heywood, (p. 3), " that he was conceived by the compression of a fantasticall spirituall creature, without a body, may be easily believed to be a meer fiction, or excuse, to mitigate her fault (being a royall virgin, the daughter of King Demetius), or to conceal the person of her sweet-heart, by disclosing of whose name she had undoubtedly exposed him to imminent danger; and this is most probable. And yet

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we read that the other fantasticall congression is not impossible. For Speusippus the son of Plato's sister, and Elearchus the Sophist, and Amaxilides in the second book of his philosophy, affirm, in the honour of Plato, that his mother Perictione, having congression with the imaginary shadow of Apollo, conceived and brought into the world him who proved to be the Prince of Philosophers."

Faction and discontent applied this notion to Justinian; Procopius has done no injury to the emperor by recording it, but by affecting to believe the absurdities which he relates, he has effectually destroyed his own reputation; rendering himself infamous by grossly calumniating those whom he had formerly grossly flattered. The passage is not a little curious, if we remember that it is related as grave history, by the best historian of the age!

"Many of my friends are persuaded, and I also like them, that Justinian and Theodora are two malignant demons, who, after having held counsel together upon the means of ruining the world, have not found any more proper than that of assuming a human form. That which I advance can be justified by many proofs, but above all by the enormity of the evils which they have done, since the power of demons surpasses that of men. I admit that there have been formerly men who have rendered themselves formidable by the excess of their power, and by the wickedness of their nature; who have overthrown and desolated provinces, and who have been capable of changing the face of the whole earth; but fortune has seconded their intentions, and she has made inundations, earthquakes and contagious maladies, serve to the execution of their designs, in such a manner that the calamities which they have produced cannot be imputed to them, without imputing them at the same time to a superior power. They say that the mother of Justinian had declared to her friends that he was not the son of Sabatias, nor of any other man; but before she was pregnant of him, she had been visited by a genius who would not let himself be seen, though he made himself be felt, and who vanished like a dream. Some of his officers who had purer souls, and more disengaged from the corruption of the body, say, that they have often seen in his place a phantom during the night. There was one who said that as Justinian raised himself from his chair to walk, for he could not stay a long time in one place, he had seen his head disappear, the rest of his body not ceasing to walk; and as he doubted the fidelity of his eyes, and as he apprehended that it was only an illusion he had seen, the head was reunited to the body. Another

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who had been accustomed to be always near him, related, that his countenance appeared sometimes like a shapeless mass, in which they could not distinguish any eyebrows, eyes, nose, mouth, or any other part; and that finally he resumed his ordinary form. I have not seen that which I write, but I have heard those say it, who declared that they had seen it. They say, that a monk who had made himself very agreeable to God by the ardour of his piety, and by the holiness of his manners, having been prayed by his brothers to go to Constantinople to speak in favour of the people of his neighbourhood, who suffered under great vexations, he was admitted before Justinian; but when he was upon the step of the door, he retired quite astonished, although the eunuch who introduced him, and the others who were present, invited him to enter: that when he was in the inn, and his friends asked him why he had fled in that manner, he answered, it was because he had seen the prince of the demons, and that he had not wished to ask any thing of him. Certainly there is no person who, in considering that he drank not, ate not, nor hardly slept at all, and however much he loved women, he walked all the night, who would not have taken him for a demon. Those who have formerly loved Theodora say, that when she prostituted herself upon the theatre, a demon often came who drove them away, and who passed the night with her. A dancing girl named Macedonia, who was of the faction of the blues at Antioch, and who in the reign of Justinian had acquired such a credit as to ruin by letters, which she wrote to Justinian, some principal people of the east, and to make their goods be confiscated; this dancing girl, I say, having gone to salute Theodora when she returned from Africa, and when she was afflicted with the injuries which Hecebolus had done her, and for the money which she had lost; and having consoled her by the hope that fortune one day would repair all her losses, Theodora replied to her, that the preceding night she had had a dream, which would not permit her to apprehend that she should want fortune, and which assured her that when she returned to Constantinople she would lie with the prince of the demons, and that she would acquire by this alliance all the treasures of the earth. This is the opinion that many have of Justinian and Theodora."

A miraculous conception is the only miracle which the Romish Hagiographists have not bestowed upon their saints. An approach to it has been made in the history of a Scotch saint Kentigern. "There was a king in the north country, and he was a pagan. His daughter had

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heard sermons; and nothing affected her imagination so much as the maiden fruitfulness of Mary the most pure. Admiring and loving this mystery, she desired and longed with a presumptuous boldness and a certain female temerity, to resemble the Virgin in that respect, and began to solicit the King of Heaven with assiduous prayers to this effect. After some time had elapsed she found reason to believe that her prayers were granted, and glorified God. *Quod enim in eâ natum est, de complexu humano suscepit; sed ipsa multoties asseruit, et juramento constrinxit, quod a quo, vel quando, aut quomodo conceperit, in conscientiâ non habebat. Populus enim diœcesis S. Kentegerni stultus et insipiens, ipsum de Virgine conceptum et natum adhuc astruere non veretur. Sed quis, aut quomodo sator terram araverit seu severit, cum Domino dante benignitatem, terra fructum optimum protulerit, absurdum sane diutius indagare arbitramur.*" *Acta Sanctorum.* 11 Jan. p. 816.

Heywood fixes the place of Merlin's birth; who, according to this veracious historian, was a Wiltshire man. "The town or citty called Kaier Merlin," he says, "which implies Merlin's town, or Merlin's borough, is no doubt the same which we call at this day Marlborrow." P. 20.

The Romance has a good remark upon his birth. "Merlin was great and tall of stature, and large of limb, and strong. But he was swarthy, and more hairy than any other man. And right noble he was, and courteous, *and a gentleman on his mother's side;* but of his father, says his historian, I shall say nothing, for you have already heard who begot him." Vol. ii. f. 13.

When the messengers whom Vortigern sent in search of Merlin that they might kill him, and bring his blood to sprinkle upon the foundations of Tumbledown Tower, came to the entrance of the town in which this misbegotten child lived, they saw a party of boys in a field who were playing at cross, *qui sesbasoyent et jouoyent a la crosse.* Merlin seeing the horsemen, and knowing for what they were come, in order to excite their attention the sooner, took his cross and struck one of the other boys with it across the shin, so as to break the leg almost in two; upon which the other began to reproach him with the manner and mystery of his birth. (Merlin, Vol. i. f. 18.) Children then used in those days to play at priests, as they now play at soldiers, making, I suppose, mock processions.

Blaise adjured him in the most solemn manner. § IX.]—*Et Blaise re-*

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spondit, je feray voulentiers ce livre; mais je te conjure au nom du Pere, du Filz, et du Sainct Esperit, ainsi que je sçay et croy que ces trois sont une mesme chose en Dieu, et de la bien-euree dame que le filz de Dieu porta, et de tous ses Appostres, et de tous Anges, et de tous Archanges, et de tous Saintz, et de toutes Sainctes, et de tous les Prelatz de saincte Eglise, et de toutes les creatures qui croyent en Dieu et le prient, que tu ne me puisses decevoir ne faire chose que a Dieu doibt ne plaire.

Merlin. § IX.]—At the end of the first volume of Merlin are the following pious verses. They occur also at the end of the prophecies.

Dieu tout puissant, graces nous te rendons
De tous les biens quavons de toy receuz,
De nature, de grace, et aultres dons
De fortune parquoy sommes repeuz:
Te supplions que ne soyons deceuz
Par lennemy denfer nostre adversaire,
Mais nous octroy a grans et a menus
Ce que tu sçais qui nous est necessaire.

De noz deffaulx pardon te demandons,
Car en pechez sommes nez et conceuz,
Pourquoy trespeu chascun jour entendons
A toy servir comme sommes tenus.
Point nacquerons les haulx biens de lassus,
Le principal perdrons pour laccessaire;
Si te prions que nous donnes sans plus
Ce que tu sçais qui nous est necessaire.

Les trespassez nous te recommandons,
Et ceulx premier dont nous avons les biens,
Tous les vivans et desquelz amendons
Vueilles que ilz soient en ta grace promeuz,
Et en la fin logez otes esleuz
En leur baillant saint michel commissaire,
Au demeurant ordonne nous sa jus
Ce que tu sçais qui nous est necessaire.

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Prince eternel, de toy sommes congneuz
Povrez chetifz, tardifz a te complaire
Concede nous des biens donc es pourveuz
Ce que tu sçais qui nous est necessaire.

Merlin's disappearance. § IX.]—The story is thus told in the Romance of Merlin; though the termination is the same as it is described in other Romances, the circumstances are very differently stated.

There was a Vavasour of high lineage called Dyonas* from Dyane, a goddess of the sea. This goddess requested from the Gods of the Sea that the first child of Dyonas might be a female, and that she might have, as long as she lived, the gifts of grace and of worth; and that she might be sued and loved by the wisest man in the world; and that this man, who would flourish during the reign of King Vertigiers (Vortigern) king of La Bloye Bretaigne, as soon as he saw her, should incontinently fall in love with her, and never be able to leave that love, but wherever he might be think every night of the beauty of that damsel; and that he might teach her the art of necromancy, and many other occult sciences, and never refuse her any thing which she asked. This Dyonas married a niece of the Dutchess of Burgundy, and received with her from the duke, half the forest of Briogne as part of her dowry; the other half belonged to King Ban, and was shortly afterwards given him also in reward for his good services. The first child of this marriage was a daughter who was named Nymanne, *qui est ung nom de Caldee,* says the French author, *qui est a dire en François* rien nen feray, *(ce nom se tourna dessus Merlin) car ceste fille fut sage et si prudent qui bien se sent garder de plusieures deceptions et chetivetez.*

When this damsel was twenty-two years of age, Merlin, as he was travelling through the forest of Briogne, saw her sitting by the side of a beautiful spring; immediately he became enamoured of her, and as he was at this time in the form of a fat handsome varlet, the lady had no objection to enter into conversation with him. He told her what wonders he could perform, and she promised to be his true love upon honourable terms, if he would show her those wonders of which he spake. *Je vous*

* *Et la raison pour quoy il fut nomme Dyonas est pour ce que la Seraine de Cecille, la mere de Dyanie, la nomme dessus les fons de baptesme, et pour le nom de Dyane fut nomme Dyonas.*

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prie, dit la pucelle, Sire, que je voye une partie de vos jeux par tel convenant que a tousjours mais seray vostre acointee et vostre amye, sans mal et sans villenie. The enchanter accordingly called up a grove of trees, a beautiful meadow, a band of vocal and instrumental music, and a bevy of knights, squires, damsels, and dames, who danced to the sweetest sounds. The song, however, seems to have been ill chosen for the occasion, for its burthen was this:

Voirement se commencent amours
En joye, et se finent en doulleurs.

Presently a quintain was set up, and this sport was succeeded by jousting. When this was done, Merlin took the damsel by the hand and asked her what she thought of it; "Certes, said the lady, you have done so much that I am wholly yours. And then Merlin said, Lady, will you hold your covenant? By my faith, she replied, I will full willingly, so that you teach me your sports." A bargain was then made that Merlin should teach her every thing which she required, and that when he had fully instructed her in these arts, she would then consent to any thing which he might ask; upon these terms they plighted their true love to each other, and then he took his leave. Merlin, I. f. 145—7.

When Merlin related all this to his master Blaise, who seems to have been his confessor as well as historiographer, Blaise was much troubled, and censured him greatly, and gave him good advice; but good advice was lost upon Merlin, who saw his own fate, and with all his wisdom was unable to avoid it. Accordingly one day the enchanter took leave of his old master, telling him "it was the last time he would ever see him, for from thenceforth he must abide with his mistress, and should never more have the power of leaving her, nor of going and coming at his pleasure. When Blaise heard this, he said to him full sorrowfully, Since then it is so that you will not be able to depart when once you shall have gone there, fair friend go not there at all, for you well know the thing that must happen to you. Certes, answered Merlin, I needs must go, for so I have covenanted and promised; and even if I had not covenanted, I am so taken with her love that I could not forbear going. All this have I done myself, for I have taught her great part of what I know, and she will still learn more from me, for I have no power to withhold myself. With that Merlin departed from Blaise his master, and travelled so long in few hours, that he came to Viviane his

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mistress." This was good travelling, for Blaise lived in Northumberland, and Viviane in France. They dwelt a long while together, and "she showed him greater semblance of love than she had ever done before, as one who knew so many enchantments that never other woman knew so much. So she devised within herself how she might detain him for ever more; but never could she compass nor achieve this: then was she full sorrowful and vexed, and cast about how she might discover it. Then began she to fawn and to flatter Merlin more than before; and she said to him, My sweet friend, I do not yet know one thing which I would fain know, I pray you teach me it. And Merlin, who well knew what it was, and to what she tended, said to her, Mistress, what is it? Sir, said Viviane, I would have you teach and show me how to inclose and imprison a man without a tower, without walls, without chains, but by enchantments alone, in such manner that he may never be able to go out, except by me. When Merlin heard her he shook his head, and began to sigh deeply; and Viviane, when she perceived it, asked of him wherefore he sighed thus. Dame, said Merlin, I will tell you. Well I know that you are devising how you may detain me; but I am so taken, that perforce will I or not, it behoves me to do your will. When Viviane heard this, for her great treason, and the better to delude and deceive him, she put her arms round his neck, and began to kiss him, saying, that he might well be hers, seeing that she was his: You well know, said she, that the great love which I have in you, has made me leave father and mother that I may have you in my arms day and night. All my desire and thought is in you; without you I have neither joy nor good. I have placed all my hope upon you, and I never look to have joy or good except from you. Seeing then that I love you, and you love me, is it not right that you should do my will and I yours? Certes, lady, yes, said Merlin, and I will do it; tell me what you would have. Sir, said she, I would that we should make a fair place and a suitable, so contrived by art and by cunning, that it might never be undone, and that you and I should be there in joy and in solace. My lady, said Merlin, I will perform all this. Sir, said she, I would not have you do it, but you shall teach me, and I will do it, and then it will be more to my will. I grant you this, said Merlin. Then he began to devise, and the damsel put it all in writing. And when he had devised the whole, then had the damsel full great joy, and showed him greater semblance of loving him than she had ever before made;

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and they sojourned together a long while. At length it fell out that as they were going one day hand in hand through the forest of Broceliande, they found a bush of white thorn which was laden with flowers; and they seated themselves under the shade of this white thorn upon the green grass, and they disported together and took their solace, and Merlin laid his head upon the damsel's lap, and then she began to feel if he were asleep. Then the damsel rose and made a ring with her wimple round the bush and round Merlin, and began her enchantments such as he himself had taught her; and nine times she made the ring, and nine times she made the enchantment; and then she went and sate down by him, and placed his head again upon her lap; and when he awoke and looked round him, it seemed to him that he was inclosed in the strongest tower in the world, and laid upon a fair bed; then said he to the dame, My lady, you have deceived me unless you abide with me, for no one hath power to unmake this tower, save you alone. Fair friend, she replied, I shall often be here, and you shall hold me in your arms, and I will hold you in mine. And in this she held her covenant to him, for afterwards there was never night nor day in which she was not there. And Merlin never went out of that tower where his mistress Viviane had inclosed him. But she entered and went out again when she listed; and often time she regretted what she had done, for she had thought that the thing which he taught her could not be true, and willingly would she have let him out if she could." T. 2. f. 134.

The writer very properly remarks upon Merlin, for having taught his mistress so much, *quil en fut depuis, et est encore tenu pour fol.*

The disappearance of so remarkable and so useful a personage as Merlin occasioned great trouble at King Arthur's court, and many knights set out in search of him; among other was Sir Gawain, whose fortune it was, while upon this quest, to meet with one of the most extraordinary adventures that ever befell him in the course of his eventful life. For as he was riding one day through a forest, thinking of his old friend Merlin, he fell into so deep a reverie, that he did not perceive a damsel approaching upon a black palfrey, with an ivory saddle and stirrups of gold. The damsel was so angry with him for not accosting her, that she called him the most villainous knight in the world; and as a punishment for his discourtesy, told him he should resemble the first person whom he met, and continue in that resemblance till he should meet her again This first person proved to be a good knight, who, in consequence of an unhappy

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enchantment, was at this time a most deformed dwarf. Upon passing Sir Gawain he resumed his natural beauty, and poor Sir Gawain shrunk within his armour like a withered kernel in a nutshell. In this deplorable state he pursued his quest till it was time to return to court. Then turning his face homeward, and cursing his evil fortune, he came into the forest of Broceliande, lamenting as he went along. Suddenly he heard the voice of one groaning on his right hand; looking that way he could see nothing save a kind of smoke which seemed like air, and through which he could not pass; and this impediment made him so wrathful that it deprived him of speech. Presently he heard a voice which said, Gawain, Gawain, be not out of heart, for every thing which must happen will come to pass. And when he heard the voice which thus called him by his right name, he replied, Who can this be who hath spoken to me? How, said the voice, Sir Gawain, know you me not? you were wont to know me well; but thus things are interwoven, and thus the proverb says true, *esloignez la court et la court vous esloignera.* So is it with me. Whilst I served King Arthur I was well known by you and by other barons, but because I have left the court I am known no longer, and put in forgetfulness, which I ought not to be if faith reigned in the world. When Sir Gawain heard the voice which spake to him thus, he thought it was Merlin, and he answered, Sir, certes I ought to know you well, for many times have I heard your words; I pray you appear before me so that I may be able to recognize you. Ah sir, said Merlin, you will never see me more, and that grieves me, but I cannot remedy it; and when you shall have departed from this place, I shall never more speak to you nor to any other person, save only my mistress; for never other person will be able to discover this place for any thing which may befall; neither shall I ever go out from hence, for in the world there is no such strong tower as this wherein I am confined; and it is neither of wood, nor of iron, nor of stone, but of air, without any thing else; and made by enchantment so strong, that it can never be demolished while the world lasts, neither can I go out, nor can any one come in, save she who hath inclosed me here, and who keeps me company when it pleaseth her; she cometh when she listeth, for her will is here. How, Merlin, my good friend, said Sir Gawain, are you restrained so strongly that you cannot deliver yourself, nor make yourself visible unto me; how can this happen, seeing that you are the wisest man in the world? Rather, said Merlin, the greatest fool; for I well knew that all

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this would befall me, and I have been fool enough to love another more than myself, for I taught my mistress that whereby she hath imprisoned me in such manner that none can set me free. Certes, Merlin, replied Sir Gawain, of that am I right sorrowful, and so will King Arthur, my uncle, be, when he shall know it, as one who is making search after you throughout all countries. Well, said Merlin, it must be borne, for never will he see me, nor I him; neither will any one speak with me again after you, it would be in vain to attempt it: for you yourself, when you have turned away, will never be able to find the place; but salute for me the king and the queen, and all the barons, and tell them of my condition. You will find the king at Carduel in Wales; and when you arrive there you will find there all the companions who departed with you, and who at this day will return. And be not discomforted because of that which hath befallen you, for you will find the damsel who cast this adventure upon you in the forest where you found her; but forget not to salute her. Sir, said Sir Gawain, that shall I not forget, if God please. Now then, said Merlin, go in the name of God, who will protect and save the King Arthur, and the realm of Logres, and you also, as the best knights who are in the world. With that Sir Gawain departed joyful and sorrowful; joyful because of what Merlin had assured him should happen unto him, and sorrowful because that Merlin had thus been lost. T. 2. f. 146.

This is the account of Merlin's fate, which, according to Miss Plumptre, is current at this time among the Bretons. Some of their traditions say, that he is still alive, enclosed in a tree by the power of a greater enchanter than himself. The exact spot no one knows for certain: though it is somewhere near his birth-place, which they affirm was in the isle of Sein, a little islet off the western coast of Bretagne, between the points of Raz and of Croissant.

Prophecies of Merlin. § X.]—The latest book upon this subject is that by Thomas Heywood, a man whose dramatic pieces contain passages of exquisite beauty, and whose other works, voluminous as they are, are nearly worthless. It is entitled "The Life of Merlin sirnamed Ambrosius. His Prophesies and Predictions interpreted; and their truth made good by our English Annalls. Being a Chronographicall History of all the Kings, and memorable passages of this Kingdome, from Brute to the Reign of our Royall Sovereigne King Charles. A Subject never pub-

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lished in this kind before, and deserves to be knowne and observed by all men.

Quotque aderant vates, rebar adesse Deos.

London: Printed by J. Okes, and are to be sold by Jasper Emery in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Eagle and Child, neare St. Austins Gate. 1641." (Small 4to.)

"Courteous and considerate reader," says Heywood, "I have here exposed to thy especiall perusall, the life and prophesies of our famous predictor Merlinus, sirnamed Ambrosius, who though he lived in the time of profane paganisme, was a professed Christian, and therefore his auguries the better to be approved and allowed.—Scarce any thing shall be here wanting to thy best wishes, if thou beest desirous to be instructed and faithfully informed in the knowledge of our English Annalls: For in the steed of a large study book, and huge voluminous Tractate, able to take up a whole year in reading, and to load and tyre a porter in carrying, thou hast here a small Manuell, containing all the pith and marrow of the greater, made portable for thee (if so thou please) to bear in thy pocket, so that thou mayst say, that in this small compendium or abstract thou hast Hollinshed, Polychronicon, Fabian, Speed, or any of the rest, of more giant-like bulk or binding; to which my short Abbreviary, I strive to make this my Prologue or Preface to thee alike sutable, being as succinct and briefly contrived, as the former summarily comprehended, desiring thee to read considerately, and withall to censure charitably, and so (without further compliment) wishing thy care in the one and courtesy in the other, with a favourable pardon of some few errors committed in the press, I bid thee farewell."

This is a serious and dull attempt to trace the fulfilment of Merlin's prophecies in the course of English history! The most amusing passage which it contains is an invention of his own fancy—for I believe it is not to be found elsewhere.

"As Merlin was plentifully indued with the spirit of divination, so by some authours it is affirmed of him that hee was skilful in dark and hidden arts, as magick, necromancy, and the like, and they relate of him, that when King Vortigen lived solitary in his late erected castle, forsaken of the greatest part of his followers and friends, and quite sequestered from all kingly honours, hee grew into a deepe and dumpish melancholy, delighting onely (if any delight can be taken therein) in solitude and want of

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company, to expell which sad fits from him, which might bee dangerous to impaire his health, he would devise for his recreation and disport many pleasant fancies to beget mirth and sometimes laughter, by solacing his eare with severall strains of musique both courtly and rurall; the sound heard, but the persons not seen; as with the harpe, bag-pipes, cimball, and tabret; and sometimes again with the lute, orphorian, viall, sackbut, cornet, and organs; then to recreate his eye, hee would present him with stately masques and anti-masques; and againe, for variety sake, with rustick dances presented by swains and shepherdeses: and where these grew any thing stale or tedious to his eye or eare, he would take him up into the top of one of his turrets, whereon hee should see eagles and hawkes fly after sundry games, and what fowle the king liked they would strike it into his lap, to add unto his slender provision for dinner and supper, which gave the king no small contentment.

"Sometimes hee would have an hare, or hart hunted and chased by a pack of dogges in the ayre, the game flying, the hounds with open and audible mouthes pursuing, with huntsmen winding their hornes, and following the chace with all the indents and turnings, losses and recoveries, the champaigne plaines, the woods, and coverts appearing as visible and naturall as if the sport had beene upon the firme and solid earth.

"Upon a time being in the king's summer parlour, who was desirous to bee partaker of some novelty which hee had never seene, there instantly appeared upon the table a paire of butts, and whites in the middle to shoote at, when suddenly came in sixe dapper and pert fellows like archers, in stature not above a foot high, and all other members accordingly proportioned; their bowes were of the side bones of an overgrowne pike, their strings of a small slevy silk, no bigger than the thread of a cobweb, their arrows less then pick-tooths, feathered with the wings of small flyes, and headed with the points of *Spanish* needles, who made a shew as if they were to shoote a match three to three, and roundly they went about it: in the middle of the game, there was a shot which rested doubtfull, which as it appeared, the gamesters could not well decide: then *Merlin* called to one of the servants (who had something a big nose) that stood by, and bade him measure to the marke, and give it to the best: To which whilst he stooped, and inclined his face, the better to umpire the matter, one of these pigmey archers who had an arrow to shoote delivered it from his bow, and shot him quite through the nose,

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at which he started, and the king heartily laughed, (for there was no room to be seene); and the butts with the archers together disappeared." Heywood's Life of Merlin, page 27.

It has evidently been written at very different times, and with very different purposes. § X.]—There is a curious passage upon this subject in the *Cronica del Conde Don Pero Niño:* it occurs in the advice given him by his tutor. The good Fidalgo, to whose care he was entrusted, says, "Take heed that you believe not in false prophecies, nor place confidence in them, such as those of Merlin and others; for I tell you a truth, these things have been invented and forged by designing and crafty men, to obtain favour with kings and great lords, and to get riches from them, and have them at their pleasure by means of the vain belief which they made their profit. And if you examine into the matter, you will find that when a new king comes, forthwith they make a new Merlin: they say that this king is to cross the sea, and destroy the whole Morisma (the collective body of the Mahommedans) and win the Holy Sepulchre, and be made emperor; and afterwards we see that what God pleases comes to pass. Thus they have said of the kings who are past, and thus they will say of those who are to come. That which God was not pleased to reveal to his chosen servant, sinners pretend to know. The true prophets spake only with relation to the two comings of Jesus Christ, his first coming in humility and poverty, his second in power and majesty. And farther they are all silent, for after the coming of Christ they are not necessary. Merlin was a good man, and a right wise. He was not the son of the devil, as some affirm; for the devil, who is a spirit, cannot engender children: he may provoke actions which are sinful, for this is his office. He is an incorporeal substance; he cannot engender what is corporeal. But Merlin, with the great science which he had acquired, wished to know more than behoved, and he was deceived by the devil, who told him many things that he should say, and some of these proved true; for this is the manner of the devil, and indeed of every one who practises deceit; to bring forward some truth which may be believed by him whom he seeks to entrap. Thus yonder in England he said some things which were found to have some truth in them; but in many others he failed; and persons now who wish to say certain things of this kind invent them, and say that they were spoken by Merlin." P. 29—30.

The practice of inventing prophecies was carried on with singular

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industry by the Braganzan party during the Spanish usurpation of Portugal, and gave rise to the Sebastianists.

Merlin gives a bad character of the French. *Sachez que pour leur necessite et pour leur orgueil seront mauvaisement aymez parmy le monde a celuy temps.* And again he speaks of *leur chetive nation*, and of *celuy mauvais sang quilz auront dedans leur ventre.* Prophecies, f. 13.

Lancelot. § XI.]—Our Cymric antiquaries make, I believe, no claim to Sir Lancelot, either historical or mythological. Whitaker of Manchester, however, makes out a history for him. The name of Lancelot, he says, " is an appellative truly British, and significative of royalty; Lance being a Celtic term for a spear (Diodorus, p. 353. and Varro, Durdrecht, 1609. p. 25. Fragmenta) and Leod, Lod, or Lot, importing a people. He was therefore a British sovereign.—(*Therefore!*) And since he is denominated Lancelot of the Lake, perhaps he resided at Coccium in the region Linuis, and was the monarch of Lancashire; as the kings of the Creones, living at Selma in the forest of Morven, are generally denominated sovereigns of Morven (!) or more probably was king of Cheshire, and resided at Pool-ton Lancelot in the hundred of Wirrall." Hist. of Manchester, vol. 2. 51.

Thomas of Ercildoune. § XII.]—The Tristran of Gotfret von Strazburc, which the Germans refer to the 13th century, appeals to this poet as its original. I quote the passage for the use of those who can understand it: the task is not facilitated by the preposterous manner in which this collection of German romances has been printed, with a full stop at the end of every line, and no other punctuation.

Ich weiz wol ir ist vil gewesen.
di von Tristande han gelesen.
und ist ir doch niht vil gewesen
di von im rehte haben gelesen.
tun aber ich di glich nu.
und schephe mine wort dar zu.
daz mir ir igliches sage.
von disem mere missehage.
so wirb ich anders dan ich sol.
ich entun es niht si sprachen wol

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und niht wen uz edelem mute.
mir und der werlde ze gute.
bi namen si ratin es in gut.
und swas der man in gute tut.
das ist ouch gut und wol getan.
aber als ich gesprochen han.
daz si niht rehte haben gelesen.
daz ist als ich uch sage gewesen.
sin sprachen inder rihte niht.
als Thomas van Britanie giht.
der aventure meistr was.
und an britunschin buechen las.
aller der lantheren leben.
und ez uns zechunde har geben.
Als der von Tristrande seit.
di rihte und di warheit.
begonde ich sere suchen.
in beider hande buchen.
welshin und latinen.
und begonde mich des pinen.
daz ich in siner rihte.
rihte dise tihte.
sur treib ich menige suche.
unz ich an einem buche.
alle sine iche gelas.
wie dirre aventure was.

Welshin probably means French. There are some parts of Germany wherein this name is still applied to the French, and others in which it is used for the Italians.

Tristram, a mythological character. § XII.]—By the character of *Trystan*, Mr. Davies says, we are to understand, as his name imports, a *herald* of mysteries. He is *the proclaimer*, the son of *Tallwch*, the *overwhelming*—that is, the deluge! King *March* is a *horse*; "*Essylt*, whose name, spectacle, or *subject of steady contemplation*, manifestly implies some mystical exhibition, was the wife of the *horse*, so she is described as having a *white mane*. She was therefore a mare." And as "Mr. Bryant acknowledges

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Hippa, the mare, as one of the most ancient goddesses of the Gentile world, and particularly informs us that the Arkite Ceres was distinguished by that title, and her priestesses were called Hippai mares;" it follows the romance of Tristram is an Arkite story, and that his adulterous and incestuous intercourse with Essylt alludes to "the incorporation of the primitive religion of the Britons with the rites of the Phœnician cow!—What can be wilder than all this? But Mr. Davies is not the only learned man who has followed an hypothesis like a will of the wisp, wherever it would lead him.

Meliadus. § XIII.]—The following passage from the beginning of this Romance pretends to give much bibliographical information.

"*Bien est verite que aucuns preudhommes cleres se sont ja entremis de translater ce livre de latin en langue Francoyse. Premier messire Luces du Jauqui fut le premier chevalier qui de ce sentremist, & que son estude y mist & sa cure; aussi translata en langue Francoyse une partie de lhystoire de monseigneur Tristan & moins assez que il ne deust. Moult commenca bien son livre, & si ny mist tous les faictz de monseigneur Tristan, ains la greigneur partie. Apres sen entremist messire Gasses le blonc qui estoit parent au Roy Henry, & devisa lhystoire de Lancelot du lac; et dautre chose ne parla il mie grandement en son livre. Messire Robert de borron sen entremist & Helye de borron par la priere dudit messire Robert de borron, & pource que compaignons feusmes darmes longuement, je commencay mon livre du brut. Et quant je leuz mene jusques a la fin, ainsi comme il appert encores, le roy Henry a qui mon livre eust tant pleu comme jay compte, quant il eust regarde des le commencement jusques a la fin, pource quil avoit ouy tous les aultres livres qui du livre du sainct Graal estoient extraitz en Francoys devant luy, & le mien & les aultres les avoit tous & encores nestoient mie du tout les livres de latin en francois translatez, ains en estoit demoure a translater une grant partie: pource voulut il que je mentremisse a mon povoir de mener a fin ce que es aultres livres deffailloit.*"

There is a passage of the same kind at the beginning of Gyron.

"*Seigneurs, Empereurs, Roys, Princes, Ducs, Contes, Barons, Chevaliers, Vicontes, Bourgeois, et tous les preudhommes de cestuy monde qui talent avez et desir de vous delecter en rommans, prenez cestuy cy, et le faictes lire de chief en chief, si orrez partie de toutes les grandes advantures qui advindrent jadis aux chevaliers errans du temps du Roy Uterpendragon et du temps du Roy Artus son filz. Et saichez tout vrayement que cestuy livre fut translate du*

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livre de Monseigneur Edouart le Roy dangleterre en celluy temps que il passa oultre la mer, au service de nostre seigneur pour conquester le saint sepulchre. Et maistre Rusticiens de Puise compila ce rommant. Car dicellui livre au Roy Edouart dangleterre translata il toutes les merveilleuses advantures qui sont en cestuy livre."

In Gyron le Courtoys Spenser probably found the original of his Braggadochio. § XIV.] Hennor de la Selve is the name of this hero. Spenser has not gone to the same source for his Knight of Courtesy. Calidore appears to be his own creation.

A writer in the British Bibliographer (No. 13. p. 159.) has asserted that "in vain would any person search for the Florizel of the Winter's Tale in Amadis of Greece," and therefore that Mr. Southey "is hardly warranted in stating that Shakespear had imitated this romance."

I give this writer more credit for accuracy than he has given me. He has used the French translation, and according to that translation is, I dare say, justified in his assertion;—but a reference to the original would have shewn him that I am perfectly accurate in mine. The latter chapters relate to the loves of Florisel and Silvia; and these the French translator may probably have removed to the ninth book of the series.

Sidney and Spenser may both be traced to the romance of Florisel de Niquea, as well as to Amadis of Greece. The mock execution which is exhibited before Pamela will be found Book 1. ch. 14. of the original Spanish; and the origin of Amoret in her sufferings, Book 2. ch. 5.

Hyperboles in Gyron le Courtoys concerning the elder knights. § XIV.] The most extravagant of these stories relate to Febus, Gyron's great grandfather: perhaps the phrase which the French apply to a style of extravagant bombast may have originated from this exaggerated character.

Perlevaulx. § XV.] Two etymologies are given of this name: they are equally ridiculous.

"*On lappelloit Perlevaulx, mais le bon hermite son oncle luy avoit mis a nom* Parluyfait *pour ce quel cestoit fait par lui mesmes.*"—Sainct Greall, 2. f. 149.

"*Beau filz vous avez nom* Perlevaulx *pource que avant que fussez ne, il*

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(*le Sire des Marets*) *commenca a tollir ceste terre a vostre pere, & ja luy avoit prins les vaulx de Kamelot, & pource que vostre pere avoit perdu ses vaulx il voulut que fussez appelle* Perlevaulx."—Sainct Greall, 2. f. 169.

The dialect of Picardy, in which some writers have supposed that Amadis of Gaul was originally written. § XVI.] There is the most conclusive evidence, internal and external, that this famous romance was written in Portugueze. The only ground for a different opinion is an assertion of D'Herberay, who remembered he had seen a MS. of it in the Picard dialect, supported by Tressan, who is almost sure that he had seen this MS. not in the Picard but in Romance, among Queen Christina's books in the Vatican.

That Lobeira's work should have been translated at the court of Burgundy is exceedingly probable, a princess of Portugal having married Philip the Good. There was a Portugueze at that court, by name Vaz de Lucena, who might very probably have made this translation among his other works. Olivier de la Marche regrets that he has not "*par don de grace, la clergie, la memoire, ou l'entendement, de ce vertueux Escuyer, Vas de Lusane, Portugalois, à present echanson de Madame Marguerite d'Angleterre, Duchesse Douairière de Bourgongue; lequel a fait tant d'œuvres, translations et autres biens, dignes de memoire, qu'il fait aujourdhuy à estimer entre les sachans, les experimentes, et les recommandes de nostre temps.*"—Introduction, *p.* 5.

Was the Morte Arthur compiled in French or in English? § XVII.] —A passage in the beginning of the sixth book implies that the compilation was in French, and Sir Thomas Malory only the translator.— "Sir Launcelot increased marvellously in worship and in honour, therefore he is the first knight *that the French book maketh mention of after King Arthur came from Rome.*"

The title also appears to warrant a like inference. I believe all the poems with a French title which are printed with Chaucer's works are translations from that language.

Nuno Alvarez Pereira. § XVII.]—Francisco Rodriguez Lobo says, in the Corte na Aldea, "There was a brave captain in Portugal, better than whom Rome never produced, who, by imitating a knight of romance, and copying the virtues which were written of him, became the greatest

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of his time." This passage alludes to Nuno Alvarez, upon whose exploits Lobo has written a poem in 20 cantos: and there he relates the fact.

Lia neste exercicio costumado
  Huma historia na lingoa Portugueza,
Do casto Dom Galaz, claro, esforçado,
  Honra e valor da antigua corte Ingreza,
Vitorioso sempre e celebrado
  Pollas prerogativas da pureza,
Tanto a virtude mais se inclina
Que ate a morte ser casto determina.

Quanto he devido aos claros escritores
  O louvor que esta idade nam consente,
Que debaxo de escuros e de cores,
  As virtudes ensinam sabiamente:
Entre o doce da honra e dos louvores
  Que he isca popular que ceva a gente,
A gloria, e fama os animos excitam
Dispoem, ordenam, movem, facilitam.

A que honra nam move huma lembrança
  Dos valerosos feitos dos passados?
Que nam conceba em si nova esperança
  De os seus serem no mundo celebrados;
A quem nam envergonha e faz mudança,
  E inveja honrosa o vellos recontados,
Se inda huma historia vãa, mas bem fingida;
Move hum animo illustre a santa vida.

O Condestabre de Portugal, f. 19.

Lobo perhaps had seen the romance, as he states it to be written in Portugueze;—the fact he found in the Chronicle of Nuno Alvarez, where this book is said to have been a summary of the Round Table History—like the Morte Arthur. The passage is as follows:

Avia gram sabor, e usava muyto de ouvir, e leer livros destorias, especialmente usava mais leer a estoria de Galaaz em que se continha a soma da

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Tavola Redonda. E porque em ella achava que por virtude de virgindade que em elle ouve, e em que perseverou Galaaz, acabara muytos grandes e notavees feytos, que outros nom poderom acabar; e elle desejava muyto de o parecer em alguma guisa, e muytas vezes em sy cuydava de seer virgem, se a Deos prouvesse; e por esto elle era mui afastado de que lhe seu padre fallara em feyto de casamento.—Coronica do Condestabre, Cap. 4.

The present edition. § XVIII.]—It may perhaps not be improper to remark that the present edition was projected and undertaken by a gentleman, who, for reasons which it is not necessary to explain, withdrew from the undertaking. The present editor is not responsible for the mechanical part; nor is it to be supposed, that under any circumstances he would have undertaken such a responsibility; but he knows that neither expense nor care have been spared to render it minutely accurate. The superintendence of the press was undertaken by Mr. Upcott of the London Institution; and the reprint is rendered as exact as possible, there being no other alteration than that of the type.

Chivalry was in its noon-day glory under Edward III. § XIX.]—A remarkable instance of Edward's wide-spread reputation as the patron of chivalry is related by Joshua Barnes in his history of that prince. "Now it is to be noted, that in these days (1350) there was hot war between the Soldan of Babylon and Constantine, King of Armenia, the former invading the King of Armenia's dominions with vast and numerous armies, and the latter endeavouring by the united strength of his own subjects, the Cypriotes and Rhodians, to repel the violence of the said heathen invaders, or at least to stop their progress, which then began to threaten all Christendom. Among the several great men, who together with the Christian princes were engaged in this holy war, whereof Hugh, the valiant King of Cyprus, was the most notable, there was a Cypriote knight, named John de Vesconti, of the King of Cyprus his blood, and a knight of France, called Thomas de la Marche, bastard brother to John de Valois, the French king; both who had a considerable command in the Christian army. It so fell out, that John de Vesconti laid flat treason to the charge of the bastard of France, namely, that he had secretly appointed, in consideration of a certain sum of gold, to be paid unto him beforehand, in part of a greater sum to be paid afterward, to betray the Christian army to the Turks. The defendant

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strenuously denied the charge, which the appellant as eagerly urged; but there was no other proof on either side, save only their single asseverations. Whereupon a challenge being denounced and accepted between the parties, the Christian captains, fearing either to displease the King of Cyprus, or the King of France, to whom they were allied; or at least doubting some dissention might happen thereupon among themselves by reason of part-taking on either side, made them both swear to stand to their award, as it should be determined by the confederates in council. The judgment was, that they should take and carry letters, importing their cause fully and clearly, from the said Christian princes unto King Edward of England, and to submit themselves to be tried by combat before him, as the most worthy and honourable prince in all Christendom, they swearing to remain as perfect friends until that time.

"As it was determined, so these generous knights performed, and came into England in the beginning of September, and forthwith presented their letters unto King Edward in the names of the Kings of Armenia and Cyprus, and the rest of the princes and captains of the Christians, containing the whole difference between them, and that they were to determine the matter by combat before him, as their judge. And then again Sir John de Vesconti openly before the king began to accuse Sir Thomas de la Marche of the treasonable intent and purpose aforesaid, challenging to prove it upon his body, and thereupon flung down his gauntlet; which the said Sir Thomas as boldly took up, and accepted the challenge in proof of his innocency. King Edward having read the letters, and seriously considered the whole matter, set them a day, namely, the fourth of October, being the Monday after St. Michael, wherein to decide their quarrel in close field within the lists at his palace of Westminster. On the day appointed they met accordingly, armed at all points, on horseback, the King, the Prince of Wales, and the whole court of England being spectators. There presently, upon sound of trumpet, began a most gallant combat between these two gentlemen, for at the tilt both their spears brake on each other's shield, yet neither of them was moved from his saddle; wherefore, as it were by consent, they both alighted at one instant, and renewed the combat on foot, till, having, with equal valour and discretion, fought a considerable while, both their weapons were rendered useless, and they were obliged to come to close grapple, till, by wrestling, both fell locked together, still contending for the victory. Now the visors of both their helmets were

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defended before with small distant bars of steel, through which they might see and breathe more freely, all the rest of their bodies being wholly covered with armour: wherefore Sir Thomas de la Marche, the knight of France, who only of the two had certain short but sharp pricks of steel, called gadlings *, enclosed in the joints of his right gauntlet, struck therewith at the visor of Sir John de Vesconti, as often as he could come at him, and grievously tormented him in the face; insomuch, that being himself unprovided of the like gadlings, he was forced through extremity of pain to cry out aloud, as one that could not help himself. At that, King Edward flang down his wardour, and the marshal cried *ho*, and so the combat ceased; the King adjudging the victory to the Frenchman, and the vanquished to be at his mercy according to the law of arms." Barnes.

Tournament. § XX.]—Tournaments were more dangerous in France than in Spain, but only because they were more disorderly.

"The French," says the chronicler of Pero Nino, "joust in a different guise from what they do in Spain, *justan sin tela à manera de guerra por el topar* (if I understand this passage rightly, it means that they encounter as they would do in actual war, the difference being only in the point of the weapon.) They arm the horses with head pieces and breastings of leather, which are very strong, and the saddles are full strong, and cover the leg almost down to the foot. It often happens that the horses encounter and both fall; or one falls, and presently the other. It is a perilous manner of jousting, all men do not attempt it, but such as are expert, and right good horsemen. The lances are all measured, only one or two masters in the court make them, and this with license from the governor, *é aquel es el fiè*, and upon their warrantry they are taken. There is no maintainer of the lists there, nor does one single out another for jousting, but jousts with whomsoever he can meet. All are knights adventurers, ten, or twenty, or thirty, or more arrange themselves on one side, and as many on the other. When one takes a spear, another has his ready, and not one alone comes against him; but it happens in their eagerness that two or even three start, notwithstanding their courtesy, for if they perceived it, not more than one would advance. The knight therefore who jousts there had need be well practised, and strong, and a great horseman." P. 129.

* Ab Anglo-Sax. Gadd, massa chalybis. Walsing. p. 160. n. 25. Stow, p. 250. b. n. 56. Holinshed, 945. b. n. 20.

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At a tournament held at Valladolid in 1428, the King of Castille had twelve knights with him, who personated—the twelve Apostles. The twelve Apostles taking part in a tournament! "He exerted himself in his own person, and did good things in that sport, he and his companions against more than an hundred knights, who had much trouble with them, for they gave enough to do with all, and had with them as many careers as they chose. And because the truth ought not to be concealed, but should be written and kept in remembrance, Pero Niño was one of the twelve knights who were made in memory of the twelve apostles, and he was called St. Paul!" *Croneca del Conde D. Pero Nino*, p. 203.

After this, the reader will not be surprised by the following poem, addressed to St. Peter. Antonio Perez is the author, and it is transcribed from the Cancioneiro General, f. 194.

Vos preciosa piedra entera
  hallada para fundar,
  fuestes quien Dios quiso dar
su mismo yelmo y cimera,
  acabando el de justar;
dio os la cruz que fue su lança,
  hizos su mantenedor,
pues que santo aquesto alcança,
  y llevays de justador
la fe por mas alabança.

Con esta fe que ganastes
  en esta justa de guerra,
con ella misma tornastes,
y nuevamente justastes,
  y ganastes cielo y tierra:
distes tan rezio el encuentro
  que vuestra lança se mete
toda hasta el fin del centro,
  llevo visera y almete
saco la llave de dentro.

Ya que ovistes bien justado
  Dios sacratissimo padre

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viendo lo que aveys ganado,
desposo os con nuestra madre
y assi quedastes casado.

Canc. Gen. f. 194.

The prowess of the knights of romance not greatly exaggerated. § XX.] —K. Arthur has related to the Bon Chevalier sans paour, how K. Meliadus by his single prowess rescued him from twenty knights, who were leading him away prisoner. "*Quant le roy Artus eut fine son compte le bon chevalier sans paour parle adoncques, & dit au roy Artus, Sire ainsi va il des adventures du monde, chascun fait ce quil peult, puis que ce vient au grant besoing. Sire si dieu vous doint bonne adventure, vous semble il que ce feust grant fait a cestuy que le feist? Sire, dist le roy Artus, se maist dieu il me semble que ce fut grant fait, & moult perilleux a entreprendre, & non mie seullement grant, mais trop grant. Sire, fait le bon chevalier sans paour, si dieu me doint bonne adventure je vous tiens pour le present pour le plus sage homme du monde, & pour le plus sage prince que soit pour le present en tout le monde de vostre aage, mais ce dire je ne vous tiens mie pour sage. Qui mettroit vingt aigneaulx dune part seulement, & mist on ung lyon entre eulx, si le lyon les mettoit a mort, & les devoroit, luy tourneroit on a prouesse? Nenny, certes, dit le roy Artus. Sire de ceste partie vous veulx je mesmes dire, vous veistes en une place encontre ung lyon des aigneaulx; car bien sachez tout certainement de celluy de quoy vous parlez entre tous les autres chevaliers, celuy fut moult petit faict de mettre vingt chevaliers encontre luy; car ce ne luy estancha gueres sa fain, ce ne luy fut que une goulee.*" Meliadus, ch. 51. f. 77.

"When King Arthur had finished his tale, the good knight without fear spake then, and said to King Arthur, Sir, thus it goes with the adventures of the world, every one does what he can when it comes to a matter of need. Sir, as God may give you good adventure, does it appear to you that this was a great feat for him who did it? Sir, said King Arthur, as God shall have me, it seems to me that it was a great feat, and full perilous to undertake; and not only great, but too great. Sir, said the good knight without fear, as God may give me good adventure, I hold you at present for the wisest man in the world, and for the wisest prince at this time in all the world of your age, but this saying I do not hold for wise. For put twenty lambs on one part, and set one single lion among them, if the lion put them to death and devoured them, would it be accounted for prowess? Certes not, said King Arthur. Sir, I will

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say the same to you of this affair: ye see lambs against a lion: for be assured of him of whom you speak, among all other knights, it is a little thing to set twenty knights against him; for it would not appease his hunger, it would be only a mouthful."

Pleasant however as the manners of chivalry might be for one of the lion race, there is some good sense in what Kehedin said to Palamedes, when that good knight proposed that he should bear him company, and seek adventures in the realm of Logres. "*Sire, faict Kehedin, grant mercy, mais de ce que vous dictes que je voise avec vous cherchant les advantures du royaulme de Logres mest il advis que vous maymez; mais cest petit; car ce nest pas feste de faire tel mestier, car vous que estes ung des bons chevalliers du monde, ne povez gueres trouver plus fort que vous, et moy qui suis ung si foyble homme comme pourrois je avec vous ce jeu fournir. Je ne voy pas, si Dieu me sault, es batailles du royaulme de Logres si grant prouffit que je nayme mieulx ma peau saine que rompue despees et de glayves, je vous clame quitte les advantures du royaulme de Logres. Car je voy bien que le greigneur gaing qui y soit cest de batre, occire et mehaigner lung lautre, pour ce ne me semble il pas beau, Je nayme pas le pays ou les chevaliers par coustume quant ilz sentretreuvent et ilz sentredeuroyent saluer, et ilz sentreabatent et occient; oncques mais ne ouys parler de tel salut. Dieu me gard de telles accointances!*" Tristan, f. 109.

"Gramercy, Sir, cried Kehedin; by what you say that I should go with you seeking adventures in the kingdom of Logres, I perceive you love me; but it is but little; for it is no holyday to carry on such a business. You who are one of the good knights of the world, cannot find a stronger than yourself; and I who am so weak a man, how can I keep up the game with you? As God shall save me, I see no such great profit in the battles of the kingdom of Logres that I should not rather have my skin whole, than broken with swords and spears. I cry quit to you for the adventures of the kingdom of Logres. For I plainly see that the greatest gain there, is to beat, and kill, and maim one another; and therefore it likes me not. I do not love a country where when knights meet, and ought to salute, they encounter and fight and kill one another. I never heard of such kind of salutation. God keep me from such acquaintances!"

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Preface.

IR THOMAS MALORY has given us no account of himself or his family, but he has left his name and his work. The name Malory is found connected with estates in Yorkshire in the sixteenth century, and with estates in Leicestershire in that which follows. As the name of the knight to whom we owe the Morte Darthur, it is found written not only Malory or Malorye, but also Maleore. It occurred to me some years ago that this fact lent countenance to the statement ascribed to Leland and others, that Sir Thomas Malory was a Welshman; for Maleore reminded me of *Maylawr*, *Maelawr* or *Maelor*, the name of two districts on the confines of England and Wales: a 'Welsh Maelor' is included in the County of Denbigh, and an 'English Maelor' in that of Flint. How such a name could readily become a surname may be seen from the designation, for instance, of a lord of the two Maelors in the twelfth century, namely *Gruffud Maelawr*. Literally rendered, this would

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mean 'Griffith of Maelor.' Similarly, the name of a Welsh poet of the fifteenth century, Edward ab Rhys Maelor, might now be rendered 'Edward Price of Maelor.'

Since then Dr Sommer, in a Supplement to the second volume of his great edition of the Morte Darthur, has called attention to the following passage in Bale's *Illustrium Maioris Britanniæ Scriptorum*, fol. 208 verso:—

"Thomas Mailorius, Britannus natione, heroici spiritus homo, ab ipsa adolescentia uariis animi corporisque dotibus insigniter emicuit. Est Mailoria (inquit in *Antiquarum Dictionum Syllabo* Joannes Lelandus) in finibus Cambriæ regio, Deuæ flumini uicina. Quam et alibi a fertilitate atque armorum fabrefactura commendat. Inter multiplices reipublicæ curas, non intermisit hic literarum studia, sed succisiuis horis uniuersas disparsæ uetustatis reliquias, sedulus perquisiuit. Vnde in historiarum lectione diu uersatus, ex uariis autoribus undique selegit, de fortitudine ac uictoriis inclytissimi Brytannorum regis Arthurii."

The first edition of Bale's work was published at Ipswich in 1548, while Malory's Morte Darthur was only completed by him in 1469. These dates are not so far apart that we must suppose either Bale or Leland unable to obtain reliable information concerning Malory's history and origin. Bale's statement that Malory was *Britannus natione*, that is to say, Welsh, brings with it the solution of what was my difficulty,—to wit, the relation between the name *Malory* and the dissyllabic form *Maleore;* for one can hardly help seeing that while the latter postulates the Welsh place-name Maelor, the former more naturally connects itself with the derived Latin *Mailorius.*

Thus far of Malory's name: we now come to his work, which, as already mentioned, was finished in 1469. It was, however, not printed till 1485, when its publication was undertaken by Caxton. Then followed two editions by Wynkyn de Worde in 1498 and 1529, and before the middle of the seventeenth

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century four more editions appeared: all these seven were in black letter. The eighteenth century appears to have been content with what the three previous ones had done for the text of Malory; but the nineteenth century has already seen it edited no less than six times, notably by Southey, Wright, Sir E. Strachey, and H. Oskar Sommer. Dr Sommer's edition is comprised in three stately volumes, published in London by David Nutt: the first volume, consisting of the Text, appeared in 1889; then followed a volume of Introduction in 1890, and one of Studies on the Sources in 1891. This edition marks an era in the history of the Morte Darthur, seeing that special pains have been taken to make it reproduce the Caxton original, which is not known to exist in more than two copies, one of which is not quite perfect. This latter copy belongs to the Althorp Library, while the other, the perfect copy, once belonged to the Harleian Library. As regards its later history, we are told that it was purchased by the Earl of Jersey for his library at Osterley Park, and that in 1885 it became the property of a citizen of the United States, Mrs Abby E. Pope of Brooklyn.[1] Lastly, I must add that no trace of Malory's own manuscript has ever been found.

The question of the sources of Malory's work is no new one, and it had been to some extent discussed by M. Gaston Paris and M. J. Ulrich, in the introduction to their *Merlin*, edited from a manuscript belonging to Mr Alfred Huth, London, and published in Paris in 1888 by the *Société des anciens Textes français*; but the exhaustive treatment of the subject was reserved for Dr Sommer, who has devoted to it his third volume. The space at my disposal will only allow of my mentioning his conclusions[2] in the briefest manner possible. Most of Malory's originals prove to have been romances written in French, which he, as a rule, reduced greatly in length in the process of giving the work an English garb. His sources,

[1] See Sommer's *Malory*, ii. 1-3. [2] *Ibid.* iii. 6-12.

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however, were not exclusively French; thus, for instance, he used for his fifth book of the Morte Darthur, a poem composed by the Scotch poet Huchown, which is extant in a manuscript of Thornton's in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. Here and there Malory alters the sequence of the incidents given in his originals, and in some cases he interpolates facts not contained in them, while in other instances he omits certain incidents which he did not find to his purpose; but he is rarely found to have inserted entire chapters of his own. Taking the work as a whole, Dr Sommer has succeeded in assigning with more or less precision the originals forming the groundwork of the whole, with one remarkable exception: I allude to Malory's seventh book, which relates the adventures of Sir Gareth, the story of his first coming to Arthur's court, of his being fed for a year in the kitchen, and of his receiving the nickname of Beaumayns at the hands of Syr Kay. Dr Sommer admits that he has failed to trace any part of the contents of this book in any of the numerous manuscripts studied by him. He is inclined to regard it as a folk-tale which had no connection with the Arthurian cycle, until Malory, or some unknown writer before him, adapted it from a French poem now lost, as he conjectures.

After this brief reference to the works used by Malory, we come to a much larger and harder question of source, namely, the origin of the whole cycle of Arthurian stories and romances. For the most fruitful speculations on this subject in our day, one has to thank Dr. Zimmer, professor of Sanskrit in the University of Greifswald. He believes the romances to be based on stories of Breton rather than of Welsh origin. Briefly described, his theory[1] sets out with the facts of the permanent conquest of a considerable

[1] See Zimmer's review of the thirtieth volume of the *Histoire littéraire de la France* in the *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen* for October 1, 1890, pp. 802-4. But M. Loth in the *Revue Celtique*, xiii. 480-503, has justly charged Zimmer with underrating the Welsh element.

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tract of the east of Brittany by the Normans in the first half of the tenth century, and the intimate relationship which eventually grew up between the great families of Brittany and Normandy. Now, if we suppose the Bretons in their migration from Great Britain to their new country, called after them the Lesser Britain, to have carried with them the stories current about Arthur in the southern districts of this country, it may be further supposed that, ages later, those of their descendants who submitted to the Normans in the eastern portion of Brittany must have translated their popular stories about Arthur into their adopted Norman French. Thus a channel would be opened for Breton stories to reach the ears of Normans and Frenchmen. It is natural, further, to infer that, in the transition from the one language to the other, the Celtic names of most importance in the stories would inevitably undergo a considerable modification of form. This would seem to be countenanced by the circumstance, that certain of these names in the romances cannot be identified with the Welsh ones by merely allowing for the errors in copying and reading incident to the manuscripts of the time in question. Such is the fact, for example, with *Galvain*, *Perceval*, *Calibor*,[1] as compared with the Welsh *Gwalchmei*, *Peredur*, and *Caletvwlch*. For my own part, I have found this to be much less marked in the case, for example, of the Grail legend, the proper names in which lend themselves, on the whole, more readily to identification with their originals in Welsh. In other words, Professor Zimmer's views led me to draw the following two-fold conclusion: —(1) The older romances relating chiefly to Arthur and his Men are of Breton rather than of Welsh origin, while (2) the reverse is the case with the Grail romances. The Welsh origin of the Grail legend has been discussed by me elsewhere,[2] so that I think it needless to endeavour to prove it here. But as to the alleged Breton origin of the romances about Arthur, it is to be observed that if

[1] See Zimmer's review, *ibid.* p. 830.

[2] See my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 300-27.

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the picture presented in them of Arthur and his Men be mainly Breton, one may expect to find those warriors represented differently in Welsh literature, especially such Welsh literature as one finds to be fairly free from the influence of the romances when they reached the Welsh. So one could, perhaps, not do better than devote the rest of this introduction to a review of the more important passages concerning Arthur in manuscripts which have come down to us from Welsh sources. I have, however, to confess at the outset that those of them which happen to be in Welsh, as most of them are, prove to be couched in very obscure language, so that my rendering must be regarded as only tentative.

The first passage to demand attention is written in Latin, for it occurs in the *Historia Brittonum* with which the name of Nennius is associated. The year of the composition of the *Historia Brittonum* was, according to M. A. de la Borderie, no other than A.D. 822,[1] and the words relating to Arthur read as follows[2]:—

In illo tempore Saxones invalescebant in multitudine, et crescebant in Britannia. Mortuo autem Hengisto, Octha ejus filius transivit de sinistrali parte Brittanniæ ad regnum Cantiorum, et de ipso orti sunt reges Cantiorum. Tunc Arthur pugnabat contra illos in illis diebus cum regibus Brittonum, sed ipse dux erat bellorum. Primum bellum fuit in ostium fluminis quod dicitur Glein; secundum, et tertium, et quartum, et quintum, super aliud flumen, quod dicitur Dubglas, et est in regione Linnuis. Sextum bellum super flumen quod vocatur Bassas. Septimum fuit bellum in Silva Celidonis, id est, Cat Coit Celidon. Octavum fuit bellum in castello Guinnion, in quo Arthur portavit imaginem Sanctæ Mariæ

[1] See *l'Historia Britonum attribuée a Nennius et l'Historia Britannica avant Geoffro de Monmouth, par Arthur de la Borderie* (Paris and London, 1883), p. 20. Since the above was written Zimmer's work entitled *Nennius Vindicatus* (Berlin, 1893) has reached me, and in it he gives it as his conclusion, p. 82, that the *Historia Brittonum* was put together as early as the year 796.

[2] *Nennii Historia Britonum ad fidem codicum manuscriptorum recensuit Josephus Stevenson* (London, 1838), pp. 47-9.

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perpetuæ virginis super humeros suos, et pagani versi sunt in fugam in illo die, et cædes magna fuit super illos per virtutem Domini nostri Jesu Christi, et per virtutem Sanctæ Mariæ virginis genetricis ejus. Nonum bellum gestum est in Urbe Legionis. Decimum gessit bellum in littore fluminis, quod vocatur Tribruit. Undecimum factum est bellum in monte, qui dicitur Agned. Duodecimum fuit bellum in monte Badonis, in quo corruerunt in uno die nongenti sexaginta viri de uno impetu Arthur; et nemo prostravit eos nisi ipse solus, et in omnibus bellis victor exstitit. Et ipsi, dum in omnibus bellis prosternebantur, auxilium a Germania petebant, et augebantur multipliciter sine intermissione, et reges a Germania deducebant, ut regnarent super illos in Brittannia, usque ad tempus quo Ida regnavit, qui fuit Eobba filius, ipse fuit primus rex in Beornicia, id est, im Berneich.

As regards a historical Arthur, the words here cited are very suggestive, for without explicitly saying that Arthur was one of the kings of the Brythons, they make him the general or *dux bellorum*, in whom one readily recognises the superior officer, known in the time of Roman rule as the *Comes Britanniæ*. This office, it may be presumed, was continued after the Roman forces left, with the only difference that the man filling it would be himself supreme, having no longer any lord, such as the Roman emperor, over him. This position seems to have been Arthur's, and one has accordingly no difficulty in understanding how he came to fight battles at places so far apart from one another. For, though the majority of the twelve battles were fought in what we now call the North of England or the South of Scotland, some of them undoubtedly took place in the south of the Island, such as the battle of *Urbs Legionis*, which must have been either Chester on the Dee or Caerleon on the Usk; and still farther south must have been that of *Mons Badonis*. In a word, Arthur moved about in Britain just as Agricola or Severus would have done, and without necessarily being one of the kings of the Brythons, he would seem to have been over and above them. This must have been a position which would

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in time cause all kinds of heroic legends to be associated with the name of the man filling it. Add to this the numerous opportunities for the display of valour on behalf of a bleeding country provided by the invasions of Germanic tribes from the Continent, and by the incursions of Picts and Scots from the outlying portions of the British Isles, and we have the full explanation of no inconsiderable part of the wondrous fame of Arthur and his Men in subsequent ages.

The next references to Arthur, which deserve to be mentioned, occur in the *Annales Cambriæ*, the oldest existing manuscript of which was completed in 954 or 955.[1] The first entry occurs under the year 516, and reads as follows:—

Bellum Badonis in quo Arthur portauit crucem domini nostri Ihesu Christi tribus diebus et tribus noctibus in humeros suos et Brittones uictores fuerunt.

The next entry in point comes under the year 537, and runs thus[2]—

Gueith cam lann [i.e., *the Battle of Camlan*] *in qua Arthur et Medraut corruerunt. et mortalitas in Brittannia et in Hibernia fuit.*

The *Bellum Badonis* of the *Annales Cambriæ* is the same battle undoubtedly as Nennius' *bellum in Monte Badonis*. But the statement as to Arthur carrying the cross of Christ on his shoulders has been surmised to be a mistranslation of Welsh words representing him carrying a figure of the cross in his shield; since the Welsh for shoulder would have been written *iscuit* or *iscuid* which would also be spellings of the word for a shield.[3] This seems to shew that there was a Welsh tradition as to Arthur's personal appearance at one of his great battles. The other entry is remarkable as representing the death of Arthur and Medraut or Medrod (the Modred and Mordred of the romances) as an ordinary event of war.

The next two passages to be cited occur in the *Mirabilia*

[1] See Phillimore's edition in the *Cymmrodor*, Vol. ix. p. 144.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 154.

[3] In later Welsh the words are *ysgwydd*, "a shoulder," and *ysgwyd*, "a shield."

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usually associated with the *Historia Britonum;* and most of them are probably to be referred to the same date as the *Historia* itself.[1] The words in point read as follows:—

Est aliud miraculum in regione quæ dicitur Buelt. Est ibi cumulus lapidum, et unus lapis superpositus super congestum, cum vestigio canis in eo. Quando venatus est porcum Troit,[2] *impressit Cabal, qui erat canis Arthuri militis, vestigium in lapide, et Arthur postea congregavit congestum lapidum sub lapide in quo erat vestigium canis sui, et vocatur Carn Cabal. Et veniunt homines et tollunt lapidem in manibus suis per spacium diei et noctis, et in crastino die invenitur super congestum suum.*

Est aliud miraculum in regione quæ vocatur Ercing. Habetur ibi sepulchrum juxta fontem qui cognominatur Licat Amir, et viri nomen, qui sepultus est in tumulo, sic vocabatur. Amir[3] *filius Arthuri militis erat, et ipse occidit eum ibidem, et sepelivit. Et veniunt homines ad mensurandum tumulum; in longitudine aliquando sex pedes, aliquando novem, aliquando quindecim. In qua mensura metieris eum in ista vice, iterum non invenies eum in una mensura; et ego solus probavi.*

The *Porcus Troit* occupies a great place, as *Twrch Trwyth*, in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen, where *Cabal*[4] also occurs in its

[1] This is Zimmer's view in his *Nennius Vindicatus*, p. 115.

[2] Stevenson seems to have found two readings of this word, namely, *Troit* and *Troynt*, and he selected for his text the latter, which is gibberish: see his *Nennius*, p. 60. In Welsh literature the word has the two forms *Trwyd* and *Trwyth*.

[3] The same manuscript E, which reads *Troit*, and is supposed by Stevenson to have been written about the beginning of the thirteenth century, reads here *amirmur;* but, as was to be expected, he inserted in his text a *vox nihili*, namely *Anir: Amirmur = Amir mur* "the Great Amir," and in the Liber Landavensis, *Amir* is written *Amyr;* but a man's name *Ambyr* occurs also in that manuscript, while the name of Arthur's son in question is given as *Ambar* in the Welsh romance of *Gereint and Enid:* I do not recollect meeting with it elsewhere.

[4] It is to be noticed that *Cabal* with its *b* and single *l* belongs to the same school of orthography as the ninth century triplets beginning with *Niguorcosam:* see Skene's *Four anc. Books of Wales*, ii. 2.

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ordinary Welsh form of *Cavall;* but the lesson these two passages in common teach us is, that at a comparatively early date Arthurian names had begun to figure in the topography of Wales.

Attention is next claimed by some of the references to Arthur in Welsh literature, and here the Black Book of Carmarthen is entitled to the first place. The manuscript may be supposed to have been written in the reigns of Stephen, Henry II., and Richard.[1] One of the allusions to Arthur in this manuscript consists of a triplet occurring in the Stanzas of the Graves, apprising the reader of the futility of looking for Arthur's grave, as follows[2]:

Bet y march. bet y guythur.
bet y gugaun cletyfrut.
anoeth bid bet y arthur.

A grave for March, a grave for Gwythur,
A grave for Gwgawn of the ruddy Sword,
Not wise (the thought) a grave for Arthur.[3]

It might be objected that these lines are of no value here, as the idea suggested by them might have been derived from the romances which represent Arthur departing to the Isle of Avallon to be healed of his wounds, and not dying at all. But it may as reasonably be regarded as an expression of the native belief fixed in various localities, that Arthur and his knights were slumbering in a cave awaiting the destined hour of their return. This prevailed among Arthur's countrymen from Cadbury to the Eildon Hills, and has never been more charmingly sung than by the poet

[1] See Mr J. G. Evans' preface (p. xvi.) to his Autotype Facsimile of the Black Book, Oxford, 1888.

[2] *Ibid.* fol. 34[a].

[3] I believe that such is the sense of the third line of the triplet, but I cannot attain to any certainty approaching the assurance with which Prof. Zimmer categorically declares that, "sie sagt bloss aus, dass man Arthur's Grab nicht kenne": see the *Zeitschrift für französische Sprache and Litteratur*, xij. 238.

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Leyden, when he speaks of the enchanted sleep to be broken at length by somebody

> "That bids the charmëd sleep of ages fly,
> Rolls the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,
> While each dark warrior rouses at the blast,
> His horn, his falchion, grasps with mighty hand,
> And peals proud Arthur's march from Fairyland."

The time likewise is not long past when the shepherds of North Wales used to entertain one another with stories describing one of their number finding his way to the presence of Arthur and his Men, all asleep in a Snowdonian cave resplendent with untold wealth of gold and other treasure: the armed sleepers were believed to be merely awaiting the signal for their return to take an active part in the affairs of this world. In South Wales an elaborate but popular story lodges Arthur and his Knights in a cave at Craig y Ddinas, in Glamorgan,[1] while the peasantry of South Cardiganshire, relating the same story, locate it elsewhere, and call the sleeping hero not Arthur but Owen,[2] a name the memory of which used to be kept fresh by ballad singers, who made country fairs ring with such strains as the following:—

> *Yr Owen hwn yw Harri 'r Nawfed,*
> *Sydd yn trigo ngwlad estronied.*

> This Owen is Henry the Ninth,
> Who lives in the land of strangers.

The Owen of the Cardiganshire legend is known as Owen Lawgoch or Owen of the Red Hand, and he is represented as a man of seven feet in stature with a right hand which was all red.

[1] The story is given in the *Brython* for 1858, p. 162.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 179. The editor, who was, I believe, no other than the Rev. Canon Silvan Evans, adds in a note that this sort of story might be found current also in Cumberland.

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The whole story reminds one of him of the red beard, Frederic Barbarossa. I mention this lest anyone should suppose such stories had anything originally to do with the historical Arthur. Some light is shed on their genesis by a passage in the writings of an ancient author who lived in the first century of our era, namely Plutarch. In his work *De Defectu Oraculorum*, xviij., he uses words to the following effect [1]—the Italics are mine:—

"Demetrius further said, that of the islands around Britain many lie scattered about uninhabited, of which some are named after deities and heroes. He told us also, that, being sent by the emperor with the object of reconnoitring and inspecting, he went to the island which lay nearest to those uninhabited, and found it occupied by few inhabitants, who were, however, sacrosanct and inviolable in the eyes of the Britons. Soon after his arrival a great disturbance of the atmosphere took place, accompanied by many portents, by the winds bursting forth into hurricanes, and by fiery bolts falling. When it was over, the islanders said that some of the mighty had passed away. For as a lamp on being lit, they said, brings with it no danger, while on being extinguished it is grievous to many, just so with regard to great souls, their beginning to shine forth is pleasant and the reverse of grievous, whereas the extinction and destruction of them frequently disturb the winds and the surge as at present; oftentimes also do they infect the atmosphere with pestilential diseases. Moreover, there is there, they said, an island in which Cronus is imprisoned, with Briareus keeping guard over him as he sleeps; for, as they put it, sleep is the bond forged for Cronus. *They add that around him are many deities, his benchmen and attendants.*"

To return to the Black Book, I may mention that another of the Stanzas of the Graves is worth citing here, though it does not

[1] For the original see the Didot edition of Plutarch, vol. iii. p. 511 (*De Defectu Oraculorum*, xviij.); it is also to be found printed in my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 367.

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name Arthur. It alludes, however, to Camlan, the Camelot of Malory and the romances, and that in the same strain of apparently historical definiteness as the entry in the *Annales Cambriæ* cited as mentioning Camlan. The lines in question run thus [1]—

Bet mab osvran yg camlan.
gvydi llauer kywlavan.
Bet bedwir in alld tryvan.

Osvran's son's grave (is) at Camlan,
After many a slaughter,
Bedwyr's grave (is) in Allt Tryvan.[2]

We next come to a poem headed *Gereint filius Erbin*, which describes a battle at a place called Llongborth. Gereint is the poet's hero, but he introduces Arthur as Gereint's superior and lord, as follows [3]:—

En llogporth y gueleise. y arthur
guir deur kymynint a dur.
ameraudur [4] *llywiaudir llawur.*

At Llongborth saw I of Arthur's
Brave men hewing with steel,
(Men of the) emperor,[4] director of toil.

[1] Evans' Facsimile, fol. 32ᵇ.

[2] There are several mountain tops in the Snowdon district called *y Tryfan*, "the Tryvan," and *Moel Tryfan*, "the round-topped hill of Tryvan." Lady Charlotte Guest (*Mabinogion*, ii. 167) has been misled by somebody to indulge in the impossible spelling *Trivaen*.

[3] Evans' Facsimile, fol. 36ᵇ.

[4] I am not certain what documents exactly Prof. Zimmer had in view when he wrote as to Arthur, "Nirgends führt er den Titel *amberawdyr*"; or whether he would regard *ameraudur* here as a title or not: see the *Gött. gel. Anz.* for 1890, p. 524.

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En llogporth y llas y gereint.
guir deur o odir diwneint.
a chin rilletbid ve. llatysseint.

At Llongborth there fell of Gereint's
Brave men from the border of Devon,
And ere they were slain they slew.

In these triplets the position of Arthur seems to be very clearly indicated: the men fighting on his side are Gereint's men from Devon. That is to say, Arthur is Gereint's superior: he fills in fact the rôle assigned him in the *Historia Brittonum* when he is there termed a *Dux Bellorum*. This raises the question of Arthur's title; for passing on from the description of him as a *Dux Bellorum*, we have him twice in the *Mirabilia* called *Arthur Miles*. Further the *Vita Gildæ*, sometimes ascribed to the twelfth century author, Caradoc of Llancarvan, in giving the story of the carrying away of Guenever by Melwas,[1] speaks of the latter as *rex*, or king, reigning over the *Æstiva Regio* or Somerset, while it styles Arthur a *tyrannus*. To this must be added the fact that in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen the hero salutes Arthur as *Penteyrned yr Ynys honn*, or "the Head of the Princes of this Island," and one should notice that, in common with all these, the passage last cited from the Black Book avoids calling Arthur a king. On the other hand the word *ameraudur* which it applies to Arthur is one of the forms given in Welsh to the Latin word *imperator* borrowed; but as it is used of him commonly in the stories of Peredur, Owein, Gereint and others which betray the influence of the French romances, it might perhaps be supposed that its presence in Gereint's Elegy was due to that influence. There is, however, no evidence, and the way in which the word is used rather inclines me to regard it as spontaneous on the part of the poet: I am only

[1] For the text of that story, see San-Marte's *Nennius et Gildas*, pp. 122, 3, also the *Romania*, vol. x. 491, where it is given by M. Gaston Paris.

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doubtful whether instead of rendering, as I have done, "emperor, director of toil," it would not have been more correct to write "commander, director of toil": that is to say, to suppose the word to retain here the meaning which it had primarily in Latin. In any case, the instances which have been adduced will suffice, it seems to me, to shew that it was not due to accident that other terms than that of king were thought more suitable in speaking of Arthur. In that fact one seems to trace one of the logical consequences of Arthur's having, as I have ventured to suppose, occupied the historical position of the *Comes Britanniæ*, in other words, that of the *Imperator* himself, which it became when Britain ceased to form a part of the dominions of Rome.

We next have a poem consisting of a dialogue between Arthur and Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr, who in the Welsh stories about Arthur is represented as one of his chief porters; but here he seems to have a castle of his own, the gates of which he appears in no hurry to open for Arthur and his companions. He asks Arthur who he is and what followers he has, which Arthur is made to seize as an opportunity for describing some of them, especially Kei, Malory's Sir Kay the seneschal. Unfortunately, the poem is so obscure that I can only guess its meaning, as follows[1]:—

Pa gur yv y porthaur.	Who is the porter?
Gleuluid gauaeluaur.	Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr.
Pa gur ae gouin.	Who asks the question?
arthur. a chei guin.[2]	Arthur and worthy Kei.

[1] Evans' Facsimile, fol. 47^{b}—48^{b}.

[2] *Guin*, now written *gwyn* means as a colour adjective *white*, but it is a very difficult word to render, one of its uses being somewhat like that of French *beau* in *beau père*. On the banks of the Dovey in Mid-Wales a stepfather is respectfully called *tad gwyn*, literally "white father," and I surmise that it had a somewhat similar force here. It is to be borne in mind that Kei is, so far as I can remember, elsewhere called *Kei guin* only in the story of Kulhwch. See *Red Book Mabinogion*, p. 105, and for further remarks on *gwyn* see my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 527-8.

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Pa imda genhid.	What following (?) hast thou?
Guir goreu im bid.	The best of men are mine.
Ym ty ny doi.	To my house thou shalt not come
onys guaredi.	Unless thou plead (?) for them.
Mi ae guar[e]di.	I will plead (?) for them.
athi ae gueli.	And thou shalt see them:—
Vythneint elei.	Wythneint of Elei,
Assivyon ell tri.	And the wise men three—
Mabon am mydron.	Mabon son of Modron,
guas uthir pen dragon.	(Uther Pendragon's man)
Kysceint · mab · Banon.	Kyscaint son of Banon,
A guin godybrion.	And Gwyn Godyvrion.
Oet rinn vy gueisson	Sturdy would be my men
in amuin ev detvon.	In defence of their laws—
Manawidan ab llyr.	Manawydan son of Llyr
oet duis y cusil.	Profound in counsel;
Neustuc manauid	(Manawyd brought home
eis tull o trywruid	A pierced buckler from Tryvrwyd).
A mabon am melld.	And Mabon son of Mellt
maglei guaed ar guelld.	Who stained the grass with gore;
Ac anguas edeinauc.	And Angwas the Winged,
a lluch · llauynnauc.	And Llwch Llawynnawc,
Oetin diffreidauc	Who were protective
ar eidin cyminauc	Against Eidyn[1] the gashing.
Argluit ae llochei	His lord would shelter him,
my nei ymtiwygei	My nephew would amend (?),
Kei ae heiriolei.	Kei would plead for (?) them,
trae llathei pop tri	While slaying them three at a time.
Pan colled kelli.	When Kelli was lost
caffad cuelli.	Savagery was experienced.

[1] Mention is made of this man in Triads i. 38, 39; iii. 47, 48 (*Myv. Arch.* vol. ii. 9, 65), where he is described as the slayer of the bard Aneurin.

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Aseirolei kei	Kei would plead for them (?)
bid trae kymynhei.	Until he might hew them down.
Arthur ced huarhei	Though Arthur was playing
y guaed gouerei.	The blood was dripping.
In neuat awarnach	In Awarnach's hall
in imlat ew a gurach.	A-fighting with a hag,
Ew a guant pen palach.	He slew Pen-palach
in atodeu dissethach.	In the tasks (?) of Dissethach.
Ym minit eidin	On Eidyn's mountain
amuc · a · chinbin.	He combated with champions (?),
Pop cant id cuitin.	By the hundred they fell—
id cuitin · pop cant.	They fell a hundred at a time
rac beduir bedrydant.	Before Bedwyr . . .
Ar traethev trywruid.	On the shores of Tryvrwyd;
in amuin a garvluid.	Combating with Garwlwyd.
Oet guythir y annuyd.	Victorious was his wrath
o cletyw ac yscuid.	Both with sword and shield.
Oet guaget bragad	It were vain to boast
vrth kei ig kad.	Against Kei in battle.
Oet cletyw ighad.	His sword in battle was
oe lav diguistlad.	Not to be pledged from his hand.
Oet hyneiw guastad	He was an equable lord
ar lleg ar lles gulad.	Of a legion for the state's good.
Beduir · A Bridlav.[1]	Bedwyr son of Bridlaw,
Nau cant guarandau.	Nine hundred to watch,
chuechant y eirthau.	Six hundred to attack
a talei y ortinav.	Was his onslaught (?) worth.
Gueisson am buyint	The young men I have—
oet guell ban uitint.	It is well where they are
rac rieu emreis.	Before the kings of Emrys

[1] This should probably give the parentage of Bedwyr, and it is natural to suggest as an emendation *Beduir ab Bridlav;* but in *Gereint and Enid* he is described as son of *Bedrawt:* see *Red Book Mab.* p. 265.

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gueleise · kei ar uris.	Have I seen Kei in haste.
Preitev gorthowis.	Leader of the harryings,
oet gur hir in ewnis.	Long would he be in his wrath;
Oet trum y dial.	Heavy was he in his vengeance;
oet tost y cynial.	Terrible in his fighting.
Pan yuei o wual	When from a horn he drank
yuei urth peduar	He drank as much as four men;
ygkad pan delhei.	When he came into battle
vrth cant id lathei.	He slew as would a hundred.
Ny bei duv ae digonhei.	Unless it should be God's act [1]
Oet diheit aghev kei.	Kei's death would be unachieved.
Kei guin a llachev.	Worthy Kei and Llacheu
digonint we kadev.	Used to fight battles,
kin gloes glas verev.	Before the pang of livid spears,
yguarthaw ystawingun.	On the top of Ystavingun
kei a guant nav guiton.	Kei slew nine witches.[2]
Kei win aaeth von	Worthy Kei went to Mona
y dilein lleuon.	To destroy lions.
y iscuid oet mynud	His shield was small
erbin cath paluc.	Against Palug's Cat.
Pan gogiueirch tud.	When people shall ask
Puy guant cath paluc.	"Who slew Palug's Cat?"
Nau ugein kinlluc.	Nine score . . .

[1] With this sentiment compare the following passage put into the mouth of Llew in the Mabinogi of Math son of Mathonwy: *Onym llad i duw hagen nyt hawd vy llad i.* "Unless God slay me, however, it is not easy to slay me." See the *Red Book Mabinogion*, p. 75, also Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mab.* iii. 242, where she imparts to her translation a Christian tone not to be detected in the original, thus: "But until Heaven take me I shall not easily be slain."

[2] This looks as if it might be the incident in which the story of Peredur makes that hero take a leading part: he encounters the witches of Caer Loyw at a castle on a mountain, and he together with Arthur and his Men afterwards kills them all at the end of the story: see the *Red Book Mab.*, pp. 210-1, 242-3, and Guest's *Mab.* i. 322-3, 369-70.

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a cuytei in y bueyd.	Used to fall for her food
Nau ugein kinran	Nine score leaders
A . . .	Used to . . .

The manuscript is imperfect, and it breaks off just where one should have heard more about Cath Paluc, or "Palug's Cat," a monster, said in the Red Book Triads to have been reared by the Sons of Palug, in Anglesey. The contests here mentioned with monsters, hags and witches, form also a feature of the story of *Kulhwch and Olwen*, not to mention Irish stories, such as that of *Bricriu's Feast*,[1] which abound in them. Moreover, the majority of Arthur's followers in the Black Book poem, figure as such in the Kulhwch also, namely Glewlwyd, Kei, Mabon son of Modron, Gwyn Godyvron, Mabon son of Mellt, Angwas Edeinawc, Llwch Llawyniawc, Bedwyr, and Arthur's son Llacheu; not to mention Manawyddan, who is forced into Arthur's train in both poem and story. On the other hand, only two of Arthur's men enumerated in the former, evade identification elsewhere, namely, Wythneint and Kysceint.[2] Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the Black Book poem, is the position which it assigns to Kei, who there towers far above all the rest of the Arthurian train: he is, in fact, not to be conquered by man or beast, so that his death could only be attributed to the direct interference of the Almighty. The next in importance to Kei was Bedwyr, the Bedewere or Bedyuere of Malory's Morte Darthur, and the positions of both heroes are relatively the same in the Kulhwch story.

Another allusion to Arthur occurs in the Black Book, to wit in an elegy to Madog son of Meredydd, prince of Powys, who died in the year 1159. The poem is ascribed to Madog's contemporary, the well-known Welsh poet Cynddelw, who, in alluding to the

[1] The Irish text is given at length in Windisch's *Irische Texte*, pp. 254-303.

[2] *Kysceint* is probably a miscopying of *Kysteint*, the Welsh form of *Constantius*; a name *Wytheint* appears in the Book of Taliessin, as that of one who fights with Gwydion son of Dôn: see Skene's *Four anc. Books of Wales*, ii. 158.

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mourning and grief among Madog's men, characterises the uproar as being—*Mal gavr toryw teulu arthur.*[1]

"Like the shout of the multitude of Arthur's host."

This leads, however, to no inference of any importance in this context. The same remark may be made concerning a mention of Arthur in a poem called *Gorchan Maelderw* in the Book of Aneurin, a manuscript of the latter part of the thirteenth or of the beginning of the fourteenth century: the passage is unfortunately obscure.[2]

The next manuscript to be mentioned is one of approximately the same data as the last-mentioned: I allude to the Book of Taliessin, where an obscure poem occurs, headed *Kat Godeu.* There, near the end, we have the following couplet:—

derwydon doethur.	Druids erudite,
darogenwch y Arthur.	Prophesy for Arthur.

Another allusion to Arthur in the Book of Taliessin runs thus[3]:—

heilyn pascadur.	Heilyn of the Passover
treded dofyn doethur	One of three deeply wise
y vendigaw Arthur.	To bless Arthur.
Arthur vendigan	Arthur they will bless
ar gerd gyfaenat	In elaborate song.

Who the Heilyn mentioned here was does not appear, but he may be supposed to have been a priest or a bard.

Other references to Arthur occur in the Book of Taliessin, but the most inportant by far is the poem known as *Preiddeu Annwfn,*

[1] Evans' Facsimile, fol. 52ᵃ.

[2] For the text see Skene's *Four anc. Books of Wales*, vol. ii. 106, and for the translation vol. i. 426. Both will also be found in Thomas Stephens' *Gododin*, pp. 352-3; but I am convinced that the meaning of the words still remains to be discovered.

[3] See Skene, ii. 456: vol. i. 259, gives a translation differing considerably from the one proposed here with great diffidence.

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or the Harryings of Hades, which I subjoin, so far as it is in point, with an attempt to translate into English, as follows:—

Golychaf wledic pendeuic gwlat ri.
py ledas y pennaeth dros traeth mundi.
bu kyweir karchar gweir ygkaer sidi.
trwy ebostol pwyll aphryderi.
Neb kyn noc ef nyt aeth idi.
yr gadwyn tromlas kywirwas ae ketwi.
A rac preideu annwfyn tost yt geni.
Ac yt urawt parahawt yn bard wedi.
Tri lloneit prytwen yd aetham ni idi.
nam seith ny dyrreith o gaer sidi.

I adore the noble prince and high king
Who extended his sway over the world's strand.
Perfect was the captivity of Gwair in Caer Sidi,
Through the warning[1] of Pwyll and Pryderi.
Before him no one entered into it,
Into the heavy dark chain a trusty youth guarded;
And at the harryings of Hades grievously did he sing,
And till doom will he remain a bard afterwards.
Three freights of Prydwen went we into it—
Seven alone did we return from Caer Sidi.

Neut wyf glot geinmyn cerd o chlywir.
ygkaer pedryuan pedyr y chwelyt.
ygkynneir or peir pan leferit.
Oanadyl naw morwyn gochyneuit.
Neu peir pen annwfyn pwy y vynut.

[1] As to this meaning of the word *ebostol*, see *Llyvyr Agkyr Llandewivrevi* (in the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*), p. 159. It is *epistola* borrowed and sometimes confounded with *abostol* from *apostolus*: the sequence of meanings seems to have been a letter, a message or admonition by letter, a warning. See a note on the word by Prof. Powel in the *Cymmrodor*, ix. 199.

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gwrym am yoror a mererit.
ny beirw bwyt llwfyr ny rytyghit.
cledyf lluch lleawc idaw rydyrchit.
Ac yn llaw leminawc yd edewit.
Arac drws porth vffern llugyrn lloscit.
Aphan aetham ni gan arthur trafferth lethrit.
namyn seith ny dyrreith o gaer vedwit.

I am a seeker (?) of praise, if (my) song be heard:
In Caer Pedryvan . . .
. . . from the cauldron it would be spoken
By the breath of nine maidens it would be kindled.
The head of Hades' cauldron—what is it like?
A rim it has, with pearls, round its border:
It boils not a coward's food: it would not be perjured.
The sword of Llwch Lleawc would be lifted to it,
And in the hand of Lleminawc was it left.
And before the door of Hell's gate lamps were burning,
And when we accompanied Arthur, a brilliant effort,
Seven alone did we return from Caer Veddwit.

Neut wyf glot geinmyn kerd glywanawr.
ygkaer Pedryfan ynys pybyrdor.
echwyd amuchyd kymysgetor
gwin gloyw eu gwirawt rac eu gorgord.
Tri lloneit prytwen yd aetham ni ar vor.
namyn seith ny dyrreith o gear rigor.

I am a seeker (?) of praise, (my) song being (?) heard:
At Caer Pedryvan in Quick-door Island,
At dusk and in the blackness (of night) they mix
The sparkling wine, their drink before their retinue.
Three freights of Prydwen went we on sea:
Seven alone did we return from Caer Rigor.

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Ny obrynafi lawyr llen llywyadur
tra chaer wydyr ny welsynt wrhyt arthur.
Tri vgeint canhwr a seui arymur.
oed anhawd ymadrawd ae gwylyadur.
tri lloneit prytwen yd aeth gan arthur.
namyn seith ny dyrreith o gaer golud.

I merit not the laurel of the ruler of letters—
Beyond the Glass Fort they had not seen Arthur's valour.
Three score hundreds stood on the wall:
Hard it was found to converse with their sentinel.
Three freights of Prydwen (were they that) went with Arthur,
Seven alone did they return from Caer Goludd.

Ny obrynaf y lawyr llaes eu kylchwy.
ny wdant wy py dyd peridyd pwy.
py awr ymeindyd y ganet cwy.
Pwy gwnaeth arnyt aeth doleu defwy.
Ny wdant wy yr ych brych bras ypenrwy.
Seith vgein kygwng yny aerwy.
A phan aetham ni gan arthur aurydol gofwy.
namyn seith ny dyrreith o gaer vandwy.

I merit not the laurel of them of the long shields (?):
They know not which is the ruler's day (or) who (he is),
At what hour of early day he was born (or) where (?),
Who made . . . went not . . .
They know not the Speckled Ox with the stout halter,
With seven score joints in his collar.
When we went with Arthur, anxious visit,
Seven alone did we return from Caer Vanddwy.

Ny obrynafy lawyr llaes eu gohen
ny wdant py dyd peridyd pen.
Py awr ymeindyd y ganet perchen.

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Py vil a gatwant aryant y pen.
pan aetham ni gan arthur afyrdwl gynhen
namyn seith ny dyrreith a gaer ochren.

I merit not the laurel of those of long . . .
They know not which is the day of the ruler (and) chief,
At what hour of early day was born the owner,
(Or) what myriad guards the silver of the head.
When we went with Arthur, anxious contest,
Seven alone did we return from Caer Ochren.

Of the eight castles or strongholds mentioned in this poem not a single one has been identified with any real place, and the Isle of the Active Door belongs probably to the same sort of geography as *Annwvyn* or Hades, and *Uffern* or Hell. The poem evidently deals with expeditions conducted by Arthur by sea to the realms of twilight and darkness; but the one in quest of the cauldron of the Head of Hades reminds me of that described in the Kulhwch as having for its object the cauldron of Diwrnach the Goidel: Arthur set out with a small number of men on board his ship Prydwen, and after severe fighting brought away the cauldron full of the money of the country, which was, however, according to the Kulhwch, not Hades but Ireland. But with this difference the stories agree, not to mention that *yr Ych Brych*, or "the Speckled Ox," of the poem figures also in the Kulhwch. To do justice to this part of the comparison, and to complete the outline which I have suggested, I should have here to append at length the story of Kulhwch; but as that is out of the question, I will only add that a translation of it into English will be found in the second volume of Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*. The *Kulhwch* is contained in the Jesus College manuscript, the *Red Book of Hergest*, which belongs to the latter half of the fourteenth century; but the present version carries with it some evidence that it was copied from a manuscript written in the Kymric hand usual in

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Wales before the Norman Conquest and its influence had introduced another hand. On the whole, one cannot go far wrong in supposing that it was composed in the tenth century; and as to its contents, it has been pronounced purely[1] Kymric by Professor Zimmer,—that is to say, as contrasted with stories in which the influence of the romances cannot, as he thinks, be mistaken.

It is not to be supposed, however, that other manuscripts, whether belonging to the same period as that of the Kulhwch or to later dates, relate nothing concerning Arthur but the echo of incidents occurring in the French romances. Instances could readily be cited to the contrary: take for example the episode in which the Welsh Triads[2] bring Arthur in contact with Drystan the *gal-ofydd* or "war-leader" of March and the lover of Essyllt, that is to say, Malory's *Tristram*, *kynge Mark*, and *Isoud* respectively. Drystan is represented sending March's swineherd on an errand to Essyllt, Drystan in the meantime taking upon himself the charge of the swine. The story then makes Arthur, assisted by March, Kei and Bedwyr, attempt to get possession of some of the swine by every means in their power, but all in vain, so that Drystan came to be styled one of "the Three stout Swineherds of the Isle of Britain." Or take another instance, namely the statement that Arthur had not one wife Gwenhwyvar, Malory's Guenever, but three wives in succession, all called Gwenhwyvar. This strange piece of information likewise comes from the Triads,[3] and I should be surprised to learn that it found its way into them from the French romances rather than from some far older source.

Speaking generally of the Arthur of Welsh literature, one may characterise him in few words:—His first appearance is found to conform itself with the rôle of a *Comes Britanniæ*, on whom it devolved to help the inhabitants of what was once Roman Britain

[1] In the *Göttingische gel. Anzeigen* for June 10, 1890, pp. 517, 523-4.
[2] Triads i. 30, ii. 56, iii. 101: see the *Myv. Arch.*, vol. ii. pp. 6, 20, 72-3.
[3] Triad i. 59, ii. 16, iii. 109: see the *Myv. Arch.*, vol. ii. pp. 12, 14, 73.

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against invasion and insult, whether at the hands of Angles and Saxons or of Picts and Scots: so we read of him acting for the kings of the Brythons as their *dux bellorum*. We next find his fame re-echoed by the topography of the country once under his protection, and his name gathering round it the legends of heroes and divinities of a past of indefinite extent. In other words, he and his men, especially Kei and Bedwyr, are represented undertaking perilous expeditions to realms of mythic obscurity, bringing home treasures, fighting with hags and witches, despatching giants, and destroying monsters. How greatly this rude delineation of the triumph of man over violence and brute force differs from the more finished picture of the Arthur of Malory's painting, it would be needless to try to shew to any one bent on the pleasure of perusing the Morte Darthur. Such a reader may be trusted to pursue the comparison unassisted, in the fascinating pages of this incomparable book.

JOHN RHYS.

OXFORD, *Nov.* 7, 1893.

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In sending out this second instalment of Dr. Sommer's Edition of Malory the Publisher begs to thank the Original Subscribers for the patience with which they have waited for it. As will be seen by the Preface, a third instalment has still to be issued. The Publisher trusts that Original Subscribers will appreciate the fact that when they have received this third instalment considerably more will have been supplied to them than was contemplated when the Subscription price was fixed at 21s. The Original Subscribers will easily understand that this price cannot be remunerative, and the Publisher appeals to them with confidence to aid in increasing the sale of this great Edition by mentioning it to their friends. The present Subscription price (valid up to the publication of Part III.) is 30s. for Small Paper Copies, and £5 5s. for the few remaining Large Paper Copies. Even at this advanced price Sommer's Malory is probably the cheapest book of its class ever offered to the public.

Note on the Text here used.

THE object aimed at in this edition of Le Morte Darthur is to present a version of the incomparable story which, whilst following accurately and completely the best text, shall be modernized in spelling and punctuation. Great care has nevertheless been taken that the grammar of the period in which it was written shall be adhered to.

The text here given is that printed by Caxton in 1485: the copy that has been used is the edition published in 1817 under the direction of Robert Southey. In that version, as Sir Edward Strachey, the Editor of the Globe Edition, has pointed out, there are a number of passages which differ from the Caxton text; these have been corrected by comparison with the careful word for word reprint issued by Mr D. Nutt, under the editorship of Mr Oskar Sommer, to whom the publishers hereby acknowledge their indebtedness.

The plan upon which the present text has been prepared is as follows:—the above-named reprint of Caxton being taken as a basis, every word has been retained, and none added thereto except in the few cases where it appeared plain that the sense was incomplete from some word having been omitted in the original, or in a very few passages, where the grammar of the present day needed the insertion of a pronoun to prevent ambiguity and to preserve the correct meaning. Though the spelling has been modernized, the earliest forms in use in current literature have, as far as possible, been employed; for instance, any spellings

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occurring in the Bible, but not now general, have been considered preferable to such as are essentially modern in flavour and not in character with the context. Words which are now entirely obsolete have not been replaced by modern ones, but have been retained in the text with a glossary at the foot of the page upon which they first occur, and as a rule are only glossed a second time when they bear a different shade of meaning. The only other liberties taken consist in some slight differences in the division of Chapters; as in the third, fourth, and fifth chapters of the First Book, which Caxton, although he calls them three chapters in *The Table or Rubrysshe of Contents of Chapters*, yet prints without break: these have been here divided as the contents seemed to warrant. In the spelling of proper names uniformity has been aimed at, but from the constant variations in the copy, some inconsistency has no doubt crept in.

F. J. SIMMONS.

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TO

FRANCES STRACHEY

HER FATHER INSCRIBES THIS BOOK

THE INTRODUCTION TO WHICH

COULD NOT HAVE BEEN NOW RE-WRITTEN

WITHOUT HER HELP

IN MAKING THE EAR FAMILIAR WITH WORDS

WHICH THE EYE CAN NO LONGER READ.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE Introduction to the first edition of this volume included an account of the Text in the various editions of Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte Darthur,' and an attempt to estimate the character and worth of his book. The publication of Dr. Sommer's edition of the Text and Prolegomena, demands that I should complete my bibliography by an account of this important work; and it enables me, by help of this learned writer's new information, to confirm, while enlarging, my former criticism. I have, therefore, revised and re-written the two first sections of the Introduction. The Essay on Chivalry remains, but for a few verbal changes, as it was first printed.

SUTTON COURT,
November, 1891.

NOTE A.

See Introduction, page xiv. *note* 3.

'Oh ye mighty and pompous lords, shining in the glory transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over realms great, and mighty countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city. Ye also, ye fierce and mighty chivalers, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms, behold, behold, see how this mighty conqueror Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted—ye also, the noble queen Guenever, that sometime sat in her chair adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss or pit covered with clods of earth and clay. Behold also this mighty champion Launcelot, peerless of knighthood, see now how he lieth groveling on the cold mould, now being so feeble and faint that sometime was so terrible, how and in what manner ought ye to be so desirous of the mundane honour so dangerous. Therefore me thinketh this present book called La Morte Darthur is right necessary often to be read, for in it shall ye find the gracious, knightly, and virtuous war of most noble knights of the world, whereby they gat praising continual. Also me seemeth by the oft reading thereof ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds, that is to say, to dread God, and to love rightwiseness, faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince. And the more that God hath given you the triumphal honour the meeker ye ought to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceivable world. And so I pass over, and turn again to my matter.'

NOTE B.

See Introduction, page xvii. *note* 3.

For those who may care to see more of the manner in which the text of the interpolated passages has been formed, I give the following specimens in detail.

The first is from the beginning of the 11th Chapter of Book XXI.

CAXTON.

'Than syr Launcelot rose vp or day/& tolde the heremyte/It were wel done sayd the heremyte that ye made you redy/& that ye dyshobeye not the auysyon/ Than syr Launcelot toke his vii felowes with hym/& on fote they yede from glastynburye to almysburye the whyche is lytel more than xxx myle/& thyder they came within two dayes for they were wayke and feble to goo/& whan syr Launcelot was come to almysburye within the Nunerye quene gweneuer deyed but halfe an oure afore/and the ladyes tolde syr Launcelot that quene Gueneuer tolde hem al or she passyd/that syr Launcelot had been preest nere a twelue monthe/& hyder he cometh as faste as he may to fetch my cors/& besyde my lord kyng Arthur he shal berye me/'

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WYNKYN DE WORDE, 1498.

'Thenne syre Launcelot rose vp or day. And tolde the heremyte. It were well doon sayd the heremyte/that ye made ye redy/and that ye dysobeye not the aduysyon. Thenē syr Launcelot toke his .vij. felowes wt hym/& on fote they yede from Glastynbury to Almesbury. the whyche is lytyl more than .xxx. myle. And thyder they came wythin two dayes for they were weyke & feble to go. And whan syr Launcelot was come to Almesbury wythin the Nunnery/quene Gweneuer deyed but halfe an houre afore/And the ladyes tolde syr Launcelot/that quene Gweneuer tolde them all or she passyd/that syr Launcelot had be preest nere a twelue month and hither he cometh as fast as he may/to fetche my corps. And besyde my lorde kyng Arthur/he shal bury me.'

UPCOTT.

'Than syr Launcelot rose vp or it was day, and tolde the heremyte therof. It were well done sayd the heremyte that ye made you redy, and that ye dysobeye not thys aduysyon. Thenē syr Launcelot toke his .vii. felawes with hym, & on foote they yede from Glastynbury to Almesbury, the whyche is lytyl more than xxx myle. And thyder they came wythin two dayes for they were weyke and feble to go. And whan syr Launcelot was come to Almesbury wythin the Nonnery, quene Gweneuer deyed but halfe an houre afore. And the ladyes tolde syre Launcelot that quene Gueneuer tolde them all or she passyd, that syr Launcelot had been preest nere a twelue moneth, and hither he cometh as faste as he may for to fetche my corps. And besyde my lorde kynge Arthur he shal burye me.'

The last lines of the same Chapter are as follows:—

CAXTON.

'For whan I remembre of hir beaulte and of hir noblesse that was bothe with hyr king & with hyr/So whan I sawe his corps and hir corps so lye togyders/truly myn herte wold not serue to susteyne my careful body/Also whan I remēbre me how by my defaut & myn orgule and my pryde/that they were bothe layed ful lowe that were pereles that euer was lyuyng of cristen people, wyt you wel sayd syr Launcelot/this remembred of there kyndnes and myn vnkyndnes sanke so to myn herte that I mizt not susteyne myself so the frensshe book maketh mencyon.'

UPCOTT,

(Who follows Wynkyn de Worde exactly, except in the spelling, and in the insertion of 'me' after 'wold not serue.')

'For whan I remembre *& calle to mynde* her beaute, *bountee &* noblesse, that was *as wel* wyth her kyng *my lord Arthur* as wyth her. *And also* whanne I saw *the corses of that noble kinge & noble quene* so lye to gyder *in that colde graue made of erthe, that somtyme were so hyghly sette in moost bonourable places*, truly myn herte wolde not serue *me* to susteyne my *wretchyd &* carefull body. Also whan I remembre me how by my defawte myn orgulyte and my pride, that they were both layed full lowe whyche were pereles that euer were lyuenge of crysten peple, wyte yow wel sayd syr Launcelot, this remembred, of ther kyndnesse & *of* myn vnkyndnesse, sanke *and enprest* soo *in* to my herte that *all my natural strengthe fayled me, so that* I myghte not susteyne my selfe. Soo the frensshe boke makyth mencyon.'

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The several colophons are as follows:—

CAXTON.

'Thus endeth thys noble and Ioyous book entytled le morte Darthur/Notwithstondyng it treateth of the byrth/lyf/and actes of the sayd kynge Arthur/of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table/theyr meruayllous enquestes and aduentures/thachyeuyng of the sangreal/& in thende the dolourous deth & departyng out of thys world of them al/Whiche book was reduced in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd/and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted/and fynysshed in thabbey westmestre the last day of Iuyl the yere of our lord M/CCCC/lxxx/V/ Caxton me fieri fecit.'/

WYNKYN DE WORDE, 1498.

'Thus endyth this noble and Ioyous boke entytled Le morte dathur. Notwythstondyng it treateth of the byrth lyf & actes of the sayd kynge Arthur of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table. theyr merueyllous enquestes & aduentures. thachyeuynge of the Sancgreall. And in the ende the dolorous deth. & depaytynge out of this worlde of them al. Whyche boke was reduced in to Englysshe by the well dysposyd knyghte afore namyd. And deuyde[d] into .xxi. bokes chapitred. & enprynt[ed] fyrst by Wylliam Caxton/on who[se] soule god haue mercy. And newel[ye] prynted. and chapitres of the sam[e ru-]brisshed at Westmestre, by Wynk[yn de] Worde ye yere of our lord. M.C[CCC].lxxxxviij. and ended the .xxv [daye of] Marche. the same yere.'

AMES.

'Thus endeth this noble and joyous boke, entytled La morte d'Arthur. Notwithstondyng it treateth of the byrth, lyf, and actes of the sayd Kynge Arthur, of his noble knyghts of the rounde table, theyr merueylous enquestes and aduentures, thacheuynge of the Sancgreal, and in the ende the dolourous deth and depaytynge out of this worlde of them al; whyche boke was reduced into Englysshe by syr Thomas Malory, Knight, as afore is sayd, and by me devyded into xxi. bookes, chapitred and enprynted, and fynisshed in thabbey, Westmestre, the last day of Juyl, the yere of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV. Caxton me fieri fecit.'

HARLEIAN CATALOGUE.

'The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur; of his noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, theyr marvayllous Enquestes and Adventures; the Achyeviyng of the Sang real; and in the end le Morte d'Arthur, with the dolourous Deth and Departyng out of thys world of them Al. Whiche Book was reduced to the Englysshe, by Syr Thomas Malory Knyght, and by me (*W. Caxton*) devyded into 21 bookes, chaptyred and emprynted, and fynyshed in th' Abbey Westmestre, the last day of July, the yere of our Lord 1485.'

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UPCOTT.

'Thus endeth this noble & joyous booke entytled *La* Mort *datbur*. Notwythstanding it treateth of the byrth, lyf & actes of the sayd Kynge Arthur, *&* of his noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table, theyr marueyllous Enquestes & aduentures, thacheyuyng of the *Sang real*, and in the ende *le Morte darthur with* the dolourous deth and departyng out of thys worlde of them al. Whiche booke was reduced in to Englysshe by Syr Thomas Malory knyght *as afore is sayd*, and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chaptyred and emprynted and fynysshed in thabbey Westmestre the last day of July the yere of our lord MCCCCLXXXV. *Caxton me fieri fecit.*'

On a comparison of these colophons we see that the article *La* is only in Ames: the spelling of *datbur* is peculiar to Wynkyn de Worde, who has it also in another passage; the words *le Morte darthur with* are in the Harleian Catalogue only: *as afore is said* is in neither of these, but it is in Ames: the peculiar mode of writing *Sang real*[1], and the spelling of *chaptyred*, *emprynted*, *July*, are those of the Harleian Catalogue: the *&* introduced after *Arthur* in the second line is only in Upcott. *Caxton me fieri fecit* is in Ames, but not in the Harleian Catalogue.

When I say in Ames or the Harleian Catalogue only, it will be understood that I include with the colophon of the former its modernised copy in Dibdin; and with that of the latter its copies in Herbert and the Biographia Britannica; the references to all which I have given in the passage of the Introduction to which this is a Note. The first words of the colophon are omitted in the Harleian Catalogue, which gives it as the title of the book, as do the Biographia Britannica and Herbert. The framer of the Catalogue probably quotes directly, though inaccurately, from the Harleian (now the Osterley) Morte Darthur: and Ames must have made his extract independently from the same volume. Dibdin attributes both the Harleian Catalogue and the article in the Biographia Britannica to Oldys.

[1] The division of the word indicates that the writer adopts the plausible notion that Sangreal means Real (or Royal) Blood; and no doubt in ancient as well as modern times the spelling and sound would suggest this meaning: but Roquefort shows clearly that the other is the proper explanation, both in etymology and (so to speak) historically. And Helinand, a monk of Fromont (A.D. 717), gives the Latin *Gradale*, which supplies the link between *Graal* and *Crater* from which Roquefort derives the former. Helinand's words are,—'Hoc tempore, in Britannia, cuidam eremitae monstrata est mirabilis quaedam visio per angelum de sancto Josepho decurione nobili qui corpus Domini deposuit de cruce, et de catino illo vel paropside in quo Dominus coenavit cum discipulis suis; de quâ ab eodem eremita descripta est historia quae dicitur *de Gradal*. *Gradalis* autem vel *Gradale* dicitur Gallicè scutella lata et aliquantulum profunda in qua pretiosae dapes, cum suo jure, divitibus solent apponi, et dicitur nomine *Graal*.... Hanc historiam latine scriptam invenire non potui, sed tantum Gallicè scripta habetur a quibusdam proceribus, nec facile ut aiunt tota inveniri potest.' Helinandi Historia, quoted in L'Essai Historique et Literaire sur l'Abbaye de Fécamp par Leroux de Lincy, Rouen, 1840.

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INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. The Origin and Matter of the Book.

We owe this our English Epic of Morte Arthur to Sir Thomas Malory, and to William Caxton the first English printer. Caxton's Preface shows (what indeed would have been certain from his appeal to the 'Knights of England' at the end of 'The Order of Chivalry') that however strongly he, 'William Caxton, simple person,' may have been urged to undertake the work by 'divers gentlemen of this realm of England,' he was not less moved by his own love and reverence for 'the noble acts of chivalry,' and his deep sense of his duty and responsibility in printing what he believed would be for the instruction and profit of his readers, 'of whatever estate or degree.' But to Sir Thomas Malory he gives all the honour of having provided him with the copy which he printed. I retain the more usual spelling of Sir Thomas Malory's name, though it is also written Malorye and Maleore. The last indeed is the form in the words with which he himself concludes his work; but as Caxton printed, and therefore knew, this no less than the other forms, and as even so late as the time of Marvell and Pym men of education did not keep to one way of writing their own names, we cannot infer that one is more correct than the others, though probably we may that Malory most nearly represents the pronunciation to us. Malory was an old Yorkshire name in Leland's time[1], and is mentioned in the next century in Burton's 'Description of Leicestershire[2];' but we have nothing but the name to connect Sir Thomas Malory with these families. Leland indeed, according to the 'Biographia Britannica,' says he was a Welchman[3]. From his own words we learn that he was a knight, and from his adding that he was 'a servant of Jesu both day and night,' as well as from the general tone of the book, it has been inferred that he was a priest. And he tells us that he ended his book in the ninth year of Edward the Fourth, or about fifteen years before Caxton

[1] 'There be 2 Lordshipps lyenge not very far from *Ripon* . . . . *Malory* hath *Hutton Coniers*. Thes Lands cam to their Aunciters by two Dowghtars, Heirs Generall of that *Coniers*. *Malory* hath another Place caullyd *Highe Studly*, a litle from *Fontaines*.' Leland's Itinerary, viii. 2. p. 55. Hearne, 1712.

[2] 'In Kirby-Malory those [arms and pedigree] of the Malorys.' 'In Swinford arms and pedigrees of the Malorys.' Burton's Description of Leicestershire, 1622, Fol. Quoted by Oldys, The British Librarian, pp. 293, 297.

[3] Biographia Britannica, art. 'Caxton;' but no reference is given by which to verify the quotation.

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finished printing it. It has been usual to assume that, because Caxton says that Sir Thomas Malory took his work 'out of certain books of French and reduced it into English,' he was a mere compiler and translator. But the book itself shows that he was its author—its 'maker,' as he would have called it. Notwithstanding his occasionally inartificial manner of connecting the materials drawn from the old romances—'in Welch many, and also in French, and some in English'—there is an epic unity and harmony, and a beginning, middle, and end, which, if they have come by chance and not of design, have come by that chance which only befalls an Homeric or a Shakspeare-like man. If we compare the first part of Malory's work with the old prose romance[1] which supplied the materials for it, we see at once how he has converted that prose into poetry, giving life and beauty to the coarse clods of earth, and transmuting by his art the legends which he yet faithfully preserves. For the long and repulsive narrative of Merlin's origin he substitutes a slight allusion to it; without disguising what he probably believed to be at least an half historical record of Arthur's birth, he gives a grace and dignity to the story by the charms of his mother's character, the finer touches of which are wanting in the original: and so through the whole of this part of the story. The plan of the book is properly epic. While the glory of Arthur as the head of the kingdoms no less than of the chivalry of Christendom is only in its early dawn, Merlin warns him that the seeds of death will spring up in all this fair promise through the sin of himself and of his queen. Still the fame and the honour of the king and his knights of the Round Table open continually into new and brighter forms, which seem above the reach of any adverse fate, till the coming of the Sancgreal, into the quest of which all the knights enter with that self-reliance which had become them so well in the field of worldly chivalry, but which would be of no avail now. They are now to be tried by other tests than those by which they had been proved as 'earthly knights and lovers,' tests which even Launcelot, Ector de Maris, Gawaine, and the other chiefest of the fellowship could not stand. The quest is achieved by the holy knights alone: two depart from this life to a higher, while Sir Bors, not quite spotless, yet forgiven and sanctified, the link between the earthly and the spiritual worlds, returns to aid in restoring the glory of the feasts and tournaments at Camelot and Westminster. But the curse is at work: the severance between good and evil which had been declared through the Sancgreal cannot be closed again; and the tragic end comes on, in spite of the efforts—touching from their very weakness—of Arthur and Launcelot to avert the woe, the one by vainly trying to resist temptation, the other by refusing to believe evil of his dearest friend. The black clouds open for a moment as the sun goes down; and we see Arthur in the barge which bears him to the Holy

[1] Merlin, or the Early History of King Arthur, edited by Henry B. Wheatley, for the Early English Text Society, 1865-8. This is a translation, contemporary with Malory's work, from the French which he doubtless used.

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Isle; Guenever, the nun of Almesbury, living in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds; and Launcelot with his fellowship, once knights but now hermit-priests, 'doing bodily all manner of service.'

Nor are the marks of harmony and unity less plain in the several characters than in the events of the story. Arthur is a true knight, sharing the characteristics of his nobler knights, yet he differs from them all in showing also that he is, and feels himself to be, a king; as when—with an imperiousness which reminds us of Froissart's story of Edward III refusing to listen to Sir Walter Manny's remonstrances on behalf of the burgesses of Calais—he tells Sir Launcelot that he 'takes no force whom he grieves,' or insists on his entering the lists against a tired knight whom he is not willing to see victorious over the whole field; or as when he sadly regrets that he cannot do battle for his wife, though he believes her innocent, but must be a rightful judge according to the laws. There are many others of the Round Table who are 'very perfect gentle knights,' yet we feel that Launcelot stands distinct among them all in the pre-eminence of his knightliness, notwithstanding his one great sin. Thus, to take one of many instances, who but Launcelot would have borne the taunts and the violence of Gawaine with his humble patience and ever-renewed efforts for a reconciliation, when he was leaving the realm, and when he was besieged in Joyous Gard. Modern critics of great name agree in censuring Sir Thomas Malory for departing from the old authorities who represented Gawaine as the very counterpart of Launcelot in knightly character: but I rather see a proof of Malory's art in giving us a new Gawaine with a strongly individual character of his own. Gawaine's regard for his mother's honour, his passion for Ettard, and his affection for his brothers, are savage impulses driving him to unknightly and unworthy deeds, yet he is far from being represented as a mere villain. If Malory depicts him thirsting to revenge upon Launcelot the unintentional killing of Gaheris and Gareth, he depicts also his long previous affection for Launcelot and his opposition to the hostility of his other brother, Mordred, against him; his devotion to his uncle Arthur; his hearty repentance towards Launcelot at the last; and his entreaty that he would 'see his tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for his soul.' Nor must we forget that it was by the prayer of those ladies for whom Gawaine had 'done battle in a rightwise quarrel,' that his ghost was permitted to give Arthur a last warning. Distinct again from the character of this fierce knight is that of the Saracen Palamides, whose unquestionable courage and skill in deeds of chivalry also want—though in another way than Gawaine's—the gentleness, the meekness, and the delicate sense of honour of the Christian knight. Sir Dinadan again, who can give and take hard knocks if need be, though he has no great bodily strength, and who is always bantering the good knights who know and esteem him with his humorous protests against love and arms, is a distinctly drawn character. So is Merlin; so are many others whose names I might recite. The dignity of queen Guenever towards her husband and her court is not less marked than her guilty passion

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In the Introduction to Southey's edition of Morte Arthur the student will find an account of the principal early prose romances in which sources of Sir Thomas Malory's book have been found, and the English translation of one of these has been mentioned above; while the volumes of Ellis, Sir Walter Scott's 'Sir Tristrem,' and the publications of the Early English Text and the Camden Societies, and of Mr. Furnivall, supply specimens of the metrical romances of the like kind. But as they are only attractive to the antiquarian student, who requires the originals and not abstracts, I shall say no more of them here.

Nor shall I attempt to illustrate Malory's book by the ancient historical or legendary accounts of the British King Arthur. The most recent critics are disposed to prefer Gibbon's belief to Milton's scepticism as to the actual existence of Arthur: but of the history and the geography of the book before us we can only say that they are something

> 'Apart from place, withholding time,
> But flattering the golden prime'

of the great hero of English romance. We cannot bring within any limits of history the events which here succeed each other, when the Lords and Commons of England, after the death of King Uther at St. Alban's, assembled at the greatest church of London, guided by the joint policy of the magician Merlin and the Christian bishop of Canterbury, and elected Arthur to the throne; when Arthur made Carlion, or Camelot, or both, his head-quarters in a war against Cornwall, Wales, and the North, in which he was victorious by help of the king of France; when he met the demand for tribute by the Roman emperor Lucius with a counter-claim to the empire for himself as the real representative of Constantine, held a parliament at York to make the necessary arrangements, crossed the sea from Sandwich to Barflete in Flanders, met the united forces of the Romans and Saracens in Burgundy, slew the emperor in a great battle, together with his allies, the sowdan of Syria, the king of Egypt, and the king of Ethiopia, sent their bodies to the Senate and Podestà of Rome as the only tribute he would pay, and then followed over the mountains through Lombardy and Tuscany to Rome, where he was crowned emperor by the Pope, 'sojourned there a time, established all his lands from Rome unto France, and gave lands and realms unto his servants and knights,' and so returned home to England, where he

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seems thenceforth to have devoted himself wholly to his duties as the head of Christian knighthood.

There is indeed one point of the legendary history on which the reader may wish me to give some explanation:—What was the Sancgreal? Graal or greal (derived from *crater*) in the Romance language[1] signifies a drinking-vessel, a dish, or a tureen: and according to the romances of Le S. Graal, Lancelot du Lac, Perceforest, and Morte Arthur, the Sancgreal, or Holy Graal, was the dish which held the paschal lamb of the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea having gone into the house where the Supper had been eaten, took away the dish, and in it received the blood from the wounds of Jesus; and this dish, 'with part of the blood of our Lord,' he brought with him into England, and with it converted many heathens; and it was kept in a tower expressly built for it at Corbenicy. The romance of Merlin says that 'this vessel was brought to this said knight [Joseph of Arimathea] by our Lord Jesu Christ while he was in prison xl. winter, him to comfort,' but does not mention its earlier history. And notwithstanding the authority of Perceforest that the Sancgreal was preserved in England, it may still be seen in the cathedral of Genoa, there called Sacro Catino, with the same tradition as to its original uses as is given above. It was brought from Cæsarea in 1101, and is an hexagonal dish, of two palms width, long supposed to be of real emerald, which it resembles in colour and brilliancy.

The geography of Arthur's Roman war is very coherent; but that of the rest of the book it is often impossible to harmonise. The scene opens within a night's ride of the castle of Tintagil, the ruins of which may still be seen in Cornwall. Thence we pass to St. Alban's, to London, and to Carlion. This last is, no doubt, Caerleon-upon-Usk; but it seems through this, as in other romances, to be interchangeable in the author's mind with Carlisle, or (as written in its Anglo-Norman form) Cardoile, which latter in the History of Merlin is said to be in Wales, while elsewhere Wales and Cumberland are confounded in like manner. So of Camelot, where Arthur chiefly held his court, Caxton in his Preface speaks as though it were in Wales, probably meaning Caerleon, where the Roman amphitheatre is still called Arthur's Round Table. Malory himself, though at page 49 he seems to connect Camelot with Avelion, or Glastonbury, yet farther on, page 63, says that Camelot is Winchester, where, too, there is a Round Table, mentioned by Caxton, and still to be seen,—an oaken board with the knights' names on it. And yet at the time these authorities wrote Camelot itself existed in Somersetshire with its proper name, and with all the remains of an important town and fortress, and, doubtless, the traditions of Arthur which Leland found there, and which in great part at least remain to this day. Leland calls it Camallate or Camalat, 'sometime a famous town or castle, upon a very torre or hill, wonderfully

[1] Roquefort, Glossaire de Langue Romane, art. 'Graal:' where are also given the original passages from the first three romances named in the text.

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enstrengthened of nature[1].' Four ditches and as many walls surrounded a central space of about thirty acres where foundations and remains of walls might be seen, and whence Roman pavements, urns, coins, and other relics have been found up to the present time. I find it called the Castle of Camellek in maps of the dates of 1575 and 1610, and in that of the 1727 edition of Camden's Magna Britannica, the text of which says 'the inhabitants call it King Arthur's Palace.' But soon after that date a learned antiquarian[2] writes that the name had been superseded by that of Cadbury Castle, which trilingual appellation may seem to indicate the Roman, British, and Saxon possessors by whom it was probably held in succession. The neighbouring villages which, according to Leland, bore 'the name of Camalat with an addition, as Queen-Camel,' still exist as Queen-Camel, or East Camel, and West Camel, and near by runs the river Camel, crossed by Arthur's Bridge. Arthur's Well still springs from the hill-side, and if Arthur's Hunting Causeway in the field below, Arthur's Round Table and Arthur's Palace within the camp, cannot still, as of old, be pointed out to the visitor, the peasant girl will still tell him that within that charmed circle they who look may see through golden gates a king sitting in the midst of his court. Drayton describes the river Ivel in Somersetshire as

> 'The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's ancient seat,
> Which made the Britaines name thro' all the world so great.
> Like Camelot what place was ever yet renown'd?
> Where, as at Caerleon, oft he kept the Table Round,
> Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
> From whence all knightly deeds and brave atchievements sprong[3].'

Glastonbury—founded by Joseph of Arimathea, and his burial-place, though his body was vainly sought in Edward III's reign—still claims to possess the coffin of Arthur. It is said that Henry II found the bodies of Arthur and Guenever there, and that Guenever had yellow hair. Their skulls were afterwards taken for relics by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor.

Almesbury, where Guenever died a nun, is a town in Wiltshire, seven and a half miles from Salisbury, where may still be seen the ruins of its celebrated abbey. The name was originally Ambrosebury, then Ambresbury, and lastly Amesbury, as it is now spelt.

Joyous Gard, Launcelot's favourite castle, is sometimes identified with Berwick. Malory tells us that 'some men say it was Anwick, and some men say it was Bamborow.' Bamborow, or Bamborough, is in Northumberland, sixteen miles south-east of Berwick. The castle, founded in the middle of the sixth century, which is the supposed time of Arthur's reign, stands on a high rock projecting into the North Sea. It now contains a granary, hospital, and other endowments made for the poor in 1715 by Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham. Did he think of his

[1] Itinerary, ii. pp. 38, 39; Hearne, 1711.
[2] Somersetshire Illustrated, by John Strachey, MS. 1736. [3] Polyolbion, 3rd Song.

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predecessor Launcelot, and his doles of 'flesh, fish, wine and ale, and twelve pence to any man and woman, come who would?'

The names of some other places in this book are given in the Glossary.

Lastly, the perplexed question of the morality of the book demands our notice. If it does not deserve the unqualified denunciation of the learned Ascham, it cannot be denied that Morte Arthur exhibits a picture of a society far lower than our own in morals, and depicts it with far less repugnance to its evil elements, on the part either of the author or his personages, than any good man would now feel. Still—with the exception of stories like those of the birth of Arthur and Galahad, which show not only another state of manners from our own, but also a really different standard of morals from any which we should now hold up—the writer does for the most part endeavour, though often in but an imperfect and confused manner, to distinguish between vice and virtue, and honestly to reprobate the former; and thus shows that his object is to recognise and support the nobler elements of the social state in which he lived, and to carry them towards new triumphs over the evil. And even where, as in the story of Tristram, there is palliation rather than reprobation of what Sir Walter Scott justly calls 'the extreme ingratitude and profligacy of the hero,' still the fact that such palliation, by representing King Mark as the most worthless of men, was thought necessary in the later, though not in the earlier, romance on the same subject, shows an upward progress in morals; while a real effort to distinguish virtue from vice is to be seen in the story of Launcelot, with his sincere though weak struggles against temptation, and his final penitence under the punishment of the woes which his guilt has brought on all dear to him as well as to himself. Or if we look at the picture which Chaucer's works give us of the co-existence in one mind—and that perhaps the noblest of its age—of the most virtuous Christian refinement and the most brutish animal coarseness, and then see how in the pages of Malory, inferior as we must hold him to be to Chaucer, the brutish vice has dwindled to half its former size, and is far more clearly seen to be vice, while the virtue, if not more elevated in itself, is more avowedly triumphant over the evil, we find the same upward progress. And I cannot doubt that it was helped on by this book, and that notwithstanding Ascham's condemnation of Morte Arthur, Caxton was right in believing that he was serving God and his countrymen by printing it; and that he justly estimated its probable effect when he says, 'Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, sin. Do after the good, and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renommée. . . . All is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin, but to exercise and follow virtue, by which we may come and attain to good fame and renomme in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven; the which He grant us that reigneth in heaven, the blessed Trinity. Amen.'

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INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. The Authorship and Matter of the Book.

Origin of the Book.

We owe this our English Epic of Le Morte Darthur to Sir Thomas Malory, and to William Caxton the first English printer. Caxton's Preface shows (what indeed would have been certain from his appeal to the 'Knights of England' at the end of 'The Order of Chivalry') that however strongly he, 'William Caxton, simple person,' may have been urged to undertake the work by 'divers gentlemen of this realm of England,' he was not less moved by his own love and reverence for 'the noble acts of chivalry,' and his deep sense of his duty and responsibility in printing what he believed would be for the instruction and profit of his readers, 'of whatever estate or degree.' But to Sir Thomas Malory he gives all the honour of having provided him with the copy which he printed. And ever since, for more than four hundred years, successive generations have approved the fitness of Caxton's choice. For it is Malory's book, and not the older forms of King Arthur's story which we still read for enjoyment, and for the illustration of which scholars edit those earlier books. Only a true poem, the offspring of genius, could have so held, and be still holding its ground, age after age. It may be said that it is chiefly with boys, and with men who have formed the taste by their boyish reading, that the book is so popular. But is not this so with the Iliad too? Men of mature intellect and taste read and re-read the Iliad with ever new discoveries, appreciation, and enjoyment; but it may be questioned whether there are many, or even any, of them who did not begin those studies at school, and learn to love Homer before they knew that he was worthy of their love. And they who have given most of such reading, in youth and in manhood, to Malory's Morte Darthur will be the most able and ready to recognise its claim to the character of an Epic poem.

Malory a Poet.

Malory wrote in prose, but he had 'the vision and the faculty divine' of the poet, though 'wanting the accomplishment of verse'; and, great as that want is, we may apply Milton's test of 'simple, sensuous, and passionate,' and we shall find no right to these names more real than is Malory's. Every incident, the descrip-

tion of every event, is 'simple,' that is to say, complete in itself, while making a part of the whole story. The story is 'sensuous,' like that of Homer, and as every true poem must be, it is a living succession of concrete images and pictures, not of abstractions or generalized arguments and reasonings. These are the characteristics of the book, from its opening story of Igraine, which 'befell in the days of Uther Pendragon,' down to the death of the last four remaining knights who 'went into the Holy Land, there as Jesus Christ was quick and dead,' and there 'did many battles upon the miscreants or Turks, and there they died on a Good Friday for God's sake.' And for 'passion,' for that emotion which the poet first feels in a special manner, and then awakens in his hearers, though they could not have originated it in themselves, with the adventures of the Round Table and the San Greal, or the deaths of Arthur, of Guenever, and of Launcelot, we may compare the wrath of Achilles, its cause and its consequences, or the leave-taking of Hector and Andromache. It would, indeed, be hard to find anywhere a pathos greater than that of Malory's description of the death or 'passing' of Arthur, the penitence of Guenever, and her parting with Launcelot, or the lament of Launcelot over the King and Queen, and of Sir Ector over Launcelot himself. The first is too long to quote, but I may say that Malory has re-cast the old story, and all the poetry is his own. I give the two last:—

'Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent, for my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her; so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me, how by my default, mine orgule, and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of christian people, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to my heart, that I might not sustain myself.'

And again:—

'Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all christian knights; and now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou were the courtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights; and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest[1].'

[1] 'A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court.'
First part of *Henry VI.* iii. 2.

The former passage is all Malory's own: the beauty of the latter is enhanced, if we set by its side the old version which he follows:—

> 'Alas, sir [said] Bors, that I was born,
> That ever I should see this indeed,
> The beste knight his life hath lorn,
> That ever in stoure [fight] bestrode a steed,
> Jesu, that crowned was with thorn.
> In heaven his soul foster and feed[1].'

Humour is akin to passion; and it may not be out of place to notice here Malory's vein of humour, as shown, for instance, in the way in which he tells the adventures of La Cote Male Taile, and of Beaumains; the pranks of the braver knights with Dinadan and Dagonet; the story of Arthur's wedding feast, when a lady who 'cried and made great dole,' was forcibly carried out of the hall by a strange knight, and Arthur 'was glad, for she made such a noise,' and was thereupon rebuked by Merlin for thinking so lightly of his royal and knightly duties; or that of the usurper Mordred and the Bishop of Canterbury, when after each had defied the other, the bishop 'did the curse in the most orgulous wise that might be done,' and then retired to live 'in poverty and holy prayers, for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand.'

The Book Epic in plan.

In the Drama the action is present, actually unwinding itself and going on before our eyes. The Epic is the story of the past, a cycle of events completed, while through the one and the other may be traced a thread of destiny and providence, leading either to a happy triumph over circumstances, or to a tragic doom, which, too, is in the end, a triumph also. Thomas Hughes, the early Elizabethan dramatist, in his 'Misfortunes of Arthur,' concentrated and deepened the horror of such a tragedy by transferring the guilt of Launcelot to Mordred the son of Arthur and his unknown sister. He would better have recognised and followed the finer art of Malory. For though the motive of Malory's epic is less gross and exaggerated than that of Hughes's drama, the thread of guilt and doom which runs from first to last through the former is not less real than in the latter. The crime of Uther Pendragon, with which the story opens, leads to the concealment of Arthur's parentage from himself, and this to his illicit love for her whom he does not know to be his sister, and so to the birth of Mordred. Then comes the prophetic doom:—'Ye have done of late a thing that God is displeased with you: and your sister shall have a child that shall destroy you and all the knights of your realm.' Arthur tries in vain to prevent the fulfilment of this doom by the only cruel deed of his life: and then—after another warning of the woe which his marriage with

[1] *Le Morte Darthur*, edited from the Harleian MS. 2252, in the British Museum, by F. T. Furnivall, 1864.

Guinevere will bring on him, through her guilty love for Launcelot—these germs of tragic destiny remain hidden through long years of prosperity. Arthur, aided by his fellowship of the Round Table, reduces universal anarchy into order: and not only 'gets into his hand' all England, Wales, and Scotland, but by his march to Rome makes himself emperor, and the head of all the kingdoms as well as of all the chivalry of Christendom. Still the fame and the honour of the king and his knights of the Round Table open continually into new and brighter forms, which seem above the reach of any adverse fate, till the coming of the Sancgreal, into the quest of which all the knights enter with that self-reliance which had become them so well in the field of worldly chivalry, but which would be of no avail now. They are now to be tried by other tests than those by which they had been proved as 'earthly knights and lovers,' tests which even Launcelot, Ector de Maris, Gawaine, and the other chiefest of the fellowship could not stand. The quest is achieved by the holy knights alone: two depart from this life to a higher, while Sir Bors, not quite spotless, yet forgiven and sanctified, the link between the earthly and the spiritual worlds, returns to aid in restoring the glory of the feasts and tournaments at Camelot and Westminster. But the curse is at work: the severance between good and evil which had been declared through the Sancgreal cannot be closed again; and the tragic end comes on, in spite of the efforts—touching from their very weakness—of Arthur and Launcelot to avert the woe, the one by vainly trying to resist temptation, the other by refusing to believe evil of his wife and his dearest friend. The black clouds open for a moment as the sun goes down; and we see Arthur in the barge which bears him to the Holy Isle; Guenever, the nun of Almesbury, living in fasting, prayers, and almsdeeds; and Launcelot with his fellowship, once knights but now hermit-priests, 'doing bodily all manner of service.'

Nor are the marks of harmony and unity less plain in the several characters than in the events of the story. Arthur is a true knight, sharing the characteristics of his nobler knights, yet he differs from them all in showing also that he is, and feels himself to be, a king; as when—with an imperiousness which reminds us of Froissart's story of Edward III refusing to listen to Sir Walter of Manny's remonstrances on behalf of the burgesses of Calais—he tells Sir Launcelot that he 'takes no force whom he grieves,' or insists on his entering the lists against a tired knight whom he is not willing to see victorious over the whole field; or as when he sadly regrets that he cannot do battle for his wife, though he believes her innocent, but must be a rightful judge according to the laws. There are many others of the Round Table who are 'very perfect gentle knights,' yet we feel that Launcelot stands distinct among them all in the pre-eminence of his knightliness, notwithstanding his one great sin. Thus, to take one of many instances, who but Launcelot would have borne the taunts and the violence of Gawaine with his humble patience and ever-renewed efforts for a reconciliation, when he was leaving the realm, and when he was besieged in Joyous Gard. Modern critics of great

name agree in censuring Sir Thomas Malory for departing from the old authorities who represented Gawaine as the very counterpart of Launcelot in knightly character: but I rather see a proof of Malory's art in giving us a new Gawaine with a strongly individual character of his own. Gawaine's regard for his mother's honour, his passion for Ettard, and his affection for his brothers, are fierce impulses driving him to unknightly and unworthy deeds, yet he is far from being represented as a mere savage. If Malory depicts him thirsting to revenge upon Launcelot the unintentional killing of Gaheris and Gareth, he depicts also his long previous affection for Launcelot and his opposition to the hostility of his other brother, Mordred, against him; his devotion to his uncle Arthur; his hearty repentance towards Launcelot at the last; and his entreaty that he would 'see his tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for his soul.' Nor must we forget that it was by the prayer of those ladies for whom Gawaine had 'done battle in a rightwise quarrel,' that his ghost was permitted to give Arthur a last warning. Distinct again from the character of this fierce knight is that of the Saracen Palamides, whose unquestionable courage and skill in deeds of chivalry also want—though in another way than Gawaine's—the gentleness, the meekness, and the delicate sense of honour of the Christian knight. Sir Dinadan again, who can give and take hard knocks if need be, though he has no great bodily strength, and who is always bantering the good knights who know and esteem him with his humorous protests against love and arms, is a distinctly drawn character. So is Merlin, half Christian, half magician, but always with dog-like loyalty to the house of Uther Pendragon. So is the Bishop of Canterbury, who appears at intervals in the story. So are many others whose names I might recite. The dignity of queen Guenever towards her husband and her court is not less marked than her guilty passion for Launcelot, and the unreasoning jealousy it excites in her. The wife-like simplicity of Igraine, the self-surrender beyond all limit, though from different impulses, of the two Elaines, the pertness of the damsel Linet, and the piety and self-sacrifice of Sir Percivale's sister, will occur to the reader among the distinctive characteristics of the different ladies and damsels who live and move, each in her own proper form, in the story. Sir Thomas Malory, as we know, found many of these men and women already existing in the old romances as he represents them to us; but we may believe that those earlier books were to him something of what the pages of Plutarch and Holinshed were to Shakespeare.

Malory's use of the Old Romances.

It has been too commonly assumed that, because Caxton says that Sir Thomas Malory took his work 'out of certain books of French and reduced it into English,' he was a mere compiler and translator. But the book itself shows that he was its author—its 'maker,' as he would have called it. Notwithstanding his occasionally inartificial manner of connecting the materials drawn from the old romances, there is an epic unity and harmony, 'a beginning, a middle, and an end,' which, if they

have come by chance and not of design, have come by that chance which only befalls an Homeric or a Shakespeare-like man. If more instances and proofs are needed than have been already given, let us turn to the opening chapters of the book. If we compare these with the old romances which supplied the materials for them, we see at once how Malory has converted prose into poetry, giving life and beauty to the clods of earth, and transmuting by his art the legends which he yet faithfully preserves. For the long and repulsive narrative of Merlin's origin[1] he substitutes a slight allusion to it: without disguising what he probably believed to be at least an half historical record of Arthur's birth, he gives a grace and dignity to the story by the charms of the mother's character, the finer touches of which are wanting in the original: and so through the whole of this part of the story.

Twenty-three years ago, I ventured to assert Malory's claim to epic genius: and now this claim may be farther tested, and as I think, established, by help of the learned researches of Dr. Sommer. Of these I shall state some details, in speaking of the text and its several editions, here giving the result so far as it bears on the present point. We may now see how Malory's 'Morte Darthur' was fused into its actual form out of crude materials of ten times its bulk, and that while he often translated or transcribed the French or English romances as they lay before him, on the other hand he not only re-wrote, in order to bring into its present shape the whole story, but also varied both the order and the substance of the incidents that so he might give them that epic character, and that beauty in the details, which his book shows throughout. Malory was no doubt a 'finder' as well as a 'maker,' but so, I repeat, was Shakespeare, and so was every other great poet. But the quarry and the building are not the same thing, though the one supplies the rough stones with which the other is raised up. We see that there is much that is rude and inartificial in Malory's art. He has built a great, rambling, mediaeval castle, the walls of which enclose rude and even ruinous work of earlier times, and not a Greek Parthenon nor even an Italian palace of the Renaissance. Still, it is a grand pile, and tells everywhere of the genius of its builder. And I ask, as Carlyle once asked me, Who built St. Paul's? Was it Wren, or the hodman who carried up the bricks? But while supporting my conclusions as to Malory's art by the evidence of Dr. Sommer's facts, it is right to add that the conclusions are my own rather than those of this learned critic. His estimate of Malory's genius in the choice and treatment of his materials falls far short of mine: and I can believe that Malory may have judged rightly, for his own purpose, when he did not take that form of a legend which was in itself the most beautiful.

Malory's History and Geography.

The most recent critics are disposed to prefer Hume's and Gibbon's belief to Milton's scepticism as to the actual existence of Arthur. But upon this question

[1] The council of devils seems to have suggested that in *Paradise Lost.*

I do not enter. Malory's historical chapters, as they may be called, seem to be mainly taken from the *Historia Brithonum* of Geoffrey of Monmouth, though much of them is also to be found in the romances[1]. The details of Arthur's march to Rome are so accurate that I think that Malory may have had actual knowledge of the road, which indeed must have been familiar to many men—soldiers, priests, and merchants—in the days of Edward IV. But of the rest of the history and the geography of the book before us we can only say that they are something

> 'Apart from place, withholding time,
> But flattering the golden prime'

of the great hero of English romance. We cannot bring within any limits of history the events which here succeed each other, when the Lords and Commons of England, after the death of King Uther at St. Alban's, assembled at the greatest church of London, guided by the joint policy of the magician Merlin and the Christian bishop of Canterbury, and elected Arthur to the throne; when Arthur made Carlion, or Camelot, or both, his head-quarters in a war against Cornwall, Wales, and the North, in which he was victorious by help of the king of France; when he met the demand for tribute by the Roman emperor Lucius with a counter-claim to the empire for himself as the real representative of Constantine, held a parliament at York to make the necessary arrangements, crossed the sea from Sandwich to Barflete in Flanders, met the united forces of the Romans and Saracens in Burgundy, slew the emperor in a great battle, together with his allies, the Sowdan of Syria, the king of Egypt, and the king of Ethiopia, sent their bodies to the Senate and Podestà of Rome as the only tribute he would pay, and then followed over the mountains through Lombardy and Tuscany to Rome, where he was crowned emperor by the Pope, 'sojourned there a time, established all his lands from Rome unto France, and gave lands and realms unto his servants and knights,' and so returned home to England, where he seems thenceforth to have devoted himself wholly to his duties as the head of Christian knighthood.

With the exception just mentioned, the geography is fanciful enough; and we need the magic of Merlin, or of some conjuror-poet like him of Horace, to set us with the required disregard of time successively in Carleon, Carlisle, Winchester, London, St. Alban's, and Camelot. The story opens within a night's ride of the castle of Tintagil. Thence we pass to St. Alban's, to London, and to Carlion. This last is, no doubt, Caerleon-upon-Usk; but it seems through this, as in other romances, to be interchangeable in the author's mind with Carlisle, or (as written in its Anglo-Norman form) Cardoile, which latter in

[1] Geoffrey of Monmouth afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph wrote, or as he tells us, translated from a work in the British tongue his *Historiae Brithonum* early in the 12th century.

the History of Merlin is said to be in Wales, while elsewhere Wales and Cumberland are confounded in like manner. So of Camelot, where Arthur chiefly held his court, Caxton in his Preface speaks as though it were in Wales, probably meaning Caerleon, where the Roman amphitheatre is still called Arthur's Round Table. Malory himself, though at page 49 he seems to connect Camelot with Avelion, or Glastonbury, yet farther on, page 63, says that Camelot is Winchester, where, too, there is a Round Table, mentioned by Caxton, and still to be seen,—an oaken board with the knights' names on it. And yet at the time these authorities wrote Camelot itself existed in Somersetshire with its proper name, and with all the remains of an important town and fortress, and, doubtless, the traditions of Arthur which Leland found there, and which in great part at least remain to this day. Leland calls it Camallate or Camalat, 'sometime a famous town or castle, upon a very torre or hill, wonderfully enstrengthened of nature[1].' Four ditches and as many walls surrounded a central space of about thirty acres where foundations and remains of walls might be seen, and whence Roman pavements, urns, coins, and other relics have been found up to the present time. I find it called the Castle of Camellek in maps of the dates of 1575 and 1610, and in that of the 1727 edition of Camden's Magna Britannica, the text of which says 'the inhabitants call it King Arthur's Palace.' But soon after that date a learned antiquarian[2] writes that the name had been superseded by that of Cadbury Castle, which trilingual appellation may seem to indicate the Roman, British, and Saxon possessors by whom it was probably held in succession. The neighbouring villages which, according to Leland, bore 'the name of Camalat with an addition, as Queen-Camel,' still exist as Queen-Camel, or East Camel, and West Camel, and near by runs the river Camel, crossed by Arthur's Bridge. Arthur's well still springs from the hill side; and if Arthur's Hunting Causeway in the field below, Arthur's Round Table and Arthur's Palace within the camp, cannot still, as of old, be pointed out to the visitor, the peasant girl will still tell him that within that charmed circle they who look may see through golden gates a king sitting in the midst of his court. Drayton describes the river Ivel in Somersetshire as

> 'The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's ancient seat,
> Which made the Britaines name thro' all the world so great.
> Like Camelot what place was ever yet renown'd?
> Where, as at Caerleon, oft he kept the Table Round,
> Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
> From whence all knightly deeds and brave atchievements sprong[3].'

These old legendary traditions, pleasant to hear or to know of, have been collected by another Somersetshire antiquarian, the late Rev. J. H. Bennett,

[1] Itinerary, ii. pp. 38, 39; Hearne, 1711.
[2] Somersetshire Illustrated, by John Strachey, MS. 1736.
[3] Polyolbion, 3rd Song.

Rector of South Cadbury[1]. Together with the legends told by Leland and others, and those which he himself gathered on the spot, Mr. Bennett has given a carefully detailed topographical description of the old town and fortress of Camelot, strong by nature and strengthened by art, where the Britons made their last stand against the Saxons; and he has shewn how its strategical position was connected, in fact as well as in romance, with the Isle of Avallon, the Monastery of Glastonbury, and the Nunnery of Almesbury. He thinks that during the hundred years which followed the taking of Sarum by the Saxons A. D. 551, during which (except in the capture of Bath in 577 A. D.) they made no further progress in the conquest of Somersetshire, Camelot became the capital of the South British kingdoms, and stemmed the tide of war in this direction by its great line of strongholds; and he thus suggests that we may have here the historical circumstances which connected or helped to connect, the legends of the great British hero with Camelot. Leland, who wrote his *Itinerary* early in Henry VIII's reign, mentions, among other relics found at Camelot, a silver horse-shoe, and Mr. Bennett gives us the words of one of the Cadbury peasants who told him 'folks do say that on the night of the full moon King Arthur and his men ride round the hill, and their horses are shod with silver, and a silver shoe has been found in the track where they do ride, and when they have ridden round the hill they stop to water their horses at the wishing well.' But more than three hundred years before Leland wrote, this still living legend had been recorded by Gervase of Tilbury, who, in his *Otia Imperialia* (date about 1212) says that in the woods of Britain the foresters, as the common people call the keepers of the woods and wild game, tell that on alternate days, about noon, or at midnight when the moon is full and shining, they often see an array of hunters with dogs and sound of horns, who, in answer to the enquirers, say that they are of the household and fellowship of Arthur. And, what is still more curious, Gervase, in the same place, gives a legend of Arthur, of Mount Etna, which singularly corresponds with that just mentioned as still living among the mounds of ancient Camelot. He tells that the horse of the Bishop of Catania had run away from his groom, and when the groom was following him up the precipitous side of the mountain, he came upon an open place where was the Great Arthur, resting upon a couch. Arthur ordered the horse to be brought back and restored to the bishop, sent him presents, and related how he had lain there, all those years, suffering from wounds he had received in the battle with his nephew Mordred, and Childeric the leader of the Saxons[2]. The British story of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table had

[1] Camelot: a Lecture delivered in 1889 by the Rev. J. H. Bennett. See also Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archæological Society, 1890.

[2] *Gervasii Tilburiensis Otia Imperialia*, Decisio ii. cap. xii, de Insulis Mediterranei, in vol. I of 'Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicensium Illustrationi inservientes: Cura G. G. Leibnitzii, Hanov. MDCCVII.' Gervase of Tilbury wrote about the beginning of the thirteenth century. He was at the Peace of Venice in 1177 A. D.: was Chancellor and Marshall of the kingdom of Arles about the year 1200; and died in 1235.

spread through Italy by the side of the French romances of Roland and Charlemagne[1] but this curious transfer of an incident from Camelot in Somersetshire, to Mount Etna in Sicily seems as if it must have been due to some Norman troubadour who had actually passed from one land to the other, and given the proper local colouring to the story in its new home as the bee carries fertility from one garden to another. Scotland, too, among the stories by which she claimed her part in Arthur and his knights, had a tale how 'Arthour Knycht he raid on nycht with gylten spur and candel lycht[2].'

Legend tells that Glastonbury—founded by Joseph of Arimathea, and his burial-place, though his body was vainly sought in Edward III's reign—possesses the coffin of Arthur. It is said that Henry II found the bodies of Arthur and Guenever there, and that Guenever had yellow hair. Their skulls were afterwards taken for relics by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor.

Almesbury, where Guenever died a nun, is a town in Wiltshire, seven and a half miles from Salisbury, where may still be seen the ruins of its celebrated abbey. The name was originally Ambrosebury, then Ambresbury, and lastly Amesbury, as it is now spelt.

The ruins of the castle of Tintagil, too, may still be seen in Cornwall.

Joyous Gard, Launcelot's favourite castle, is sometimes identified with Berwick. Malory tells us that 'some men say it was Anwick, and some men say it was Bamborow.' Bamborow, or Bamborough, is in Northumberland, sixteen miles south-east of Berwick. The castle, founded in the middle of the sixth century, which is the supposed time of Arthur's reign, stands on a high rock projecting into the North Sea. It now contains a granary, hospital, and other endowments made for the poor in 1715 by Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham. Did he think of his predecessor Launcelot, and his doles of 'flesh, fish, wine and ale, and twelve pence to any man and woman, come who would?'

The names of some other places in this book are given in the Glossary.

The Sangreal.

Let us turn to the Sangreal, or Holy Grail, the Quest of which forms so important a part of Malory's book. The word 'Grail' means a dish, a drinking vessel,

[1] 'Renaissance in Italy,' by J. A. Symonds, iv. 17.

[2] The passage, which also recounts the names of Ewaine, Gawaine, and Launcelot du Lac, is found in a charming episode in 'The Complaynt of Scotland' (written in 1548, and edited in 1801 by G. J. Leyden), in which the author tells how he went into the country to refresh his weary mind and body, and there fell in with a party of shepherds and shepherds' wives and servants, who amused themselves with telling a number of stories, classical and romantic, of which he gives the names. It is a prose idyll, which reminds us of the Canterbury Tales, and the Vision of Piers Plowman, in the love of nature and the love of story-telling which it displays. Here, and in the passage from Gervase, I quote from the originals; but my attention was first directed to these by Sir George Webb Dasent's quotations in his 'Popular Tales from the Norse,' p. xxix.

or a tureen, in the Romance language, and is probably derived from the Low Latin 'gradalis' or 'grasalis'; and this from the Greek 'crater': and the old writers describe it sometimes as a shallow vessel for holding food, and sometimes as a cup[1]. The legend of the Grail is traced back to Pagan times, where it appears as a miraculously food-producing vessel, of which we perhaps see a survival in the coming of the Sangreal to Launcelot and King Pelles, and at the feast of Pentecost which led to the Quest:—

'Then there entered into the hall the holy Grail covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall full filled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world: and when the holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became.'

But in the Christian form into which the legend passed, the Grail became either the dish which held the paschal lamb at the Last Supper, the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea had received the Saviour's blood, or the sacramental cup itself. Mr. Alfred Nutt has treated the whole subject with exhaustive learning in his 'Studies of the Legend of the Holy Grail,' and his article 'Grail, the Holy' in Chambers' Encyclopaedia. But when I say that one only of the many stories of which Mr. Nutt gives an account is a poem of 60,000 verses, I shall not be expected to attempt any summary of his book. I shall content myself with the more popular account of the Sangreal, in its immediate relation to Malory's Morte Darthur. According to the romances of Le S. Graal, Lancelot du Lac, Perceforest, and Morte Arthur, the Sangreal, or Holy Graal, was the dish which held the paschal lamb of the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea having gone into the house where the Supper had been eaten, took away the dish, and in it received the blood from the wounds of Jesus; and this dish, 'with part of the blood of our Lord,' he brought with him into England, and with it converted many heathens; and it was kept in a tower expressly built for it at Corbenicy. The romance of Merlin says that 'this vessel was brought to this said knight [Joseph of Arimathea] by our Lord Jesu Christ while he was in prison xl. winter, him to comfort,' but does not mention its earlier history.

When Caxton replied to the 'noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England' who urged him to print the history of Arthur, that many persons held the opinion that there was no such Arthur, 'one in special' insisted that this was mere blindness, since Arthur's sepulchre was to be seen at Glastonbury, Gawaine's skull at Dover, the Round Table at Winchester, as well as many other relics. And if this noble gentleman had only known it, he might have added that the Holy Grail itself was to be seen in the Cathedral Church of Genoa. There it is still shewn. It is an hexagonal dish, about seventeen inches across, and was long

[1] Roquefort, Glossaire de Langue Romane, art. 'Graal:' where are also given the original passages from the first three romances named in the text.

supposed to be a single emerald, which stone it resembles in colour and brilliancy. It is called 'Sagro Catino,' with a tradition which makes it to be the Holy Grail we have just described, and with the addition that it was brought to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. It was taken, on the capture of Caesarea, by the Genoese under Guglielmo Embriaco in 1101 A.D. Like the other plunder of Italian cities it was taken to Paris by Napoleon I, and restored after the peace of 1815, but was broken in pieces on the road from careless packing. It is now kept together by a wire frame: and when I saw it in the Cathedral treasury a few years since I was gravely told that it was broken in its return from the Paris 'Exposition' of Napoleon III[1].

Influence of the Book on English Letters and Life.

The influence of Sir Thomas Malory's book upon English literature, and so upon English life, upon our thoughts, morals, and manners, has been great and important. I have spoken of its claims to be considered an Epic poem; but it is not the less true, that it is our first great work of English prose, the first in which the writing of prose was shown to be one of the fine arts for England. Malory's style is often inartificial: he is not always able to master the huge masses of his materials, and fails to fuse and mould them into a perfect whole. But we must confess the like of Milton, whose grand periods of magnificent English are often followed by others which are confused and cumbrous in form, if not in thought. It has taken many workmen, through many generations, to make our prose writing what it is: but there is an infant beauty in Malory's style which is full of promise of the perfect manly form that is to be. The passages which I have already quoted are instances of this inartificial beauty of style. The thoughts and images spontaneously utter themselves in words without any attempt at rhetorical balance and arrangement. Thus in the lament of Sir Ector over Sir Launcelot, Malory does not ask himself whether there is a logical connection between courtesy and bearing a shield, or between true friendship and bestriding a horse, as a modern writer would have done, and so brought those sentences into a more finished though more monotonous correspondence with the rest. The flow of feeling is true, direct, and simple, and that is enough. Dr. Sommer, in his notes on the language of 'Le Morte Darthur,' points to the indications, in grammar, spelling, and other usages of words, of its transitional place between the language of Chaucer and that of Shakespeare; while Southey says that it was composed in the best possible time for making it what it is: and Mr. J. A. Symonds (whom I am permitted to name) says:—'The Morte Darthur was written at a lucky moment in our literary history, when the old Saxon fountain of speech was yet

[1] *Caffari Annales Genuenses* in Muratori's *Italicarum Rerum Scriptores*, Tom. VI: Bent's *Genoa;* and Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, edited by H. Wilson, Vol. I, Supplementary Note on the Sangreal.

undefiled, and when printing had not introduced stereotyped forms or enforced the laws of a too scrupulous grammar; at the same time the language is truly English—rich in French and Latin words, as well as Saxon, and not so archaic as to be grotesque or repulsive[1].

And if in these things Malory was happy in the opportuneness of the times in which he wrote, not less was he so in that he lived in a day in which (as we see from Caxton's Preface) men could still believe in the marvellous adventures of knight-errantry. A hundred years later, the spirit of chivalry had so departed from the old forms that Spenser could only use them as materials for allegory, while Cervantes, himself full of the old spirit, could only treat the belief in knight-errantry as the fantasy of a crazed though generous mind. But Malory was still able to embody the ideals of chivalry in actual and serious personages, and so to influence the national character and manners of his countrymen in the best way. His book is a possession for all times. The old stock is still putting out new leaves and fruits for ourselves.

The Morality of the Book.

In morals as well as in language (though more obscurely, since the subject of morals is so much more complicated than that of philology), we may find signs of a transition from the times of Chaucer to those of Shakespeare, and of progress no less than transition. The suppression of the Lollards—hated alike by the Church and the feudal lords, the War of the Roses, and the licentiousness of the court and courtiers, must, in the days of Edward IV, in which Malory wrote, have cut the moral and social life of the country down to its roots. Yet even in Malory's book there are signs of the new moral life which was coming, and which in the days of the Reformation reached a power and expansion never before known. It would be absurd to pretend that Malory had greatly advanced in morality from the position of Chaucer and his age towards that of the Elizabethan period. Roger Ascham, indeed, while admitting that 'ten Morte Arthurs do not the tenth part so much harm as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England,' protests against the demoralising effect of the literature of which he takes this book as the example, 'the whole pleasure of which,' he says, 'standeth in two special points—in open manslaughter and bold bawdray. In which book those be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts[2].' I remember Dante's story of the sin and doom of Paolo and Francesca—

'Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse'—

and recognise a real though only half truth in Ascham's strictures. But he greatly over-states the evil, while he altogether omits to recognise the good

[1] 'Pall Mall Gazette' of June 23, 1868.

[2] 'The Schoolmaster,' by Roger Ascham; Book I. The Schoolmaster was published by his widow, in 1570.

in the book. Caxton's estimate of the moral purport of the whole book, gives not merely the other side, but both sides of the case. Much more than half the 'open manslaughter' is done in putting down cruel oppressors and bringing back kingdoms from anarchy to law and good government; and the occasions call forth all the knightly virtues of gentleness, forbearance, and self-sacrifice, as well as those of courage and hardihood. And though it is far from possible to deny the weight of Ascham's other charge, yet we must not, in forming our estimate of the book, forget the silent yet implied judgment which is passed upon lawless love by its tragic end, nor the ideal presented in the lives of the maiden knights, Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale. For the purpose of a due estimate of Malory's 'Morte Darthur,' we may fairly take Caxton's Preface as an integral part of the book. The Preface gives the tone, the motive, to the whole book. The morality of 'Morte Darthur' is low in one essential thing, and this alike in what it says and in what it omits: and Lord Tennyson shows us how it should be raised. The ideal of marriage, in its relation and its contrast with all other forms of love and chastity, is brought out in every form, rising at last to tragic grandeur, in the *Idylls of the King*. It is not in celibacy, though spiritual and holy as that of Galahad or Percivale, but in marriage, as the highest and purest realisation of the ideal of human conditions and relations, that we are to rise above the temptations of a love like that of Launcelot or even of Elaine; and Malory's book does not set this ideal of life before us with any power or clearness. In no age or country has the excellence of marriage, as the highest condition of man's life, been wholly unknown: but Luther and the Reformation brought it first into the full light of day, when he, a monk, married a nun, and thus in the name of God, declared that the vows of marriage were more sacred and more binding than those of the convent, and that the one might be lawfully set aside by the other. And we know how this ideal of love in marriage is worked out by Shakespeare. With Shakespeare it is marriage which explains, justifies, forgives, glorifies, and blesses every prosperous and happy condition of life, and gives an abiding peace as well as dignity to the closing scenes of his deepest tragedies. Marriage not only sheds its radiance upon the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda, and of Rosalind and Orlando, but on all around them: marriage justifies the boldness of Helena as the love of Elaine, touching as its self-surrender is, cannot do: it secures forgiveness to the weak and foolish Leontes, and even to the worthless Angelo; it is to the husband of Desdemona that we find ourselves constrained to accord the pardon and the sympathy which she herself had given him. And no one will know Hamlet as he is, nor fully understand his tragic destiny, unless he sees what it might have been, as his mother saw it, when she exclaims:—

> 'Sweets to the sweet, farewell!
> I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
> I thought thy bridal bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
> And not have strew'd thy grave.'

But this is Shakespeare's Ophelia, not the preposterous misconception of Tieck and Goethe, who should have been warned by Polonius not 'to cast beyond themselves in their opinions.'

If Morte Arthur does not deserve the unqualified denunciation of the learned Ascham, it cannot be denied that it exhibits a picture of a society far lower than our own in morals, and depicts it with far less repugnance to its evil elements, on the part either of the author or his personages, than any good man would now feel. Still—with the exception of stories like those of the birth of Arthur and Galahad, which show not only another state of manners from our own, but also a really different standard of morals from any which we should now hold up—the writer does for the most part endeavour, though often in but an imperfect and confused manner, to distinguish between vice and virtue, and honestly to reprobate the former; and thus shows that his object is to recognize and support the nobler elements of the social state in which he lived, and to carry them towards new triumphs over the evil. And even where, as in the story of Tristram, there is palliation rather than reprobation of what Sir Walter Scott justly calls 'the extreme ingratitude and profligacy of the hero,' still the fact that such palliation, by representing King Mark as the most worthless of men, was thought necessary in the later, though not in the earlier, romance on the same subject, shows an upward progress in morals; while a real effort to distinguish virtue from vice is to be seen in the story of Launcelot, with his sincere though weak struggles against temptation, and his final penitence under the punishment of the woes which his guilt has brought on all dear to him as well as to himself. Or if we look at the picture which Chaucer's works give us of the co-existence in one mind—and that one of the noblest of its age—of the most virtuous Christian refinement and the most brutish animal coarseness, and then see how in the pages of Malory, inferior as we must hold him to be to Chaucer, the brutish vice has dwindled to half its former size, and is far more clearly seen to be vice, while the virtue, if not more elevated in itself, is more avowedly triumphant over the evil, we find the same upward progress. And I cannot doubt that it was helped on by this book, and that notwithstanding Ascham's condemnation of Morte Arthur, Caxton was right in believing that he was serving God and his countrymen by printing it; and that he justly estimated its probable effect when he says, 'Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, sin. Do after the good, and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renommée. . . . All is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin, but to exercise and follow virtue, by which we may come and attain to good fame and renommé in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven; the which He grant us that reigneth in heaven, the blessed Trinity. Amen.'

Spenser, Milton, Tennyson.

It can hardly be doubted that Spenser, while drawing largely from Geoffrey of Monmouth, was acquainted with Malory's story of Arthur, if not with the earlier romances also. We might have known this with certainty, if Spenser had completed his great design which he sketched in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*, and after labouring 'to pourtrait in Arthur before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve Morall Vertues,' he might have been 'perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of Politick Vertues in his person, after that he came to be King.' He farther identifies his hero as the son of the Lady Igraine, and the infant charge of Merlin, and his description of the Redcross Knight and his claim to the adventure of Una, must forcibly recall Malory's story of Beaumains and the lady Linet, notwithstanding the differences between the two. Beyond this, there is the evidence of general literary probability. Spenser's ideals of knighthood and knight-errantry are so much in harmony with those of Malory, while they rise into a far higher moral life, that it does not seem unreasonable to suppose a relation between the two, and to believe that we owe to Malory the transmission from the earlier romances of all that was worth preserving in these to the generation which could give birth to the *Faerie Queene.*

And while Spenser strove to carry forward the national life of his countrymen by presenting the noblest ideals of chivalry under the old forms of romance, Shakespeare was embodying them in the new forms destined thenceforth to take the place of the old, and showing us in a Ferdinand, a Prince Henry, or a Hamlet, the ideals of the *Gentleman,* while the Sydneys and the Raleighs were presenting the counterpart in actual life. Ben Jonson, too, though he makes fun of 'the whole sum of Errant Knighthood' in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, elsewhere describes the old training of pages and squires in chivalry, as 'the noblest way of breeding up our youth in all the blazon of a gentleman.'

Of Milton's debt to Malory there is no less probability. He no doubt knew the other legends of Arthur, but Malory's book must surely have had some part in taking that hold on his imagination, and exercising that influence in the formation of his character and life, of which he himself tells us. In his poem addressed to Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, the friend of Tasso, and of himself when he visited Naples, he says:—

> 'O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum;
> Phoebaeos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
> Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
> Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
> Aut dicam invictae sociali foedere mensae

Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonem sub Marte phalanges.—*Mansus* 78[1].

The like hope and purpose of writing an Epic poem of British story is to be found in the *Epitaphium Damonis*. And in his defence of his life in the 'Apology for Smectymnuus,' he says:—

'Next, (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from thence had in renown over all christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expence of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befel him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn; and if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods; only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even these books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living; I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of virtue.'

In a word, not the fears of Ascham but the hopes of Caxton were now fulfilled in Milton's study of the old romances.

And though it were idle and mistaken to wish that the poet had finally chosen the Death of Arthur rather than Paradise Lost, the lovers of the story of the Round Table may be forgiven if they wish it were possible to call up him who left untold that story as it would have been seen in the light of his genius.

[1] 'Oh, may my lot grant such a friend who knows
The art to crown with bays a poet's brows,
If ever in the coming time my lay
Our native kings shall call again to-day,
Shall call up Arthur, even in worlds below
Preparing wars against the heathen foe;
Or tell of that great fellowship renown'd
The high-souled heroes of the Table Round,
And break, if God his present aid affords,
The Saxons' serried bands with British swords.'

It is curious to note that Milton with all his learning should, like Malory and Caxton, have spoken of the Britons as English, and the Saxons as foreigners—a popular misuse of names which still makes the Lowland Scotch complain if they are called English instead of British, though they are in fact more English than the English in language and in blood.

Such a transformation has, indeed, been effected for us by Lord Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King*. He who has been familiar with the old Morte Arthur from his boyhood, must consent to let the poet transport him into a quite new region of the imagination, and must in a manner and for the time forget the old before he can read the *Idylls of the King* without a somewhat sad feeling that these are not the old knights whom he has always known. I have already likened Malory's work to a mediæval castle, and, if I may be allowed to vary my parable a little, I would say this: There are some of us who in their childhood lived in, or can at least remember, some old house, with its tower and turret stairs, its hall with the screen, and the minstrel's gallery, and the armour where it was hung up by him who last wore it: the panelled chambers, the lady's bower, and the chapel, and all the quaint rambling passages and steps which lead from one to another of these. And when in after years he comes to this same house, and finds that it has all been remodelled, enlarged, furnished and beautified to meet the needs and the tastes of modern life, he feels that this is not the very home of his childhood, and that a glory has departed from the scenes he once knew: and yet, if the changes have been made with true judgment, and only with a rightful recognition of the claim that the modern life should have full scope for itself while preserving all that was possible of the old, though not letting itself be sacrificed or even cramped and limited, for its sake: if he is thus reasonable, he will acknowledge that it was well that the old order should yield place to the new, or at least make room for it at its side. And such are the thoughts and sentiments with which the lover of the old Morte Arthur will, if he be also a student of the growth of our national character and life, read the new *Idylls of the King*.

Sir Thomas Malory.

Of Sir Thomas Malory himself we know nothing more than can be inferred by probable conjecture from his book. His name occurs in it three times, and with the three variations of Malorye, Malory, and Maleore. These variations are not singular, for the spelling of proper as well as of common names was very much at the fancy of the writer; and we know that Shakespeare, Marvell, and Pym, wrote their own names in various forms. Sir Thomas Malory tells us that his book was ended in the ninth year of the reign of Edward IV, or 1470 A.D.; and at that time there was an old and important Yorkshire family of the name at Hutton Coniers and High Studley, near Ripon; for Leland, early in the next century, speaks of the ancestors of Malory [1], and in 1427 and 1472 the death or burial of two persons of

[1] 'There be 2 Lordshipps lyenge not very far from *Ripon* . . . *Malory* hath *Hutton Coniers*. Thes Lands cam to their Aunciters by two Dowghtars, Heirs generall of that *Coniers*. *Malory* hath another place caullyd *Highe Studly*, a litle from Fountaines.' Leland's Itinerary, viii. 2. p. 55. Hearne, 1712.

the same name is recorded at Ripon [1]. Andrew Mallorie of Middlesex *armiger* is among the contributors to the funds for defence against the Spanish Armada (1588) [2]. At the beginning of the seventeenth century we find Sir John Mallory of Studley, and son of Sir William Mallory, M.P. for Thirsk and Ripon, and a subscriber to the second Virginia Charter [3]: in 1622 Burton speaks of the pedigree, arms, and lands of Sir Thomas Malory in Kirby-Malory, Winwick, Newbould, and Swinford in Leicestershire [4]; and about the same time two scholars of the name were elected to Winchester College [5]; and reasonable conjecture may connect our author with these Malorys, although no links of actual pedigree have been found.

The *Biographia Britannica* (article 'Caxton') says :—

'If this Sir Thomas Malory was a Welshman, as Leland and others after him assert, he was probably a Welsh Priest; as appears not only by the legendary vein which runs through all the stories he has thus extracted and wove together, but by his conclusion of the work itself, in these words: "Pray for me, whyle I am on lyve, that God sende me good delyveraunce; and when I am deed, I praye you all, praye for my soule; for this booke was ended the 9th yeer of the reygne of Kyng Edward the Fourth, by Syr Thomas Maleore, Knyght, as Jesu helpe him for his grete myght, as he is the *servaunte* of Jesu, bothe day and nyght."'

But no references are given as to where this supposed assertion by 'Leland and others' is to be found; in fact, it is not to be found in any of Leland's writings. And the origin of the statement remained an unexplained puzzle, until Dr. Sommer has now apparently discovered the key to it in a passage which he quotes from Bale's *Illustrium Maioris Britanniæ Scriptorum*, &c., first edition, folio 208. In this passage, Bale, after praising Thomas Mailorius and his history of King Arthur, goes on to say, '*Est Mailoria in finibus Cambriæ regio*,' on the authority of Leland [6]. I have not myself verified these references, but I infer from what Dr. Sommer tells us, that Bale, perhaps writing from an imperfect recollection, supposed that he had the authority of Leland for a connection between Mailorius, and the Welsh place of the like name: and then the writer of the *Biographia Britannica*, still more inaccurately, converted the possible suggestion of Bale into the direct statement that Leland had asserted Malory to be a Welshman, while Bale himself is referred to as 'the others.' Nor is there any reason to suppose from Malory's own book that he was a Welshman. Though Caxton tells us that there were books in Welsh about Arthur and his Knights, Malory never

[1] These two dates are obligingly given me by G. W. Tomlinson, Esq., Secretary of the Yorkshire Archæological Society.

[2] Noble's Spanish Armada List, 1886, p. 42.

[3] Brown's Genesis of the United States, 1890. Vol. I, p. 211; Vol. II, p. 940.

[4] Burton's Description of Leicestershire, pp. 140, 262.

[5] Kirby's Register of the Wardens, Fellows, and Scholars of Winchester, 1888, quoted by Mr. L. Johnson in the Academy, September 20th, 1890.

[6] Le Morte Darthur, edited by H. Oskar Sommer, Ph.D. Vol. III, p. 335.

quotes any but the French and English books. He shows no acquaintance with Welsh legends or traditions, unless it be with those in Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote in Latin, nor of any local knowledge of Welsh places. Then as to the fanciful and inconsequent conjecture that he was a priest, he himself tells us that he was a knight, and thus implies that he was not a priest, while the words that 'he is the servant of Jesu by day and by night,' which suggested the notion that he was a priest, are evidently put into that form in order to give a rhythmical ending to the book. Nor did the priest's usual title of 'Sir' make him a knight. What we may say of Sir Thomas Malory is that he was probably of an old English family: that he was a knight both in rank and in temper and spirit, and a lover alike of the gentle and the soldierly virtues of knighthood. He was a man of genius, and a devout Christian: he wrote for gentlewomen as well as gentlemen, believing that they would read his book 'from the beginning to the ending,' and that it would call forth in them a sympathy which would properly express itself in prayers for the pious writer.

William Caxton.

Of William Caxton we know more. A native of Kent, he became an apprentice, freeman, and livery man of the London Guild of Mercers, and was for many years resident in the English factory at Bruges, which was under their chief authority, though it represented and controlled all English trading interests in the Low Countries. Such factories were the usual, and indeed essential means of carrying on trade with foreign nations in the Middle Ages. Thus charters were granted by Henry IV and his successors to 'Merchant Adventurers' trading in Flanders, which, in giving them a corporate character, enabled them to treat with the authorities of the country more effectually than would have been possible to private individuals, and also to exercise needful control over, and give protection to, their own countrymen in the place. Though these Merchant Adventurers included many of the City Guilds, the majority were Mercers, and the factory at Bruges, while called 'the English Nation,' and its house 'the English House,' was practically under the management of the London Mercers' Guild. Mr. Blades has given an engraving from *Flandria Illustrata* of the 'Domus Anglorum' at Bruges as it was in Caxton's time; and he thus describes the mode of life of its inhabitants:—

'A great similarity prevailed in the internal management of all foreign guilds, arising from the fact that foreigners were regarded by the natives with jealousy and suspicion. The laws which governed the Esterlings in London, who lived in a strongly-built enclosure, called the Steel Yard, the site of which is now occupied by the City station of the South Eastern Railway Company, were much the same as those under which the English Nation lived in Bruges and other cities. The foreign merchant had, in Caxton's time, to brave a large amount of popular dislike, and to put up with great restraints on his liberty. Not only did he trade under harassing restrictions, but he resigned all hopes of domestic ties and family life. As in a monastery, each member had his own dormitory,

whilst at meal-times there was a common table. Marriage was out of the question, and concubinage was followed by expulsion. Every member was bound to sleep in the house, and to be in-doors by a fixed time in the evening, and for the sake of good order no woman of any description was allowed within the walls [1].'

To this house of the English in Bruges Caxton went to live in the year 1441, being then probably about twenty years of age. In 1462 he was acting as 'Governor of the English Nation in the Low Countries,' and certainly in full possession of that office and title two or three years later. And in 1465 he was appointed by Edward IV one of two envoys with the title of Ambassadors, to negociate a renewal of the existing treaty of trade with the Duke of Burgundy. We do not know at what time he began to combine his literary studies or his acquaintance with the new art of printing with the prosecution of his official duties: but he tells us that in 1471, at the request of Margaret, sister of Edward IV and wife of the Duke of Burgundy, he completed his translation of the *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye* which he had begun, but laid aside unfinished some time before. And then, in order to meet the desire of many friends to have copies of this translation, he printed such copies for their use.

He was now in the service of Margaret, and married; and about the year 1476, after thirty-five years' residence abroad, he returned to England, there to introduce the Printing Press, and to make himself famous to all ages by so doing. Caxton was not only a printer, but a translator, an editor, and the publisher of the books which he printed in unfailing succession, during the remaining fifteen years of his life. He was the first of that honourable order of publishers who from his day to our own still share with authors the gratitude of men for that inestimable boon, the Printed Book. There are still publishers among us who, like Caxton, are themselves authors and editors of no unimportant ability: and not only to them, but also to those who aspire only to be the publishers of other men's books, do we owe—what even the art of printing could have done little towards giving us—that broad spreading [2] of knowledge which has become to us like the common light of day in which we live and move, only half conscious of its blessings. Mr. Blades justly defends Caxton against Gibbon's censure of him because he did not print the ancient classics. He did far better. He printed and published translations from those classics for men who could not read the originals; and it was surely no loss, but the greatest gain, to Englishmen that he enabled them to read Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and the *Polychronicon of English History* (which latter he

[1] 'The Biography and Typography of William Caxton, England's First Printer,' by William Blades, 8vo, 1877, p. 22. In this, and in his larger work, 'Life and Typography of William Caxton, England's First Printer,' 2 vols. 4to, 1861–1863, Mr. Blades has given a very learned and complete history of Caxton and his times so far as they relate to him.

[2] 'like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it do reach the bank.'
See First part of King Henry VI, i. 2, and the Variorum notes thereon.

carried down to his own time) rather than if he had printed Virgil and Livy in the original Latin. He laid the foundations of popular English literature in the best possible way. He taught his countrymen to read, by giving them a large and judiciously selected succession, year by year, of books which they could and would read. He gave them books of piety and devotion, poetry and history, of chivalry and romance, of morals and manners, including his own translations of Cicero's *Old Age* and *Friendship*; of proverbs, fables, and classical legends; of statutes of the realm; and the *Game of Chess*, an allegory of civil government. We cannot read down the list of ninety-nine books, including several second and third editions, which Caxton printed, without wonder and respect for the genius and the judgment of the man whose choice of subjects was so wide, so high-minded, moral, religious, and generous, and at the same time so popular. He was indeed, in all senses, the first of English publishers. He died in 1491, occupied (as his chief workman and successor, Wynkyn de Worde, tells us) on the last day of his life in finishing his translation of the *Lives of the Fathers* from the French. Mr. Blades conjectures, with apparent probability, that his wife was the Mawde Caxton whose burial is recorded in the parish books of St. Margaret's in 1489, and he adds:—

'If so, it will explain, in a most interesting manner, the reason why he in that year suspended printing the *Fayts of Arms* until he had finished a new undertaking, *The Arte and Crafte to Die Well*.'

The operation of the silent but never-failing laws which govern the growth and progress of our national life, seems to be sustained and directed in certain epochs of our history by great men who have yet themselves been made what they are by those very laws. Among such laws are the ideals of chivalry in its twofold aspect of self-sacrifice and of self-assertion. And not least among the men who have given to the spirit of chivalry its special English forms in which the sense of duty and zeal in the redress of wrongs are characteristic, stand Sir Thomas Malory and William Caxton.

§ 2. The Text, and its several Editions.

The first edition of Le Morte Darthur was printed by Caxton at Westminster in 1485, as he tells us in the colophon. Two copies only are known: they are folio, black-letter, with wide margin, and among the finest specimens of Caxton's printing. One is in the library of the Earl of Jersey at Osterley; and the other in that of Earl Spencer at Althorp. The Osterley copy, which has the autograph 'Oxford' on the first leaf, was sold with the Harleian Library to Osborne the bookseller, and apparently bought of him for £5 5s. by Bryan Fairfax, who sold his library to Mr. Child, maternal ancestor of the Earl of Jersey[1]. It is perfect, except that it has no title-page, though, as the Proheme or Preface begins at the top of the recto of signature ij (not 'a ij' as Dibdin says), I infer that a title did exist on the leaf j, thus shown to be wanting. The Althorp copy, which was bought at Mr. Lloyd's sale in 1816 for £320, had eleven leaves deficient; but these were supplied by Mr. Whittaker in fac-simile from the Osterley copy with remarkable skill[2], though on collation with the original I have found some oversights.

The two next editions of Morte Arthur were printed by Wynkyn de Worde, the chief workman and successor of Caxton, in 1498 and 1529. Only one copy of each is known. That of 1498 is in the Althorp Library: it wants the Title and part of the Table of Contents, but contains the Preface, which is a reprint of that of Caxton, though it here follows instead of preceding the Table of Contents. This edition, which has numerous woodcuts, is not an exact reprint of Caxton's; there are differences of spelling and occasionally of a word; and the passage in the last chapter but one, beginning 'Oh ye mighty and pompous lords,' and ending with 'turn again to my matter,' which is not in Caxton's edition, appears here, as in all later editions[3]. The edition of 1529 is in the British Museum, and wants the Title, Preface, and part of the Table of Contents.

In 1557 the book was reprinted by William Copland, with the title of 'The story of the most noble and worthy kynge Arthur, the whiche was one of the worthyes chrysten, and also of his noble and valiaũte knyghtes of the rounde

[1] Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities, 1810, vol. i. pp. 242, 254.

[2] Dibdin's Supplement to the Bibliotheca Spenceriana, vol. ii. p. 213; or Ædes Althorpianæ, vol. vi. p. 213. I would here express my thanks to Earl Spencer for sending to the British Museum for my use his Caxton, and his unique copy of Wynkyn de Worde's first edition of Morte Arthur, as also for favouring me with details of information respecting the former; and to the Earl of Jersey for permitting me to examine his Caxton at Osterley.

[3] As the passage is worth preserving I have given it at the end of the volume, Note A, p. 488.

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Table. Newly imprynted and corrected mccccclvij. ¶ Imprynted at London by Wyllyam Copland.' And on the title-page, above the last line, is a woodcut of St. George and the Dragon, of which that on the title-page of Southey's edition is a bad copy. A copy of this edition is in the British Museum, with a note that this is the only one with a title which the annotator has seen.

There is a folio edition by Thomas East, without date, in the British Museum; and there is said to be a quarto edition, also without date.

The next, and last black-letter, edition is that of 1634, which has been reprinted by Mr. Wright, and which contains the woodcut of the Round Table with Arthur in the middle and his knights around, a copy of which is familiar to many of us in one of the small editions of 1816. From the fact of an omission in this edition which exactly corresponds with a complete leaf in East's folio, Mr. Wright concludes that the one was printed from the other. Each succeeding edition departs more than the previous one from the original of Caxton; but if we compare this of 1634 with Caxton's, we find the variations almost infinite. Besides remodelling the preface, dividing the book into three parts, and modernising the spelling and many of the words, there are a number of more or less considerable variations and additions, of which Mr. Wright has given some of the more important in his notes, but which I estimate at above twenty thousand in the whole; and which have plainly arisen in the minor instances from the printer reading a sentence and then printing it from recollection, without farther reference to his 'copy,' but in the others from a desire to improve the original simplicity by what the editor calls 'a more eloquent and ornated style and phrase.'

No new edition seems to have been published till 1816, when two independent editions appeared, one in two, and the other in three 24mo. volumes. Both are modernised for popular use, and are probably the volumes through which most of us made our first acquaintance with King Arthur and his knights; but neither has any merit as to its editing.

In 1817 Messrs. Longmans & Co. published an edition in two volumes quarto, with an introduction and notes by Southey, who says, 'The present edition is a reprint with scrupulous exactness from the first edition by Caxton, in Earl Spencer's library[1].' As it appears from a note[2] that he had nothing to do with the superintendence of the press, which was undertaken by Mr. Upcott, he was probably unaware that eleven leaves were, as I have mentioned above, then wanting in the copy from which this reprint was made. These had not then been restored in fac-simile; for Earl Spencer's copy contains a note, signed by Messrs. Longmans and dated 1816, which gives a list of the pages then wanting; and, in fact, the substitutes for them which actually appear in Southey's edition differ widely from the restored, or the original, text. Thus in chapter xii. of the last book, besides the interpolation of the long passage 'O ye myghty and

[1] Vol. i. p. xxviii. [2] Ibid. p. lviii.

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pompous lordes,' &c., which is not in Caxton, there are in the first eleven lines thirty-five variations of spelling and punctuation, besides the introduction of the words 'but continually mourned un—' and 'needfully as nature required,' which are not in Caxton, and the change of Caxton's 'on the tombe of kyng Arthur & quene Guenever' into 'on kynge Arthur's & quene Gwenever's tombe.' And thus throughout the pages in question—seventeen in number[1]—the spelling constantly, and words and even sentences occasionally, differ from the real text of Caxton[2].

When at page 113 of volume i. the editor introduces the words 'certayne cause' to complete the sense, he is careful to call attention, in a foot-note, to the fact that these words are not in the original, but taken from 'the second edition,' by which I presume he means that of 1498. But when he subsequently supplies seventeen pages which were also not in his original, he gives no hint of the fact; and his reticence has been so successful that for fifty years the interpolations have passed as genuine among learned critics, who have quoted from them passages wholly spurious as Caxton's genuine text. It was only last year that, in collating Earl Spencer's copy with the edition of Southey, I discovered that these passages—to which my attention was directed by Messrs. Longmans' note above mentioned—did not correspond with Caxton's text, as represented by Whittaker's restorations: and on afterwards collating them with the Osterley text itself I found the like result. It remained to trace them to their real sources. This has not been so easy as might be supposed, for though it was evident that Mr. Upcott must have had recourse to one or other of the existing editions, the interpolated passages in fact agree exactly with none of them. But a careful collation of the last four chapters of the book (which include more than half the interpolations, and may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole) with the old texts, leaves no doubt that, with the exception of the first thirty-six lines of chapter x, they were taken, like the two words mentioned above, from the first edition of Wynkyn de Worde, but with the spelling occasionally altered, and here and there a small word put in, left out, or changed. These alterations throw an ingenious disguise over the whole; but if we penetrate through this we find that in these four chapters there are only thirteen words differing from those in Wynkyn de Worde's first edition, and these unimportant; while in his second edition, and in those of Copland, and East, the variations from Mr. Upcott's text of the same chapters are respectively fifty-seven, fifty-six, and fifty in number, and many of them important in kind: and if we go to the edition of 1634 we find the differences still greater, except as to those thirty-six lines, which are supplied from this edition, as they were wanting in the other copy. But the colophon, or concluding paragraph of the book, Mr. Upcott could not take from any of

[1] The pages are vol. i. p. 167, line 18, to p. 169, line 17; p. 275, third line from bottom, to p. 279, line 5 from bottom; vol. ii. p. 202, line 13, to p. 204, line 14; p. 446, line 5, to end of 455.

[2] An account of these interpolations was given by me in the Athenæum of Sept. 7 and Dec. 10, 1867, and Feb. 10, 1868.

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the editions which followed that of Caxton; for though Wynkyn de Worde might, and in fact did, supply at least one or two of the first words, the latter part of his colophon relates to his own edition, and departs widely from that of Caxton, while those in the later editions are still more unlike; and yet Mr. Upcott's colophon is a tolerable, though not an exact, representation of that of Caxton. But his other materials can be ascertained beyond a doubt. They are, the colophon as given by Ames, and repeated by Dibdin in a modernised and otherwise inexact form[1], and that which first appeared in the Catalogue of the Harleian Library[2], and was thence copied in the article on Caxton in the Biographia Britannica, and also in Herbert's Additions to Ames. The colophons of Ames and of the Harleian Catalogue have important variations from each other and from that of Caxton; and as Mr. Upcott adopts some portions of each which are not found either in the other, or in Caxton, we see the manner in which the paragraph in question was compounded. Each stone of the ingeniously fitted mosaic may be referred to the place from which it was taken. We cannot indeed choose positively between Ames and Dibdin, or among the Harleian Catalogue, the Biographia, and Herbert; but as the two paragraphs which are required in addition to that of Wynkyn de Worde are both found in Herbert's Ames, it seems most probable that Mr. Upcott had recourse to that work, though another combination would have served the purpose equally well. That the interpolated passages are not taken from the Osterley Caxton itself, even in the roughest and most careless manner, is quite evident[3].

Lastly, in 1858 Mr. Wright published an edition reprinted from that of 1634, with an introduction and notes of considerable interest.

The Early English Text Society promise us a reprint of the original Caxton which shall be free from the faults of that of Southey, which meanwhile is, except in the interpolated passages, a very faithful representation of that original for the purposes of the antiquarian and philologist; and whatever like interest there may be in the edition of 1634 is available in the reprint of Mr. Wright. But neither is readable with pleasure by any but the student, and the two modernised editions are out of print. What is wanted, therefore, is an edition for ordinary readers, and especially for boys, from whom the chief demand for this book will always come; and such an edition the present professes to be. It is a reprint of the original Caxton with the spelling modernised, and those few words which are unintelligibly obsolete replaced by others which, though not necessarily unknown to Caxton, are still in use, yet with all old forms retained which do not interfere with this requirement of being readable. For when, as indeed is oftenest the case, the context makes even an obsolete phrase probably, if not precisely, known,

[1] Typographical Antiquities, by Ames and Herbert, 1785, vol. i. p. 61; Ibid. enlarged by Dibdin, 1810, vol. i. p. 253. The 'Additions' are at the end of vol. iii. of Herbert's edition.

[2] Catalogus Bibl. Harleianæ, 1744, vol. iii. no. 372.

[3] See Note B at the end of the volume, p. 488.

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I have left it in the text, and given its meaning in the Glossary, in which I have chiefly followed Roquefort, Halliwell, and Wright. In the Glossary I have also added a few geographical notes for those readers who may care for them. And for the like reason—of making the book readable—such phrases or passages as are not in accordance with modern manners have been also omitted or replaced by others which either actually occur or might have occurred in Caxton's text elsewhere. I say manners, not morals, because I do not profess to have remedied the moral defects of the book which I have already spoken of. Mr. Tennyson has shown us how we may deal best with this matter for modern uses, in so far as Sir Thomas Malory has himself failed to treat it rightly; and I do not believe that when we have excluded what is offensive to modern manners there will be found anything practically injurious to the morals of English boys, for whom I have chiefly undertaken this work, while there is much of moral worth which I know not where they can learn so well as from the ideals of magnanimity, courage, courtesy, reverence for women, gentleness, self-sacrifice, chastity, and other manly virtues, exhibited in these pages.

The omissions, not many, were essential to the publication of the book at all for popular reading; but if any one blames the other departures from the exact form of the original, I would ask him to judge from the specimens of the old type and spelling which I have given at the end of each book, and of the volume, whether a literal and verbal reproduction of the whole would not be simply unreadable except by students of old English. And if some departure from the original was necessary, it was reasonable to carry it so far as, though no farther than, my purpose required. And, subject to these conditions, the present volume is in fact a more accurate reproduction of Caxton's text than any other except that of Southey. I have, indeed, made use of Southey's text for this edition, having satisfied myself by collation with the Althorp and Osterley Caxtons that it is an accurate reprint excepting as to the passages above mentioned; and these have been taken by me, in like manner, from the only existing original.

There is no title-page, as I have already mentioned, to the Osterley or the Althorp Caxton, that which is given by several bibliographers being only an extract, not very critically selected, from Caxton's preface. But it is evident from Caxton's colophon that the real title or name of the book was Le Morte Darthur, and he explains that it was so 'entitled' notwithstanding it treated of Arthur's birth, life, and acts as well as death, and also of the adventures of his knights of the Round Table. And the concluding words of Malory, 'Here is the end of the death of Arthur,' taken with their context, point to the same title. It was indeed before Malory's time, and has been ever since, the traditional title of this story. We have Mort Artus and Morte Arthure in the earlier times; Ascham, in Henry VIII's reign, calls this book La Morte d'Arthure; Tyrwhitt, Mort d'Arthur; and Walter Scott and Southey, Morte Arthur, which last probably many of us are familiar with as the old name which we heard from our own fathers.

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§ 2. The Text, and its several Editions.

The first edition of Le Morte Darthur was printed by Caxton at Westminster in 1485, as he tells us in the colophon. Two copies only are known: they are folio, black letter, with wide margin, and among the finest specimens of Caxton's printing. One belongs to Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn, United States, by whom it was bought for £1950 at the sale of the Osterley library in 1885[1]; and the other to Earl Spencer. The Osterley copy, which is perfect, has the autograph 'Oxford' on the first leaf; it was sold with the Harleian Library to Osborne the bookseller, and apparently bought of him for £5 5*s*. by Bryan Fairfax, who sold his library to Mr. Child, maternal ancestor of the Earl of Jersey[2]. The Althorp copy, which was bought at Mr. Lloyd's sale in 1816 for £320, had eleven leaves deficient; but these were supplied by Mr. Whittaker in fac-simile from the Osterley copy with remarkable skill[3], though on collation with the original I have found many mistakes. This edition, like all Caxton's books but one, has no title-page; the Prohem or Preface begins at the top of the first page[4].

The two next editions of Morte Arthur were printed by Wynkyn de Worde, the chief workman and successor of Caxton, in 1498 and 1529. Only one copy of each is known. That of 1498 is in the Althorp Library: it wants some pages, but contains the Preface, which is a reprint of that of Caxton, though it here follows instead of preceding the Table of Contents. This edition, which has numerous

[1] Englishmen, who feel shame and sorrow for the loss of the only perfect first copy of our National Epic, may yet be glad to know it has an honoured place with our worthier kinsfolk across the Atlantic, in the rich library and museum of Mr. and Mrs. Abby Pope:

'And, so sepulchred, in such pomp doth lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.'

[2] Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities, 1810, vol. i, pp. 242, 254.

[3] Dibdin's Supplement to the Bibliotheca Spenceriana, vol. ii. p. 213; or Ædes Althorpianæ, vol. vi. p. 213. I would here express my thanks to Earl Spencer for sending to the British Museum for my use his Caxton, and his unique copy of Wynkyn de Worde's first edition of Morte Darthur, as also for favouring me with details of information respecting the former; and to the Earl of Jersey for permitting me to examine his Caxton at Osterley.

[4] 'Caxton followed the usage of the scribes in this particular; for, with one exception only, and at the very end of his career, where the title of the book is printed alone in the centre of the first page, his books appear without any title page whatever. Wynkyn de Worde adopted the use of title-pages immediately after the death of his master.' Biography and Typography of William Caxton, England's first printer, p. 45. By William Blades, 1877.

woodcuts, is not an exact reprint of Caxton's; there are differences of spelling and occasionally of a word; and the passage in the last chapter but one, beginning 'Oh ye mighty and pompous lords,' and ending with 'turn again to my matter,' which is not in Caxton's edition, appears here, as in all later editions[1]. The edition of 1529 is in the British Museum, and wants the Title, Preface, and part of the Table of Contents.

In 1557 the book was reprinted by William Copland, with the title of 'The story of the most noble and worthy kynge Arthur, the whiche was one of the worthyes chrysten, and also of his noble and valiaũte knyghtes of the rounde Table. Newly imprynted and corrected mcccccclvij. ¶ Imprynted at London by Wyllyam Copland.' And on the title-page, above the last line, is a woodcut of St. George and the Dragon, of which that on the title-page of Southey's edition is a bad copy. A copy of this edition is in the British Museum, with a note that this is the only one with a title which the annotator has seen.

A folio and a quarto edition were published by Thomas East, without date, but probably about 1585, the former of which is in the British Museum.

The next, and last black-letter, edition is that of William Stansby, in 1634, which has been reprinted by Mr. Wright, and which contains the woodcut of the Round Table with Arthur in the middle and his knights around, a copy of which is familiar to many of us in one of the small editions of 1816. From the fact of an omission in this edition which exactly corresponds with a complete leaf in East's folio, Mr. Wright concludes that the one was printed from the other. Each succeeding edition departs more than the previous one from the original of Caxton; but if we compare this of 1634 with Caxton's, we find the variations almost infinite. Besides remodelling the preface, dividing the book into three parts, and modernising the spelling and many of the words, there are a number of more or less considerable variations and additions, of which Mr. Wright has given some of the more important in his notes, but which I estimate at above twenty thousand in the whole; and which have probably arisen in the minor instances from the printer reading a sentence and then printing it from recollection, without farther reference to his 'copy,' but in the others from a desire to improve the original simplicity by what the editor calls 'a more eloquent and ornated style and phrase.'

No new edition seems to have been published till 1816, when two independent editions appeared, one in two, and the other in three 24mo volumes. Both are modernised for popular use, and are probably the volumes through which most of my own generation made their first acquaintance with King Arthur and his knights; but neither has any merit as to its editing.

In 1817 Messrs. Longmans and Co. published an edition in two volumes quarto,

[1] As the passage is worth preserving I have given it at the end of the volume, Note A, p. 488.

with an introduction and notes by Southey, who says, 'The present edition is a reprint with scrupulous exactness from the first edition by Caxton, in Earl Spencer's library[1].' As it appears from a note[2] that he had nothing to do with the superintendence of the press, which was undertaken by Mr. Upcott, he was probably unaware that eleven leaves were, as I have mentioned above, then wanting in the copy from which this reprint was made. These had not then been restored in fac-simile; for Earl Spencer's copy contains a note, signed by Messrs. Longmans and dated 1816, which gives a list of the pages then wanting; and, in fact, the substitutes for them which actually appear in Southey's edition differ widely from the restored, or the original, text. Thus in chapter xii. of the last book, besides the interpolation of the long passage 'O ye myghty and pompous lordes,' &c., which is not in Caxton, there are in the first eleven lines thirty-five variations of spelling and punctuation, besides the introduction of the words 'but continually mourned un—' and 'needfully as nature required,' which are not in Caxton, and the change of Caxton's 'on the tombe of kyng Arthur & quene Guenever' into 'on kynge Arthur's & quene Gwenever's tombe.' And thus throughout the pages in question—seventeen in number[3]—the spelling constantly, and words and even sentences occasionally, differ from the real text of Caxton[4].

When at page 113 of volume i. the editor introduces the words 'certayne cause' to complete the sense, he is careful to call attention, in a foot-note, to the fact that these words are not in the original, but taken from the 'second edition,' by which I presume he means that of 1498. But when he subsequently supplies seventeen pages which were also not in his original, he gives no hint of the fact; and his reticence was so successful that for fifty years the interpolations passed as genuine among learned critics, who quoted from them passages wholly spurious as Caxton's genuine text. It was only in 1867 that, in collating Earl Spencer's copy with the edition of Southey, I discovered that these passages—to which my attention was directed by Messrs. Longman's note above mentioned—did not correspond with Caxton's text, as represented by Whittaker's restorations: and on afterwards collating them with the Osterley text itself I found the like result. It remained to trace them to their real sources. This was not so easy as might be supposed, for though it was evident that Mr. Upcott must have had recourse to one or other of the existing editions, the interpolated passages in fact agree exactly with none of them. But a careful collation of the last four chapters of the book (which include more than half the interpolations, and may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole) with the old texts, leaves no doubt that, with the exception of the first

[1] Vol. i, p. xxviii.

[2] Ibid. p. lviii.

[3] The pages are vol. i, p. 167, line 18, to p. 169, line 17; p. 275, third line from bottom, to p. 279, line 5 from bottom; vol. ii, p. 202, line 13, to p. 204, line 14; p. 446, line 5, to end of 455.

[4] An account of these interpolations was given by me in the Athenæum of Sept. 7 and Dec. 10, 1867, and Feb. 10, 1868.

thirty-six lines of chapter x, they were taken, like the two words mentioned above, from the first edition of Wynkyn de Worde, but with the spelling occasionally altered, and here and there a small word put in, left out, or changed. These alterations throw an ingenious disguise over the whole; but if we penetrate through this we find that in these four chapters there are only thirteen words differing from those in Wynkyn de Worde's first edition, and these unimportant; while in his second edition, and in those of Copland and East, the variations from Mr. Upcott's text of the same chapters are respectively fifty-seven, fifty-six, and fifty in number, and many of them important in kind: and if we go to the edition of 1634 we find the differences still greater, except as to those thirty-six lines, which are supplied from this edition, as they were wanting in the other copy. But the colophon, or concluding paragraph of the book, Mr. Upcott could not take from any of the editions which followed that of Caxton; for though Wynkyn de Worde might, and in fact did, supply at least one or two of the first words, the latter part of his colophon relates to his own edition, and departs widely from that of Caxton, while those in the later editions are still more unlike; and yet Mr. Upcott's colophon is a tolerable, though not an exact, representation of that of Caxton. But his other materials can be ascertained beyond a doubt. They are, the colophon as given by Ames, and repeated by Dibdin in a modernised and otherwise inexact form[1], and that which first appeared in the Catalogue of the Harleian Library[2], and was thence copied in the article on Caxton in the *Biographia Britannica*, and also in Herbert's Additions to Ames. The colophons of Ames and of the Harleian Catalogue have important variations from each other and from that of Caxton; and as Mr. Upcott adopts some portions of each which are not found either in the other, or in Caxton, we see the manner in which the paragraph in question was compounded. Each stone of the ingeniously fitted mosaic may be referred to the place from which it was taken. We cannot indeed choose positively between Ames and Dibdin, or among the Harleian Catalogue, the Biographia, and Herbert; but as the two paragraphs which are required in addition to that of Wynkyn de Worde are both found in Herbert's Ames, it seems most probable that Mr. Upcott had recourse to that work, though another combination would have served the purpose equally well. That the interpolated passages are not taken from the Osterley Caxton itself, even in the roughest and most careless manner, is quite evident[3].

In 1858 and 1866 Mr. Wright published successive editions reprinted from that of 1634. His learned introduction and notes are of considerable interest; but nothing can justify the reprinting the most corrupt of all the old editions when the first and best was within reach, though perhaps at greater cost.

[1] Typographical Antiquities, by Ames and Herbert, 1785, vol. i, p. 61; Ibid. enlarged by Dibdin, 1810, vol. i, p. 253. The 'Additions' are at the end of vol. iii. of Herbert's edition.

[2] Catalogus Bibl. Harleianæ, 1744, vol. iii, no. 372.

[3] See note B at the end of the volume, p. 488.

In 1868 was published the first edition of the present volume, with the purpose of giving the original text in a form available for ordinary readers, and especially for boys, from whom the chief demand for this book will always come. It is a reprint of the original Caxton with the spelling modernised, and those few words which are unintelligibly obsolete replaced by others which, though not necessarily unknown to Caxton, are still in use, yet with all old forms retained which do not interfere with this requirement of being readable. For when, as indeed is oftenest the case, the context makes even an obsolete phrase probably, if not precisely, known, I have left it in the text, and given its meaning in the Glossary, in which I have chiefly followed Roquefort, Halliwell, and Wright. In the Glossary I have also added a few geographical notes for those readers who may care for them. And for the like reason—of making the book readable—such phrases or passages as are not in accordance with modern manners have been also omitted or replaced by others which either actually occur or might have occurred in Caxton's text elsewhere. I say manners, not morals, because I do not profess to have remedied the moral defects of the book which I have already spoken of. Lord Tennyson has shown us how we may deal best with this matter, in so far as Sir Thomas Malory has himself failed to treat it rightly; and I do not believe that when we have excluded what is offensive to modern manners there will be found anything practically injurious to the morals of English boys, for whom I have chiefly undertaken this work, while there is much of moral worth which I know not where they can learn so well as from the ideals of magnanimity, courage, courtesy, reverence for women, gentleness, self-sacrifice, chastity, and other manly virtues, exhibited in these pages.

The omissions, not many, nor in any sense constituting an abridgment of the original, were thought desirable to fit the book for popular reading. And if any one blames the other departures from the exact form of that original, I would ask him to judge from the specimens of the old type and spelling which I have given at the end of each book, and of the volume, whether a literal and verbal reproduction of the whole would not be simply unreadable except by students of old English[1]. And if some departure from the original was necessary, it was reasonable to carry it so far as, though no farther than, my purpose required. And, subject to these conditions, the present volume is in fact a more accurate reproduction of Caxton's text than any other except those of Southey and Dr. Sommer. I have, indeed, made use of Southey's text for this edition, having satisfied myself by occasional collation with the Althorp and Osterley Caxtons that it is a sufficiently accurate reprint excepting as to the passages above mentioned; and these have been taken by me from the original in the way I have said.

[1] Even the learned M.M. Gaston Paris and Ulrich, say, in reference to editions of Le Morte Darthur, 'La plus commode à lire, parce que le langage y est discrètement rajeuni, est l'édition donnée chez Macmillan en 1868 par Sir Edw. Strachey.'

In 1862, 1868, 1871, 1880, abridgments of Malory's book were edited by J. T. King, E. Conybeare, B. M. Ranking, and S. Lanier, respectively. And in 1886 Mr. Ernest Rhys edited a reprint of fourteen of the twenty-one books, from the version of Mr. Wright, with further modernisations and an introduction.

In 1889, 1890, and 1891, Dr. H. Oskar Sommer edited, and Mr. Nutt published, in three volumes, what will henceforth be the best, if not quite the best possible, edition of Caxton's original text, for the scholar and the student. It would be hard to over-rate the industry, the learning, and the munificent public spirit of these worthy representatives of Sir Thomas Malory and William Caxton. The first volume gives the text of the Althorp copy, page for page, line for line, word for word, and letter for letter, with no change but that of Roman for black letter type. It is, indeed, too scrupulously exact, for it reproduces the mistakes in Whittaker's fac-simile pages which now form part of the Althorp copy, only correcting these by collations with the Osterley original, given in the second volume. Whittaker has no more authority than any other mere copyist; and the direct correction of his mistakes would have made Dr. Sommer's reprint a perfect representation of the original while making a reprint of the collations unnecessary. Besides these collations, and others of the second edition of Wynkyn de Worde with the text of Caxton, Dr. Sommer's second volume contains a complete bibliography of the original text and all its after editions; an Index of names of persons and places; a Glossary, or indeed dictionary, of words, whether obsolete or still in use; and an Essay on the language of the book.

In the third volume, after a graceful essay by Mr. Andrew Lang on the literary merits of Malory, Dr. Sommer gives us a series—an original and very important series—of 'Studies on the Sources'; and he prints from MSS. in the British Museum the only two of those 'sources' which had not been so made accessible already, either by ancient or modern editors. Into this hitherto chaotic mass of mediæval romances, French and English, prose or verse, Dr. Sommer has now first brought light and order. With an almost inconceivable amount of thoughtful and learned labour, he has collated the various manuscripts with the printed editions and with Malory's book, in a detail which, great as it is, represents, as he tells us, a still more minute investigation of which he only gives the main results. With the exception of the story of Beaumains, which is an enlarged narration of that of La Cote Male Taile, and subject to the changes made by Malory's own genius, all the adventures and incidents of Malory's Morte Darthur are now shown to be found in one or more of these 'sources,' often translated literally from French, or transferred word for word from the English, yet still oftener so compressed and fused into a new shape that the finished work is but a tenth of the bulk of the original matter. Dr. Sommer arranges these sources into the four groups of the Merlin, the Lancelot, the Tristan, and the Prophecies of Merlin, and shows the relations of each group to the corresponding portions of Malory. He thinks, with M. Gaston Paris, that Malory had a now lost form of the 'Lancelot,' comparable to the 'Suite de

Merlin' discovered only fifteen years since; and indeed believes that he has found some pages of this missing 'Lancelot' imbedded in a 'Tristan' MS. in the British Museum. But the work of this learned critic must be studied in itself, not in a summary. Of the light which these investigations throw upon the genius of Malory, and on the character of his art, I have already spoken.

There is no title-page, as I have already mentioned, to the Caxton, that which is given by several bibliographers being only an extract, not very critically selected, from Caxton's preface. But it is stated in Caxton's colophon that the book was 'entytled le morte Darthur,' and he explains that it was so 'entitled' notwithstanding it treated of Arthur's birth, life, and acts as well as death, and also of the adventures of his knights of the Round Table. And the concluding words of Malory, 'Here is the end of the death of Arthur,' taken with their context, point to the same title. It was indeed before Malory's time, and has been ever since, the traditional title of this story. We have Mort Artus and Morte Arthure in the earlier times; Ascham, in Henry VIII's reign, calls this book La Morte d'Arthure; Tyrwhitt, Mort d'Arthur; and Walter Scott and Southey, Morte Arthur, which last probably many of us are familiar with as the old name which we heard from our own fathers.

§ 3. An Essay on Chivalry.

St. Augustine replied to the enquiry, What is time? by saying, 'I know when you do not ask me:' and a like answer suggests itself to us if we try to find an adequate reply to the question, What is Chivalry? For chivalry is one of those words, like love, duty, patriotism, loyalty, which make us feel their meaning, and the reality of what they mean, though their ideal and comprehensive character hinders us from readily putting it into the forms of a definition. When the alchemist in the Eastern tale compounds, with all the resources of his art, the universal solvent before the expectant eyes of his pupil, the pupil, seeing the mysterious fluid lie quietly in the crucible, exclaims, with not unreasonable doubt, 'O Sage, be not deceived: how can that which dissolves all things be itself contained in a ladle?' And how shall chivalry, sparkling and flashing everywhere as it runs through that great complicated tissue of human life which we call modern civilisation,—how shall chivalry, the humaniser of society, be brought within the limits of a definition?

Chivalry, indeed, exists for us in spirit rather than in outward and visible form. It no longer comes to us with the outward symbols of war-horse, and armour, and noble birth, and strength of arm, and high-flown protestations of love and gallantry; yet we never fail to know and feel its presence, silent and unobtrusive as it now is: we recognise the lady and the gentleman not less surely now than they did in old times; and we acknowledge their rights and their power over us now no less than then. And if the spirit of chivalry does live among us still, we may read its past history by its present light, and say in Spenser's words,—

> 'By infusion sweete
> Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive,
> I follow still the footing of thy feete,
> That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.'

Let us then look back to those times when chivalry had an outward, visible form, and was embodied in its own proper institutions, with orders, and statutes, and courts of its own jurisdiction, and rituals, and customs, like those of other great social institutions and members of the body politic.

The deluge of the Teutonic nations which broke up the old Roman civilisation threatened for some centuries to overwhelm Europe with mere barbarism. We know now that the germs of a far higher and better civilisation were everywhere ready to open into life as soon as the fury of that deluge had spent itself; but for a long period the evil seemed mightier than the good. From time to time the

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clear head, the noble heart and conscience, and the strong arm of an Alfred, a Charlemagne, or an Otho, might bring a temporary calm and order into the storm; but when the personal influences of such great men were withdrawn, society relapsed again and again into ever new anarchy, and war—at once the effect and the cause of anarchy—savage, cruel war became the business of all men throughout Europe. The selfish, the rapacious, and the unscrupulous fought for power, and plunder, and love of fighting; and while violence could only be resisted by violence, and each man had to defend himself, his family, and his possessions as best he could, with no effectual aid from law and government, there was a constant tendency to increasing barbarism and brutish, or worse than brutish, instead of human, existence.

But man differs from the brutes in this, that while he can fall lower than they, he can also rise higher, and that even the passions and the impulses which he has in common with them may be subdued, and refined, and modified, till they become the servants and instruments of his human life, and the means by which all that is properly spiritual in his being may be reflected and symbolised upon this earth in outward, visible form. The nobler races of men—the historical races, as they have been called—constantly show this aptitude for contending with these downward tendencies of our nature, and for advancing, through the conquest of them, to new and higher life.

And so it was in the Middle Ages. The Church was, no doubt, the great civiliser of the nations: still, whatever aid the State derived from the Church, it then, no less than now, had a position and processes of its own, by which it did its own work of civilisation too. And its first great work for controlling the universal anarchy of which I have spoken was the extension and firm establishment of that half-patriarchal, half-military organisation which we call the Feudal System. Every man who was not rich and powerful enough to be a lord became—willingly or unwillingly—a vassal; and all men, from the king downwards, were bound to each other for reciprocal service and protection—a service and protection partly military, but partly patriarchal, since they were rendered not by men strangers to each other except for what Mr. Carlyle calls 'the nexus of cash payment,' but united by ties of family, and neighbourhood, and clanship, and by the interests and sympathies that grow out of these. But the protector of his own vassals easily became the invader of the rights and ravages of the possessions of his neighbour and his vassals; and so the old evils of anarchy and violence grew afresh out of the remedy which had been devised to meet them. The 'monarchies sank into impotence; petty, lawless tyrants trampled all social order under foot,' says a recent historian of this period, 'and all attempts after scientific instruction and artistic pleasures were as effectually crushed by this state of general insecurity as the external well-being and material life of the people. This was a dark and stormy period for Europe, merciless, arbitrary, and violent. It is a sign of the prevailing feeling of misery and hopelessness that, when the first thousand years of our æra were drawing to their close, the people in every country in Europe

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looked with certainty for the destruction of the world. Some squandered their wealth in riotous living, others bestowed it for the good of their souls on churches and convents; weeping multitudes lay day and night around the altars; some looked forward with dread, but most with secret hope, towards the burning of the earth and the falling in of heaven. Their actual condition was so miserable that the idea of destruction was relief, spite of all its horrors[1].'

The palliatives with which men tried to meet the evils of the times indicate the greatness of the evils, but also the moral feeling which was the promise of better things. Such was the so-called 'Peace of the King,' by which private wars were not to be entered on till forty days after the committal of the alleged crime which was to be avenged; and the 'Truce of God,' by which all these acts of private hostility were suspended from Thursday to Monday in each week. And at the Council of Cleremont, held by Urban II in November, 1095, a severe censure was pronounced against the licence of private war; the Truce of God was confirmed; women and priests were placed under the safeguard of the Church; and a protection of three years was extended to husbandmen and merchants, the defenceless victims of military rapine. We are reminded of the law of Moses, which provided Cities of Refuge for the man who accidentally and without malice killed his neighbour, but who could not look for protection from the vengeance of the family of the slain man except within those special safeguards. In each case there is the same unreasoning rage of the half-civilised man brought face to face with the demands of religion and civil law: and each is obliged to yield something to the other till the better cause has had time to prepare and strengthen itself for a more complete triumph.

Chivalry, then, was the offspring of the same spirit which dictated the Peace of the King, the Truce of God, and the decrees of the Council of Cleremont. Chivalry has another name—Knighthood—and the two are wanted to express all that we mean by either[2]. The chevalier was the soldier who rode the war-horse: he whose birth entitled him, and whose wealth gave him the means, to ride at the head of his vassals and retainers to the war: all ideas of lordship, and mastery, and outward dignity and power, are here embodied before us. But this 'chevalier,' this 'ritter,' or rider of the war-horse, was also to be a 'knecht,' or servant: 'He that will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' The knight was to obey, no less than to command; he was to exert his strength and power, not for selfish ends, but in the service of others; and especially in the service of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed, who could not help or defend themselves. It was, indeed, no new discovery in the world, that such are the duties of him who possesses power, and above all the power of the sword; and they who have tried to trace the origin

[1] Von Sybel's History of the Crusades, English Translation, p. 11.

[2] For this distinction I am indebted to my friend the Rev. F. D. Maurice, whose genius lights up every subject it approaches.

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of chivalry to some particular place and time have had to go to the Germans of Tacitus, to the Crusaders, to the Saracens, to the Romans, the Greeks, the Trojans, the Hebrews, only to come to the conclusion that chivalry belongs in its spirit to man as man; though the form in which that spirit was clothed in Europe in the Middle Ages has an individuality of which some of the sources may be ascertained, and though from that time forward its power has been established, and extended, in a manner, and with a greatness unknown to the ancients.

In those days society was essentially military. In this our own time the main offices, interests, and occupations of the great body politic are non-military, and the army is but a small portion of the nation, specially trained for a minor, though indispensable, function therein. Peace, for its own sake, and for the sake of the objects which can only be obtained by the arts and with the opportunities of peace, is the end and aim of every civilised nation now; and war is only an occasional means to secure that end. But in the Middle Ages war was, or seemed to be, the chief end of life to the greater part of every nation, and especially to all who possessed rank, and wealth, and power, and were in fact the leaders of the nation. And therefore chivalry, the spirit which was to humanise those warriors, needed to be warlike too, and thus to sympathise with those to whom it addressed itself.

Much, too, of its special form it no doubt owed to that wonderful race of heroes, the Normans. The romantic love of adventure; the religious and the martial enthusiasm; the desire to revenge injuries, and to win wealth and power; the delight in arms and horses, in the luxury of dress, and in the exercises of hunting and hawking; the eloquence and sagacity in council; the patience with which when need was they could endure the inclemency of every climate, and the toil and abstinence of a military life; and the gentleness, the affability and the gallantry, which were the characteristics of the Norman race; these must have been more or less impressed on men's minds wherever the Norman sway or influence extended, from England to Sicily, and must have reproduced something of themselves in the social habits and manners of the times. When we read the description of William of the Iron Arm, the first Norman count of Apulia, so strong, so brave, so affable, so generous, and so sage above other men—a lion in battle, a lamb in society, and an angel in council—we are reminded of the heroes of chivalry in the days of its greatest refinement, the Black Prince, Sir John Chandos, and Sir Walter of Manny, as they still live in the pages of Froissart; or their counterparts in romance, King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, Amadis of Gaul, or Palmerin of England.

The Normans, the latest of the Teutonic races who descended, full of wild life, from their mountains and forests, upon the comparatively civilised plains of Europe, may have brought a newer and fresher feeling for those old manners and customs which Tacitus describes as characterising the Germans of his time, and which are with so much probability connected with the chivalry of the Middle Ages. In ancient Germany, and in Scandinavia, it was the custom for each youth, when he was of an age to bear arms, to be presented with a sword, a shield, and a lance, by

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his father, or some near relation, in an assembly of the chiefs of the nation; and from that time he became a member of the commonwealth, and ranked as a citizen. He then entered the train of some chief, of whom he and his brother youths became the followers and companions, forming one brotherhood, though not without ranks and degrees, while a generous spirit of equality ran through all.

In ancient Germany, too, women were held in a peculiar reverence, beyond what was known in the other—and otherwise more civilized—nations of antiquity; and the presence of women in the hour of battle with their husbands, brothers, and fathers, was regarded by those warriors as an incentive to courage, and a pledge of victory, which (as they boasted) their Roman foes were unable to appeal to for themselves. And this old Teutonic reverence for women conspired with the new Christian reverence for the Virgin Mary as the type and representative at once of her sex and of the Church, to supply the purer and nobler elements of the gallantry which forms so large a part, not only of the romance, but of the actual history, of chivalry.

But Christianity exercised not only an indirect, but also a direct and avowed action upon the forms of chivalry, as they attained to their full proportions. Knighthood was certainly a feature and distinction of society before the days of Charlemagne, who in permitting the governor of Friesland to make knights by girding them with a sword, and giving them a blow, adds, 'as is the custom.' But no ritual of the Church as yet consecrated that custom. Charlemagne girt the sword on his son Louis the Good without religious ceremonies; and a century later the Saxon king of England, Edward the Elder, clothed Athelstan in a soldier's dress of scarlet, and girded him with a girdle ornamented with precious stones and a sword with sheath of gold, but without religious rites. But in the next century, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, we read that Hereward, a noble Anglo-Saxon youth, was knighted by the Abbot of Peterborough, with confession, absolution, and prayer that he might be a true knight. And this the historian describes as the custom of the English, as indeed it was, or soon became, that of all Europe; the Normans resisting the innovation longest, but at last adopting it with their wonted ardour. The candidate for knighthood confessed his sins on the eve of his consecration (for such it now was), and passed the night in prayer and fasting in the church: the godfathers, the bath, the white garment, and the tonsure (sometimes limited indeed to a single lock) were the symbols of the new and holy state of life to which he was now called: next morning he heard mass, offered his sword on the altar, where it was blessed by the priest; and he was created a knight—either by the priest of highest rank present, or by some knight, who, in virtue of his knighthood, was qualified to confer the sacred office he had himself received—in the name of God, of St. George, and of St. Michael the Archangel. He swore, and received the holy communion in confirmation of his oath, to fulfil the duties of his profession; to speak the truth; to maintain the right; to protect women, the poor, and the distressed; to practise courtesy; to pursue the infidels; to despise the

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allurements of ease and safety, and to maintain his honour in every perilous adventure. And the Council of Cleremont, of which I have already spoken—as if in order to give the sanction of the Church in a still more formal and comprehensive manner to the whole system of chivalry—decreed that every person of noble birth, on attaining the age of twelve years, should take a solemn oath before the bishop of his diocese to defend to the uttermost the oppressed, the widow, and the orphans; that women of noble birth, both married and single, should enjoy his especial care; and that nothing should be wanting in him to render travelling safe, and to destroy tyranny.

Thus, as has been justly observed, all the humanities of chivalry were sanctioned by legal and ecclesiastical power: it was intended that they should be spread over the whole face of Christendom, in order to check the barbarism and ferocity of the times. While the form of chivalry was martial, its objects became to a great extent religious and social: from a mere military array chivalry obtained the name of the Order, the Holy Order, and a character of seriousness and solemnity was given to it; and it was accounted an honourable office above all offices, orders, and acts of the world, except the order of priesthood.

The education for knighthood usually began at a still earlier age than that mentioned in the Canons of Cleremont. The castles of the princes and nobles were the schools of those days, at least for the youth of their own class. Every feudal lord had his court, to which he drew the sons and daughters of the poorer gentry of his domains; and if he were a knight distinguished for his merits, his castle was also frequented by the children of men of equal rank and reputation with himself: for the prudent and careful father would often have some brother in arms whom he thought better fitted than himself to educate his children in the accomplishments and duties of his station. So, long after, Ben Jonson, looking back on those old times, and picturing them in their ideal aspect, says, that then

> 'Goodness gave the greatness,
> And greatness worship: every house became
> An academy of honour.'

And that this method of education

> 'By a line
> Of institution from our ancestors,
> Hath been deriv'd down to us, and receiv'd
> In a succession, for the noblest way
> Of breeding up our youth in letters, arms,
> Fair mien, discourses, civil exercises,
> And all the blazon of a gentleman.
> Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
> To move his body gracefuller, to speak
> His language purer, or to tune his mind
> Or manners more to the harmony of nature,
> Than in these nurseries of nobility?'

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The boy of gentle birth, when he thus began his education, was called by the names of Childe, or Damoiseau, or Valet, said to be a contraction of Vassalet or little Vassal, and also Page, though this last name was originally appropriated to the youths of inferior rank. He usually entered the castle which was to be his school about the age of seven or eight. He was to learn modesty, obedience, and address in arms and horsemanship, and was duly exercised in the use of his weapons, beginning with such as were suited to his strength. He was instructed how to guide a horse with grace and dexterity, how to use the bow and the sword, and how to manage the lance,—an art which was taught him by making him ride against a wooden figure, which, if not struck in true knightly fashion, was so contrived as to turn round and give the awkward cavalier a blow with its wooden sword. He attended his lord in the chase, and learnt all its arts; he attended him also in many offices which we should now call menial, but which were then held to be the proper symbols of modesty and obedience for the youth of highest birth and rank. Thus the Black Prince was held to show the highest respect to the French king, his prisoner, by personal attendance on him. In the words of Froissart: 'The same day of the battle, at night, the prince made a supper in his lodging to the French king, and to the most part of the great lords that were prisoners . . . . and always the prince served before the king as humbly as he could, and would not sit at the king's board for any desire that the king could make; but he said he was not sufficient to sit at the table with so great a prince as the king was.'

And not the least important of the youth's duties were those towards the ladies of the house in which he lived. He was to wait on them rather as attending a sort of superior beings to whom adoration and obsequious service were due, than as ministering to the convenience of human creatures like himself. The most modest demeanour, the most profound respect, were to be observed in the presence of these fair idols. And as not only the youths, but the maidens—the damoiselles no less than the damoiseaux—were sent to the courts of the barons and their ladies for education, it would often happen that this veneration in which the boy was so early trained towards the ladies of maturer years, would find an object in some young maiden whose more suitable age might lead him, as he grew up, from mere boyish regard to that passionate and abiding devotion which was the duty of every true knight to his lady, and by the strength of which he held that all his power for good was to be maintained. Here is a description of the beginning of the loves of Amadis and Oriana, which is as charming as it is simple; and which, though we find it in the pages of a romance, we cannot doubt is a picture of actual life and manners. 'Oriana,' says the old book, 'was about ten years old, the fairest creature that ever was seen; wherefore she was called the one "without a peer". . . . The child of the sea (that is, Amadis) was now twelve years old, but in stature and size he seemed fifteen, and he served the queen; but, now that Oriana was there, the queen gave her the child of the sea, that he should serve her, and Oriana said that "it pleased her;" and that word which she said, the child kept in his heart, so that

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he never lost it from his memory, and in all his life he was never weary of serving her, and his heart was surrendered to her; and this love lasted as long as they lasted, for as well as he loved her did she also love him. But the child of the sea, who knew nothing of her love, thought himself presumptuous to have placed his thoughts on her, and dared not speak to her; and she, who loved him in her heart, was careful not to speak more with him than with another; but their eyes delighted to reveal to the heart what was the thing on earth that they loved best. And now the time came that he thought he could take arms if he were knighted; and this he greatly desired, thinking that he would do such things that, if he lived, his mistress should esteem him.'

Such was the beginning of the loves of Amadis and Oriana, so famous in romance, and so generally held by knights and ladies to be a model for themselves. Constancy, such as that of Amadis, was a virtue of the true lover which those times of long inevitable separations and absences demanded in forms hardly known in our days; and in proportion was it insisted upon, and held in honour. So Spenser says:

'Young knight whatever, that dost arms profess,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice and change of thy dear loved dame;
Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy heart remove;
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Than lightness and inconstancy in love.'

The peerless Amadis passed with more than ordinary rapidity to the rank of knighthood. The youth more usually remained an esquire—the next step to that of page—till he was twenty. He attended the knight to whose person he was attached, dressed and undressed him, trained his horses, kept his arms bright and burnished, and did the honours of the household to the strangers who visited it; so that Spenser takes the squire as the type of such courtesy. Here is Chaucer's description of the squire:

'With him there was his son, a youngé squire,
A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With lockés curl'd as they were laid in press;
Of twenty years of age he was, I guess.
Of his statúre he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver, and great of strength;
And he had been some time in chevachie (military expeditions),
In Flanders, in Artois, and Picardie,
And borne him well, as of so little space,
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.
Embroider'd was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshé flowers, white and red;
Singing he was, or fluting, all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May;

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Short was his gown, with sleevés long and wide:
Well could he sit on horse, and fairé ride;
He couldé songés make, and well indite,
Just, and eke dance, and well pourtray and write:
So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale.
Courteous he was; lowly and serviceable;
And carv'd before his father at the table.'

I have already spoken of the religious rites with which the esquire was admitted into the order of knighthood, and of the solemn and noble engagements into which he then entered. He had next to 'win his spurs,' as it was called; a phrase happily illustrated in the story of Edward III and the Black Prince, which Froissart thus relates:—

'This battle between Broy and Cressy, this Saturday, was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. . . . In the morning, the day of the battle, certain Frenchmen and Almagnes perforce opened the archers of the prince's battle, [*division* as we should now say,] and came and fought with the men of arms, hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succour the prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado. And they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill: then the knight said to the king, "Sir, the earl of Warwick, and the earl of Oxford, Sir Reynold Cobham, and other, such as lie about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them, for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the king said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the king, "return to him, and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for, if God be pleased, I will this day's work be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them, and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repented in that they had sent to the king as they did.' Brave knights, to be 'greatly encouraged' by such stern though manly words. We are reminded of the not less brave and knightly demeanour of Sir Colin Halket and his men at Waterloo, when the Duke of Wellington rode up and asked how they were, and the general replied that two-thirds of the brigade were down, and the remainder so exhausted that the relief of fresh troops, for however short a time, was most desirable. But when the duke said that no relief was possible, that all depended on *them*, the answer which the officer made for himself and his men was, 'Enough, my lord, we stand here till the last man falls.'

Thenceforth the knight's career depended, he would not have said on himself, but on God and his lady: and if we may judge by the ordinary language of the

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romances, his lady was often the object of actual adoration, little differing from that he would have addressed to the saints in the hour of danger or of triumph. Philosophic divines teach us that although the worship of the saints may become in practice a gross and degrading superstition, it has in it an element of true, and in itself ennobling, faith in ideals of humanity more or less perfectly revealed in human form: and so while we smile at the fictions of extravagant fancy in which the mediæval knight was wont to clothe his love, and his professions of love, for his mistress, we cannot reasonably doubt that in the main, and for that time of youthful imaginations rather than of sober reasonings, the knight was right. When I think of what society was, and what it would still be, without the humanizing influences of womanhood and ladyhood, and what it is by means of these, I say that the tree may be judged by its fruits, and that it is from a right noble stock, rightly and wisely cultivated in the main, in those old days, that we are still gathering such noble fruits. Much evil there was along with the good; and, what is worse, much confusion between good and evil. I need not tell the reader of chivalry romances, or of Mr. Tennyson's glorious reproductions of some of their incidents in modern form of thought as well as language, how painfully this confusion defaces many of the fairest characters and most interesting tales of chivalry, while the historical records of the times in which those romances were written and read, show that the actual state of morals and manners exhibited the like confusions of good and evil, in the ideals as well as in the conduct of life. But, as I have already observed, we see, at least in the romance before us, the good contending with, and mastering the evil, and this not least in the end of the story of the guilty loves of Guenever and Launcelot, the knight whose fame in romance perhaps surpasses that of Amadis, though even mediæval morality was obliged to censure the constancy of Launcelot's love, while it might unhesitatingly extol that of Amadis.

Mr. Tennyson has, I may assume, made every one familiar with the retirement of queen Guenever to the nunnery of Almesbury, and with the death of Arthur; and I venture for the completion of this sketch to show, though from the present volume, how the old story which the poet chiefly follows relates the death and draws the character of Launcelot. Launcelot, when he heard of those events, went to Almesbury, and after taking leave of the queen, resolved to follow her example; and became a hermit and penitent, taking up his abode in a forest where was an hermitage and a chapel that stood between two cliffs; and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings. Thus he, and other knights who followed his example, 'endured great penance six years, and then Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood, and a twelvemonth he sang mass.' At the end of that time a vision directed him to take the body of queen Guenever, now dead at Almesbury, and bury her with king Arthur at Glastonbury. Then the story goes on:—'And when she was put in the earth Sir Launcelot swooned and lay long still, while the hermit came out and awaked him, and said, Ye be to blame, for ye displease God with

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such manner of sorrow making. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent, for my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her; so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me how by my default, and mine orgule, and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of christian people, wit ye well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to my heart, that all my natural strength failed me, so that I might not sustain myself.' The story goes on to say that there he wasted away, praying night and day at the tomb of the king and queen. He died, and was taken to his own castle of Joyous Gard to be buried. 'And right thus as they were at their service there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had seven year sought all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother Sir Launcelot. And when Sir Ector heard such noise and light in the quire of Joyous Gard he alight, and put his horse from him, and came into the quire, and there he saw men sing and weep. And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother Sir Launcelot dead. And then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage he fell down in a swoon; and when he awaked it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights! And now, I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hands; and thou were the courtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights; and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.'

Let me compare with this Chaucer's description of the knight of his times:—

'A knight there was, and that a worthy[1] man,
That from the timé that he first began
To riden out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honóur, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his lordés war,
And thereto had he ridden, no man farre,
As well in Christendom as in Heatheness,
And ever honoured for his worthiness.
At Alisandre he was when it was won:
Full often-time he had the board begun

[1] Valiant.

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Aboven allé nations in Prusse:[1]
In Lethowe had he reyséd[2], and in Russe,
No Christian man so oft, of his degree:
In Gernade at the siege eke had he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie;
At Leyés was he, and at Satalie,
When they were won; and in the Greaté Sea
At many a noble army had he be.
At mortal battles had he been fifteen,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listés thriés, and aye slain his foe.
This ilké worthy knight had been also
Sometimé with the lord of Palathie
Against another heathen in Turkey;
And evermore he had a sovereign prize[3],
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no villainy ne said
In all his life unto no manner wight:
He was a very perfect, gentle knight.'

In an age when all men, not of the clergy, were divided between the two classes of freemen or gentlemen, and serfs or villains, and the villains were in habits and in human culture little better than the domestic animals of which they shared the labours, the knight almost inevitably belonged to the class of free, or gentle, birth. Still, in theory always, and to a great extent in practice, it was not his birth, but his personal merit, which qualified him for knighthood. The personal merit would oftener exist, and still oftener come to light, where it had the advantages and aids of education and general social culture. But if it was recognised in the villain, or man of no rights of birth, he might be, and often was, knighted, and was thereby immediately enfranchised, and accounted a gentleman, in law no less than in name. Thus Froissart tells us of Sir Robert Sale, the governor of Norwich, that 'he was no gentleman born, but he had the grace to be reputed sage and valiant in arms, and for his valiantness King Edward made him knight.' He was governor during the popular insurrection of which Wat Tyler and Jack Straw were the London leaders; and he was invited to put himself at the head of one of the risings by men who urged upon him—'Sir Robert, ye are a knight and a man greatly beloved in this country, and renowned a valiant man; and though ye be thus, yet we know you well: ye be no gentleman born, but son to a villain, such as we be: therefore come you with us, and be our master, and we shall make you so great a lord that one quarter of England shall be under your obeisance.' He refused, and they killed him. The same king also knighted a man-at-arms, who had originally been a tailor, and who greatly distinguished himself under the name of Sir John Hacond,

[1] Having gone to find adventures in Prussia with the Teutonic knights who carried on war with the still Pagan Lithuania, he had been often placed at the head of the table above the like adventurers from other nations, in compliment to his especial merit.

[2] Ridden in arms.

[3] Praise.

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or Hawkwood. And the courtly as well as knightly Chaucer, who must more or less have reflected the feeling of the royal and noble personages among whom he lived, goes farther, and asserts that not only does virtue make the gentleman, but also baseness of mind the villain or churl:—

'But understand in thine intent,
That this is not mine intendement,
To clepen no wight in no age
Only gentle for his lineage;
But whoso that is virtuous,
And in his port nought outrageous,
Though he be not gentle born,
Thou may'st well see this in soth,
That he is gentle because he doth
As longeth to a gentleman;
Of them none other deem I can:
For certainly, withouten drede,
A churl is deemed by his deed,
Of high or low, as you may see,
Or of what kindred that he be.'

Akin to this recognition of gentleness of mind and manners, as that which made a gentleman, was the sense of brotherhood among knights and gentlemen, which led them to trust in each other's honour, even when they were fighting under the banners of hostile kings. The chronicles are full of the instances of such consideration of the English and French knights for each other in the wars between the two nations; and it is not without probability that to these and suchlike manifestations of the spirit of chivalry have been traced the courtesy and humanity which characterise modern warfare in a degree unknown to the ancients.

Much indeed of barbarism and cruelty there was in the usages of war in the best times of chivalry, even of the knights among themselves, and still more when they came, with passions infuriated by resistance, upon the people of lower rank than themselves. Edward III of England, and the knights whom he gathered round him, are held alike by contemporary historians and romance writers, and by those of modern times, to have best exhibited the characteristics of chivalry in its day of greatest refinement as well as splendour; yet no one can read the chronicles of even the admiring Froissart without seeing how much savage passion and cruelty was often mingled with their better dispositions: though we do see also that the cruelty was not because, but in spite of, their chivalry. Froissart laments bitterly the iniquity of the massacre by the Black Prince of the people of Limoges, men, women, and children, more than three thousand. And when Edward III, before him, intended, as would seem, to have treated the town of Calais in like manner, not only did the French knights who had offered to surrender declare that they would 'endure as much pain as knights ever did, rather than the poorest lad in the town should have any more evil than the greatest of us all'—showing that they made no selfish distinction between the noble and the villain—but the English

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knights, headed by Sir Walter of Manny, that flower of knighthood, protested to the utmost against their king's purpose. And when he had yielded so far to their urgency as to say that he would be content with the lives of the six chief burgesses, Sir Walter of Manny again remonstrated, saying, 'Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage: ye have the name of sovereign noblesse; therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainy [to charge you with conduct unworthy of a knight and gentleman]; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company. Then the king wryed away from him, and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, "They of Calais had caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in likewise."'

It needed a stronger influence than that of Sir Walter of Manny to save their lives: and this brings me to speak of the LADY of the mediæval times; the LADY, who was the counterpart of the KNIGHT, and without whom he could never have existed. Here, indeed, I meet a difficulty which reminds me of what Coleridge says of the female characters of Shakspeare, that their truth to nature, and therefore their beauty, consists in the absence of strongly marked features. It is impossible to read the poems, romances, or chronicles of the mediæval times, without feeling all through how important a part the lady plays everywhere; and yet it is far from easy to draw her from her retirement and bring distinctly before ourselves what she did, and get a picture of her as definite as we can do of the knight. Still I must try to trace the outlines of such a picture of one lady:—Philippa, queen of Edward III, whom Froissart calls 'the most gentle queen, most liberal, and most courteous that ever was queen in her days;' and who was the very type and representative of the lady, in the highest and best sense, in an age in which the ladies—such as the princess Blanche, the good queen Ann, the countess of Salisbury, Jane de Montfort, and the wife of Charles de Blois —were renowned for their gentle or their heroic characters.

When Isabel, queen of Edward II, visited Hainault with her son, afterwards Edward III, we are told that William, earl of Hainault, 'had four fair daughters, Margaret, Philippa, Jane, and Isabell: among whom the young Edward set most his love and company on Philippa; and also the young lady in all honour was more conversant with him than any of her sisters.' Queen Isabel had come to ask for aid against her enemies, and Froissart gives an account of the discussion between the earl and his council, who objected on prudential grounds to interfering with the quarrels of the English, and the earl's brother, Sir John Hainault, who maintained that 'all knights ought to aid to their powers all ladies and damsels chased out of their own countries, being without counsel or comfort.' The earl finally yielded, saying, 'My fair brother, God forbid that your good purpose should be broken or let. Therefore, in the name of God, I give you leave; and kissed him, straining him by the hand in sign of great love.' The whole passage is too long

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to quote, but thus much gives a lively picture of the temper of the home and court in which the young Philippa was brought up.

Her marriage with Edward, then only fifteen years old, was agreed on, and sanctioned by the Pope. I am sorry to say that the chronicler gives no account of the lady's bridal outfit[1], except in the general terms, that 'there was devised and purveyed for their apparel, and for all things honourable that belonged to such a lady, who should be queen of England.' They were married, and she arrived in England and was crowned, 'with great justs, tourneys, dancing, carolling, and great feasts, the which endured the space of three weeks.' And then 'this young queen Philippa abode still in England, with small company of any persons of her own country, saving one who was named Walter of Manny, who was her carver, and after did so many great prowesses in divers places, that it were hard to make mention of them.' If we couple this statement, that she retained hardly any of her own people, with that which Froissart makes in reviewing her whole life, that 'she loved always her own nation where she was born,' we have pleasing thoughts suggested of the cheerful acceptance of new duties in a foreign land by the young wife; while, if I had space to describe in detail the noble life of Sir Walter of Manny, the reader would agree with me that his habitual presence in the English court must have done much to make both Edward and the Black Prince, as well as the rest of the princes and nobles, what they were, as knights and gentlemen.

The next glimpse we get of the queen is when she appears, accompanied with three hundred ladies and damsels 'of noble lineage, and apparelled accordingly, at the yearly feast at Windsor, in honour of the order and brotherhood of the Knights of the Blue Garter, there established on St. George's day.' Again, when the king of Scots had advanced to Newcastle, while king Edward lay before Calais, we see the queen arriving to meet the English army, and going from division to division, 'desiring them to do their devoir'—duty was then, as now, the English soldier's word—'to defend the honour of her lord the king of England, and, in the name of God, every man to be of good heart and courage; promising them that to her power she would remember them as well or better as though her lord the king were there personally. Then the queen departed from them, recommending them to God and St. George.' She does not seem, like some of the ladies of that generation, to have considered the field to be her place while the battle was going on; but after it was won she returned, and with her council made all necessary arrangements and plans. Shortly after she joined her husband while he lay before Calais, 'bringing many ladies and damsels with her, as well to accompany her, as to see their husbands, fathers, brethren, and other friends that lay at siege there before Calais, and had done a long time.' And I think we may attribute it as well

[1] It appears from Morte Arthur, p. 474, that London was the proper place to go to, 'to buy all manner of things that longed unto a wedding.'

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to the general humanising influence of all those ladies, as to the personal persuasion of Philippa, that Calais did not suffer the same horrors of war as did Limoges at the hands of the Black Prince. To what I have already quoted from Froissart as to this story, I must now add what he tells us of Philippa, after Edward had refused to hear Sir Walter of Manny. 'Then the queen kneeled down, and sore weeping, said, "Ah, gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril, I have desired nothing of you; therefore now I humbly require you, in the honour of the Son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses." The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said, "Ah dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you; wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them."'

And lastly, as a counterpart to the picture I have already given you of the death of the knight of romance, here is the account of the death of her who was the lady of the brightest day of historical chivalry:—

'In the mean season there fell in England a heavy case and a common: howbeit it was right piteous for the king, his children, and all his realm; for the good queen of England—that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succoured, and ladies and damosels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goods to her people, and naturally loved always the nation of Haynault, the country where she was born—she fell sick in the castle of Windsor, the which sickness continued on her so long, that there was no remedy but death; and the good lady, when she knew that there was no remedy but death, she desired to speak with the king her husband, and when he was before her, she put out of her bed her right hand, and took the king by his right hand, who was right sorrowful at his heart. Then she said, "Sir, we have in peace, joy, and great prosperity, used all our time together: sir, now I pray you at our departing, that ye will grant me three desires." The king, right sorrowfully weeping, said, "Madam, desire what ye will, I grant it." The three requests of the dying woman were—that the king should pay all that she owed to any man; that he should fulfil all the promises she had made to the churches where she had "had her devotion," and that "it might please him to take none other sepulture, whensoever it should please God to call him out of this transitory life, but beside her in Westminster." The king, all weeping, said, "Madam, I grant all your desire." Then the good lady and queen made on her the sign of the cross, and commended the king her husband to God, and her youngest son Thomas, who was there beside her; and anon after she yielded up the spirit, which I believe surely the holy angels received with great joy up to heaven; for in all her life she did neither in thought nor deed thing to lose her soul, as far as any creature could know. Thus the good queen of England died in the year of our Lord 1369, in the vigil of our Lady, in the midst of August.'

We have all pictured to ourselves, again and again, how the lady sat in her bower with her embroidery and her missal or romance, and saw from her lattice

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window her knight going from the castle with lance and pennon, hoping to meet his foe: how the minstrel recited in the castle hall the feats of arms of this or that hero in some distant battle-field; and how the matron or the maiden heard those feats, and thought with silent joy that it was her lord, her husband, or her lover, whose deeds were thus winning the praises of the troubadour, and the applause of the listening knights and squires. We have all seen in imagination the tournament, with the pomp and splendour of its mimic contests: contests which surpassed the Olympic and Corinthian games of classic antiquity, not only in their gorgeous show, but still more in the presence of the ladies, noble in birth, and fame, and beauty; whose scarf, or glove, the combatants wore as the token of that favour which was their highest incentive to distinguish themselves; and from whose hands the conqueror received the prize of skill and bravery; while the honourably vanquished might be sure that he would have the hardly less welcome lot of being cared for by the same ladies, who never shrank from this their acknowledged and well fulfilled duty of tending the wounded knight.

Perhaps too we have listened in fancy to the proceedings of the so-called Courts or Parliaments of Love, in which the ladies were wont to hear questions of gallantry gravely argued on both sides by poets pleading in verse, and then to give their judgments according to the logical and metaphysical rules which the schoolmen applied to theological enquiries. But I can now but remind my reader that such things were; and must hasten forward, leaving ungathered flowers that would make many a wreath and nosegay.

The golden age of chivalry was the period from about the middle of the eleventh to the end of the fourteenth century. We may say, with Gibbon, that the Crusades were at once a cause and an effect of chivalry. In the Crusades the spirit of knighthood, with all its characteristic features, actuated vast bodies of men of every rank and nation, and found a foe believed by all Christendom to be to it what the individual robber and plunderer was to the knight errant who went forth in his own country to defend or rescue the widow and orphan and their possessions, or the traveller along the road which passed the castle of some powerful though unworthy baron. The chivalry at home was kept alive, and raised to its highest energy, both in man and woman, by the chivalry in the Holy Land. It is in this period that the chief institutions of chivalry took their rise, or reached their full form; while their ruder features were gradually softened with the increasing refinement of the times, till they presented that aspect with which we find them in the days of Edward III and the Black Prince, as drawn by Froissart or Chaucer, or in the romances which were then written or remodelled out of older materials, and which show that even in the estimation of other nations the English court then afforded the pattern of knighthood for Christendom.

Thenceforward the outward forms of chivalry began to decay; very gradually indeed, and not without apparent resuscitations from time to time. But no real revival was possible; for the immortal spirit was seeking new habitations for itself,

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more fitted to the new world which was succeeding to that of the Middle Ages. And perhaps Cervantes, by helping to tear up with his merciless satire the last remnants of an honest faith in the old forms of chivalry, did as real, though we cannot say as genial, a service to the cause of chivalry itself, as Spenser did in endeavouring to preserve its spirit by transferring it to the region of allegory. The last expiring token of the old spirit in the old forms which I have found, is in the records of the Knights of Malta—the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem—when the news of the great earthquake in Sicily, in 1783, arrived at Malta. Then those poor feeble-minded sybarites remembered for a moment their manhood and their knighthood, and their vows as Hospitallers: they manned their galleys, and, with food and clothing and medicines, and the consolations of their faith, were speedily seen, in their half-military, half-priestly garb—the armour covered by the black robe with the white cross—at the bedsides of the wounded and the dying, as they lay amid the still tottering ruins of their devastated houses. In a very few years, in that same generation, the Order had passed away for ever: but it is pleasant to him who stands in the palace of the Grand Masters among the trophies of their former greatness, or treads the aisles of the cathedral of St. John, where every step is upon the emblazoned gravestone of a knight, to think of this, and not of any less worthy deed, as their last act.

> 'The knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust:
> His soul is with the saints, I trust:'—

but he has left to us an imperishable and a rich inheritance, won for us by him. To him we owe our MANNERS—all that world of existence implied in the names LADY and GENTLEMAN. Through the Middle Ages it was 'Our Lady,' the Virgin mother, who embodied and represented to all men and women, from the prince to the peasant, their ideals of womanhood and ladyhood. In modern times St. Paul has been held to be the model of a gentleman; in whose acts and writings are found all the principles, maxims, and spirit of a character entirely chivalrous, in the amplest sense of the term: while one of our old dramatists has ventured, in words of touching tenderness and reverence, to point to a yet higher realisation of that ideal;—

> 'The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.'

And it was the transference of these Christian ethics into the practice of common, daily, worldly life, in rude, half-barbarous times, which we owe to the knights and ladies of the Middle Ages; a transference effected slowly, and with much mixture of evil with the good: nor is the work nearly completed yet; but the worth of it can hardly be overrated.

There is not indeed all, but there is much, truth in the old motto, 'Manners

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makyth man.' Manners, like laws, create a region and atmosphere of virtue within which all good more easily lives and grows, and evil finds it harder to maintain itself. How large a portion of the small, spontaneous kindnesses of hourly life, in which, after all, so much of our happiness consists, are not only unknown, but impossible, where habitual, unaffected politeness is wanting.

But manners are good, not only as affording a fairer field for the exercise of the higher virtues, but good in themselves. They are a real part of the beauty and grace of our human life. Courtesy, and self-possession, and deference and respect for others; modesty and gentleness towards all men, and recognition in all of the true gold of humanity, whether it bear the guinea stamp or no; love of truth and honour; and not only readiness, but eagerness to help the weak, and defend their cause against the strong; and all these irradiated and glorified, as often as may be, by that sentiment which

> 'Gives to every power a double power,
> Above their functions and their offices;'—

these are the things which make the lady and the gentleman.

And if it should seem as though the chivalry of our own times is reduced to something less noble than that of old, when men risked life, and things dearer than life, in defending the weak and attacking the oppressor in his strongholds—when the hardness of the actual fight against evil-doers was not exaggerated in the romances which pictured the knights contending with dragons and enchanters and giants—we must remember that our nineteenth century world is yet far from cleared of the monstrous powers of evil, which still oppress and devour the weak; and that a battle, not really less resolute, nor, if need be, less desperate, than those of old, is still carried on by those who, under the modest guise of common life, are fighting in the true spirit of chivalry—uniting the most adventurous enthusiasm with the most patient endurance, and both with the gentlest service of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed; and, what is most worthy of admiration, the service of the morally poor, and weak, and oppressed, who, but for such deliverers, must remain in a house of bondage darker than can be built or barred by earthly hands.

But whether we are content with the chivalry of manners, or aspire to a place in the brotherhood of the chivalry of action, our principles, our maxims, and our examples have come down to us as an inheritance from the past:—an inheritance common to all who care to claim it; and won for us by the old knights, fighting in the name of God and of their ladies[1].

[1] My principal authorities—whose words as well as facts I have frequently availed myself of—are Mills's History of Chivalry, which alone almost exhausts the subject; Gibbon's Decline and Fall; Godwin's Life of Chaucer; Scott's Essay on Chivalry; Lord Berners's Froissart; and Southey's Amadis of Gaul.

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§ 3. An Essay on Chivalry.

St. Augustine replied to the enquiry, What is time? by saying, 'I know when you do not ask me:' and a like answer suggests itself to us if we try to find an adequate reply to the question, What is Chivalry? For chivalry is one of those words, like love, duty, patriotism, loyalty, which make us feel their meaning, and the reality of what they mean, though their ideal and comprehensive character hinders us from readily putting it into the forms of a definition. When the alchemist in the Eastern tale compounds, with all the resources of his art, the universal solvent before the expectant eyes of his pupil, the pupil, seeing the mysterious fluid lie quietly in the crucible, exclaims, with not unreasonable doubt, 'O Sage, be not deceived: how can that which dissolves all things be itself contained in a ladle?' And how shall chivalry, sparkling and flashing everywhere as it runs through that great complicated tissue of human life which we call modern civilisation,—how shall chivalry, the humaniser of society, be brought within the limits of a definition?

Chivalry, indeed, exists for us in spirit rather than in outward and visible form. It no longer comes to us with the outward symbols of war-horse, and armour, and noble birth, and strength of arm, and high-flown protestations of love and gallantry; yet we never fail to know and feel its presence, silent and unobtrusive as it now is: we recognise the lady and the gentleman not less surely now than they did in old times; and we acknowledge their rights and their power over us now no less than then. And if the spirit of chivalry does live among us still, we may read its past history by its present light, and say in Spenser's words,—

> 'By infusion sweete
> Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive,
> I follow still the footing of thy feete,
> That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.'

Let us then look back to those times when chivalry had an outward, visible form, and was embodied in its own proper institutions, with orders, and statutes, and courts of its own jurisdiction, and rituals, and customs, like those of other great social institutions and members of the body politic.

The deluge of the Teutonic nations which broke up the old Roman civilisation threatened for some centuries to overwhelm Europe with mere barbarism. We know now that the germs of a far higher and better civilisation were everywhere ready to burst into life as soon as the fury of that deluge had spent itself; but for a long period the evil seemed mightier than the good. From time to time the

clear head, the noble heart and conscience, and the strong arm of an Alfred, a Charlemagne, or an Otho, might bring a temporary calm and order into the storm; but when the personal influences of such great men were withdrawn, society relapsed again and again into ever new anarchy, and war—at once the effect and the cause of anarchy—savage, cruel war became the business of all men throughout Europe. The selfish, the rapacious, and the unscrupulous fought for power, and plunder, and love of fighting; and while violence could only be resisted by violence, and each man had to defend himself, his family, and his possessions as best he could, with no effectual aid from law and government, there was a constant tendency to increasing barbarism and brutish, or worse than brutish, instead of human, existence.

But man differs from the brutes in this, that while he can fall lower than they, he can also rise higher, and that even the passions and the impulses which he has in common with them may be subdued, and refined, and modified, till they become the servants and instruments of his human life, and the means by which all that is properly spiritual in his being may be reflected and symbolised upon this earth in outward, visible form. The nobler races of men—the historical races, as they have been called—constantly show this aptitude for contending with these downward tendencies of our nature, and for advancing, through the conquest of them, to new and higher life.

And so it was in the Middle Ages. The Church was, no doubt, the great civiliser of the nations: still, whatever aid the State derived from the Church, it then, no less than now, had a position and processes of its own, by which it did its own work of civilisation too. And its first great work for controlling the universal anarchy of which I have spoken was the extension and firm establishment of that half-patriarchal, half-military organisation which we call the Feudal System. Every man who was not rich and powerful enough to be a lord became—willingly or unwillingly—a vassal; and all men, from the king downwards, were bound to each other for reciprocal service and protection—a service and protection partly military, but partly patriarchal, since they were rendered not by men strangers to each other except for what Mr. Carlyle calls 'the nexus of cash payment,' but united by ties of family, and neighbourhood, and clanship, and by the interests and sympathies that grow out of these. But the protector of his own vassals easily became the invader of the rights and ravager of the possessions of his neighbour and his vassals; and so the old evils of anarchy and violence grew afresh out of the remedy which had been devised to meet them. The 'monarchies sank into impotence; petty, lawless tyrants trampled all social order under foot,' says a learned historian of this period, 'and all attempts after scientific instruction and artistic pleasures were as effectually crushed by this state of general insecurity as the external well-being and material life of the people. This was a dark and stormy period for Europe, merciless, arbitrary, and violent. It is a sign of the prevailing feeling of misery and hopelessness that, when the first thousand years of our æra were drawing to their close, the people in every country in Europe

looked with certainty for the destruction of the world. Some squandered their wealth in riotous living, others bestowed it for the good of their souls on churches and convents; weeping multitudes lay day and night around the altars; some looked forward with dread, but most with secret hope, towards the burning of the earth and the falling in of heaven. Their actual condition was so miserable that the idea of destruction was relief, spite of all its horrors[1].'

The palliatives with which men tried to meet the evils of the times indicate the greatness of the evils, but also the moral feeling which was the promise of better things. Such was the so-called 'Peace of the King,' by which private wars were not to be entered on till forty days after the committal of the alleged crime which was to be avenged; and the 'Truce of God,' by which all these acts of private hostility were suspended from Thursday to Monday in each week. And at the Council of Cleremont, held by Urban II in November, 1095, a severe censure was pronounced against the licence of private war; the Truce of God was confirmed; women and priests were placed under the safeguard of the Church; and a protection of three years was extended to husbandmen and merchants, the defenceless victims of military rapine. We are reminded of the law of Moses, which provided Cities of Refuge for the man who accidentally and without malice killed his neighbour, but who could not look for protection from the vengeance of the family of the slain man except within those special safeguards. In each case there is the same unreasoning rage of the half-civilised man brought face to face with the demands of religion and civil law: and each is obliged to yield something to the other till the better cause has had time to prepare and strengthen itself for a more complete triumph.

Chivalry, then, was the offspring of the same spirit which dictated the Peace of the King, the Truce of God, and the decrees of the Council of Cleremont. Chivalry has another name—Knighthood—and the two are wanted to express all that we mean by either[2]. The chevalier was the soldier who rode the war-horse: he whose birth entitled him, and whose wealth gave him the means, to ride at the head of his vassals and retainers to the war: all ideas of lordship, and mastery, and outward dignity and power, are here embodied before us. But this 'chevalier,' this 'ritter,' or rider of the war-horse, was also to be a 'knecht,' or servant: 'He that will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' The knight was to obey, no less than to command; he was to exert his strength and power, not for selfish ends, but in the service of others; and especially in the service of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed, who could not help or defend themselves. It was, indeed, no new discovery in the world, that such are the duties of him who possesses power, and above all the power of the sword; and they who have tried to trace the origin of chivalry to some particular place and time have had to go to the Germans of

[1] Sybel's History of the Crusades, English Translation, p. 11.

[2] For this distinction I am indebted to my friend the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, whose genius lights up every subject it approaches.

Tacitus, to the Crusaders, to the Saracens, to the Romans, the Greeks, the Trojans, the Hebrews, only to come to the conclusion that chivalry belongs in its spirit to man as man; though the form in which that spirit was clothed in Europe in the Middle Ages has an individuality of which some of the sources may be ascertained, and though from that time forward its power has been established, and extended, in a manner, and with a greatness unknown to the ancients.

In those days society was essentially military. In this our own time the main offices, interests, and occupations of the great body politic are non-military, and the army is but a small portion of the nation, specially trained for a minor, though indispensable, function therein. Peace, for its own sake, and for the sake of the objects which can only be obtained by the arts and with the opportunities of peace, is the end and aim of every civilised nation now; and war is only an occasional means to secure that end. But in the Middle Ages war was, or seemed to be, the chief end of life to the greater part of every nation, and especially to all who possessed rank, and wealth, and power, and were in fact the leaders of the nation. And therefore chivalry, the spirit which was to humanise those warriors, needed to be warlike too, and thus to sympathise with those to whom it addressed itself.

Much, too, of its special form it no doubt owed to that wonderful race of heroes, the Normans. The romantic love of adventure; the religious and the martial enthusiasm; the desire to revenge injuries, and to win wealth and power; the delight in arms and horses, in the luxury of dress, and in the exercises of hunting and hawking; the eloqnence and sagacity in council; the patience with which when need was they could endure the inclemency of every climate, and the toil and abstinence of a military life; and the gentleness, the affability and the gallantry, which were the characteristics of the Norman race; these must have been more or less impressed on men's minds wherever the Norman sway or influence extended, from England to Sicily, and must have reproduced something of themselves in the social habits and manners of the times. When we read the description of William of the Iron Arm, the first Norman count of Apulia, so strong, so brave, so affable, so generous, and so sage above other men—a lion in battle, a lamb in society, and an angel in council—we are reminded of the heroes of chivalry in the days of its greatest refinement, the Black Prince, Sir John Chandos, and Sir Walter of Manny, as they still live in the pages of Froissart; or their counterparts in romance, King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, Amadis of Gaul, or Palmerin of England.

The Normans, the latest of the Northern races who descended, full of wild life, from their mountains and forests, upon the comparatively civilised plains of Europe, may have brought a newer and fresher feeling for those old manners and customs which Tacitus describes as characterising the Germans of his time, and which are with so much probability connected with the chivalry of the Middle Ages. In ancient Germany, and in Scandinavia, it was the custom for each youth, when he was of an age to bear arms, to be presented with a sword, a shield, and a lance, by his father, or some near relation, in an assembly of the chiefs of the nation; and

from that time he became a member of the commonwealth, and ranked as a citizen. He then entered the train of some chief, of whom he and his brother youths became the followers and companions, forming one brotherhood, though not without ranks and degrees, while a generous spirit of equality ran through all.

In ancient Germany, too, women were held in a peculiar reverence, beyond what was known in the other—and otherwise more civilized—nations of antiquity; and the presence of women in the hour of battle with their husbands, brothers, and fathers, was regarded by those warriors as an incentive to courage, and a pledge of victory, which (as they boasted) their Roman foes were unable to appeal to for themselves. And this old Teutonic reverence for women conspired with the new Christian reverence for the Virgin Mary as the type and representative at once of her sex and of the Church, to supply the purer and nobler elements of the gallantry which forms so large a part, not only of the romance, but of the actual history, of chivalry.

But Christianity exercised not only an indirect, but also a direct and avowed action upon the forms of chivalry, as they attained to their full proportions. Knighthood was certainly a feature and distinction of society before the days of Charlemagne, who in permitting the governor of Friesland to make knights by girding them with a sword, and giving them a blow, adds 'as is the custom.' But no ritual of the Church as yet consecrated that custom. Charlemagne girt the sword on his son Louis the Good without religious ceremonies; and a century later the Saxon king of England, Edward the Elder, clothed Athelstan in a soldier's dress of scarlet, and girded him with a girdle ornamented with precious stones and a sword with sheath of gold, but without religious rites. But in the next century, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, we read that Hereward, a noble Anglo-Saxon youth, was knighted by the Abbot of Peterborough, with confession, absolution, and prayer that he might be a true knight. And this the historian describes as the custom of the English, as indeed it was, or soon became, that of all Europe; the Normans resisting the innovation longest, but at last adopting it with their wonted ardour. The candidate for knighthood confessed his sins on the eve of his consecration (for such it now was), and passed the night in prayer and fasting in the church: the godfathers, the bath, the white garment, and the tonsure (sometimes limited indeed to a single lock) were the symbols of the new and holy state of life to which he was now called: next morning he heard mass, offered his sword on the altar, where it was blessed by the priest; and he was created a knight—either by the priest of highest rank present, or by some knight, who, in virtue of his knighthood, was qualified to confer the sacred office he had himself received—in the name of God, of St. George, and of Saint Michael the Archangel. He swore, and received the holy communion in confirmation of his oath, to fulfil the duties of his profession; to speak the truth; to maintain the right; to protect women, the poor, and the distressed; to practise courtesy; to pursue the infidels; to despise the allurements of ease and safety, and to maintain his honour in every perilous adven-

ture. And the Council of Cleremont, of which I have already spoken—as if in order to give the sanction of the Church in a still more formal and comprehensive manner to the whole system of chivalry—decreed that every person of noble birth, on attaining the age of twelve years, should take a solemn oath before the bishop of his diocese to defend to the uttermost the oppressed, the widow, and the orphans; that women of noble birth, both married and single, should enjoy his especial care; and that nothing should be wanting in him to render travelling safe, and to destroy tyranny.

Thus, as has been justly observed, all the humanities of chivalry were sanctioned by legal and ecclesiastical power: it was intended that they should be spread over the whole face of Christendom, in order to check the barbarism and ferocity of the times. While the form of chivalry was martial, its objects became to a great extent religious and social: from a mere military array chivalry obtained the name of the Order, the Holy Order, and a character of seriousness and solemnity was given to it; and it was accounted an honourable office above all offices, orders, and acts of the world, except the order of priesthood.

The education for knighthood usually began at a still earlier age than that mentioned in the Canons of Cleremont. The castles of the princes and nobles were the schools of those days, at least for the youth of their own class. Every feudal lord had his court, to which he drew the sons and daughters of the poorer gentry of his domains; and if he were a knight distinguished for his merits, his castle was also frequented by the children of men of equal rank and reputation with himself: for the prudent and careful father would often have some brother in arms whom he thought better fitted than himself to educate his children in the accomplishments and duties of his station. So, long after, Ben Jonson, looking back on those old times, and picturing them in their ideal aspect, says, that then

> 'Goodness gave the greatness,
> And greatness worship: every house became
> An academy of honour.'

And that this method of education

> 'By a line
> Of institution from our ancestors,
> Hath been deriv'd down to us, and receiv'd
> In a succession, for the noblest way
> Of breeding up our youth in letters, arms,
> Fair mien, discourses, civil exercises,
> And all the blazon of a gentleman.
> Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
> To move his body gracefuller, to speak
> His language purer, or to tune his mind
> Or manners more to the harmony of nature,
> Than in these nurseries of nobility?'

The boy of gentle birth, when he thus began his education, was called by the

names of Childe, or Damoiseau, or Valet, said to be a contraction of Vassalet or little Vassal, and also Page, though this last name was originally appropriated to the youths of inferior rank. He usually entered the castle which was to be his school about the age of seven or eight. He was to learn modesty, obedience, and address in arms and horsemanship, and was duly exercised in the use of his weapons, beginning with such as were suited to his strength. He was instructed how to guide a horse with grace and dexterity, how to use the bow and the sword, and how to manage the lance,—an art which was taught him by making him ride against a wooden figure, which, if not struck in true knightly fashion, was so contrived as to turn round and give the awkward cavalier a blow with its wooden sword. He attended his lord in the chase, and learnt all its arts ; he attended him also in many offices which we should now call menial, but which were then held to be the proper symbols of modesty and obedience for the youth of highest birth and rank. Thus the Black Prince was held to show the highest respect to the French king, his prisoner, by personal attendance on him. In the words of Froissart: 'The same day of the battle, at night, the prince made a supper in his lodging to the French king, and to the most part of the great lords that were prisoners . . . . and always the prince served before the king as humbly as he could, and would not sit at the king's board for any desire that the king could make ; but he said he was not sufficient to sit at the table with so great a prince as the king was.'

And not the least important of the youth's duties were those towards the ladies of the house in which he lived. He was to wait on them rather as attending a sort of superior beings to whom adoration and obsequious service were due, than as ministering to the convenience of human creatures like himself. The most modest demeanour, the most profound respect, were to be observed in the presence of these fair idols. And as not only the youths, but the maidens—the damoiselles no less than the damoiseaux—were sent to the courts of the barons and their ladies for education, it would often happen that this veneration in which the boy was so early trained towards the ladies of maturer years, would find an object in some young maiden whose more suitable age might lead him, as he grew up, from mere boyish regard to that passionate and abiding devotion which was the duty of every true knight to his lady, and by the strength of which he held that all his power for good was to be maintained. Here is a description of the beginning of the loves of Amadis and Oriana, which is as charming as it is simple ; and which, though we find it in the pages of a romance, we cannot doubt is a picture of actual life and manners. 'Oriana,' says the old book, 'was about ten years old, the fairest creature that ever was seen ; wherefore she was called the one "without a peer" . . . . The child of the sea (that is, Amadis) was now twelve years old, but in stature and size he seemed fifteen, and he served the queen ; but, now that Oriana was there, the queen gave her the child of the sea, that he should serve her, and Oriana said that "it pleased her ;" and that word which she said, the child kept in his heart, so that he never lost it from his memory, and in all his life he was never weary of serving

her, and his heart was surrendered to her; and this love lasted as long as they lasted, for as well as he loved her did she also love him. But the child of the sea, who knew nothing of her love, thought himself presumptuous to have placed his thoughts on her, and dared not speak to her; and she, who loved him in her heart, was careful not to speak more with him than with another: but their eyes delighted to reveal to the heart what was the thing on earth that they loved best. And now the time came that he thought he could take arms if he were knighted; and this he greatly desired, thinking that he would do such things that, if he lived, his mistress should esteem him.'

Such was the beginning of the loves of Amadis and Oriana, so famous in romance, and so generally held by knights and ladies to be a model for themselves. Constancy, such as that of Amadis, was a virtue of the true lover which those times of long inevitable separations and absences demanded in forms hardly known in our days; and in proportion was it insisted upon, and held in honour. So Spenser says:

'Young knight whatever, that dost arms profess,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice and change of thy dear loved dame;
Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy heart remove;
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Than lightness and inconstancy in love.'

The peerless Amadis passed with more than ordinary rapidity to the rank of knighthood. The youth more usually remained an esquire—the next step to that of page—till he was twenty. He attended the knight to whose person he was attached, dressed and undressed him, trained his horses, kept his arms bright and burnished, and did the honours of the household to the strangers who visited it; so that Spenser takes the squire as the type of such courtesy. Here is Chaucer's description of the squire:

'With him there was his son, a youngé squire;
A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With lockés curl'd as they were laid in press;
Of twenty years of age he was, I guess.
Of his statúre he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver, and great of strength;
And he had been some time in chevachie (military expeditions),
In Flanders, in Artois, and Picardie,
And borne him well, as of so little space,
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.
Embroider'd was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshé flowers, white and red;
Singing he was, or fluting, all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May;
Short was his gown, with sleevés long and wide:
Well could he sit on horse, and fairé ride;

He couldé songés make, and well indite,
Just, and eke dance, and well pourtray and write:
So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale.
Courteous he was; slowly and serviceable;
And carv'd before his father at the table.'

I have already spoken of the religious rites with which the esquire was admitted into the order of knighthood, and of the solemn and noble engagements into which he then entered. He had next to 'win his spurs,' as it was called; a phrase happily illustrated in the story of Edward III and the Black Prince, which Froissart thus relates:—

'This battle between Broy and Cressy, this Saturday, was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that day came not to my knowledge. . . . In the morning, the day of the battle, certain Frenchmen and Almagnes perforce opened the archers of the prince's battle (*division* as we should now say), and came and fought with the men of arms, hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succour the prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado. And they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill: then the knight said to the king, "Sir, the earl of Warwick, and the earl of Oxford, Sir Reynold Cobham, and other, such as lie about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them, for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the king said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the king, "return to him, and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for, if God be pleased, I will this day's work be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them, and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repented in that they had sent to the king as they did.' Brave knights, to be 'greatly encouraged' by such stern though manly words. We are reminded of the not less brave and knightly demeanour of Sir Colin Halket and his men at Waterloo, when the Duke of Wellington rode up and asked how they were, and the general replied that two-thirds of the brigade were down, and the remainder so exhausted that the relief of fresh troops, for however short a time, was most desirable. But when the duke said that no relief was possible, that all depended on *them*, the answer which the officer made for himself and his men was, 'Enough, my lord, we stand here till the last man falls.'

Thenceforth the knight's career depended, he would not have said on himself, but on God and his lady: and if we may judge by the ordinary language of the

romances, his lady was often the object of actual adoration, little differing from that he would have addressed to the saints in the hour of danger or of triumph. Philosophic divines teach us that although the worship of the saints may become in practice a gross and degrading superstition, it has in it an element of true, and in itself ennobling, faith in ideals of humanity more or less perfectly revealed in human form: and so while we smile at the fictions of extravagant fancy in which the mediæval knight was wont to clothe his love, and his professions of love, for his mistress, we cannot reasonably doubt that in the main, and for that time of youthful imaginations rather than of sober reasonings, the knight was right. When I think of what society was, and what it wonld still be, without the humanizing influences of womanhood and ladyhood, and what it is by means of these, I say that the tree may be judged by its fruits, and that it is from a right noble stock, rightly and wisely cultivated in the main, in those old days, that we are still gathering such noble fruits. Much evil there was along with the good; and, what is worse, much confusion between good and evil. I need not tell the reader of chivalry romances, or of Lord Tennyson's reproductions of some of their incidents in modern form of thought as well as language, how painfully this confusion defaces many of the fairest characters and most interesting tales of chivalry, while the historical records of the times in which those romances were written and read show that the actual state of morals and manners exhibited the like confusions of good and evil, in the ideals as well as in the conduct of life. But, as I have already observed, we see, at least in the romance before us, the good contending with, and mastering the evil, and this not least in the end of the story of the guilty loves of Guenever and Launcelot, the knight whose fame in romance perhaps surpasses that of Amadis, though even mediæval morality was obliged to censure the constancy of Launcelot's love, while it might unhesitatingly extol that of Amadis.

Lord Tennyson has, I may assume, made every one familiar with the retirement of queen Guenever to the nunnery of Almesbury, and with the death of Arthur; and I venture for the completion of this sketch to show, though from the present volume, how the old story which the poet chiefly follows relates the death and draws the character of Launcelot. Launcelot, when he heard of those events, went to Almesbury, and after taking leave of the queen, resolved to follow her example; and became a hermit and penitent, taking up his abode in a forest where was an hermitage and a chapel that stood between two cliffs; and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings. Thus he, and other knights who followed his example, 'endured great penance six years, and then Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood, and a twelvemonth he sang mass.' At the end of that time a vision directed him to take the body of queen Guenever, now dead at Almesbury, and bury her with king Arthur at Glastonbury. Then the story goes on:—'And when she was put in the earth Sir Launcelot swooned and lay long still, while the hermit came out and awaked him, and said, Ye be to blame, for ye displease God

with such manner of sorrow making. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent, for my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her; so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me how by my default, and mine orgule, and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of christian people, wit ye well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to my heart, that all my natural strength failed me, so that I might not sustain myself.' The story goes on to say that there he wasted away, praying night and day at the tomb of the king and queen. He died, and was taken to his own castle of Joyous Gard to be buried. 'And right thus as they were at their service there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had seven year sought all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother Sir Launcelot. And when Sir Ector heard such noise and light in the quire of Joyous Gard he alight, and put his horse from him, and came into the quire, and there he saw men sing and weep. And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother Sir Launcelot dead. And then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage he fell down in a swoon; and when he awaked it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights! And now, I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hands; and thou were the courtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights; and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.'

Let me compare with this Chaucer's description of the knight of his times:—

'A knight there was, and that a worthy[1] man,
That from the timé that he first began
To riden out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honóur, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his lordés war,
And thereto had he ridden, no man farre,
As well in Christendom as in Heatheness,
And ever honoured for his worthiness.
At Alisandre he was when it was won:

[1] Valiant.

Full oftentime he had the board begun
Aboven allé nationS in Prusse[1]:
In Lethowe had he reyséd[2], and in Russe,
No Christian man so oft, of his degree:
In Gernade at the siege eke had he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie:
At Leyés was he, and at Satalie,
When they were won; and in the Greaté Sea
At many a noble army had he be.
At mortal battles had he been fifteen,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listés thriés, and aye slain his foe.
This ilké worthy knight had been also
Sometimé with the lord of Palathie
Against another heathen in Turkey;
And evermore he had a sovereign prise[3],
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no villainy ne said
In all his life unto no manner wight:
He was a very perfect gentle knight.'

In an age when all men, not of the clergy, were divided between the two classes of freemen or gentlemen, and serfs or villains, and the villains were in habits and in human culture little better than the domestic animals of which they shared the labours, the knight almost inevitably belonged to the class of free, or gentle, birth. Still, in theory always, and to a great extent in practice, it was not his birth, but his personal merit, which qualified him for knighthood. The personal merit would oftener exist, and still oftener come to light, where it had the advantages and aids of education and general social culture. But if it was recognised in the villain, or man of no rights of birth, he might be, and often was, knighted, and was thereby immediately enfranchised, and accounted a gentleman, in law no less than in name. Thus Froissart tells us of Sir Robert Sale, the governor of Norwich, that 'he was no gentleman born, but he had the grace to be reputed sage and valiant in arms, and for his valiantness King Edward made him knight.' He was governor during the popular insurrection of which Wat Tyler and Jack Straw were the London leaders; and he was invited to put himself at the head of one of the risings by men who urged upon him—'Sir Robert, ye are a knight and a man greatly beloved in this country, and renowned a valiant man; and though ye be thus, yet we know you well: ye be no gentleman born, but son to a villain, such as we be: therefore come you with us, and be our master, and we shall make you so great a lord that one quarter of England shall be under your obeisance.' He refused, and they killed

[1] Having gone to find adventures in Prussia with the Teutonic knights who carried on war with the still Pagan Lithuania, he had been often placed at the head of the table above the like adventurers from other nations, in compliment to his especial merit.

[2] Ridden in arms.

[3] Praise.

him. The same king also knighted the man-at-arms, son of a tanner, who was afterwards famous as Sir John Hawkwood. And the courtly as well as knightly Chaucer, who must more or less have reflected the feeling of the royal and noble personages among whom he lived, goes farther, and asserts that not only does virtue make the gentleman, but also baseness of mind the villain or churl:—

'But understand in thine intent,
That this is not mine intendement,
To clepen no wight in no age
Only gentle for his lineage;
But whoso that is virtuous,
And in his port nought outrageous,
Though he be not gentle born,
Thou may'st well see this in soth,
That he is gentle because he doth
As longeth to a gentleman;
Of them none other deem I can:
For certainly, withouten drede,
A churl is deemed by his deed,
Of high or low, as you may see,
Or of what kindred that he be.'

Akin to this recognition of gentleness of mind and manners, as that which made a gentleman, was the sense of brotherhood among knights and gentlemen, which led them to trust in each other's honour, even when they were fighting under the banners of hostile kings. The chronicles are full of the instances of such consideration of the English and French knights for each other in the wars between the two nations; and it is not without probability that to these and suchlike manifestations of the spirit of chivalry have been traced the courtesy and humanity which characterise modern warfare in a degree unknown to the ancients.

Much indeed of barbarism and cruelty there was in the usages of war in the best times of chivalry, even of the knights among themselves, and still more when they came, with passions infuriated by resistance, upon the people of lower rank than themselves. Edward III of England, and the knights whom he gathered round him, are held alike by contemporary historians and romance writers, and by those of modern times, to have best exhibited the characteristics of chivalry in its day of greatest refinement as well as splendour; yet no one can read the chronicles of even the admiring Froissart without seeing how much savage passion and cruelty was often mingled with their better dispositions: though we do see also that the cruelty was not because, but in spite of their chivalry. Froissart laments bitterly the iniquity of the massacre by the Black Prince of the people of Limoges, men, women, and children, more than three thousand. And when Edward III, before him, intended, as would seem, to have treated the town of Calais in like manner, not only did the French knights who had offered to surrender declare that they would 'endure as much pain as knights ever did, rather than the poorest lad in the town should have any more evil than the greatest of us all'—showing that they

made no selfish distinction between the noble and the villain—but the English knights, headed by Sir Walter of Manny, that flower of knighthood, protested to the utmost against their king's purpose. And when he had yielded so far to their urgency as to say that he would be content with the lives of the six chief burgesses, Sir Walter of Manny again remonstrated, saying, 'Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage: ye have the name of sovereign noblesse: therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainy [to charge you with conduct unworthy of a knight and gentleman]; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company. Then the king wryed away from him, and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, "They of Calais had caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in likewise."'

It needed a stronger influence than that of Sir Walter of Manny to save their lives: and this brings me to speak of the LADY of the mediæval times; the LADY, who was the counterpart of the KNIGHT, and without whom he could never have existed. Here, indeed, I meet a difficulty which reminds me of what Coleridge says of the female characters of Shakspeare, that their truth to nature, and therefore their beauty, consists in the absence of strongly marked features. It is impossible to read the poems, romances, or chronicles of the mediæval times, without feeling all through how important a part the lady plays everywhere; and yet it is far from easy to draw her from her retirement and bring distinctly before ourselves what she did, and get a picture of her as definite as we can do of the knight. Still I must try to trace the outlines of such a picture of one lady:—Philippa, queen of Edward III, whom Froissart calls 'the most gentle queen, most liberal, and most courteous that ever was queen in her days;' and who was the very type and representative of the lady, in the highest and best sense, in an age in which the ladies—such as the princess Blanche, the good queen Ann, the countess of Salisbury, Jane de Montfort, and the wife of Charles de Blois—were renowned for their gentle or their heroic characters.

When Isabel, queen of Edward II, visited Hainault with her son, afterwards Edward III, we are told that William, earl of Hainault, 'had four fair daughters, Margaret, Philippa, Jane, and Isabel: among whom the young Edward set most his love and company on Philippa; and also the young lady in all honour was more conversant with him than any of her sisters.' Queen Isabel had come to ask for aid against her enemies, and Froissart gives an account of the discussion between the earl and his council, who objected on prudential grounds to interfering with the quarrels of the English, and the earl's brother, Sir John Hainault, who maintained that 'all knights ought to aid to their powers all ladies and damsels chased out of their own countries, being without counsel or comfort.' The earl finally yielded, saying, 'My fair brother, God forbid that your good purpose should be broken or let. Therefore, in the name of God, I give you leave; and kissed him,

straining him by the hand in sign of great love.' The whole passage is too long to quote, but thus much gives a lively picture of the temper of the home and court in which the young Philippa was brought up.

Her marriage with Edward, then only fifteen years old, was agreed on, and sanctioned by the Pope. I am sorry to say that the chronicler gives no account of the lady's bridal outfit[1], except in the general terms, that 'there was devised and purveyed for their apparel, and for all things honourable that belonged to such a lady, who should be queen of England.' They were married, and she arrived in England and was crowned, 'with great justs, tourneys, dancing, carolling, and great feasts, the which endured the space of three weeks.' And then 'this young queen Philippa abode still in England, with small company of any persons of her own country, saving one who was named Walter of Manny, who was her carver, and after did so many great prowesses in divers places, that it were hard to make mention of them.' If we couple this statement, that she retained hardly any of her own people, with that which Froissart makes in reviewing her whole life, that 'she loved always her own nation where she was born,' we have pleasing thoughts suggested of the cheerful acceptance of new duties in a foreign land by the young wife; while, if I had space to describe in detail the noble life of Sir Walter of Manny, the reader would agree with me that his habitual presence in the English court must have done much to make both Edward and the Black Prince, as well as the rest of the princes and nobles, what they were, as knights and gentlemen.

The next glimpse we get of the queen is when she appears, accompanied with three hundred ladies and damsels 'of noble lineage, and apparelled accordingly, at the yearly feast at Windsor, in honour of the order and brotherhood of the Knights of the Blue Garter, there established on St. George's day.' Again, when the king of Scots had advanced to Newcastle, while king Edward lay before Calais, we see the queen arriving to meet the English army, and going from division to division, 'desiring them to do their devoir'—duty was then, as now, the English soldier's word—'to defend the honour of her lord the king of England, and, in the name of God, every man to be of good heart and courage; promising them that to her power she would remember them as well or better as though her lord the king were there personally. Then the queen departed from them, recommending them to God and St. George.' She does not seem, like some of the ladies of that generation, to have considered the field to be her place while the battle was going on; but after it was won she returned, and with her council made all necessary arrangements and plans. Shortly after she joined her husband while he lay before Calais, 'bringing many ladies and damsels with her, as well to accompany her, as to see their husbands, fathers, brethren, and other friends that lay at siege there before Calais, and had done a long time.' And I think we may attribute it as well

[1] It appears from Morte Arthur, p. 474, that London was the proper place to go to, 'to buy all manner of things that longed unto a wedding.'

to the general humanising influence of all those ladies, as to the personal persuasion of Philippa, that Calais did not suffer the same horrors of war as did Limoges at the hands of the Black Prince. To what I have already quoted from Froissart as to this story, I must now add what he tells us of Philippa, after Edward had refused to hear Sir Walter of Manny. 'Then the queen kneeled down, and sore weeping, said, "Ah, gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril, I have desired nothing of you; therefore now I humbly require you, in the honour of the Son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses." The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said, "Ah dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you; wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them."'

And lastly, as a counterpart to the picture I have already given of the death of the knight of romance, here is the account of the death of her who was the lady of the brightest day of historical chivalry:—

'In the mean season there fell in England a heavy case and a common: howbeit it was right piteous for the king, his children, and all his realm; for the good queen of England—that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succoured, and ladies and damosels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goods to her people, and naturally loved always the nation of Haynault, the country where she was born—she fell sick in the castle of Windsor, the which sickness continued on her so long, that there was no remedy but death; and the good lady, when she knew that there was no remedy but death, she desired to speak with the king her husband, and when he was before her, she put out of her bed her right hand, and took the king by his right hand, who was right sorrowful at his heart. Then she said, "Sir, we have in peace, joy, and great prosperity, used all our time together: sir, now I pray you at our departing, that ye will grant me three desires." The king, right sorrowfully weeping, said, "Madam, desire what ye will, I grant it." The three requests of the dying woman were—that the king should pay all that she owed to any man; that he should fulfil all the promises she had made to the churches where she had "had her devotion," and that "it might please him to take none other sepulture, whensoever it should please God to call him out of this transitory life, but beside her in Westminster." The king, all weeping, said, "Madam, I grant all your desire." Then the good lady and queen made on her the sign of the cross, and commended the king her husband to God, and her youngest son Thomas, who was there beside her; and anon after she yielded up the spirit, which I believe surely the holy angels received with great joy up to heaven; for in all her life she did neither in thought nor deed thing to lose her soul, as far as any creature could know. Thus the good queen of England died in the year of our Lord 1369, in the vigil of our Lady, in the midst of August.'

We have all pictured to ourselves, again and again, how the lady sat in her bower with her embroidery and her missal or romance, and saw from her lattice

window her knight going from the castle with lance and pennon, hoping to meet his foe: how the minstrel recited in the castle hall the feats of arms of this or that hero in some distant battle-field; and how the matron or the maiden heard those feats, and thought with silent joy that it was her lord, her husband, or her lover, whose deeds were thus winning the praises of the troubadour, and the applause of the listening knights and squires. We have all seen in imagination the tournament, with the pomp and splendour of its mimic contests: contests which surpassed the Olympic and Corinthian games of classic antiquity, not only in their gorgeous show, but still more in the presence of the ladies, noble in birth, and fame, and beauty; whose scarf, or glove, the combatants wore as the token of that favour which was their highest incentive to distinguish themselves; and from whose hands the conqueror received the prize of skill and bravery: while the honourably vanquished might be sure that he would have the hardly less welcome lot of being cared for by the same ladies, who never shrank from this their acknowledged and well-fulfilled duty of tending the wounded knight.

Perhaps too we have listened in fancy to the proceedings of the so-called Courts of Parliaments of Love, in which the ladies were wont to hear questions of gallantry gravely argued on both sides by poets pleading in verse, and then to give their judgments according to the logical and metaphysical rules which the schoolmen applied to theological enquiries. But I can now but remind my reader that such things were; and must hasten forward, leaving ungathered flowers that would make many a wreath and nosegay.

The golden age of chivalry was the period from about the middle of the eleventh to the end of the fourteenth century. We may say with Gibbon, that the Crusades were at once a cause and an effect of chivalry. In the Crusades the spirit of knighthood, with all its characteristic features, actuated vast bodies of men of every rank and nation, and found a foe believed by all Christendom to be to it what the individual robber and plunderer was to the knight errant who went forth in his own country to defend or rescue the widow and orphan and their possessions, or the traveller along the road which passed the castle of some powerful though unworthy baron. The chivalry at home was kept alive, and raised to its highest energy, both in man and woman, by the chivalry in the Holy Land. It is in this period that the chief institutions of chivalry took their rise, or reached their full form; while their ruder features were gradually softened with the increasing refinement of the times, till they presented that aspect with which we find them in the days of Edward III and the Black Prince, as drawn by Froissart or Chaucer, or in the romances which were then written or remodelled out of older materials, and which show that even in the estimation of other nations the English court then afforded the pattern of knighthood for Christendom.

Thenceforward the outward forms of chivalry began to decay; very gradually indeed, and not without apparent resuscitations from time to time. But no real revival was possible; for the immortal spirit was seeking new habitations for itself,

more fitted to the new world which was succeeding to that of the Middle Ages. And perhaps Cervantes, by helping to tear up with his merciless satire the last remnants of an honest faith in the old forms of chivalry, did as real, though we cannot say as genial, a service to the cause of chivalry itself, as Spenser did in endeavouring to preserve its spirit by transferring it to the region of allegory. The last expiring token of the old spirit in the old forms which I have found, is in the records of the Knights of Malta—the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem—when the news of the great earthquake in Sicily, in 1783, arrived at Malta. Then those poor feeble-minded sybarites remembered for a moment their manhood and their knighthood, and their vows as Hospitallers; they manned their galleys, and, with food and clothing and medicines, and the consolations of their faith, were speedily seen, in their half-military, half-priestly garb—the armour covered by the black robe with the white cross—at the bedsides of the wounded and the dying, as they lay amid the still tottering ruins of their devastated houses. In a very few years, in that same generation, the Order had passed away for ever; but it is pleasant to him who stands in the palace of the Grand Masters among the trophies of their former greatness, or treads the aisles of the cathedral of St. John, where every step is upon the emblazoned gravestone of a knight, to think of this, and not of any less worthy deed, as their last act.

> 'The knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust:
> His soul is with the saints, I trust:'—

but he has left to us an imperishable and a rich inheritance, won for us by him. To him we owe our MANNERS—all that world of existence implied in the names LADY and GENTLEMAN. Through the Middle Ages it was 'Our Lady,' the Virgin mother who embodied and represented to all men and women, from the prince to the peasant, their ideals of womanhood and ladyhood. In modern times St. Paul has been held to be the model of a gentleman; in whose acts and writings are found all the principles, maxims, and spirit of a character entirely chivalrous, in the amplest sense of the term: while one of our old dramatists has ventured, in words of touching tenderness and reverence, to point to a yet higher realisation of that ideal;—

> 'The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.'

And it was the transference of these Christian ethics, into the practice of common daily, worldly life, in rude, half-barbarous times, which we owe to the knights and ladies of the Middle Ages; a transference effected slowly, and with much mixture of evil with the good: nor is the work nearly completed yet; but the worth of it can hardly be overrated.

This is not indeed all, but there is much truth in the old motto, 'Manners makyth man.' Manners, like laws, create a region and atmosphere of virtue within

which all good more easily lives and grows, and evil finds it harder to maintain itself. How large a portion of the small, spontaneous kindnesses of hourly life, in which, after all, so much of our happiness consists, are not only unknown, but impossible, where habitual, unaffected politeness is wanting.

But manners are good, not only as affording a fairer field for the exercise of the higher virtues, but good in themselves. They are a real part of the beauty and grace of our human life. Courtesy, and self-possession, and deference and respect for others; modesty and gentleness towards all men, and recognition in all of the true gold of humanity, whether it bear the guinea stamp or no; love of truth and honour; and not only readiness, but eagerness to help the weak, and defend their cause against the strong; and all these irradiated and glorified, as often as may be, by that sentiment which

> '—— gives to every power a double power,
> Above their functions and their offices;'—

these are the things which make the lady and the gentleman.

And if it should seem as though the chivalry of our own times is reduced to something less noble than that of old, when men risked life, and things dearer than life, in defending the weak and attacking the oppressor in his strongholds—when the hardness of the actual fight against evil-doers was not exaggerated in the romances which pictured the knights contending with dragons and enchanters and giants—we must remember that our nineteenth century world is yet far from cleared of the monstrous powers of evil, which still oppress and devour the weak; and that a battle, not really less resolute, nor, if need be, less desperate, than those of old, is still carried on by those who, under the modest guise of common life, are fighting in the true spirit of chivalry—uniting the most adventurous enthusiasm with the most patient endurance, and both with the gentlest service of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed; and, what is most worthy of admiration, the service of the morally poor, and weak, and oppressed, who, but for such deliverers, must remain in a house of bondage darker than can be built or barred by earthly hands.

But whether we are content with the chivalry of manners, or aspire to a place in the brotherhood of the chivalry of action, our principles, our maxims, and our examples have come down to us as an inheritance from the past:—an inheritance common to all who care to claim it; and won for us by the old knights, fighting in the name of God and of their ladies[1].

[1] For facts my principal authorities—whose words I have frequently availed myself of—are Mills's History of Chivalry, which alone almost exhausts the subject; Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; Godwin's Life of Chaucer; Scott's Essay on Chivalry; Lord Berner's Froissart; and Southey's Introduction to Amadis of Gaul.

INTRODUCTION.

THE origin of the cycle of romances, which have for their subject the adventures of king Arthur and his knights, and which were during many ages so popular throughout nearly all the countries of Europe, appears to be involved in impenetrable mystery, and I will not attempt to discuss it on the present occasion. We first become aquainted with the story which forms the groundwork of them in the pretended History of the Britons, published in the year 1147, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, who acknowledges that his materials came from Britany, which country, therefore, we may perhaps safely regard as the cradle of this branch of mediæval literature. Geoffrey's history was new to everybody in England (and also, as it appears, in Wales); and it excited not only great interest, but apparently great admiration, for it was seized upon by the metrical chroniclers in Anglo-Norman and English, such as Gaimar and Wace, who were contemporary with Geoffrey of Monmouth himself, and a little later the Anglo-Saxon Layamon, who turned it into verse with more or less of variation and amplification. It is quite evident, nevertheless, from a comparison of these versions with the original, that the various writers

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had no knowledge of the romantic stories they tell independent of that original, and that their alterations and amplifications were the mere liberties which they considered themselves authorized as poets to take. Nevertheless, in the course of the second half of the twelfth century the story of king Arthur and his knights took suddenly a great development, and presents us with a multitude of new incidents with which Geoffrey of Monmouth could not have been acquainted. It is impossible now to decide from whence these new incidents were derived, or how much of them were the mere invention of the writers, who seem indeed to have worked into their narrative popular stories then current, and derived from various sources, but which had really no relation to it. I will, therefore, not venture upon any discussion of these questions, but proceed simply to state the known facts of the literary history of the long and curious romance of which an edition is given to the public in the present volumes.

The first of these romances, which composed this new development of the story—for the series of which we are speaking consists of several separate narratives—is that of the St. Graal, the holy vessel or "hanap," which had been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea after the death of the Saviour, and which was pretended to have been brought, after many marvellous adventures, into the isle of Britain. This history has no immediate connection with that of king Arthur, but seems to have been founded on some mysterious religious legend, brought perhaps from the East during the age of the crusades. The next in order of date of these compilations is the history of the prophet and enchanter Merlin, which, composed perhaps partly

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of Breton legends, was certainly built upon the foundation which had been laid by Geoffrey of Monmouth. We have, however, here the events of King Arthur's reign, which had been told briefly by Geoffrey, much amplified, and we are introduced to some of the principal knights of the round table. The third of these romances was that of Lancelot du Lac, which is devoted to the adventures of that hero and to his amours with queen Guenever. This was followed by the Queste du St. Graal, or Search of the St. Graal, which had been already partly related in the romance of Lancelot, and which is now conducted more especially by Perceval, Gawaine, Lancelot, and the son of the latter, Galaad or Galahad, who finally succeeds in achieving the adventure. The fifth and last of these romances was that which was more particularly known as the Mort Artus, or Mort d'Arthure, in which Lancelot's intrigues with the queen and the enmity of Gawaine's brothers lead to the war which ended in king Arthur's death, and which concludes the history of all his adventurous knights.

These five romances are written in prose, in the Anglo-Norman dialect of the French tongue; and there can be no doubt that they were compiled by two writers of the reign of Henry II. of England, one who names himself Robert de Borron, and the other a celebrated writer who lived at that monarch's court, and is known popularly by the name of Walter Mapes, though his name is usually written Map in the manuscripts. The first of these writers claims the Roman du St. Graal and the History of Merlin, while Mapes was the author of Lancelot, the Queste du St. Graal, and the Mort Artus.

Subsequently to the appearance of these romances, two

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new writers of the same stamp came into the field, one of them giving us his name as Lucas de Gast, the other Helie de Borron, said to have been a kinsman of Robert de Borron. The latter appears to have written as late as the reign of Henry III. To these two writers severally we owe the first and second parts of the romance of Tristan, or Tristram, a new hero, unknown to the previous histories of king Arthur and his knights, but who from this time forward assumes a very prominent place among the knights of the round table. For some reason or other—perhaps mere caprice—the two writers of the romance of Tristan take every opportunity of blackening the character of sir Gawaine, who was represented as one of the purest models of knighthood in the previous romances; and it is to them we owe the history of king Pellinore, and of the great feud between his sons and sir Gawaine and his brethren. Helie de Borron also compiled a new and very extensive romance, which, under the title of Gyron le Courtois, commemorated a new series of heroes, including Gyron himself, Meliadus of Léonnois, and several others.

This mass of romance soon became popular, as we may judge from the number of manuscripts which still remain, and it formed a sort of code of knight-errantry which exercised a considerable influence on the feudal spirit and sentiments of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. A crowd of writers in different languages selected particular incidents from these romances, or abridged the whole, and published them in verse and in more popular forms; and this cycle of romance became thus more and more developed, and in these new forms and editions occupied continually a more important place in the literature of the day. In these

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metrical forms, the romances of king Arthur and his knights might be chaunted in the baronial hall or chamber in the same manner as the Chansons de Geste and the other classes of metrical romances. It would hardly be in place here to give any account of the numerous metrical romances and other poems belonging to this cycle which appeared during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. As the feudal manners began to degenerate, and the practice of chaunting the romances was abandoned, the metrical versions, the language of which became sooner obsolete, began also to lose their popularity, and gave way to almost a rage for the romances in prose, which, especially among the great chiefs on the continent, were looked upon with a feeling of reverential respect, as the grand and almost sole repositories of the spirit and principles of feudalism; and this was the state of feeling when the invention of the art of printing came to facilitate the multiplication of copies of books. The French printers of the latter half of the fifteenth century, and of the earlier part of the century following, produced a considerable number of editions, generally in folio, of the long French prose romances relating to the St. Graal, to king Arthur and his knights, and especially to the adventures of sir Tristram, whose story appears to have become permanently the most popular of them all.

Although this cycle of romances had, as we have seen, first made its appearance in England, it seems never to have been so popular here as in France; and it held by no means a prominent place in our literature at the time when so many editions were issuing from the presses of the French printers. A few English metrical romances belonging to this class are found in manuscripts of the fifteenth cen-

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tury, but they are generally unique copies, and I doubt whether they were in any degree of vogue. Even Caxton, who had evidently a taste for French literature, did not think of printing a book on this subject, until he was pressed to do it, as he informs us, by "many noble and dyvers gentylmen of this royame;" and then he seems to have been at a loss to find any book which would suit his purpose, until he was helped out of this difficulty by sir Thomas Malory, who had compiled a book "oute of certeyn bookes of Frensshe, and reduced it into Englysshe." All we seem to know of sir Thomas Malory is, that he tells us himself, at the conclusion of his book, that he was a knight, and that he completed his compilation in the ninth year of the reign of Edward IV., that is, in the course of the year 1469, or early in 1470, or more than fifteen years before Caxton printed it. The statement of some of the old bibliographers that he was a Welshman, is probably a mere supposition founded on the character of his book.

We have no exact information as to the method pursued by Malory in his compilation, or as to the materials he used, although it is clear that a large portion of his book is taken from the great prose romances of Merlin, Lancelot, Tristram, the Queste du St. Graal, and the Mort Artus. He has adopted throughout the unfavourable view of the character of sir Gawaine which appears to have been established in France by the popularity of Tristram, although it was quite contrary to the general tone of the English romances. He has considerably modified some parts of the story in the course of abridgment, and omitted many of the most important and characteristic incidents—in Tristram and Lancelot especially—while he sometimes gives incidents

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which are not found related in the same way elsewhere, and which seem to show that he made use of some materials which are no longer known to exist. Malory takes care to remind us continually that his authorities were in the French language, by his frequent references to the "French book," which references, it may be remarked, are in the greater number of cases omitted in the text from which the present edition is taken.

Caxton tells us that he finished the printing of La Mort Darthur, as he entitles the book, in the abbey of Westminster, on the last day of July, 1485. This book has now become so rare that only one complete copy is known, which was formerly in the Harleian library, and is now in that of the earl of Jersey at Osterley park, Middlesex. An imperfect copy, now in earl Spencer's library, was purchased, as we learn from Lowndes, for the large sum of £320. These, I believe, are the only copies of Caxton's edition known to exist.

Two editions of this work were printed by Caxton's successor in the art of printing, Wynkyn de Worde, one in 1498, the other in 1529. Only one copy of each is at present known to be in existence. Wynkyn de Worde entitled his editions, "The Booke of Kynge Arthur."

William Copland, another well-known early English printer, reprinted this work in 1557, under the title of "The Story of Kynge Arthur, and also of his Knyghtes of the Rounde Table."

This title was also adopted by Thomas East, who printed two editions, one in folio, the other 4to, and both equally without date. It is probable, from the similarity of the title, that East printed from Copland's edition.

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We can trace no other reprint of this work until the year 1634, when the last of the black-letter editions was published in three parts, in 4to, with three separate titles. It is proved, by a considerable omission in this edition, that it was printed from a copy of the folio edition by East, in which a leaf in the third part was wanting.[1]

Malory's history of king Arthur appears not to have been printed again until 1816. In that year two different popular editions appeared, undertaken apparently quite independently and unknowingly of each other. Both were printed in the same size, 24mo, the one in three volumes, the other in two. The edition in three volumes is understood to have been edited by Joseph Haslewood, and is spoken of as an especially "correct reprint" of the edition of 1634. This, however, is so little the case, that in reading it over we are led to conclude that the correcting of the text in this edition was left to the printers themselves. Here and there alterations were made to fit the narrative for the taste or understanding of the ordinary modern reader; yet, though alterations of this kind are often made without much judgment, gross and evident misprints of the edition of 1634 are left uncorrected, and others are added which as evidently arose from the misreading of the old black-letter by the modern compositor. Thus, in the very first chapter, the Lady Igraine is said to be "passing *wife*," instead of "passing *wise*;" in the thirty-ninth chapter of the third part, the blunder of the edition of 1634, in printing *war wost* instead of *warwolf*, is strictly preserved in the edition ascribed to Haslewood.[2] Again, in the hun-

[1] See vol. iii. p. 90, of the present edition.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 270.

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dred and sixty-fifth chapter of the same part, the printer of this modern edition has actually turned the word *Southsexe* (Sussex) into *Southfere*, through a mere mistaking, in the black-letter of the original, of the long *s* for *f*, and of *x* for *r*/[1] The editor of this edition, in an "Advertisement" prefixed to the first volume, complains rather bitterly of the appearance of what he calls the "rival edition," which he seems to treat as though it had been got up in a spirit of opposition to his own.

The edition in two volumes, which appears thus to have come out before Haslewood's, belonged to a series of popular editions known as "Walker's British Classics." The text is quite as little recommendable as that of Haslewood, and the editor, or printer, has taken as great liberties with it in various ways, especially in altering phrases when he did not understand them. Thus, the editor of this edition, not understanding the *war wost* of the text of 1634, boldly changed the whole sentence as follows, "for she made hem well a seven years' *war worse*," which certainly makes a sentence with a meaning, but a meaning that has no relation to the context. This edition gives correctly the words *wise* and *Sussex*, which Haslewood's printer blundered in; but its editor had not discovered the great hiatus in the third part, mentioned above as having risen from the want of a leaf in the copy of East's edition used by the printer of 1634, which was discovered and supplied in the edition ascribed to Haslewood.

Finally, in the year following that of these two editions, in 1817, appeared the well-known 4to edition of the original text of Caxton, which has gained a reputation, as the pub-

[1] See vol. iii. p. 330.

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lishers, no doubt, intended it should, from having the name of Robert Southey attached to it. The text is a mere reprint of Caxton, without any attempt at editing, and was probably left entirely to the care of the printers. It is, therefore, a book useless to the general reader, and is only useful at all because, for reference, it supplies the place of the original, which is inaccessible. The introduction and notes by Southey display the extensive and indiscriminate reading for which the poet was celebrated, but he has done little towards explaining or illustrating his text.

These are all the known editions of the story of king Arthur, as it was given originally to the English reader in the text of sir Thomas Malory and in the types of William Caxton. It is remarkable that the two popular editions published in 1816 have both become rare, and the want of a good edition of this romance has been felt generally. A knowledge of it is, indeed, necessary to enable us to understand the later Middle Ages in one of their important points of view; while it possesses an intrinsic interest, as giving us, in a comprehensive form, a good general sketch of a cycle of romances which through many ages exercised an influence upon literature and art. To meet this want, the present edition has been undertaken. It has been judged advisable to adopt for the text the latest of the old editions, that of 1634; for it is evident that the choice lay between the last and the first, between this we have selected and that of Caxton; as the moment we decided on abandoning Caxton, there was no reason why we should not take that of the reprints which was most readable. This choice was made with the less scruple, as no particular philological value is attached to the language of Caxton's edition, which would

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certainly be repulsive to the modern reader, while all its value as a literary monument is retained in the reprint. On the other hand, the orthography and phraseology of the edition of 1634, with the sprinkling of obsolete words, not sufficiently numerous to be embarrassing, preserves a certain clothing of mediæval character which we think is one of the charms of the book. The edition of 1634 contains the whole text of Malory's work, and presents in general a verbal copy of it. Not unfrequently, however, the words are a little transposed, while some words are here and there added, and others are exchanged, as obsolete, for words that were better understood, with the notion evidently of making the language more correct or more readable. Many of these alterations are probably the mere work of the compositors; but some appear to have been made by design by some better informed person employed to read over the sheets of that or some of the preceding editions.

In the present edition I have carefully collated the text of 1634 with that of Caxton, and given in the notes any variations in the latter which seem to be of importance or to present any particular interest. I have only ventured to alter the later text in cases where there were evident misprints or omissions. The old printers, especially those of the seventeenth century, when left to themselves, were, as it is well known, extremely careless, and the books of that period, if not corrected by the authors, are generally full of printers' errors. These I have carefully corrected from the text of Caxton, and in general, where the blunders are self-evident, I have not thought it necessary to point them out. If I have erred at all in this respect, it has been by over caution, and as I advanced in the book

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I found it necessary to correct the text rather more than in the earlier part. This was the case especially in the third part, or volume, in which the old compositors and readers appear to have been more careless than usual, and which abounds with omissions of words and sometimes of parts of sentences, which entirely destroy the meaning, while words have often been changed negligently from mere similarity of sound, without being at all equivalent. There are, however, in the course of the book, some evident corrections of Caxton's text, which itself contains a few misprints, and some variations which appear to have been introduced designedly in the editions immediately following Caxton's, and to have been preserved in the text adopted for the present edition. With these I have not interfered.

I have thought it advisable in a work like this, where the obsolete words and phrases are after all not very numerous, to explain them in the notes. Every reader has not at hand a dictionary of obsolete English; nor, if he had, is it convenient, in reading a book of this description, to be interrupted at every page or two in order to trace out a word in a dictionary. When the same obsolete word recurs after some interval, I have, for the same reason, not hesitated to repeat the explanation. I have avoided loading the text with illustrative and what may perhaps be termed historical notes, confining myself to what seemed almost necessary to render the perusal of the text easy and agreeable to a modern reader. It would not to be difficult to increase notes and illustrations of this description to an almost indefinite extent.

With these explanations, it is hoped that the present edition of Malory's *Mort d'Arthure* will be a work accept-

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able to the public. It contains, as has been stated before, a good comprehensive condensation of the romantic cycle of king Arthur and his knights, as it first appeared in the great prose compilations of the latter part of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century, and as it remained popular in those same compilations in the fifteenth. Although a similar class of incidents are perhaps too uniformly repeated, yet these romances are full of life and activity, and are often picturesque; while some knowledge of them is absolutely necessary for those who would understand those Middle Ages which have of late years been so much talked of and have excited so much interest. They differ from the Chansons de Geste and the generality of the other mediæval romances in this, that while the former are plain and practical pictures of life in the feudal ages, these embody a sort of mythic code, if I may use such a phrase, of the more elevated principles and spirit of chivalry which the high-minded knight was supposed to labour to imitate. The tone of the morality of this code is certainly not very high; but—it was the morality of feudalism.

14, Sydney Street, Brompton,
May, 1858.

In offering to the public a new edition of these three volumes, I have only to add, that the whole has been carefully revised, that a few errors have been corrected, and that the number of glossarial notes has been somewhat increased, in the hope of making the romance of king Arthur still more acceptable to the general reader.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

October, 1865.

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THE CAMELOT SERIES.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS book of King Arthur and his noble Knights of the Round Table, that sets out adventurously in modern guise to-day, has capital claim to be made herald of the great company of prose-writers. This, not so much for its own inherent quality, unique as that is, as for its bearing on the splendid aftergrowth of letters, and its touch of an event which, though compassed bloodlessly amid the rumours and fierce presence of war, was really revolutionary. It was the revolution of Caxton—so peacefully begun in the silence of Westminster; and yet so tremendous, as we see it now. And Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte D' Arthur* was one of the books most directly called into being by Caxton's introduction of printing in the Fifteenth Century.

It is natural to dwell on this link of the literary evolution first; the whole question of the popular approach to letters naturally makes us inclined to think with great interest on Caxton's deliverance. If we pursue this thought now, however, let us not forget the more inward side of things, and the place of the *Morte D' Arthur* on that side. For the inward significance of the book is not slight, and examining it more closely we shall find how typical it is

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in both matter and method, and how suggestive. Especially we at this time ought to be interested in it, for this prose outcome of the fascinating Middle Age sentiment has direct bearing on the order of prose-writing tyrannically most in vogue with us,—Tale-telling! Across the naive pretence of the word HISTORY printed on its title-page we find *Romance* seductively scribbled, as it were; and indeed no more tempting by-way into English prose literature could well be found for the uninitiated than this first of all favourite English romances. Putting off until later the full considering of the book, however, let us first of all invoke the shade of Caxton,—great forefather of this and all other new editions intended for a Nineteenth Century audience, and try and touch the printing-press afresh with the memory of its picturesque beginning.

It was in the year 1485—four centuries ago exactly—that Caxton imprinted at Westminster the first edition of the *Morte D'Arthur*, eight or ten years later than the first book produced by him. This sounds a commonplace now, with printing one of the commonest of all commonplaces; but it was different then. The successful starting of his press by Caxton in the Almonry at Westminster, "a little enclosure containing a chapel and almshouses, swept away since Caxton's time by later buildings, near the west front of the church,"* may be said to have caused a sensation. The audience was still small then, but it was fast growing. The monopoly of letters by the monastic coteries was at an end, and the intellectual appetite of the wider throng of men had been already sharpened in many ways. To this it was the printing-press was directly due, for the demand for books pressed hard upon the slow processes of the scribes and copyists, though these processes had been developed considerably by trade-guilds, such as the Brothers of the Pen at Brussels; and upon the stimulus thus given the genius of Faust and Gutenberg found issue in the printing-press. One can imagine the excitement that the new art aroused in London, when Caxton returned there with it. One sees the stream of students and society

* Green's *Short History of the English People*, p. 239.

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dilletanti, fair ladies and fine gentlemen—princes, duchesses, priests, merchants—flocking to the Almonry with their patronage and suggestions for new books. And Caxton was equal to the hour: with the love and enthusiasm of a student he had, too, the tact of his trade. Here is his advertisement:—"If it please any man, spiritual or temporal, to buy any pyes of two or three commemorations of Salisbury all emprinted after the form of the present letter, which be well and truly correct, let him come to Westminster, into the Almonry at the red pale, and he shall have them good chepe." The picture this calls up is full of charm. Ladies of quaint costume and bright face, gentlemen of degree, dark-cowled monks, are among the customers there, carrying away with them rare burdens, books of poetry and romance and ritual, one of which would mark a red-letter day for the book-hunter now. "The Almonry—at the red pale!"—a strange and quiet birth-place surely for the violent steam-dragons of modern letters.

It is a far cry from Caxton to the literary activity of today; the recall of four centuries is difficult. But consider for a moment what an immense deliverance was here—what a liberation of forces! Here was another of the mighty strokes with which the human spirit struck its way out of the old imprisonment of time and space, during the Fifteenth Century—a century so barren in many ways as it seems at a first glance. Not long before, Constantinople had fallen to the Turks, and the wealth of Greek culture held for long within its walls was scattered through Europe, the first disciple of the famed Chalcondylas reaching Oxford shortly after Caxton began printing. The effect of this Greek renascence was masterful in the extreme; the name of Erasmus alone will attest it. The recovery of the perfect culture of that mighty Hellenic world had inestimable influence on the intellectual life of the time. But following this adventure into the past were others more tremendous into the future. At the end of the century came the valiant leap into space of Columbus, and then, even more mighty, that of Copernicus. The old narrow walls of the

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world fell asunder, and the imagination had a new horizon, vastly extended, opened to it, lit with the radiance of an enchanted promise. It was the first faint dawning of the superb Elizabethan day, when men's souls ran riot at the very access of a sunshine which we with our modern critical discernment of the nice negatives of shadow find so intolerably brilliant and positive.

Thinking of the sudden spiritual escape that these three names betoken, chiefly effected by scientific enlargement of ways and means, it is not extravagant to find in this century a period rather remarkably complementary to that. The obscure little black-letter imp that Caxton unfolded from his cloak has grown out of all knowledge—a very devil in power of mischief, if a ministering angel in power of good. The newspaper is in every obscurest corner of the empire, and it is conceivable that before the present rage for having everything done by law has quieted, the Government may be asked to nationalise the news of the day, and provide each man as his natural right with a morning paper. And with this new provision, such as it is, for the mind, the power to assimilate has increased. Education has gone out; the people have beyond all recall power of knowledge in their hands; and the aspects of a high spiritual destiny may at any time now find the eyes of the vast multitude of men opened to see and look powerfully forward at their high incitement. This as it may, the recent signs of the times proclaim beyond all question a liberation of forces that connects itself suggestively with that of the Fifteenth Century. *The Democracy!*—this is the shape that stands ominously at the gates of Academe, demanding irregular entrance. Well may those to whom the old traditions are sacred tremble somewhat at what to them seems a threatened desecration of the beloved groves! Voices of solemn warning from within have not ceased sounding in our ears, indeed, since Mr. Matthew Arnold uttered years ago his first eloquent protest.

There is a great deal, no doubt, to be said on both sides. The average man, let it be confessed, has rather a suspicion of academic rules and regulations. The vocabularies and the

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precious distinctions,—what have they to do with him? He reads for the sake of life, and not for the sake of letters. Does it bring solace and courage; does it give stimulus and enlargement to the every-day life; is the pulse that beats for laughter and tears throbbing behind its pages; is it alive, potent, contemporary? These the questions he unconsciously puts to a book, and unless the answer is ready, he will have none of it. And the questions are altogether sane and reasonable. On the other hand, it is pointed out that this verdict is often too hasty, and that a great deal of highest import for every-day life cannot be seized by the impatient hands of men itching for the quick returns of the market-place. There is truth in both sides; and after this it must concern more and more those to whom culture is not a mere luxury for a small coterie of the elect, how best to make the popular approach to the nobler books ready and sure. Here there is the high justification of those who, having watched that reckless pioneer, the newspaper, sally out, wish that the nobler presence of prose should follow.

It is the spirit that imports, the letter is secondary. But the spirit must be naturally embodied in its art-form, in the letter, to really gain the ear of the world. Only by long considering of this art-form by men of genius has our prose utterance become what it now is, and to-day, with the facile opportunities of journalism inviting everyone to speech in print, how greatly important that we should seek earnestly to set a standard of excellence really high in this utterance. For it is not being fantastic altogether to reflect that as the first speech of the lips, so the second speech of the pen may in time become a fluent universal faculty. There will always be, let us hope, the artists of special gift to strike the higher note, but one can conceive a current style—simple, adequate, direct—common to all; capable of expressing with free and manly sincerity the natural relationships of life and thought. Were such a current style the usual acquirement, taught in the schools, of every citizen, it is largely in the matrix of this present half-century that it would most likely be formed. An even

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wilder flight into the future the imagination takes, indeed, and dreams of still greater destinies, when all languages have become one living whole, and prose and poetry are immortally married, and music is divinely articulate, in the great confederacy of tongues.

The spirit first,—the prime motive impetus,—we ask. And as its test, to save all falseness, let us seek earnestly the literary excellence, asking higher and higher perfection. It is not needed for this test to frame final theories; the final theory of prose indeed is a matter that the good-natured scribbler who would possess his days in peace had better not meddle with. Fortunately for those who have not academic authority to back them, the spiritual test will be found as a rule to connote the literary one. There have been writers who have written excellently about nothing, but they are the rare exceptions; the supreme reach of utterance has been that of the greatest souls. Mere literary quality will not avail for ever. It is the human presence behind the voice, the reliance upon a vision that has fathomed life, and its humours and sorrows, and its greatly celestial import. And what a saving it is, to escape the need of all the thousand classic vocables and categories, and make the simple human heart the test. Only, though exact critical arrangement of the head be done without, the head itself, the intellectually disciplined sense of truth and beauty, which any shepherd on his hillside, or any toiler in the crowd, can attain, is despised at the reader's fatallest peril.

Before attempting therefore to sketch roughly the growth of English prose, let us call up the echoes of two great voices, where the presence behind is indisputable,—pleas separately for the life-inspiration behind the literary, and for the natural direction of art. The first is, as most will at once recognise, from Milton.

> "And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem . . . ."

There is only one name that naturally appears with

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Milton's in the first rank and order, and though it is not as a prose-writer that he whom a recent journalist with a fine faculty for evasion termed "the talented author of 'Hamlet,'" is generally referred to, the excellence of his prose utterance is not likely to be called in question. And the passage, which is of course from "Hamlet," applies suggestively, with a little variation, to the art of prose as well as to the art of acting:—

> "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end doth at the first and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

With these notes of two supreme artists in our ears, giving us a sort of talisman to try the spirit and letter of our prose-writers, we can safely essay the journey of English prose through history.

The story of our prose is indeed most picturesque, full of folk-interest and local colour, as well as of wider historical suggestion. To read it aright we must go back farther even than the monk at his manuscript desk,—to the first life-springs of action, to the battle-field and the castle hall and the cottage hearth, where, on the very edge of adventure, men felt the stirring of that mental appetite which made them call for tale and song. A tale and a song!—there is the beginning: the epic and the lyric instincts lie at the very root of literature, and with them is interwoven the graver one of awe finding voice in prayer. In very subtle ways these first instincts have influenced prose and verse, and the special use of both. Thinking of this special use, and of the qualities and functions which are severally allotted to each, it is a simple and safe way out of a very complicate difficulty to remember that *prose* is primarily the written equivalent of ordinary speech in all its range and variety; *verse*,—not to confine poetry to metrical utterance only,—of song. This is the fundamental distinction, which, simple as it seems, is often overlooked in the

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academic deliverances upon the subject. The great virtue of prose is that, like pure speech, it can rise from easiest colloquy to highest eloquence. Beyond this it may not go; for then succeeds song, whose only limitation is one of the music in words. The measure of prose-style is its adequacy to the infinite variety of thought within the written range of speech: there seems no inherent restriction beyond this. The degrees of the approach of speech to song, so inappreciably fine, set one wondering how far a style nobly conjoining the attributes of both can be attained. But this is venturing on dangerous ground, set with many traps for the unwary.

It is ten centuries and more we must turn back for the actual birth of English prose. As Mr. Stopford Brooke has pointed out in his invaluable *English Literature Primer*, it begins with Bæda, the Venerable Bede, who, after writing many important Latin works, gave his last energies to a *Translation of the Gospel of St. John*. "In the story of his death told by his disciple Cuthbert is the first record of English prose-writing. When the last day came the dying man called his scholars to him that he might dictate more of his translation. 'There is still a chapter wanting,' said the scribe, 'and it is hard for thee to question thyself longer.' 'It is easily done,' said Bæda, 'take thy pen and write quickly.' Through the day they wrote, and when evening fell, 'There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master,' said the youth. 'Write it quickly,' said the master.' 'It is finished now.' 'Thou sayest truth,' was the reply, 'all is finished now;' whereupon he sang the 'Glory to God,' and died. It is to that scene that English prose looks back as its sacred source, as it is in the greatness and variety of Bæda's Latin work that English literature strikes its key-note." The Latin foster-parentage of Bæda's English suggests at once the way in which our language in its growth has been shaped and modified by foreign influence. Like the English people themselves, their prose and poetry are compounded in a very extraordinary way of world-wide elements.

* *Eng. Lit. Primer*, by Stopford Brooke, M.A., p. 19.

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To Bæda, the Venerable Bede, succeeds the great name of King Alfred, whose really kingly care and enthusiasm for the cause of the English tongue, proved not only by his own literary work of writing and translating, but by his schools for its propagation, give him the right to be called "The Father of English Prose." From the reign of Alfred let us take a passage to show what English was in its Anglo-Saxon guise about A.D. 890. For the sake of easy comparison, let it be the famous first clause of the Lord's Prayer:—

> "Fæder ure thu the eart in heofenum. Si thin nama gehalgod, to-be-come thin rice. Geweorhte thin willa on eorthan, swa swa on heofenum."

The great storehouse of old English prose is the English Chronicle, which continues from Alfred to Stephen. "The narrative of Alfred's wars with the Danes, written, it is likely, by himself at the end of his reign, enables us to estimate the great weight Alfred himself had in literature." * After Alfred there was a lapse again, but under Athelred and the Danish kings a revival is proved by the growing volume of the English Chronicle, which ends abruptly at last by the death of Stephen, and with it old English prose. For now followed the Norman invasion, threatening greatly the safety of the language, but after a struggle, often desperate enough as it seemed, the English prevailed, having gained in subtle ways by the adventure. This conflict with foreign influence is repeated with varying circumstance over and over, but all the while the youngest of the languages kept waxing greater and stronger, drawing new qualities from almost every other language in turn. The Normans brought in Romance afresh, and an added zest for tales of all kinds. The epic instinct moved letters more and more, the Welsh, always masters of romance and song, influencing English literature in a roundabout way through the French. Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote in Latin, too, twelve books of a romance-history of Britain, collated chiefly from Welsh sources, and these twelve books,

* *Eng. Lit. Primer*, by Stopford Brooke, M.A., p. 21.

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transmuted and graced by French translation, found their way back into English verse in Layamon's *Brut*. This roundabout process is typical of many other romances in vogue about this time,—from some of which, indeed, by curious evolution, this very book of King Arthur and his Knights is derived. Besides the Arthurian romance as then known, other important romance-cycles were *Charlegmagne*, the *Life of Alexander*, and the *Siege of Troy;* and many more followed as the demand grew.

The second line of development was through religion, and as the romance-cycles culminate in Chaucer and Malory, so the religious element in Langland and Wiclif. The Mendicant Friars had helped to accomplish two things; they had brought about a religious revival, and at the same time mixing with the poorer classes of English speech, had done much to reconcile the conflict between French and English,—the aristocratic and the democratic elements of speech. But presently waxing rich and indolent the religious impulse they had themselves given returned upon their own heads, and with the religious revival that ensued was interwoven a democratic movement of rebellion against oppression of the people by the nobles. It was indeed amid great misery that the English language passed that part of its youth which lies in the Fourteenth Century; and from great misery it learnt new words and new emphasis of bitterness and pain. The Black Death—ominous name!—was in the land, and to the superstitious seeing of the people a great tempest in 1362 gave an added awful significance. In the sorrow and great trouble of their lives men turned eagerly to religion. The best picture of this time is not in prose, but verse; the *Vision of Piers the Plowman* is the monument of the dark interest of these days. But while every one was reading the *Vision*, Wiclif was working at his *Translation of the Bible*, and in his battle with Holy Church sending out tracts and sermons written in stirring popular language, which, with his Bible *Translation*, had great effect upon the popular approach to letters. As we have before taken a short passage from Alfred's time, let us take one from Wiclif—

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five hundred years later, be it remembered. The finest examples of Wiclif's English are in his *Translation of the Bible*, and seeing how unspeakably important in our literature is its influence, let us take a line or two from his version of *The Magnificat*:—

> "He hath made myght in his arm, he scatteride proude men with the thoughte of his herte.
>
> "He sette down mighty men fro seete, and enhaunside meke men. He hath fulfilled hungry men with goodis, and he has left rich men void."

The master influence in literature during the Fourteenth Century is of course Chaucer, and though his prose work is small in quantity, it is, like that of all our other great poets, remarkable in its own way. Let us take, therefore, a single example in a short passage from *The Persones Tale*, which ingenious piece of moralising, though probably a free translation from some Latin religious treatise, has yet enough of Chaucer's native quality to make this a warrantable quotation :—

> "Owre swete Lord God of heven, that no man wil perische, but wol that we comen alle to the knowleche of him, and to the blisful life that is perdurable, ammonestith us by the prophet Jeremye, that saith in this wise :—Stondeth upon thi weyes, and seeth and axeth of olde pathes, that is to sayn, of old sentence, which is the good way, and walketh in that way, and ye schul fynde refresshyng for youre soules."

Over and above the Chaucerian grace, which in this passage makes what is really the opening of a long sermon like the breath of a spring wind, there is in the *Persones Tale* an easy power of utterance which is notable at his time. For, as Mr. George Saintsbury has pointed out in the Introduction to his recent *Anthology of English Prose*, it was not until the Elizabethan era that anything like an adequate art of prose-writing was attained.

In Sir Thomas Malory—to whom we must leap now, the literary path being more familiarly known after Chaucer—the want of the more perfect art is not felt so much, the same demand not arising in narrative prose. At the same time one cannot read far in the *Morte D' Arthur*

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without feeling the inadequacy of the modes of expression; awkward confusions and repetitions abound. Happily Malory does not attempt anything in the way of rhetorical demonstrations; he is so simple and natural that the faults themselves have often a certain archaic effect, not unpleasing. The virtues of his style are on the other hand unique in their way, and despite their French derivation in part, merit a better tribute than critics have as a rule paid to them; in one popular and generally admirable account of English literature, indeed, he is scarcely so much as named. Remembering that the *Morte D' Arthur* was largely a translation and a collect from foreign sources, after all deductions are made, there is much with which Malory must be credited that is of the highest importance in prose. He had the literary instinct and genius without a doubt. It is partly for this very reason of its foreign derivation, moreover, that his work is so significant. In no sense of the word absolutely original, translated from sources in probably three different tongues, medley of history and myth, tradition and true report, as it is; the book is eminently typical of English prose generally, with its foreign foster-parentage and its constant foreign modification. The French influence is of course especially dominant in the book, in detail as well as in general treatment. The very idiom of the quaint old romances that Malory drew upon is copied and repeated, often indeed with charming effect. Some of the passages one could not imagine altered in any way so as to be improved. Here, for instance, is one touched with the simplest pathos, describing King Arthur's sorrowful reproach to the Knights on their leaving the court at Camelot on the Quest of the Holy Grail:—

> "And therewith the tears fell into his eyes, and he said, 'Sir Gawaine, Sir Gawaine, ye have set me in great sorrow, for I have great doubt that my true fellowship shall never meet more here again.' 'Ah,' said Sir Launcelot, 'comfort yourself, for it shall be unto us as a great honour, and much more than if we died in other places, for of death we be sure.'"

Such passages abound, but as we have to return to the book later it is best perhaps to resist the temptation to go on

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quoting now. Of course we do not look to it for many qualities which perfect prose must have, but in its own way, succeeding simply and naturally in that way, the *Morte D' Arthur* is admirable. In the history of prose it is most valuable indeed, as showing the attainment of a taking manner of tale-telling, which has greatly influenced later romancists, not to mention the poets who have been captivated by it.

We are upon more familiar ground in the Fifteenth Century, and it is unnecessary in journeying on to note more than the chief landmarks by the way. Remembering the leading names accordingly, and associating them with all that they suggest, we need only stop at Sir Thomas More before advancing to Tyndale and the red-letter event which is his in English literature. More was really a man of genius, of true literary love and enthusiasm, as interesting in his writings as in his life, and in many ways he links suggestively the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Holbein's picture of the circle in the famous house at Chelsea which gives one more association to that renowned old village-suburb by the Thames, carries the imagination actively into the haunted past of More's brilliant and tragic career; and the literary product of that career has no common interest for us. More's style is notable in that it was the style of a writer who wrote first of all and of choice in Latin, turning to English for the sake of reaching the wider audience. His English prose is nervous and wonderfully capable, considering the period at which he wrote. We give a passage describing the character of Richard III., from his history of Edward V. and Richard's usurpation. It will be remembered that Shakespeare followed in his play of "Richard III." More's account:—

"With large gifts he gat him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pil and spoil in other places and get him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret; a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart: outwardly coumpinable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; dispitious and cruel, not for evil will alway, but oftener for ambition, and either for the surety and increase of his estate."

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This will suffice. More's *Utopia* was of course written in Latin, and therefore does not bear directly on English prose. In Tyndale we reach now an important landmark. Tyndale was an ardent believer in the English language and its future, and his "*Translation of the New Testament*, 1525, fixed," says Mr. Stopford Brooke, "our standard English once for all, and brought it finally into every English home." His version of the Bible throughout, eked out as it was in part from Coverdale's translation, is very much the same as we have in universal use now. "It was this Bible," continues Mr. Brooke, "which, revised by Coverdale, and edited and re-edited as *Cromwell's Bible*, 1539, and again as *Cranmer's Bible*, 1540, was set up in every parish church in England. It got north into Scotland, and made the Lowland English more like the London English. It passed over to the Protestant settlements in Ireland. After its revisal in 1611, it went with the Puritan Fathers to New England, and fixed the standard of English in America. Eighty millions of people now speak the English of Tyndale's Bible, and there is no book which has had so great an influence on the style of English Literature and the standard of English Prose."* In certain orders of prose indeed there is nothing to equal the superb fitness of words and the natural music of some passages in the Old and New Testaments. Turn to almost any of the Books of the Old Testament, to the Gospels and Epistles, and there is truly a wealth of strength and sweetness of utterance that can never fail to splendidly stimulate and refresh our literary processes. For all to whom the virtue of words well used is inestimable, for all who find a mental thrill in the fitness of a great passage, what stimulus, what unspeakable refreshment there is in these fluid, rhythmic sentences. We can open almost anywhere. Here is a passage from *Ecclesiastes*, noble in its thought, hauntingly musical in its expression, and it is but one amid a hundred others:—

"Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because

* *Eng. Lit. Primer*, p. 59.

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man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Turn but a page, and in the *Canticles* we light upon a passage which has been chosen by such a purist in prose style as Mr. George Saintsbury, as a perfect example of prose-rhythm, and which therefore we may admire without critical misgiving:—

"Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be contemned."

It would be gratuitous to quote further from sources so returned to,—returned to, indeed, until there is a danger of the noblest storehouse of English prose becoming so ordinary a resort as to lose the full influence of its supreme virtue. One cannot well lay too much stress on the unceasing influence the Bible has had upon the language, unconsciously influencing as it has been, constantly for the last three hundred years, the everyday ways and means of expression.

Following the conflicting impulses of the New Learning, as it has been called,—the recovery, that is, of the immense literary stimulus of Greek culture, in the Fifteenth Century, and of the Reformation, whose expression is, on its best side, the Translation of the Bible, and the English Prayer Book, 1549-52—the throng of great writers makes it impossible to do more than outline the general line of advance, and state one or two of the foremost names. We are on the verge of the Elizabethan era, where the store of riches is so embarrassing that one might go on quoting for page after page endlessly, in the vain attempt to analyse and compare the hundred varying influences. But the quality and the characteristics of Elizabethan prose are very much those on the whole of Elizabethan verse,

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which every one has, or pretends to have, an understanding of. The same tremendous impulse, the same heat and power, the same intense fusion of thought in passionate words: these we have in the prose too. Its virtue was its energy and imaginative movement; its lack was a lack of that intelligent ease which, while preserving the dignity and earnestness of subject, is able to pass in turn to all sides of the question. So we have an eloquence and an abounding energy which are astonishing; but we have not the variety and grace of transition that the prose equal to the whole range of expression must possess. Some passages in the Elizabethan prose are as great as, or greater than, any that have since been written, with as fine a sense of proportion, as perfect a balance of the sentence; but the art is not sustained, is not capable of a continued, lengthy flight of perfect utterance. Remembering this, we can choose noble passages in abundance. Passing by Latimer, who has much that is very tempting, here is one from Sir Walter Raleigh, the ending of his *History of the World*, of which Taine, in his *English Literature*, says:—"The courtier Raleigh, whilst writing of the fall of empires, and how the barbarous nations had destroyed this grand and magnificent Roman Empire, ended his book with the ideas and tone of a Bossuet":—

> "O eloquent, just, and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*"

Many others nearly contemporary with Raleigh we must pass over, but some note must be made on John Lyly, whose *Euphues* set a fashion in prose, as in the society talk of the time, which was cleverly caricatured by Shakespeare in the conceits of Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost.* Elizabeth herself encouraged the affectation, and for a time it was all the fashion in court,—a fashion whose influence may be estimated from such phrases of word-play as "If

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she had no sight in descant, desire her to chant it." Lyly's *Euphues*, however, proves a certain artistic devotion to the methods of style which tended greatly to the perfecting of our prose. A tendency to-day, occasionally remarked upon, to a sort of Euphuism in prose and verse gives Lyly an added interest for us moreover. In Sir Philip Sidney we have another of those who have fascinated the popular mind and a much greater writer, who is notable as showing the development of prose in the advance from his Euphuistic *Arcadia* to the noble *Apologie for Poetrie*, from which let us quote this delightful plea for "our Poet the Monarch":—

> "He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness: but he cometh to you with words sent in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well inchaunting skill of Musicke; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."

We find the same poetic impulse underlying the Elizabethan prose without. Turn later to Bacon even: his method in the Essays is one of poetic illustration rather than of abstract analysis. As an example of the concrete symbolism with which he expounded his subject there, take this sentence:—

> "Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed."

The well-known charm of Bacon's *Essays*, in their fulness and fine wisdom, influencing so much all later essayists, and the greatness in matter and form of his *Advancement of Learning*, we can only so far refer to here. And if before Bacon there are many writers whom we must unwillingly pass over, after him how many more? Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy;* Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici;* Fuller, "quaint and delightful," from whom one wishes to quote if only for his influence on Charles Lamb; Lord Herbert; Clarendon; Jeremy Taylor, whose works, "especially literary, weighty with argument," says

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Mr. Stopford Brooke, "are even more read for their sweet and deep devotion, for their rapid, impassioned, and convoluted eloquence." Here is a wealth of choice indeed. One writer, less important in many ways than some we have just mentioned, requires a special note because of his bearing on nature-study in our literature. This is Izaak Walton, whose *Complete Angler* has become the typical book of the citizen's escape to the country, in its simple out-of-door pleasantness and unaffected love of Nature. And this serves to remind us how the love of Nature has affected English literature throughout, how from the first the breath of spring, the welcome gleam of the sun, the shade of trees, the coming of storm, the green pastures and still waters of England have moved those who have interpreted life for us. The feeling for Nature, indeed, has been a dominant influence in our literature throughout, and in its increasing sympathy and truth of description, as shown in White's *Selborne* and in the modern books of nature that derive from White and Walton, throws important light on the development of our prose and verse expression of life generally.

Before turning to Milton, who, following the Elizabethans proper, has much of their characteristic quality and defect in his prose, we must not in our literary quest forget the life-influences of the period in which he had his being. We have traversed so hastily the ground between the date of Tyndale's *Translation of the Bible* and Milton, noticing merely the greater landmarks, that we have overlooked somewhat the signs of human struggle by the way. For conceive the tremendous march of history in this time! Think of the Reformation, the spiritual stimulus to men who up till then had been mainly animal in life; the quickening of the general heart of man, and with the heart, the head! No wonder that the leaders of the time forged new intellectual weapons, and in the violent energies of religion made words newly responsive to and provocative of Thought. Latinists as these writers and preachers were, their sympathies moved

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always necessarily towards the people; and thus they paved the way to a better adapting of the modes of utterance to the real needs of the human spirit. A wider escape followed the purely theological one. We have but to turn to such a book as Green's *Short History of the English People*, and read the headings of the sections into which his chapter on the Reformation is divided, to feel at once what a time it was for the people. THE PROTESTANTS; THE MARTYRS; ELIZABETH; MARY STUART; THE ARMADA; THE ELIZABETHAN POETS: what a spectacle this connotes! What a drama for the eyes of the multitude, stirring men to apprehend life vividly anew. What an unspeakable widening of the imagination of the people! And then the Puritan epoch, with its moral effort, with its noble spiritual devotion, and its ignoble spiritual selfishness, tragically leading up to the royal scaffold at Whitehall. A drama indeed,—of vast movement!

The grand expression of the heart of this period is of course Shakespeare. The Elizabethan Drama reflects it marvellously, in all its colour and form, in its vast adventure and discovery, in all its exuberance and thriftless splendour. No one can indeed at all understand English prose who does not know intimately the dramatic outcome of this time. All that feeling the way to touch and quicken the human spirit through an art which in any degree made use of words is of the highest importance in the literary advance into Nature and Thought. To all this human comedy and tragedy succeeds well the trumpet challenge and appeal of Milton, behind which one feels an heroic majesty of presence, but not the sweet humanity of the Boar's Head Tavern and the Forest of Arden. The dramatic modes of utterance at this time were necessarily rhythmic beyond the reach of prose, and one feels on turning to Milton that the bearing of verse upon prose was for him imperfectly adjusted. How far his Puritan environment and temper affected this, remembering how great was his artistic sense, we cannot actually determine. But we take Milton as type of the period, and we feel that there is still a great advance to be made in the capable use of words

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for the hundred purposes of life. Milton's prose is indeed magnificent at its best, great, august; but it is disproportionate, incontinent, without the adequate ease and variety of utterance which the perfect prose-writer must possess. Take that familiar passage from the *Areopagitica*, beginning "Lords and Commons of England!" What a roll of music; the organ tones are unmistakably there. But read on, and you feel that he is obliged to keep up the *fortissimo* of expression; he has not that grace of transition that it was left to lesser men to discover. But Milton's grandeur and sonorous eloquence have an influence greater than we can estimate. There is something that greatly haunts the ear and the mind in his majestic paragraphs—

> "Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the human capacity can soar to. . . ."

Enough; there is no need to complete the passage. One hears the music go rolling on, and realises what power the musician has. The lesser writer who was to bring ease and variety to complete the art of prose was not far behind. Dryden was over forty at Milton's death in 1674; it was Dryden who brought balance and sense of form to chasten the Titanic vehemence of Milton's method. Taine, who is peculiarly qualified to deal with a writer like Dryden, says of him:—"He naturally attains a definite prose style; his ideas are unfolded with breadth and clearness; his style is well moulded, exact and simple, free from the affectations and the ornaments with which Pope afterwards burdened his own; his expression is, like that of Corneille, ample and periodic, by virtue simply of the internal argument which unfolds and sustains it." Of course, to judge of the qualities of his prose, and the varied adequacy of his method, one must read him in full, but a sentence or two will show his natural ease of expression:—

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> "Thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject, to run them into verses, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me."

After Dryden there is no need to go on particularising. The literary production that follows we are all well familiar with. It is enough to remember generally the influence of the master prose-writers of Pope's time,—Swift, Defoe, Steele, Addison, Berkeley, great respectively in political and social satire, in fiction, in the essay, and in philosophy. Defoe, over and above his immortal distinction as the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, is remarkable as the first pronounced type of journalist. "His *Review*, published twice a-week for a year, was wholly written by himself; but he founded, conducted, and wrote for a host of other newspapers, and filled them with every subject of the day." It is a hundred and fifty years and more now since Defoe was born, and we look back with curious interest to his initiative in journalism, wondering how far it was due to this that his simple appeal as a story-teller to the people was so marvellously successful. Steele and Addison it would be almost an impertinence to comment upon at length, but too much stress can hardly be laid upon the supreme excellence of their style, and their inestimable influence upon the popular mind. Never, indeed, was more clearly shown the great virtue of a real response in letters to life. We find printed in the *Spectator*, indeed, "the whole age of Queen Anne—the political and literary disputes, the fine gentlemen and ladies, the characters of men, the humours of society, the new book, the new play; we live in the very streets and drawing-rooms of Old London." Here again is a large fund of journalistic suggestion, and those who wish to reconcile journalism with literary excellence cannot find a better example than the *Spectator*.

Mr. George Saintsbury, in his recent anthology of the English prose-writers, has pointed out that the Eighteenth Century was reactionary to some extent, against the plain directness and vernacular energy of the writers from Dryden

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to Swift. The Latinist influence in its more ponderous forms was recalled by Dr. Johnson and Gibbon. But at the same time the popular sense of Fielding and his fellows in the novel, and the development as a popular literary influence of the newspaper, acted as an alterative to these powerful academic draughts. Oliver Goldsmith, with his exquisite sympathy, and his natural writing, is a very salutary influence by the side of Johnson's laborious intellectuality. Set Goldsmith on the one side, with his simplicity and tenderness and idyllic imagination, and Gibbon, with his historical magnificence and creative power, on the other, and you have in these the extreme literary types on either hand of the period. The spirit of this time is preserved with extraordinary vividness in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, a book which will be read perhaps after the last of Johnson's own writings, and which artlessly sets a perfect example in the art of biography. On the whole there can be no doubt of the great advance in strength and variety in the use of prose during the Eighteenth Century,—an advance more definitely marked than that perhaps of our own. If, however, it is true, as Mr Saintsbury has told us, that the formative period of English prose ended then, the student who does not possess any final and exact theory of prose-style will be liable to imagine that he still sees signs of development in plenty. He reads Charles Lamb, and De Quincey, and Landor, and many later writers—not finding everything they do original, but feeling that there is in them at any rate an immense further increase in the range and scope of prose.

To take only one of these, Charles Lamb, he alone has had remarkable effect upon the writing of the present day, to the end of a capable ease of expression, rising to dignity, lightly touched with humour, admirably varied in its wit and wisdom. Deriving as he does from Elizabethan sources largely, from such choice old spirits as Fuller, he has a modern touch quite his own, and his sweetness and coy, kindly wit must have greatly helped to give human quality to the right British narrowness and arrogance that have so threatened us, before and after that good old typical

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thunderer, Dr. Johnson. Turning from Elia to the utterly different production of Sir Walter Scott again, and considering his immeasurable influence upon the processes of the novel, which forms the most remarkable literary force of our time, we may well feel that the future of English prose must be vast. And with De Quincey and Carlyle and Macaulay—not to speak of such later writers as Mr. Ruskin and Cardinal Newman—powerfully bearing upon literary methods, we may well look sanguinely forward. Not accepting all or any of these as immaculate, discriminating always in our liking for what is best in them, and taking for ensample only what is best, we feel that they mark among them a great advance, and that, apart from the mannerism and slovenliness of many contemporary writers, this advance bids fair to be nobly maintained and improved upon.

It is only a very superficial view that we have been able to take, necessarily, of the growth of English prose. But such as it is, it will help us to relate the present to the past, and the many parts to the great whole of literature. We have seen at any rate how the order of the language has been evoked out of a chaos of diverse elements—how it has grown, struggling always with foreign invasion, losing and gaining in turn, but always gaining in the end. This struggle contributed incalculably, we feel, to the quality and energy of the language; and though it can never have quite the same struggle to go through again, we see how in Carlyle an importation of German, and in more recent writers of French idiom, is having great effect in subtle ways upon power and freedom of expression. With every age, no doubt, new influences will produce new qualities; the strong point of our English tongue is in fact its readiness to assimilate the best from every side. And there are still, one feels, noble qualities to be attained by indefatigable quest in the old empires and the old languages of the world. A little must be taken from every language, to fit for its great future this language of ours, which seems potentially the universal one.

We have in the foregoing sketch of our prose-writers kept

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too much to the merely literary standpoint, neglecting rather the active social significance of the different periods. But it will fall to those who take special charge of the several authors in the edition called Camelot to show the full import its volumes have for us. Here it chiefly remains to apply in a general way the gathered suggestion of the past to the contemporary popular need of books, and so to relate it to the present scheme. Lightly as we have gone over the field, it is clear that there are many books of surpassing interest which are hidden away from the everyday reader, but which, by being brought again to light by sympathetic hands, having the right word spoken to put them in touch with the time, can hardly fail to gain new popular vogue. The same holds with many foreign authors, old and new, whom translation would bring familiarly home to us all. By combining these less-known books with others which are already popularly accepted, but which some suggestive word of introduction, showing clearly their contemporary bearing, would do much haply to make more potent in our midst, it may be that we shall be able to help a little in making the higher literature really responsive to everyday life and its needs. As if from the viewless walls of antique Camelot, we call the voices which can affect our lives so greatly to ends of wisdom and happiness.

This first voice, this romance of King Arthur and his Knights, may fairly serve as a test for those to follow. For although the *Morte D' Arthur* has had a certain vogue in time past, it has been found rather diffuse and incoherent as a rule, perhaps, by the modern reader who has turned to it. The present version therefore, revised and divided so as to give it greater coherency and make the leading lines of the romance clearer, may well serve as a test of the acceptance of old books in a new guise. We have dwelt incidentally already on the place of Sir Thomas Malory among our prose-writers, but we must consider the *Morte D' Arthur* apart from pure literature merely if we wish to get at its full significance. The book's history is so remarkable as to seem itself like a romance. The curious parallels in some of its leading

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incidents with the ancient myths of the Eastern world suggest its genesis in the minds of the remote forefathers of the Welsh who invaded Britain centuries back. Dating back in an indistinguishable degree as far as the Sanskrit *Mahabharata* and other remote records, the story of King Arthur, the Prince who, fatefully environed, sinned his way as it were into heroism and kingdom, won shame and highest honour, and became the romance-type in his weakness and strength of all humanity, has never ceased to fascinate the story-tellers and the people. Its trace is continual in other languages, but especially in our own its history is interwoven, appearing and reappearing, as it does, in a hundred guises, altered in art-form as the literary custom of the day demanded, so that it serves in fact as a sort of touchstone of the different periods. In each version it was modified and added to, and the letter in especial violently revised; but in spite of a hundred re-shapings, the spirit of the book remains virtually the same. The first advent of the story in Britain was probably in the shape of a Welsh bardic epic, sung to a primitive harp in the castle halls and on the battle-fields of old Wales; its first literary appearance was in Geoffrey of Monmouth's romance-history in Latin prose, completed in 1147. These legends of Geoffrey's were translated into French verse, and, coloured and graced by the art of the Norman trouveurs, found their way back again to form one of the great cycles of romance in vogue in the Thirteenth Century. It was then that Walter Map too invented and added, with the insight of true genius, the story of the *Quest of the Grail.* Thus spiritualised, it again passed into France, and was further touched and adorned with French poetry, being told and re-told with all the imaginative feeling of which the French romancists of the day were capable. From these French versions it was that Sir Thomas Malory collated his *Morte D' Arthur.* Since Caxton first issued Malory's English transcript, we know how the book has enthralled the popular heart. Milton, we know, hesitated for long whether he should not make it his life work, instead of the *Paradise Lost.* Its spirit lives in Spenser's *Faery Queen.* Even the

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Eighteenth Century felt its fascination, and attempted to adapt it to itself, with what unsuccess need hardly be said. The Nineteenth has been more successful, and it is indeed remarkable how the Arthurian and allied romances have affected modern art of all kinds, not only in England, but elsewhere. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* naturally occur first to us, and in these poems, nobly perfect in themselves, we see at once an ominous sign of the times in that what has been called our English prose epic should lose its high epic proportion, and its fateful coherency, in the daintier loveliness of an idyllic presentment. Poets of later schools have drawn largely too upon these chivalric romances. Matthew Arnold, William Morris, A. C. Swinburne, and others have touched on one or another of them, and their mediæval romance-spirit has influenced painting still more, as the work of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, Millais, and others bears splendid witness. In music and the lyric drama, Wagner stands eminently forward as its exponent. The great trilogy of *Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde,* and *Parsifal* form indeed by far the most illustrious commentary on the spiritually drawn chivalry of the *Holy Grail* and the mystic walls of Monsalvat that has appeared since the first inception of the legends. All this reflection in modern art is most suggestive. It shows in these times of realism, healthy and morbid, how the artistic spirit inevitably repairs to the Ideal, and tries in this case to solve the problems of Nineteenth Century life by a reference to the romance problems of timeless Camelot.

The book is a romance rather than a history, we have said, but to most of us this is no reproach. Some historians have indeed doubted altogether the existence of King Arthur, but such a doubt to your true reader will always be blasphemous. There may be a want of direct evidence concerning him, but if any distrust the history let them take the book and go to Queen-Camel in Somersetshire, where the legends of the ancient Camelot still remain; or to Carlisle, or Caerleon-upon-Usk, or Bamborough, supposed to be Sir Launcelot's famous castle of Joyous Gard, or best of all, perhaps, to the haunted land of Merlin in South

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Wales. There, in the spirit of old romance, go to Merlin's Hill—Mynydd Merlin—where the great prince of magicians is supposed to lie buried, and then striking off from the green pastoral vale of Towey, climb the steep to Cerrig Cennen Castle, within whose lonely walls that were a hopeless sceptic who dared to doubt that King Arthur or some of his knights had listened there to the mysterious tones of Merlin, or the wailing music of minstrel's harp or autumn wind. Cerrig Cennen, with many other spots where the old-time sentiment still lingers, is indeed better than any commentary the libraries can offer on the *Morte D' Arthur.* With its wild surroundings, the Black Mountains, where flows out of the rock the haunted river Loughor, and the mystic tarns, the Llyn yy Fan, lie hid, the castle on its wild steep is eloquent of romance and chivalrous emprise, and it is easy, as the cloud shadows go sweeping by, to imagine the knights of old galloping with hot speed along the mountain sides below.

If the exact letter of the book be doubted, its spirit is happily secure in our hearts for ever. The biography of the material King Arthur will never be catalogued possibly, but the ideal Arthur lives and reigns securely beyond time and space, in that kingdom of old romance of which Camelot is the capital. In Malory's account he is not immaculate; he errs and sins and suffers, is defeated and shamed often, and for that reason appeals more closely to the human heart. And so with all his knights, except Sir Galahad, whose honour was without reproach or stain. It is the flower of chivalry which King Arthur typifies, grown in the garden of romance, full of poetic and spiritual symbolism, which charms us to-day, a flower of incomparable setting. The beauty of this setting, so simple, so effective, with all its crudity, is really beyond analysis. How, for instance, this presentment of Merlin in one of his many disguises, pictures him as he came one wild February day to King Arthur at the Castle of Bedegraine, in the forest of Sherwood:—

> "And Merlin was so disguised that King Arthur knew him not, for he was all furred in black sheepskins, and a great pair of boots,

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with a bow and arrows, in a russet gown, and brought wild geese in his hand, and it was on the morrow after Candlemas Day, but King Arthur knew him not."

There is wonderful picturesqueness and colour in Malory's descriptions, and the feeling for the environment of the untiring action of the book is of the highest order of romance. What could be more effective than the episode of the Brachet and the White Hart in the Book of Queen Guenever, or of the Fair Maid of Astolat, so exquisitely reset by Tennyson, or of the Vision of Sir Launcelot in the book we have named after him? The account of Sir Launcelot's death in the last chapters of the last book is full of sorrowful beauty, and contains too the most remarkable prose passage in the *Morte D' Arthur*, that eloquent moral appeal beginning—"Oh, ye mighty and pompous lords!" There is an heroic elevatedness about the last book—the Book of the Morte D' Arthur—throughout, that specially marks it. Malory's practice in the earlier books seemed to have taught him a greater mastery of the means at his command. But in truth, wherever we turn, memorable passages occur tempting us to quote. Here, almost at random, is one from the Book of Balin le Savage, touched with most pathetic grace,—a passage once heard never to be forgotten:—

"Then he looked by him, and was ware of a damsel that came riding as fast as her horse might gallop upon a fair palfrey. And when she espied that Sir Launceor was slain, then she made sorrow out of measure, and said "O Balin! two bodies hast thou slain and one heart, and two hearts in one body, and two souls thou hast lost." And therewith she took the sword from her love that lay dead, and as she took it she fell to the ground in a swoon."

Out of that swoon the damsel only comes to kill herself with her lover's sword, and her fatal fidelity is characteristic of the tragic consistency of the *Morte D' Arthur* episodes throughout.

The whole story of the Quest of the Holy Grail, again, is full of beauty, with its spiritual significance and mysticism woven most imaginatively into the main woof of the book. Walter

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Map, when he added this, giving coherency to the diffuse insertion of the various romances, showed true poetic perception. Before it was a mere testament of chivalry,—a chivalry of animal heat and energy; but now upon the knights fell the strange allurement of the Holy Ghost, and following its mystic impulse, they set forth on their new quest with passionate heroism and devotion. Sir Galahad naturally recurs in Tennyson's haunting rhymes as we think of the Sancgreal, which the poet has elsewhere touched on suggestively in his *Idylls*:—

"Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark:
I leap on board; no helmsman steers,
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded-feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail!
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory glides,
And star-like mingles with the stars."

Altogether the romance may be trusted to charm us to-day as it charmed its readers in Caxton's first edition. Its spirit of adventure, the spiritualised reflex of an age of animal energy, is a salutary one to move in our too reflective, critical modern order of literature. There is nothing of the latter-day morbid sentimentalism in it; throughout it is as fresh and breezy as the first west wind of spring. As a romance it is mainly significant; it bears especially upon the processes of tale-telling, and touches the root of the vexed question of romance and realism which is so exercising the present writers of fiction. From a purely literary point of view, it is in this respect that it chiefly commands attention; there is a potent fund of suggestion for the tale-teller in its simple methods and effects. Idealistic and realistic presentment; place and folk interest; dramatic movement: there is curious lore to be learnt in these things from the book.

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As collated by Malory, the epic interest of the *Morte D'Arthur* was not kept very strictly in mind, and a certain diffuseness and repetition resulted which have done much to deter the general reader from it. Malory's *Book* really resolves itself into three great divisions: first, the history of King Arthur proper; second, the romances of Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram de Lyoness, which, chronicling the feats of arms of these two, the most famous of all the knights, become really the story of the long duel in knighthood and chivalry betwixt them; and third, the Quest of the Grail. In the present version it has been thought well to omit the second of these two divisions, which it is proposed to afterwards issue as a volume by itself, complementary to this of King Arthur and the Quest of the Grail. By this alteration the fateful epic consistency of the book is, it is believed, enhanced, and the tragic movement of the story on through the mysteries of the Holy Grail to the death of Arthur by the hands of Mordred is thrown into clearer outline. What other alterations it has been thought wise to make are explained in the notes at the end of the book, in which will be found, too, other information throwing light upon the present edition.

It is with the idea of making this romance of the age of chivalry more easily available to the modern reader that the present edition has been prepared; and as this book in *Romance*, so it is desired that the volumes of the series named after it shall throughout be representative of the leading sections of prose literature. The idea is not so much to give exact texts for students—there is already admirable provision for this—but to supply books which will meet the larger human need, and thus continue the great work that Caxton began four centuries ago. In their editing and preparation, therefore, which will be entrusted to writers who bring sympathy and enthusiasm as well as intelligence to the work, that only will be said and done which is necessary to make their appeal to the reader contemporary and modernly suggestive for the everyday life. Books for street and field it is hoped to make them, —books which may serve as comrades in the world,

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speaking greatly for truth and beauty and a natural life, and showing in all the celestial meaning. Not so much for the sake of letters as for the sake of life, then, let us read in their pages, in the spirit of these words of Caxton in the Prologue to the *Morte D' Arthur*, which may be applied in one way or another to the volumes called Camelot throughout:—"For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in, but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty."

EDITOR.

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"LE MORTE DARTHUR."

BY ANDREW LANG, M.A.

THE learning about Malory has been so fully dealt with in this edition by an expert, that the comments of one who merely reads Malory for enjoyment may be confined to the enjoyable elements in his work. His, as Mr. Furnivall remarks, "is a most pleasant jumble and summary of the legends about Arthur." The knight was no great clerk in Celtic mythology, and perhaps no very discriminate judge of what was best to choose, what best to omit, in his "French books." He was content to tell of "noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalry. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin." These are the elements of our life, these are the *farrago libelli* which Ascham should not have reproached for containing mere "bold bawdry and open manslaughter." In the very first page we meet Igerne, "a passing good woman," who "would not consent unto the king," though hers, after all, was Alcmena's fate. Malory is throughout strong on the side of goodness. The Laureate talks of his book as "touched with the adulterous finger" of the time of Edward IV. But assuredly, if we compare the popular romance of that day with the popular romances of any other, we might consider that a golden age which found its favourite reading, and its ideals of conduct, in the "Morte d'Arthur." Men and women will be

men and women; but here, even if the passion be sinful, it is still passion, ardent, constant, and loyal to the grave.

There is no more strange fortune in literature than that which blended wild Celtic myths, and a monastic theory of the saintly life, with all of chivalrous adventure, with all of courtesy and gentleness, that the Middle Ages could conceive, and handed it on to be the delight of the changing ages.

In this respect, in the mingling of remote, scarce decipherable legends with a high theory of human life, in the choice of what was feasible in Celtic legends, in its transmutation into the universally appropriate and excellent, the work of Malory may be compared to the Homeric epics. Both have their distant undiscoverable sources in the high far-off lands of a society to which we can never return. Both gain a mystery and a magic from early imaginings, both have been touched with the colour of many ages, both have the noble melancholy of great deeds done and great enterprises attempted, to end as all human endeavour ends, leaving only a song or a story in the ears of men yet to be born. Studying Malory and Homer together, we are struck by the resemblances and differences of life and of its ideals; we are impressed by the changes that Christianity and the temper of the North have brought into what may be styled the heroic and aristocratic theory of existence, of duty, of enjoyment.

The epic and the romance both start from the conception of the marvellous, the supernatural, but how strangely that conception varies in each under the influence of the new, the Christian, and the Northern ideas. The old capricious Gods have departed, of course, and made way for a deity of mercy and justice. But magic is as powerful in Malory as in Homer. Merlin does such a craft that Pellinore saw not Arthur, as Apollo lightly hides Agenor or Aeneas in a mist. In Nimue, one of the ladies of the lake, we have Malory's Circe, whose wiles are too cunning even for his Odysseus, Merlin. The wide world to the knights, as to the adventurous Ithacan, is an unsubstantial fairy place, and Malory's castles are as enchanted as the isles of the unsailed Homeric seas. The vividness of Malory's pictures

has that element of surprise which waits for us as we go up to Circe's house, through the oak coppice and the wild wood. The knight rides over a bridge that is old and feeble, and, coming into a great hall, sees lying a dead knight that was a seemly man, and a brachet licks his wounds, and there comes a lady weeping. Across the moors, and through the darkness of the forests, Arthur rides after the mysterious Morgan le Fay, who shapes herself, by enchantment, into a great marble stone. But in Malory the adventures lead to no end till the Graal has to be won; the knights ride forth for the mere pleasure of the unknown, for the mere interest of what may befall them. One sleeps below an apple-tree, and lo! there come four Queens, and look on his face, and know that it is Lancelot, and contend for his love. Then Morgan le Fay carries him to the enchanted Castle Chariot, and they lay him "in a chamber cold," and tell him that, though no lady can have his love but one, and that Queen Guinevere, "now thou shalt lose her for ever, and she thee, and therefore thee behoveth to choose now one of us four." The knight is more loyal to his love than Odysseus to his wedded wife: "lever had I die in this prison with worship, than to have one of you to my love, maugre my head. . . . . And as to Queen Guinevere, she is the truest lady unto her lord living." But all these adventures among chapels perilous, and valleys where stand pavilions of red sandal, are, unlike the Homeric adventures, without an end or aim. The slight unity that we find in the earlier parts, before the Graal becomes an aim and end, before the love of Lancelot brings a doom on all, is in the character and position of Arthur. Like the sleepless Agamemnon, he might complain of the great charge laid on his life; like Charlemagne in the "Chanson de Roland," he might cry,

> "Deus! si peneuse est ma vie!"

Different as are their ideas of love, and of pure fidelity and constancy unshaken in a man, Homer and Malory draw near each other in their pictures of their great ladies and lovers, Helen and Guinevere. Ruinous they both are, but each might say to her singer and her

romancer, in the words of Helen to the dead Hector, "Never yet heard I evil or despiteful word from thee." Both romance and epic are chivalrous here; neither Homer nor Malory preaches nor rebukes, like the Arthur of the "Idylls of the King." But different are the repentances of the fateful ladies, the sorrows of the North and South. "At the last," says Helen, "I groaned for my blindness that Aphrodite gave me, when she led me to Troy from mine own country, forsaking my child and my bridal chamber, and my lord, that lacked not aught, either of wisdom or beauty." In heroic Greece, the shame is over and past; in Elysium, in the Avalon of Argos, Helen and Menelaus are destined to endless joy. But the spirit of Christianity and of the North, that gave us the passion of Brynhild, demand from Guinevere another penance. "She let make herself a nun, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry, but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed." In that last meeting of Lancelot and Guinevere, when she might have gone with him to her own Elysium of Joyous Garde, she cries, "As well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee; for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed." So she parts from "the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman;" "then he sickened more and more and dwined and died away; . . . . sometime he slumbered a broken sleep, and ever he was lying grovelling on the tomb of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere."

Helen and Guinevere are both children of the old world of dreams; both born in the land of myth, each is a daughter of Gods, or a daughter of the moon, as the old story fabled of Helen, or "the white ghost," as Guinevere's name is interpreted; they are not born of men nor of mortal seed: they are as the vision of Beauty on earth among the passions of men. But between the years that sang of Helen and the years that told of Guinevere what a change has come, and how readily the Greek wins to her rest in her home by Eurotas, and how hardly does Guinevere attain to hers. Guinevere is never in later time

to be worshipped and sainted, like Helen, for her very beauty's sake. "Une immense espérance a traversée la terre," a hope that brings with it pain and sorrow, and an array of new passions and desires that never vexed or rejoiced the older faith, the older time. In all this conclusion of the faithful and disloyal love,

"Whose honour rooted in dishonour stood,"

Malory has penned the great and chief romance of his own age and of ours, the story that must endure and must move the *lacrymae rerum* till man's nature is altered again. Homer knows wedded love, which no man has praised with nobler words than he puts in the lips of Nausicaa; and he knows light loves of chiefs and captives. But that great charm of a love which is constant as it is sinful, of Lancelot and of Guinevere, does not come into his ken, nor can we fancy him alluring and saddening us with the passion of Clytaemnestra and Aegisthus, "with sheer doom before their eyes," the doom that they drew on them "beyond what was ordained." Nor does Homer know, or care to dwell on, a hopeless passion like the mortal love of Elaine for Lancelot. We may see one touch of such an affection in the words of Nausicaa when she bids Odysseus a last farewell, a passage the more deeply moving for its reticence. But of Nausicaa we learn no more; tradition even is not busy with her; while the last voyage of the Maid of Astolat is an enduring possession of romance. And yet more remote from Homer, of course, is the chastity of the Sangraal legend. Mr. Rhys has very ingeniously tried to account for the purity of Galahad and Percival, as if it were the inheritance from solar heroes, who had been of much prowess before the age of the passions began. But we may far more plausibly attribute the purity of Galahad to monastic influence in part, and in part to the Germanic chastity of which Tacitus tells, arising from a lofty respect for women. We may contrast it with those views of Thetis, so frankly heathen, which disconcert Mr. Gladstone in the "Iliad." Malory's ideal in this matter was probably very far from being attained by his readers, yet it remains an attractive picture of a manly purity associated with strength and courage.

Among the many differences of temper which distinguish this great romance of the Middle Ages from the great epics of prehistoric Hellas, perhaps the strongest is to be found in the various theories of courage. In Homer, courage is a very varying quality. When Hector challenges the Achaean princes, dismay and silence fall on them. No man is eager to volunteer. In battle even Achilles (perhaps in an interpolated passage) is adread. Agamemnon is eternally despondent and anxious for flight. Only Odysseus, when cut off by a crowd of Trojans, dares to stand his ground, unaided and alone. "For I know that they are cowards, who flee the fight, but whosoever is a hero in war, him it mainly behoves to stand stubbornly, whether he be smitten, or whether he smite." Even Hector, in his last stand at the Scaean gate, deliberates about making shameful terms with Achilles, though Asteropaeus has just set him the example of a gallant and glorious death. Neither Greek nor Trojan fights a losing battle well; and when Homer makes Hector actually run for his life, he gives us a scene which no romancer nor saga-man dared to write about a hero. Other is the temper of Lancelot in the Queen's chamber, naked and unarmed, and beset by overwhelming numbers: "Wit you well, Madam, I shall sell my life as dear as I may:—And now I had liever than to be lord of all Christendom that I had sure armour upon me, that men might speak of my deeds or ever I were slain."

We cannot doubt that Homer sang to men who shared his theory of courage—who, like him, believed that the bravest had their fighting days, as Paris says of himself, and their days when fighting was not dear to them. All this is doubtless true enough to human nature. But not to believe it, not to acknowledge it, to resist and defy the whispers of fear, is true to the Northern nature, and this creed has given us many an unsung Thermopylæ.

The Celtic legends, passed through the French mind, and rendered in Malory's English, have, what Homer lacks, the charm of mystery and distance, the background of the unknown. In Homer all is beheld in the clearest and most delicate air; about Merlin and

Morgan le Fay, and the ladies of the lake, and the strange swords and cups, there is a mist of enchantment. They are relics of an older world, not understood even by the narrators. It is, probably, not the Celtic, but the mediæval fancy which introduces another element of the romancer, much suppressed in Homer—that of broad conventional humour. The epics know of no such warrior as Dinadan among their many types of character. He satisfies the rude mediæval taste in jokes; he preserves the romances from becoming too sentimental. He sets a dish of fish before "the haut prince" because the haut prince "had a custom he loved no fish." So comic is this excellent Dinadan that Lancelot "may not sit in his saddle when that spear hitteth him," that spear with which the humorous knight smote his friends in the ribs. "Then laughed the queen and the haut prince that they might not sit at their table," so "tickle of thes ear" are those beings, children of the mist and of the night as they are.

Thus Malory's book is a very complete and composite picture of a strangely inherited ideal; it is, indeed, "a jumble," but, of all jumbles, the most poetic and the most pathetic. Structureless as it seems, patchwork as it is, the "Morte d'Arthur" ends as nobly as the "Iliad," deserving the praise which Shelley gives to Homer, and dying away in "the high and solemn close of the whole bloody tale in tenderness and inexpiable sorrow." It is well called "La Morte d'Arthur," for the ending atones for all, wins forgiveness for all, and, like the death of Roland, is more triumphant than a victory. Like the three damoysels, Malory is skilled "to teach men unto strange adventures," to instruct in all courage, chastity, endurance, and true love, nor can we estimate what his influence must have been in training the fathers of Elizabeth's Englishmen. Thus it has somehow befallen that the Arthurian legends, in their third descent, are infinitely more dear and familiar to Englishmen and English boys than the original French romances are to the French, or to any foreign people who borrowed them from the French. In France, the romances are the special possession of scholars only; in England, Malory's "Morte" is a

favourite in most school-rooms, and has been the inspiration of our greatest poet since our great poetic age. It is characteristic of our mixed race that we have nothing at all like an ancient Germanic epic in our popular and living literature. "Beowulf" is far too remote from us in every way; we are not fortunate enough to possess anything corresponding to the "Song of Roland." We owe our national romance first to the Celts, then to the French; but the form and, to a great extent, the spirit are English, are Malory's.

The style of Malory is, of course, based on the fresh and simple manner of his French originals. For an English style of his age, it is particularly fluent. Periods of considerable length and intricacy, especially in speeches, do not give him any trouble. As examples, we might take the dialogue (book xx. chapter iii.) of Lancelot and the Queen when he is surprised in her chamber. The daring, chivalry, and self-restraint of the knight are here admirably and suitably expressed. Perhaps it is just because he does follow a French copy, and so is familiar with words derived from the Latin, that Malory possesses his fluency and facility. The constant advice to use only "Anglo-Saxon" in modern composition is erroneous, and is ungrateful to those great makers of our language, the writers from Spenser to Shakspere. Malory is, of course, much less Latinised than they; such a phrase as

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine"

cannot be expected from him. But he is almost as remote from the "Wardour Street English" which stands in a false following of the Icelandic. If we take his famous chapter on true love and the month of May, we see how much his language owes to the Latin, or to the Latin through the French (book xviii. chapter xxv.). Here we have such Latinised words as "flourisheth," "constrain," "divers causes," "gentleness," "service," "negligence," "deface," "stability," "virtuous," "endure," "accord," and so forth, all in half a page. The language has slipped away from its monosyllables, and is becoming more rapid and more fluent. Here, too, Malory offers examples of a trait common in him—the sudden change to the second person, as if in

livelier and more actual address: "There never was worshipful man or worshipful woman but they loved one better than another, and worship in arms may never be foiled, but first reserve the honour to God, and secondly the quarrel must come of thy lady. . . . . Therefore all ye that be lovers call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guinevere, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end." In ordinary spelling, the words all remain good current English. Almost the only obsolete word in the chapter is "lycours." Even when the carter "drove on a great wallop" Malory needs no glossary. His language always explains itself; for example, in the picturesque expression, "I sawe no thynge but the waters wappe and waves wanne." Malory's chief mark of childlike simplicity is in his conjunctions; his narrative is stitched with "so's" and "and's," though this is, of course, less marked in his dialogue and in his reflective passages. The childlike character becomes almost Republican in such a passage as this: "he landed wyth seven kynges, and the nombre was hydous to beholde." On the whole, it may be said of the narrative manner that it is well fitted to the wandering tale; just old enough and quaint enough to allure, and to mark the age, without disturbing or delaying even the youngest reader of the noble and joyous history. Readers enough Malory has, and is likely to have, more probably than any other ancient English author, more even than Chaucer, whose language and prosody offer more difficulty, and who has the perennial disadvantage of writing in verse. Maundeville, probably, can never be popular, in spite of his entertaining matter. Ascham only attracts scholars and the curious. But the manner and matter of Malory make him the most generally known of all old authors, except, of course, the translators of the Bible.

The name of Arthur has been unfortunate when borne by English princes, and the fame of Arthur has not always been happy in the hands of Malory's successors. Many have been moved to write an Arthuriad, but a kind of blight always fell on their intentions. Spenser's is but an Arthur of allegory and fantasy, not a living

character in real romance. Milton never carried out his long-cherished design, nor did Dryden "raise the Table Round again." In Malory's narrative, poets have felt that more was meant than met the ear. The myths of one age naturally become the symbols of the next, and Arthur's wars, passing from myth into romance, and touched by religion, were especially destined to end in the symbolical. This their third stage has, of necessity, the least tangible motive. As the Laureate declares, his "Idylls" are:

> "New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul,
> Rather than that grey King, whose name, a ghost
> Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain-peak,
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
> Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
> Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
> That hover'd between war and wantonness,
> And crownings and dethronings."

This is a hard judgment on Malory's book, in which the evil is not triumphant, nor sympathetic beyond the true bounds of human sympathy. It is not so much the fault of the Laureate's genius, as of literary necessity, that the "Idylls" are almost too obviously allegoric. The Arthurian traditions remain purely romantic in his early "Lady of Shalott," and in that sweet vernal piece, "a fragment," "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere."

> "Then, in the boyhood of the year,
> Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
> Rode thro' the coverts of the deer
> With blissful treble ringing clear,
> She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:
> A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
> Buckled with golden clasps before;
> A light-green tuft of plumes she bore,
> Closed in a golden ring."

This and the magical "Lady of Shalott" are indeed poems of "the boyhood of the year," unclouded by inevitable, but not wholly appropriate reflection. The "Idylls," on the other side, have a purpose, a purpose which the ancient romance unavoidably suggests, but which is not of a piece with the legend. New wine is put into old bottles.

It may be doubted whether a poet is well advised when he deliberately treats the theme of another age in the spirit of to-day. Even in the first noble fragment of 1842, "The Morte d'Arthur," the strain of thought and speech are modern. King Arthur is, indeed, what the poet dreams that he is to be, "a modern gentleman of stateliest port." Admirable as his words are for wisdom and music, and imperishable in our memories, the voice is not the voice of the Arthur whom we knew. The knight has become a type; a type he remains, through the cycle of the "Idylls of the King." It is not our Arthur who preaches to the repentant Guinevere: the King has become the Conscience. All this, we may say, was not to be avoided. We can scarcely take an old theme of the dead world, and tell the story again in verse, without bringing, in one way or other, the new kind of thought. The new kind of expression, his own, the noble sort of conceits in which he is an inimitable master, also mark the Laureate's "Idylls." Says Arthur:

> "O ye stars that shudder over me,
> O earth that soundest hollow under me,
> Vext with waste dreams!"

This is remote from the tone of the romance we know and love; beautiful in itself as it is, we cannot but feel that it is as inconsistent as the wisdom and mildness of the Greek in Mr. Bridges's "Achilles in Scyros." Or is this feeling only part of our haunting archæological pedantry, which, content with the heroes in the garb of their day, is vexed to find them familiar with our own more involved speech, and more involved thought? Every reader must judge for himself. Poetry is always turning back on her only valuable material, that which she does not and cannot make, that which was bequeathed to her in the youth of our race, when man wandered in worlds not realised, and explained them by his fancies. In spite of the cry for poetry of our own day and our own life, great poets have all turned to tradition for their materials. They may use tradition in two ways —frankly appropriating it, never dreaming that its people were in any way other than those they know; or clearly knowing the difference,

and making the ancient persons mere *personae,* masks through which the new voice is uttered. The first method is that of Homer, of Chaucer, and, to a great extent, of Shakspere. Homer's men, Chaucer's men, when Chaucer deals with the remote past, are frankly Homeric and Chaucerian. The tragedians, on the other hand, place the ideas and the problems of Athenian thought in the mouths of mythic heroes and heroines, Agamemnon and Alcestis, Helen, Clytaemnestra, and Odysseus. But the tragedians themselves are so remote that only fanatical adorers of Homer are conscious of any travesty, and that travesty they can pardon. So, too, in Shakspere, Hamlet is no heroic Dane, but a man born after the Renaissance and Reformation. This use of far older legends and persons by the great poets of the past is so masterful, so imaginative, that it conquers us, and subdues us to belief. In the "Idylls of the King" we believe less, either that the sentiments are too peculiarly modern, or that the dramatic force is less vigorous, or that the veil of long familiarity is absent. They remain a wonderfully wrought series of pictures, gorgeous as the Gate of Camelot with its mystic sculptures, visionary and magnificent and unreal:

> "New things and old co-twisted."

The age has seen many other Arthurian revivals. Mr. Morris has given us the "Defence of Guinevere," his most imaginative work, but this, too, has a fantasy, an "intensity" that is alien to the leisurely romance. It is pictorial in another way, full of the colour of the fourteenth century. Like Guinevere—

> "We gaze upon the arras giddily,
> Where the wind set the silken kings asway."

Mr. Swinburne's poem of "Tristram of Lyoness" merely showed that, among Mr. Swinburne's many gifts the gift of narrative is not one. The story was clogged and covered out of sight by the heavy splendour of the style. Events and characters were lost in vast digressions of description. In Mr. Arnold's brief poem of the death of Tristram the passage which haunts us is all his own, owes nothing to Malory

or the French books, the beautiful passage on the children of Iseult:

> "But they sleep in sheltered rest
> Like helpless birds in the warm nest
> On the castle's southern side, ..."

Thus the cycle of Arthur has not failed to enrich our modern poetry, nor our poetry to enrich it; but a new epic it has not given us, because a new epic is an impossibility. Far hence, in the untravelled future, the echo of the tumult of an age dimly heard, faintly understood, may become a song in the ears of men unborn. But we have not the epic spirit; ere that can come to birth, the world, too, must die and be born again.

PREFACE.

AS is well known, one of the sources from which Spenser drew largely in his "Faerie Queene" was the rifacimento of Arthurian romances compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, and first published by William Caxton in 1485 under the title of "Le Morte Darthur." In the course of my Spenser studies I was thus led to pay special attention to this romance, and I soon felt the need of an edition answering in accuracy of text and in other respects to the requirements of modern scholarship.

The original edition is of such scarcity that only two copies are known. The second and third (Wynkyn de Worde's of 1498 and 1529) are equally scarce, and the latter differs from Caxton's to no inconsiderable extent. The later black-letter editions reprint Wynkyn de Worde's of 1529 with additional errors, omissions, and corruptions, that culminate in the edition of Thomas Stansby (1634), which is nevertheless the one chosen by Thomas Wright for his reprint (1856) of the work. Of other modern editions, Southey's (1817), which professes to reprint Caxton's edition, is inaccurate, interpolated, and difficult of reference; moreover, it has become very scarce. The Globe edition is modernised and abridged. The promise, dating back to 1868, of the Early-English Text Society[1] to issue a standard edition of Malory has not been fulfilled, nor have I been able to learn that there was any likelihood of its being fulfilled.

The field was therefore open for a new edition, which, after some consideration, I made up my mind to undertake. I communicated my

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[1] (*a*) Sir Edward Strachey, "Malory's Morte Darthur," modernised and revised. Globe Edition. London, 1868 and 1886. 8vo. Introduction, p. xvii.

(*b*) W. Carew Hazlitt's edition of Warton's "History of English Poetry." London, 1871. 8vo. Vol. II. p. 189, note 4.

intention to his Excellency the Royal Prussian Minister of Public Instruction, Herr Dr. von Gossler, requesting leave of absence for six months. My request was readily complied with, and for the prosecution of my labours I received a grant from public funds.

Through Earl Spencer's kind permission I was allowed the use, at the British Museum, of the Althorp copy. To ensure accuracy I copied it myself for the press, and I have read the proofs and revises with the original. Any one who has undertaken editorial work of this kind will appreciate the labour involved and the difficulties surmounted, and will be indulgent if here and there slight errors have been allowed to creep in. I soon found that the time at my disposal would only permit me to pass the text through the press, and I determined to devote myself entirely to this during my stay in England, and to leave the working up of the results of my study of the romance until later. I was strengthened in this determination by thinking that scholars would find it more convenient to have the text in one volume, as Caxton indeed gives it, and the whole of the editorial, index, and glossarial matter in another.

The present edition will consist of two parts of unequal size—the first to appear will contain the Text only; the second, the Introduction, a Treatise on the Sources, a complete List of the Various Readings, the Index, &c. The principles upon which this edition is based will be fully set forth in the Introduction; here it may suffice to say that Caxton is reprinted page for page, line for line, word for word, and, with a few exceptions, which will be discussed, letter for letter. The twenty-one pages[1] which, originally lacking in Earl Spencer's copy, were skilfully facsimiled by Mr. Whittaker from the Osterley Park copy, have, through the courtesy of Mr. B. F. Stevens, been submitted to the present owner of that copy, Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A., who kindly had them collated for me. I intended to give the result of this collation at the end of the text-volume, but had to alter my mind for the following reason: Having worked through two-thirds of the text, I discovered that the statement about the facsimiles in Earl Spencer's copy, given by the existing authorities,[2] was not

[1] These pages are distinguished in this volume by asterisks being appended to the numbers of pages and folios; comp., e.g., page 195, folio 98.

[2] Messrs. Longman's note, attached to the Althorp copy, and Mr. Blades' description of the volume.

entirely correct. Two of the pages stated to be facsimiles are originals, whereas two so-called originals are facsimiles. I had therefore to send four more pages to America for collation. My supposition that these facsimiles were almost perfect as regards the text, has been confirmed; the errors are of the most trifling nature.

The Introduction will deal fully with the bibliographical peculiarities of Caxton's and of the later editions, as well as with their relation one to the other. The last chapter of the Introduction will be devoted to the peculiarities of the language of Malory, and here the result of the collation, as well as a list of the misprints and irregularities of spelling reproduced in the present edition, will be inserted. A full list will be given of the readings in which Wynkyn de Worde's second edition (1529) differs from Caxton's. This is necessary, not only because the period which lies between the two editions was one of noticeable change in the language, but also because, as already stated, the later black-letter editions go back to Wynkyn de Worde's second edition. The critical apparatus attached to the present edition will thus place the philologist and literary antiquary in possession of the two chief early forms of this English classic.

The Treatise on the Sources will endeavour to state concisely, yet exhaustively, the relation, so far as at present determinable, of Malory to the earlier Arthurian romances, whether French or English. The extensive mass of recent research (foremost among it the studies of M. Gaston Paris) has been sifted and tested. My task as regards one portion of the romance has been greatly lightened by the opportune publication of the Huth MS. of "Merlin," due to MM. Gaston Paris and Jacob Ulrich.[1]

The Index will be both glossarial and explanatory, and will afford every possible means of reference. It will contain: Firstly, all names of persons and places occurring in the romance, with references and explanations. The names of the principal heroes will be accompanied by a concise analysis of their lives. Secondly, all obsolete and difficult words.

Malory is interesting not alone to the archæologist of words and manners: he has exercised an abiding influence over the subject-

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[1] Société des Anciens Textes Français, Paris, 1886, 2 vols. 8°.

matter of English literature and over the technical form of English prose. This aspect of his work lay outside the lines, as I had planned them, of the present edition, and I gladly acceded to my publisher's suggestion that it should be dealt with by the distinguished man of letters whose "Study of Malory as a Prose Writer" will be issued with the second volume.

It is with great pleasure that I express my warmest thanks to the Right Honourable the Earl Spencer; to His Excellency Herr Dr. von Gossler; to Mrs. Abby E. Pope; and to George Bullen, Esq., Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, for kindly taking charge of the Althorp copy while in the Museum. My publisher, in his anxiety to make the volume in every way worthy of its contents, has liberally and readily carried out all my wishes. Last, but not least, I must thank Mr. McCall, of Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.'s Printing Works, for the valuable assistance that he rendered me while the volume was passing through the press.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON,
March 1889.

WHEN, two years ago, I resolved upon reproducing the editio princeps of Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte Darthur," I determined that, as far as lay within my power, my edition should be a standard work of English literature, and should serve as a worthy token of the gratitude which, in common with all scholars who have worked at the British Museum, I feel towards the English people for the unrivalled organisation of that magnificent institution, and towards the unfailing courtesy and helpfulness of its officials. Bearing this high purpose in my mind, I have done my utmost to test and sift every question relating to this best of all English romances, as Sir Walter Scott so rightly styles it. Whatever shortcomings there may be in my humble work, they are not, I can honestly say, due to lack of zeal and energy. I have hopes that this will be recognised by the world of scholarship to which I offer the result of my labours.

The consequence of this purpose, from which I have never swerved, has been a considerable delay in the issue of my prolegomena to Caxton's reprint. This delay, though chiefly due to ill-health, which necessitated abstention from work during several months, is also partly due to the fact that I was unable at the outset to clearly recognise the magnitude of the task that I had taken upon me. I found, for instance, the investigations into the question of Malory's sources longer and more arduous than I had anticipated from the very scanty remarks in even important works bearing on this subject. To discuss this theme adequately required much more time

and space than I had at first calculated. With the concurrence of my publisher, I therefore determined, instead of bringing all the editorial matter into the second volume, to divide it, and to issue first the critical and philological apparatus, and, independently, in a third volume the literary discussion.

The second volume now lies before the reader, comprising the Bibliographical History of Malory's romance, a substantially complete List of Various Readings between Caxton's and Wynkyn de Worde's second edition, an exhaustive Index raisonné of Names and Places, Notes on the Language of Malory's work, etc., and a Glossary. The third volume, containing my Treatise on the Sources[1] and Mr. Andrew Lang's Essay on Malory's Prose Style, is being actively pushed forward, and will be issued as soon as is compatible with a thorough examination of the complex questions involved. I trust that original subscribers will feel compensated for the delay by the greater completeness of what is offered to them. I venture also to think that those who use this edition will find it a decided advantage to have the critical and the literary apparatus in distinct volumes, though those who are not so minded will be able to bind the two in one if they wish.

It only remains for me to acquit myself of the pleasant duty of thanking all those who have aided me in my task.

I must again renew my expressions of gratitude to Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn, N.Y., for her fresh collation of the four pages I sent for the second time to America, and to His Excellency Herr Dr. von Gossler for his grant of an additional subsidy from Prussian Government funds. To Sir Edward Strachey, Bart., I am indebted for the use of his private copy of Southey's edition, containing his collations with the Althorp and Osterley Park copies of the Caxton. To the authorities of the British Museum, and in especial to Dr. Richard Garnett, to Mr. W. Y. Fletcher, and to Mr. E. J. Scott, of the MSS. Department, I am deeply beholden for the facilities afforded me in

[1] Concerning the sources of "Le Morte Darthur," see my letter to *The Academy* London, January 4th, 1890.

the course of my studies. Mr. Henry Bradley, one of the editors of the great English Dictionary on Historical Principles, assisted me with his kind advice, and placed at my disposal the rich apparatus of texts and books of reference of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press deposited at the British Museum. To my eminent friend Mr. William Blades I owe not only the information derived from his great work on England's first printer, but also generous help spontaneously rendered me at a critical moment. Last, not least, I must thank my friend Mr. Alfred Nutt for advice and assistance of every kind rendered me during the whole period I was engaged on this work. It is to his love for Arthurian romance, to his enthusiasm for scholarly studies, that these volumes owe their existence.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

EARTHAM HOUSE, CHICHESTER,
March 1890.

THERE present to the world of scholarship the third and last instalment of the work which four years ago I set myself to accomplish, and of which I published the first instalment in the spring of 1889. I have faithfully endeavoured to redeem every pledge I made to the public and to myself, and to the best of my ability to render this work, which was begun and has been continued as a labour of love, a worthy contribution to English literature, a worthy example of German scholarship. The task has been a long and an onerous one; during its execution my health failed me repeatedly—to this, as well as to my resolve to explore every portion of the vast tract of Romantic literature that lay before me, and, I candidly confess it, to miscalculation of the complexity of the task, must be attributed the delay which has taken place in the issue of this third volume. I can, however, assure the subscribers to my work that, as regrettable as this delay may have appeared to some of them, it has enabled me to attain results of which I had no idea when I began my task. I am likewise sure of one other thing: without the intimate knowledge of Malory's work which I acquired by the drudgery of copying out the text with my own hand, of collating proof with original, and of compiling the critical apparatus, I could never have achieved the results which I set forth in the present volume. All who are familiar

with studies of this kind will understand that the amount of printed matter represents but a slight proportion of the labour involved. Negative results occupy little or no space, yet they necessitate as much labour, and may be as important to establish, as positive ones.

It will be recognised, I trust, that, thanks to my efforts, Sir Thomas Malory's position in the history of English literature is henceforth clearly defined, and that the sources which he worked up into his compilation, together with his own additions, have been ascertained beyond doubt. It is true, a small portion remains which I have not been able to trace, but I fully hope that the opportune discovery of a new text (such as that of the "Suite de Merlin" fifteen years ago) may fill up this gap in our knowledge.

I may be allowed to sketch briefly the outcome of my investigations. Malory, in his account of the early life of Arthur, followed partly the Vulgate-Merlin, but mainly the so-called "Suite de Merlin," of which one solitary French MS. has survived, and for a portion of which Malory is the only extant authority; in the Tristan-section he followed a French trilogy, which is different from all existing versions, and which we only know from him; in the Lancelot-section he used a "Suite de Lancelot," the existence of which was not even suspected by any previous investigator, was established conjecturally by me after a minute examination of the entire Lancelot-cycle, and was finally placed beyond doubt by my discovery of a fragment of the version embedded in a Tristan MS. When Malory followed previous English versions, as is the case of the Thornton MS. in the library of Lincoln Cathedral and the Harl. MS. 2252 at the British Museum, he made free and ample use of them, to the extent of transcribing whole passages. I may also claim to have destroyed the erroneous theory that Malory derived his information directly from Welsh sources, or that he was himself a Welshman; and, finally, I have printed as an Appendix to this

volume the only portion of Malory's French sources which has never appeared in print previously.

I have seen with great pleasure that my transcript of Caxton's volume, even before the completion of the work, has been of use to philologists as well as to students of literature, and I am more than ever convinced that it was time to produce a reliable text of "Le Morte Darthur," and that the secretary of a distinguished literary society was wrong when he expressed his surprise on hearing of my intention, and asked me plaintively if I was not acquainted with Robert Southey's splendid edition.

I hope and trust that these Studies on the Sources will meet with the same kind welcome as the two former volumes, and that they will be useful to the student of the vast and intricate Arthurian romance.

In common with other admirers of Malory, I must thank Mr. Andrew Lang for the few pages which he has prefixed to this volume, and in which he has so eloquently vindicated the abiding charm and interest of this great storehouse of romance.

I have again to express my deep obligation to His Excellency the Royal Prussian State-Minister Herr Dr. von Gossler for the grant of a small third subsidy from the Prussian Treasury; also to all the staff of the British Museum, the great national library, for their kindness and courtesy, and for all the facilities afforded me.

I again express my warmest thanks to my friend Mr. Alfred Nutt, who, himself an enthusiastic student of Arthurian romance, eagerly watched the progress of my studies; I owe to him many valuable suggestions and much other help. He also assisted me in the onerous and ungrateful task of reading the proofs of this volume. Not only my thanks, but those of all who love Arthurian romance, are due to him that he readily and disinterestedly consented to the greatly enlarged scope of my work, whereby the size and cost of this volume have been very considerably increased.

At the conclusion of a work involving the exercise of so much skill and taste on the part of the eminent printing firm to which its execution was entrusted, I must tender my hearty thanks to my friend Mr. Charles McCall and to all his assistants both for the beauty of the volumes and for the ever ready assistance afforded me in the course of their progress through the press.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

British Museum, Large Room,
April 1891.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In order to avoid misunderstandings I beg to state in anticipation of the second volume:

1. The present edition follows the original in every respect, word for word, line for line, and page for page, and, with a few exceptions which are accounted for and registered, letter for letter.

2. Caxton's volume commences with a blank leaf, which, as shown by the signatures, is counted. This leaf is also in the present edition, but it is not counted here, for the simple reason that the coincidence of the signatures in Caxton with the marks of the binders in the present edition should be avoided. Thus, on page 65 the fourth sheet begins, and is marked at the bottom by "E," whereas Caxton's fourth sheet only commences on page 67 (c j).

3. There occur in the impression of Caxton three kinds of "w." (Compare the photographic facsimile: firstly, line 20, in the word "was;" secondly, line 21, in the word "afterward;" and, thirdly, in the same line in the word "toward.") The first kind of "w," according to Mr. Blades, denotes in type No. 4* the capital "W." Caxton's compositors did not distinguish, as they ought, these "w" from one another, so that the one denoting "W" frequently occurs in the middle of words and in other places, where it is evidently out of place. I have, therefore, in the present edition, as Roman type does not admit of marking the three kinds, rendered it by "W" in all cases where capital "W" was to be expected, as in the beginning of a sentence and in proper names, otherwise it is rendered by "w."

4. There are, further, two styles of "I" used in Caxton's edition. (Compare the photographic facsimile, firstly, line 1, and secondly, line 5.) At first it appeared that a difference was made between "i" and "j," but such is not the case; both kind are used indiscriminately. I have, therefore, after some consideration, always rendered it by "I." Moreover, the first kind of "I" occurs more frequently.

5. The character "ȝ" is used in Caxton to express both "z" and "gh." In words where "z" was to be expected I have rendered "ȝ" by "z," otherwise I have preserved "ȝ," *e.g.*, "Cezar" and "knyȝt."

6. Caxton has no fixed rules for dividing words at the end of a line. A word is divided as the space in each special case permits, and as a rule there is no conjunctive hyphen put—*e.g.*, "horſes" is not broken "hor- ſes" but "ho rſes." As I found that in many cases mistakes arose from this deficiency, I have for the convenience of the modern reader always added the hyphen where it was to be expected.

7. In some cases where Caxton's compositors evidently confounded "n" with "u," or the reverse, *e.g.*, in "but," I have not reproduced the error. I have done the same in a few cases where "f" and "ſ" were confounded, *e.g.*, in "for."

8. In a few cases where letters or parts of words were either effaced or did not come out in printing, the missing matter is supplied in italics.

H. Oskar Sommer.

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INTRODUCTION.

SIR THOMAS MALORY AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF "LE MORTE DARTHUR."

THE cycle of stories of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, known as "Le Morte Darthur," was first presented to us in a volume by England's earliest printer, William Caxton. About the personality of Sir Thomas Malory[1] very little indeed is known, and this little must be gleaned from Caxton's preface and colophon. There we read that Thomas Malory was a knight, that he completed his work in the ninth year of the reign of King Edward IV.—*i.e.*, 1470—twenty-five years before it saw the light of day in print. Caxton further states that Malory "reduced" his work from certain books in French, and that he was the servant of Jesu both day and night, which fact and the general tone of the "Morte Darthur," have sometimes given rise to the hypothesis that he was a priest. The name "Malory" occurs in Leland's time[2] in Yorkshire, and is quoted in the next century in Burton's "Description of Leicestershire,"[3] but no clue can be found to connect the

[1] The name "Malory," is also sometimes spelt "Malorye" and "Maleore." See Caxton, p. 861*, line 9; also, W. de Worde, Copland, East and Stansby.

[2] John Leland's "Itinerary," 2nd ed., Oxford, 1744, vol. viii. p. 22: "There be two Lordshipps lyenge not very far from Ripon, that is Norton Conyers and Hutton Coniers. Norton hathe Northeton Coniers, and Malory hathe Hutton Coniers. Thes Lands cam to their Aunciters by two doughtars, Heirs Generall of that Coniers. Malory hath another Place caullyd Highe Studly, a litle from Fontaines."

[3] W. Burton, "Description of Leicestershire," 1st ed. 1622, 2nd ed. Lynn, 1777, folio, p. 140, Thomas Malory; p. 262, Sir Thomas Malory, knyght of Winwick, Newbould and Swinford, 19, 27.

author of the "Morte Darthur" with the bearers of his name. The "Bibliographia Britannica"[1] says that Leland, and others after him, stated Malory to be a Welshman, but I can find no reference to this fact in Leland's works.

The "Morte Darthur" has been in all twelve times printed or edited previously to the present edition: seven times in black letter and five times in Roman type.

Black Letter.			Roman Type.			
1. Caxton	1485	folio.	viii.	Hazelwood	1816	3 vols. 12mo.
2. W. de Worde	1498	,,	ix.	Walker's Class	1816	2 vols. 12mo.
3. W. de Worde	1529	,,	x.	R. Southey	1817	2 vols. 8vo.
4. W. Copland	1557	,,	xi *a*.	Th. Wright	1856	3 vols. 8vo.
5. Th. East	about 1585	,,	*b*.	Th. Wright	1866	,, 2nd ed.
6. Th. East	about 1585	4to.	xii *a*.	Sir E. Strachey	1868	Globe ed.
7. W. Stansby	1634	*b*.	*b*.	,, ,,	1880	,,

W. Caxton's impression was finished, according to his own statement, in 1485.[2] He was induced to print the book "by many noble and dyuers gentylmen of thys royame." This edition was brought out in folio and printed in black letter. Only two copies of this first and original edition are known to exist. Of a third copy the second leaf of the table of contents of the book is alone preserved.[3] One of the two above-mentioned copies is throughout perfect and in good condition, and is unanimously considered one of the finest specimens of early printing. Belonging originally to the Harleian Library, this copy was sold to the Earl of Jersey for his library at Osterley Park. In 1885 it became the property of Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn, N.Y., in

[1] "Bibliographia Britannica," vol. iii. p. 372, "Caxton:" "If this Sir Thomas Malory was a Welshman, as Leland and others after him assert, he was most likely a Welsh priest."

[2] (*a*) W. Blades, "The Life and Typography of William Caxton." London, 1861–3, folio, vol. ii. p. 178.

(*b*) "Bibliotheca Spenceriana, or a Descriptive Catalogue of the Books printed in the Fifteenth Century, in the Library of George John, Earl Spencer, K.G., &c." by T. F. Dibdin. London, 1815, folio, vol. iv. pp. 403–9.

(*c*) Dibdin, "Typographical Antiquities, or the History of Printing in England, Scotland, and Ireland." London, 1810–19, 4to, vol. i. pp. 241–85.

(*d*) Lowndes, "Bibliographer's Manual." London, 1864, 8vo, p. 74.

(*e*) W. Carew Hazlitt's "Hand-book to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration." London, 1867, 8vo p. 13.

[3] Bagford, "Fragments," vol. viii. No. 58.

the United States.[1] The other copy is No. 1194 of the famous library of Earl Spencer, Althorp, Northampton. This copy, too, is in good condition, and not, as some sources say, very much damaged. It wants eleven leaves (not twelve), which are, however, replaced by facsimiles from the Osterley Park copy, due to the skilful hand of Mr. Whittaker: which indeed resemble the original pages so much, that, at first sight, one might easily mistake them for the latter; but on close and careful examination one cannot help noticing many very characteristic, though small, differences in the single letters. Dibdin in his Spencerian Catalogue only mentions that the copy wants eleven leaves, and refers to his "Typographical Antiquities," where he describes the Osterley Park copy. According to a written note by Messrs. Longman[2] attached to the Althorp copy, and to Mr. Blades' account[3] of the book, these leaves were the following: 1. Sig. lj (fol. 98); 2. Sig. r_7 (fol. 152); 3. Sig. r_8 (fol. 153); 4. Sig. T_4 (fol. 357); 5. Sig. T_5 (fol. 358); 6. Sig. ee_2 (fol. 427); 7. Sig. ee_3 (fol. 428); 8. Sig. ee_4 (fol. 429); 9. Sig. ee_5 (fol. 430); and 10. Sig. ee_6 (fol. 431). This statement proved to be not throughout correct, as I discovered when I had done about two-thirds of the text. 1°. There are only nine leaves accounted for. 2°. Sig. ee_2 (fol. 427) is no reproduction, but the original. 3°. Sig. N_2 (fol. 307) and Sig. N_3 (fol. 312) are facsimiles, though not stated as such. The present edition is based on this copy.

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[1] At the Osterley sale, in May 1885, the British Museum gave a commission of £1800 to their agent, but the copy was sold for £1950. It is very much to be regretted that the English nation lost this splendid specimen of Caxton's printing, containing, as it does, the traditional history of their King Arthur, a national epic.

[2] This note reads thus:—

Leaves wanting in Caxton's
Morte d'Arthur left with
Messrs. Longman & Co. 21 Feb. 1816.
The whole of l;
Part of r_7
The whole of r_8
Part of T_4
The whole of T_5
Part of eeij
A few leaves following to the end of the Work.—LONGMAN & CO.
Also see Note at Nij.

The parts of the leaves in question alluded to in this note must have been removed. I was unable to discover where the "note at N_2" refers to.

[3] Blades, vol. ii. page 178: "Imperfect, wanting lj; r, 7 and 8; Tiiij and 5; ee ij. iij, 4, 5 and 6 all of which have been supplied in beautiful facsimiles.

Neither copy has a title.[1] According to Mr. Blades' treatise on Caxton's Typography, the type is No. 4*. The volume is 11⅜ inches high and 8 inches broad. The lines are all 4⅝ inches long. Thirty-eight lines make generally a full page, but pages occur with a few lines less, and some with thirty-nine lines. Neither folios nor catchwords are given. Books and chapters commence with woodcut initials, the former with ornamental ones, five lines high; the latter with plain ones, three lines high.[2] The first leaf of the book is blank. Caxton's preface commences on the second recto, with a three-line woodcut initial. This preface consists of two paragraphs, and finishes on signature iiij. On the verso the table of contents, or "rubrysshe," as Caxton styles it, begins, and runs without interruption through thirty-four pages, terminating on the eighteenth verso. The history itself commences on signature a, with an ornamental five-line woodcut initial. The leaves are distinguished by three sets of alphabets, each in eights, intended merely as a direction to the binders, only half of each sheet being marked, in the beginning, alternately, one page with a signature and one without, afterwards four leaves with signatures and four without, these latter being the halves of the signed sheets. In the first alphabet, after z, follows &, also in eights. The second alphabet concludes with Z, and then follow aa, bb, &c., to ee, in eights, but ee has only six leaves, as the book finishes on the verso of ee_6. R iij is misprinted for sig. S iij, and S ij for T ij. The Althorp copy is beautifully bound in olive morocco by Lewis.

Caxton's helpmate and successor, Wynkyn de Worde,[3] printed the next two editions of the "Morte Darthur:" the second in 1498, and the third in 1529, both in folio and black-letter. Only two copies

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[1] The title of the present edition is literally repeated from Caxton's colophon (comp. sig. ee_6, p. 861*, lines 12–18). "Title-pages," says Mr. Blades (vol. i. p. 33), "are purely typographical in their origin, the scribes having satisfied themselves with heading their first page with the *Hic incipit* and name of the treatise. Caxton followed the manuscript practice in this particular; for, with one single exception ('The Chastising of God's Children,' plate Lii. vol. ii.), where the title of the book is printed alone in the centre of the first page, his books appear without any title-page. Wynkyn de Worde adopted title-pages immediately after the death of his master."

[2] Compare the photographic facsimile specimen page, selected because it illustrates both sorts of initials, as well as some other particulars referred to later on.

[3] The title which W. de Worde is supposed to have given to his editions, for his copies also want the title-page, runs thus:

"The Booke of Kynge Arthur and of his noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. Printed at Westmestre 1498 folio.

of his impressions are known to exist, fortunately one of each edition. That of 1498 is in Earl Spencer's library, No. 907, and that of 1529 in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum. The first copy, though lacking ten leaves,[1] and having thirteen partly injured by smaller or greater portions of the text being torn away, is of particular interest, as an example of the first attempt ever made of illustrating a text throughout with engravings. These are very coarsely executed woodcuts. Dibdin, who has reproduced several of them in his Spencerian Catalogue,[2] says: "They are very little superior to the

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[1] The first leaf of the table; signatures a_3; r_2; $\mathfrak{E}_3$; $\mathfrak{E}_4$; $\mathfrak{T}_5$; $\mathfrak{Y}_3$; B_1; C_6; D_1; and E_2. The damaged leaves are those: a_7; i_7; n_3; n_4; o_4; p_3; q_5; r_2; v_3; v_8; $\mathfrak{R}_6$; $\mathfrak{S}_4$ and D_5. Dibdin also mentions r_7 as wanting, but that I found preserved and not damaged.

[2] (*a*) Dibdin, "Bibliotheca Spenceriana," vol. vi. 403 ff. Lord Spencer's copy has been bound in a very elegant manner in dark-red morocco by C. Lewis. On a visit to Lord Spencer's library on February 1, 1889, at Althorp, I examined this copy and copied as a specimen the last 26 lines, which run thus:

For ye tranſlacōn of this
booke was fynyſſhed . the . ix . yere of the
reygne of kynge Edwarde the fourth
by Syr Thomas Maleore knyght / as
Iheſu helpe hym' for his grete myght .
as he is the ſeruaunt of Iheſu bothe
daye and nyghte.
¶ Thus endyth this noble & Ioyous
boke entytled Le morte dathur . Not
wythſtonding it treateth of the ſayd kynge
Arthur of his noble knyght/ of the rounde
table . theyr merueyllous enqueſtes & ad
uentures . thachyeuynge of the Sanc-
greall . And in the ende of the dolorous
deth . & departynge out of this worlde
of them al . Whyche boke was reduced
into Englyſſhe by the well dyſpoſyd
knyghte afore namyd . And deuyde .
in to . xxi . bokes chapitred . & enprynt . .
fyrſt by Wylliam Caxton . on wh . . .
ſoule god haue mercy . A newel . . .
prynted . and chapitres of the ſam . . .
briſſhed at Weſtmeſtre by Wynk . . . .
Worde ye yere of our lord M.C. . . . . .
.lxxxxviij. and ended the . xxv . . . . .
Marche . the ſame yere.

The points denote that the ends of the lines are damaged.

(*b*) Dibdin, "Typographical Antiquities" (vol. i. pp. 248–52), gives some of the variations from Caxton.

(*c*) W. C. Hazlitt's "Handbook," &c., p. 13.

clumsiest embellishments which distinguish the volumes of the two Coplands; yet to the curious antiquary they have a certain degree of value, and to the bibliographer such a volume, remarkable for the beauty of its execution, as well as for the rarity of its appearance, cannot fail to be held in very considerable consideration." The book is arranged in the following way. Unlike Caxton's, it is printed in columns. The table of contents consists of eight leaves. The ninth leaf is upon sig. ij—as in Caxton's impression—and this leaf and a small portion of the ensuing one—sig. iij—contain a prologue precisely similar to that in Caxton's own volume. The prologue is followed by a summary of the contents of each of the twenty-one books. The text commences on a; the signatures run in three sets: a to v in eights and sixes alternately, v having eight leaves. Then, in Gothic characters, 𝔄, 𝔅, ℭ, in sixes, 𝔇, in eights, 𝔈, in six, 𝔉, 𝔊, 𝔎, in eights, and 𝔍 to 𝔙 inclusively, in sixes; 𝔛 has four, and finally 𝔜 five leaves, the sixth blank leaf probably torn out. The third set, in Roman type—A, B, C, D, E, in sixes; E_6 being blank.

The British Museum copy,[1] originally in Archdeacon Wrangham's[2] library, represents the third edition of 1529. It is complete, with the exception of seven leaves of the table of contents and the title-page,

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[1] "Bibliographical Memoranda, an Illustration of Early English Literature," Bristol 1816, 4to, p. 398.

[2] It contains the following manuscript notes, 1° by Mr. Grenville, 2° by Archdeacon Wrangham:—1°. "A singular degree of rarity prevails as to the earlier editions of this romance. It was first printed by Caxton, but the only copy known is wanting twelve leaves and with others much damaged at Althorp. The 2nd edition, by W. de Worde, 1498, is known only in two copies, one perfect, in Lord Jersey's library, the other at Althorp." Mr. Grenville evidently mistook Caxton's for W. de Worde's editions. As far as I could ascertain, there has never been an edition of W. de Worde at Osterley. Compare also C. Hazlitt's "Handbook," p. 13. 2°. "Ames, in his History of Printing, p. 57, Herbert's Edition, enumerates among Caxton's Works, 'La Morte de Arthur,' but Herbert adds:—'I make no question but that Mr. Ames saw the book, but that it is rather extraordinary that he has not told us in whose possession it was, according to his usual custom. I have examined Bibl. Harleiana (it stands, however, No. 372 in Harl. Cat. III. 25), Westiana, Radcliffiana, &c. &c., but have not been fortunate enough to meet with any copy of this Edition or any intelligence where to find one.' But although the above Edition of this curious and interesting Romance from the press of Caxton seems at present unknown, it may be worth stating that it was reprinted by Wynkyn de Worde in 1498 in folio, and also by William Copland without date in the same form. The latter Edition had escaped the research of the illustrious Herbert; but an imperfect copy was purchased by W. Mason at a sale in 1794 for three guineas and a half. It was reprinted by Thomas East without date in folio, and so late as 1634 in quarto. (Beloe's Anecd., i. 43, where see, also, a Memorandum of Dr. Lort's on the year of Caxton's death, 1491.) J. W."

but this defect can easily be supplied, as the contents are repeated before each chapter. The table of contents is printed on signatures aaa_{1-8}, only aaa_8 existing; then follow bbb_{1-8}. The history commences on a, and the signatures run alternately in eights and sixes to v, which has eight leaves. Then follow, in Gothic characters, 𝔄, 𝔅, ℭ, in sixes, 𝔇, 𝔈, 𝔉, 𝔊, 𝔎 in eights, and 𝔍 to 𝔜 in sixes, and finally, Roman characters A to D in sixes, and E with five leaves. On the verso of E_5 is the ornamental device of the printer, covering almost the whole of the page. The two editions of Wynkyn de Worde do not exactly correspond to each other as concerns the text.[1]

The next, or fourth, edition was brought out by William Copland, in the year 1557,[2] also in columns and folio. The press-work is superior to what is generally observable in works by the two Coplands. The volume has a title-page, running thus:

> "The ſtory of the moſt noble and worthy Kynge Arthur, the whiche was one of the worthyes chryſten, and alſo of his noble and valiaũte knyghtes of the rounde Table. Newly imprynted and corrected. MCCCCClvij. Imprynted at London by Wyllyam Copland."

There are two copies of this edition in the British Museum;[3] the one is perfect, the other wanting several leaves, which are, however, replaced partly by facsimiles, partly by reprints. On the title-page, above the last line, is a woodcut of a knight on horseback, similar to that of St. George and the Dragon. A woodcut also precedes every book; after the colophon may be observed the device of the printer. The title and table of contents occupy fourteen leaves. The signatures

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[1] The following lines give the beginning of the book as a specimen. The words in brackets are not in the edition of 1498:—

> "Here begynneth the fyrſt booke of the [mooſt] noble [and worthy prince] kyng . Kyng Arthur ſometyme kynge of [grete Brytayne now called] Englonde [whiche treateth] of his noble actes and feates of armes [and] of chyualrye . [of] . his noble knyghtes [of the] & table round and [this volume] is devyded in to . xxi . bookes."

[2] Dibdin, "Typograph. Antiquities," p. 143.

[3] Also one copy in the Huth Library. See Catalogue, vol. i. p. 83. Some of the early cuts, including that of the title, have been illuminated, but the artist fortunately abandoned his task before he had proceeded far

run a to d in eights; e has nine leaves, f to z in eights, and A to O in eights.

Malory's work was then twice printed, once in folio, and once in quarto,[1] by Thomas East, about 1585.[2] I have not seen a copy of the quarto edition. The folio is in the British Museum—a fine copy, complete throughout. It bears the following title:

> "The ſtorye of the moſt noble and worthy Kynge Arthur, the which was the fyrſt of the worthyes Chryſten, and alſo of hys noble and valyaunt knyghtes of the rounde Table . Newly imprynted and corrected, betweene Paules wharfe and Baynardes Caſtell by Thomas Eaſt."[3]

Finally, the "Morte Darthur" was printed for the last time in black letter, in the year 1634, by William Stansby, with the title:

> "The moſt ancient and famovs hiſtory of the renowned prince Arthur, King of Britaine. Wherein is declared his Life and Death, with all his glorious Battailes againſt the Saxons, Saracens, and Pagans, which (for the honour of his Country) he moſt worthily atchieued. As alſo, all the

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[1] There is one copy also in the Huth Library and another in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere in Bridgewater House. *See* Collier's Catalogue, page 11.

[2] Both editions are undated. Thomas East printed, as we know, from about 1560 to 1607. I determined the date 1585 in the following way:—The "Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554 to 1640 A.D." (reprinted privately by E. Arber, 1875) was looked through and the following entry found in vol. ii. fol. 187b:—"Thomas Easte: Receaved of him for his licence to printe these xvj bookes followinge" (then follows a list of sixteen books). Among them is mentioned "King Arthur," and on the same line "Johannes de Vigo." A copy of this latter is in the British Museum, with the genuine date, 1586, attached to it. (Comp. "Catalogue of Books in the British Museum Library to the year 1640," vol. iii. p. 1539.) Thus the book may fairly be dated about 1585, not as the Brit. Mus. Catalogue, vol. i. page 56 states "1560"; this is at least as near as we can get the date.

[3] Comp. J. Payne Collier, "A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," 2 vols., London, 1865, p. 31:—"A few of the woodcuts of East's edition are considerably older than the date when he printed; one of them was used by W. de Worde in 1520 before Christopher Goodwyn's poem, 'The Chaunces of a Dolorous Lover.' The block then came into the hands of W. Copland, and having been used by him in his reprint of the 'Morte Darthur' it was subsequently in the possession of East, who applied it to the same purpose in his reprint preceding the 16th book. Thus W. de Worde's 'Dolorous Lover' served the turn, in the hands of Copland and East, to represent a dead man in a white shirt an hundred winters old. At the time the block was employed by East, it had been considerably worn and battered."

Noble Acts, and Heroicke Deeds of his Valiant Knights of the Rovnd Table. Newly refined[1] and publiſhed for the delight, and profit of the Reader. London, Printed by William Stanſby for Jacob Bloome. 1634."

The work consists of three parts, each having this title separately. Title, preface, and frontispiece occupy four leaves, prologue two leaves, Caxton's prologue one leaf, table of contents five leaves. The first part has signatures A to Z, and Aa to Ii_4, the second A to Z, and Aa to Rr_1, and the third part A to Z, and Aa to Pp_4, all in fours. Caxton's division of the whole, in twenty-one books, is departed from. In each of the parts the chapters are numbered from one to the end. The first book contains cli., the second clxxiii., and the third clxxvi. chapters. There are two copies of this edition in the British Museum.[1] One is quite complete, the other wants the title-page, the preface to the reader, and two leaves of the first part.

Almost two hundred years later (186 exactly) in 1816, the first two editions in Roman type appeared independently from each other, one in two, the other in three volumes 12mo; both being reprints of the last-mentioned black-letter edition of 1634. 182

The edition in three volumes (F. Haslewood) has the title:

"La Mort D'Arthur, The moſt ancient and famous hiſtorye of the renowned Prince Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table by Sir T. Malory. London. 1816."

and that in two volumes (Walker's British Classics):

"The History of the renowned Prince Arthur, king of Britain with his life and death and all his glorious Battles, likewise the noble acts and heroic deeds of his valiant knights of the round table. London. 1816."

Though both editions are said to be exact reprints, they contain, besides an endless number of mistakes and errors of the worst kind, alterations of the text. In many cases the long "ſ" has been mistaken for "f," and the "c" for "r," &c. Wright quotes other strange mistakes.

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[1] This edition is, as the Catalogue of the Huth Library styles it, "modernised and ignorantly corrupted." Compare my note, p. 13, with regard to the meaning of "newly refined." (Catalogue of the Huth Library, vol. i. p. 53.)

In 1817 there appeared, under Southey's illustrious name, an edition, with the following title:

> "The byrth, lyf and actes of kyng Arthur; of his noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table ther merueyllous enquestes and aduentures thachyeuyng of the sanc greal, and in the end le morte Darthur with the dolorous deth and departyng out of this world of them al. With an introduction and notes by R. Southey. Printed from Caxton's edition, 1485. London, 1817. 8°."

It is supposed to be a scrupulously exact reprint from Caxton's copy in Lord Spencer's library; but such is by no means the case.[1] Southey wrote the introduction, and gave his name to a bookseller's speculation; he had nothing whatever to do with the text, the passing through the press of which was entrusted to Mr. Upcott, who, I am inclined to believe, left much to the care of the printers, as the text contains no inconsiderable number of mistakes. And, before all, Lord Spencer's copy still wanted twenty-one pages in 1817, as can be seen from a note by Messrs. Longman, given on page 3, and from the minute pencil paging on the left-hand side of the recto of every leaf. The defect was supplied in a very strange way. Sir E. Strachey, who has investigated this matter thoroughly, writes about it in his introduction thus: "The substitutes for them which actually appear in Southey's edition differ widely from the restored, or the original text. Thus, in chap. xii. of the last book, besides the interpolation of the long passage, 'O ye myghty and pompuous lordes,' &c., which is not in Caxton, there are in the first eleven lines thirty-five variations of spelling and punctuation, besides the introduction of the words 'but continually mourned un—' and 'needfully as nature required,' which are not in Caxton, and the change of Caxton's 'on the tombe of kyng Arthur & quene Gueneuer,' into 'on kynge Arthur's & quene Gweneuer's tombe.' And thus throughout the pages in question—seventeen in number[2]—

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[1] Comp Warton's "History of English Poetry," ed. W. C. Hazlitt. Lond. 1871, vol. ii. p. 189, note 4. Also, Sir Edward Strachey, Introduction, p. xv. London, 1868. 8vo. Globe edition.

[2] The pages (in Southey's edition) are vol. i. p. 167, line 18, to p. 169, line 17; p. 275, third line from bottom, to p. 279, line 5 from bottom; vol. ii. p. 202, line 13, to p. 204, line 14; p. 446, line 5, to end of p. 455.

the spelling constantly, and words and even sentences occasionally, differ from the real text of Caxton.[1]

"When at page 113 of volume i. the editor introduces the words 'certayne caufe' to complete the sense, he is careful to call attention, in a foot-note, to the fact that these words are not in the original, but taken from 'the second edition,' by which I presume he means that of 1498. But when he subsequently supplies seventeen pages, which were also not in his original, he gives no hint of the fact; and his reticence has been so successful that for fifty years the interpolations have passed as genuine among learned critics, who have quoted from them passages wholly spurious as Caxton's genuine text. It was only last year that, in collating Earl Spencer's copy with the edition of Southey; I discovered that these passages—to which my attention was directed by Messrs. Longman's note above mentioned—did not correspond with Caxton's text, as represented by Whittaker's restorations; and on afterwards collating them with the Osterley text itself, I found the like result. It remained to trace them to their real sources. This has not been so easy as might be supposed, for though it was evident that Upcott must have had recourse to one or other existing editions, the interpolated passages in fact agree exactly with none of them, but a careful collation of the last four chapters of the book (which include more than half the interpolations, and may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole) with the old texts, leaves no doubt that, with the exception of the first thirty-six lines of chapter x., they were taken, like the two words mentioned above, from the first edition of Wynkyn de Worde (1498) but with spelling occasionally altered, and here and there a small word put in, left out, or changed. These alterations throw an ingenious disguise over the whole; but if we penetrate through this we find that in these four chapters there are only thirteen words differing from those in Wynkyn de Worde's first edition, and these unimportant; while in his second edition (1529), and in those of Copland and East, the variations from Mr. Upcott's text of the same chapters are respectively fifty-seven, fifty-six, and fifty in number, and many of them important in kind: and if we go to the edition of 1634, we find the differences still greater, except as to those

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Sir E. Strachey gave an account of these interpolations in the *Athenæum* of Sept. 7 and Dec. 10, 1867, and Feb. 10, 1868.

thirty-six lines supplied from this edition, as they were wanting in the other copy. But the colophon, or concluding paragraph of the book, Mr. Upcott could not take from any of the editions which followed that of Caxton; for though Wynkyn de Worde might, and in fact did, supply at least one or two of the first words, the latter part of his colophon relates to his own edition, and departs widely from that of Caxton, while those in the later editions are still more unlike; and yet Mr. Upcott's colophon is a tolerable, though not an exact, representation of that of Caxton. But his other materials can be ascertained beyond a doubt. They are, the colophon as given by Ames and repeated by Dibdin in a modernised and otherwise inexact form,[1] and that which first appeared in the Catalogue of the Harleian Library,[2] and was thence copied in the article on Caxton in the 'Biographia Britannica,' and also in Herbert's additions to Ames. The colophons of Ames and of the Harleian Catalogue have important variations from each other and from that of Caxton; and as Mr. Upcott adopts some portions of each which are not found either in the other or in Caxton, we see the manner in which the paragraph in question was compounded. Each stone of the ingeniously fitted mosaic may be referred to the place from which it was taken. We cannot indeed choose positively between Ames and Dibdin, or among the Harleian Catalogue, the 'Biographia Britannica' and Herbert; but as the two paragraphs which are required in addition to that of Wynkyn de Worde are both found in Herbert's Ames, it seems most probable that Mr. Upcott had recourse to that work, though another combination would have served the purpose equally well. That the interpolated passages are not taken from the Osterley Caxton itself, even in the roughest and most careless manner, is quite evident."

In 1856[3] follows Thomas Wright's edition, entitled:

> "La Mort d'Arthure; The Hiſtory of King Arthur and of his Knights of the Round Table compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knt. edited from the text of the edition of 1634 with introduction and notes by Th. Wright, etc. London. 1856. 8°."

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[1] "Typographical Antiquities," by Ames and Herbert, 1785, vol. i. p. 61; *ibid.* enlarged by Dibdin, 1810, vol. i. p. 253. The "Additions" are at the end of vol. iii. of Herbert's edition.

[2] "Catalogue of the Bibliotheca Harleiana, 1744," vol. iii. No. 372.

[3] A second edition came out in 1866, "carefully revised, and a few errors corrected, and the number of glossarial notes somewhat increased."

Of all hitherto mentioned editions this is the best beyond doubt with regard to accuracy of the text, &c., and when the text of the edition of 1634 is desired, it will be found to answer its purpose everywhere. Besides, there is sound criticism displayed in the introduction, and the notes contain a great deal of most valuable information. Wright says with reference to Malory's work: "A knowledge of it is indeed necessary to enable us to understand the later Middle Ages in one of their important points of view; while it possesses an intrinsic interest, as giving us, in a comprehensive form, a good general sketch of a cycle of romances which through many ages exercised an influence upon literature and art. . . . . It has been judged advisable to adopt for the text the latest[1] of the old editions, for it is evident that the choice lay between the last and the first, between this we have selected and that of Caxton; there was no reason why we should not take that of the reprints, which was most readable. This choice was made with less scruples, as no particular philological value is attached to the language of Caxton's edition, which would certainly be repulsive to the modern reader, while all its value as a literary monument is retained in the reprint. On the other hand the orthography and phraseology of the editions of 1634, with the sprinkling of obsolete words, not sufficiently numerous to be embarrassing, preserves a certain clothing of mediæval character, which we think is one of the charms of the book," &c.

Finally, in 1868, Sir Edward Strachey[1] reprinted Caxton in a modernised edition, entitled:

> "Morte Darthur, Sir Thomas Malory's Book of King Arthur and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table. The original edition of Caxton revifed for modern ufe with an Introduction. London and New York. 1868. 8°. Globe edition."[2]

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[1] I think neither the antiquary nor the philologist will share Mr. Wright's opinion on this subject, especially if he reads what the printer of the edition of 1634 says about his words "newly refined" in his

> "Preface to the Reader": "In many places this volume is corrected (not in language but in phrafeology) for here and there king Arthur or fome of his knights were declared in their communication to fwear prophane, and ufe fuperftitious fpeeches, all (or the moft part) of which is either mended or quite left out by the paines and induftry of the compositor and corrector of the preffe; fo that as it is now, it may paffe for a famous piece of antiquity, revived almoft from the gulph of oblivion, and refcued for the pleafure and benefit of the prefent and future times."

[2] Reprinted, in unaltered form, in 1886.

In his introduction, Sir E. Strachey,[1] besides an essay on chivalry, gives a short account of the origin and matter of the book and describes especially the edition of 1817, as I have mentioned above. Among other things he says: "This present edition is intended for ordinary readers, especially for boys, from whom the chief demand for this book will always come; it is a reprint of the original Caxton with the spelling modernised, and those few words which are unintelligibly obsolete, replaced by others which, though not necessarily unknown to Caxton, are still in use, yet with all old forms retained which do not interfere with this requirement of being readable," &c.[2]

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[1] In my preface to the first volume I have said the Globe edition is "modernised and abridged." As I have seen from an article on this volume in the *Scots Observer* (May 18, 1889), that this statement has been misunderstood, I consider it my duty to say that I hold the opinion that Sir E. Strachey's work perfectly fulfils its purpose,—in fact, it is of all reprints the best; but my term "abridged" is justified: it means that here and there words and little passages are omitted which are not fit for boys and girls to read.—On p. xvii. of his Introduction, Sir E. Strachey says: "The Early English Text Society promise us a reprint (1868!) of the original Caxton, which shall be free from the faults of that of Southey, which meanwhile is, except in the interpolated passages, a very faithful representation of that original for the purposes of the antiquarian and philologist."—I am sorry that I must contradict Sir E. Strachey here. He most likely trusted too much to Southey's authority. I have collated Southey's with the original text of Caxton, and must confess I found no inconsiderable number of errors.

[2] Besides those reprints, Malory's "Morte Darthur" has appeared modernised and abridged under the following titles:—

1. The Story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Compiled and arranged by J[ames] T[homas] K[nowles]. Being an abridgment of "Sir T. Malory's Collection of Legends of King Arthur." With illustrations by G. H. Thomas. London. 1862. 8°.

2. La Morte Darthur. The History of King Arthur. Compiled by T. Mallory. Abridged and revised by E. Conybeare. London. 1868. 8°.

3. La Mort d'Arthur. Abridged from the work of Sir Thomas Malory. The old prose stories whence the "Idylls of the King" have been taken by Alfred Tennyson. . . . . ed. with an Introduction by B. M. Ranking. London. 1871. 8°.

4. The Boy's King Arthur, being Sir T. Malory's History of the Round Table. Edited with an Introduction by S. Lanier. Illustrated by A. Kappes. London. 1880. 8°.

In 1886 (London) appeared, as the first volume of the so-called Camelot Classics, an edition of the "Morte Darthur" by Ernest Rhys, under the title "Malory's History of King Arthur and the Quest of the Holy Grail." The text of this edition, however, is not complete, seven out of the twenty-one books in the original edition being omitted, and the reprinted books are modernised and altered from Thomas Wright's edition.

V. WILLIAM COPLAND'S EDITION OF 1557.[1]

The two copies of William Copland's edition of "Le Morte Darthur" in the British Museum are:

1. C. 11. b. 12. This copy is complete except the title-page, which was, however, added in photographic facsimile in 1865, from the only known perfect copy now in the Huth Library.

2. 634. k. 4. This copy lacks the title-page and the last leaf (O_8). Leaves †2–6, *1–8, l_4 and $_5$, O_7, O_{1-3} and $_6$ are supplied from another copy. The contents of O_7 recto are supplied in MS.; those of O_7 verso and of the whole of O_8 are entirely missing. In the present binding of the volume, the first ten pages of the Preface and the Table of Contents are inserted at the beginning in modern Gothic type, probably forming an abandoned attempt at reproducing the whole of Copland's edition.

WHILE engaged on my studies, I came across the following passage on Malory, who is there called Mailorius, in T. Bale's "Illustrium Maioris Britanniæ Scriptorum," &c. (first edition, London, 1548), fol. 208 verso:

"Thomas Mailorius, Brita*n*nicus natione, heroici spiritus homo, ab ipsa adolescentia uariis animi corporisque dotibus insigniter emicuit. Est Mailoria (inquit in antiquarum dictionum syllabo[1] Joa*n*nes Lelandus) in finibus Ca*m*briæ regio, Deuæ flumini uicina. Quam & alibi a fertilitate atque armorum fabrefactura co*m*mendat. Inter multiplices reipublicae curas, non intermisit hic literarum studia, sed succisiuis horis uniuersas disparsæ uetustatis reliquias, sedulus perquisiuit. Vnde in historiarum lectione diu uersatus ex uariis autoribus undique selegit, de fortitudine ac uictoriis inclytissimi Brytannorum regis Arthurii.

"*Collectiones Anglicas, li.* 1.

"Alia ipsum edidisse non legi, nec in cuiusquam bibliopolae officina uidi. Aptissimum inter historicos hunc ei designaui locu*m*, donec inuenero sub quo claruerit rege. Ab eius opere interim sunt reiicie*n*dæ[2] fabulæ quibus abundat ne illis laedatur historiæ ueritas."

I first saw the passage in the second edition, and thought Bale had derived his information from Leland, whose MS. of "Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis" (printed for the first time in 1709 from the MS. in the Bodleian Library) he used extensively in his second edition, but the absence of all notice of Malory in the "Commentarii, &c.," shows that Bale, unless he invented the few indefinite statements, must have derived his information from another source.

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[1] John Leland's "Syllabus et Interpretatis Antiquarum Dictionum," 1542: fol. f iii. recto (spelled "Meiloria").

[2] John Leland's "Assertio Inclytissimi Arturii Regis Britanniæ," 1544. The name Meilorius, *Thomas*, occurs in a list of authors.

STUDIES ON THE SOURCES OF "LE MORTE DARTHUR."

HETHER we adopt with Milton, Temple, or Littleton the theory that King Arthur, the hero of the Round Table cycle of Romances, belongs to mythology, because the earliest English chroniclers, Gildas and Bede, make no mention of him, or accept, with Hume and others, the account William Caxton sets forth in his Preface to Malory's *rifacimento*, we cannot deny that the Arthurian romances have exercised an immense influence upon the literature, not only of England and France, but of all European nations. Whether real or mythological, the imposing personage of King Arthur has become immortal; he lives on in song and tradition, and many a place-name throughout Britain testifies his renown. Generation after generation has read with interest and enthusiasm of the noble Arthur and his valiant knights; England's first poets have not hesitated to make their verse a vehicle for the praise of this national hero.[1] It is equally remarkable and interesting, that all that has been written in England on this subject, be it in prose or in verse, be it in English, Latin, or Norman-French, can be traced back to a common source, and forms, as it were, the links of one immense chain running throughout the history of English literature.

[1] See the posthumous work by J. Ritson, The Life of King Arthur, from ancient historians and authentic documents. London, 1825. 8vo. And for a general idea of the prose romances, J. Dunlop, The History of Fiction, being a critical account of the most celebrated prose works of fiction, &c. 3 vols. 2nd ed. London, 1816. Vol. iii., "Romances of Chivalry.' A third edition was published London, 1845. History of Prose Fiction by J. C. Dunlop. New edition. Revised, &c., by Henry Wilson. London 1888. 2 vols. 8vo.

Beginning with Nennius' Eulogium Brittaniæ sive Historia Britonum[1] and Geoffrey's Historia Britonum, the most important of these links are: Wace's Brut, Layamon's Brut, Langtoft's and Robert of Gloucester's chronicles, Huchown's Morte Arthure, and English translations and metrical romances,[2] by unknown authors belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Malory's work follows, and this, be its shortcomings what they may, is unique of its kind. It appeared at the most favourable moment, at a time when the taste for metrical romances,

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[1] Eulogium Brittaniæ sive Historia Britonum, auctore Nennio, Rer. Angl. Script. Veter., tom. i. 1684, fol.; ed. C. J. Bertram, as Brit. Gentium Hist. Antiq. script. tres, London, 1757, 8vo; ed. Havniæ, 1758, 12mo; ed. W. Gunn, The "Hist. Brittonum," commonly attributed to N., from a MS. in the Vatican Library, Rome, with Engl. vers., facsimiles of the original notes, and illustrations, London, 1819, 8vo; ed. of the Engl. Hist. Soc., 1838, 8vo; transl. by J. A. Giles, with notes, &c., Bohn's Antiq. Library, 1847, 8vo; San Marte (A. Schulz), Nennius und Gildas, Berlin, 1844, 8vo; and, lastly, H. Petrie's Monumenta Historica Britannica, or materials for the history of Britain, &c., London, 1848, fol.

[2] As to Geoffrey's of Monmouth Historia, &c., Wace's Brut, Layamon's Brut, Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, see note 1 to Book V.

A translation of Le Roman de Merlin in prose, Merlin, or the early History of King Arthur, MS. in the Cambridge University Library, ed. H. B. Wheatley, Early English Text Society (referred to later on by E.E.T.S.), 1865.

The English metrical romances referred to are:—

(1) Le Morte Arthur; Harl. MS. 2252, ed. F. J. Furnivall. London, 1864. 8vo.

(2) La Morte Arthure; Thornton MS. Lincoln Cathedral Library, ed. E. Brock. E.E.T.S., 1871. Its sources are treated by P. Branscheid, Anglia, viii. 179–236, Hallenser Dissertation.

(3) Arthur; MS. Liber rubrus Bathoniæ (library of the Marquis of Bath), ed. F. J. Furnivall. E.E.T.S., 1864 and 1869. Source: Geoffrey's of Monmouth Historia, &c.

(4) The Aunters of Arthur at the Tarnewathelan; Douce MS. Bodleian Library, Oxford; Thornton MS. Lincoln; Ireland MS. Hale; ed. for the last time by Sir F. Madden, 1839. See H. Lübke, The A. of A. at the T., part i., Berliner Dissertation, 1883.

(5) Merlin and Arthour; MS. of Lincoln's Inn, London; Auchinleck MS. Edinburgh, ed. for the Abbotsford Club, 1837.

(6) Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knight; MS. Cotton Nero A. x. Brit. Mus., edited by Sir F. Madden, 1839; by R. Morris, E.E.T.S., 1869. Miss Martha Carey Thomas, Sir Gawayne and the green knight, a comparison with the French *Perceval*, preceded by an investigation of the author's other works, and followed by a characterisation of Gawayn in English poems. Dissertation Zürich, 1883. 8vo.

(7) Golagrus and Gawayn; printed edition of 1508, H. 30. a, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; John Pinkerton, in Ancient Scottish Poems (1420–1586), London, 1786, vol. iii.; reprinted in facsimile, Edinburgh, 1827; Sir F. Madden, 1839.

(8) Lancelot of the Laik; MS. K.K. I. 5, Cambridge University Library, ed. W. W. Skeat. E.E.T.S., 1870. Source: "Le Roman de Lancelot du lac."

(9) Sir Tristrem; Auchinleck MS. Edinburgh, ed. E. Koelbing. Heilbronn, 1878–82.

(10) Ly beaus Disconus; MS. Cotton A. ii., Brit. Mus.; MS. of the National Library, Naples; MS. of the Lincoln's Inn Library, London, ed. J. Ritson, 1802.

Several of these romances are analysed in J. Ritson's Ancient English Metrical Romances, and in George Ellis, Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, &c., London, 1805, 3 vols., 2nd ed. revised by J. O. Halliwell, London, 1847. Compare, further, B. ten Brink, Early English Literature, translated by H. M. Kennedy, London, 1887, 8vo; Geoffrey of Monmouth, pp. 134–36; Wace's Brut d'Engleterre, pp. 139–42; Graalsage, p. 171; Tristansaga, 175; Layamon's Brut, pp. 188–92; Sir Tristrem, pp.

of which such numerous English and French specimens existed, had died out. "Moreover," as Robert Southey remarks in his Introduction, "at that time the English language had not yet found its way among the higher classes, and the English prose style was wholly unformed. . . . . Had the volumes from which it is compiled existed in English, Sir Thomas Malory would not have thought of extracting parts from them, and blending them into one work. This was done at the best possible time; a generation earlier, the language would have retained too much of its Teutonic form; a generation later, and the task would have devolved into the hands of men who performed it as a trade, and equally debased the work which they interpreted and the language in which they wrote." From the day of its appearance, "Le Morte Darthur" has been the source of every production having for its theme King Arthur and his knights; it was freely used by Spenser in his "Faerie Queene;" it has supplied England's present Laureate with the material for his "Idylls of the King,"[1] and inspired Swinburne to write his "Trystram of Lyonesse"[2] and Matthew Arnold to compose his poem "Tristan and Iseult."[3]

The Arthurian romances have been, and still are, very popular; this vitality, though partly due to their national character, is in the main owing to another cause. It is the intimate connection with the legend of the Holy Grail that has rendered them immortal. What chivalry, with all its warlike prowess, was unable to effect by itself, was achieved by chivalry blended with Christianity. As long as Arthur's knights vowed themselves solely to worldly adventures they were like ordinary men; but when they entered upon the quest of the Holy Grail, the search for the supernatural, the struggle for the spiritual stamped upon them immortality.

Besides the Merlin, which presents the national story of Arthur, and the spiritual story of the Holy Grail, the Arthurian cycle has incorporated two other branches, viz., the "Lancelot" and the "Tristan." All are represented in "Le Morte Darthur."

237–41; Arthour and Merlin, p. 244; Adventures of Arthur at Tarn Wadling and Gawayn and the Grene Knight, pp. 327–35;—E. Koelbing, Vier Romanzen-Handschriften, Englische Studien, vol. vii., 1884, pp. 177–201.

Compare, further, Bishop Percy's Folio MS., ed. by J. W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall, London, 1867, vol. i. pp. 142–64, Sir Lambewell (see Fragments, Malone, 941, and Douce, ii. 95, Bodleian Library); 103–18, The Marriage of Sir Gawayne; 501–7, King Arthur's Death; vol. ii. pp. 58–77, The Green Knight, a popular version of Sir Gawayne and the Greene Knight, and pp. 404–99, Libius Disconius. Several other metrical versions and their MSS. are mentioned in the chapters where they are concerned.

[1] W. Wüllenweber, Tennyson's König's Idylle, "Coming of Arthur." Herrig's Archiv, vol. lxxxiii., 1889.

[2] A. Charles Swinburne, Tristram of Lyonesse. London, 1882. 8vo.

[3] Matthew Arnold, Poems. London, 1869. 2 vols. 8vo.

The origin and relationship to one another of these branches of romance, whether in prose or verse, are involved in great obscurity, and though Belgian, Dutch, English, French, and German scholars have long endeavoured to throw light on these questions, comparatively little has been done; it would almost seem as if several generations were required for this gigantic task. The words of Professor Gaston Paris, to whom, among living scholars, the widest knowledge of this subject may safely be attributed, do but represent the feeling of every scholar who has essayed to thread this intricate maze: "J'ai entrepris depuis quelque temps une exploration méthodique de ce grand domaine poétique qu'on appelle le cycle de la Table Ronde, le cycle d'Arthur, ou le cycle bréton. J'avance en tâtonnant, et bien souvent, revenant vingt fois sur mes pas, je m'aperçois que je suis perdu, dans un dédale inextricable,"[1] &c.

Little wonder, then, if the history of the theories in this field of literature is already extensive. I can, in this place, only give below[2] a brief enumeration of the principal works upon the subject, and would refer the reader more particularly to M. G. Paris' treatise,

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[1] *See* Romania, vol. x. p. 465.

[2] The groups are, according to the names of the nations, in alphabetical order; the names of authors in each group are chronologically arranged. For the relation of the theories to one another, I refer the reader to chapter iv. p. 97 ff. of Mr. A. Nutt's Studies &c., described below.

I. Ch. Potvin, Chrestien de Troyes. Perceval le Gallois ou le Conte du Graal. Société des Bibliophiles Belges. Mons. 1865–66. 6 vols. 8vo.

Eugène Hucher, Le Saint-Graal, ou le Joseph d'Arimathie, première branche des romans de la Table ronde, &c. Le Mans, 1876–78. 3 vols. 8vo.

II. W. J. A. Jonckbloet, Roman van Lancelot xiiie eeuw. Naahr Het (Eenig-bekende) Handschrift der Koninklijke Bibliotheek s'Gravenhage. Vol. i. 1846, vol. ii. 1849. 4to.

III. Sir Walter Scott, Sir Tristrem; a metrical romance of the thirteenth century by Thomas of Ercildoune, called the Rhymer, from the Auchinleck MS., Advocates' Library Edinburgh, 1804. 8vo.—Prof. Koelbing's edition, see on the next page.

Sir Frederic Madden, K.H., Syr Gawayne, a collection of ancient romance-poems by Scottish and English authors, relating to that celebrated knight of the Round Table, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. London, 1839. 4to.

Alfred Nutt, Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail, with especial reference to the Hypothesis of its Celtic origin. London, 1888. 8vo.

See also Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen, No. xii., 10. Juni 1890, pp. 488–528, H. Zimmer's Criticism on Alfred Nutt's theories concerning the origin of Holy Grail.

Herbert Coleridge, Essay on Arthur, reprinted in F. J. Furnivall's edition of the Harl. MS. 2252. London, 1864. 8vo.

IV. Th. C. H. Hersart de La Villemarqué, Contes populaires des anciens Brétons précédés d'un essai sur l'origine des épopées chevaleresques de la Table Ronde. 2 vols. Paris, 1842. 8vo.

H. de La Villemarqué, Les Romans de la Table Ronde et les contes des anciens Brétons, 3ème édition (of the preceding work) considérablement modifiée. Paris, 1860. 12mo. See also the same author's Myrdhinn or l'Enchanteur Merlin.

Paulin Paris, De l'origine et du développement des Romans de la Table Ronde, Romania, i. p. 457. P. Paris, Les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du roi, 7 vols., Paris,

"Les Romans en vers du cycle de la Table ronde," in vol. xxx. of "Histoire littéraire de France."

The theory of M. G. Paris on the origin and history of the Arthur-saga, set forth in the Introduction to this study, has lately been challenged by Professor H. Zimmer, in his two learned dissertations, specified below.[1]

1836–48, 8vo. P. Paris, Les Romans de la Table Ronde mis en nouveau langage et accompagnés de recherches sur l'origine et le caractère de ces grandes compositions 5 vols., Paris, 1868–77, 16mo.

F. G. Bergmann, Sur l'origine et la signification des Romans du Saint Graal. Strasbourg, 1842. 8vo. An English translation of this appeared under the title, "The San Grëal, an Enquiry into the origin and signification of the Romance of the S. G." Edinburgh, 1870. 16mo.

Gaston Paris, Histoire littéraire de France, vol. xxx. pp. 1–270, les versions en vers et l'origine des Romans de la Table Ronde. G. Paris, La littérature française au moyen-âge, Paris, 1888, 16mo. G. Paris, Romania, vol. x. pp. 465–96, Lancelot; vol. xii. pp. 457–534, Le Roman de la charette; vol. xv. pp. 461–602, and vol. xvi. pp. 288–363, Tristan. G. Paris and J. Ulrich, Introduction to the Huth Merlin.

V. San Marte (Albert Schulz), Gottfried von Monmouth Hist. Reg. Britanniæ und der Brut Tysylio, Halle a. S. 1854, 8vo. San Marte, Die Arthur-Sage und die Märchen des roten Buches von Hengest, Quedlinburg und Leipzig, 1842, 8vo. San Marte, Beiträge zur bretonischen und celtisch-germanischen Heldensage, Quedlinburg und Leipzig, 1847, 8vo. San Marte, Die Sagen von Merlin, 1853, 8vo. San Marte, Parcival Studien Halle, 1861–62, 8vo.

F. Zarncke, Zur Geschichte der Gralsage, in Paul's und Braune's Beiträgen. Halle a. S., 1876. Vol. iii. pp. 304–334.

A. Birsch-Hirschfeld, Die Sage vom Graal, ihre Entwicklung und dichterische Ausbildung in Frankreich und Deutschland im 12ten und 13ten Jahrhundert, Eine litterarhistorische Untersuchung. Leipzig, 1877. 8vo.

Eugen Koelbing, Die nordische und die englische Version der Tristan-Sage. Part I.: Tristrams Saga ok Isondar (1878). Part II.: Sir Tristrem (1882). Heilbronn, 8vo.

Wolfgang Golther, Die Sage von Tristan und Isolde. Studie über ihre Entstehung und Entwicklung im Mittelalter. München, 1887. 8vo.

Paul Maertens, Zur Lancelotsage, eine litterarhistorische Untersuchung. Vol. v. pp. 557–706, of Böhmer's Romanische Studien. (Comp. Roman. x. 307, 477.)

[1] Professor H. Zimmer's two articles referred to above are (1) Criticism of M. G. Paris' treatise in vol. xxx. of the "Histoire littéraire de France" in No. 20, pp. 785–832, of Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen, October 1890; and (2) the supplement to the first article: Bretonische Elemente in der Arthursage des Gottfried von Monmouth, in Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Litteratur, vol. xii. pp. 231–56.

The essence of these two most ingenious articles, which show their author's deep knowledge and critical acumen, may be summed up as follows:—

(1) The "matière de Bretagne" did not reach the poets of northern France through Wales, as M. Gaston Paris conjectures, but through the "doppelsprachigen und franzoesierten Bretonen." Through Geoffrey of Monmouth's remarkable "Historia regum Britanniæ" the French poets of the north became more intimately acquainted with material which had been, very probably, familiar to them for a long time.

(2) Geoffrey certainly invented the frame and the sequence of events of his stories, but not the incidents forming their basis. The latter he drew from various sources (Nennius, Gildas, Welsh Heroic-Sagas, Bretonic sources). He dealt freely with them as best suited his purpose, and this explains the misplacing and amplification of various incidents; but he cannot be credited with having altogether invented anything. Books 8–11 of the "Historia," &c., are peculiarly marked by richness of detail, and deal with a

Sir Thomas Malory "reduced," as Caxton tells us, his work from certain books in French, and, indeed, no less than fifty-six times in the course of the work are these sources referred to in terms such as "the frensshe booke maketh no mencyon," 40, 18; "as it telleth in the booke," 63, 18; "for as the frensshe book saith," 28, 4, &c. (See "List of Names and Places," vol. ii. under "Book.")

The term "reduced" is to be taken literally, the materials worked up into "Le Morte Darthur" being about ten times as long as the book itself. It has long since been recognised that these "French books" must have been the different branches of the Arthurian romances referred to above, but how far this was so, and what particular versions were used, has not as yet been investigated. In two cases, at least, the French book is an English one, as we shall see hereafter.

Before entering upon the detailed critical examination of the relationship of "Le Morte Darthur" to its different English and French sources, I think it well to point out the various versions made use of by Sir Thomas Malory, and to give a description of them.[1]

The romance of "Merlin" must be considered as the basis of the first four books. There exist three different phases of this romance—the prose-rendering of the "Merlin" by Robert de Boron,[2] the

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period which forms the background or basis of the Welsh tradition. If Geoffrey had not had popular sources at his disposal for this part of his work, how can this richness of detail be explained? how can the interruption of the chronicle-like character of his work in this part be accounted for? especially when we consider that at an earlier period he might have invented whatever he chose, without meeting such a strong contradiction as in the portion treating the fifth and sixth centuries.

(3) M. G. Paris improperly applies Britannia to modern England, instead of to modern Brittany. Wherever Geoffrey uses in his "Historia," &c., *Cambria* (ii. 1, iv. 19, vi. 16, vii. 4, viii. 14, 15) or *Gualia* (ii. 1, iv. 19, xii. 20; compare xii. 19) he can only refer to Wales. The "*Liber Britannici sermonis vetustissimus*," which, as he says, was brought to him ex Britannia, by his friend and contemporary, Archdeacon Walter of Oxford, can only have its origin in Brittany. Geoffrey was acquainted with the fact that the romantic Arthur-saga of the "Bretonen" deviated considerably from the saga then flourishing in Wales, from which he also derived several incidents for the mosaic of which his "Historia" consists, and this may be considered as the cause for attributing his work, full of unheard-of events, to the "bretonische Quellen."

"Criticism and further research," is the conclusion of the learned author's dissertation, will have to teach us if this theory of the origin and history of the "matière de Bretagne" does not, at least to some extent, show the impossibility of the theory set forth by M. G. Paris in his Introduction to Les Romans en vers du cycle de la Table ronde, vol. xxx. pp 1–19 of the Histoire littéraire de France.

[1] See the letter I published on this subject in *The Academy*, London, January 4, 1890.

[2] Of the poem of Robert de Boron only 504 verses are preserved in the unique MS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale, No. 20047. It was printed by Francisque Michel under the title, "Roman du Saint-Graal," Bordeaux, 1841 (vv. 3515–4018); reprinted in the Appendix of "The History of the Holy Grail," edited by F. J. Furnivall for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1863, 4to, pp. 41–46. G. Weidner, Der Prosaroman, Joseph von Arimathia, Oppeln, 1881, 8vo. The prose-account of "Merlin" is, however, much interpolated, and contains more details than the original poem by R. de Boron.

"Ordinary Merlin," and the "Suite de Merlin,"[1] wrongly attributed to Robert de Boron.

The "Merlin" by Robert de Boron, and the "Ordinary Merlin" are, taken together, represented by MS. 747 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, the French MSS. Add. 10292, ff. 76–216, and Harl. 6340 of the British Musuem,[2] the unique English MS. of the University Library, Cambridge (which is an almost literal translation of the French text), edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley for the Early English Text Society, as "Merlin," or "The Early History of King Arthur;" a fragment of a similar MS. to that of the Cambridge University Library is preserved in the Miscell. MS. Rawl. No. 1370, pp. 315–17; part of the Huth MS.,[3] and finally several printed editions[4] of the beginning of the sixteenth century. Chapters

[1] Compare Messrs. G. Paris and J. Ulrich, "Merlin," Société des Anciens textes français. Paris, 1888. 8vo. Introd. pp. xxiii. ff.

[2] Add. MS. 10292 is written on vellum early in the fourteenth century; three columns of fifty lines each go to a full page. The borders are illuminated as well as the initials. There are 177 miniatures in the MS.—Harl. 6340, ff. 1–292 verso. Paper fifteenth century; double columns with thirty-five lines each. Mr. Ward, in his "Catalogue of Romances" (pp. 343–44), says about the two MSS., "Add. is not so full as the text of the printed editions," "Harl. is written at a greater detail than the text of the printed edition."—The fact is that both texts are exactly alike, representing only different stages of the French language; both, therefore, contain more than the printed Merlin. I have tried to fix the date of Harl. MS. 6340 by the help of the water-mark in the paper, which is a bunch of grapes. I found a very similar mark, though not absolutely alike, in the paper on which the Mazarin Bible is printed in 1455. I believe the MS. may fairly be dated "between 1445 and 50." The MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, is, with very few exceptions, an almost literal English translation from a very similar MS. The division of the text into paragraphs, however, which agrees in the French MSS., is different in the English one.

[3] The Huth MS., which I saw on the occasion of a visit to the Huth Library, June 19, 1890, was written at the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century. It consists of 229 leaves small folio. Belonging originally to the "fameux M. Du Cange d'Amiens," it passed into the possession of "Comte Corbière," and became finally the property of Mr. Alfred Huth, London. (For more particulars see the Catalogue of the Huth Library, and Messrs. Paris and Ulrich's Introd.)—As to its contents, the Huth MS. consists of two different parts, which are not, however, materially separated. The first part occupies ff. 1–75^{a}, the second ff. 75^{b} to the end. The first part has again two different sections: (*a*) from f. 1–19^{b} is a copy of the prose-romance "Joseph d'Arimathie" by Robert de Boron (not reprinted by Messrs. Paris and Ulrich, for reasons stated in their Introd. p. vii.); (*b*) from fol. 19^{b} to 75^{a} is the prose-rendering of the Merlin by R. de Boron, and the same version, though not always literal, as MS. Add. 10292. From fol. 75^{b} to the end the text of the Huth MS. is unique in its French form.

[4] Anthoine Verard printed two folio editions in 1498. The same type is used in both, but the second edition was entirely re-set. There also exist three quarto editions printed at Paris in 1505, 1510 (?), and 1528, and one at Rouen, 1520 (?). Although these printed texts relate the same events to a certain extent, they differ widely from the MSS.; whilst, as a rule, less detailed, they at times contain episodes lacking in the MSS.—Le Roman de Merlin, Remis en bon François et dans un meilleur ordre (d'après l'original attribué à Robert de Boron) par S. Boulard. Paris, 1797. 3 vols. Vellum. 16mo.

1 to 18 of the first book are drawn from this version. By "Suite de Merlin" is understood the unique text represented by the Huth MS., from fol. 75[a] to the end. It has to be remarked that the Huth MS. is not quite perfect, breaking off in the midst of the adventure of Gawayn, Vwayne, and Marhaus with the three ladies; thus we lack a positive source for the last few chapters of the fourth book, Malory's account being consequently the only known version extant.

The fifth book is not, as M. Gaston Paris supposes (Introduction to the Huth Merlin, p. lxxii.), drawn from the "Ordinary Merlin," but it is a rendering in prose of the English metrical romance, "La Morte Arthure," represented by the unique Thornton MS. in the library of Lincoln Cathedral,[1] which has been several times printed, with occasional references to the English chronicles. This romance is the work of the Scotch poet, Huchown, as conclusively shown by Professor M. Trautmann,[2] who must also be credited with having first pointed out that Malory made use of it, but his contemptuous reference to Malory as a "Zusammenstoppler" is unjustified, as my studies will show. The sixth book is taken from the "Lancelot"[3] as represented by about a dozen French MSS. in the British Museum, all more or less complete and resembling one another; several MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale; and several printed editions[4] of the beginning of the sixteenth century.

As to the seventh book, I can trace no part of its contents in the numerous MSS. I have studied. It cannot be denied that there exists some slight resemblance between the romance entitled "Le beaus Disconus"[5] and Malory's narrative, but it is not sufficient to

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[1] The Thornton MS. in the Lincoln Cathedral Library is a collection of poems and essays on various subjects (comp. Sir Frederic Madden's Introd. to "Syr Gawayne," London, Bannatyne Club, 1839). The Morte Arthure was printed from this MS. for the first time in 1847 by J. O. Halliwell, in 1865 by the Rev. George G. Perry, and in 1865 and 1871 by E. Brock, the two latter editions for the E.E.T.S. I have used the latest of these.

[2] Professor Moritz Trautmann, in his treatise on the Poet Huchown, Anglia, Zeitschrift für Englische Philologie, Halle a. S. 1868, vol. i. p. 143 ff.

[3] The MSS. of the Lancelot in the British Museum are these:—Lansdowne 757; Royal 19 C xiii., 20 B viii., 19 B vii., 20 C vi., 20 D iv., 20 D ii., 14 E iii., Additional 17443, 10293, 10294; Harl. 4419, 6341, 6342. From Royal 14 E iii. and Add. 10294 Dr. F. J. Furnivall printed, in 1864, his edition of "La Queste del Saint Graal" for the Roxburghe Club. These MSS. are all more or less deficient; some of them contain only a very small part of the Lancelot.

[4] Ant. Verard printed the Lancelot in 1494 twice. For both editions the same type is used, but it was re-set throughout for the second edition. There appeared further an edition in 1513, 3 vols., quarto (printed for Philippe le noire, Libraire, &c.), and in 1533 another folio edition (Jehan Petit).

[5] Ly beaus Disconus: (1) MS. Cott. A ii. Brit. Mus.; (2) National Library, Naples; (3) Lincoln's Inn Library. See E. Koelbing, Englische Studien, vol. i. p. 121.—Comp., further, L'Hystoire de Giglan filz de messire Gauuain qui fut roy de Gallas etc. Et de

establish any connection between them. This book relates the adventures of Gareth, a brother of syr Gawayn, how he came disguised to King Arthur's court, and was nicknamed by syr Kay "Beaumayns." The whole book has the character of a folk-tale, and differs greatly from the general run of Arthurian adventures. I am inclined to doubt its originally belonging to the Arthurian cycle, to which it may have been adapted by Malory, or by some unknown writer before him, from some now lost French poem. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that in none of the versions which I have read, and which are represented in Malory's work, is any, even the slightest, reference made to Gareth's exploits on his way to the castle of Lady Lyonesse, or to this lady, her sister Lynet, her brother Gryngamor, or the five brothers whom Gareth overcame and sent to Arthur's court.

In the eighth, ninth, and tenth books Malory follows the prose-version of "Tristan," represented by MS. No. 103 of the Bibliothèque Nationale[1] and by several printed texts of the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, copies of which are in the British Museum.[2] This version, which is generally attributed to Luces de Gast,[3] differs greatly from the so-called enlarged "Tristan" by Hélie de Boron,[3] represented by MSS. Add. 5474, Royal 20 D ii., and Egerton 989 in the British Museum. The chapters xxi. to xxviii. of the tenth book, however, are taken from "The Prophecies of Merlin," represented by two fragmentary MSS., Add. 25434 and Harl. 1629, in the British Museum. These chapters narrate the adventures of Alysaunder le orphelyn and the great tournament of Surluse, and, as they are the only part of Malory's sources which has never been printed, I have edited them faithfully, and printed them in the Appendix[4] to this volume.

The eleventh and twelfth books are again drawn from the above-mentioned "Lancelot," save the last three chapters of the twelfth book, relating the fight between Trystram and Palomydes, which are not to

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Geoffroy de Maience son compaignon: tous deux cheualiers de la table Ronde. Lyon, 1503. 4to.—Ritson, English Metrical Romances. London, 1802. 8vo. Vol. ii. Lybeaus Disconus.—Histoire Littéraire de France, vol. xxx. p. 180.

[1] M. G. Paris says, Romania, vol. v. 1886, note, p. 481: "Les éditions n'ont pas été faites sur ce ms. même, mais sur un ms. très voisin, qui ne diffère du 103 que par de détails de style," &c.

[2] The "Tristan" has been printed oftener than any other romance. The first edition dates from Rouen, 1484, two volumes in one, folio. Then follows Verard's edition, Paris, 1505 (?), folio. Other editions appeared at Paris, 1520, 1533, 1554, 1577, and 1586. I have based my treatise on the edition of 1484.

[3] As M. G. Paris has shown most ingeniously in the Introduction to the Huth Merlin, the two names "Luces de Gast" and "Hélie de Boron" are fictitious.

[4] Information about the MSS. containing these adventures precedes my edition in the Appendix to the present volume.

be met with in any of the above-named versions of the "Tristan."[1] At the end of the twelfth book Malory says, "Here ends the second book of syr Trystram that was drawen oute of Frensshe, but here is no rehersal made of the thyrd book." It is not quite clear what is meant by this third book, as the source which Malory follows for his whole account only consists of two books; therefore he must either refer to the so-called enlarged "Tristan" ascribed to Hélie de Boron, or he knew another third part which we no longer possess. I believe that he meant the "Tristan" as enlarged by Hélie de Boron, because the references he makes to Trystram's death in the eleventh chapter of the nineteenth and in the sixth chapter of the twentieth book, according to which Trystram suffered death from being stabbed by king Mark from behind, correspond exactly to the account given in that version: "Ensi comme tristram aloit harpant devant la roine yseut enguise de menestrel & li rois march le fiert par derriere dun glaue" (Add. 5474, fol. 290 verso). Very similar is the account given in the romance of "Méliadus";[2] there the King Meliadus dreams that King Mark stabs his nephew "iusques a la croix parmy le corps."

The thirteenth to the close of the seventeenth book represent the Quest of the Holy Grail as it is found in the "Lancelot," and as we can avail ourselves of it in Dr. Furnivall's[3] edition for the Roxburghe Club (1864) from MSS. Royal 14 E iii. and Add. 10294 in the British Museum.

The eighteenth book follows apparently two versions: the "Lancelot" and the English metrical romance "Le Morte Arthur" as represented by Harl. MS. 2252. Here Malory greatly alters the sequence of events. Perhaps he knew a version which combined the peculiarities of both versions. The twentieth chapter of this book and the introductory lines of the first chapter in the twentieth book are, as well as some other passages in the two last books of "Le Morte Darthur," evidently Malory's own.

As to the nineteenth book, I agree with M. Gaston Paris (Romania, xii. 1883, pp. 459–534) that Malory, besides the "Lancelot," had another source from which he drew the first part of the episode of Malegeaunt and Gueneuer; or else that a previous version existed combining the two accounts. The last four chapters of this book, describing the handling of syr Vrre's wounds, cannot be traced. I

[1] In MS. 5474, fol. 301, col. 2, an account is given of the christening of Palomydes, but it differs widely from Malory's version.

[2] Meliadus de Leonnoys. Paris, 1528. Folio.

[3] La Queste del Saint Graal, ed. by F. J. Furnivall for the Roxburghe Club. London, 1864. 4to.

believe Malory adapted them from some now lost French lay. The enumeration of all the knights who, at Arthur's request, handle Vrre's wounds is undoubtedly Malory's own; he seems, as I can prove from other instances, to have had a great predilection for such catalogues of names.

The twentieth and twenty-first books are a prose-rendering of the English metrical romance, "Le Morte Arthur," as given in the Harl. MS. 2252;[1] the "Lancelot" may occasionally also have been used.

It must, however, be observed that all the MSS. mentioned here

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[1] "Le Morte Arthur." Edited, from the Harleian MS. 2252 in the British Museum, by F. J. Furnivall. With a prefatory essay by the late Herbert Coleridge on "Arthur." London and Cambridge, 1864. 12mo. When studying "Le Morte Arthur," I noticed that the Harl. MS. 2252 needs emending in its present shape, as the first half presents anomalies in the narrative. I made a suggestion to that effect in a letter to *The Academy* of Nov. 15, 1890. Ll. 832–951 are, as they now stand, misplaced; they belong to the episode of "Gueneuer and Mador de la porte;" they interrupt the episode of "Launcelot and the fair Maiden of Ascolot." If ll. 952–1181 are inserted after l. 831, the first-mentioned episode is continued and completed. This deficiency has escaped Messrs. F. J. Furnivall (edition of Le Mort Arthur, 1864), G. Ellis (Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, Lond. 1805, vol. iii. pp. 308–387), and H. G. Ward (Catalogue of the Romances in the MSS. of the British Museum, pp. 405–6). These gentlemen only state that the Harl. MS. lacks one or two leaves after fol. 102.

I have satisfied myself, by an examination of the binding of the portion of the volume which contains "Le Morte Arthur," that the MS. wants one leaf. It is thus arranged:—

1. Ff. 86–101 form a "gathering" of eight sheets, *i.e.*, sixteen leaves.
2. Fol. 102 is a single leaf.
3. Ff. 103–14 form a "gathering" of six sheets, or twelve leaves.
4. Ff. 115–130 form a "gathering" of eight sheets, or sixteen leaves.
5. Ff. 131, 132, 133, and 133* represent two sheets, or four leaves.

It is obvious from this analysis that it was intended to write the MS. on paper arranged in "gatherings" of eight sheets. On fol. 102 another handwriting begins. The new scribe, probably forgetting the intended arrangement, did what often happens, viz., he wrote on the second leaf of the same sheet, of which fol. 102 is the first half, and the second leaf is the very folio missing in the MS. If it had been otherwise, there ought to be a corresponding leaf missing between ff. 114 and 115, which is not the case.

The gap which is caused by the deficiency of the folio can be filled up as nearly as possible by ll. 832–951, which are, as above stated, misplaced. By transposing these lines into the gap after fol. 102, the episode of "Guenever and Mador de la Porte" becomes a complete whole if we omit ll. 912–927, because they are to a certain extent repeated by ll. 1318–1331 (comp., *e.g.*, ll. 916, 917, and 919 to ll. 1318, 1320, and 1321), and also ll. 928–951 as being an apparent contradiction to ll. 1467–1503.

How did this confusion arise? I venture to think that I can satisfactorily answer this question. The poet, while transcribing the French prose into English verse, finding that he had so far abandoned his source that it was impossible for him to connect his narrative with the ensuing events, re-wrote a part of his work, and very likely marked the portions which he wished to be omitted. The scribes afterwards neglected or did not understand his indications, and so the Harl. MS. contains a certain portion twice, which varied only in the end. Thus, the folio missing after 102 evidently contained ll. 832–911 + two lines rhyming with ll. 1318 and 1319—and completing ll. 1318–1323 to a

as the sources of "Le Morte Darthur" can only be styled thus in so far as they contain the same versions as those Malory actually had before him when compiling his work; in no case can we assert with certainty that this or that is the very MS., or even a faithful copy of it, which the compiler had before him.

After these general remarks, I now proceed to critically examine the sources, one by one, not as they are arbitrarily arranged in "Le Morte Darthur," but according to the great branches of Arthurian romances, to which the single parts belong. In accordance with this arrangement, the plan for my studies on Malory's sources is as follows:—

I. "Merlin," or the early history of King Arthur. (*a*) The "Merlin by R. de Boron," book i. 1–7; (*b*) the "Ordinary Merlin," book i. 8–18; (*c*) the "Suite de Merlin," book i. 18–28, books ii., iii., and iv. 1–25; (*d*) "La Morte Arthure," by Huchown, book v.

II. "Lancelot," or the later history and the death of King Arthur (*a*) Book vi.; (*b*) book xi.; (*c*) book xii. 1–10; (*d*) books xiii.–xvii.; (*e*) book xix.; (*f*) "Le Morte Arthur," Harl. MS. 2252: (*α*) book xviii., (*β*) books xx. and xxi.

III. "Tristan," or the adventures of Syr Tristram. (*a*) Books viii.–ix.; (*b*) book x., except 32–50.

IV. "The Prophecies of Merlin," or the adventures of Alysaunder le orphelyn, and the great tournament of Surluse. Book x. 32–50.

In the table[1] facing this page I have endeavoured to give the reader, graphically, an idea of the relative length in pages, of the number of chapters of the twenty-one books of "Le Morte Darthur," and of their relationship to the principal branches of Arthurian romance.

The shorter side of the table is divided into twenty-one equal parts, according to the number of books; on each of these parts, as a basis, is constructed a rectangle, the longer side of which is determined by the number of pages each book fills up in the Caxton. As the tenth book is the longest, and runs through one hundred and fifty-eight pages, the longer side of the table is divided into one hundred and sixty parts, marked by the numbers, 10, 20, 30, &c., and each representing one page of the Caxton. The twenty-one

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stanza of eight lines—or eighty-two lines, the exact number of lines contained by several folios of the Harl. MS.

If these proposed emendations are accepted, the episode of "Guenever and Mador de a Porte" would consist of (1) ll. 832–910; (2) two lines + 1318–1671, and, thus arranged, would be in accordance with the account given of the episode by the various MSS. of the "Lancelot" in the British Museum, and with that of Malory's "Le Morte Darthur," book xviii. chaps. iii. to viii.

[1] The table is set up in type from the original drawn up by myself.

rectangles, therefore, are graphically the whole of "Le Morte Darthur," each single one showing the volume of one book. It is not quite clear why Caxton, who owns, in his Preface, to have divided Malory's work into books and chapters, has distributed the material so very unequally. He might very well have arranged the contents of his eighth, ninth, and tenth books into six books of lengths proportionate to the rest.

The inner columns on the right and left side of the table contain in Roman figures the numbers of the books; the outer columns indicate in Arabic figures, on the right the number of pages, on the left the number of chapters of each single book. The brackets on the left, outside the table, link together such books of "Le Morte Darthur" as belong to the same branch of Arthurian romance. Inside the twenty-one rectangles are quoted, in exact proportion to the number of pages to which they correspond, the English and French romances which contain the same versions as those Malory had before him, whereas, outside, on the same level with each rectangle, are named the MSS. and printed editions containing those romances.

RELATION OF THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "LE MORTE DARTHUR" TO EACH OTHER.

SIR THOMAS MALORY[1] finished the manuscript of his book, according to Caxton's statement, in the ninth year of the reign of King Edward IV.—*i.e.*, about 1470—and he printed from it: "a book of the noble hystoryes etc. after a copy vnto me delyuerd." All efforts to trace this manuscript in any of the libraries of the United Kingdom or elsewhere, have hitherto proved fruitless, and I think always will; for most likely Malory's manuscript, being intended for the press, existed only in one copy, and this, having been greatly spoiled and damaged during the process of printing, was destroyed after

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[1] (*a*) An almost certain reference to Malory's "Morte Darthur" is found in a book which appeared in 1506, entitled:—

> "Paſtime of Pleaſure, or the Hiſtory of Graunde Amour and La Bell Pycel: conteining the knowledge of the ſeven Sciences, and the courſe of man's life in this worlde. Invented by Stephen Hawes, groome of Kyng Henry VII his chamber, dedicated to the king and finiſhed at the beginning of 1506."

In the passage in question (chap. xliii.) Fame appears and promising that she will enroll his name (*i.e.* Graunde Amour) with those of Hector, Joshua, Caesar, Arthur, etc. says with regard to the latter and his knights that their exploits are recorded "in royal bokes and jeſtes hyſtoryall." Comp. Warton, "History of English Poetry," ed. W. C. Hazlitt, vol. iii. pp. 169–188.

(*b*) Another interesting reference, containing not a very favourable judgment upon the "Morte Darthur," I found in Roger Aſcham's book "The Schoolemaſter." London. 1570. On p. 81 of The Rev. John E. B. Mayor's reprint of this book (London, 1863) we read:

> "In our forefathers tyme, whan Papiſtrie, as a ſtandyng poole, couered and overflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tong, ſavyng certaine bookes of Cheualrie, as they ſayd, for paſtime and pleaſure, which, as ſome ſay, were made in Monaſteries by idle Monkes or wanton Chanons; as one for example, Morte Arthure: the whole pleaſure of whiche booke ſtandeth in two ſpeciall poyntes, in open mans ſlaughter and bold bawdrye: In which booke thoſe be counted the nobleſt Knightes, that do kill moſt men without any quarell, and commit fowleſt aduoulteres by ſutleſt ſhiftes: as Sir Launcelote with the wife of King Arthure his maſter: Syr Triſtram with the wife of Kyng Marke his uncle: Syr Lamerocke with the wife of king Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good ſtuffe for wiſe men to laughe at, or honeſt men to take pleaſure at. Yet I know, when God's Bible was baniſſhed the Court, and Morte Arthure received into the Princes chamber," &c.

Comp. also Aſcham's "Toxophilus." London. 1545. 4°. Preface.

the book was ready. Wynkyn de Worde has evidently printed his edition of 1498 from Caxton's edition, though he does not give any statement to this effect. Either from Caxton's, but more likely from his own, he printed in 1529 his second, in fact the third, edition of "Le Morte Darthur." The copy of this last-mentioned edition, fully described on page 7, was the one from which the variations are quoted, simply because, in the first place, the interval between 1485 and 1498 is very small; and secondly, the copy of 1489 has many deficiencies, while that of 1529 only lacks Caxton's preface, and some passages of the table of contents which can be supplied from the contents preceding the single chapters.

This edition deviates considerably, not only in orthography, from Caxton's, as will be seen from the list of various readings. Words are transposed, now and then added or omitted, and obsolete ones are frequently exchanged for more modern ones.

Whether these variations are introduced by the compositors or by some person who read the proof-sheets must be left undecided, but in some instances the latter seems very probable.

Copland's edition of 1559, the fourth in order, is not, as one would suppose, a reprint from Caxton but from W. de Worde's edition of 1529, which, on collation, was found to agree with it word for word and line for line, but not page for page, owing to the difference in size of the woodcuts which precede each book in the two copies.

About 1585 Thomas East printed his two editions either from W. de Worde or Copland. The similarity of title in Copland's and East's editions inclines me to think that Copland's is the basis.

Finally, the seventh and last black-letter edition, that of Thomas Stansby, 1634, in spite of the different arrangement of the book, some arbitrary alterations and omissions, not to speak of slight differences orthographical and otherwise, is a reprint of East's folio, as the following reasons show: firstly, as already stated by Thomas Wright in his introduction, Stansby's edition wants the contents of one leaf in East's folio edition. (According to Caxton: part of chap. ii., the whole of chap. iii., and almost the whole of chap. iv. of Book XIV.)[1] This leaf bears in East's folio the signature Dd_8,

[1] Th. Wright has supplied the deficient leaf from Caxton. The editor of the "Morte Arthur" of 1816, in 2 vols., leaves the passage out without mentioning this fact

TABLE SHOWING THE RELATION .E DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "LE MC TE DARTHUR" TO ONE ANOTHER.

Book i. Chap. i. Page 35, lines 1–12.

WYNKYN DE WORDE (1529)

IT befell in the days of ye noble Vtherpendragon whā he was kynge of Englande and ſo regned / there was a myghty and a noble duke in Cornewayle that helde longe tyme warre agaynſt hym . And ye duke was named the duke of Tyntagyll / & ſo by meanes kynge Vther ſente for this duke / chargynge hym to brynge his wyfe w^t hym for ſhe was called a ryght fayre lady / & a paſſynge wyſe / & Igrayne was her name . So whan the duke & his wyfe were comen to ye kynge / by the meanes of grete lordes they were bothe accorded / & the kyng lyked & loued this lady well / and made her grete chere out of meaſure / etc.

LAND (1557)

T befell in the dayes the noble Vtherpen- gon whan he was ge of Englande & o reigned, there was a myghtye and a noble duke in Cornewayle, that helde l tyme warre agaynſte hym . And t duke was named the duke of Tyntagyl, and ſo by meanes king Vther ſente for this duke chargynge hym to bryrge his wyfe with hym for ſhe was ca'' d a ryght fayre lady, and a paſſyng yſe, and Igrayne was her name . So whan the duke & his wyfe were comen to the kyng, by the meanes of great lordes they were bothe accorded, & the kyng lyked & loued this lady well, and made her great chere out of meaſure, etc.

EAST (?1585)

IT befell in the daye of the noble Vtherper a- gon whan he was kir of England and ſo raig ed, there was a mighty nd a noble Duke in Cornewayle, that 'd longe time warre agaynſt him . l the Duke was named ye Duke of - tagyl, and ſo by meanes kinge V er ſent for this duke charging him to l ng his wyfe with him, for ſhee was call d a right faire Lady, and a paſſing wiſe, and Igrayne was hir name . So whan the duke and his wyfe were comen to the king, by the meanes of great Lordes they were both accorded, and the kinge lyked & loued this lady well, and ı ade hir great cheere out of meaſure, et

STANSBY (1634)

IT befell in the dayes of the noble Vtherpendragon when he was King of England and ſo reigned, there was a mighty and a noble Duke in Cornewayle, that held long time warre againſt him. And the Duke was named the Duke of Tintagil, and ſo by meanes King Vther ſent for this Duke charging him to bring his wife with him, for ſhee was called a right faire Lady, and a paſſing wife, and Igraynewas her name. So when the duke and his wife were come to the King, by the meanes of great Lords they were both accorded, and the King liked and loued this Lady well, and made her great cheere out of meaſure, etc.

[*Part i. Chap. i.*]

Book i. Chap. ii. Page 36, lines 31–35.

And than Merlin was boūden to come to the kynge . whan kyng Vther ſawe hym / he ſayd y^t he was welcome . Syr ſayd Merlyn / I knowe all your herte euery dele / ſo ye wyll be ſworne to me as ye be a true kyng en my deſyre / ye ſhall

And thā Merlin was boūden to come to the kynge . Whan kynge Vther ſawe hym, he ſay y^t he was welcome . Syr ſayde Me n, I knowe all your herte o ye wyll be ſworne to me e kynge enoynted to fulfyl e ſhall haue your deſyre .

And than Merlyn was boūden to come to ye King . Whan kinge Vther ſawe him, he ſaid y^t he was welcome . Syr said Merl I know al your hart euery dele, ſo y be ſworne to me as yee be a true enoynted to fulfyll my deſyre, yee haue your deſyre .

And then Merlyn was bounde to come to the King. When King Vther ſaw him, he ſaid that he was welcome. Sir ſaid Merlyn, I know all your heart euery dele, ſo you will be ſworne to mee be a true King a to fulfil my deſire, you ſhal haue

Chap. ii.]

Arthur and .

my treaſour . ¶ All this vyſyon ſawe ſyr Launcelot at the croſſe . And on the

SO the quene departed from the kynge / and ſente for ſyr Bors in to her chambre .

For the tranſlacyon of this boke was fynyſſhed the . ix . yere of the regne of kyng Edwarde ye fourth by ſyr Thomas Maleore knyght / as Ieſu helpe hym for his grete myght / as he is the ſeruaūt of Ieſu bothe daye and nyght .

¶ Thus endeth this noble and ioyous boke entytled la mort darthur / notwithſtandynge it treateth of the byrthe / lyfe and actes of the ſayd kyng Arthur / and of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table / theyr meruaylous enqueſtes & aduentures / the achyeuynge of the holy Sancgreall . An in ye ende the dolorous deth and departynge out of this world of them all / whiche boke was reduced in to Englyſſhe by the mooſt well dyſpoſed knyght afore named . ¶ Imprynted at London in Flete ſtrete at y^e ſygne of ſonne / by Wynkyn de Worde . In the yere of our lord god . M.CCCCC . xxix . the . xviij . daye of Nouember .

my treaſour.
ſyr Launcelo

SO the
kynge, nd ſente for ſyr Bors in to her cham re .

For the tranſlacyon of this boke was fynyſſhed the . ix yere of the reigne of king Edwarde ye fourth by ſyr Thomas Maleore knyghte, as Ieſu helpe hym for his greate myghte, as he is the ſeruaunt of Ieſu both daye and nyght .

¶ Thus endeth this noble and ioyous booke entytuled la mort darthur, notwithſtandynge it treateth of the byrthe lyfe and actes of the ſayd kyng Arthur, and of his noble knyghtes of the round table, their neruaylous enqueſtes and aduentures, e achieuynge of the holy Sancgreall . And in the ende the dolorous death and departynge out of this worlde of them all, whiche booke was reduced in o Englyſſhe by the mooſte well dyſp l knyght afore named .

¶ Finis.

¶ I d at Londō in Fleteſtrete ygne of the Roſe Garde, by Wyllyam Copland .

.ſyon ſawe
. And on the

SO the queene departed from the king, and ſente for ſyr Bors into hir chamber .

For the tranſlacyon of this booke was fynyſhed the . ix . yere of the reigne of king Edward the ourth by ſyr Thomas Maleore knyg , as Ieſu helpe me for hys greate ghte, as he is the ſeruaunt of Ieſu b day and night .

¶ Thus endeth this noble and ioyous booke entytuled la mort darthur, notwithſtandinge it treateth of the yrth, lyfe and actes, of the ſaide king Arthur and of hys noble knyghtes of the round table, their meruaylous enqueſtes and aduentures, the achyeuinge of the holy Sancgreall . And in the ende the dolorous death and departinge out of thys worlde of them all, which booke was reduced into Englyſhe by the moſte well diſpoſed knight afore named .

Finis

Imprinted at London by Thomas Eaſt dwelling betweene Paules wharfe and Baynardes Caſtell .

.e I ride on mine aduentures, and in the ligh
Arthur, and all the round table.
[*Part ii.* *Chap.* 7.]

Al this viſion ſaw ſir Launcelot at the croſſe. And on the, etc.
[*Part iii.* *Chap.* 61.]

SO the Queene departed from the King, and ſent for Sir Bors into hir chamber. [*Part iii.* *Chap.* 109.]

For this booke was finiſhed the ninth yeare of the raigne of King Edward the fourth by Sir Thomas Maleor Knight, as Ieſu helpe mee for his great might, as hee is the ſeruant of Ieſu both day and night. [*Part iii.* *Chap.* 176.]

Thus endeth this noble and ioyous booke entituled La Mort Darthur, not-withſtanding it treateth of the birth, life, and acts, of the ſaid King Arthur and of his noble Knights of the round table, and their meruailous enqueſts and aduentures, the achieueing of the Holy Sancgreall.

And in the end the dolorous death and departing out of this world of them all.

Finis

Book xxi. Chap. xiii. PAGE 861*, LINES 7–11.

Colophons. PAGE 861*, LINES 12–21.

[*To face page 17.*

and has, as well as Dd$_7$, the same catch-word, "but." It begins with the words: "but by waye of kyndness and for good," and ends: "for a good horse would beſeme you right well but." The coincidence of the two leaves having the same catch-word easily explains the printer's oversight, but at the same time it reveals the mechanical and careless nature of the reprint. Secondly, By the reproduction of some misprints, *i.e.*, in Book XXI. chapter xiii. East prints: "as Ieſu helpe *me* for hys grete mygte as *he* is the ſeruaunt of Ieſu both day and night." It ought to run, and so indeed Caxton prints: "as Ieſu helpe *him*," &c. Stansby has faithfully reproduced this blunder.

As to the five modern editions, three are reprinted from the edition of 1634—namely, the two 1816 and that of 1856; and two from the original Caxton, that of Southey, 1817, and that of Sir E. Strachey, 1868.

The table on p. 18 gives graphically an idea of the relation of the editions to each other:—

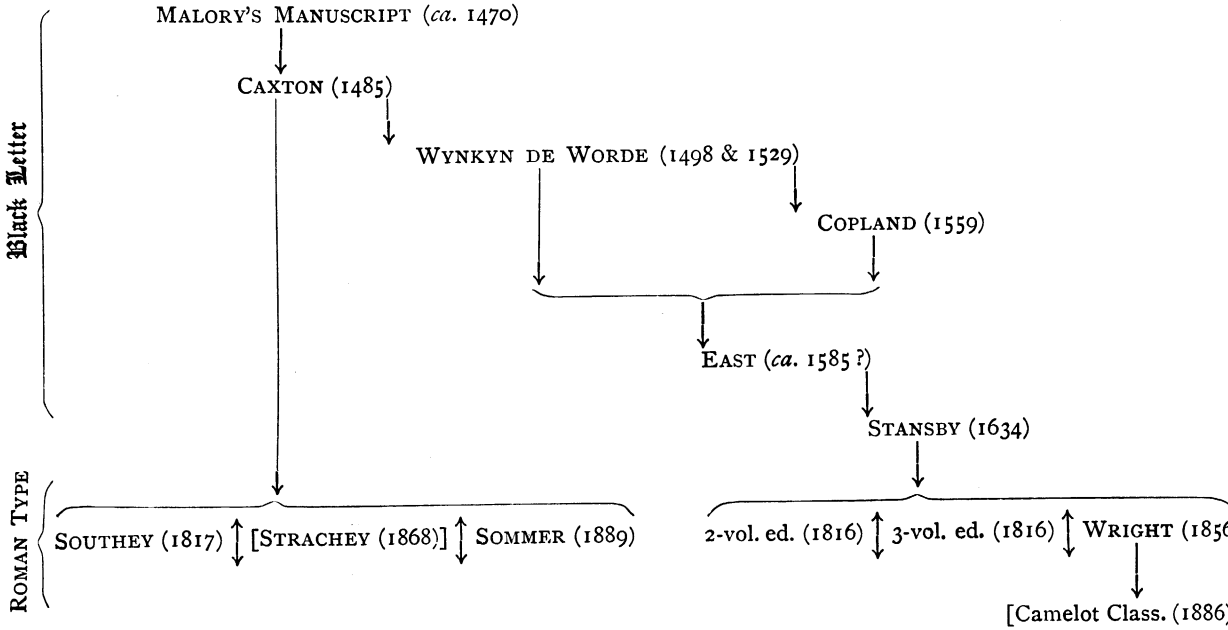
On the Plate facing this page I have, for the sake of illustration, reprinted side by side short passages selected by chance from the principal editions: they will show better than a description the relation the texts bear to one another.

THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE present edition of Malory's "Le Morte Darthur" follows the original impression of Caxton in every respect (save that Roman type has been substituted for Black letter) with absolute fidelity, word for word, line for line, and page for page, and with some exceptions, which are stated below, letter for letter. Black letter has been retained for the chapter headings and at the close of each book, in order to relieve the monotony of the page, but it has not been thought necessary to use Caxton's type in this case. As far as the different type permitted even peculiarities are exactly imitated, *e.g.*,

at all (comp. vol. ii. p. 244). In the three-volume reprint the missing part is supplied, most likely from East's, but with the spelling modernised. The passages in question (pp. 111, 112, 113, 114 of the third volume) are marked by asterisks, but no note or remark alludes to the deficiency.

TABLE SHOWING THE RELATION OF THE EDITIONS OF MALORY'S "MORTE DARTHUR" TO ONE ANOTHER.



the spacing between books and chapters and in the various lines, the size and position of the initials in wood, the long "ſ" in the beginning and in the middle of words (those few cases of course excepted where Caxton himself departs from his custom of using the long "ſ").[1] Thus, wherever the reader opens the present volume he will have a faithful impression of the aspect of Caxton's volume. It is superfluous to add that the orthography has been preserved with scrupulous exactness throughout, and that even the misprints occurring in Caxton's text, with some few exceptions mentioned under No. 6, are to be met with in our impression. All these misprints and irregularities of spelling are marked in a list to which one may refer in any doubtful case. This list also registers the few cases where the present and original editions differ in the spelling of words. To understand, however, thoroughly the principle upon which I have based my edition it is necessary to make the following observations:—

1. Caxton's volume commences with a blank leaf, which, as shown by the signatures, is counted. This leaf is also in the present edition, but it is not counted here, for the simple reason that the coincidence of the signatures in Caxton with the marks of the binders in the present edition should be avoided. Thus, on page 65 the fourth sheet begins, and is marked at the bottom by "E," whereas Caxton's fourth sheet only commences on page 67 (c j).

2. There occur in the impression of Caxton three kinds of "w." (Compare the photographic facsimile: firstly, line 20, in the word "was;" secondly, line 21 in the word "afterward;" and, thirdly, in the same line in the word "toward.") The first kind of "w," according to Mr. Blades,[2] denotes in type No. 4* the capital "W." Caxton's compositors did not distinguish, as they ought, these "w's" from one another, so that the one denoting "W" frequently occurs in the middle of words and in other places, where it is evidently out of place. I have, therefore, in the present edition, as Roman type does not admit

[1] While preparing the Glossary I noticed, to my great regret, that a few cases in which "f" and "ſ," have been confounded, have escaped my attention as well as that of three readers at the press. Owing to the minute difference between the two characters, and to the fact that the eye is not trained to distinguish them in an ordinary English text, it is extremely difficult to avoid such mistakes, especially before the paper is pressed, which is generally the case with proof sheets. Fortunately no ambiguity arises from any of these oversights.

[2] W. Blades' "Typography of Caxton," vol. ii. p. 35, and Plates xviii. and xix.

of marking the three kinds, rendered it by "W" in all cases where capital "W" was to be expected, as in the beginning of a sentence and in proper names, otherwise it is rendered by "w."

3. There are further two styles of "I" used in Caxton's type. (Compare the photographic facsimile, firstly, line 1, and secondly, line 5.) At first it appeared that a difference was made between "i" and "j," but such is not the case; both kinds are used indiscriminately. I have therefore, after some consideration, always rendered it by "I." Moreover, the first kind of "I" occurs more frequently.

4. The character "ȝ" is used in Caxton to express both "z" and "gh." In words where "z" was to be expected I have rendered "ȝ" by "z," otherwise I have preserved "ȝ," *e.g.*, "Cezar" and "knyȝt."

5. Caxton has no fixed rules for dividing words at the end of a line. A word is divided as the space in each special case permits, and as a rule there is no conjunctive hyphen put—*e.g.*, "horfes" is not broken "hor- fes" but "ho rfes." As I found that in many cases mistakes arose from this deficiency, I have for the convenience of the modern reader always added the hyphen where it was to be expected.

6. In some cases where Caxton's compositors evidently confounded "n" with "u," or the reverse, *e.g.*, in "but," I have not reproduced the error. I have done the same in a few cases where "f" and "f" were confounded, *e.g.*, in "for."

7. In a few cases letters or parts of words are either effaced or did not come out in printing; in such cases the missing matter is supplied in italics, as, for instance, on pages: 203, 25; 221, 17; 251, 33; 258, 34; 271, 26; 274, 14; 304*, 25; 312, 8; 314, 31; 342, 9; 349, 31; 363, 34; 367, 5; 367, 30; 377, 14; 386, 9; 406, 7; 467, 20; 512, 26; 634, 34; 664, 10; 702, 15; 707, 6; 766, 34; 836, 22.

For the convenience of reference the pages and folios, with their rectos and versos, are marked throughout the book, the former at the head, the latter at the foot, of each page. The books and chapters occurring on a page are also indicated at the top; everything, however, not found in the text of the original volume is put in brackets, to preserve, as far as possible, the aspect of Caxton's book. Head-lines are avoided for the same reason, and the various readings, instead of being printed at the foot of each page, are given in a list in the

second volume, and referred to by means of figures (5, 10, 15, etc.) down the outer margin of every page.

The twenty-one pages missing in Lord Spencer's copy, but supplied by Mr. Whitaker's facsimiles, are marked by asterisks added to the paging numerals.

LIST OF ERRORS, OMISSIONS, AND ORTHOGRAPHICAL IRREGULARITIES IN CAXTON'S IMPRESSION.[1]

1 18, *for* "kno," *read* know. 2 34, "boookes," bookes. 3 35, "boook," book. 5 8, "boook," book. 6 25, "xvij," xvj. 8 17, "Hrre," Here. 9 2, "lofth ys," loft hys. 11 30, "damofel," *generally* damoyfel; 37, "fy," fyr. 12 20, "boook," book. 14 36, "hoow," how. 15 20, "triftcum," triftram. 16 21, "lazaroote," lazarcote. 18 5, "fouȝght," fouȝt *or* fought. 27 9, "fauggt," faught. 31 15, "lamentacyn," lamentacyon. 37 20, "nygȝ," nyght *or* nyȝt. 38 4, "lefey," lefay. 52 15, "Cornewallle," Cornewaile. 55 37, "poffyng," paffyng. 56 31, "here," were. 60 20, "the mand," them and; 36, "ruffched," ruffhed. 61 2, "bloood," blood. 62 33, "dohomage," do homage. 63 10, "Cmyliarde," Camyliarde. 67 31, "af," of. 68 37—69 1, "terme me," ter- me. 74 16, "al one," alone. 75 2, "b*n*t." 78 7, "af," of; 29, "mys fenformed," myfen-formed. 81 14, "nat," not. 85 23, "the the," the. 86 1, "on on," on an. 87 30, "werre," werfe; 34, "knyyt," knyȝt. 89 19, "Bafdemagus," Bagdemagus. 96 25, "yew," yow. 99 6, "handeld," handle; 35, "ouer," euer. 101 6, "Ladegreans," Lodegreans. 110 27, "and one," on one. 118 11, "Pellinre," Pellinore. 123 38, "fenefcha," fenefchal. 132—133, *several words repeated by the compositors.* 134 37, "aduentures," aduenturous. 136 27, "counte ce naun," countenaunce. 141 35, "auentures," auenturous. 145 24, "&," x. 147 29, "ef," of. 152 26, "knyghht," knyght. 153 1, 5, "Pellas,"

[1] The first number refers to the page, the second to the line in which the word or words occur. The words marked with inverted commas are such as I found in Caxton, those in ordinary type my corrections, respectively readings. Words marked by asterisks and such in ordinary type with an italic "n" or "u" are such as I have corrected. Those few words marked by a dagger are slips of the press in the present edition.

Pelleas; "Nthurs," Arthurs. 161 26, "counceylleyou," counceylle you; 30, "xy M," xx M. 177 37, "his" *omitted.* 180 17, "wes," was; 31, "rotorned," retorned; 32, "for," for. 183 31, "hxm,"* hym. 186 21, "an," on. 187 10, "caaas," cafe; 31, "laake," lake. 189 21, "goood," good. 190 35, "&," *superfluous.* 194 15, "Turquyne," Launcelot. 197 34, "for," for. 201 30, "feythe," feythe. 206 8, "Ryyght," Ryght. 207 4, "loue," leue; 14, "of of," of. 209 30, "founed," fwouned. 210 16, "three," there; 32, "hrs," his. 211 1, "and," in. 215 30, "whyyfonday," whytfonday. 217 14 and 220 2, "Beumayns," Beaumayns. 233 34, "aftir," after. 235 12, "Noo," Now. 242 20, "te," to. 245, "Cap. xxij," Cap. xxj. 247, *last line a repetition of first line* 248. 248 38—249 1, "ye" *omitted.* 250 27, "knghtes," knyghtes. 251—252, "xxv" *omitted in the numbering of chapters.* 253 33, "Arthurle te," Arthur lete. 254 29, "haue" *omitted before* "the degre." 255 29, "fhal" *omitted before* "haue." 256 15, "Ilelys," Iles *or* Ilys. 258 30, "encountred" *omitted before* "with"; 34, "Launcelot," Lamorak. 261 32, "gym," hym. 265 1, "Thenme," Thenne; 10, "hem," hym. 266, "xxiiij," xxxiiij; 30, "do," done. 269 26, "maryge," maryage. 270 28, "on," an. 271 4, "dukde," duk de. 272 8, "knowm," knowen. 274 5, "gis," his. 282 23, "neuew," eme. 284 20, "fenefcal," fenefchal. 285 10, "arryuayl," arryual. 291 6, "Tcyftram," Tryftram 38, "he þt," þt he. 297—298, "defende" *omitted between* "knyghte" *and* "thyfelf." 305* 26, "racreaunt," recreaunt. 306* 20, "of the beft" *omitted after* "one." 311 19, "my," thy. 312 19, "lady les," ladyles. 314 16, "herborouh," herborough. 316, "xix," xxix. 318 11, "an," on. 320 23, "thr," the; 25, "poffyng," paffyng. 321 28, "flee," flee. 324 1, "ore," fire; 20, "Noo," Now. 330 6, "they"† *omitted before* "coude"; 27, "kay hedyus," kehedyus; 29 "roofe," roofe. 331 21, "Tdeftram," Triftram. 334 23, "he," they. 338 6, "myn," thyn. 347 15, "at euery ftroke" *superfluous.* 349 5, "fupoofed," fuppofed; 10, "Launucelot," Launcelot; 12, "vnto," vntil. 351 22, "nyyhe," nyghe. 357 6, "Ryyght," Ryght; 25, "moder," broder. 358 16, "dn," and. 363 6, "thye," they; 29, "Ifoud, Ifoud. 371 29, "was" *repeated.* 373, "xiij," xxiij; 1, "kyng Mark," fyr Triftram; 2, "nad," and. 374 25, "fperd," fpere. 376 22, "feaufhip," felaufhip. 378 16, "what" *repeated.* 379 35, "gayne," gawayne. 380, "xvij," xxvij. 382 10, "gooldis," goold

is. 383, "xix," xxix. 385 10, "Northaglys," Northgalys; 15, "it a" *omitted before* "ſhame." 386 33, "feauſhip," felauſhip. 387 10, "there," theyr; 31, "theil," their. 390 22, "ye," he. 400 26, "thrnne," thenne. 403 5, "pry*n*y." 409 30, "we" *omitted before* "to ſpeke." 410, "xliiij," xliij; 33, "meruyylled," merueylled. 413 12, "ly*n*yng." 415 9, "is" *repeated;* 10, "bataiylle," bataylle; 36, "cou*u*ceylle." 428 27, "Berl*n*ſe." 430 34, "Dy*u*adan." 432 11, "was" *or* "hym" *superfluous;* 24, "rateynge," raceynge. 437 24, "Tdeſtram," Triſtram. 438 24, "gra*n*e." 439 17, "t" *omitted in* "lygh- ly." 441 2, "adone," adoo. 443 17, "done," do. 449 34 "boook," book. 450 30, "man," may. 454 7, "ad*n*enture." 456 25, "Queneuer," Gueneuer. 458 2, "by" *omitted before* "kynge." 462 23, "your," our. 464 3, "blod," blood; 12, "a*u*d." 464 24, "Elyas," Elyot. 470 20, "&" *omitted after* "Malgryn." 471 17, "kny*ȝ*," kny*ȝ*t. 473 2, "he" *repeated.* 475 9, "k*u*yghtes." 476 13, "pilggrym," pilgrym. 477 8, "deperted," departed. 478 27, "ſaid" *omitted before* "the queen." 483 28, "Bleoberys," Blamore; 32, "the" *omitted before* "noſe"; 33, "therecam," there cam. 484 8, "Bagdemag*n*s." 486 33, "Elyſe," Elyſes. 487 36, "conenable," couenable. 489 9, "dy*u*er." 490, "xlv, xlvj, xlvij" *omitted in the numbering;* 8, "to" *omitted before* "the felde." 491 7, "Ky*u*ge." 492 15, "one" *repeated.* 494 37, "kyny,"* kyng. 497 16, "Percyuole," Percyuale; 27, "Dyanas,"† Dynas; 33, "p*n*tte." 500 20, "to" *repeated.* 503 4, "Bruſe," Breuſe; 16, "e*n*er." 504 2, "for," with; 32, "wyhle," whyle. 506 36, "do do," to do. 511 10, "knyeght," knyght; 36, "wherr," where. 515 19, *after* "ſuche" "chere" *is evidently omitted.* 516 13, "v,"* a. 518 12, "Palomyders," Palomydes. 521 16, "an" *omitted before* "houre"; 24, "Arth*n*rs"; 26, "knygyte," knyghte; 29, "Lamorck," Lamorak. 529 16, "af," of. 531 20, "we" *superfluous.* 534 4, "Bleberys," Bleoberys. 535, "lxxij," lxx; 1, "as" *omitted before* "I maye"; 4, "I" *omitted before* "ſhalle." 536 4, "make," made. 538 5, "Palomydes," Launcelot. 541 23, "Palmydes," Palomydes; 35, "parſon," perſon. 543 2 *and* 31, "Dorkeney," Orkeney. 545 12, "cammaundement," commaundement. 548 33, "yours," your; 34, "nename" (?). 553 13, "p*n*lled"; 33, "knygthode," knyghthode. 554 3, "Launceloot," Launcelot; 33, "Triſram," Triſtram. 555 7, "do," done; 13, "do*u*ne"; 15, "ky*u*ge." 556 33, "Blebeorys," Bleoberys. 558 15,

"tabble," table. 559, "lxviij," lxxxiij; 33, "Helynor," Helyor. 561 30, "Epy*u*ogrys." 563 33, "knyytes," kny*ʒ*tes. 564 12, "Thenye," Thenne. 566 9, "vppn," vppon. 568 5, "payd" *superfluous;* 25, "retornod," retorned. 569 1, "launcelot," palomydes; 9, "ententente," entente. 572 11, "word," world. 574 8, "Queneuer," Gueneuer; 19, "k*u*ewe"; 22, "man ere," manere; 31, "Elaye," Elayne. 575 12, "ſ ſhehalle," ſhe ſhalle; 18, "teld," told. 576 28, "The*u*ne"; 29, "meruelle," merueylle. 577 15, "aduentures," aduenturous. 579 23, "owne," one. 580 24, "rebellio*n*s"; 29, "wile," wille. 581 24, "counte*u*aunce." 582 10, "la*n*ncelot." 585 19, "their," her. 587 26, "brodr," broder. 589 38, *after* "vp-" "on" *omitted.* 590—591, "of" *omitted before* "yow." 591 10, "renne" or "mette" *omitted.* 592 1, "n lyuote" not lyue. 593, "boooke," booke. 596 30, "tho," go. 598 37, "ho*n*re." 599 34, "k*u*owe." 600 32, "be" *omitted after* "ye." 604 8, "fyten," † fyſten. 608 2, "a*u*d"; 36, "ſhat," ſhalt. 609 27, "ſenſhip," ſhenſhip. 614* 6, "then*u*e"; 28, "marhel," marbel. 616 8, "Abarimathye," Arimathye; 32, "is" *omitted before* "he"; 33, "but he" *repeated.* 618 21, "aduenturrs," aduentures. 620 11, "an other," on other. 623* 6, "perceye*n*e." 624 17, "leſt," beſt; 22, "beynge," brynge. 625 16, "good," god; 33, "greto," grete. 626 21, "meeueyll," merueyll; 28, "Ioheph," * Ioſeph. 628 24, "lo*n*ed." 629 34, "ſa*n*e." 632 5, "thy," the. 633 9, "kayes," keyes. 639 3, "ornot," * or not. 640 11, "morr," more. 641 7, "hard" *probably omitted after* "more." 642, "whiches," whiche is; 15, "reecluſe," recluſe; 18, "commau*u*ded." 647 8, "came" *repeated.* 649 16, "be," † he. 650 34, "flay," flay. 651 31, "a" † *omitted.* 658 3, "loetryd," * entryd; 4, "nt," * not. 659 34, "et," † at. 660 24, "knygthode," knyghthode. 664 19, "his" *repeated.* 666 26, "dou*u*e"; 27, "of" † *omitted before* "full." 667 36, "thotherr," thother. 669 1, *some words omitted;* 25, "Then*u*e." 670 27, "aduenturr," aduenture. 673 16, "fyghto," * fyghte; 25, "go*n*erne." 677 24, "kny*ʒ*ght," knyght *or* kny*ʒ*t. 679 14, "lau*u*celot." 680 10, "abone," aboue; 31, "A*u*d." 682 38, "flo*n*re." 685 19, "one" *superfluous.* 687 11, "ſheltes," ſheldes. 689 28, "Th*n*s." 691 37, "he" *omitted after* "Certes." 693 26, "werfor," wherfor; 34, "ſhypthat," that ſhyp. 694 33, "aad myghde," and myghte. 695 1, "we," the; 10, "b*n*t." 696 1, "hym" *superfluous;* 16, "brau*u*che"; 27, "Caym,"

Cayn. 703 29, "k*u*owe." 705 13, "haue" *omitted after* "we." 710 16, "harme," arme; 20, "fay u," ? faire. 711 38—712 1, *a repetition.* 719 1, "his" *omitted before* "other." 723 16, "me," *probably omitted after* "refembled." 725 15, "hie," his. 733 28, "doth," do. 733 35, "wynchefter," Weftmeftre. 736 31, "quene," kyng. 737 20, "knytes," knyghtes. 739 4, "launcolot," launcelot. 741 14, "theire," there. 742 2, "kymge,"* kynge. 743 33, "fkynne," (?) kynne. 744 35, "A*u*d"; 37, "e*n*er." 747 21, "feruauytes," feruauntes. 751 22, "yf," of. 752 21, "me," (?) hym. 754 8, "Tlerfor,"* Therfor. 759 20, "goood," good. 762 29, "launcelat," launcelot. 764 27, "thy," the. 765, "xx," xxij. 766, "xxij," xxiij; 7, "I*n*ge." 768 13, "Arthr," Arthur. 769 6, "is" *after* "where," *or* 7, "haue been" *omitted after* "blood." 776 26, "were" (?). 777 10, "tabbe,"* table. 778 2, "Melliagaunce," Melliagraunce; 30, "ȝere" (?) ("ere," W. de Worde). 782 34, "r*n*moure." 788 25, "b*n*t." 790 15, "fo,"* of. 790—791, *a repetition.* 792 13, "Triftram," Gawayn; 23, "tre*u*chaunt." 798 26, "Agrauayye," Agrauayne. 799 26, "dyd," hyd (?). 802 8, "raffyng," (?) raffhyng. 803 38, "wan," than. 804 32, "a a," a. 805 15, "theyir," theyr. 806 37, "Arthue,"* Arthur; 38, "be" *repeated.* 811 6, "myhapped," myfhapped. 813 30, "your," you. 820 31, "o*u*." 823, "xiiij," xv; 7, "a" *omitted before* "bold." 828 38, "fpap," fpak. 830, 11, "Neroneus" (?); 19, "S*n*rlat." 837 33, "Gawyns," Gawayns, 838 14, "nerre," nere. 840 18, "Launcelot," Gawayn. 842 24, "a" *superfluous after* "For." 843 34, "that" *omitted before* "loued." 845 1, "vaynquyffhe," vanyffhe. 846 19, "ly*n*e." 848 6, "fowned," fwouned; 24, "fad," fayd; 28, "fef,"* felf. 850 3, "tho*n*"; 9, "af," of; 17, "demyyng," demyng; 35, "ne*n*er"; 35, "boookes," bookes. 851 5, "Nynyue," *generally* "Nymue." 853 31, "yo*n*r"; 35, "fewe,"* fewe. 854 38, "fofaken," forfaken. 858* 12, "b*n*t." 861* 1, "book" *repeated.*

II. "THE NINTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD IV."

I have stated in my Introduction, vol. ii. p. 1, that the ninth year of the reign of King Edward IV. ("the ix yere of the reygne of kyng edward the fourth," 861*, 8-9) was 1470. This is not exactly correct, as my friend Mr. E. Gordon Duff has found that the ninth year of that monarch's reign corresponds to the time between March 4, 1469, and March 3, 1470, so that really only two months of it belonged to the year 1470. Though it matters little whether Malory's MS. was completed a few months earlier or later, I have thought the point would interest many readers.

III. "THE LAST DAY OF JULY, 1485."

Mr. E. Gordon Duff further points out that, as "the last day of Iuyl the yere of our lord / M / CCCC / lxxxv / " was a Sunday, "Iuyl" is probably misprinted for "Iuyn," it being unlikely that Caxton would have stated that he finished "Le Morte Darthur" on a Sunday. This point, though testifying to its author's research, is of little importance. "Iuyl" may have been printed at the last moment for "Iuyn," but it is not absolutely necessary to explain this occurrence thus. The day on which Caxton says the book was "fynysshed" need not actually be one on which the last hand was laid to it, or the Sunday may have been chosen as being a special festival day.

IV. DOUCE FRAGMENTS No. 10, BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

The Douce Fragments contain as No. 10 two leaves of Wynkyn de Worde's first edition (1498) of "Le Morte Darthur," viz., signatures t_{ij} and t_{iij}. The first line of t_{ij} recto is—"seneschall / and syr Fergus. And so by"; the last line on t_{iij} verso—"after hym and make hym to telle me." The contents of the two leaves form, therefore, book ix. chapters xxii.–xxv., and correspond to pp. 371, 35–377, 10 of my edition.

As signatures t_{ij} and t_{iij} are not lacking in the Althorp copy of this edition (compare my note, Introduction, vol. ii. p. 5), the leaves in the Douce Fragments are the remainder of a second copy.

RESULT OF THE COLLATION OF WHITTAKER'S FACSIMILES WITH THE ORIGINAL PAGES.[1]

THE following table shows how far Whittaker succeeded in reproducing the original in his facsimile pages. In the first column are quoted the readings of Lord Spencer's copy as I have reproduced them in my text; the second column shows the readings of the only perfect copy, once at Osterley, now in America.

Leaf l_1 [*pages* 195* *and* 196*]

	FACSIMILES.		ORIGINALS.
recto :	5	doe	doo
	8	roſſhynge	raſſhynge
	13	beſpeckled	beſperkled
	25	leue	lene
	29	myȝteſt	myȝtyeſt
	35	fore	fayre
	—	manayr	manoyr
verso :	12	manore	manoir
	23	ſays	ſayd

Leaf r_7 [*pages* 303* *and* 304*]

recto :	28	palfray	palfroy
	34	corne	torne
	—	xxj	xxij
verso :	8	ſaunte	ſaunce
	11	reyentyd	repentyd
	25	ſal wed	ſalewed
	29	fyonas	lyonas

Leaf r_8 [*page* 305]

recto :	26	racreaunt	recreaunt
	30	worlde	world

[1] Leaves: r_8 verso [page 306*]; N_2 recto [613*]; N_8 recto [623*]; ee_2 recto [855]; ee_4 verso [857*] and ee_6 recto [861*] are faultless.

Leaf N_2 [*page* 614*]

		FACSIMILES.	ORIGINALS.
verso :	8	ſaith	ſaid
	28	marhel	marbel

Leaf N_8 [*page* 624*]

verso :	22	beynge	brynge
	29	ſheef	ſhoef

Leaf T_4 [*pages* 713* *and* 714*]

recto :	10	enchere	encheue
	24	bere	bare
verso :	8	ye	yo
	22	twelue	a twelue
	33	eſcared	eſcaped

Leaf T_5 [*pages* 715* *and* 716*]

recto :	2	Gatahad	Galahad
verso :	5	departede	departed

Leaf ee_3 [*page* 856*]

verso :	13	Bleoheris	Bleoberis
	—	Clarras	Clarrus
	14	Gohaleaniyne	Gahalantyne
	16	laſt	luſt
	18	preeſthod	preeſthode
	21	bodoly	lowly
	29	then	thou
	30	parouey	puruey
	37	fore	fote

Leaf ee_4 [*page* 858*]

verso :	17	wekye	wekyes
	24	houe	haue

		FACSIMILES.	ORIGINALS.
verso :	25	So	Se
	29	hamborow	bamborow
	36	bedd	bedde

Leaf ee_5 [*pages* 859* *and* 860*]

recto :	10	proue	preue
	18	togydere	togyders
	20	bernnyng	brennyng
verso :	12	breſte	reeſte
	25	Wyllats de balyaunt	Wyllars de valyaunt
	—	Clartus	Clarrus
	29	countreys	countreyes

Previous to the first issue of his Globe edition in 1867 Sir Edward Strachey collated his text of the Southey edition (of course only the doubtful pages), not only with Whittaker's facsimiles, but also with the originals then still at Osterley. He kindly sent me his volumes to London, and thus enabled me to check the American collation. According to Sir E. Strachey, we have to read : Page 305* 33, "hit," *for* it ; 855* 6, "erthyly," erthly ; 858* 20, "cryſten," chryſten ; 35, "that," then ; 859* 14, "&," and ; 860* 29, "cuntreyes," countreyes ; 39, "hoole," booke.

NOTES ON THE LANGUAGE OF "LE MORTE DARTHUR."

THE language in which Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte Darthur" has come down to us in Caxton's imprint offers many peculiar features, and cannot fail to be of interest and value to the philologist. It would be a useful and meritorious task to treat the whole of Caxton's numerous volumes with regard to their linguistic peculiarities; in short, to write a Caxton-grammar similar to those of the language of Chaucer[1] and Shakspere.[2] This

[1] B. ten Brink, "Chaucer's Sprache und Verskunst." Leipzig, 1884, 8vo.

[2] E. A. Abbot, "A Shakspearian Grammar: an Attempt to illustrate some of the Differences between Elizabethan and Modern English." London, 1870, 8vo.

suggestion can, of course, only be realized when trustworthy editions of all the works issued from the press of the first English printer are within the reach of every scholar.[1] Time and space only allow me to note in brief the most characteristic examples of Caxton's orthography, phraseology, and syntax which attracted my attention during the compilation of the Index and Glossary.

If we adopt the common division into three periods of the English language—viz., Old English till 1250, Middle English till 1485, and from thence onward Modern English—our text belongs (taking in consideration that it was in manuscript in 1474, eleven years before it saw the light of day) either to the close of Middle English or to the opening of Modern English. And, indeed, whilst resembling in many respects the familiar language of Chaucer's poetry, it has also a marked modern colouring, and is akin to the language of Shakspere and his predecessors. Being thus the product of a period of transition and change, it is not surprising to find on every page, in every line, the strife of ancient and modern forms. No uniform orthography existed at that time, and the art of printing, still in its infancy, was incapable of effecting such an innovation.

Just as the first printed books closely resemble the manuscripts they were intended to replace, so their language is like that of the manuscripts, the orthography is that of the individual scribe, and here and there abbreviations and contractions occur, though not to the same extent as in the manuscripts.

Caxton's orthography, as I prefer to call it, instead of Malory's, believing that Malory's text underwent a considerable change while passing through the press, is, to say the least of it, most remarkable; what it is like can be best seen from some examples.

The Modern English word *means* occurs in the following different spellings:—1. "menes" (394 35); 2. "meane" (11 30); 3. "moyne" (16 11); 4. "moyan" (10 23); 5. "moyane" (6 4).

Realm is spelled: 1. "reame" (39 34); 2. "royame" (11 2);

[1] Dr. L. Kellner, in his forthcoming edition of Caxton's "Blanchardyn & Eglantyne" (Early-English Text Society), of which he kindly submitted to me some proof-sheets of the opening pages of the Introduction, has devoted himself to the study of Caxton's syntax. He quotes not only from his text, but also from the "Foure Sonnes of Aymon," ed. by Miss O. Richardson (E.-E. T. S.), 1885, and from my edition of "Le Morte Darthur." To judge from what I have seen of it, his work will be a most valuable contribution to the study of the English tongue.

3. "reaume" (45 8); 4. "royalme" (4 11); 5. "realme" (67 5); 6. "royaume" (160 15).

Thorough: 1. "thorugh" (1 12); 2. "thorowe" (37 16); 3. "thorou" (235 16); 4. "thurgh" (59 12).

Hair: 1. "hayre" (657 16); 2. "hayr" (27 27); 3. "heyre" (362 19); 4. "here" (83 22).

Whither: 1. "whyder" (378 10); 2. "whydder" (702 28); 3. "whyther" (384 15); 4. "whether" (219 15); 5. "wheder" (297 21).

The Glossary will disclose many more examples of a similar character.

Many words which in Modern English differ in meaning and orthography are spelled alike in Caxton: *e.g.*, "here" (*to hear*); "here" (*the hair*), "here" (*here*); "hede" (*the head*), "hede" (*heed*); "herte" (*heart*), "herte" (*hart*); "mete" (*meat*), "mete" (*meet, fitting*), "mete" (*to meet*); etc.

Compounds of different particles which generally form one word nowadays are written in two: *e.g.*, "to gyder"; "by nethe"; "by caufe"; likewise all pronouns with "felf," as "her felf"; "hym felf." In Caxton "felf" has no plural, or rather the plural *selves* is always spelt like the singular (comp. 389 6; 198 12). The same is the case with "other," which is also plural and singular (305 12; 361 12; 446 13).

The termination "er" occurs both in the Saxon and in the Norman form: "hongre," "honger."

The final mute "e" is more frequently used than in Modern English: "fent*e*"; "gren*e*"; "hand*e*"; "own*e*"; "red*e*"; "non*e*."

Words are not divided according to syllables or roots and terminations, but according to the space. The conjunctive-hyphen is rarely employed.

The prefixes "be-" ("bi-" or "by-"), "for-," "to-," and "male" often occur where unused nowadays, and are mostly separated from the verb.

"*be-*": "bebled" (294 12); "bybledeft" (176 33); "beclofed" (601 2); "bedaffhed" (773 31); "befalle" (420 34), etc.; for others see the Glossary.

"*for-*": "forbled" (350 26); "fordone" (334 32); "fordyd" (99 3); "forfende" (727 8); "forfendyd" (727 13); "forfoughten" (87

25); "foriufted" (421 30); "forthynketh" (82 2); "forwounded" (350 26).

"*male*": "male engyne" (733 16); "male eafe" (338 2); "male fortune" (392 21).

"*to-*": "to braft" (204 20); "to cratched" (583 14); "toforne" (247 20); "to hewe" (338 9); "to rofe" (330 29); "to fheuered" (481 12).

The prefixes "dis-" and "es-" occur once each in a short form: "fcomfyte" (146 38) for "difcomfyte"; "fcape" (92 33) for "efcape."

Two cases are noticeable in which the prefix has been separated from the verb and placed at the end of the sentence.

"for ye haue the water to paffe ouer" (632 22).

"and wold haue ronne fir Triftram thurgh" (526 4).

Something very similar takes place with the preposition *toward:* It is separated, *to* preceding, and *ward* following the noun or pronoun: "to the death ward" (70 27); "to ye Iuftes warde" (41 12); "comyng to hym warde" (27 17); but at the same time we find examples like the use in Modern English: "toward the caftel" (379 2).

The following contractions are used:—

1. The article "the" with the initial vowel or even "h" of its noun: "themperour"; "tharchbyffhop"; "thabite"; etc.

2. The preposition "to" with the initial vowel of the verb: "tenprynte"; "tefcape"; etc.

3. The preposition "at" with the article is contracted in "atte"; "atte requefte"; "atte turnement"; sometimes, however, the form "atte," or "att," and the article occur: *e.g.*, "att the caftel" (408 9); and with the indefinite article: "att a pryuy pofterne" (403 9).

4. The negative "not" with the present tense of to be: "nys"= "is not" (127 6; 219 35; 538 4; 748 20).

5. The negative with the present and imperfect tenses of to will: "nyll"="wyll not" (297 32; 506 2); "nylt"="wylt not" (641 17); "nold"="wold not" (705 31).

6. The negative with the present tense of "weten" (to know): "nyft"="he wyft not" (729 12; 677 3).

The old prefix of the past participle, "y," only occurs four times: "y fonde" (699 35); "y barryd" (780 27); "y fette" (822 32); "y fought" (754 1).

Finally I must mention a number of words which are either adopted

from the French originals in their proper form or disfigured. Such are: "peramour," "paramour"; "per-" or "parauenture"; "maulgre," "malgre," "maugre"; "per de," "per di," "par dieu"; "roche"; "lesses les aler" (*herald's cry*); "pounte."

The epithets of many proper names: "le breune"; "ſaunce pyte"; "de les yles"; "les auoultres"; "le fyſe de roye"; "le" or "la blaunche maynys"; "le" or "la beale"; "le fyſe vayſſhoure"; "maledyſaunt"; "bien penſaunt, beau viuante"; "le fyſe de dieu," once corrupted "le fyſe dene"; "le" or "la cote male tayle"; and finally, "le morte darthur," etc. It is remarkable that the definite article of the masculine and feminine genders is constantly misapplied.

Some cases may also be mentioned where the French and the Saxon form of the same word are placed in a pleonastic way beside one another, the first forming a sort of adverb for the second: "oute excepte" (102 11); "enuyronne aboute" (628 12); and "vnmeſurably oute of meſure" (640 22).

Whilst the orthography of common names is thus often perplexing, this is still more the case with personal names. The name of the same person occurs in such different spellings that it is often difficult to identify its bearers, and in many cases it can only be guessed at from the context. Some examples will speak best:

"Mellegaunt" (479); "Malegeaunt" (480); "Melyagaunt" (482), "Melyagaunce" (356); "Melyaganus" (257); "Mellyagraunce" (780); are all names of the same man.

"Berluſes" (436); "Berlyſes" (*ibid.*); "Berſules" (423); and "Berluſe" (427).

The lady or "damoyſel" of the lake is called "Nymue" (115), and "Nyneue" (118).

Another knight, "Gromere Gumorſon" (258), *i.e.*, *son of Gumor*, is called elsewhere "Grumore gummurſum" (256), and very likely the form "Gromore ſomyr Ioure" (799) is another corruption, as it only occurs once. Indeed, the names offer many difficulties, and I was not surprised to find that Sir Edward Strachey, the only one of the previous editors of "Le Morte Darthur" who ever attempted to compile an Index of Names and a Glossary, has made many mistakes in his Index. He speaks of three "Gromeres," whereas they are all one and the same person. He mentions two "Vryens," whereas there is only one: "King Vryence," or "Vriens of the land of Gore,"

husband of "Morgan le fay." The same error occurs with "Gracian," "Grastian," and "Gratian"; "Epinegris," "Epynogrys"; "Gillemere" and "Gilmere"; "Lamerake of Wales" and "Lomarake of Galis"; "Melyot de Logres" and "Melyot de Logurs"; "Neroneus" and "Nerouens"; "Pertilope" and "Pertolepe"; and some others.

The numerous epithets are most puzzling: "the valyaunt," "the son of," "the aduenturous," and the like. Persons often have epithets characteristic of others, and the same person has different epithets; of course this caused much confusion. There are, for instance, two "Galahads," "Galahalts," or "Galahaults," one the son of "Launcelot" and "Elayne doughter of King Pelles"; the other, son of "Sir Breunor of Surluſe." Both are surnamed "the haute prynce." In "Vwayne's" case the reverse takes place; he has three different epithets. In the first two hundred pages he figures without any epithet, later on he is once "Vwayne les auoutres," once "le fyſe de roy Vreyne" (comp. Index of Names, etc.), "les aduenturous," "le" or "la blaunche maynys," etc.[1] In the "table or rubryſſhe" and once in the text (page 38) his name is spelled "*E*wayne le blaunche maynys." Sir Edward Strachey in his Index has three different persons.

Names of places afford still more difficulty. Not to speak of the poor geographical and chronological knowledge of those days that identifies "Camelot" with "Wincheſter," or that speaks of a *Westminster Bridge* in the fifth century, the spelling of the names of cities, countries, etc., is so bad, and the original names are so much disfigured, that in many cases it is, despite the greatest efforts, absolutely impossible to identify them. Compare, for instance, on page 163 the enumeration of the different parts of the Roman Empire: "Arrage"; "Ambage"; "Cayer"; "Ertayne"; "Pounce"; "Cateland"; etc. etc.

After these general remarks I proceed to enumerate a few of my observations, which must not be supposed to exhaust the subject.

I. The personal pronoun of the second person of the plural is rendered in Caxton by "ye" and "yow," the former representing the nominative, the latter the accusative; if there should be met anywhere "ye" for the accusative it is most probably a mistake

[1] Compare text, page 667, lines 32 and 33: "Vwayne les auoultres that ſometyme was ſone of kynge Vryens"; and page 401, 5-6: "V. le fyſe de roy Vreyne / and ſomme callid hym le blaunche maynys."

due to the compositors, who misinterpreted the abbreviation in the manuscript.

My is invariably rendered by "myn": "myn ende" (755 32); "myn vnhappynes" (753 22).

It is generally spelt "hyt" or "hit" (61 5; 148 6); *them* is replaced by "hem" (85 21; 631 26); and *their* is written "her" (643 25; 816 11).

Hym felf stands for he: "and the noble name that hym felf had" (567 5); and *he* stands for hym felf: "he weneth no knyght fo good as he" (202 11).

These, the plural of *this*, occurs in the form "this": "this thre yere" (61 21); "this feuen yere" (207 16).

Which is both a relative and an interrogative pronoun, and refers to persons as well as things: "whiche was fomtyme the rycheft woman of the world" (652 31).

Who, or *he who*, is mostly rendered by "the whiche": "Ban thy fader the which was" (660 17).

That what is rendered by "that that": "for now I fee that that hath ben my defyre" (723 8).

In many cases the relative pronoun is entirely omitted, an infrequent usage in Modern English; some examples will best illustrate the practice.

"There is no maker can reherce the tenthe parte" (562 32); "fende hym a gyfte fhalle pleafe hym" (101 2); "a knyght wold fyghte for hym" (127 8); "found one was fair and ryche" (84 5); "for here ar no moo wille haue adoo with me" (443 5); "for there is no tonge can telle the Ioye" (708 34); "there was a monke broughte him vnto a tomb" (627 31).

What is sometimes used for *some* or *any*: "*what* by land *what* by water" (556 19); "delyuer hym to *what* poure man ye mete" (39 7).

Each other or *one another* occurs in the following forms:—1. "*other*": "they fmote other in the fheldes" (97 8); 2. "*eche other*," either separated or together: "eche falewed other" (659 28); "eche of hem dreffid to other" (109 37); "how ij bretheren flewe eche other" (98 27); 3. "*eueryche other*": "wounded eueryche other dolefully" (97 21); 4. "*eyther other*": "wounded eyther other" (142 32); finally, 5. "*to gyder*": "they loued to gyder" (707 25); "they kyffed to gyder" (725 19).

Both, written "*bothe*," is mostly placed at the end of the sentence: "vnto my grete dommage and his bothe" (134 10); "I am ſo hurte and he bothe" (134 11); "bothe his hors and he" (accusative!) (112 30); "conſerue me and you bothe" (709 35).

Al, alle (= altogether) is used adverbially in order to give more stress; it has the sense of *entirely*: "al only" (832 16; 573 26); "al dede" (715* 33); "tale al hole" (855* 26); "al to long" (133 2); "alle to hewe hym" (513 9); "braſt it vpon hym alle to ſheuers" (554 14); "were foughten wyth al" (29 14)

The imperative is frequently followed by the pronoun.

II. The Saxon or possessive genitive is used more frequently than to-day, and with regard to things as well as to persons. There are different ways in which it occurs. 1. *s* is added to the nominative, the use of the apostrophe being entirely unknown, the *s* being considered as a remainder of the old genitive: "Lots wyf" (425 12); "Bryſens wytte" (573 34); "mans herte" (670 21); names terminating in *s* remain unchanged: "Pelles doughter" (612 11). 2. *es* is added to the nominative[1]: "Mordredes wylle" (839 15); "Cadores ſone" (860* 17); "mennes bodyes" (52 22). 3. *ys* (*is*) is added to the nominative: "childis" (37 3); "Markys party" (463 30); "Tyrreis ſhelde" (749 15); "Percyualis ſyſter" (91 28). In the plural no *s* is added: "lyſtes ende" (734 33); "ſeuen kynges Realmes" (814 14); "knyghtes names" (101 31).

A few instances occur where the *s* is omitted in the singular: "atte brydge foote" (589 17); "at the raunge ende" (573 34); and "ſir Patryſe dethe" (733 13).

The plural of nouns is formed by the addition of "s," "es," and frequently "ys" or "is." Such plurals are: "handys" (61 29); "fallys" (477 5); "gatys" (459 37); "dedys" (838 13); "membrys" (649 34); "ornementys" (711 16); "complayntys" (562 31); "meanys" (840 14); "buryellys" (851 11); "lordis" (829 23); and many others.

Many abstract nouns only used in Modern English in the singular occur in the plural, such as: "valyaunces, proweſſes, appertyces" (173 14); "aduyſes" (308 14); "wronges" (373 12); "ententes"

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[1] Cases like the following: "fowles helthe" (705 25); "worldes ende" (649 35); "woodes ſyde" (745 24), cannot be enumerated here, as the *e* occurs already in the singular.

(247 26); "refcowes" (502 10); "buryels" (466 23); "myrthes" (500 1; 562 21); "lyfers" (474 35).

In other places we find the singular employed where we should expect the plural: "two *myle* hens" (267 36); "a thoufand *pound*" (785 32); "fourty *pounde* a pees" (853 19); "*a* thre myle Englyffhe" (437 8); "*a* thyrtty *couple* of houndes" (434 12). The addition of the indefinite article in the last two examples is as remarkable as in the following: "*a* large amendys" (plural!) (438 4); "*a* ten dayes afore" (396 13); and "fewe *a* felaufhip" (53 33).

Often the article, as well the definite as the indefinite, is omitted: "I put caas" (600 30; 608 17); "neuer fpak word" (451 33); "wythin fhort tyme" (78 19); "in fhort tyme" (707 24); "for fone" (8 25); "at auauntage" (560 35); "yeue anfuer" (38 12); "in deferte" (708 17); "As worldes fhame" (785 16); "I caft me neuer to be wedded man" (758 22).

The substantive "*heuen*" is used both with and without the article: "under heuen" (804 9); "toward —" (723 7); "from —" (699 1); "fader of —" (710 35); "lady of —" (273 33); on the other hand: "under *the* heuen" (87 14); "to *the* —" (681 11); "toward *the* —" (659 1); "up to *the* —" (659 3).

The substantive "*loue*" is treated as a masculine noun: "loue is free in hym felfe / and neuer wille be bounden / for where *he* is bounden," etc. (762 22).

Not unfrequently substantives are treated as adjectives: "quenes *forcereffes*" (187 27); "*traitour* knyght" (289 34); an example of the independent genitive occasionally occurs: "take that hors *of his yefte*" (841 24).

The substantive "*maner*" is used in connection with other nouns with or without "*of*": "maner *of* wyfe" (811 28); "— *of* difportes" (800 21); "— *of* knoulechynge" (733 13); "— *of* nobleffe" (770 36); and in other places: "ony manere knyghte" (762 18); "in ony maner wyfe" (680 21); "in this — wyfe" (74 22); "alle — aduentures daungerous" (803 18).

III. The adjective precedes or follows the noun, the former more frequently than the latter: "feeft Royal" (401 4); "leges englyffhe" (428 35); "knyghtes aduenturous" (410 9); fege perillous" (452 4); "table round" (429 22).

The use of two or more adjectives with a noun differs greatly from

that of Modern English. One generally precedes the noun, whereas the other follows as a sort of apposition joined by "*and*," with or without the article: "a grete wounde and a peryllous" (412 26; 442 21); "a pyteous complaynte and a dolorous" (435 7); "a horryble lybard and an old" (579 5); "a good *old* man and an *auncyent*" (616 1); "to a ſtrong towre and an hyhe" (672 37); "a ryche kynge and a myghty" (621 1); "a *moche* man and a large" (802 16); without the article: "wylde beeſtes foule and horryble" (844 6); "grete botes and ſmal" (841 12); "the mooſt merueillous man of the world and mooſt aduenturous" (663 2); "in the beſt maner and freſſheſt" (773 32).

In a few cases the adjective takes an *s* in the plural, but only in words of French origin: "moſt valyaunt*s* men" (83 31); "the meſcreaunt*s* Saraſyns" (135 30).

Sometimes the adjective is treated as a substantive: "he ſhalle haue many his better" (579 32).

The comparison of adjectives is very peculiar; all, whether *mono-syllabic*, or *bi-syllabic* with the accent on the second, or terminating in *-le* with preceding consonant, or ending in *y*, indicate comparison not only by adding *er* to the comparative and *est* to the superlative, but also by putting *more* or *most* before them. Some superlatives may be found without *most*, and some comparatives without *more:* "more gladder" (218 23); "— leuer" (269 11); "— reufullyr" (425 26); "— wrother" (405 2); "— rychelyer" (580 33); "— heuyer" (749 26); "— nobler" (842 24); "— hotter" (725 19); "— largelyer" (754 10); "— blacker" (651 30); etc. etc.; "mooſt curteyſt" (394 29); "— worſhipfulleſt" (361 35); "— meſchyeuouſt" (413 32); "— profytelyeſt" (733 32); "— nobleſt" (747 15); quite exceptionally: "mooſte noble" (367 21); "mooſt orguliſt" (840 6); etc. etc. Without *more* or *most:* "valyaunter" (447 17); "falſlyer" (520 10); "traitourlyer" (520 11); "oftyner" (566 3); "fyerſer" (181 31); "horrybleſt" (296 3); "valyaunteſt" (454 21); "famoſeſt" (278 25); "merueillouſt" (278 23); "freyſſheyſt" (763 23); etc. etc.

Most is used like an adjective with nouns: "*mooſt* coward" (502 12); "*mooſt* kyng" (840 29); "*mooſt* vylayn" (414 35). The same is the case with *moche:* "a moche man" (802 16).

The negative before a comparative is *not* or *no:* "not lenger" (723 9); "noo lenger" (735 14).

Instead of the adverb *very*, adjectives and adverbs are preceded by "full," "right," "paſſyng," "paſſyngly": "ful bolde" (841 14); "ryghte parſyte" (695 34); "paſſynge wyſe" (35 8); "paſſyngly wel" (763 8).

IV. Here and there occur irregular or obsolete forms of preterites, infinitives, and past participles; these are registered in their respective places in the Glossary. Present and preterite have often the same form, *e.g.*, "*come*," which is both present and preterite: "By than come in to the field" (57 34); "Sone come merlyn" (38 26).

The past participles generally end in *en* or *n*, as "abyden," "ryden," "comen," "holpen," etc.; some participles are, however, to be found where the final *n* is dropped: "undertake" (340 34); "ryde" (82 16); "founde" (434 34); "befalle" (420 34); "be" (147 10); [comp. "*ben*" (203 22)]; "take" (715* 32); "diſcomfyte" (766 26); "benome" (674 23); "bete" (667 8). There occur also some shortened participles; *e.g.*, "fond" (590 18) for "founden" (246 36).

The plural of the present tense is formed in "*-eth*," but many forms of the Midland plural "*-en*" occur: "ſaiden" (140 29); "pleaſen" (101 17); "vſen" (128 14); "ſpeken" (425 27); "comen" (280 12); "bryngen" (771 4); "floryſſhen" (771 4); "deſyen" (632 24); "defenden" (632 25); "ſygnefyen" (682 36); "repayren" (643 22); "putten" (149 10); "ben" (101 91; 1 12; 801 3; 445 1); etc. etc.

The second person of the singular has often no inflexion: "thow goo" (107 7); "thow doo" (593 30); "thow took" (111 15); "thow were" (66 15); but: "ſaweſt thou" (66 15).

The auxiliary *to be* has the form *be* for all persons singular and plural in the present tense: "god be not thy friend" (70 28); "it be taken" (78 12); "we be not yet come therto" (704 29); "why be ye" (94 28); "ye be welcome" (89 32); "volumes be made" (3 8).

The auxiliary *to do* is not used in negative and interrogative sentences: "knew not" (100 3; 97 6); "gate ye" (41 32); "come ye" (86 12). But *to do* is used in connection with other verbs in order to increase the emphasis: "do made" (1 7); "dyd do ranſake" (174 11); "made do crye" (92 9); "dyd do calle" (180 34); "dyd do cere" (174 22).

Once "*done*" occurs as second person plural: "conſyderyng the grete dedes of armes I haue ſene you *done*" (444 33).

Many verbs are treated as reflexive which are no longer such now-

adays. The reflexive pronoun is not *myself, thyself, himself, themselves,* but "*me,*" "*the,*" "*hym,*" and "*hem*" (*them*). Only very rarely forms with *self* are to be met. Such is, *e.g.*, the case: "hydeſt thow thy ſelf" (834 1); "ſhe roſe her ſelf" (82 28); whereas: "he roofe *hym*" (95 35); some examples are subjoined: "I aſſente me" (71 12); "I compte me" (342 12); "I ſhalle remembre me" (381 17); "I wylle repoſe me" (417 1); "I complayne me" (650 2); "I drede me" (745 29; 767 24). Other verbs used as reflexives are: "to reſt" (131 3; 183 19); "excuſe" (367 30); "bethink" (239 31); "arme" (137 23; 90 33); "defende" (404 1); "drawe" (385 3); "torne" (39 35); "retorne" (46 11); "byhaue" (24 18); and many others.

Many verbs are used impersonally: "me oughte to doo" (214 16); "me ſemeth" (127 28); "me lyketh" (74 13); "me lyſt" (90 27); "hit lyketh the" (222 10); "how lyketh yow" (215 26); "it myſfortuned me" (418 17; 557 12); "hit ſore forthynketh me" (643 12); "as it telleth" (64 31); "as it reherceth afore" (105 11); "hit fortuned" (364 21); etc. etc.

The active voice is frequently used instead of the passive: "for to nouriſſhe" (37 1); "herde a grete horne blowe" (529 11).

In phrases expressing a wish the pronoun generally precedes the verb: "god yow ſaue" (541 5); "fayre knyght god the bleſſe" (745 13); "god yow blyſſe" (753 21); "god me forbede" (207 8).

Many verbs are conjugated with to *be* instead of with to *have:* "were mette" (561 22); "was become" (366 15); "is become" (68 16); "was ryden" (151 7); "was arryued" (367 15); "I am come to the dethe" (706 4); etc.

The short dative is not strictly necessary after some verbs: "ſente to me" (3 13); "tolde to Lucius" (11 12); "graunte to hym" (12 27); "gyuen to hym" (15 2); "tolde hym" (15 29); "graunte hem me" (213 17); etc.

Make in the sense of *to bid, to order,* is generally constructed with *to:* "made to yelde" (13 22); "made alle lordes to come in" (44 4).

V. The use of the prepositions differs greatly from that of the present day, and is arbitrary in many respects. To enumerate all the differences would take too much space, but I subjoin a few of the most noticeable examples:

By: "*by* my dayes" (842 11); "now do *by* me what ye lyſt" (371 31).

Of: "deſyred *of*" (29 18); "receyued thys ſhelde *of*" (26 16); "ſyr L. was rebuked *of* the quene" (24 15); "reuenge hym *of* his enemyes" (63 15); "praid the king *of* accord" (37 27); "prayd hym *of* his knyghthode" (767 23); "made hem clene *of* her lyf" (plural!) (40 15); "lyberal *of* his expenſe" (518 20); "haue pyte *of* hem" (181 31).

Til, vntil: "*til* a tree" (380 10; 389 18; 630 3); "*til* a frende" (385 28); "*vntyl* hym" (752 9).

With: "aſſayled *with* xij knyghtes" (18 19); "eten *with* lyons" (107 3); "came *with* kyng Arthur," *i.e.*, to his court (99 26); "many queſtions *with* her" (37 9); "aſhamed *with* hym ſelfe" (654 33).

At: "aſk counceil *at* hem" (47 10); "come *at* the caſtel" (37 12); "oute *att* wyndowes" (236 31).

For: "that they be content *for*" (134 24); "complaynyng *for*" (19 31).

On: "thynke *on* me" (627 12; 708 6); "troweſt thow more *on* thy harneis than *in* thy maker" (710 18); "compleyned *on*" (10 12), comp. "for"; "kneled *on his knee*" (489 21); "*vpon* his *owne knee*" (524 9).

In: "come *in* the courte" (68 22); "put hem bothe *in* the erthe" (84 6).

Further, some phrases constructed with different prepositions: "leyd ſyege *vnto* hym" (64 14); "*on* the caſtel" (64 8); "*aboute* the toure of London" (852 7); "*aboute* ſir L." (852 7); "blewe *the* felde" (490 10)[1]; "blewe *vnto* lodgynge" (549 14); "blewe *to* the felde" (766 8); etc.

In two passages the preposition *with* seems at first sight to be omitted, as it is generally used under similar circumstances, but such is not the case; the examples denote a sort of instrumental case: "I ſhold flee the myn owne handes" (556 11); "I ſhall flee the myn owne handes" (849 12).

VI. Many conjunctions have a pleonastic *that* after them, which in a few cases is used in Modern English: "after that" (23 5; 19 4);

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[1] Another example where a verb governs the accusative is: "I diſcharge the *this* Courte" (727 7).

"how —" (25 5; 434 31); "wherfore —" (1 6); "but —" (3 5); "by caufe —" (84 27); "why —" (114 9); "fauf —" (171 1); "though —" (77 27); "or —" (451 27); "tylle —" (690 26).

To with the infinitive is, with very few exceptions (33 4), generally preceded by "*for*": see 30 22; 38 32; 567 2; 657 9; etc. etc.

Unless is rendered by "*but yf*": 417 15; 514 14; 52 2; 91 18; sometimes by "*but and*": as 61 11.

And replaces *if:* "and kyng Lot had ben" (87 16); "and he lyue" (92 35); "and I wold" (70 26); occasionally "*and yf*" occurs: "and yf I myght lyue" (98 8).

As is constantly used for *as if:* "as he hadde ben dede" (393 28); sometimes "*as though*": "as though he had ben dede" (393 31); "as though he myght not haue gone" (253 6).

Where and *lyke* are often followed by "*as*": "lyke as god wil" (395 22; 555 24); "where as came" (14 4).

Without stands for *unless:* "without ye doo me homage" (75 3); "without ye haue my counceyll" (85 14).

Ne is often used for *nor* or *neither*, and at the same time is part of the negation (compare below, No. VII.): "whos vyrgynyte ne was peryſſhed ne hurte" (703 10); "I care not ne doubte hem not" (221 5); "ne none of myn elders" (74 35).

For occurs sometimes in the sense of *because* or *as:* "but *for* tho aduentures were with wylde beeftes / and not in the queft of the Sancgreal / therfor the tale," etc.

VII. In this paragraph I bring together a few syntactical remarks:—

The negative is usually double, much as in French, sometimes even threefold: "It may not be by no reafon" (214 35); "there nys none other boote" (209 6); "myght not abyde no lenger" (130 38); "but in no wyfe he coude not" (377 5); "*neuer* erst *ne* myghte *no* knyghte knewe the truthe" (703 28); "neuer had I foo grete nede of no knyghtes helpe" (305 4); "ne lete me not be ſhamed" (654 16); "but of that ſhame ne reke I noughte" (684 14); "for thy pyte ne haue me not in dyſpyte" (711 4). There occur a few cases where only "*ne*" is used: "that I ne lay ten tymes where" (717 11); "ne had your tydynges ben" (699 36).

Inversion is often used; regularly after *therefore* and *thenne:* "therfor cam I hydder" (735 13); "therfor ſhalle I neuer loue the

no more" (727 6); "thenne was he not a lytel fory" (714* 31); "thenne wote I" (571 14). In many cases, it appears, inversion is used to emphasize certain words: *e.g.*, "an holer man in his lyf was he neuer" (207 38); "as for my ladyes name that ſhall not ye knowe for me as at this tyme" (216 5); "and cryſtend wylle I be" (490 2); "and vnto the dethe he is Iuged" (753 31). A number of such examples are to be found throughout the work.

The subject is often changed and the verb omitted: "and ſo ſhe yede to the knyght that ſhe loued / and he her ageyne" (404 25).

Occasionally the subject is entirely omitted in the second part of the sentence: "for they bare no harneis ageynſt the / nor none wold bare" (825 5); "Marke euer haſt thou ben a traytour / and euer wylle be" (496 11).

Direct and indirect speech occur in the same sentence: "But for her loue that gaf me this whyte ſhelde I ſhalle were the" (141 30); "ij ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold / & that you delyuer hym" (39 5); "G. ſente to kyng Arthur for ſocour and that he hye hym for I am ſore wounded" (170 32); "and thenne the kynge commaunded his knyghtes to take that naked man with fayrenes / and brynge hym to my caſtel" (370 15–18).

Not is occasionally used elliptically: "and there he thoughte to aſſaye his armour and his ſpere for his hurte *or not*" (755 18).

The use of the infinitive of the perfect tense is further remarkable in sentences such as the following:—"he rode to haue foughten" (18 12); "wolde haue had Arthur to haue cryed hym mercy" (131 27); "he wende he ſhold haue dyed" (392 29); "for ye haue ſene me thys day haue had grete traueylle" (412 15); "for ye neded not to haue doubted no knyght" (402 15).

In conclusion I shall quote some sentences which are most peculiar in their construction: "and he that was vpon hym the whiche was the nobleſt hors in the world ſtrayned hym myghtely and ſtably" (755 24); "There is in this Caſtel a gentylwoman whiche we and this caſtel is hers and many other" (705 13); "yf ye wold aſke how he lyued / he that fedde the peple of Iſrael with manna in deſerte / ſoo was he fedde" (708 18); "and not ſoo hardy in Gawayns hede" (487 27).

LIST OF THE VARIOUS READINGS BETWEEN CAXTON'S AND WYNKYN DE WORDE'S EDITIONS.

THERE exist differences between Caxton's text and Wynkyn de Worde's editions of 1498 and 1529. I have decided upon giving the various readings from the third edition (1529): firstly, because the lapse of time between the first and second edition is too short to allow of manifest change in the language; secondly, on account of the imperfect condition of the only known copy of the second edition; lastly and chiefly, because all later Black Letter editions, and all modern reprints, with the sole exception of Southey's and Sir E. Strachey's, can be traced back to Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1529.

Concerning the variations between the first and third edition of Malory's "Le Morte Darthur," I may state, that they consist of alterations as well as of omissions and additions. Whether Caxton's text was purposely revised previous to the third edition being sent to press, or whether the changes were made by Wynkyn de Worde's compositors during printing,[1] it is obvious that the alterations were made with the intention of modernising and of rendering the text more readable, although this intention has not always been strictly carried into effect. Sometimes only the position of words in a sentence is altered; now and then a whole sentence is either entirely omitted or replaced by another one; and in many cases obsolete or difficult words are replaced by more modern ones. Sentences begin with capital letters, as do all names of persons and places. Full-stops and commas are distinguished; "þ" is throughout rendered by "y," whereas "gh" is never rendered by "ȝ," nor "them" by "hem" or "their" by "her," &c. Occasionally I observed that some of Caxton's terms were misunderstood and wrongly rendered, but on the whole, W. de Worde's text is superior to Caxton's, both in exactness and correctness: I can hardly call to mind a misprint. If we take

[1] Observing that the variants are periodically more or less in number leads me to conclude that at least two different hands dealt with the text. In the whole 861 pages of Caxton's volume only one page (105) corresponds absolutely to Wynkyn de Worde's text.

into consideration that in those days philology did not exist, and that no one cared to reproduce a text with scrupulous exactness, the variations are rather improvements upon Caxton's text, for many errors are corrected, words, and even whole passages, often added, which, to conclude from the sense, Caxton's compositors evidently omitted. From the point of view of the modern critic it is, however, apparent that owing to these changes Caxton's text had already in 1529 lost its most characteristic peculiarities.[1]

The difference of orthography in both texts is so considerable, that to quote all variations in this respect would be almost equal to reproducing the whole of W. de Worde's second edition. But as W. de Worde's orthography is consistent, and all passages quoted are rendered exactly, one can easily form an opinion about his spelling.

The following list contains only the various readings of "Le Morte Darthur" itself, as the Preface of Caxton is wanting, and the Table of Contents is not complete in the Grenville copy. The Clarendon figures refer to the pages, the ordinary Roman ones to the lines. All words included in brackets are those omitted by W. de Worde. As W. de Worde prints throughout "Kyng Arthur," whereas Caxton frequently simply puts "Arthur," I have not thought it necessary to register each single case.

Book i.

35. ¶ Here begynneth the fyrſt boke of the mooſt noble and worthy prince kyng Arthur ſometyme kyng of grete Brytayne / now called Englande whiche treateth of his noble actes and feates of armes & chyualrye / and of his noble knyghtes of the table roūde and this volume is devyded in to . xxi . bokes; 2, of Englonde; 3, regned there; myghty and a noble; 4, longe tyme warre; 5, named; 7, a ryght fayre; 8, and Igrayne was her name; 9, to the; 10, bothe accorded; 11, her grete; 12, lyke as; 20, As ſoone; 21, wonders; 26, at your commaundement; for than haue ye; 30, wonders; 33, he had; 36, & that other hyght.

[1] Compare what is said, p. 13, about Mr. Wright's characterisation of Thomas Stansby's edition. The number of variants which I quote here amounts to nearly ten thousand; I estimate that about double the amount of variants exists between Caxton's and Stansby's editions.

36. 2, and he put hym ſelfe; 7, Igrayne kynge; Than; 8, to kyng; 13, gete yow; 27, vnto kynge; 29, tary lōge; 31, bounden; 32, he ſaid y^t he; 34, to me.

37. 1, whan that is; 3, as moche as; 5, this nyght ye; 10, But be ware ye make; 12, So as they had deuyſed it was done; 19, and begate on her Arthur the ſame nyght; 20, & or day; 27, betwene; 34, were accorded.

38. 10, vnto; 11, Than was ſhe; 12, Fere ye not; 22, fere; 26, came; 27, wylt; 36, vnto me; As.

39. 1, As Merlyn had deuyſed; 4, the quene; 6, in ryche cloth of golde & delyuer hym; 11, owne breſtes; 15, in; 23, moche; 25, to L.; And within a whyle he was paſſyng; 27, there is none; 29, loke that ye; 30, before hym to morowe; 34, appertenaunces; 38, yelded.

40. 1, belonged vnto; wherefore I. the quene; 8, ſhold come to L. afore Xmas; 9, that as Ieſu was; 16, to god; 18, lyke to; 23, a fote of heyght; 24, and letters of golde; 26, of E.; 23, cōmaūde you; 30, all the; 31, all the ſtates; went for to; 35, to be knowen.

41. 7, to the field; 10, Kay; 12, toward the I. / ſyr Kay had; 14, Arthur to; I wyll with a good wyll; 20, Arthur alyghted; he went; 23, he pulled; 30, to ſwere.

42. 2, ſir Ector; 7, Therwith ſyr; 9, aſſay you; to; 12, With a good wyll; 14, Kay alſo and my brother; 16, ne of; 18, hym to; 21, ſyr E.; 29, foſtred; 31, done ſyr; 32, whyle that; 34, And vpon the . xij . daye; 35, for to aſſay; 37, but onely A.; many grete l.

43. 2, be gouerned; 5, both day; 7, And at C.; 8, but none of them; 13, And yet; 14, theyr kynge; 16, purueye of the; 17, that myght be gotten; 18, as Kynge V.; 20, and ſyr B.; 31, kneled doune all at ones; 32, forgaue it; 33, offred it vp to; 34, and was made.

44. 1, to the lordes; 6, vnto kynge A.; 9, for to be; 15, tyme as for the; enemy vnto the kyng; 18, a parte of Wales; 19, and all through; 21, Than the kyng; 23, Coronacyon; 25, vnto this; 26, Gore whiche brought with hȳ; 27, to this feeſt there came; & with hym; 34, Than was kyng A. glad; 37, and ſente vnto.

45. 2. receyue gyftes; 4, And that; 5, betwene; 8, the rule; 10, this anſwere vnto kyng Arthur; And for this cauſe; 11, men of armes; 13, afore; 15, Merlyns comynge; 16, berdles boye; 18, begoten; 19, vpon; wyfe of Cornewayle; 22, Vtherpendragon; 23, who ſo euer; 24, and or that; 26, many moo realmes; 31, for to come ſafe and to go ſafe; 32, aſſurance was; he ſholde not fere; 6, wyll not.

46. 2, vndernethe; maylle whiche was good and ſure; 4, Kay the Seneſſhall; 6, mette togyder; but lytel mekenes / for there was; 11, returned to; 18, vnto; 20, that ye had; 21, to ye worſte; 31, king; 33, vnder hym; 7, them backe.

47. 1, all the knyghtes; 6, to London; 9, be auenged on hym; 10, of them al; 17, and was fayre; 18, I ſhal tel you ſyrs; 21, vnto; 22, duke alſo / and but yf; 23, make hym ſelfe; 25, this caſe; 28, the one; 34, worſte; 35, that our kynge ſende vnto the two.

48. 1, to; 4, vpon; 6, in mooſt pleaſaunt; 15, our priſoners; 18, grete ſtrengthe; 19, and the other two; 20, vnto; 23, at the thyrde; 25, but that he; 32, Than they; 38, delyuered them ſtreyght.

49. 1, better; 4, taryed; 5, & had as good chere as; 8, Ha ha ſayd kynge B. & B.; our; 13, to kyng; haſte they; 24, the Seneſſhall; 28, had waſſhed & were ryſen.

50. 1, couched; 2, y^t^ was called Ladynas; 7, And whan; he quyckly horſed; 11, downe hors and man; 12, none that; 13, came in ſyerſly; 20, wonders wroth; 22, to waxe; 27, to Syre G.; 28, to counſeyle; 30, to bedde; 31, morowe;—and after went to.

51. 3, fared; 6, on horſbacke and on fote; 17, vnto kyng A.; 20, told them that; 26–27, where the kynges enemyes; 34, that the ſyxe.

52. 3, armes whiche; 6, that he wold; 10, Than kyng Lot ſwore; 13, Ewayns; 29, And ſoo by; 35, wonderfull.

53. 9, that they made; 11, fayre felde; 22, for than they wyll; you haue but: 25, and the barons; paſſynge; 26, done anone; morow; 34, fyerſly agayn; 35, well and meruayloufly.

54. 2, whan; 4, to; 13, to; 14, to; 21, and ſmote doune; 23, to; 32, In the meane; 34, whiche; 35, ye hors fete; 36, Cradelmont.

55. 2, an hors; 4, wonder therof; Cradelmont; 7, to; 11, kerued; 15, y^t^ hyght; 16, ſmote down; 20, vpon; 24, bothe ſholder; into ye felde; 25, ſyr G.; ſuche reſcowe; 29, ſyr G.; 34 and 36, ſyr L.

56. 4, trembled; 6, a ſtronge; 8, Vryence; 11, kynge A.; 16, ſyr G.; 17, And than; 19, Cradelmans; 26, Cambenet; wyll; 27, aparte; 31, So anone they as they had; 35, the uaunt warde; two kynges.

57. 2, Cambenet; 3, on them with; 6, put backe; 7, as the men of Inde; 12, world is ioyned to; 16, by ye aduyſe of; a knyght; 17, if; 18, whan it is nede; 19, may for you; 20, tyll they; 21, as a bowe ſhotte; 23, whiche; 25, theyr armes; 28, bothe the partyes; 32, knyght / & was but; 34, as a fyers; 35, ha ha; 36, now ſhall we be dyſcomfyted.

58. 5, and ſorowe; 8, to hurtle togyder; 9, with theyr; flewe

downe ryght; pyte to; 10, and a grete multytude fledde; 11, wyth the hondred; 13, dedes of; 14, wyth; 16, ſmote hym a myghty ſtroke vpon; 17, whiche aſtonyed; Than was king; 18, ſet vpon hym; whan that other ſawe that he; 22, cut in twayne; hors alſo; 23, with; 26, Ban with grete dylygence voyded the hors / and came and ſmote at the other ſo egrely vpon the helme; 30, By that tyme; 31, that founde; 35, no man myght; 38, therwith he.

59. 1, helme with ſuche force; 2, cutte hym in two peces / that the one halfe fell on the one ſyde / & the other on ye other ſyde / & kyng A.; hors & ledde; 5, grete nede; 7, myn hurte; 11, a newe; 17, in the felde; 18, & theyr knyghtes aſſembled; 19, all dyſcomfyted; 22, grete dedes; 23, not; vnder heuen; 30, knowe; 35, ye muſt take; 37, vpon.

60. 2, almooſt; For kyng A.; 3, therfore they; 5, loke that; ſuche an; 7, for to flee; 9, we be; vnto me; 15, And they ſwore that; the one vnto the other; 16, who that; 17, Than anone; 29, whiche; valyaunt; 32, of Gorre; 33, with grete; 34, as faſt as; theyr horſes; 35, good knyghtes; 37, thyckeſt.

61. 3, kyng A.'s viſage; 6, vpon; 7, to; haue ye; 8, thouſand ye haue; 10, you; ye wyll; 11, yf ye tary on; 12, and theyrs; 13, to; 14, rewarde well; 15, ryght well; 16, for there may; 18, this daye; 21, theſe thre yeres; hurte; ne greue you; 23, to kyng A.; 24, in hande; 27, theſe thre yeres; 28, y^t^ ye haue goten; 29, kynges that be here; 32, at a nede; able ynough; 36, gyuen them; 38, go ſe; whiche.

62. 4, told hym; 8, the werſte; 8, cauſed Bleyſe his mayſter to wryte them; 10, cauſed hym; 13, ſtode; 15, all furred; 21, thou chorle; 22, the whiche; 23, place where as; 26, ſmyled at hym; 29, ſporte; 36, begate vpon her; and his; 37, rounde t.; 38, ſtronge warre vpon.

63. 1, Leodegraunce; 2, bycauſe; 3, the ordynaunce; 4, they all; 7, Than Kyng A.; 16, doughter vnto; [Camylyard]; 17, and after; 18, as it ſhall be ſhewed here after; 19, theſe two kynges took; 20, on bothe theyr; 21, kynge A.; 22, do in theſe; 25, many good; malyce of; 29, not nede ſayd; 31, for or . xij . monethes be paſt; 32, he ſhall; 33, haue reuenged; 34, one day; 35, as it ſhall be ſhewed here after; 36, whiche; 37, as ony be now; vnto.

64. 1, whiche; to; [the]; 2, Vryence lande; 5, that there was; 6, lawleſſe; 19, on the water and the lande; 23, of Scotlande; 26, lordes and gentylmen; Northwales / whiche; 28, man of good men alſo; 30, ordynaunce that belongeth to warre for to; 31, reherceth; 33, Than after that k. B. and k. B. were departed.

65. 3, keſt; 5, mothers; 6, ſhe departed; Than on a tyme y^e^;

7, ryght ſore; 10, land many; 13, domage; 14, awoke; ryght penſyſe of; 15, for to put aweye all theſe; 19, his hors; longe after; 25, ſate there alone; 26, nombre; 30, whyle that; 34, a ſote to; 36, Arthur vnto the knyght; 37, that beeſt; 38, haue kylled.

66. 3, that hors; 4, theſe . xij . monethes; eyther; 6, Kynge P.; 10, to kyng A.; 11, thy deſyre is in; 12, to; 13, is myn; 16, I wolde be cōtent; 17, paſſed forth; 14, grete ſtudy; 19, came M.; 21, penſyf & heuy; 22, for here euen now; mooſt merualyeſt; 26, and alſo who; and alſo one whome; 32, M. departed; 34, was gladde; a ryght wyſe man; 36, kynge A.; dyuers; 38, that olde.

67. 3, late wherfore; 4, lyen; 12, moche ſhameful deth as; into; all quycke; 13, As they thus; 14, horſes; 17, hym that; 18, kynge A. ſaid vnto M.; 25, & all that were there myght here; 26, Beware Vlſius; 29, ſyr Vlſius; for to; 30, that ſayth; 31, cauſe; grete warre that ye haue had; 34, ye ſholde neuer haue had; halfe; whiche; 35, your grete lordes / barons and gentylmen.

68. 1, god and you; 2, vpon; 11, to; 13, than ſyr V.; 15, that I bare; 18, kyng V.; 19, bothe his; 21, whiche; 33, hym there; 26, Myles; 27, ſome good; 32, done to; 36, were pyte; 37, he cometh to aege.

69. 2, he ſhall be in; 6, muſt graūte; 7, will my lorde; 8, body that; 10, that in the ſame maner; 11, withoute any queſtyon or; 12, ſir G.; 18, ende of his; 21, it were; dyd; 25, but of whens; 26, they ran; 27, ſyr G.; 29, his ſpere; 33, gaue hym; 34, vpon; [and gate him wynde]; 37, where as; moone.

70. 2, his lyfe ſaued; 6, may ye; or; 8, wyll I hold; vpon; 10, ſhall be within theſe fewe dayes; 12, as wrothe as they; 14, And by and by; 16, belonged to; that it be; 17, in the mornynge afore daye; 21, whiche chaſed M.; 22, them a good pace; & cryed to; 24, fled away; you; 25, craſte; 26, yf I; 27, thy deth; towarde thy d.; 29, pauylyon by it; 30, knyght ſate all; 37, defende it.

71. 1, [anone]; 2, drewe; 3, [ſaid the knyght]; 6, ſperes ynough; 7, two good; loke one; 8, theyr myght; 9, kynge A.; 11, [ones]; good; 16, ye myddes; 17, ſore angred; drewe; 22, thought it was; 23, ſuche a vauntage; 24, & ſo alyght; dreſſed hȳ to kyng A.; 26, where they; 27, was all bloody; 28, to batayle; 29, two wylde bores; eyther of them; 33, to the kynge; 36, But as to.

72. 2, a paſſynge; 8, reame in; 25, & ſaue one; 26, the one ſhall be named P. & that other L.; 27, & they ſhalle telle; 28, begoten ſon; 30, vnto an heremytage; where as was; 33, & the

kynge; 34, And ſo Merlyn & he departed; 37, lake whiche; 38, a brode.

73. 2, the hande; Merlyn to the kyng; the ſwerd; 4, ſayd ye kynge; 8, therwith came; 9, to kyng A.; 10, the kynge; 11, whiche ye arme holdeth yonder; 12, Syr kynge; damoyſell of the lake; 14, king A.; 15, ony gyſte that; 16, vnto; 19, barge; 22, to the lande; 23, Than kynge A.; 25, for he is not; 27, gyder a grete whyle; 28, hym to; 29, It is well; 30, quod kynge A.; 34, my counſeyle is; 37, to wyſe; 38, aduyſe me.

74. 1, kynge A.; vpon; 3, king A.; 6, no bloode; 7, on to; 9, king A.; 10, and ſo; 11, the kyng; 19, The meane; haſtely from; 20, And he was; 28, lacked for; 30, thy; kynge A.; 32, to a; 33, for to; 35, longe he.

75. 1, I ſe well; 3, homage vnto me; 6, hym well; 9, hym / and that ſhall he ſynde; 13, on Maye daye; 23, by cauſe that; 25, what for loue.

¶ Here endyth the fyrſt boke of kynge Arthur.

Book ii.

¶ Here after foloweth the ſeconde boke of the noble and worthy prynce kynge Arthur.

75. 31, ſone whiche; 33, kynges at y^t^ tyme; 35, vpon.

76. 4, that; 7, Than king A. let; 9, caſtel thus was; 12, as them; came a damoyſell whiche; 14, told hym; 16, and ſhe; 22, a good knyght / and; 24, [and withoute treaſon]; 26, ſwerd of the ſcawberd; 27, for it; and it be; 35, ſcawberd.

77. 4, ſtreme; 6, but none myght; 9, kyng; 11, I am gretely; 12, It ſo happened that; 15, knyghte / whiche; to; This knyght was named; 20, his herte reyſed; 21, for by cauſe; 24, was there; 25, [ſo departyng]; 27, to ſuffre; 28, be poorely; 29, other lordes; 31, but by cauſe of; araye; 33, to; it is no nede; 34, ony more; beſemeth; 36, not all onely; rayment.

78. 2, rayment and clothynge; trouth; 4, ſcawberde; 5, vpon; 7, & many; 8, Truly; 9, beſt man; 11, aſcheue; ſayd the damoyſel / gyue; 13, by force; 15, in this; 17, to me; 22–23, as grete pite as euer I knewe; 23–24, ye greteſt ſorowe y^t^ myght be; 27, I byleue; 29, myſſe enformed; 31, courte with my good knyghtes; 32, that ye ſhal; 33, for youre; 34, but as now at; 37, that ye wyll not; 38, all my; all that is amyſſe and that.

79. 1, [grete]; 9, had promyſed; 11, whiche ye; 14; yf it; 16, & though I haue bothe theyr hedes I force not; 22, thyng of

you; 23, Lake there / by whoſe meanes was ſlayne his owne moder; 25, demaunded; 28, in the preſence; 30, I was moche; 31, vnto; 32, My lord; 33, this lady; 34, & wytchecraſte.

80. 3, ye haſte ye; 21, full rychely buryed her; 22, was in king A.'s courte a knyght that; 24, & he was a proude; 25, beſt knightes; 27, acounted of more proweſſe than he was; 29, kynge A.; 30, wroth with; 33, to kynge A.'s courte; 34, it was; 35, to you.

81. 7, her brother; 9, whiche; 10, drawe; ſcawberd; yf he were; 11, hardy; 14, ye do / ſayd Merlyn / wolde to god; neuer; 17, wherfore it ſhalle; 18, for there is not lyuynge; 19, lord kyng A.; 20, pyte it is for; 21, and as for; 25, as faſt as his hors coude renne; 27, cryed to hym and ſayd; 28, wyll not; 29, helpe you; that noyſe; 32, am I come; 36, am comen; 37, that ye haue done.

82. 2, whiche; 3, of his knyghtes; ſymple to me; 7, to me; for one of vs; 8, ſperes in all haſte they myght; 9, the kynges ſone of Irlande; 10, that his ſpere wente alle to ſheuers; 11, ſmote hym with ſuche a myght; 12, and Balyn; 17, rydyng myght galop; 18, than ſhe; 25, to; 26, faſt / that in no wyſe he myghte take the ſwerde; handes; 27, but he; 28, And whan; 30, grete loue / ſhe had vnto ſyr Launceor; 34, them; a foreſt; 35, aſpyed the; 38, ſayd B.

83. 1, wende lytell; 3, pryſonynge; 6, And anone B.; vnto his; 7, all his; 8, how that; 10, full ſore; 11, vnto yow; 12, heuy of mynde; kynge A.; 14, the erthe; 15, for kynge; atte the; 18, do ſo &; 19, Brother ſayd B. let; 21, as faſt as; 24, [it]; 26, defence; 29, loue and fauour; 31, thou wel; B. that; 36, rydynge whiche was named; 38, by one of the.

84. 1, kynge M.; 7, bothe theyr; [How]; 12, in doyng; [in]; 13, vnto; 14, this place; 27, dyd not ſaue; 29, coude not nor myght; 35, in many.

85. 9, for to telle; as at this; 10, fyll euyll; 11, the two; 12, but I; 34, yf he had not; 35, the kynge thus.

86. 5–6, what they be; 10, in the ſpryngynge; [thenne]; 16, vnto; 20, euer was of; 22, beholden; full euyll; 24, knowe or it be longe; 26, vpon; afore dyner; myghty hooſt; 30, myghty; for he; mocke; So Nero hymſelſe; 35, he had therof worſhip.

87. 4, had grete meruayle therof; 5, that they; 10, that whyle; 11, through my; 12, is ſlayne many; yf we; 14, to matche vs; 16, yf kyng L.; 17, and all his people ſholde haue ben deſtroyed and ſlayne; 18, knewe well that; 22, is it better; 23, the mooſt party; 24, vpon kynge A.; 25, for he and his men; wery of fyghtynge; 30, worſt; 31, dyd grete; 33, abode & withſtode; not

euer; 34, was ſhold; 36, had wedded; 37, by cauſe; [the whiche was Arthur's ſyſter].

88. 3, [called]; 5, with his; 8, to; 10, many a; 24, and his tombe ſtode by it ſelfe aparte; 26, made them to be ouergylte with ſyne; ſygne and token; euery ymage helde a; 28, them all; 31, ſayd to kynge A.; 32, the . xij . tapers; 33, of the holy; 34, ſhall alſo be aſcheued; tolde vnto kynge A.; 37, ſyr P.

89. 1, brother Balan; 2, Now by; 4, ferre of ony; for I am; 5, to god; 7, for as I tolde you ye; as longe as; 9, afterward; 12, ſlayne; 14, a knyght named; 25, pauylyons dore; 26, grete ſorowe; 28, amende it; 33, ſorowe; 35, and gentylnes; that ye wylle; 37, ſo rode.

90. 1, my lorde; the cauſe of; 4, nedes go; 8, the good knyght B.; 9, there the damoyſell; [euen]; 13, and garde; 14, traytour knyght; the whiche; 15, where as; 16, may beſt; therof I; 17, to you by my; 19, vpon; 20, & alſo how ye trechery was done by y^e^; 29, for I am; 32, as longe as my; 36, good knyght.

91. 2, to me; 8, to haue gone; 10, came many men; 11, And whan; 12, by cauſe he; And than; 13, vp vpon the walles and lepte ouer into; 15, ſayd that; 19, ſyluer dyſſhe; 20, that there; 21, but that; 23, her lyfe; 26, all that nyght; 29, ſhe dyed; 33, herd one.

92. 7, deſpyte that; 15, and had; 20, to a; 22, wyll I not; 26, to the; 29, ſaid y^e^.

93. 10, to hym; for to; 11, aroſe vp; 23, folowed hym; 36, kyng P.

94. 13, for that ſtroke turned hym to; 15, neuer mete more; 34, you; 36, to.

95. 11, the two; 30, this entent y^t^ it ſhold aſwage; 32, that ladyes loue.

96. 1, he dreſſed hym from thens; that he had; 10, And therwith he; 20, [not].

97. 3, in reed; 4, And whan; 7, it ſholde not be he; 8, and ſmote eyther other; 11, ſore bryſed; 16, brake his helme; 21, eche other greuouſly; 22, to; 23, reed of theyr blode; 25, ſmytten eyther other; 26, the world; 33, to; 36, went; 38, bebledde.

98. 7, to the deſtruccion of vs bothe; 9, the ylle; 20, that place; 21, wepynge chere and ſayd; 23, the ſacrament and blyſſed body; 29, And anone; 32, by the handes of his owne broder; 34, morowe; 35, vpon; [that].

99. 2, alſo a bedde; lye in; 6, Than M.; to handle; 12, this world; 21, and crafte; 33, meruayllouſt; 35, euer; 36, as they were.

¶ Here endeth the ſeconde boke of kynge Arthur.

Book iij.

¶ Here foloweth the thyrde boke of the noble and worthy prynce kynge Arthur.

100. 1, after y^t^; 6, but kynge A. full well; 8, moche ruled; 14, ony fayre lady; 16, Leodegraunce; Camelyarde; whiche L. holdeth; 18, gentylleſt and; 25, pryuely; 32, to; 35, and of; 36, that it.

101. 5, but I lacke ſyſty; 6, kynge L.; 12, he made grete ioye for theyr comynge; [and that ryche preſente]; 15, to; 16, pleaſaunt; 17, Than in; 19, honourableſt; 22, Merlyn made the beſt ſpede he myght and founde . xxviij . good knyghtes; coude he ſynde; 24 archebyſſhop; ſente for 25 ſyeges of this table rounde; 27, to; 30, in the ſyeges; 36, to; 37, muſt ſo do.

102. 11, [oute]; 25, bothe daye and nyght; that he myght be made; 33, Aryes the.

103. 22, to; 26, to; 27, morowe; 31, kynge P.; 33, the ſyrſt that.

104. 4, ye be; 5, had; 6, & ſayd; vnto; 8, ſyr G.; 9, whiche; not do ſo; 14, ſyr G.; 18, wente vnto; 30, to kyng A.; 35, with hym by force; 36, mone; bycauſe.

106. 3, of the whyte harte; 4, ſyr G.; 9, wolde haue folowed; 10, on the other; 22, helme ſo harde; 25, ſyr G.; 27, chaced; 28, harte that; 30, [drawe].

107. 5, ye dombe beeſtes; 24, to the; 27, Me repenteth it ſore; 28, to haue ſtryken at the; 32, But for drede; 33, vpon; 34, behynde hym alſo.

108. 4, well thynke; 5, here aboute; 7, ſayd thus; 9, Thou haſt alſo; whiche is vnto the grete ſhame for euermore; 12, ſuche a; that he had nygh felled; 15, one of them; 17, wonders; bothe ſlayne; 21, ſyr G.; moone; 24, On the morowe erly came; 25, whiche; 28, whiche wyll; 31, or that; 32, kyng Lots ſone of O.; 34, ſpede for; 38, the heed of the whyte herte.

109. 3, Her heed; 4, mane of his hors; And in this maner he rode forth towarde C.; 5, to ye courte; 6, & ſo he was . And ſhewed how he ſlewe; 8, to; 9, vylaynouſly ſlayne; 12, hym euer; 19, [Amen]; 20, and he; 21, forth his waye a good pace after; 22, whiche; 23, more than his ſpere; 24, In what entent doſt thou ſmyte my hors; 25, way ſaid the dwarfe; but that thou ſhalte fyrſt iuſte with yonder knightes that abyde in yonder pauelions that thou ſeeſt; 26, 32 & 33, ſyr T.; 30, [alle]; 33, yelded.

110. 2, ye myddes; 3, lowe that it went thorough the ſyde;

9, to; that we; 13, Langdok; 15, to; 16, you to gyue; 19, hors anone; & come on & ryde with me; 22, through a foreſt; 24, renewed; 25, his ſpere; 26, ſoo came; 27, lye therin on a payllet; And than he; 28, [therin]; 29, And ther; 30, anone the lady awoke & went; 32, What wyll ye do; Wyll ye take away; 34, to this place; 36, mette withal or it be longe / and alſo euyll handled; abyde it.

111. 2, forth on; 4, ſyr T.; 5, ſuche lodgynge; 14, and ſayd; 16, and ſawe he; 17, and armed; 19, and ſmote eche other y^t bothe hors and men fel to the erth; 20, they lyghtly; 23, & alſo they brake; 25, grounde; and they had bothe; 28, & made hym fall to the groūde; 33, brachet & the / or els flee the.

112. 3, ſyr T.; 4, this fals; 6, I am ryght ſory and lothe; whiche I haue graunted you; 7, make you; that whiche; 8, agaynſt you. He can not make amendes ſayd the damoyſell; hath flayne; 9, [afore myn owne eyen]; whiche was; 10, than euer he was; no mercy vpon hym; in ſo moche that I; 11, whiche; 13, as knyghtes auenturous do; and for all that I coude do or ſaye / he ſmote of my brothers heed; 20, for whan; 30, ſyr T. and his hors; 32, them; ſayd he; 33, late was; 36, gentyll; yf.

113. 3, gladde; 4, but that his father; 11, made grete; 14, full of good; 15, do outrage; 22, bytwene; 24, ſake. Kynge P. wold not; 28, And as; [there]; 29, laye there; 30, with her loues ſwerde; So as; 31, labouryng man; 32, kyng P.; 33, poore man; 34, moone.

114. 2, nere coſyn; 5, her frendes; 6, ye ryde; 7, them yet; lady is in the keepyng; 9, tyll that; 11, rode he; 12, ſayd to her; court of; 14, be two; 16, owne pleaſure; 17, them in ſonder; 18, why they; 25, quod kynge P.; in there all ſodeynly as; 28, you alſo; 30, vnto hym; 31, more for her; yow bothe; 33, knyght; 37, [are]; ſawe; 38, he was wroth and fyerſly and lyghtly lepte.

115. 1, and in grete haſte drewe out; 5, and therwith he; 7, had ſeen; buffet y^t the other had; 12, with a; 13, kyng P.; 15, I lacke; kyng P.; [but]; 22, morowe; and after; 26, P. kynge of; 28, man as ye be; 29, What is now; kynge P.; 30, Syr ſayd he; 31, that is in that; 35, vpon.

116. 1, 3, 4, kyng P.; 4, gretely welcome there; 5, alſo gretely; 8, [and there]; 9, wherwith; 10, and anguyſſhe; of ioynt; 12, where as; 17, kyng P.; 22, frō; 26, that they; 35, hath receyued; 38, towarde Camelot.

117. 2, where; 4, moone; 5, I myghte; 8, kyng P.; of this lady; 12, vnto kynge A.'s courte; 14, and that; 16, labour and; 18, where; 19, with fair; 20, vpon; 22, kynge A.; glad; 24, all

the; 25, from the begynnynge vnto the endynge; the quene; 27, kyng P.; 28, ſauynge your honour; 38, very cowarde.

118. 7, may well; 8, all deſtenyes; 9, that ſyr G.; 10, ſone vnto; 14, gaue them landes that; outrage; 21, worldly; ¶ Here endeth the thyrde boke of kynge Arthur and of his weddynge.

Book iv.

¶ Here foloweth the fourth boke of the noble and worthy prynce kyng Arthur.

118. 24, Than after; 25, and of; befelle; 27, courte with hym; 28, whiche; hyght Nymue; 30, her in euery place; 33, vpon; vnto kynge; 34, & that for.

119. 2, ſwerde Excalybur; 9, And than; from kynge A.; 11, ſo euer; 21, no; 22, [ſame]; 29, peryll; 30, And than; 31, waye as they wente; 36, put hym awaye.

120. 1, whiche; [grete]; 2, crafte &; 6, And than; and there made; 13, to kynge A.; ſlewe all that they founde afore them; 14, grete pyte; 19, who wylle; 29, hardyer; 31, ſo euer; 35, tydynges came; to the.

121. 9, or it be day; 10, ſhall ſo ſlee of; not one; 12, the; 15, he and his knyghtes beynge in; 17, the quene; Kay; 21, we are all; 22, cryed he than; 23, to kyng A. & ſayd to hym; 31, than for to; 32, to be; 34, [euen]; 38, vndertake two.

122. 2, therwith ſyr K.; 4, fadom depe; 6, [all]; 8, fell downe; 9, that he brake his necke; 11, vpon; to the ſholders; 14, as longe as I; [all]; 15, in Humber; 16, noble dedes; 22, kynge A. founde; 24, let we hold vs; [and]; 25, hooſt eſpye; 26, ſorowe; not be able to helpe; 28, ſorowe; 29, downe fro; [all]; [but]; 30, on the right hande and on the lefte; 33, full mekely; 34, and ſhe came anone; 35, for the vyctory of that daungerous batayle.

123. 3, and ſayd; 4, haue knowledge; 7, kyng A.; 8, not paſt; 9, rounde table; 10, buylde; 12, call it; 15, ſorowe; And whan; 18, to; 20, good knyghtes of the table roūde; 22, beſt that; 24, bothe olde; 26, the other half; 32, kyng P.; 34, [beſt]; 37, wel worthy ſyr Kay the Seneſſhall.

124. 5, all the dayes of; 6, Now ſayd; 14, & that knowe I full well; 15, and he; 16, but he doth; 20, And whan; 22, as afore is reherced; 23, wonders; 24, was ſo; 25, Courte of kynge A.; 26, he alyght; 29, agayne to; 33, tyll men; 35, and by.

125. 3, moone; 4, to; 6, that he; 10, courte of kynge A.; And ſo; 12, kyng A.; 25, harte there; 26, kyng A.; aboute hym;

28, cam ſtrayght; 29, kyng A.; 33, by that tyme; 34, on all; 35, and gaue; [all].

126. 3, [ryght]; 6, belonged; 7, they were; 9, [as]; 12, [ſuche]; 14, ryche; 15, ryght eaſely; 16, all that; 19, was aboute a two; 20, And alſo; 23, Than ſayd kyng A. / what; 27, The lord; is named; 32, But that; 33, his proweſſe; 35, people & comynalte.

127. 1, very coward; 4, do nothynge; or elles; 6, is no; 7, that wyll; ſyr Damas; 8, that wold; 9, in a wayte; to take; 11, in to; 16, ſyr D.; 20, [alle]; 21, not tell; 22, quod ſhe; 23, or elles ye ſhall neuer eſcape w^t your lyfe; 25, yf I may be delyuered with this and alle.

128. 1, kynge A.; 2, this batayle; 5, ſyr A.; 9, And whan; 15, And with; 18, ſtronge of herte; to morowe; 21, deſyreth; 22, haue; 24, that; 25, a ryche quene for euer; 29, Quene Morgan; 30, done as; or elles; 35, hym to.

129. 10, moone; but for all; 11, in hande; 12, ſyr A.; 13, ſyr O.; 15, ſcawberde; 16, morowe; 17, in hande; 18, hertely; 19, [al]; 20, to his; 22, morowe; kyng A.; 23, go to; 24, [and ſo Arthur herd a maſſe]; on; 28, of the; 31, was vp on; 36, [&].

130. 3, theyr ſheldes; [hede]; 4, grounde; 5, drewe; And in y^e; 6, thus ſyghtynge; 7, had put; 11, to do theyr; 12, ſyr A.; 13, ſo that for; 14, ſore that he; 15, faſt frō; 18, was ſore adrad; 20, ſyr A.; 21, to; 24, grounde; 27, bothe wroth; 29, that he; 31, a droppe of; 37, as dyd kyng A.

131. 8, ſyr Accolon; brake; 10, [ſure]; 13, began to ſaye thus; 19, my lyfe laſteth; 22, leuer ſo often dye than to yelde me to the / for though I lacke wepen & am wepenles yet ſhall I; 24, to thy; 31, and worthyneſſe; 34, be ſo; 37, [alle]; 38, and quykly gate.

132. 1, [al]; he aperceyued clerely; his good; 4, by ſyr Accolons ſyde; 8, to; 11, and have loſt; 12, vpon; 15, noſe and mouth; 24, quod; 26, for than; 33, ſyr A.; 35, And quene M.

133. 2, man whiche ſhe mooſt hateth in this; 3, the mooſt; 4, as her; 6, with her; 9, ſyr A.; 11, for to haue; 12, ſyr A.; 13, the trouthe; that you wyll; 14, 16, ſyr A.; 17, O my gracyous lorde; 18, you not; 22, blame the; 24, ſoo be auenged; 27, [alle]; 30, [are]; 31, to vs bothe; 35, that there were; 37, [the]; full ſore.

134. 1, that in all ye worlde lyueth; our mooſt ſouerayne lyege lorde and kynge; 2, grete myſhappe and grete myſauenture; 3, agaynſt my kynge and; 8, one of my owne knyghtes; 9, to; 10, haue; 14, a very proude; 15, no thynge worth of; 17, this maner of fourme; 20, than on; 21, no erraūt knyghtes; 23, kepte in

pryſon; 24, that thou content them; 28–29, I wylle that in all goodly haſte ye come; to me and to my; 31, auaunce; 33, as dooth your; you of your; 34, grete goodnes ſayd ſyr O. and I promyſe you that from hens forth I ſhall be at; 37, whiche; ryght ſore.

135. 1, Wolde god; 5, for to; 7, fals engyn & treaſon and; 8, [euer]; 10, youre perſone; 11, ſhort ſpace; 14, my ſelfe; 16, So than; 17, on; 19, ſurgyens and leches; 20, dayes after; 22, So whan; 23, on horſbacke; to; 25, that I; 27, that kynge; 29, how he lay; 30, damoyſell.

136. 1, Ewayne; 2, wakened; 5, her his; 6, the ſwerde vnto M.; 7, & ſhe; drewe; 10, for to; 15, ſayd Morgan haue; 20, therto I; 21, ſyr A.; 22, to; 24, ſyr A.; 27, countenaunce outwarde; 28, and yf ſhe; 29, ſaue her lyfe; 34, quene G.

137. 2, the mooſte; 4, Arthur laye; that he; 5, anſwered her and ſayd that he had layde hym downe; 8, tyll I awake hym my ſelfe; fro her; 17, wonders wroth; and he; 22, hors that; 25, And as they rode they; 27, lady late; 30, faſt after; 31, of her; 32, And whan; 37, ſo heuy.

138. 2, nedes be; 3, So anone [with al]; 9, that he came; [So]; 11, wyll / for my brother A. is gone; 12, my brother ſyr A.; 16, you well; 17, with a; 19, that knyght; what he wolde do; 21, ſayd ſhe; 25, of me; 35, Tell hym not that . . . . but for the loue of; 37, hym that.

139. 6, kynge A.; to; 11, to the; 14, morowe; 16, in that; 17, one by another; 27, vpon; 32, ſayd ſhe; 34, man.

140. 2, wonders; 7, ſyr A.; 11, Ewayne was charged; 13, coſyn Ewayne; 18, ſyr Gaherys; 20, tyll they; 23, vpon two grete horſes; 26, vpon it; 35, & alſo; ſomme cauſe.

141. 5, Ewayne; 6, is lyuynge; 7, Iuſtynge; 15, vpon; 21, ſyr M.; 22, [and the hors back]; 24, ſyr M.; 30, myn here in y^e^ ſtede; 31, And than; 34, ſeke; a knyght auenturous.

142. 2, to; 4, in this worlde; vs two; ſholde matche; 6, yf he were; 8, more weyker; ye are; 18, two ſheldes that; 20, aroſe vpon; 21, drewe; 22, drewe; 26, not accordynge for; 29, to; 38, euenſonge tyme; febled ſore.

143. 2, waxed than; 6, I perceyue; 8, wordes; 12, Marhaus place; 13, I merueylle; 15, nor gentylwomen; 16, [tho]; it is the; 19, wytches and enchaũtereſſes; the mooſt parte of them; 20, ony man; 24, And as ye frenſſhe book reherſeth; 26, as ſyr L.; 27, Bors de Gaule; [ſyr Pellias]; 28, ſyue knyghtes; 29, [lytel]; 30, [the]; 32, had [all thre] there.

144. 6, So longe they rode tyll they; 7, and aboue; 20, [be];

[one]; 24, god ſpare; 27, ſhall we choſe eueryche; 31, Than ſayd; 33, Than ſayd.

145. 1, them to; 3, monethes; [and]; 4, eche knyght; 9, where as; 12, morowe; 16, moone; 18, to god; 20, to you; 22, to that one; 24, G. ſawe x knyghtes; 25, made; 30, & ſmote them downe bothe; 31, And whan.

146. 4, veryly ſayd; and yf that he; 6, that hit; and honour to; 8, wolde be gladde to; 10, me ſemeth; Ryght thus; 11, that other; 12, on that; of the launde ther; 14, dwarfe whan he came nyghe to the knyght ſayd; 19, put it to his iudgemēt; 20, euen ſo be it; And than; 21, they two; 22, in to my handes; ye ſyr; 24, bytwene; 25, And ſo whan the damoyſell was; 33, vnto.

147. 1, go our way; 3, they were bothe accorded; 5 demaūded; 7, bothe hand and; 10, euen now more; 11, he is named; 15, and alſo the; 18, at thoſe; 21, but y^t^ he; 22, the thre; 25, was there; 31, by cauſe; 38, to the worſte.

148. 4, ſomtyme; 6, alle this; [hyt]; 11, nyghte in the mornynge; goo ſeke; 12, that I can; 23, that grete; 27, moone; and; 31, A my good frende; 32, that ye wyll tell me; 34, and am.

149. 2, therfor I praye the; 5, vnto; 6, do ſuffre; for to take; 8, afore this tyme; I neuer one fayre worde; 10, that euer ſhe may; her knyghtes take me and; 12, for to be; but ſo; 13, not take me; 18, to her; 20, haue her loue; 21, [all]; 22, Whan they . . . . ye one to the other / they chaunged; 27, [in]; Than ſyr G.; 31, [ſoo]; 32, to alyght; 33, [her]; 34, ſyr G. told; that his; 35, ſyſters.

150. 2, for that ye; 3, [to]; may; 16, And than it was; 18, bedde made; 23, agaynſt ye faythfull promeſſe that he made to ſyr P.; 24, had not; 31, theyr beddes; 33, went; 34, in a; 36, herte almooſt; 38, lenger abyde.

151. 2, [faſte]; 4, thus to; 5, not ſlee; 6, and left them ſlepyng; 9, ony man; might make; 10, to; 11, ſtreyght to; where as they; 12, grete ſhame for hym; 13, and than he; 14, forth his; 17, and faythfull ſeruyce that; 19, I be; 20, [oute]; 21, vnto her; 23, to his; 24, the greteſt ſorowe that euer man herde; 25, And than; the lady E.; wakened out of; 27, that it was; 28, ſyr P. alſo; 29, me y^t^; 36, [his]; 37, moone; cauſe of his ſorowe; 38, Than the; how that.

152. 2, wolde; he were; 3, [ſayd ſhe]; that he; 5, euyl a; is now or; 6, preſumptuous lady; 7, his lorde and mayſter; 8, ſo lyenge; 9, had neuer ſeen; 10, And in the meane whyle; 11, to; that no; 15, [for]; ſhe keſt; 16, hym out of meaſure; 18, [vnto]; now loue; 19, whiche I tofore mooſt hated of all men lyuynge;

This is; 21, the lady E.; 23, Go thy waye hens thou; no more; 32, ſente ſuche; 34, lorde god.

153. 5, theyr lyues; 6, returne; 11, vnto a; demaunded; 12, not herborowe; treatynge; 17, ſo euer; 18, and my; 22, and forthwith he ſhewed to; 24, come in; happen that they; 25, here in this caſtell; 30, how he hyght; 31, with what man; 32, ſaid he; 33, I am borne; 34, to.

154. 1, of all thy; 2, for to morrow; 3, with the; none other; 6, encountre; 7, neuer noo; 9, wolde reuenge the deth of my . vij . ſones; 10, Syr I requyre you ſayd ſyr M.; 11, ye; 14, and vnto; 17, the; to thy chambre where thou; 23, where they; 30, ſones of the duke; 31, dyd not touche them.

155. 3, ſayd ſyr M.; 4, Than whan; 6, vnto ſyr; 7, vnto ſyr M.; 8, [vp]; 9, by a comyn; 10, Pentecoſt; 11, he to come; his ſyxe; 16, renomed to haue ſmytten downe; 19, dayes; 20, whoſe name was called F.; whiche; 22, comen to; 28, ſayd ſyr M. / vſeth he to; 30, bere hym he is ſo grete; 33, was ware of hym; holy tree; 36, clubbe of yren [in his hande] & came agaynſt ſyr M. as faſt as he myght dryue; 37, al to peces & lyght on a ſtone & al to fruſſhed it in to ye erth & there.

156. 3, [in]; 4, coude not; 5, [hym]; 6, he gaue; many a; 7, to fall; in y^e^; 10, [grete]; 11, all the; 12, man after; 13, gretely thanked; 19, Oſanna; 24, whiche; 28, wherfore; the pryce was; 29, and the pryce was a Ierfawcon; 31, that went with hym; 32, to a; [the]; 33, a full curteys lady.

157. 3, ſyr Ewayne was; 4, vnto; 15, the lady; ſoo many; 16, to; neyther vpon; nor; 17, [no]; to ſpeke; 21, vpon your bodyes; wronge and extorcyon vnto this lady; the two bretherne; 24, aſſygne vs; playne batayle; 26, morow; 28, bothe the; 32, and after rode; 34, Than rode they.

158. 2, horſe tayle; and yet brake not his ſpere; 6, auoyded ſodeynly; 8, grete ſtrokes; 9, paſſynge ſore; 10, that he; fought they; 11, enraged and without reaſon; 15, And whan ſyr H. ſawe that; 16, vnto; 19, and ſyr H. made grete moone; 20, vnto her landes; 24, And than whan it; 25, [ſyr Marhaus and ſyre Vwayne]; 30, And ryght at; 32, Gawayn had with hym.

159. 2, whiche had; 4, yf that; 7, vnto kynge A.'s courte; 9, were all they of the; 14, than lyuynge; 22, had ben ſlayne in thoſe . xij . monethes; 24, ſyr P.; 25, but that; 27, ſo it is; Frenſſhe boke; 30, and ſire T. was ſore; 35, where as; 36, to be; 37, on ſyr L.'s ſyde. ¶ Thus endeth the fourth boke of this preſent volume.

Book v.

¶ Here foloweth the fyfth boke of the noble and worthy prynce kynge Arthur.

160. 1, had reſted a whyle after; 11, vnto; 13, vnto the; 16, as it is; 17, as a; 22, and thy; 30, ſet vpon; them for; 31, vnto.

161. 9, them for to; 25, in all chriſtendom.

162. 3, Yder; [promyſed to brynge]; 8, y^t^ they ſholde here theyr; his noble; 13, creature nor prynce; 18, to; 30, tofore ye; 35, ſo to do; 36, we do you to wyte; 37, his chere and; that ye haue.

163. 1, an other maner man; 4, his grete; 5, ſawe in our dayes; 9, and he; 12, wayes in the; 15, of his; Geneweys; 24, to Turkye; 27, Than all; 31, And alſo he; 35, mountaynes of Sauoye.

164. 9, concluded that . . . . ſhold be areſted; 20, la beale.

165. 2, in to; 3, drowned; 13, was; 15, to the bore; 20, a might; 25, hym to; 28, your realmes; whiche ye haue; 32, ye are; 33, right horryble.

166. 1, ye; 2, cōquerour cōfort; ſoone after; 3, Bireflete; 20, the whiche was full nygh of your blode; 21, ye; 22, a valyaunt; 28, ye ſe; 29, there ſhall ye not fayle to; 30, as I; the realme of F.; kynge A.; 32, and called vnto; 34, and for.

167. 1, them; 2, them; theyr; 4, [euer]; vnto the forlonge; 6, and ſayd he wold; [in]; 7, vp the mounte; 11, vnto whome; 16, deed [the]; 17, vnto; 18, [duc]; 20, from the grete; 22, ſayd the wydowe; nought by; 25, hath ouer comen &.

168. 4, [murthred]; 6, handes; Than anone; 11, with grete anguyſſhe threwe; clubbe of yren; 12, thre damoyſels; 13, vnto our lorde Iheſu Chryſt; of the noble kynge A.; 14, was one; 15, whyle aboue; 17, [euer]; ſo tombeled & weltred; 18, vnto; 19, y^t^ kepte; 27, and alſo the grete; take it to you; 28, ſo that I haue his; 33, vnto.

169. 1, vpon; 2, morowe after the noble kynge A.; grete hooſt; 3, countye of; [and]; 4, pauylyons; 7, parte therof; 8, made a; 11, kynge A.; 13, to L. the Emperour; [ye]; 17, on horſbacke; 18, pyght in a medowe many; 20, towarde whiche pauylyon; 25, or elles; 27, [ye]; 28, ſore an angred; 34, was ſyr G.

170. 1, drewe; 2, And anone; 6, & than; 8, ſtarke dede on the grounde; came there; 12, grounde; 15, came vnto; 16, vnto; downe right; 25, drewe; 30, paſſyng grete; & oure; 31, vnto; 32, and hurte; 34, vnto.

171. 6, ſame nyghte; 7, morowe; 8, Launcelot and ſyr Cador /

with; 13, thre ſcore thouſande; 15, ſyr L.; 23, goodly araye; 24, manfully; detrenched; 26, [of the party]; ſaraſyns partye; 29, where ſo euer; 30, & his myght; 33, flyght that; 34, apparayled; 35, how his knyghtes.

172. 3, [ſauf my ſelf]; 4, knyghtes as I haue; ſyr C.; 7, this daye; 14, ſyr L.; 16, of the noble kynge A. and of; 18, Senatoure that; 20, [for]; 24, [for]; 26, Than anone; 27, afore; 28, haſtely folowe; Than was kynge A. pryuely warned; 30, kynge A.; 34, the noble.

173. 1, Soyſſons; 2, baners; 3, and ſawe that he was beſette; 5, to; 9, And he therwith commaūded; 13, men were; 14, [appertyces] feates of warre; 17, in all eſpecyall of them; in to; 18, he hymſelfe; 19, as it; 20, his good; [as]; 23, there he; 24, meruaylous quantite; 27, heed / & the body ſlewe . vj . ſaraſyns in the fallynge downe; 28, [ſo dyd]; 29, table dyd full nobly; batayle endured long; 31, that; 32, oftentymes; 33, longe ſo; 34, and at the; [themperour]; 37, ouerthwart.

174. 2, his helme; 3, he his; 4, Than whan; 8, vnto the noble conquerour; 9, [& the trumphe]; 13, thoſe that; cauſed; 14, to ſerche; all theyr; 18, & the kyng of Ethyope; 19, dyuers other; 20, thre ſcore; 21, noble kynge A.; 22, aromatyke gommes; he dyd; thre ſcore folde; 23, & than; 25, bodyes were ſette; 27, that were; vnto; 33, of me ony; that you; 34, vnto; 35, vnto.

175. 1, ſhold ſuffyſe; 4, nor aſke of me ne of my landes ony trybute; 7, Lucius lyenge; 14, [no]; 16, ſeynge; 18, to; 20, Brabande; 11, hye Almayn; 23, maner wyſe; 24, the noble; full longe; 27, tolde hym; 31, Wycharde; 32, and alſo; 33, ye may gete there.

176. 3, on the nexte morowe; 4, aduentures; 5, knight armed; 6, vnto; 7, ſaue onely; 11, vnto; from whens [that]; 23, drewe; 25, ſmote hym; 28, Than that; 31, bled faſt; 32, thy blode; 34, all the leches.

177. 1, ſyr G.; 5, I wyll; 9, ſyr G.; 16, Alexandrye; 17, the lord; 24, arte / & of thy beinge; ſyr G.; 25, pryce kynge; 26, for to; 27, At Chryſtmaſſe; 33, knyght or knaue; [thou]; 34, tell the trouth; 35, noble courte; 37, his owne; 38, fortuned & comen.

178. 2, than yf; 3, prouynce of Parys; 4, ſholde haue; 7, and hath; of armes of all D.; 9, to the nombre of thre ſcore thouſande; men of warre; 10, flee & hye vs faſt fro hens; wyll do; to vs; 11, he blowe no; 12, here faſt; 13, vpon; the ones; 14, nor; 15, hymſelfe; 16, after hym; ſo they; 17, that; where as; 20, who it was that had ſo hurte & wounded hym; ſyr G.; 26, hote blood ranne downe; 32, [vnto]; 34, many a thouſand; 35, ſayd ſyr.

179. 9, with them; 14, lepynge; 15, wherfore he; 20, vpon the colde; 23, grete; 27, toward them; 30, many a; 34, ſyerſly with.

180. 1, And than; 3, gyue backe & flee; 4, well my; 6, a gyaunt named I.; 14, quytte them ſo well; 15, [and ward]; 16, ſlayne of ſyr G.; 23, hym theyr; and tolde to hym; 26, [noble]; 28, ſyr G.; 30, he ben; 34, by his; 36, do make.

181. 3, the kynge [Arthur] and requyryng; 7, ne none of your damoyſelles; 13, [for]; 19, [there] a; ſemed it was mooſt beſt; 22, ſo wanne; & after they wanne; 23, kynge A.; 24, vpon; by the; 25, wonne & goten; ſent a cōmaundement; 27, through & came to the; and there; 28, in heuyneſſe; a knyght of his owne countree to be capytayne; 29, the foreſayd; 30, vnto kyng A.; 31, vpon them; 32, his true; 33, and of Pauye; 34, Than king A. rode; 35, there he wanne; 36, all that he foūde; wolde; as ſo went to; 38, of Rome; for to.

182. 1, lord & chefe gouernour or not; vpon; 3, whiche at that tyme; within the Cite of; 4, and they all; largely goodes; 5, they all; 6, Baronny of the R.; 7, hym as; holy creme; to ſuche an hygh and noble eſtate; 8, vnto you ſayd kyng A.; 10, there as; 11, crownacyon; 12, the Romayns tell; there he was; 13, ſolempnyte; 14, certayne tyme; 15, vnto F.; he gaue; 16, deſeruynge; 17, none of them; neyther ryche nor; 18, vnto; 19, that he; and be his true ſubgecte al the; 20, that he made; and cōſtytued his men vnto grete rycheſſe and honour; 21, and all the grete men of eſtate; togyder afore the tryumphaunt conquerour kynge A.; 22, Noble Emperour blyſſed be the eternall god; mortal warre; is all; 23, conqueſt is; 24, make ony; 25, and hertely praye your noble grace; and alſo we praye you to gyue; for to; 26, a longe ſeaſon; 27, for to; with grete; 28, kyng A. vnto them; 30, was there; 31, of other baggage & had; 32, kyng A. returned; 33, [not]; [ne take] by the waye neyther take vytayle ne none; 34, truly paye; 36, [his wyf]; with hym.

¶ Thus endeth the ſyfth boke of the conqueſt that kynge Arthur had agaynſt Lucius the Emperour of Rome ¶ And here foloweth the ſyxth boke whiche ſpeketh of ſyr Launcelot du lake.

Book vi.

¶ Here foloweth the ſyxth boke of the noble and worthy prynce kyng Arthur.

183. 1, Anone; the noble and worthy; 2, [thenne]; 4, [but];

good knyghtes; 10, [other]; 13, wherfore he is; 14, after that; 16, certaynly; 17, ladyes and; all the dayes of his lyfe; 18, grete; 19, a longe whyle; 21, his brother ſyr L.; 22, [for]; 23, vpon; all poyntes; 24, a grete playne; 28, vs &; 29, for of all this ſeuen yere; 30, there &; 32, layde his.

184. 1, ſlepte; 4, after thoſe thre; 5, behelde; that he had neuer ſeen; 7, at all poyntes; 8, theſe thre knyghtes that fledde; [he]; 9, downe to; groūde; 10, ſuche a ſtroke; hors and man; 11, vnto the erthe; than he rode; vnto; 12, more than the length of a ſpere; 13, and reyned; 15, And whan; 17, [for]; his brother ſyr; And ſo; 18, and had ouertakē; [&]; 20, and than he; [doun]; 23, he vnarmed them; 29, that was; 31, which; 32, [by]; 36, hangeth; that belōged; vnto.

185. 1, ende of; 3, ony knyght had; 4, and ſo he; 8, and there he; 9, brother ſyr L.; And anone; bete vpon; 11, Anon there; 13, & fewtred his; 17, and caught; 18, and ſo; [owne]; 23, all ye dayes of; 26, he toke; [garte to] vnarmed hym; ſharpe thornes; 27, and after; in to; 31, a ſlepe; 32, whan I went frō; 35, ſyr T.

186. 3, heet of y^e ſonne; 6, canape of; 9, and than; 12, [for] to; eche of them ſayd ſhe; 13, vnto; 23, colde chambre; 28, ſayd the damoyſell; 31, [fayre damoyſel]; 33, ony perſone.

187. 1, that ye are; 2, that is now; 6, is alſo; 8, ye one; ye wyll; 9, vnto your; yf ye wyll not do thus / here ſhall ye abyde; 10, tyll that ye dye; 13, be ye; 14, haue none; 16, vpon; 17, lyuyng vnto; 21, [the]; to; that brought hym his; 23, in all; 24, ſayd ſhe; 27, am aferde; quenes wytches; 30, that your; 31, of all the; that ben lyuynge; 33, me for to.

188. 1, laſt paſt; 3, yf ye; vpon; 4, morowe; 7, 11, ſayd the damoyſell; 14, [be ſhe that ſhall]; 15, and there; to abyde me; 20, and arayed; 21, vnto his; 24, & in no wyſe; 25, ony hyghe; 29, and ſo; 30, and founde there; 31, [ſadly]; 32, [there]; 33, belonged the.

189. 2, lyghtly out; 3, lepte after; 6, ſlade; 7, And ſyr L. toke hym to his mercy; 10, my loue & lady; 12, ſyr L.; was ſore; 13, lately; 17, [al]; whiche; 18, ſyr B.; 19, ſo ſore; 20, moone; 21, ſyr B.; a very; 23, he goodly; and toke me to his mercy; 25, you; are; 28, often tymes; 30, ſyr B.; 36, all my; yf ye; or myghty of; 37, than ye; 38, ſtode thus talkynge; daye appered.

190. 2, ſhewed hym; towarde the; 4, As ſoone; 5, kynge B. doughter; 6, than ſhe; wente; 7, that it was ſyr L.; 8, haſtely; [from hym]; [lete]; 10, there he; 11, ſyr L.; 12, that was; 16, fro his hors; he wente; 22, wyſt; whether; 23, wherfore ſhall

whyle; 24, frendes & kynrede; 25, now on; 26, vnto my; 30, that foule fared with; 32, [here]; 34, truſt beſt; 35, payntynge.

191. 2, ſo I ſhall; 7, and [to]; 21, with that falle; 23, A.'s courte; 26, out of ioynte; ſyr M.; 29, his ſpere; 31, helme pyght; 34, [grete]; ſyr L.; all y^e^; 35, all to brake.

192. 1, drewe out; 2, gaue eche other; 4, noſe and his mouth; on bledynge; and his eeres alſo; 5, [therwith] his hors; 10, he was hytte; 14, [there]; 18, they promyſed; 20, kynge B.; goo ſeke; 24, knowlege therof; 27, with a; 30, ſayd the; 32, as for; 33, ſayd the damoyſell; a ryght; 35, as the beſt knyght is; 36, name is; and of what courte and.

193. 2, that I; 6, done this; 8, and [to]; [dayly]; 9, and deſyre damoyſel; 10, to; 12, and vnto; wheron the bacyn henge; 14, ende of; and with ſuche a myght that he made the bottom fall out; 16, well nygh; 21, ſyr G.'s; 26, the better in his; 31, from the; 32, and than; ſtrength togyder; 33, and ſhewed me; 35, the now ſhortly; ſyr T.

194. 1, in theyr; 2, as it was poſſyble for them to ren; 3, in the; 4, wherof y^e^; 8, grete ſtrokes; 9, holde theyr dyntes; 12, [Thenne]; were bothe; 15, Saye on ſayd ſyr Launcelot; 16, art ſayd ſir T.; 17, one a; 18, ſo y^t^ thou be not he; 21, neuer [to]; [that]; 24, Truly; 26, whiche was; 27, than lyuynge; 28, for and; 29, of an other; to that I; 31, haue vtterly; after myght; 33, I haue.

195*. 1, [that]; be bytwene; 4, [very]; table round; [and]; 6, was ony; 7, And than hurtled; 13, beſperpled; 15, [a]; full lowe; 16, That ſoone; 17, as a lyon; & ſo he; 18, and than he; aſonder; 20, than he went; 22, take ye . . . . ſayd the damoyſell; ye this; 23, to go & delyuer; 24, And ſo; ſyr G.; 25, lende; 26, ſyr G.; 30, excepte your ſelfe; 34, [owne]; [that].

196*. 1, ſyr Kays; 6, ſay to them that; 8, [that]; 9, hygh feeſt; I thynke to be; 11, went; 12, [ther]; 13, And forthwith; porter agaynſt; 14, that his eyen ſtarte out of his heed; [haſtely he]; 15, [dore]; 16, eueryche; 18, bycauſe he was wounded that he had ſlayne ſyr Turquyne; ſyr G.; ſyr L.; 20, well all; 22, ſyr E.; 28, [euer] belonged; 29, [ſatte]; 31, one good; 34, for to.

197. 7, to his; 8, yourſelfe alone before; 11, damoyſell; 13, [oute]; 22, longe haſt; 24, as T.; 27, du foreſt; 29, ſayd ſhe; 30, go or ryde; 32, But ſyr; that ye.

198. 1, this countree; 3, what ſo euer; But to be; 4, neuer to be / for yf I were than ſhold I be boūde to tary w^t^ my wyfe; 9, in ye warres; 10, Or els; 14, rode he; 15, in to; 16, grete longe;

21, a myghty; 22, full of pynnes of yren; 23, vnto the nauyll; 25, [men and wymmen]; 28, wente ſtrayght.

199. 6, of that; ſtroke; 7, ſyr L.; ran after; as faſt as he myght; 8, to the foundement; 14, [knyȝte]; 15, thou were; dede of worſhip; 16, ony knyght dyd; and therof; 19, ſayd he; [ſyr] 20, [al]; 21, no knyght; 23, theyr lyues / & alſo many; 27, in to; 29, is the; 30, as his ryght and appertenaunce; 32, & after V.

200. 2, it happened hym; 4, with a; 5, he & his hors were well chered; 12, that came; 13, vpon; with theyr; 14, hymſelfe; 16, I ſholde be; 25, and therfore; 27, [for]; 35, were we; 38, ſyr L.

201. 1, or els not; 2, ſayd they / than; 3, as ye; 4, vpon; 7, for to be; 9, knyght ſwore vpon theyr; 12, ſo in; 15, chambre wyndowe for to; 16, in the; 19, ſayd he; haue done; that I; [for]; 21, [ſhall ye repoſe yow]; ye take your reſt; 22, and anone there; brought hym; 24, morowe; 31, kynge A.'s courte.

202. 1, had longe; 13, whoſe name; 14, [that]; 23, on the; one to another; 29, ynough ado to; 30, [euer]; 32, Anone they; 37, my herte ryſeth.

203. 3, myght; 7, whiche ful; 11, at the; 19, ſo that we; 20, well ye; 25, and the thre.

204. 2, [bothe]; 3, ſayd ſyr Ector; 11, [al]; 14, [that he was aſtonyed] that of a grete whyle; 15, I wel ſe; 16, and ſo he; 19, horſes ren as faſt as; 20, theyr ſheldes; brake; 27, [al]; 30, of grete; my lyfe; 34, Now let vs ſpeke of.

205. 9, in to ye myddes; 21, [called]; 25, that knewe; 26, w^{t} a loude voyce; 27, you of your; to helpe; 29, fought he; 32, tyl that.

206. 1, logres; 4, [euen]; 6, hyther; yf you; 10, to a lytell; 14, ſawe ſtande by hȳ. xxx.; 16, grynned; 17, them ſore; 18, redy to do; 21, through them; 25, couerd w^{t}; 28, wherof he was aferde; 30, As ſoone as he was; 35, Therwith; [out].

207. 3, I wyll not leue it; 4, ye dyd leue; 6, ſyr L.; 8, [me]; 10, ſayd ſhe; 13, whiche there lyeth; 14, ſyr G. the baſtardes lyfte hand; 15, that I; 18, body alyue; 19, haue had; I wolde; 24, [ſoo]; 27, Nigramus; 30, to; 31, ſyr M. laye; [And]; 32, [paſſynge]; [the]; 35, went vnto; 38, a holer; was there.

208. 3, to kynge A.'s courte; 7, [And]; 10, two lytell; 11, y^{t} came; 13, [aboute]; 14, as ſhe wold; henge faſt; 16, In the meane; 18, of ye worlde; 20, ſlypte awaye; 21, knowe it; 23, to y^{e}; 24, [wel]; lady ſayd ſyr L.; 26, that I may; 32, clymmed; 33, rotten braūche; doune with the braūche; 34, with her.

209. 1, [and]; 2, ſyr L.; 3, wolde haue the; 5, [but] as I

commaunded her ſayd ſyr Phelot; 7, [vnto the]; that an armed . . . . ſhold; 11, other wyſe; 15, the therfro; 16, euer ony; 17, loked aboue; 18, [ther with]; 19, body of ye tree; 25, Than ſyr L.; 32, coude; 33, [ſoo]; 34, And as ſoone as; 35, thens & thanked; oure lord god.

210. 1, [out]; 2, many other wayes; 8, why wylte; to; 11, [two]; 16, tofore god; there; 18, named; 19, to kepe me; 21, ſyr L.; 23, & the lady; 24, other ſyde; but that y^e; 25, [ſyre]; 26, rydyng after vs; [ſoo]; 28, ſtroke; 30, [he ſayd and]; 32, from his; drewe; 33, [al]; caught ſyr L.; 36, wyll not; 38, ſyr L.

211. 1, in my; 3, neuer doo; 6, vnto; 7, ſyr L.; 8, me thy name; 9, ſyr L.; 13, a ſore; for ſyr L.; 14, [many]; 21, and as the frenſſhe boke ſayth; 22, to; 28, full glad of; 30, ſyr K.; 33, now and than; 34, had taken.

212. 6, whan he was in daũger to haue ben ſlayne; 11, Than anone; [ther] came; 16, they vnderſtode; Than ſyr M.; 18, all the; 20, by ye doughter of; 22, [for]; 24, Gahalatyne tolde; 25, they thre; [ſame]; 26, [that]; 30, bothe of. ¶ Thus endeth the, etc. ¶ Here after foloweth the ſtory; whiche was called, etc.

Book vij.

¶ Here foloweth the ſeuenth boke of the noble and worthy prynce kyng Arthur.

213. 1, plenare; 3, ſolempne & hygh; 6, had euer; 7, all other hygh; 9, ſome grete aduenture or; 11, before; 17, at [the]; 19, ſaue thoſe; 20, an encountre; 22, accompliſſhed; 25, [al]; 29, ſcylence & roume; 30, went; 31, bygge yonge; drewe; 32, to kynge; 33, blyſſe you; 35, for to; [and requyre you]; 37, to me.

214. 1, ne loſſe; And as for the fyrſt gyſte; 2, this ſame; 3, that ye; 4, your petycyon; 5, ſayd he / this; 6, to me; theſe; 11, conceyte; 12, ſayd he / as for that be it may be; 15, nor my; I wolde fayne knowe; 16, That haue I meruayle of; 17, thy owne; one of the; 18, [one]; noble kyng A.; vnto the ſtewarde ſyr K.; 21, haue; 24, had ben comen; 25, and harneys; [ſo] he hath aſked; 27, that is to ſaye; 30, men that had brought hym; 37, ſyr B.

215. 3, [& brothe vpon]; 4, brought vp & foſtred; 15, nerer; 16, [as] ſyr L.; 18, euery nyght; 19, alle thoſe; 21, knewe of ony; 24, where as were; 25, ye barre ne; 27, Pentecoſt; 29, yerely he; 30, on; 31, had herde of; And than came; 34, came in; 35, [in to the halle].

216. 1, that here in your courte; 3, What call ye; 5, ſayd ſhe; not be knowen; 16, that bē here; 18, Than with theſe; 26, ſyr L.; 34, that his hors.

217. 2, [as]; 3, of ſyr; 4, hym that; [al] openly; 9, of the kechyn; for to; 11, ſayd / yet; 14, what ſyr B.; 15, that it; 19, to hym; 21, the ſpere; 28, [they]; 30, to auoyde his; 31, put his.

218. 9, the vttermeſt; 13, [ſo]; 19, I ſhal tell you; 21, ſayd he; 23, ſir L.; now more; 25, nor drynke; 27, go on his iourney; 31, alſo ſyr L.; that it; 32, what kynne; 33, vnto.

219. 1, haſt goten in; 3, haſt ſlayne; 6, waſſher of dyſſhes; 7, ſyr B.; ye lyſt; 9, of kynge; [ſo]; 10, or I ſhal; 14, So as they thus; 15, [euer]; 20, as the knyghte was bounden; 21, vnto the theues one at the ſyrſt ſtroke; 25, & than; 29, ſyr B.; 30, of the; 35, done is but.

220. 2, tofore; 3, for to; 5, of her; 9, morowe; 18, [vpon other]; 19, eche at other egrely; 21, in to; [he]; 22, vnto the lande; 30, knightes hors; 32, and myght; 33, ſhamefully.

221. 4, fayre language; 7, for yf thou; 10, that ye; 11, So thus; 12, the chode; 16, by it; 18, Whan the damoyſell ſawe; the blacke knyght; 20, the valey; I thanke you; 22, came to the damoyſell and ſayd; 25, has ben fedde; 26, Wherfore cometh he in; 29, wold god that ye wold; or elles; yf; 31, to daye; for I; 34, the whiche is; 35, Syr they; 36, [for]; [that].

222. 1, well be; 2, neuertheleſſe how; [as]; he is; 5, his ſete; 6, his harneys; 14, fro the lyghtly; not a; 16, thou arte; 17, vpon; 19, ſyr B.; 21, ſtacke; 23, ſyr B.; 25, in a; 26, dyed forthwith; And whan ſyr B.; 27, [thenne]; 29, nyghe her; to hym . Awaye; 30, go oute; 32, as thou haſt ſlayne; 33, through thyn; is a knyght that; 34, flee backe; 35, ſyr B.; 36, awey for hym; 37, wyll flee me.

223. 2, than thus to rebuke me aldaye; 3, I fele; 4, or truly; 7, dryuynge; 9, of her; 10, ſayd ſhe; 14, [that]; 17, ſyr B.; 20, notes; 21, that lightly; 24, anone they; out their; 26, ſyr B.'s hors; 28, groūde; lightly auoyded; 29, his fete; ſyr B.; 30, [al]; 31, champyons; bledde ſore; 33, why ſtāde; 35, for to ſe; ſuche a ſtynkyng boye [ſo]; a valyaunt.

224. 1, [the wede ouer grewe the corne]; The grene knyght herynge theſe wordes was aſhamed / & incōtynent he gaue ſyr B. a myghty ſtroke; 3, through out; ſyr B.; 4, of the damoyſels language; 6, ſyr B. threwe hym downe; 7, And incontynent; 8, ſyr B. mercy; 9, graunte hym his lyfe; 10, ſyr B.; 11, whiche is comen; 12, haue ſlayne; [falſe]; 13, thou kechyn page; 15, ſyr B.; 17, my lyfe; O fayre; 23, [the] not; 26, for yf; 35, grete nede; I am ſore adradde; 37, morowe.

225. 1, vnto; 2, alwayes the damoyſell; 3, [as]; 4, and ſet hym at a; Me thynketh meruayle; 5, why that; 16, went vnto theyr reſt; 18, ſyr B.; 19, morowe; 24, commaūdemēt; 25, and where ſo euer; 26, ſyr B.; and whan I; 27, [that]; 31, Than departed; 34, the yet / and flee away.

226. 5, thou ſhalte; thou; 12, in pauylons & vpon ſkaffoldes; 13, at that caſtell; 14, and there he ſawe; a page and; 17, ſo anone he armed hym / and toke his hors haſtely; 18, whiche was all reed; 19, belonged vnto hym; 20, [that]; nyghe ſyr B.; 22, here is; 23, not your brother; whiche has ben; 26, vnhappy knaue; ſlayne your; 27, and [this]; 28, ſawe hym ouercome; 29, with his owne; 30, I can not be; 31, And with this; bothe the; 34, to other; 35, as now here; and; 37, the damoyſell cryed out.

227. 4, ſyr B.; wonders ſore ſo; 5, and grete meruayle it was to beholde; 8, vnto the; 9, [with me]; 17, thanke ye now; 18, all that; 19, And ſo; [thenne]; 21, ſyr B.; 24, morowe; 25, [dyned] brake theyr faſte; ſyr B.; 28, ſyr B.; 32, ſyr B. and the damoyſel departed.

228. 1, ſyr B.; 8, you to wyte; 9, yf I; 11, mete with the; 12, man of mooſt; in y^e^; 13, it well; 14, it be; 15, within a whyle they; before; a fayre cite; 18, goodly to; 19, is ſuche / that whan; 20, he lyeth; for to; 21, and all gentylmen; 23, or thynke; ſyr B.; 26, there he; 27, [there]; 28, bothe men; 34, ſyr B.; 36, for yf.

229. 1, fayle hym; 3, ſayd ſir B.; 8, I well; 11, myle hens; 13, or domage; 15, that this; nor of; 16, hath layde; 18, this good; 19, it were grete ſhame to me yf I withdrewe me now; 24, I haue meruayle; of man; 26, for more fouler nor more; 27, rule nor rebuke; 34, batayles; 37, [it].

230. 3, you or; 4, ſayd ſhe; 6, ſayd ſyr B.; 7, as ye ought to; 8, ſyr B.; ſpeke thus; 9, fayre to me; gretely myne herte; 13, to knowe whether; 14, vnto; ſyr B.; 17, wel ſayd he / than; 18, vttermeſt; 19, And whan ſyr B.; 20, all the myght that; [euer]; brake; 24, gaue eche other; 25, they ſo; fell bothe; 27, many places; 31, [though hym lothe were] ſyr B. [aboue]; ouerthwarte vpon hym; 33, for to.

231. 1, knowe well; knyghte my broder; 6, theſe knyghtes; 34, morowe.

232. 1, On the morowe; 3, ſyr P.; awaye; 4, ſayd ſhe; 5, ſyr P.; 6, laundes; 9, ſyr B.; 12, lady is; 20, And for this cauſe he taryeth; 25, ſyr B.; 31, ſyr L.

233. 3, ſyr B., haue a good; [and]; 4 cam of; 8 [thenne]; 9, ſyr G.; 13, knoweth not; 15, and brought a; 17, lady dame Lyones; 20, the lady; 23, du lake was; 26, ſayd he; 27, ſhold

do; 28, ſayd the lady; were ſtronge; 29, de brewſe & that; 30 was called.

234. 1, [to fore]; 2, erth; 6, here beſyde; and thyder; 11, & whan thou haſt thus done / go to; 13, [to] drynke; 17, & good courage; 19, none other thynge; 25, waye; betoke; 26, vnto; 34, [but]; 36, and ſyr G.

235. 6, in ſcorne; 7, not for hym; reed knight; 8, and yf ſo be that I; 12, we of; 13, ſyr B.; 14, on the; there a maſſe; 16, vnto a; 17, as were; 23, henge ſhamefully nyghe; [ful]; 27, vnto this; 32, ſyr B.; 33, I thus.

236. 1, [for]; for in; 5, ſyr B.; 9, vnto the; 10, ſtronge walles; 12, bette vpon; 18, vnto hym; 19, batayle with hym; 21, whiche as; 25, wyll I worſhipfully wynne; 26, vnto; 27, ſo egrely; 28, knyghtes lepte there out; 30, that were.

237. 2, mery and; 5, ſyr B; 7, ſayd he; [for]; 9, glad chere; 11, grounde; her; 15, ſyr B.; 17, it is a grete; 18, for yf; 21, company; 23, els dye in the quarell; 25, yonder grete elmes; Fye fye for; ſyr B.; 26, and ſuche ſhamefulnes; 27, & the ordre of; 28, thy deteſtable; 30, me and make me agaſt; 32, And yf; thou be; 33, all the myght they had.

238. 1, in the; 3, bothe to the groūde; with the reynes; 7, that the; 10, they lyghtly; 13, reled bothe; 18, wolde not; 19, bothe wynde; ſtakerynge; pantyng; 20, ſo that; 21, and whā; 22, went; 23, [at]; 24, two wylde; [ſometyme]; 25, grounde grouelynge; at; 26, of theyr owne; 28, lykelyeſt; 29, ſore hewen; 33, but full ſore he bought or eſpyed; 35, eche other; a whyle.

239. 4, for them to; it on; 6, vnto the; 8, and ioyfull; 9, he ſterte vp ſodeynly and badde; [of the reed laundes]; redy to doo; 11, the reed; 12, fyerſly; 16, on; fell downe; 18, damoyſel; 20, ſo that; And whan; 21, aroſe vp; 23, caught; 24, togyder a newe; 26, out of the reed knyghtes; 28, groūde; 29, for to; and than the reed; 32, hanged ſo; 34, ſo many; 35, [ful]; 36, ye your.

240. 2, [els]; that as; 4, vnto the tyme that I had; 8, alle this; 13, prayed ſyr B.; 14, [to your]; 16, all ſayd; better to take homage; 18, [for]; for by; 20, al y^{t} be here; 22, ſyr B.; 24, as al; 25, [that he] &; 28, that he; 31, he aſke; 32, that he hath had; 35, And than whan.

241. 2, damoyſel L.; vnto; 5, and ſo; 9, in the lady Lyones grace; 16, to the; 18, a full noble; 29, whiche; 32, hym at al poyntes.

242. 2, entre in; 6, in armes worſſhipfully; 9, this / that ye;

[and]; 10, haue had; 11, and kyndnes; that I haue; 18, and honour; and alſo; 19, be / ſoone gone; you me; 20, vnto you; ſhall neuer; 21, vnto; 23, moone & ſorowe; 24, whether he rode; 27, coude haue no; 28, ſo on the; 29, and his armure and rode tyll it was noone; 30, vnto a; 34, ſyr B.; 37, haue hym in a wayte.

243. 2, haue your watche; wyſe ye; 3, from hym; [ye]; 5, that the dwarfe; 6, name is; 8, this dwarf; 9, to your; 10, [that]; 11, name is; or els I ſhall; 13, as ye haue deſyred; 14, departed and rode bothe daye and; 15, ſlepynge by a water ſyde; and had layde; 16, [for to ſlepe]; ſawe y^{t}; 18, toke hym; 20, armure and alle that to hym belonged; was; 22, of helpe; 23, therwithall; ſyr B. awoke; 24, ſyr G.; 31, nexte waye.

244. 2, and a; 3, the poore; paſſed by me; a knyght that is called; 5, but I coũſeyle you that ye folowe hym not; 7, within theſe two; & therfore; after hym; 8, to hym; Leue we now to ſpeke of; 10, of the; 12, was borne; 13, thàt he was; [yf]; me the trouth; 14, for euer; 17, vnto; 18, vnto the; [of]; 19, [and] now; 20, now I praye; agayne vnto; 21, tyll he; 23, or [that]; you moche; 29, in hym; 30, a curteis and mylde man / the; 31, well ſaye; 33, as I haue reuyled hym; 35, ſyr B.; [in]; 37, ſayeng thou.

245. 10, not he; 15, aboue all other knyghtes; 16, wold I; 19, [ryght]; 21, agaynſt your perſone; owne will; 23, here in this; I than; 28, down from his hors; 29, many euyll; 31, and there was ſyr G.'s wyfe.

246. 1, there came forth in to the hall; 5, tyme thought in hymſelfe . Iheſu wolde to god; 6, ſhe is; 7, bothe of; 9, his vnderſtandynge; 10, went to; 12, ſyr G. eſpyed; [thenne]; 15, that he; 17, to hym; ye be; 18, beſtowed; 28, ſholde not lyue; 29, to my; 34, my lorde kyng A.; 36, be gretely; 38, vnto [the].

247. 2, faythfully to; neuer none; 3, And than; 6, how that; 10, damoyſel L. whiche; 12, plyght theyr trouth vnto; 19, was knowen; 22, in that thynge / as that; 26, entent; the one with the other; tyll; 27, [At]; 29, to his; ſayd he; 35, And anone he; 36, [there he]; 37, comynge towarde hym; a grete lyght.

248. 3, a grymme; 5, ſwerde in his; went; 8, the ſame; 9, [al]; 11, to the erth; ſyr G. lepte; 12, and quyckly; [fro the body]; 13, ſtande on his fete; [ſoo]; 15, And than; 16, Than came he; ſawe that; 18, dyſhonoured; 19, vnto his ſyſter dame Lyones; 20, ſo ſore; ſayd dame L.; 22, [my]; 23, I am not aſhamed; 25, [it]; ſyr G. alſo; 26, ne by my; 27, is done; And than anone; 29, with [al]; 30, heed of the deed knight; 32, heed ſtode; 33, it was;

it was afore; 34, the ſame knyght; [vp]; 35, ledde hym; with her.

249. 2, the damoyſell L.; 3, and alſo to; 7, that at the; 8, [that]; 11, ſhe hadde; 15, armed anone; and than; 17, to the; 18, ſtrayned ſo hymſelf; [ſoo]; 19, braſte out; 24, and whan he had thus done; 25, And whan he was; 27, ſo loude; 28, herd her; 30, but the grete; 31, [there] no tongue may; 32, as though ſhe; 33, the damoyſel; 34, gobbettes.

250. 1, whiche ye; 2, ſayd the damoyſell L.; done; auowe it; 3, for your; 4, for vs; 5, man on lyue; 7, Now leue; 11, and they all yelded; And after; 14, vnto the other two; 15, & they all; [and]; 16, ſyr P.; 24, [Soo]; kynge A.; 27, [with hym]; 29, What is your wyll; 30, ſayd he; I am called; 32, ye ſhall wyte; 33, whiche is; 35, [that euer had the better of me]; 36, and he charged and; vnto your grace and wyll.

251. 3, as moche as lyeth; 6, [And as to the]; 8, [And]; 9, rounde table; 11, [more]; a cuſtome; 12, I haue; it at; 15, that I had; them that; 16, [al]; [of] ſyr; 17, ye may; 18, vnto; 20, of the euyll wyll & enmyte that he had cōmyſed agaynſt them bothe; 24, for all; 25, [one]; 33, euer ben; 35, kyng A.

252. 3, Perearde; 4, kyng A.; 5, in kynge A.'s courte; 7, table round; ſyr P.; 8, vnto; 11, two manly; 16, to theyr; 17, at theyr; 18, with a grete nombre of; 21, in the ſpace of . xv . yeres; 25, is a grete; 28, me now ſore.

253. 2, ſeke a; 4, yf I; 10, monethes after; 15, & therfore; 17, vnto her brother Kynge A.; 19, of his; grete plente for to; 20, well be; 24, had all; we all; 25, of grete; 26, that he; 29, mocke &; 36, is to me grete ioye.

254. 2, go ſeke; 7, & I doubte not but that ſhe; 8, as ye; 9, quod kynge A.; 10, & in all haſte a meſſenger was; that rode bothe nyghte; 14, the meſſenger to ryde; 15, ye haſte poſſyble; 19, ſhall I rule myſelfe; 21, maner wyſe; 23, as I wote; 24, my lord the; 29, yf it; 31, valure; 32, Than dame; vnto; 38, be thus.

255. 4, fro thens; for that; 6, where as; 7, & than ſhe; 9, ſo ſore; 11, as a knyghte ſholde do; well hole; 17, commaūde; 24, than anſwered; 26, at kynge A.'s courte; with ſyr; 35, as we; 36; quod ſyr P.; 37, in all E.

256. 4, [ther]; 10, on the ſyde; 15, yles; grūmurſum; 18, Gaunter; 20, [this] ſyr T.; 21, tyme was not; 26, knyghtes dyd; 28, ſyr G. & his two bretherne ſyr A. & ſyr G.; 35, and alſo ſyr S.

257. 1, [al]; 7, many other; 9, and ſyr G.; 10, the noble; many moo / whiche were to longe to reherſe; 11, to ſpeke of; 20,

his dukes / his erles / his barons / & all his; 21, and ſyr Ironſyde; 22, of ynde; 23, maner of wyſe; [not]; 25, neyther of; 26, nor of; nor at the; 30, of it ſelf; 31, And this is; 32, turne it vnto; in to the lykenes of.

258. 6, vnto; 8, and al maner of mynſtralſye; 10, on the daye of y^{e}; 11, was done; 12, vnto; 13, anone there; 17, ſyr G.; 24, ſyr A.; 34, ſyr Lamoracke; whiche.

259. 1, eyther of them; 2, & ſyr L.; 3, [and alle]; 5, Gaunter; 7, vnto; 13, ſyr Ewayne; 16, ſyr P. and his; [and man]; 17, came in; out of the; 20, of noble; them; 22, reed; whiche; 27, them two; 28, eche other; 30, Bleoberis; 31, that grete; Bleoberis; groūde; 33, vnto the.

260. 3, [redy]; 4, nor knowlege of; kynge A. of Irlande; 9, there came; kynge B.; 10, groūde; 11, and kyng B.; 15, herde that; [and]; gate hym; 20, [ſame]; 23, ſyr L.; [for]; 25, [vpon]; 33, yet I wolde not do it; 35, [thenne]; a grete.

261. 3, was a; 4, ſyr B.; [there]; 5, mette to gyder; 6, worſt; 8, hym ageyn; 9, came there; 12, [And thenne came in ſyr G.; and knewe that it was ſir L.] du lake that; 16, L. du lake; whiche demed; 21, worſte; 26, vnto; 28, whiche; 29, ſyr T.; 32, loueth hym agayne ryght hertely; 38, vnto.

262. 2, ſayd they; 3, mocke y^{e}; 9, [that] ye; put on; 13, all the people ſawe; 21, maner of; aſked of; 22, on; 23, as nygh ſyr G.; 25, [helme] is; 27, wherby all; 28, of king A.'s partye; for hym / and; they preced; 31, began to double; 34, ſyr G. herde; 35, and than he.

263. 7, of his beſt; 9, That is well; 12, tell her; and that I; 13, vnto her; 14, ye haue; 16, lorde ſyr; 19, to reſt hym; 21, haue gone; 22, as well his hors as hymſelfe; [So this]; 24, that wonder it was to ſe; 26, wayters; 27, ſtreight vnto; 29, anſwered hym; 30, ſayd he ſay; 32, A.'s loue; 34, that wolde; 37, And than the ducheſſe went vp; 38, ſawe the.

264. 5, the ducheſſe; 10, this maner & forme; by ſtrete or by way; 11, vnto; 14, that in; 15, [vnto hym and]; ſo that; 16, I maye knowe; yf I may; 17, than wyll I; 18, with my; ryght well; 23, lyghtly redy; 24, to his; 26, ſome of them; 27, ſawe neuer; 28, chere al; 32, of her; 33, ſayd he; 35, and than ſir; 36, vp vnto a.

265. 3, vnto; 4, wolde ſayne; 5, vnto; 6, & than; and his; 9, but onely; 10, all brake; 11, lyke a noble; 14, [in]; 15, full harde; 16, [dyd] recouered after; 18, and than; 19, which was; 25, whiche; 30, where as; knyght came; 31, is he comynge; 36, reſt hym there.

266. 4, all but; 6, moone and; 10, your commaūdement; 12, whiche ſayd; 17, the ſame proude; 19, with the; 23, he alyghted; [they]; a grete; 24, that laſted more; 27, vnto my lord kyng A.

267. 1, on; 5, on euery ſyde; 8, amelynge; 12, and after; 15, ſyr G.; 18, eche other; 20, was many; 21, a kynde; them bothe; 22, I ought; 24, [me]; hym moo; 27, rode longe tyme with; 28, [dyd]; ſtaunched; 30, knowledge; 31, bere you; 34, befallen to me here; 35, ſhe; vnto.

268. 1, Than was there; 10, vnto ſyr G.; 12, and as; 13, hyr ſone ſyr G.; 16, ſuche a; 19, [ryght], his neuewe; was it; 30, Than go; 32, to be done; 34, make; redy ſhe dyd; 36, [ſo].

269. 1, [And] amonge; 3, many goodly lokes; 5, quene G.; 10, vnto her what; 12, [that is]; 23, dyſtreſſe [hit]; [And] alſo; 26, was there; 28, [nexte] folowynge; 29, is a; [the]; 31, meſſengers vnto; 32, at the day of his; 36, payre of bedes of.

270. 3, in the waye; 4, [Lord]; of Orkeney; L. du lake; 6, du lake; 10, and vnmercyable; and treaſon; 15, the guydynge of; 16, on; 17, archebyſſhop; 19, ſyr G.; 24, vnto; 31, [this].

271. 2, euermore; than he; 3, chefe ſewer; 4, came in; 8, at the; 9, moche better; 12, to ſyr G.; 19, had delyuerd; 24, was all; 25, reuelles and; 28, [as]; 29, none of them; 31, and he; 34, vnto; 35, ſyr T.; 36, and he dyd; 37, made ſir; 38, vnto.

272. 4, had grete wonder of his noble dedes; 10, a ful noble; the hyſtory; the noble kyng A.

Book viij.

¶ Here begynneth the eyght boke of the noble and worthy prynce kynge Arthur.

273. 1, There was; 3, this kynge M.; was as; lykely a man; 6, and ſhe was a ryght fayre lady and good; 7, all hole; 8, Wales and Irlande / and alſo of Scotlande; 14, And ſo; 17, a certayne time; 21, no maner meanes; coude neuer; 22, a day ſhe let; ordeyne for hym as he rode on; 23, hunter; 27, wyſe myſſed; 28, [alſo as]; 29, ſtreyght vnto the; for to; 30, ferre within; 31, faſt to; trauayle; 32, and her; 35, [the]; that the depe; none other bote.

274. 1, there was; 2, that; moone and ſorowe; [here]; 8, good frende vnto; me ſe I praye you my; 14, beſeche; 15, whan my ſone ſhall be chryſtened / let hym be named; 16, as [a]; therwithall; 17, vp her; in the ſame place . Than; 18, the ſhadowe of; 19, ſo forthwithall; 27, grete barons & lordes; 28, and grete

moone; [Thenne]; 29, the meane; 30, morowe; 33, no tong can telle it; 34, bury; her full; 35, he let the chylde be chriſtened.

275. 3, the yonge T. was well; 4, vpon a tyme; 9, to be put; in to a; 11, to the; 16, [al]; & dyed; 17, [Melyodas]; 18, paſſynge heuy; kyng M.; 22, ye wyne; where as the; was in; 23, was mooſt; therof; 29, thus ſayd; 34, that ſhe; 35, the land; [the].

276. 1, downe; his father; 2, [ageyne]; 4, ſayd his father kynge M.; 11, I praye; 13, [thenne ſaid the kynge] and; 15, So yonge T.; 18, and at; 20, T. his ſone; 23, his ſone yonge T.; 26, coude well; 34, that we neuer rede of no.

277. 1, that ſo vſed hȳſelfe therin; 2, [beeſtes of]; 9, ſhalle vſe vnto the worldes ende; 11, that is of gentyll blode; 13, yonge T. continued in; 15, M. his father; 17, [ſyre]; 18, ſhe neuer hated; 19, [Tryſtram] hym; and euery; 20, ſomeuer he; 22, to; 23, whiche; wynters afore tyme; 26, this anſwere and ſayd; 28, that we.

278. 2, round table; 3, ſyr M.; 4, vnto hym; 6, we of; 9, ſyr M.; 10, the rounde; 11, dedes ben; 13, to this; 17, ſo whan; 18, that there was; Irland the noble knyght ſyr M.; 19, [kynge Marke] he; moone & ſorowe; *line* 20 *omitted;* 21, he knewe; 22, that ſeaſon; 24, ſtyll in his ſhyppe on; 25, whiche; 29, many cryes; 31, ſoo be; [terme] as longe as he lyued; 32, of Cornewayle ſayd; 33, vnto; 34, at that; 35, called the; of alle the; 37, it were labour loſt.

279. 7, [that]; 8, the caſtel of T.; 9, [of] this; 12, ſyr T.; 14, the coūtree of C.; 18, my ſone; 20, the rounde; 25, ſyr T.; to gyue; vnto; 29, And than; and ſo; 31, from the doughter of; whiche; 33, & in the lettres.

280. 2, doughter of the kynge of Fraunce; 4, for pure; 6, here after in ye hyſtory; 7, vncle; 9, And ſo Tryſtrā went vnto; 11, to the vttermeſt with; M. of Irlande; 12, come ye; 14, & wyte ye well that; 16, made of body and; 18, are ye; [ageyne]; 20, [yf]; 22, [ſyr] T.; 23, [But] And; And forthwith whan he; 25, whiche; thus; 26, [for]; vnto the; 27, tell vnto; 28, that I; but yf; 30, or els of a; 33, ſyr T. ſayd; [that]; 34, knowe; bothe of; and of; 35, [ſyre]; 38, ryght hertely welcome.

281. 1, vnto me; And than; 5, that his name was; 9, [of] ſyr; 11, yonge ſyr T.; 12, lytell veſſell; he and his; vnto hym; 13, ſo that ſyr T.; 14, maner of thynge; 16, wyte ye well there; 17, for to; and to; 20, For to make ſhorte; that whan; 26, for to; 27, [thenne]; 31, his ſeruaunt G.; 32, ſhadowe; vpon; 34, [the noble knyghte]; 35, And than he.

282. 1, [ageyne]; 2, vncle; 3, bury my; 4, that I; for no;

10, And ſo; 13, thus vnto hym; 16, handes; 18, thy ſhyppe; [And]; 22, haue I; 23, at my vncles; 24, & to; 25, [And]; ye; 26, that ye; for to; 27, with you / for ye; of the beſt; 29, ye haue it wyll doo me good to haue adoo; 30, ſyth y^t I was borne of my mother was I; and alſo ſyth; 31, I haue taken the hygh ordre; ryght wel; 32, as ye are; 33, ye well; M. of Irlande; 34, to wynne; 36, for to; Cornewayle for euer.

283. 1, And whan the good knyght ſyr M.; 2, hym lyſt; than ſayd he thus; 3, the for to; 4, that no worſhyp; [none]; 5, that for; 7, the rounde; And than; 9, all to the erthe; 11, drewe; anone and keſt theyr; 13, as it had ben two wylde bores that ben couragyous; 14, a longe whyle; 15, of theyr ſtrokes; breſtes; 16, ſawe it myght; 17, lyke two; 18, and were bothe ſore; 19, [freſſhly] on euery ſyde; 26, [euer]; 27, vpon his; and the; ſyr T.; 28, abode ſtyll in; aroſe vp & threwe his; 30, vnto; 31, euer ſtyll his owne; 33, dooſt thou withdrawe y^e; 37, ſayd no; went.

284. 4, Than anone; and wente towarde; 5, vnto; 16, his ſeruaunt; 18, to the; 21, were his woundes; 22, wepte right; 25, [euer he]; 26, to haue dyed of the; had gyuen hȳ fyrſt; 27, with his; 28, hole therof; 31, So the kynge; 34, warraunt hym his; whiche was a full; 35, and vnto; vnto alle.

285. 1, in to the; 3, [Thus ſaid the lady vnto the Kynge]; 4, had well herde what the lady ſayd; forthwith he let; 5, and well; 8, in to; 9, quene were; 10, arryuynge; 11, had they neuer herde in I.; 14, wounde; he aſked; 15, [then]; 16, ſyr T.; have ben thus; 19, [here]; that in; I haue had; 21, ſyr M.; [ful]; 22, the round; 28, ſo whan; his wounde [hym]; 29, that there was; 30, And within a; 32, [mayde and]; ſyr T.; 33, a grete; 34, vnto ſir T.; 35, was wel; bothe of the.

286. 1, this ſyr; 2, many grete; 3, ryght well ſyr T.; 5, well that; 6, ſyr T.; ſyr P.; 8, ſyr T.; 12, y^t ſholde wynne her / ſholde wedde; 22, wyll be; [to]; ſyr T.; 23, [for]; 24, ſyr T.; 34, [ſaid la beale I.].

287. 3, Gunret; 8, vnto ſyr T.; 9, ſayd he; 16, Hebes; 19, that countree; 20, ſayd he; 21, that of; 22, on me; morowe; 24, ſyr T.; 31, all in whyte both; 33, as whyte as it; 35, and ſyr T. to hym ageyne.

288. 4, that la; 7, And than was there none that wold; with ſyr Triſtram; 8, forſoke ſyr T.; 9, Hebes; 11, and ſo after; 14, and anone; 20, And then ſyr T.; 22, And whan; 23, ſore his; hym all; 24, ſir T. vnto hym; 26, and alſo; [not] vnto; 28, nor in lyke wyſe; 29, ſyr P.; now am I; 30, And than; 32, threwe it; 33, vnto the; Iſoud was; 35, whiche; garde ſo.

289. 2, or not; 3, world that; 4, ſyr L. du lake; 9, that ſhe had neuer ſeen; 10, [thenne]; 13, where la beale I. kepte hym; 14, full good; 18, and ſet by more; 23, her doughter la beale I.; 29, [there]; 33, [thenne]; 35, vncle.

290. 1, for ſhe loued ſyr T.; 2, ryght well; 3, [alle]; in all the haſte that ſhe myghte; 4, and than ſhe ſought in her cofre that ſhe had; founde and toke; 5, was taken; her brothers heed ſyr M.; 6, And than anone; 7, vnto ſyr T.'s ſwerde whiche; [ſo]; 8, the ſame pyece; vnto the ſame ſwerd; 9, than as mete as euer; was firſt; And ſo forthwith; 10, caught that; 11, vnto T.; 14, [Thenne]; to [the]; 16, fell on her knees tofore hym / ſayenge; & huſbande; 20, hath heled; 21, [the] kynge A.; 25, that than was; 28, to mounte on; 29, [the] agaynſt; 30, wyll I; 32, [for]; 33, ſo that thou; 35, my broder ſyr M.

291. 1, ſhall I; 2, [ſir]; 11, ſyr T.; 17, as a good; 18, ſhold do; 19, ſholde do; 21, ſyr T.; 22, your goodnes; 23, that my; 24, [ſo]; 27, the goodnes of your lordſhip; 33, and [at].

292. 3, of your; neuer yet; 4, vnto; 9, there agaynſt I; [feythfully]; 11, [to]; 14, full grete moone; 17, all he ſayd; 20, let hym; or [that euer]; from hens; 22, whiche; 26, whiche; 32, wherof; was paſſyng; 37, So than by.

293. 8, well ſir T.; Whan kynge M.; 9, he was anone ſtryken with iealouſy; 11, badde hym ſaye that as; 12, nexte nyght; and charge hym that he come not to me but yf he be; 15, & ſayd; 16, y^t I; at the tyme ſhe; 18, had ben with; 19, on; from ſyr S.; than ſent; 22, to ſyr T.; 26, the tyme was; 29, [vpon] ſir; 30, on his; 31, ſodeynly kynge M.; 34, vpon the; 36, ſuche a ſtroke; hym ſore that; 37, was longe; [euer].

294. 2, bothe to; [cold]; 3, [alle]; 4, lady ſore; 6, ſhe full ſayre welcomed; 7, armes ſwetely; 9, they lyghtly; 10, pleaſure; 12, nether ſhete; 15, and forthwith he; 16, ſyr S.; 19, ſawe he; 20, ſayd he than; 21, [alle]; drewe out his; 22, ſhalt thou; 24, [alle]; ſyr S.; Tell me; 25, [to me]; 26, towarde me; 27, ſyr S.; 28, ſayd ſhe; 29, ſyr S.; 33, Than anone ſyr T.; 34, [al]; ſyr S.; 35, to brake in peces.

295. 1, drewe; [faſt]; 2, full ſore ſtrokes; Syr; 5, ſyr S.; 6, ſpurred his; 7, ryght ſyerſly; 13, and whan they ſawe hym lye ſo / they toke hym vp and brought; 14, vpon; or [that] he was; 15, Marke alſo; 17, wyſt not that it had ben kynge M. that had; 20, neuer after loued; 21, moche ſayre; yet loue; 22, paſt on; 24, no more haue; 26, ſlyppe ouer; 29, ſyr B.; vnto ſyr B.; 31, And this ſyr B.; vnto kynge Markes courte; 33, [that]; 34, And whan; ſaye ſo.

296. 3, to kyng M.; 4, the whiche me; 6, And than ſyr B. choſe; 7–8, and anone he ſet her vpon horſbacke behynde his ſquyer / and ſo he toke his hors & rode forth on his way . Whan; 11, than anone he; 12, his wyfe; ſyr B.; 13, were wroth; was thus gone; 16, And than; 17, a domoyſell that; in ye mooſt foul-eſt maner; 19, [be]; 21, herte longe tyme; 22, her in this wyfe; 23, here preſent; [And]; 26, that ſir S.; than it; 27, [good]; [euer]; 28, out of this; Soo within; 30, ſore beten; and in poynte of; for as he; 32, hath ſore; [heuy]; 33, courte ryght heuy ther-of; And whan; 36, his ſpere; [faſt]; 37, the whiche; 38, [forth]; [euer].

297. 1, through y^e^; 4, it was; me than now; 6, the one; 10, of whome the one; 11, ſyr S.; ſyr D.; 13, [hem]; 14, the two; 15, not to; 20, And anone; [alle]; 23, ſayd to hym agayne; 25, [hit]; is but; 27, your; 29, on the; 30, hanſell; 31, [ſo]; [that]; 32, wyll or not.

298. 6, than he; [he]; 8, as [the]; 9, a grete buffet; 12, Are there; kynge A.'s courte; 13, grete ſhame; ſay dyſhonour; 15, you bothe; It is ſo ſayd; and that; 16, you; 17, vnto; 22, glad that; 23, ſyr T.; 26, ſir D.; So ſyr T.; 27, [on ward]; 28, B. rode with; 29, wyfe; 31, tyll [that]; 32, ouertaken ſir B.; 33, [he ſaid] ſyr knyght; 34, [doo neyther] not; ſir B.

299. 2, [ſame]; 3, myle two knyghtes; 4, [euer]; 5, ſyr B.; 6, The one told; that he hyght; 7, that other told me he hyght ſyr D.; 9, good men; 10, [grete]; 11, but for all that it be ſo that; 12, or that ye; 13, [Thenne]; you than; 16, myghtyly with theyr; 20, [de ganys]; 21, vnto ſyr T.; 22, vs two; Saye on [what ye wille]; 23, I ſhall anſwere you agayn; 24, 28, ſir B.; 29, ſyr M.; 30, good knyght; 33, Now ſo god; 35, [that]; 38, ben ſyſters; whiche is called.

300. 4, that I haue vnto; 5, ſyr B.; 9, and vnto; [that]; 10, ſyr T.; 12, ſyr B.; 15, thou were; 17, other ladyes; 18, no ſem-blaunt to; 22, [alle]; 32, me agayne; ſayd ſhe; 33, ye were; 35, [euer].

301. 1, where my; 2, ſyr B.; 7, to her; 9, her ſake I ſhall; 10, [a] lady; 13, [ſythen] ſhe hath refuſed me / and as; 14, knowe her; 15, and departed one from an other; And [ſoo] ſir; 22, And theſe; 23, of alle the; 33, that ſyr T. ſholde be ſlayne.

302. 13, and that other was; 19, them ſore; 24, for grete; 26, ſyr B. de Ganys and; 27, his brother; 31, [by].

303*. 4, ſyr B.; 8, ſommonynge; or [that]; 10, had herde; 11, but for; 12, and yf ony; 13, murther or treaſon; 15, was in thoſe; And whan; 17, knewe well that; [that he]; 18, and was alſo comen

of; Than was; 21, and wente vnto; 22, going by ſir T.'s pauylyon; moone; 24, [that]; 28, [my]; 31, therwith ſyr T.; 34, turne.

304*. 2, with his; 3, downe to the groūde; 4, [thenne] Come on thy; 7, And he ſayd; 8, ſaūce; 10, And than ſyr; 11, repented; enemye; 14, [that]; 15, come there; and how; 16, of Irlande was; 23, charge the to brynge me; 24, And ſo G.; 27, whiche; 29, Lyones; 30, that ye; he wyll; 31, on good; 32, [anone]; 33, but a lytell company; 35, kynge A.; 36, But anone; 38, that ye ſhewed.

305*. 2, do you ſeruyce; 3, A worſhypfull knyght; 4, for neuer; 6, kynge A.; 9, or elles to; 10, wote well; 11, that all theſe; 12, [for]; 13, in fyght or batayle; 14, grete goodnes that ye; to me; 16, in hande for; 17, [that] ye; is this that; 18, be ſworne vnto me; 25, were redy; 26, rather dye; 31, ſyr B.; 32, vnto; 34, ſyr B.; 35, yf he were.

306*. 2, and wente vnto; and other; 4, And than; 5, T. de Lyones; 6, theyr charge; And ſo; 7, whiche behelde; 8, had ſlayne; 9, and alſo; he had; the noble knyght ſir P.; 11, for to; 12, vnto his; [dere]; 13, that we are; maner a man that ſyr L. du lake is; 15, kynrede; 16, in ony; for to be; 17, ſyr B.; 20, one of the beſt of; 21, but well may it; hym to; 23, me vnto hym; ſyr B.; 25, and that knowe I ryght well for; 26, be my spede; ſyr B.; 30, his grete; 31, And anone; 32, drewe; and put his.

307. 1, lyke two wylde; 6, [there]; 11, out of hande; erth; 16, And whan; 19, on that other; 22, whiche; 25 [my]; 27, may well here that; 29, I do this batayle; 31, this good; 32, to ſyr T.

308. 2, in to theyr; than the; whiche; 4, ſyr B.; 5, well ſaye; 6, [and]; 8, ſyr B.; 9, oute of hande; 10, his aduerſe partye; 11, ſyr B.; 17, eche other and; 18, eche other; the two bretherne made; 19, of them ſyghte; 22, euermore; 27, And than; 28, all the eſtates that; as moche of hym as euer they myghte make; 32, on a.

309. 2, of you that; 4, vnto his; 5, [that]; 6, that ye; Syre ſayd ſyr T. / yf I dyd ſo than were I; 7, and ſholde be falſe of; 8, and therfore; 9, ye haue; let me haue la; 10, for to; 11, vnto myne vncle; 13, ſomeuer it ſhall; [for]; 14, were me; 15, that may be in; 16, So for to; a ſhorte; 18, And than; 19, la beale I.'s mother; [to her and] vnto; 23, drynke vnto; 25, to G. and to dame B.; 26, ſyr T. and la beale I. toke; 31, So ſyr T.; 33, whiche; 34, And than they.

310. 1, eche other; loue neuer; 2, wele nor woo; [it]; 4, And ſo longe; 6, [by]; reſt; 10, lorde of that caſtell whiche; 11, yf ſo

[it] were ; y^{t} the ſame ſyr B. ; 12, y^{e} ſtraūge knyght and his lady to be put to ; 13, ſo euer ; 15, lady dye [bothe] ; 18, that a ; to them ; 19, cheryſſhe ; haue grete ; ſyr T. ; 20, that the lord ; 21, here in ; 24, ben theyr geſtes / it is a full euyll cuſtome ; 25, whan ony ; 26, lord of this caſtell ; the weykeſt ; 28, with hȳ be ; 29, lady is ; 30, Now ſo ; 31, a ryght foule and.

311. 2, in a ; 4, for to tell ; morowe ; 5, to batayle ; 6 ſayd the ; 9, lacke ; 10, belongeth ; 11, vnto ; 12, and put hym & ; out of pryſon ; 13, whiche was ; 15, there all ; 16, holdyng ; 17, by the hande all muffled ; 18, lady was ; 20, than thyn ; 21, yf that ; 22, Syr knight ſayd ſyr T. ; 23, horryble cuſtome ; 24, to leſe myne owne heed ; 28, ryghtfull ; 30, with myne owne handes ; 31, vpon his ; 32, therwithall ; 33, drawen in ; 34, he turned his lady aboute in ; 36, neuer ſawe ; 37, ſmytten of.

312. 4, that thou and thy lady ; 6, and for ; 8, trouthe ; 9, all the ; for of ; 10, neuer none ; yf thou ; 14, vnto ; yf ſhe ; 15, of thyne ; ſyr T. ; 17, [clene] ; 19, ſyth I haue loſt my ; 21, as faſt as theyr horſes myght renne ; 22, [clene] ; 24, reled here ; 25, the erth ; 27, nymble ; [euer] ; 28, coude ; 30, full myghtyly ; 34, hurtlyng.

313. 1, woūded other full ſore ; 3, as than ſyr T. was ; 4, and the byggeſt ; 13, that was ; 19, they wente to horſbacke with grete ; 20, [Thenne] ; 21, ſo myghtyly ; 22, groūde ; lyghtly as ; 26, & thus ; 32, ſawe ſo many ; 34, vnto ſyr G. le ; 35, vnto me.

314. 1, a very grete ; 2, G. vnto ſyr T. ; there is but ; 3, vnto me ; dye . I wyll rather ; 4, ſayd ſyr T. ; 5, than for the myght of your owne ; 7, in to ; And there ; [alle] ; 8, and there he began hard ; 11, vnto you a grete ; 13, gretely blame hym ; 20, for aſkynge of his ; 22, with the hondred knyghtes ; 25, were the good knyght ; 28, [ſir] T. de ; 32, Than ſayd ſyr G. vnto ; 36, by the fayth of my body ; 37, be more ; as there.

315. 5, mooſt his ; 8, in the ; came word ; 9, vnto ; 10, whiche ; 11, had fought w^{t} ; 13, faſt to ; 15, kynge C. ; 17, behynde hym ; 20, [outher] ; 30, drewe out theyr ; 32, it wente through ; 35, ſmote of.

316. 2, and vnto ; 5, tyll I ; 9, nobleſſe ; 11, there made ; many grete ; 13, dured longe ; and whan ; 16, whiche was ; 17, and gentylwoman ; 19, handes & fete vnto ; 22, [for] ; And whan ; 23, her gentylwoman dame B. ; ful heuy ; 25, by cauſe ſhe ; 26, for to put ; 28, ſyr P. ; 29, vnto her ; 31, vnto you ; 33, ſyr P. ; 34, but half ; 35, vnto ; here ſayd the quene I.

317. 1, Than ſir P. ; vnto the ; 6, quene I. ; 7, ſyr P. ; thynke vpon ; 9, deſyre is ; 10, none yll ; 18, me the ; 20, ſyr P. ; 23, or ; 29, ſir P.

318. 1, not longe enioye her; 2, for to; 8, So the; 9, ſo rode; 10, kyng M.; [no wyſe]; not be; 12, [to] hunte; 13, am I; 14, [owne]; 16, & than this knyght ſayd to hym; 23, ſyr P.; 24, ſyr T.; ſayd he I; 25, 27, ſyr L.; 33, wyſt not; 35, ſayre well.

319. 1, ledde her vnto; 2, caſtel therby; hym lyghtly; 3, ſyr P.; 4, vntyll; 11, And than; 12, out at; 13, all the gates; 15, bothe his; 16, lyke as it had ben a man that had bē; 17, whiche recked not of; 18, to ſir T.; 19, wyſte that; 21, this day am I; 23, I knowe ſyr; 24, that I am not in; 27, ſyr L.; 28, vnto deth; 31, & he had not ben.

320. 2, your grete; to the; 6, to hym and sayd; 9, that he; 12, enemy; 13, ende of; make you; 15, your mortall enemy; 16, ony worde ſpekynge; 19, ſyr T.; 20, So lyghtly; 22, a ſtronge; 27, for [dole and]; 29, that other; 31, & by cauſe; 33, [alle]; 35, I knowe well.

321. 1, And than ſhe; 2, thy; 3, to your; 4, that is right ſore; 15, And than anone; fetche home; 18, the whiche was; 24, ſmytten hym; 26, pulled it; 27, kynge M.; 28, traytour knyght; 29, [that]; 31, at the kynge; 34, vpon the; his noſe; 35, forthwith ſyr T. wente.

322. 1, [he]; in to the; 5, vpon his; 6, whan the; 7, there afore; 16, no where ſo; 20, by all; 24, vnto the; 26, quene and ſir T. went; 29, tentes to be pyght in the; 31, for to; 35, ye twenty.

323. 2, gretely ſayd; 4, [wel]; 6, ſayd kynge M.; 7, [other]; 8, me thynketh; 10, and therfore; 14, for the noble knyght ſyr L.; 23, at a; 26, with hym; 29, And ſo anone.

324. 2, thou arte; 5, thy; 6, the; 12, & ye haue a cauſe why to ſaye; 13, hymſelfe; 14, ſmyte; 23, all garnyſſhed w^t^ gold; 28, L. du lake; 30, horne. And thā ſayd ſyr L. vnto that knyght; 31, that horne; 34, vnto.

325. 1, yf that; vnto; 3, tolde hym; 6, la beale I.; his quene; ladyes moo; 8, and ſo ſwore; 9, that the quene; ladyes alſo; 12, as ony; 14, vnto; 20, And than alwayes; 21, for to; 25, And than; 28, I. the quene; 32, whiche; 33, and bounde; 35, other remedy; that nedes he; he vnto them all.

326. 1, [for]; 2, [to take]; 3, ye are; good &; 4, vnto; for to; 5, well ſaye; yet met; 6, that I; or ſomwhat better than he; 7, thy vauntynge; 8, that thou makeſt yet ſhalte thou; 9, my beſt frende; 17, and toke; 18, and than he; 19, ſlayne; And than; 21, to ſir; 23, that he; & ſhette; 29, whiche; 32, towelles; 34, Iſoud was; ledde awaye; ſyr A.

327. 3, And than anone ſyr T. toke; where as; 4, I was;

9, wente; that he fell; 10, And it fortuned there; 11, [hand]; 12, And therwith ſyr T.; 13, ſlewe; 14, told to; 15, in ye foreſayd; [euer]; 16, haue ſlayne; 17, he was gone; than he; 18, ſo ſtrayte; 19, neuer wyte; ſyr T.; 20, Than whan; 22, thought well that; 23, and was ſore dyſpleaſed / & endured; 25, ſhe toke a; 26, vnto; 28, for y^e^; 29, in all ye haſte to go; 31, helpe you; 33, ryght glad; 34, ſayd ſyr T.; 35, that may helpe.

328. 1, whiche; 2, vpon kyng H.; 6, vnto; 8, for to; 9, went; 10, for to; 13, he coude; dyd there; 16, and he ſlewe more; 17, ſame daye; was than ryght; 20, vnto you; it ſayd; 21, beholdynge; 22, [grete]; 23, his ſone ſyr Kay hedius; 24, I. le blaunche mayns; 26, that ſir; 27, he had almooſt; 29, ſo at; 31, abedde togyder / than; 32, hymſelfe; his firſt; 33, ſo ſodeynly; all abaſſhed &; 34, he made her; 35, fleſſhely coniūccion; neuer had.

329. 1, that there; 3, whyle; ſyr S.; 5, vnto the; there he; 7, And than; 9, falſe vnto; 10, ſaye [ye] to hym [this]; 14, [that]; to be his; 16, for to go agayne in to; 23, ſyr T.; 26, ladyes ſake; [in].

330. 5, & thoſe fyſſhers; 6, that they; 7, whiche was a; 13, vnto a ryght; 15, me ſore; 18, [euer]; 20, ſyr L.; 21, on the; 22, A.'s courte; 24, we agayne; 28, that droſe; 29, L. was; to roue; 31, 33, ſyr S.; 34, hate in the world.

331. 2, ſyr S.; 4, your man vnto; 7, vnto a; 20, nothynge [by]; 24, erly they; 27, fayre knyght; 31, vpon [a]; 32, [that is] ſo that; 37, to me.

332. 1, had ſayd; 3, ye gaue; 7, put many; 12, in kyng A.'s; [y] lyke; 15, hath not; hurte me; 28, for to; 29, be there for.

333. 1, that there; 6, vpon one; 10, wente; 17, And whan; 20, in to; and take the beſt; 27, flee euery; 28, hors; go playe; 31, for to; 34, [mooſt].

334. 1, for here; 5, none [haue] therof; 8, ſyr S.; 9, vnto ſyr S.; 11, he ruled it; 20, So ſyr L. toke his leue & rode toward; 21, ſir T. & his wyf &; 24, he meruayled; to ſir L.; 26, vnto an; 28, ſayd he [the heremyte]; I gretely; 31, euyll; 35, fraūchyſe.

335. 8, [And]; 9, ſpeke alſo; ſir L.; 11, wordes; 15, [they ſaide]; 16, thy lyf; 17, behynde one than; 20, your parte; 23, ſlewe; 25, demaūded [hym]; Syr knyght ſayd he; 28, that came rydynge; ſyr F.; 29, lately; fro my hors &; 30, [doo ſoo]; 33, myne owne; By my fayth ſayd; 34, to medle no more; 36, the roūde; 37, ſpare hym; cryed on hym.

336. 1, [whyte]; 2, [to Iuſte with the]; 13, ſyr L.; 14, ſayd he; 16, you well; 29, to; 30, or elles; 35, ſay dyſhonour.

337. 3, And ſo they; 5, deed to the groūde; 8, & ſo armed hym

& mounted on horſbacke; 12, thou were; 14, eche other & dreſſed; 16, as two; [preued]; two houres longe; [So]; 19, hate in the worlde; 20, where as; 24, hath done; 25, [alle]; 31, for ye hygh ordre of; 32, to you; 33, they dreſſed them agayne to; 34, other ſore; 35, where as; ſyr B.

338. 2, your diſeaſe; A [knyght]; 4, ſuche a auauntage; as you had me; 6, thyn euyll; 11, ſyr B.; 12, more that one agaynſt that other. ¶ And thus endeth the . viij . booke. ¶ Here after foloweth, etc.

Book ix.

¶ Here begynneth the . ix . boke of the noble and worthy prynce kynge Arthur.

338. 15, There came in to the; 16, & a bygge made; 18, of kyng A.; 19, was good &; 20, ſayd the yonge man; 22, am comen; 27, Syre ſayd he; 28, and vpon a daye as.

339. 5, noble; 9, good and a myghty knyght; 12, he is; 13, that is in; 16, kynge A.; 22, that this lyon; 32, claue it in; 33, and ſo the lyon fell down deed; 34, [by ſcorne]; 35, kynge A.; 36, of my lyfe.

340. 1, [al]; 4, moche as; 5, me ſo; & ſo; 6, [me]; 7, Than on the; 8, kynges courte; 12, ſayd the damoyſell; 13, this black; and many; vnto; 14, And he that oughte this; was a ryght good; 15, to aſcheue a; 16, hym that; 19, on euen; whiche; 20, there was none; 21, vnto; 24, vnto this; 26, this blacke; ſpeke a; 29, that well is.

341. 1, go ye; 2, ye wyll; 5, [pon me]; that I maye knowe; 6, ſhold be; 8, knyghte; 9, he ſyr; may ye; 11, blacke ſhelde; 15, therwith; [all]; 16, a grete; 24, And than; 25, after ſyr; ſo there; 26, in all haſte made; 28, ſawe ſyr; 29, to hym &; 31, mocked ſyr; 34, longe chydynge hym.

342. 1, with ſyr; 5, done the; 6, ſyr B.; 9, ſayd he; 15, ſyr B. had done; 16, [hand]; 18, hym a; 20, ſyr B.; 21, ſyr P.; do batayle with; 23, fro theyr; 25, company of; 26, [thenne]; 31, and the; 32, anone ſyr; 33, other knyght; 34, grounde; And than; 35, others hors; 36, than ſyr; 38, woūded that knyght.

343. 1, hors to the erth as; And than; 2, had mette; and that knyght toke; 4, [Orgulous]; there ſyr; purſewed hym ſoo nygh / that he claue his heed downe to the ſholders / & ſo fell downe deed to the erth; 5, ſo anone; 6, that his; 9, them all; to a; 13, chambre was; 18, And ſo; 22, to yonder; 26, toke his; 27, [fayre]; and hurled through the thyckeſt of them; 29, knyghtes redy; 34, vnto.

344. 1, vnto; [alle]; 5, Ye may preue it ſayd ſyr; 8, that ſyr; 14, [and maulgre oure hedes]; 15, agayne vnto; 16, all togyder how that; 17, And than ſhe let falle downe; 18, but lytel; 21, not [yet]; 23, vnto the; 26, full wyly; 29, fyght on; 32, worſe on; 35, to many; 38, rode away [ſure].

345. 1, And whan; 2, he herde; ſyr la cote; 5, me helpe; 7, all you; 8, ſuche an; 9, ſayd the noble knyghte ſyr; [that]; 12, ſyr T.; 13, to her agayne; 19, ouertook ſyr; 21, [thenne]; 22, al the; 23, the damoyſel Maledyſaunte rebuked ſyr la cote male tayle full vncurteyſly; 24, lefte of ſyr La cote male tayle; 25, whyle; 26, in excuſynge; 27, of the fayre damoyſell I.; 29, le blaunche; 30, alwaye.

346. 1, yf ſo were; 5, and for to; 8, vnto; there they ſawe ſtandynge before them; 10, with ſyr; there ſyr; 11, And after that; 16, after ſyr; 19, that profered; 25, hym goodly; 27, [thenne]; 33, [al] he felle.

347. 3, In good fayth; 5, [alle]; forth vntyll he; 8, at the; 11, hym in; 12, through out the body and through the hors arſon; 14, and full egrely they; 15, ſtroke that; beſtowed they were ſtryken in ſondry wyſe / ſo they auoyded; 17, [paſſynge]; [alle]; 18, in to the caſtel; 19, called [the]; 20, and was a grete; 21, on; 22, fell to; 25, in a lytell; 26, and at the; [to]; 27, and therwith; lepte vnto hym; 29, than he; 30, vnto his mercy and grace; 32, kynge A.'s courte; 34, [thenne]; And whan ſyr.

348. 3, for to; he had; 4, they that were; 7, for he is the beſt knyghte in the world that dyd; 10, a noble; 11, and ſyr; 13, than ſhe; 14, heuy and ſorowfull; 17, & gretely they thanked hym; 19, & ſayd; all true & loyall; 20, [euen]; 22, and you ſir; 25, handes; whiche ſyr; 26, awaye from; 33, a ryght good; 34, but he.

349. 5, vnto hym; [that] he; 13, vnto the; 14, a full fayre; 16, many gentylmen & yeman that ſayd; 23, entre fyrſt; 25, am taken pryſoner; 26, for to; 30, that one; 33, ſyr P.; ſoone after; 34, ſyr P.; 35, ſyr la; 37, began full harde to aſſayle ſyr.

350. 4, on bothe; but [he]; 5, he gate; And ſo than; 6, [thenne]; 10, them two; 14, they two; 22, [euen]; 23, [forth with all]; grete meruayl; 26, for what; 29, yf ye had; 31, dedes and valyauntnes; 32, [to] you grete; euer I; 33, [al].

351. 5, I was; ſyr P.; 6, ye truly; 8, ſyr P.; me at this tyme; ſyr la; 13, ſyr P.; 14, grete; as the hurle wynde had borne hȳ towarde; 18, drewe; 25, handes; pryſoners; 30, hym down; 35, ſyr P.; 36, on.

352. 6, ſo that he; 10, ſo that he wyll; 11, his ſyue; 14, ſyr P.; 16, ruled by kyng A. / yf ye be ſoo pleaſed; 18, reſted; tyme;

22, there came; 24, [thēne]; 25, frō all; 27, by cauſe; 29, gaue vnto; 32, rode vnto; 33, [holy].

353. 2, ſyr Brewnor le noyre; 4, [after]; called ſyr; 5, and a myghty; 14, was maryed; 15, vnto hym; 16, yf it; 21, hym & ſayd he was.

354. 1, knyght and a well made man all; 2, a clere foūtayne or welle; 3, nere vnto hym; to a grete oke; 5, that was by ye welle; 17, thou haſt well; to me; 18, an other grete ſpere; 21, gaue hym a; 23, afore hym; drewe out; 26, on; 27, out his; 31, yf thou.

355. 17, I knowe well; 18, [my]; 19, [alle]; 20, ſayenge; 21, as vnto; 26, [nor] for; 28, This meane; 36, [it].

356. 1, And to make ſhorte tale ſyr P.; 5, with them on; 6, may men; 7, at euery tyme; 8, by euyll; 9, vnto a; 13, And than the; 14, at a; 16, ſay vnto hym; 17, there as; 19, and rode ſondry wayes; 21, hors to; 25, vnto; 26, a lamētable; 28, [with]; 29, ſhadowe of the wode; 35, ſayd they; L. du lake.

357. 2, ſayd they we; 4, yet dayes of my lyfe of; 11, And ſo eyther; 15, it is pyte and; 22, preue it; make it; 25, vnto; 26, now bereth [the]; 29, And than; 30, came rennynge; 31, ſo myghtily; 32, vnto y^e; 34, as it had ben two.

358. 1, ſyr M.; 2, knyght and man; to harde and to; 4, wonders ſore; ſo as; 5, there came; 6, anone ſyr L.; them bothe; 7, for ye; 8, A.'s courte; 9, ſyr M.; 12, that quene; 14, for to; 15, vnder her; 16, & we; 22, not therfore; 23, be the; 24, is y^e; 27, yf ye; 31, [you] but; 32, [that] ſhe.

359. 13, be it [that]; 15, T. de Lyones; 17, was comen; Syr T. anſwered; 18, Kay the Seneſſhall neuer in no place that; 19, ony good; 20, T. de L. yf it; 21, my right name; 24, lyuynge in the world; 28, tyl that one; 29, fall fro his hors; 33, ſo as; at theyr.

360. 2, [he] ſayd but; 4, In ye mornynge; 6, and ſo; 7, And than; du vaſſher; 9, downe from his hors; 11, fayne knowe; 12, name is; on your way with me; 13, for to; 14, where as; 15, at that; 18, not to that; 19, you of your; 20, for to; 26, whiche; 27, deſyreth mooſt to haue youre; 30, [yet]; 31, for to be; 32, man now; 33, excepte it be; 37, hym ony.

361. 2, cauſe was; 11, after hym; & whan; 12, ſir B.; 20, ſlayne hym; 21, vnto; 24, ſeke [after]; 25, [ſame]; 30, ſayd ſhe; 33, for as this [ſame].

362. 5, [lytel]; 7, his fete; 9, and the one; 12, with his ſwerde drawen in his hande; 13, forthwith all ſyr T.; 14, down deed to the erth; 15, to y^t other knyght; and with the pomell of his ſwerde

he ſmote hym ſo harde that he fell ſro his hors & brake his; 16, vnto; 17, that vntrue; 21, his waye forth; damoyſell; 22, So whan that; 23, he full; 24, hym to tell hym his; tell it hym; 26, his owne; 30, downe from; ſo done; 31, kynge A.; your owne; 33, whiche I.; vnto; 35, knowe.

363. 4, where as; 5, [holy]; 6, by the; 7, a good & a truſty; 9, to kynge M.'s courte; 13, I may; 15, to a; 16, aſſygned them; 18, pen can; 21, myght neuer . . . . the very pure loue; 23, how ſyr K.; 26, grete pyte; 34, he [had] ſoūde; 35, to ſyr K.

364. 1, came to; 6, me [the]; 9, whiche ſhe dyd; 11, virgyn; wel ſayd he vnto; 12, to me; 13, [alle]; 15, vnto; 17, Marke ſat; 27, hym vnto; 28, for to; 32, whiche was; 34, ſpere in the; agaynſt.

365. 2, ſadel to the erth; 3, And than; 4, rode forth; 5, than anone; 6, vnto hym; 11, ſore & made ſorowfull; And than; 17, wyte what tydynges there was; 19, ſe how; 21, place ſhall ye ſynde hȳ; 22, And than; 23, that ony woman myght make; 27, his waye from; 29, none take; 34, euer ony; 35, wente; 36, lady of the.

366. 2, me to playe; 3, & the damoyſel; 4, So vpon; 6, armure & went in to ye wyldernes & brake; 12, the harpe; And ſo wolde; vnto; 13, the melodyous ſowne therof; 18, [ſomme]; 22, ſyr D.; 24, by a fayre; 27, to; 30, ſo brought; 31, as weet as; to lepe; 32, on theyr; 35, [ſhe] went.

367. 3, be [ſoo]; 4, yf I; 9, vnto other; 16, alone from his; 18, pyte that; 20, that mooſt; 23, bothe armed; 29, our lorde god; ſory and dyſpleaſaunte; 31, hymſelfe; good frendes; 32, to; 35, on; 37, at hym.

368. 3, [to the erthe]; 5, vnto one; 10, Beware ye; that ye; 11, naked foole; 19, whiche; 20, or that; 26, T. his neuewe; 27, the quene; 29, full nyghe; 30, for to.

369. 2, of my loue ſyr T.; 6, ſtronge toure; 11, the ſwerd; 12, [a] ten; 16, go out at; 17, this ſyr T.; 19, And than ſyr T.; 20, it happened; 25, to the; 26, to reſt hym; 27, ſyr T.; 28, [and toke the hors]; 29, drewe; 30, on his; 34, where it; [ſoo]; 35, ſmote; wente.

370. 9, madde man; 11, on the; vnto the; 12, to the welle; 13, the kynge; 17, ſoftly; 21, nor wyſt not fro whens he came; 22, happened; 25, And than; 28, and aſked; man was; 30, & reſteth hym; 33, [here] afore this tyme; 35, And la beale I. had; 36, had gyuen.

371. 1, Iſoud was; 3, loue ſhe had vnto hym; 5, than ſhe; 13, that as; 14, ſhall knowe; 18, whan ye may; 19, and as ye; 22,

moche anger; 24, la beale I. departed; 26, brayed; [al]; 28, that it is he; So the kyng; 31, now ye may do w^t me; 33, So many; 36, of Cornewayle.

372. 3, were his foes; 5, ſyr D.; [for]; 7, vnto; 9, you; 11, & than they; 14, [thenne]; 16, in the ſhyppe he ſayd thus; 17, tell them; 20, [Quene]; 23, [Pluere]; 32, am I; 35, my waryſon; tell ye; 36, the rounde; 37, I am.

373. 2, And therwith he; 4, nexte lodgynge; 7, all on an hepe to ye groūde; 9, with his good wyll iuſte with; 17, from them & rode; 20, And ſo there was ordeyned for ſyr L.; 23, for to; 24, of this; 26, where as; 28, Bors / ſyr Bleoberys / ſyr E. and; 29, they all; 31, that they ſet; 32, as well as we.

374. 1, as for to; or two or; 7, [by your ſheldes]; 10, me for to; 12, that thy; 13, loke on; 14, [to] do; wolde to god; had neuer; 17, eyther ſawe other; 18, yf cauſe were; 22, [by] ſir D.; 29, had iuſted; 31, to; 33, vnto theyr; 37, forth on; 38, and [to the] heerdmen.

375. 2, there aboute; 3, nygh here; 4, cuſtome there is; be lodged; he ſyrſt; 6, be within; 7, So there is an euyll lodgynge; 9, be ye not; 10, forſake your; 11, and yf ye; 13, lodged; ben two noble; 14, be lodged; 19, had thought; to haue taken theyr reſt; 20, gate; 22, [aray]; 27, And ſo therwith; 28, and there ſyr G.; 30, and ſyr P. gaue ſyr D. a fall; [thenne was hit fall for fall]; 31, And than muſt; and that; 32, [ſo]; & hurte; 33, had gyuen hym; 36, to do batayle; 38, whiche wolde.

376. 2, ſuche two; 8, them bothe; 9, you bothe; And than; 13, he badde ſyr G.; 14, had no luſt; 15, And than; a longe whyle; 17, thre grete; 23, deſyred; 24, of the; 26, vnto; 33, But as ſoone as.

377. 4, ſyr P.; to knowe; 5, 8, And than; 9, than wyll I rather ryde; 13, to iuſte with hym; 14, ſoo paſt; 17, of a; 20, for the good knyghtes; 21, lete ſeke; 22, for ſyr T.; 24, at thoſe iuſtes & turneyment; 28, at the grete; 29, to kepe hym and; 30, called and cryed; 31, and ouercomen; 32, he incontynent; towarde hȳ for to iuſte; And whan ſyr K. ſawe hym come / than he refuſed hym / and; 33, ſayd ſyr; 34, ſo ſhall I; with an; 35, rode on his waye; 38, keſt downe.

378. 3, whiche; 5, for to; 6, with hym; 12, doth lede; 14, drewe; 17, [ryght]; 18, ſayd the damoyſell; [and]; 19, ſhall tell you all as it is; 20, ſayd ſhe; my lady quene; 21, kynge A.'s ſyſter hath; [a]; and eſpye; 23, [ſyrſt]; with ony; with theyr wyles to Morgan; 26, for to.

379. 7, whiche ye; 11, ſayd ſyr G.; 21, whiche; 22, hym

well; 25, paſſynge gladde; 32, for yf he; 34, B. ſaunce pyte; 36, and ſo there.

380. 5, ſo well; 9, for to reſt; vnto a; 16, forgoten the; 19, this damoyſell B.; 22, And than; 23, longe & ferre; 24, And than; 26, ſayd ſir T.; 27, tyll the; 32, whiche was.

381. 7, [ynough]; 11, and knewe that; 12, a knyght of C.; I was ones; 13, by fortune it; 17, may ſe my; 26, a myghty black.

382. 2, to ſyr P.; 7, where as; 9, vnto yonder; 10, of gold; 11, ye vnto hym; 13, and ſo; 15, And than; 16, that anone; which; 17, at a vaũtage; 22, G. his squyer; hym ones agayne; 25, reuenge hym to morowe; 26, he ſhall ſe me; 30, he may be; 32, be reuenged vpon hym; 36, to.

383. 3, [with hym]; I wyll do that I may ſayd ſyr B. And there ſyr L.; 5, and had a grete; 10, And than; 12, that other; 16, forth on his waye; By my fayth; So than; 19, haſtely vnto; 22, and the cauſe why; 25, [hym]; 30, hym to iuſte; 31, telle me what is thy lordes name / and whiche is he; vnto ſyr L.; 32, [the good knyght]; In goddes name; 33, For by my knyghthode / there; in the worlde that I; 34, wolde rather; with ſyr P.

384. 1, And than eyther of the; grete & huge; 2, And than ſayd ſyr D.; 3, [ſoo]; 5, I can not byleue; 7, and there ſyr; 9, myghtely; made hym to auoyde the ſadell; 10, he had not; 14, to reſt; 15, hym where; 16, that on; 17, of this; [that]; 18, came ſodeynly; 23, and on the; 26, full ſore [alle that dyd abyde]; 27, and than he rode forth on; 28, vnto a; & there; 34, to ſir T.; 35, for to.

385. 3, vnto kynge; 4, of the; 6, a grete; 8, they fared; 9, And than there; 15, gretely what thought it a ſhame; 16, hym a; 17, vnto; 20, ſyr T. there; 28, than ye; 29, you my fayth; 30, you more; of yours; 31, more on my; 33, caught hym; [ſo ſore]; and pulled; 34, [hors]; 35, And ſyr T.; 36, And than ſyr P.

386. 2, nothynge ſay; 6, Syr P. on the nexte morowe returned from the partye of; 12, and alſo; 13, his ryght; 14, [as]; 17, the [ouer] euenyng afore; 18, on y^e^; 23, that ſyr P.; 25, wolde I be on my lorde kynge A.'s ſyde but for his ſake; 26, party / there was rẽnynge and ſmytynge vpon helmes; iuſted agaynſt; 30, And than came in ſyr T.; 32, that myght; 33, haunted amonge; 35, with a grete meyny of.

387. 2, alle the; 5, ben his good frende; 6, awaye with the; 8, were as good as a; 9, was theyr; 10, And than; 12, So ſyr; 14, [ſore]; 21, kyng A.; 23, [And]; 24, I ſholde ſhame myſelfe; [al]; 26, vpon [the]; 27, and thoſe . xx .; 28, alwaye togyder; & [ſo]; 30, noble dedes; 31, leuer to; than to; 34, to his; 37, it ſhame.

388. 1, And than ; to the ; 2, ſayd to hym ; Syr I praye you ; 3, ye ſhall ; 4, to many ; to fewe ; 5, [chere and] ; 10, the knyght with ; 13, lyke and ſemblable ; 19, on theyr ; 22, on his ; 25, that [with] the wynde therof myght.

389. 3, morowe ; wyll I ; 10, ſayd ſhe ; but for ; and ſo ſhe ; 15, crye of a man ; And than ; 16, in to the ; 17, founde he ; 18, vnto a ; ben out of his mynde ; 22, And the ſquyer toke ; as faſt as ; 23, agayn and tolde ; 24, So ſhe rode ; 32, ſayd he ; 35, and than ; 37, ouer.his nauell.

390. 1, So ſyr T. ; 2, hym faſt ; 3, ſyr P. ; am ſayd ſyr T. ; 6, and yf ; 8, there and ; Than ſayd ſyr ; 11, yf ye ; ſyr T. here ; 13, for to ; 18, ſayd to ſyr P. ; 19, that he ; vnto his ; 22, that he ; 26, ſyr T. was ; went ; 30, to ſyr ; 31, where as ; 32, on the.

391. 10, With that ; 17, were remounted ; So kyng A. ; 18, [he] gate ; 20, on fote ; 23, And than ; 30, And than ; 33, at ſyr T. ; 34, with his ſpere ; 35, So ſyr.

392. 1, So ſyr T. ; 3, [thenne] ; 5, [alle] ; 8, aſſayled kynge A. ; 9, dyd grete feates ; 14, ſo grete ; 15, gate he ; 17, And than ; cryed on hygh ; [the] ; 18, for to ; 19, put down ; 24, [he] ; 26, [there] ; ſtouped lowe his heed ; 30, And ſyr L.

393. 1, ſyr D. ; 3, the grace of ; 4, ſyr P. ; 5, for to ; 9, [to hym] ; 11, or in to ; 15, [thenne] ; 17, And whan ; made a ; 25, his vttermeſt ; 26, & mette ; 27, & had a ; 38, for to go in to.

394. 4, than he ; 7, Northgales in conclusyon ; 8, with the ; 14, contrarye that crye ; 18, worſhyp of ; 21, than yf he ; 25, and [ſoo] ; [alle] ; 26, vnto ; 29, [mooſt] ; 31, [whanne] as he ; his helme ; 33, ſayd thryes ; 34, And than.

395. 16, [the] dayes ; 18, all theſe ; 26, for yf I ; 28, knyght dyd ; 31, promyſe you ; 34, And than ; 35, them that ; [And] ; 38, nere hand ; & oute.

396. 7, he put of his ; 9, there came ; 14, & yf it ; 20, What thynge bare ; 22, the good knyght ſyr P. ; 24, now lyuyng ; 26, [owne] ; 32, to ſyr D.

397. 3, whyle ye hadde ; 4, And than ; 6, [old] caſtel ; 10, ſyr L. ; 11, cauſer of ; 17, Than ſir L. ; to brynge ; 18, here ben . x . ; 20, tyl we ; 22, that yf I ; 23, with me vnto this ; 25, Fyrſt [was] ; 26, ſyr Bleoberys [and] ; 27, ſyr Lucas the butler ; 28, ſyr L. and ſyr G. ; 30, all to gyder ; 31, that ſtode bytwene foure hye wayes ; 32, in foure partyes for to ; 33, with the damoyſell dame ; the whiche was ; 34, for to ; 35, myght renne.

398. 1, And whan ; to hym ; 2, [ſaunce pyte] ; thou fals ; 9, B. ſaūce pyte ; 12, Lucas ; whiche ; 13, where ſyr T. was ;

14, for none; 15, but for to; So the; 19, ye whiche was; vnto; 20, tel hym; 30, ſyr L.; ſyr D.; 35, [ſoo].

399. 5, du roy; 8, And whan; bote / he; 15, vnto the; 19, and tolde vnto ſyr D.; 24, So came there; 25, So ſyr; 26, went; the chambre of; 28, And withoute; 32, wolde euery day; hate that was; 33, And alwaye; but lytel; 36, [alle]; 38, owne.

400. 1, it / and kepte them; 2, had ynough; 5, of [his]; 8, may ſaye; 9, hath he; 10, taken hym; [for]; 11, that almooſt he dyed; 12, [ſpeke and]; 14, in many; 15, wente; 18, owne meaſe; And than aſked kyng M. of; 19, were of hym; 22, turneyment and iuſtes; 29, were bothe; 30, Thā it was; 32, gete [hym].

401. 4, vnto that; 5, ſome folke called; 10, wente; 11, And ſo; 19, iuſte with hym; 21, man / and had a grete fall on the erthe; 22, ſayd he; For [ſyre]; 32, not ſo moche as one here.

402. 3, hym lyenge on the groūde; 7, or [that]; 8, was there; for to; 11, it was not I that dyd hurte hym; 12, vnto; 13, vpon you; for al ye; 14, be nought; Ewayne to be caryed; 15, heled of his woūdes; 23, ſayd kynge M.; 25, [is] an; 27, [al].

403. 1, to a lake; 3, ſhadowe; 5, were all; 13, and hyt; 14, as ſayre as the; 15, hors was; 17, full wrothe; And than; ſyr knyght; 18, felowe yf I can; 19, [ſo]; with an; 23, quyte & clene a ſpere length / ſo that; had nygh; 24, [al]; 25, ſet ſyr K. agayne vpon his hors; ſyr G. & ſyr K. went; to kyng M. & ſyr A.; 26, them for to; tell them; or els they; 27, And than; 28, This knyght that ſmote downe ſyr Kay / is; and therfore beware; 29, vpon you.

404. 2, [all]; 13, kynge Marke / ſythen; 14, for to gyue; 15, [alle]; 16, rode forth; 17, [Soo]; 18, there they reſted; 20, whiche had; 21, for to; 22, aſked them; was in; 24, they had not; 33, went.

405. 1, he myſſed; 2, he [the]; 4, for to; 5, one of his legges and an arme; 6, ſo than; and his; vnto ſyr D.; 8, Nay nay; ones hath; 11, Now leue we hym & turne we; 14, & ſyr P. & ſyr D.; 25, how ye can ſhifte; [it with]; 27, [thenne]; 31, they pleaſed; 32, And with that; be glad & make good chere; 33, herde I; 35, to haue ben put to dethe; [ſoone after this]; 36, he thought 38, [bothe].

406. 2, to ſyr D.; 4, whan ony; 6, vnto; 7, bothe his; anone whan; 8, I me repent; 14, thou ſhalt; & all your; & your; 15, where ſomeuer it pleaſe you; 16, ſyr knyght ſhalte; vnto two of my; 18, ſhewe & tell; 19, and kynge Meliodas was my father; 20, I am neuewe; 25, [and] that all; 27, knyght ſyr T.; for to be; 31, And than; 32, hole and; 33, toke his hors; 34, vnto a.

407. 1, And ſo; 2, grete moone; 8, for to; but wyll be; 9, of y^e^; 11, B. ſaũce pyte; 12, and ſayd to ſyr D. Syr knyght; 16, And than; 17, vnto a; where ſhe; 21, fro this; [he]; 24, on; 26, defende me; 27, late ago priſoner; 28, I knowe; 31, [Quene] M. le fay; 34, So the quene.

408. 1, the to; y^u^ wylte; 4, as ſoone; 6, ſheelde vpon the; 7, hath; 9, [for me]; 12, So the; 15, quenes heed; 18, vpon; 22, not knowe; 27, as paramour; 29, to the.

409. 2, And than; 3, fay as paramour; and his; for to folowe after; My fayr; for certaynly; 6, vpon hym; 9, ſayd M. le fay; 12, And for your; 13, or els bete hym well; 14 my; quene M. le fay; 15, with that; 19, vnto ſyr T.; 25, And than; for to; 28, vnto a; 30, leue we; 31, and than; 32, his mayſter; 34, very lytell; 35, than holde; 36, for the; 37, may no lenger; 38, or euer that I.

410. 1, And with full grete; 2, vnto; 3, And whan; 4, ſhe let; 6, to be put; 12, It is not; 28, of Scotlande; 31, [there]; 34, [gretely]; 35, And than was.

411. 3, to kyng; 5, and to; 7, And than; 11, vnto hym; 15, ſuche dedes; 18, lytell Brytayne; 23, euer kyng; eyen were; 24, But euer; that it was grete wonder to; bothe on the ryght; 27, of Scotlande; 29, that the; 31, les blaũche; 34, ſayd he.

¶ Thus endeth the fyrſt booke of ſyr T. de L. ¶ Here after foloweth the ſeconde booke of ſyr T.

Book x.

¶ Here begynneth the ſeconde booke of ſyr T. and the . x . booke of this preſent volume. ¶ How ſyr T. iuſted and ſmote downe kynge A. & ſyr Vwayne & wolde not tell them his name.

412. 1, Than ſayd kynge A. / yf ye; ye be; 2, thoſe armes; 4, vndeſyred; 5, And as; 10, Syr ſayd ſyr T.; 13, [and] that; 15, that I had; [And therfore ye are a vylaynous knyght to aſke bataille of me conſyderynge my grete traueylle]; 18, you not; 21, and than; 22, [al to pyeces]; 24, groũde.

413. 5, that he fell down to the; 6, hym aboute; for to; 9, our pryde; 11, Vwayne by the holy rode; 16, moone and; 21, one knyght; 25, in to the; 26, [ſoo]; vpon that; 29, to them; 31, whoſe name; 32, [called]; 33, & thus he ſayd; 34, medle with vs; yf ye; 36, from vs.

414. 1, from his; 3, he dreſſid; 6, they had felte his ſtrokes / they; 14, [my]; 15, Syr ſayd he; 17, whiche I; 24, am ſore; 25, [thenne]; 26, ony fayle; 29, thoſe; 30, on myn; 31, where as.

415. 2, vpon ; 3, for to bury ; 6, or that ; this knyght ſyr ; 11, maner of wyſe ; let it not be out of your ; remembraunce the ; 14, aſſayle you ; [that] ; 16, in to that ; 18, haue I a luſt ; 19, fro theyr ; 23, By god ; 25, ende of ; 27, on his ; 33, vnto the grounde ; 38, after this.

416. 1, reſt ; 2, ſyr P. ; 5, ye are ; 7, for to ; 9, yf that ; it ſhall be an ; 11, departed aſonder ; [their] dyuers wayes ; 13, where as ; 15, ſayd ſhe ; 18, thoſe ; 19, whiche ; 22, out the body ; 24, grete woo / but I requyre you tell me your lordes name ; 25, is ſir G. ; 27, and had good lodgynge ; 32, couered.

417. 3, and he ſayd that he ſayd it ; 6, he keſt me down ; 9, he mette with me and with hym ; 10, was called ſyr P. ; 12, full ſore ; 16, haue foūde hym ; 17, And he anſwered and ſayd / my ; T. de Lyones ; 19, forth on his ; 21, you fayre knyghtes ; 22, None that are very good ; 27, that ſame ; 28, that we ; 29, of the kynge grete vylany ; of quene G. ; 34, wold in no wyſe ; 35, and gone ; requyred them to tell hym theyr ; 36, [ſoo].

418. 1, he reſted ; 4, there beſyde ; 6, not ben ; 8, of the ; on horſbacke ; 9, in the mornynge ; 12, [and] they queſtyoned ; 18, ſyr S. ; 24, Than he came ferther with his hors ; vnto ; 27, grounde ; 30, as faſt as they ; coude ; 33, vnto them ; ſythen that ; you downe ; groūde ; 36, ſayd bothe.

419. 1, that ye ; 3, me to do it ; 7, the very cauſe ; why that ; 10, [and yf I be hurte I ſhalle not be able to doo bataille with hym] ; 11, ſyr S. and ſyr Dodynas ; 12, [alle] ; Fayre knyghtes ſayd ſyr Tryſtram ; 17, lyghtly eſcape from vs ; But gentyll ; 19, ſyr S. ; 21, forth on ; 25, in y^e^ ſame ; 26, the fayr ; ye whiche ; 32, trueſt louers ; 33, ſyr L.

420. 3, nyghe vnto ; 6, and theyr ; the myghte ; that theyr horſes coude renne ; 7, [their] horſes ; 8, Than as ſoone as ; 9, they auoyded ; 10, lyke men ; 12, [out] ; 13, [neuer] neyther of them ; vnto other ; 15, I haue greate meruayle ; 16, vnto ; 22, moone ; 23, ye blode ; 25, therforé I requyre you yf it ; 29, Syr ſayd he ; 32, mooſt loue ; Now fayre ; 34, therwithall ; 36, [And there with alle ſir T. kneled adoune / and yelded hym vp his ſuerd] ; 38, [all].

421. 3, toke vp ; ſtreight vnto ; [they] ; 4, and [with] ; whiche ; 5, vnto ; 9, ſayd vnto ; 10, are ryght hertely ; 12, this countree ; 13, [had] ; 15, that I here not ; 16, dyd mete ; 17, that ſyr T. was there ; 20, vnto this ; 21, and how ; 23, moone ; 26, ſyr B. ; 30, where as ; 32, vs bothe wonders ſore ; 33, that ſame ; 35, than / what.

422. 1, maner of knyght ; hym not ; 3, yf ye knowe not than

do I / for I enſure you that it was ſyr L. du lake; all togyder at ones loked; 10, and ledde hym vnto the rounde; 12, all with one; 17, the begynner; 20, are ryght hertely; vnto; 22, ſyr T.; 24, I am lothe; to do in; 29, [letters]; 32, nobleſſe; 33, afore by; 34, full well.

423. 8, on ſyr T. for his; 9, [that]; 10, [bothe]; went out; 14, [men]; 17, [had]; 18, were the noble knyght; 19, & the quene la beale I. was paſſynge gladde; 22, [for]; 23, ſyr B.; 24, ſyr A.; demaunded a; 26, aſked the; 28, ſayd the; 29, now lyueth.

424. 2, vnto the; 3, and hath made; 6, heuy and ſory; 9, vnto; 11, he euer; 12, what thynge; 13, ſhamefully dyſpoſed; 15, now lyuyng; 16, for to; 18, A falſe; 20, ſyr A.; 23, thou wel; 25, ſyr A.

425. 2, repoſed; 3, vnto; or not; 5, vpon; 6, vnto a tree; 8, and moone; pytefulleſt; 12, mother vnto; and vnto; 13, for your; 14, nere to; 15, [Fayr]; made a; 16, it is well; 19, [a] ſheelde; 23, are of; [there]; 24, that lyueth; 27, that lyueth; of hym ſpeketh; 28, ialouſye; 29, [ony] ſuche a; 32, of hym ſhame; 33, as ony; 35, Well than ſayd.

426. 4, make it; 6, and he; 10, egged; 11, anone ſmote; 12, ſore on his ſheelde; hors croupe; 17, after and; 19, ſayd he; 20, your ſpere; 21, [with ſwerdes] forbare hym longe; 22, ſmote hym many; 23, Whan; that he; he waxed; 25, ſore vpon; 26, vnto; 27, chere with you / me thynketh; 30, leue for to; as ye; Syr gramercy; 31, are not; with kyng; 32, ſayd to hym; for to; 35, vnto a; 36, for to; the whiche he; 37, for to.

427. 2, that ye; 3, was there; 6, vnto a; 7, ende of that brydge; 10, one is called ſyr; 11, that other is called ſyr; 12, ſyr D.; 13, alwayes ye are layde to the groūde; Than was; 15, and ranne agaynſt ſyr T.; and there; 16, ſente to; 17, for to; wolde he; 18, iuſte agayne; in to the; 19, and they prayed; 21, that hyght; 25, ſyr B.; 27, [owne]; And alſo ye wolde haue; yf I had; 34, none euylle; And it is.

428. 2, are & euer haue ben; 3, and go aboute / is but; 7, went vnto theyr; 10, and the; 14, the to leue; for he gooth vnto; 16, vnto my; [with hym]; 17, I haue not his; 18, ſyr D.; 20, vnto; 23, out of his; 24, ſyr D.; 27, 29, ſyr B.; 32, And ſo; 34, had rydden [forth] aboute a four myle [englyſſhe]; 35, [tyl that]; vnto a; where as.

429. 3, quod kynge; 4, this iuſtynge; knewe well that the knyght was; 6, he wolde rather that; 7, wold [not] iuſte with hym; 12, for to do; 16, on that; 20, on theyr waye; 21, for to; ſayd to hym; 22, rounde table; not in; 25, for to; 27, maner of

wyſe; 28, ye not; 29, ſore hated; vnto you; 30, yourſelfe ſoo; y^t ye; 31, a grete; 35, ye are.

430. 1, vnto a; 2, where as; he prayd; 3, reſted; 6, thoſe knyghtes that were of; 7, of his; 8, demaunde you; not yet; 9, ſyth that I iuſted with hym / & he gaue me; 10, ye ought to haue no; 13, thought euer; ſo as; 14, towarde them; 15, A.'s courte; 19, le cueur hardy; 28, were tyed; 29, yonder I ſe; 31, we are; 34, rode from; 37, the ſheelde; 38, rounde table.

431. 3, [thenne]; 4, ſyr L. or ſyr T.; 11, had reſted them; 13, all arraūt knyghtes; 15, he was; 16, [alle]; 17, anſwered he; 26, kyng Marke; 30, That am I lothe; 33, rode forth [on]; 35, where as.

432. 1, quod ſyr G.; 8, and [my]; 10, by the fayth that I owe to god; 11, ſyr D. was armed; 13, ſyr D.; 15, vnto a; 16, on as faſt as his hors; 18, nyghe vnto; 22, [all]; faſt as he; 25, And whan; 26, ſyr D.; chace ſo; 27, as they had ben; 28, for to ſe; 29, were hurte; 30, with his; 31, he made kyng A. laugh; 35, in that way.

433. 1, come; 4, paſſe by the; 8, ſaye ſoo; 10, agaynſt ſyr D.; 11, nerehande; 14, [Knyght]; 19, ſir V. anone; 21, vnto; 22, knyght arraunt; 26, that I; 29, to them / and reherſed vnto them; [of hym]; 36, but onely; behynde the other company; 37, for he was; [and D. had his harneis].

434. 1, and alwayes; 2, hym moche; 3, to the wordes that kyng M. ſayd; 5, a page / and ſayd to hym; 6, Ryde lyghtly vnto; maner that ſtandeth ſo fayre; vnto; 7, of that maner / and; for to; me ſome; 9, knyght that I am; 10, is to ſaye in; 11, he went; 12, as yf that it; aboute a; 13, page; [his way]; as he was bydden; 14, he told; 15, whiche; 16, [lord]; 17, ſyr P.; 21, And than; 26, therwith [alle]; 32, [that]; he was as heuy as they; ſyr V.; ſyr D.; 34, that I.

435. 9, whiche; 12, haue ye not mette; that had a; 13, hedes therin; 15, wente; Syr I thanke you; 17, late in the euenynge; 20, from his; ſyr D. was; 26, other ladyes; 27, loue you; blame you; 29, [the] I; 30, you; 38, that it was.

436. 2, where as he had; for to; 3, to ſyr A.; 4, there redy; 5, kynge A.; 6, togyder / and by; ſyr A.; 7, in the ryghtwyſe; 11, whiche; 14, vnto hym; 16, ſayd he; [ye]; 20, I am; 21, ryghtwyſe; 22, that noble; 24, whiche; 25, thynges hyd and vnknowen; 27, ryghtwyſe; it ſprange vnto; 28, vnto; 34, [the loſſe of]; & [of].

437. 1, that ſyr T. wepte; 2, vnto; 3, [to] yonder; knyght kynge M. vnto your preſence agayne; 4, requyre yow; ageyne to

me; 6, all the; 14, ſo whan; the noble knyght ſyr L.; 16, vnto the; knyght ſyr L.; 21, the kynge [Marke]; 22, [that]; 27, A.'s courte; the ſame; 29, flat vnto; erth before; 33, your heed; 34, or elles had I; 35, by his; 36, [to] as.

438. 5, and a fals diſſymuler; 6, them two; 10, euer he; 11, be ye; 12, ye are; 14, and yf; 16, yf that; 17, are ye rydynge; 19, ye not of; 24, ſet by; 26, coude not; 29, not for fere or; 31, [ſame]; mette togyder.

439. 1, than foure; 2, bothe ſo moche; 14, and alſo ſyr P.; 15, the one ye other; 22, Syr ſayd ſyr Dinadan; 24, ye ſhall; [now]; grete and noble; 28, ſyr D.; 29, ſo that; 30, Sir knight; y^t^ my; 31, brother vnto ſyr S.; [and noble]; 32, [I we] ben; 34, hertely for; of that; 35, name and what ye be; & here I; ſayth that I owe to god; 36, but moche more rather [be] auaunced vnto grete honour and worſhip; 38, vpon my.

440. 8, well knowe; 20, yf [that]; 21, ſayd ſyr P.; 23, owne brother; whiche; 26, knowe it that ſhe; 27, yf that; 30, as they ſate; 31, rydynge with a; 32, And than he; 33, vnto.

441. 1, that thou; vnto the ordre; 2, that thou; 3, [for]; 5, beſeche the; deale with it; 6, ſyr P.; 7, beholde your dedes; there came; 9, And anone; 11, vnto the; 13, [alle]; 14, vnto the grounde; 18, And vpon the walles . . . . there were; whiche; 22, the ſadels; of theyr; 31, [euer was]; what ſo euer knyght he be; 33, [alle].

442. 2, [thorou the bented ſhelde and]; 5, to reſt you; 8, you afore; 10, and that ye; 12, ſyr P.; that I wold; 13, in hand; 15, that ye wyll iuſte; 18; thoſe two; 21, [alle]; 24, for all; he lefte; 25, This ſeynge ſyr D.; 26, knyght with the reed ſheelde; But the knyght; 27, bare hym clene ouer his hors tayle; 28, But the knyght wolde not ſuffre; 29, with theyr horſes; [and]; arraunte knyghtes.

443. 8, and locked; 11, vnto ſyr D.; of no; 14, vpon hym; 15, ſyr D.; 17, haue had; 18, ſyr P.; 22, pages; 24, he alyghted to reſt; 25, at the fountayne; 27, [ye] of; 29, ſayd he; 31, ſyr P.; 33, [all]; 34, made hym redy for.

444. 1, ſyr P.; 3, and [to]; 4, ſyr P.; 8, [ſoo he]; 10, or that [euer]; 13, cutte inſonder; 16, ouercouered; full ſore; Somtyme; 17, ſoyned; ſomtyme; 19, with a ſtroke of a ſpere; 20, ſyr P.; 23, vnto ſyr P.; am I lothe; 31, hym mercy; 33, that I; 34, batayle with me; 36, bothe his; 37, Syr P.; 38, [ſore].

445. 1, haue fought; [not]; 3, that no force / for I ſhal; 4, but that you; 5, you the better all the; 6, I excepte the ſame; 7, [excepte] of my; 9, [bothe]; and ſtaunched; 10, in a; them well and

eaſely all that; 12, ſyr Ewayne and; 13, vnto A.'s courte; 14, [the kynge]; 15, [thurgh the foreſt]; 16, hyt them; 17, and ſporte at; 18, and [at]; all they; 19, that had; 20, yf [that]; 23, vnto a; where that; mother is; 24, made a; 25, vnto my; 26, why wylte; not ones; 27, that his; the noble; 29, let vs turne; 30, and ſyr D.; 32, whiche; vpon a; 33, ſyr G.; whiche was; 35, well at eaſe.

446. 1, towarde the; of my lorde kynge; 4, reſt; me a whyle; 6, not to longe; I wyll; 8, By my ſayth; ſyr D.; 9, talent vnto ſyr T.; 10, ſyr D.; 12, to you; 20, and ſayd / wyte; 29, for a ryght; 31, bytwene vs ſayd ſyr D.; 32, that ſame; 33, A. laye; 38, excepte.

447. 1, ſyr D.; 2, and [of]; 7, he ſlewe four; [how]; 8, quod kynge A.; 9, [very]; 10, more better; 11, all the; 14, endured; ſyr P. had ben there; 16, My lorde ſayd ſyr T.; 17, in all; 18, to you; 21, that dyd; 22, the kyng [Arthur]; that that knyght; vnto; 23, ſyr D.; 24, ſyr P. alſo; 25, fere me; ſyr P.; 29, ſyr T. ſyr L. nor ſyr D.; 31, for to wynne.

448. 3, the whiche came; 6, he had ſmyten; 8, all the other; 10, [noyſe &]; 16, his ſadell; 19, ſyr D.; 27, gyuen to hym; 33, Than ſayd kyng A.; 34, And whan; 36, downe from; 37, vnto hym for to.

449. 2, of eche other; 3, and in lyke wyſe was; 5, [at hym]; 6, bycauſe he had put them vnto; 7, ſyr G.; 8, vnto them; 14, kynge P.; 19, ouer this mater; of ſyr G. & his bretherne; 20, ſpeke we; vpon a; ſayd to; 21, requyre you & praye you for to gyue me a; 29, vnto god & vnto; 32, wyll ſwere that; 34, [there] ſwore.

450. 1, hard faſtned; 2, ſhall be well; afterwarde; 4, for to; 5, for to; 8, wyſt that; 16, them to be accorded; 17, or elles; 18, and the [mooſt]; 21, the noble knyght; 23, or flee that; 24, vnto our lorde Iesu Chryſt and vnto the hyghe; 31, can byleue; is full well; 35, was to the.

451. 3, on Aryes; 5, all theſe; 6, alſo in; 12, vnto; 13, for to; that yonge; 18, hym a; 20, ſyr A.; 22, loue of his father; 26, all his; 33, had neuer ſpoken.

452. 3, hym vnto; 5, vnto the; 6, And whan; 9, whiche was moche; 10, prayſed there; 11, for theyr; 12, was to the; 16, appoynted; 17, [there] he; 18, tofore that; 20, And than; 25, vnto theyr; 27, the hote blode; 28, ye may ryght well wyte that; 29, [al]; 30, a man; 31, to hym thus; 32, a grete; 33, whiche.

453. 1, ſyr G.; 2, yet thou; 4, it is; 12, that I; 13, and therfore; 19, kynge A.; 23, was ſyr Launcelot; other of the rounde table; 27, & I am ſure ye; 28, [the] whiche; yf ſir; 30, than all; 31, [the noble]; 32, for than were gone two; 34, that ye.

454. 4, a fleynge; 9, [alle]; 10, for to; 11, 13, ſyr M.; 14, ſyr A.; 17, 18, ſyr D.; 24, [alle]; 25, Fayre knightes ſayd he / ye ſhall knowe that my name is ſyr D.; 27, 29, 32, 35, ſyr D.; 28, out of all; 32, euer; 33, ſyr B.; 34, was ſyr; 36, his owne; 37, ſayd ſyr D.; all he.

455. 1, for to make ſhorte tale; 2, from his; 5, ſyr D.; 10, ſyr D.; 18, [out]; 19, whoſe name; and a; 20, 25, kynge A.; 25, [of the] quene; 32, & the quene and ſyr L.

456. 1, and [the]; 2, L. du lake; anſwered and ſayd [and to make ſhort tale]; 7, ſyr T. de Lyones; 9, ſyr L.; 13, for to; 14, kynge M.; to morowe ſayd; 17, Than ſyr T. and la beale I. ſayd / we pray you; 18, ye wyll; 23, [as] at; 27, than as; 33, [of] his.

457. 2, vpon many; vpon his; 4, L. du lake; in his mynde; 5, And than; 6, his mooſt enemy; 8, And than; 11, on ſyr T.; 12, had redde; 23, ſyr D.; 25, ſeruaunt to; 27, yet I loue; 29, ſyr D.; 31, by all theſe thretenynges; 32, neuer no man; gete ought of hym.

458. 2, made by kynge M. [the] whiche; 3, inſtrument; 5, and [to]; 7, that he; ſore wounded; 9, reſt; 11, the Seneſchall; 12, with a; 13, nyghe vnto; 14, ſyr E.; 15, y^t his; 17, he wolde; 19, [thenne]; 20, thus . Syr; 22, that ye; 24, than ſayd; 25, for to; 27, Whan ſyr T. vnderſtode; 28, the kynge; 29, ſofte hackeney; 35, may I.

459. 1, yet all guaryſſhed and hole; 3, reſt you; 5, kynge M.; for to go to T.; 6, to reſt; 9, Markes blode; 10, grete and myghty; 13, And the good knyght ſyr D.; 14, with his; 15, was grete brekynge; 16, ſmytyng of good knyghtes . And euer; 17, of all; 21, folowed thèm faſte; 23, portcoleys; 25, ſyr T. ſent; 26, he wold come; he were hole; for no ſooner coude he do hym god; 28, ſyr E.; kynge M. yelde; 29, may [not]; 34, to the caſtell of T.; 35, [wonder]; 37, vnto.

460. 4, ryght glad; 11, vnderſtode hym; 12, hym [his]; 13, hym an; 14, Than ſayd; [thus] vnto; 18, [alle]; 19, ſyr E.; 20, to kynge; 21, for to; 23, [that] it; 27, ſyr E. wyſt it; 30, dyſcomforte you not for one; 31, of ye world.

461. 7, Elyas y^e; 10, vp agayne on; 11, [alle]; mette [with] ſyr E. the capytayne; 14, euery party; 17, they of without; 20, ony more; eyther partye; 21, ſyr E.; 23, go vnto; than was he; 24, this ſyr E. the capytayne ſente; deſpyte & angre whether; 28, flee myn; euer here after; 29, And than; 30, lord & capytayn ſyr E.; for to; 33, all his; 34, was beſt to do.

462. 2, Notwithſtandynge all this ſayd no knyght coude be founde that wold fyght with hȳ; 5, ſyr E.; 6, without that; 8,

ſayd they al; in hand; 10, for to reſt; 11, yf I; 13, and told hym where he; 18, was with; 19, ſyr E.; 21, may not demaūde; 28, playne feelde; 29, to me his; 31, [a] ſeuen dayes here; 32, with hȳ to morowe; 33, meſſenger was; 34, Herken vnto my wordes felowe ſayd; 35, to make; 36, vpon his; 38, rounde table.

463. 3, vttermeſt; 4, [all]; 6, [alle]; 8, the ende; 12, that one from that other / and they; 14, went vnto; 17, as there had ben a; 29, there grete; on the; 31, kynge Marke; all ſhamed; [all] for; 32, the frenſſhe; 37, whiche afore.

464. 1, ſyr E.; 3, vnto the; 10, he dyed; to kyng M.; 11, ſyr E.; 12, for to; 13, harmes and domages; 20, let vs ouer paſſe this; 22, [at]; 23, ioye of the vyctory whiche he had / bycauſe the Seſſoynes were ſo put; 24, Elyot; 26, T. de Lyones; of the lay; ſyr D.; 28, that ſyr D.; 29, Elyot; 30, vpon my; 31, Than as kyng M. was at meet Elyot the harper came in; 33, ſyr D.; 36, wrothe with hym.

465. 2, Eliot; *line 7 wholly omitted;* 10, And than; 11, deuyſe vnto ſyr L. and vnto; 12, But for; 14, made & ordeyned by; 17, whiche befell; 19, ſyr B. whiche; 20, vpon a; 21, after that the; 22, prynce ſyr; 23, of them he; 24, was day; 28, the other; 29, ſyr B.; 30, ſet vpon; 33, that this; 34, & alſo y^{t} ſyr B.

466. 1, beynge out; and lackynge naturall reaſon; [he]; for the noble prynce ſyr B.; 2, & cōmaūded them to; 4, as ye father; 6, ſyr B.; 10, ſayd to hym [thus]; 13, I myght haue had; 14, ſyr B.; that yf; 17, for to; 20, A. his wyfe; 22, but that; 28, to; 30, Lorſelyn; 31, chylde Alyſaunder; 32, rode her waye.

467. 2, ſynde A.; 3, ſyr S.; 4, vpon payne; 8, ſayd ſhe; 10, 11, ſyr S.; 11, ſone A.; 15, [euer]; 19, [al]; ſyr S.; 25, reſted herſelfe; vnto the; 26, that was; 30, coſyn to her; 31, and the [that ſame]; told dame; 33, dame A.; tyl that her ſone A.

468. 1, ſyr B.; vnto dame A.; 3, made a; 4, ſayd Anglydes; 6, ſyr B.; 9, I am content that it be; dame A.; 10, for to make; conſtable came; 12, God be; 13, euer were tolde to me; conſtable ſyr B.; 15, all be; 18, dame A.; 19, ſayd vnto hym theſe wordes; [ſwete]; 20, and vpon the; of knighthode; 24, And whan; 28, that for; 30, tofore my face in my preſence; the which I; 31, to you now.

469. 3, [all]; ſyr A.; vnto; 6, [that] I may; 7, vnto god and vnto; 9, ſyr A.; and well armed; 11, [a]; 12, none of them; 13, for to go to; 14, ſyr A.; 15, [tyme]; 16, falſe traytour; 21, drawen; M. thou come; nere me; 24, & traytourſly; 25, praye god ſende ſyr A.; 27, ſyr A.; 34, nor yet ſyr D.; 36, for to; 37, and alſo ſyr S.; ſaued his lyfe.

470. 2, [alle]; 3, vnto; 4, of the noble; he ſholde; in the gouernaunce of ſyr L.; 6, And ſo; to ſyr A.; 8, and counſeyle; the knyght whiche had; 9, ſyr A.; cōmaunded hym for to; 10, nedes muſt I do ſo; 13, [euer]; in thyne owne countree; 15, Wherwith kyng M. was wonders; 16, and vnto; 18, in a; 19, ſuche as were; 20, and Breuſe; 21, but that; 23, the yonge knyght ſyr A.; 26, and that alwayes he bare; 27, dyenge daye; for to; vpon; 28, ſyr A. was; for to; 29, vnto; 31, degree; whiche turneymente kynge C.; 33, whiche was.

471. 2, for to; 4, quod M.; 9, was ſyr; And ye other; 11, the one; ſyr G.; ſyr Garaunt; 12, tolde quene; 13, by a; 14, damoyſel of; 20, vnto the; 21, ſyr A.; 22, vnto her; [thus]; 23, with a knyght of this; 24, the whiche is; 25, vnto me; and his name is called ſyr M.; 28, ſyr A.; 29, body I wyll; 30, Than forthwith [all]; 33, full egrely; ſyr A.; 34, and ſyr; 35, ſyr M.

472. 1, yet ſhalt thow; 2, quod ſyr A.; 4, wylde bores; and ſmote vpon theyr; 7, came quene; 8, this ſyr; 10, daungerouſt; 12, ſyr A.; ſo he; 13, on his fete; 14, for ſyr; 17, rāmes or bores; fell bothe; 19, ſyr M.; 21, ſyr A.; 23, ſyr M.; for the; 24, [good]; 25, pryde; 26, ſayd ſyr; 29, to me; 30, for I promyſe the faythfully as I am . . . . ſlee thee; 33, Than agayne; laſt ſyr; 34, ſmote ſyr; he raſſhed; 35, and lyghtly; 36, thus done; 37, vnto hym; 38, mounted but he fell downe flatte on the erth for feblenes.

473. 1, The damoyſel of the caſtell ſeynge that / layde ſyr A. in a; 2, neyther fete nor myght; 3, the grounde; 6, & gaue hym; 7, mornynge after; 9, was he; 13, wente to; 14, bad hym; 18, ſayd ſhe; 20, vnto a; 21, ſayd ſyr; 23, them to; 24, and to wedde togyder; 25, in a; 27, not but; vnto her; 28, whiche at; 29, quene M.; to ſyr; 30, ſayd ſyr A.; 31, ſayd quene.

474. 2, ſyr A.; 3, bycauſe he; 5, to quene; 8, ſyr A. laye; 10, yf ye; 12, ſyr A.; 13, ſayd ſhe; 15, [Quene]; 17, ſayd ſyr; 18, rather than; 19, a pleaſure; So god helpe me; 21, ſayd ſyr; 23, for to be; 24, that is a; for he is; 26, he wyll; 29, ye ſhall; 31, ſyr A.; 33, ſayd ſyr; 35, ſent to.

475. 2, longe afore that; 4, that vpon; 6, ſyr A.; 12, ſtyll in the; 14, [a]; and a daye; 16, that there; 19, for to goo on; 21, whiche was; 23, vnto kyng A.; 24, that may; 25, the knyght; 28, grete landes; 29, vpon her; as ſyr A.; vpon his; 31, [the] erth; 32, but that there; 33, with ſyr; 34, ſyr S.

476. 3, ryght well; ſayd ſyr A.; And than; 4, And whan; than ſhe; 5, none other; 7, whan ſyr A.; 10, [the] lyfe; 11, Fayre lady ſayd he / my name is ſyr A.; 12, fayre damoyſel ſayd he /

tell me; 14, eche other; 16, talked togyder; 17, ſyr H.; and he aſked; 21, And there; 22, And ſyr; 24, ſyr A.; 27, for to; [and repoſe hym]; 28, had holpen; 29, dame Alys; 30, [her]; 32, vnto this damoyſell; 35, vnto the noble knyght ſyr L. Truly fayre lady; 36, ſyr A.

477. 1, to ſyr T.; [Thēne]; 3, that other; de les; 6, on fote; 7, [a]; 9, he was; 10, he was; 12, ſawe that; on his; 14, thought to haue; 15, had holpen; 17, on her; forthwith; 19, vnto ſyr A.; 21, ſyr A.; 22, out his; ſhe ſawe; 23, & Mordred alſo in to; 24, ſyr A.; 26, paſſyng wroth; 27, had ſo; 28, dame Alys; 33, reherce them all; within thoſe; 34, or [with].

478. 2, frenſſhe booke; 3, tyll that; 4, whiche hyght; [good]; 7, & ſyr A. lorfelyn; 8, that ſyr; 9, vnto; 10, vnto ſyr L.; 11, that he; 12, ſorowe was; 13, vnto; 18, came vnto; all his; 19, let doo crye; 21, for to; wyll well; 22, wyte you wel that I may; 24, of your goodnes to gyue me lycence for to; with a; 25, ſo that ſyr; 26, take you vnto his; ſyr G.; 27, than ſayd quene G.; take ſuche knyghtes w^t me as pleaſeth; 29, anone the quene; for to; 32, G. the haute prynce.

479. 2, [and] prynces; 3, many noble; 4, at the fyrſt; 7, the range; 8, was all; 11, of them gate; grete ſpere; 16, vpon his; 19, ſyr B.; 20, he was wonders wroth; 26, bothe [the]; 27, partyes; 34, And whan.

480. 2, this ſyr Melyagaunt; 3, with a; 4, a ſpere; ſame tyme; his father met; 5, vnto whome; 6, ſone ſyr; 7, that he; 9, And ſo; ſyr M.; 11, fote togyder; there ſyr; 12, [there]; ſyr Galahalt the; 15, vnto the; 16, the whiche; from her; 17, And that ſame knyght; 21, go to ſuche; 24, take it vpon hym & graūte to you; 28, and [to]; 29, And than the; 32, And than they drewe [out]; 35, loued ſyr; 37, ſyr P.; [ſelf].

481. 2, in doubte; 18, vnto ſyr; 19, nothynge myght byte; 20, And whan; 21, [wyſt and]; downe to the; 22, was ryght ſore; 23, ſyr P.; 25, ſayd ſir; 28, another ryght ſoone; 29, vnto you; A ſyr ſayd ſyr P.; 30, are at; 32, ſo there came ſyr; 33, G. the haute prynce; ſo harde with; 34, But ſyr.

482. 1, whan ſyr; 2, that he; 4, not ſyr; 6, was ſyr; the haute; 9, ſyr G.; 10, ſyr D.; 12, ſyr M.; 13, not fallen; 16, vnto the worſte; 18, ſyr S.; 19, Than [the]; 20, to lodgynge; 22, ſyr P.; 23, And anone; 25, ſyr A.; 26, to ſyr G.; ſyr P.; 27, ſyr A.; 29, ſayd ſyr; 30, Whan the Haute prȳce; 33, were bothe; 36, ſyr A.

483. 1, ſyr P.; 4, wente to; 5, ſyr M.; bycauſe that; 15, Than there came in; 18, ſyr A.; 21, a grete; 22, vnder ye horſes; 23,

began ſyrſt; 24, Syr G. ſir Gawaynes; 26, & ſmote downe ſyr; man to the erth; 27, And than; 28, ſyr Blamore de ganys ſyr B.'s; 29, and there eyther of them; with theyr ſperes; [theyre]; 32, his noſe / mouth and eeres; 33, by ye helpe of.

484. 1, [there]; 2, whiche; ſyr Elias le; 6, well as he; 7 ſo that; 8, vnto; 10, there came ſyr; 12, was a grete bourder / and; 15, ſyr P.; [thus]; Syr here; here by; 18, 20, ſyr P.; 20, So [the]; 21, [they] were; 24, vnto; 25, therwith [alle]; [in his hand]; 32, ſyr G. the Haute; 33, than they two; 35, ſyr P. [alle]; 36, vnto.

485. 8, Now begynneth; 11, ſyr S.; 13, mother / and how he appeled an erle before kynge A. / for he made; 14, on our; 26, So whan duke; 27, ſyr L.; 29, vpon payne; none of them ſholde touche hym; 34, lefte hande.

486. 2, neuer no; 3, ſyr L. vnto; 5, where on horſback; vnto; 6, whiche; 7, full myghtely agayne; 10, ouerthrewe many good; And there; 11, on the ryght hande and on; 12, drewe abacke; 13, And therwith [all] the Haute pryce let; vnto; 14, the degree; 15, ſyr P. and ſyr B. de ganys. And ſyr S. and ſyr E. fought on ſote; 17, were they; 19, vnto the; 20, in bothe her; 22, And in lykewyſe dyd ſyr D.; 23, no man there; 25, morowe after ſyr G. the; 27, came in the meane ſeaſon; 31, croupe / ſo that he fell to ye erth; 32, vnto ſyr; 33, ſyr E.; So whan.

487. 2, ſyr P.; 3, [a] ſhorte; 4, [for]; 5, ſyr A.; 6, thus ſmyte; 7, [alle]; 10, ſyr P.; 11, iuſte ony; ſayd ſyr; 14, of them gate; in theyr hande; 15, that ſyr P.; brake; 16, [alle]; 20, vnto; 22, ſyr L.; 25, O ſyr; 27, ſyr G.'s; 29, to me; kyng A.; 30, [the] whiche; 36, couenable.

488. 2, vnto; where as; 4, whiche was; vnto; 5, knyght ſaraſyn whiche; ſyr C.; 7, this ſyr; 8, letted; 10, that ſyr; 14, vnto her; to ſyr C.; 17, ſyr P.; 18, ſyr C.; 19, rode to; 20, ſyr G. the; 21, redy [the]; 22, afore ſyr; 23, [at]; 25, ſyr D.; 26, and ſyr D. ſmote; 28, was a iefter & a; 33, ſawe ſyr; 35, [that] ye; and [the noble].

489. 6, and to the; ſyr D.; 9, at ſyr; 10, [the] dyner; 11, let blowe; and ſyr C.; 14, downe to the; 15, drewe theyr; 17, 18, ſyr C.; 18, ſyr P.; 20, gaue vnto ſyr; 21, made hym to knele vpon one of his knees; 22, ſyr P.; aroſe vp lyghtely and gaue hym ſuche a buffet vpon; 23, [ryȝt]; 24, [Corſabryn]; 25, ſyr C.; 26, worſte that thou canſt; 27, a ſtenche; ſo that; 30, ſyr P.; 32, vnto ſyr L.; 34, ſyr C.; 38. ſyr P.

490. 3, a vowe; tyll that; 7, And ſo dyd bothe; 10, to the; 12, there; 14, other / [and]; 15, caſt from theyr horſes downe to the grounde; 17, whiche were; 19, grounde; 21, toke a; 22, [alle];

U of M

23, drewe out; 25, many knyghtes; 27, there were many knyghtes that fledde; 28, ſayd to them; ſo frō; 30, all y^e; 33, ſayre bretheren; vpon your; 34, Durynge theſe wordes there came.

491. 4, ſyr B.; 5, vpon the duke C. of Claraūce; 6, erle [of]; 8, he at hym; 9, vnto; 11, ſyr D.; and he; 15, And whan; 16, he ſawe; 17, [and that he gatte betwixe two dyſſhes]; he ſerued; 18, ſayd vnto hym thus; 21, [wel]; ſyr D. vnto ſyr L.; 23, [ſir D. ſaid L.] And I enſure; 24, neuer mete the no more / nor alſo with thy; 25, meteth with me; 26, be ſo; buyſtous ſpere; 27, ſyr L.; make euer; 29, Quene G.

492. 5, holpe; 8, they began; 13, [there]; to make; 15, two; 16, ye may beholde; 18, that we; 23, the raungell; 26, ſyr G.; 27, where as; 28, all armed; 29, ſyr D.; 31, vpon hym; 32, with grete ſcornes they; 34, ſo they; 35, And than they; 36, vnarmed hym; them all; 38, ſo brought in.

493. 1, were there; 2, ſyr D. vnto ſyr L.; 3, aſſent of them all; 16, that I ſhall; 19, ſo euer; 20, vnto my; that I was; 21, [that] whan; 31, ſyr L.

494. 1, And than; 9, there ſet; 13, ſyr T. had he; 14, bruſed many knyghtes; 18, ye other were; 19, nothynge ſo ſore behated; 20, in the; 21, Syr neuewe; am full; 22, God thanke you my; 23, And than; for to be; in to an; 24, hors lytter; ſygne of grete; neuewe; 27, for to ete; 29, for to be; in to; 31, for to; 32, and his; 34, Whan the quene la; how ſyr T.; ſhe ſent; 35, ſyr T. was; 36, ſyr S.; wyſte that; [&] anone he had knowlege that; 38, ſyr S.

495. 2, [as] by; 5, [there]; 6, and [there]; 8, ſyr S.; 9, & gaue an other a grete woūde; but ſyr; 10, on his; 13, tyll [that]; 18, he had ſayd; 19, and by; 23, Returne we vnto; 26, were able to bere; 28, let bury; 29, within a; 31, vnto warre; 34, do make.

496. 1, [dyd] made; 6, forthwith; 14, lyke a traytour; that I; 19, other lettres; 21, vpon the ſaraſyns; 22, vnto ſyr.

497. 5, ſyr P.; 7, ſtreyghte to; 9, how he had; 12, ye well; mooſt noble; 13, yf that; 17, no more ſo; 20, for to; 21, that ſhe is; 23, And ſo; 24, y^t kyng; 26, And than anone; 29, for to; the ſaraſyns; 31, Dynas the Seneſſhall; 32, ſaraſyns; than he anone in all the haſte he myght put; 38, Whan la beale I.

498. 8, to that purpoſe; 9, and vnto ſyr S.; 14, to her worde; 15, had deuyſed; 18, with thoſe; 21, this countree; 22, countree foure; 23, whiche; 27, and for to; 29, And whan; how all theſe; [thus]; 30, were ouerthrowen; vnto ſyr; 31, how that; 34, ſyr T. was there; 35, ryght glad.

499. 1, that ſyr T. rode; and than he rode after hym; 2,

ryght grete ; 4, the whiche ; 5, put y^t^ caſtell in to theyr gouernaunce as theyr owne ; 6, was ryght well ; 7, [Royall] ; 14, vnto her lorde kynge ; 21, of his ; 26, on this ; 27, were not glad ; 28, by this crye whiche ; 30, at vs ; 37, & [to] la.

500. 1, [in] ; 2, [goo] ; 11, rechace ; 15, vpon a ; 16, me gretely ; 17, that ye ; 18, alſo well ; 19, for to ; and [to] ; 26, for to ; 27, drynke of that welle ; 28, vnto ; eſpyed that ; 29, helme vpon his heed ; 33, ſyr B. ; ſo forthwith [alle] ; 34, to them ; the good ; 35, that one to that other.

501. 1, ſayd ſyr Breuſe ſaunce pyte ; 2, well ſayd he ; 4, bycauſe kyng ; 7, the quene ; 8, in this ; 10, ſyr P. ; haſtely ſhall ; 15, vpon a ; 18, and a ; 19, that wyll ; 21, A.'s courte ; 25, ſyr B. ; 26, ſyr P. ; 30, hors and man ; 31, [thus] ; 33, vttermeſt ; 34, for all ; whiche ; 37, [euer] ; 38, was ſore.

502. 1, after hym ; and [thorugh] ; 2, B. ſaunce pyte ; fledde thus ; 3, [euen] ; 4, the one ; that other ; 5, and that other hyghte ſyr Harry le ; 6, ſyr P. de Galys ; 7, [of his tyme] ; 8, ſyr B. ; theſe thre ; 9, cryed aloude ; 13, is ſyr B. ; yf that ; 14, ony mercy ; here with ; 18, And whan ; 19, hymſelfe alone ; 22, And ſo than ; 25, euer he ; 28, on ye erth [thenne] ; vnto hymſelfe that ſyr B. ſaunce pite was neuer ; 36, grounde ; 37, dedes & actes ; 38, vpon.

503. 1, put vnto ; 2, B. ſaunce pite ; 3, And whan ; 4, vnhappy wyll ; 5, And than ; 7, vnto the ; as though he wolde ; And whan ; 9, ſhame of thyſelfe ; 11, bothe hors ; 19, 23, ſyr B. ; 23, he is of all cowardes the ; [knyghte] ; 27, ſyr E. ; 28, had mette ; 29, 32, ſir B. ; 30, and ſorowe ; 33, ſyr P.

504. 2, with hym ; 3, all redy ; ſyr B. ; 5, 6, ſyr P. ; 7, ſyr E. ; 8, nor no ; 12, ſyr P. ; 14, ſyr P. ; 23, And whan ; 24, ſyr L. was dede ; 26, aroſe vp ; 28, mete togyder ; [wyde] ; man myght ; 32, A.'s courte.

505. 3, for to ; 7, to daye ; 8, had ſlepte ; grēnynge ; 9, [and his hors ſtode by hym] ; 11, vpon ; 12, ſayd quod ; 13, quod ſyr ; 17, [And] as ; knowe ; 18, ſyr D. ; 19, tell me ; 21, fyght but yf ; 22, for to ; 23, ſtyll houed ; 24, come ; 25, that wyll ; 26, It is the ; 29, whoſe ; 30, ſyr E. ; 31, [ful] ; 35, ſyr D. ; 37, all arraunt ; 38, one for to ; another ; ſyr E.

506. 1, whether he wyll or not ; 2, Than ſayd ſyr D. ; 3, [al] ; 4, ſyr E. ; 5, how is it with you now ; 6, Me thynketh that ; ryght well ; vpon ; 7, ony good ; now reuenge my ſhame ; 9, from hens ; 13, ſyr D. ; 14, moche the ; 16, And ſoo ſyr T. rode ; 18, what meaneth ; 22, than was ; but a ; 23, [for] ; by cauſe he ſayd well ; 24, is but a ; vnto vs ; 25, yf ſyr L. ; 26, vpon thoſe ; 27, incontynent he ; 28, a lytell ; 32, hors croupe ; 34, as he ſerued the

ſyrſt knyght / ſoo he ſerued hym; 35, gate them vpon theyr fete as well; 36, and theyr; to do; vnto the vttermeſt.

507. 3, vs not; 5, ſyr G.; brother vnto; 6, vnto the noble; 8, is grete; 9, ye that ben; 11, in all; 12, but late agone (as I herde ſaye) that; 13, whiche; 17, waye as he dyd; 18, [ther] than had it ben nede to haue ben many moo knyghtes than; 19, [all]; them and rode; 20, And ſo; 21, ſayd the one to; 25, ſayd quod; drewe; 26, myghty buffet; 27, from his; and [he]; 28, And than ſyr T. turned hym vnto ſyr G. / and he; 31, rode ſtreyght; 33, before; 34, [ſyr] ſhe ſayd.

508. 1, is of all men the; 2, and is alſo a good knyght; 6, for to; 7, that he hath; 9, And euen ſo; 17, reſt; 18, [there]; 22, [that] he; 23, ſyr D.; A.'s courte; 24, rounde table; 26, the noble knyght ſyr T.; 27, ſayd ſyr D.; 31, vnto you; 32, but yf that ye; 33, ſyr D.; 36, whiche.

509. 1, good and noble; 8, ſay vnto; ye are; 10, that I; 11, la beale I.; 20, whiche; 22, tyll he; 24, [he]; 26, whiche; 29, hym wylfully; brake his; 30, ſyr D. began; 31, to drawe out his ſwerde; 33, ſyr D.

510. 9, a knyght arraunt; dreſſynge; 10, for to; 12, ſyr T.; 22, A ſyr D.; 24, grete ioye; this ſyr; 27, how he was; 29, there came; 36, ſyr G.

511. 2, and perceyue full well; 6, demed in hymſelfe; Than the; 7, dreſſed his ſheelde and drewe out; for to; 21, praye you ſyr T.; 26, and ye owe me euyll wyll ye may; 29, cōmaūde me; [ryght]; 31, ſyr D.; 36, well ynough; 37, of Ioyous garde.

512. 1, caſtell of; 5, ſyr P.; 9, ſyr D.; ſyr G.; 10, [there] laſted; 15, [but he wanne the degree]; that he; 17, that he; 26, to ſyr G.; 28, ſyr A.; ſyr G.; ſyr M.; 32, ſyr G.; 36, Truly ſayd; [& ſoo] I wold I had; 38, [or] on fote.

513. 2, [in] all the dayes of my lyf; 3, And whā the degree was; 4, ſyr A.; ſyr G.; 11, doth it; 12, ſyr G.; 13, drawe me to; 14, ſayd ſyr; 15, ſyr D.; 22, kynrede; 23, 25, ſyr P.; 28, [ſaid ſir T.]; 29, be he neuer; [nor ſoo]; 30, and byge; 31, [knyghtes] full ofte; 32, is nought; 33, ſaid ſir T.; 34, [owne]; 35, [Soo]; 36, herde a dolefull crye; 37, veſſell couered.

514. 2, and his company alyghted; [And]; 3, [and entred]; [And]; 6, [was]; [the]; 8, Than he was ware of; 10, ſayd he what; 13, [ſire ſaid the maronners that]; 17, [that ſomme of vs] we may; [as wel as other]; 18, [ſoo] as; [maronners]; it ſhall be; 21, to; 22, recōmendacyon / and vnto; 29, that this; a ryght; 31, maner of; 37, worſhypfull eſtates; [be]; 38, for to.

515. 6, ſeuen dayes; 9, ſyr G.; 18, as ye are; 20, to his; 27,

moche the worſe; 29, that I; [euer]; 30, am not; 35, forth on; a lytell; 36, rydynge all armed.

516. 4, that knyght; 5, kepe hym well; 7, hym to the groūde. And that knyght; 9, full hard; 10, to leue; 14, he tombled vp ſo; 15, and there he; 16, to haue dyed; 17, ſore of; 18, they departed and rode; 19, comyng agaynſt; 21, ſyr B.; 23, that other; 25, whiche at; 26, [the] whiche; 29, vnto la; 30, it vnto; ſyr B.; 31, ye therwith; 33, kepe the; 34, all the myght that theyr horſes coude renne; 35, And ſo the kyng.

517. 4, or that be; 5, redy to iuſte with me; to ſyr T.; 8, agayn lyghtly; 9, ſadde ſtrokes; 11, ſayd ſyr D.; 14, ſyr S.; 15, to ſyr D.; 16, 18, ſyr D.; 17, ſyr T.; 18, ſyr G.; 20, ſyr G. / that hors and man fell to; 21, to ſyr D.; 26, in to the; 28, ſyr D.; 29, bare the helme of; 31, there good; and ſporte; 32, to do to kepe them from laughynge; 35, vnto.

518. 3, was faſt on ſlepe; 4, in to the whiche ye; [in to]; me therto; 6, the whiche; 7, they that were; 11, was well; 12, And than; 14, ſuche [a]; wolde I; 15, So there; 19, our lord; 25, ſhall do; 26, by our kynge; 30, ſyr E.; 31, ſyr P.; 33, of two chyldren; 34, had in ſo grete ſauour; 35, his blode ſo well; 37, hym and his; 38, for to haue.

519. 1, ony rule; 3, hym as them lyſt. And; 7, as it is euer; 8, he wyll not therwith be ſuffyſed; 12, be well ware; 15, theſe falſe; 16, all armed; 19, two falſe; the one that; 22, vnto; 23, vnto the deth; 27, that I; 28, vnto; 33, as I haue.

520. 1, and tenemētes that; poſſeſſed in all; 2, ſyr E.; 3, his maker; 6, and that I; 7, came to; 9, vpon me / and reuenge; 10, [nor lord]; 11, This was; 13, our kynge; 14, on his; 15, ye poſſeſſe; 20, of the worlde; 21, am comen; 24, at my hertes eaſe tyll that; 27, we that ben; 30, two falſe; kepe it; 33, that ye; me for to; 38, nygh vnto.

521. 1, vpon; 3, here in this countre; 4, [euer]; 5, ſyr P.; 9, of kynge H.; 12, and he that; 13, in hande; 14, drewe; 15, many a; 16, And thus they fought more; 18, bothe his; 20, was curteys; 21, ſyr knyght; 22, ye be better; 24, ſyr P.; 25, that hyther am comen; 26, vnto ſyr; 27, ben now lyuynge; 28, the ſeconde ſyr T.; 29, & the thyrde; 31, It is well ſayd quod; 32, vnto; 33, vnto my.

522. 6, was not there / whiche is the beſt; 7, ſyr H.; 10, [that was]; 12, of the courte of; 15, for moche; 17, they let; to the two; 18, comen a; 20, in a caſtel; 22, He is ryghte; 28, the whiche is not yet chriſtened; 29, and yf he; 30, for to; 31, vnto; 36, faythfull; 37, alſo well.

523. 1, [the] whiche; 2, [full]; 6, ſyr H.; 7, that other hyght ſyr; 11, [that]; 14, vnto the; 15, thus he ſayd; ſir H. and ſyr; 17, [that]; for to; 19, whiche; 29, as euer; 31, ſyr H.; 33, pryde & preſūpcyon; 34, on the grounde.

524. 3, two or thre tymes; 4, Wherof ſyr P.; 5, [al]; 6, grounde; 8, a myghty ſtroke; made him to fall vpon one of his; 9, they bothe; 11, two wylde; 12, on the erth; 13, reſtynge; two large; brethed them; 17, a ſorowfull doole; 21, had endured well an; 22, vpon his; as well as; 24, vnto; wherfore hāgeſt; 28, fell vnto; 29, groūde; And than he ſtarte lyghtly to hym and raſſhed of; 32, hym vnto; 35, for to; [alle]; 36, [as]; 37, all the.

525. 1, So than were; 3, [as] at; 5, than he; 6, they that were in; knewe; 11, So ſyr T.; 12, within [the]; 15, goodly knyght; 19, ſyr D.; 24, for to; 26, for to reſt; And ſo; 30, ſpake vnto; aſked hym where were thoſe; 32, are ye; 33, that ye are.

526. 3, withall; 4, through ſyr T.; 5, thwarte the myddes; 6, grounde; therwithall; drewe; 8, for to; 10, [that] he; 11, hors by the brydell; 12, than he turned; 16, he ſmote his; 21, ſyr E.; 22, now bereth lyfe; 23, tell me yf ye; 24, ſyr T.; 26, ſyr E.; 28, is ſyr; 31, ſyr E.; rode vnto; 34, ſyr P. talked vnto ſyr T.; 36, ſo well.

527. 1, for to; 3, quod ſyr D.; 8, ſawe quene; 9, was ſo; y^t vnnethes he; 10, vnto theyr; but ſyr; 12, morowe; 14, bothe la beale I. & they; 18, 19, ſyr G.; 20, full fayre; 22, of ſyr; 23, So came a ſquyer to ſyr; 25, elles [to]; 26, that I bydde; come with; 27, ſayd ſyr; 31, ſhall encoūtre; 32, Than the; told ſyr G. his anſwere; 34, ſmote ſyr.

528. 1, a grete; there came; 5, there came; of ſyr; 9, [ryghte]; 10, [euer]; 14, ſyr G.; vnto ſyr G.; 15, this ſyr; hathe ben; 19, thyrde was; 20, ſyr D.; 21, that they [four knyȝtes]; 23, as longe as; 27, [all]; 29, hors and man; 30, ſyr V.; ſyr S.; 34, ſyr G.; 37, ſayd ſyr; 38, ſyr G.

529. 1, he y^t is; 3, la beale I.; 4, tyll [that]; 9, here; 11, a [grete]; 12, by that horne; 18, vnto a; 19, ſholde be; 20, vnto; 23, vnto our; 27, his naturall; 29, And whan; 32, wente vnto; 33, that the.

530. 4, not knowe; than ſyr T.; 5, I [haue]; meruayle me moche; 7, ſyr G.; 8, vs two; 9, vnto hym; [for] to; 14, tyll they; 15, cauſe that; 18, I can not tell you yet; 19, be vnto I; 25, ſyr G.; 31, 32, ſyr S.; [thenne]; 35, tyl that; 36, holpe ſyr; 37, holpe vp ſyr; 38, to theyr; they vnlaced his.

531. 2, hym ayled; 3, gaue hym; 4, an other as good agayne; ſyr P.; 7, nedes; 8, that ye; 10, ſyr S.; 13, ſyr G.; 15, ſayd ſir;

16, [alle]; ſyr P.; 20, ſhall we; 25, was in; 28, I. where ſhe; 31, Scotlande; 32, them do; 33, thoſe; ſyr L.; 34, not ſhewe you no certaynte; 35, of a certeynte it ben they.

532. 2, [lyghtely]; 3, roūde table; 4, Kay went; 10, coſyns to; 11, and that; 19, ſo that; 24, & ſo bothe his hors & he fell to ye grounde; 26, ſayd kyng; 27, hath iuſted full; 32, my two; 33, ſeuen of my; 36, whiche were.

533. 1, whiche rydeth vpon; [myghtely and]; 3, made to be set on horſback; thoſe two; 4, whiche ſyr E.; ſyr S.; 6, out his; 9, all other; 11, not to doo his parte on the; 13, wonder of hym; And there; 14, whiche rode at that tyme vpon a; lyke vnto; And he; 15, that rode vpon a; And he lykened ſyr G.; 16, two egre; 28, thoſe.

534. 3, ſyr L.; 5, [ſoo]; 6, 12, kynge A.; 7, ſyr L.; 14, let euery; 15, forth togyder; 16, ſoo that; 18, groūde; 22, tombled to the groūde; 23, from his; 24, And than [the noble]; 26, how that; 38, [that] thou.

535. 4, quyte it; 14, in this; 22, ſhe began to wepe; 25, with a grete ſpere / ſo that ſyr T.; 26, euer that; 29, for to reſt hym; 30, ſoo whan; 33, meruaylous dedes of armes; [none of]; wyſt.

536. 3, knewe that; was agayne vpon his hors; 4, made; 7, in hymſelfe that he; 10, that hym; that yf bothe; 17, of his dedes; 20, [hym]; 24, [euer]; ſyr D.; 31, [outher] and; 35, there came.

537. 6, to ſyr L.; 7, of his; 8, vnto the; 9, groūde; 11, Ryght ſo were; 14, but yf it; 15, body for body; 16, And whan; 20, whiche was; 21, and clene from; 22, [naked]; [& ſo]; 23, ryghte ſyerſly; well that; 24, [worſhypful]; 26, vnto thy ſelfe; 27, ſyr P.; 28, for to; 29, knowe that I neuer dyd; 30, in all; 31, [at]; 32, that I ſhall; whyle my lyfe laſteth; And yf; 33, from the gretteſt worſhyp that euer I had or.

538. 1, the trouth; 4, yf that; 5, Launcelot ye; haue borne; 6, that your; 9, [this day]; 11, [all]; 14, meruaylous dedes of armes; 18, Lyſtynoyſe; 22, there were; 28, and ſo well; kynge and the knyghtes had grete; 29, of hym . And than; 30, that ſyr P.; 31, to reſt hym; 32, bothe on fote and on; 34, degree; 37, ſyr D.

539. 1, and vpon; 2, ryght gladde; 6, all other knyghtes; the degree; all the; 10, reſted; 13, a ferre; well be; 16, [the] deuyll; 19, thou wereſt; 20, ſyr D.; 21, of none; in all my; 24, yf ſyr L.; 25, good quarell; is [to]; 30, for to be; 32, on the morowe.

540. 5, had I; 6, ſyr P.; whyle I lyue; 17, morowe; 18, Triſtram & la beale I. were redy with ſyr P.; 22, that the kynge &

ſyr L.; 23, [ryde] and la beale I.; ſyr L.; 25, kyng A.; 26, whiche; 27, all poyntes; 31, ſyr L.; 34, wyll [be].

541. 2, ſyr L.; 5, rode & came vnto her; gracyouſly ſalewed her; ſaue you ſayr lady; 7, to; 8, Thou vncurteis; 10, Kyng A.; 11, but alway; 14, his ſpere; ſawe the; 24, full ſtrongly; 27, ſuche a falle; ſayd vnto; 28, muſt nedes; 33, though I haue; 37, it had ben.

542. 4, vnto ſyr; 8, and thou; 9, before my; 10, that thou; 11, the kynge; 13, [that] he; 14, knewe; 16, one of them; that he wolde; 20, tell it hym; 21, [ſomeuer]; 22, vttermeſt; [ony]; but that ſyr L.; 24, ſayd ſyr P.; 26, not yet; 28, [ſaid ſire Triſtram]; 29, [And]; 30, ſyr P.; 32, made vnto; 33, that they.

543. 2, Lucan the Butler; 3, there at; 4, of Scotlande; 6, bothe ſo ſyers; 7, they fell bothe; grounde; 9, there in; 11, And in lyke wyſe ſir G.; 12, kynge A.; 13, L. du lake; 14, ſyr L.; 15, hym doo; meruaylous dedes of armes; 18, ſayd vnto ſyr; 20, ſyr P.; 23, Syr ſayd ſyr P.; 24, I haue done; 25, ſyr P.; to deceyue; 26, I muſt; 27, beſeche you; And yf nede be; 29, [thenne]; 34, he had grete meruayle of hym; 37, meruaylled gretely.

544. 2, vnto you; 3, none euyll; 6, vnto ſyr T.; 7, for to; 11, whiche now; 14, all the people there; double the dedes of armes that; 22, thoſe of; 24, how he doth; 26, 28, ſyr L.; 28, it nedes muſt; 34, that he.

545. 1, came there; 4, the noble knyght ſyr L.; 10, grete wonder; 13, forbore; kyng A.; 15, T. de Lyones; ſe how; 17, in this; 20, ſyr L.; 22, that ſyr; 24, Triſtram is of; 26, As kynge A.; 29, let theyr eyen go frō ſyr T.; 32, haue done; 34, for to ryde; 36, vpon his.

546. 4, for ony; 7, that we; 8, plucked vp now; 10, ſayd ſyr D.; 12, T. ſmyled; vnto ſyr D.; 18, So than whan; vnto a; 21, whiche; 22, that ye wyll lende.

547. 1, and brake them vnto theyr; 2, dreſſed them togyder; 3, full egrely; meruayled moche; 4, with hym ſo; 8, ſtrokes that one to that other; 12, for ſhe; 19, that ſayd vnto hym; 21, whiche was; 24, ſayd vnto; 26, to reſt you; 27, by cauſe that; 32, full well apayde; 33, not that he was ſyr T.; 34, well that he was; 35, fought they; 38, ſyr L.; whiche muſt.

548. 3, rather than; 4, ſhold be; 5, for to; 7, was all; 8, a grete; 9, groūde; 10, & to; 11, haue ye ſmytten; 14, And than; 16, that ſyr; 17, hym downe; 22, hym comynge; 23, [that]; 24, for he; 29, and ſyr D.; 34, 35, ſyr L.

549. 4, gaue vnto; 5, ſyr L.; you all; 16, wonders wrothe; had ſeen; 17, vnto the; 18, nor ſyr; 22, ſyr G. and ſyr D.; 23, vnto

theyr; And alwaye; 27, that ſame; that here is; 28, none of vs; ony nede; 31, y^t from; I not; 35, [A]; 36, [longe].

550. 4, ouermoche for me; 8, ſyr P.; 12, whoſe name; 13, that good; 15, neuer he yelded hym to me; 18, it you; vnto theyr; 20, and ſo ſet them at theyr table and wente to meet; 21, And whan la beale I.; 22, [thenne] her colour; 25, my dere lorde; 28, vnto your; 32, for alway; 33, [al]; 38, [ſore] ſyr L.

551. 2, [ſo] ye; 4, holde you excuſed; 6, [at that tyme]; 7, came in to theyr; 10, vpon vs; 27, ſyr L.; 30, ſoo fayre; 32, that I do knowe; 34, [the noble knyȝt]; 35, for ye are; And thus.

552. 1, of dyuers thynges; iuſtyng; 4, My lorde ſayd ſyr T.; ſyr D.; 5, ſyr G. of Orkeney; 6, kyng A.; ſyr G.; 7, it was; 8, ſyr D.; [to haue]; 10, ſyr L.; 12, he with; 16, moche people; 17, ſyr P.; 18, by cauſe he; ſyr L.; 23, [ryght wel]; 24, other maters; 26, [hertely]; 27, no reſt; 28, ſyr G. / and ſyr D.

553. 2, vnto; 4, la beale I.; 6, her ſtanding; 12, [alle]; and than he brake; 13, drewe; 15, ſyr P.; 20, with the; 21, drewe; 22, And than; 23, vnto; 25, 27, 29, ſyr L.; 28, do here; [this day] many; 31, ye knowe not; 32, vnto hym; 34, ſyr D.; wonders dedes of.

554. 1, [& worſhip]; 4, gate them; 7, vpon hym / that; 8, of Scotlande [with their Knyghtes]; 10, pryſoners; 13, brake it; 15, with his; 18, [du lake]; 19, hym the hors; 21, ſyr L.; 23, gentyll brother ſayd ſyr L. [vnto his broder]; 26, vnto; 27, and with a; 29, dedes of; 34, dyd / and mooſt ſpecyally; 35, gretely therof.

555. 2, vnto them; 5, to vs; 8, ſyr P.; 10, yow well; 12, ſyr D.; 14, And after that ſyr; 15, of Scotlande; 19, ſyr P.; 25, vnto; 29, voyce vnto; 32, rode vnto; 33, E. de Marys; and quene la; 35, came to hym; 36, & ye kyng of; 37, that rage.

556. 4, were [in]; 6, had ſpoken; vnto the gate of; 7, there ſyr P.; all on; 8, ſyr D.; is ſyr; 9, ſayd ſyr T. / wyll; 10, 12, ſyr P.; 14, me wrōgfully; as ye dyd; 16, ſyr P.; 18, ſyr B.; 20, reſted them; 21, dayes; 29, not be mery; 30, And ſo at; 34, as [the].

557. 7, la beale I.; 11, I wolde to god; 12, it [is]; 15, as ye had there; 16, ſyr P.; 20, ſayd y^e; 33, were ryght ſorowfull; 34, vnto ſyr P.

558. 2, not abyde; 5, a [fayre]; 6, hym whiche; 7, and [ther with he]; 10, ye not; 11, ſyr P.; 15, ye be none; ye; 17, ſayd ſyr; 18, ye well that I am ſyr P.; 20, [two]; wyte ye; 21, ben truly; 23, 25, ſyr E.; 25, vnto other; 27, ſyr P.; 30, ſayd ſyr; 33, none; 35, ſyr P.

559. 1, ſyr E.; 3, ye euer; 4, ſyr P.; 6, me the fouleſt; 8, had not done; 15, ſyr E.; 17, alas the; 18, ſayd ſyr; 19, as this; two

of his; 21, vpon his; than beynge; 24, toke our reſt by this; 25, here vnto me; 26, this ſame; 28, on horſbacke; 29, ſo ſore; 31, ferre more; 32, ſayd ſyr.

560. 1, vnto an; 2, toke his reſt; 3, for to; vndernethe; 6, aboute a x.; 9, the whiche; 10, [he]; 13, ſayd ſyr; 15, gate vp; 16, drewe out; [and their ſheldes]; 18, [at the laſt]; 22, [and badde hym take his lady]; 23, vpon his fete / for he; 24, ſayd lady; ſyr E.; he had; 25, hym for to gete her ageyne; 27, one that hyght ſyr; 28, ſayd ſhe; 29, lyfe that he hath loſt; 30, ſyr P.; 31, [A]; 34, ſayd ſyr; 35, largely; to haue me at a vauntage; 36, [ſir]; 38, [not].

561. 2, went to; 3, on ſote; 7, [durynge]; ſyr P.; 10, is ſyr; 12, ye wel; 19, And than; 20, vnto; 24, ſyr E.; 25, vnto; 29, ſyr P.; for to; 30, ſyr E. horſed and his lady; 31, amblynge hors; 35, wolde ledde them.

562. 3, [thenne]; this may be; 7, downe and; 8, [many]; 9, Fayre felowes; ſyr P.; 14, wente to; 20, wyte thou; 31, [that]; 33, ſyr P.; 34, for to; 36, haue yelded me.

563. 5, whiche; 6, iuſtyce done on hym; 11, ſo ledde; 12, ſyr P.; 13, at the; 18, vnto them; 20, and vnto; 22, [alle]; 24, from his; 25, herde before; 27, As ſyr T.; 33, whiche; 35, toke.

564. 1, come he put on; 2, how ſyr P. was; 3, to [his]; 3, 5, ſyr L.; 6, for to; [ſoo]; 16, ſayd ſyr; 19, yourſelfe as well; 20, for hym; And than; 22, brake; 23, drewe out; 24, and within; 25, but that they were layde vnto the erth; 28, ſyr P. of his handes; 30, Than was; 31, ryght well; 32, bycauſe that; 37, from the.

565. 3, that ye; 8, ſyr L. du lake; 10, many; 12, and vnto ſyr P.; 19, vnto the; that ye wyll ſporte with me; 22, or els ſoone; 27, had put of his helme; 29, ſyr P.; 30, vpon his.

566. 3, grete ioye; 6, ſyr D,; 9, had grete; as he was wonte to be; 18, that the whiche; [all]; 22, neuer more; 27, y^t there; 30, vnto a; 33, of the [that noble]; 34, whiche were meruayloufly well made / and full; 35, pyteoufly ſayd; 37, vnto; 38, [and troubled].

567. 2, to haue ſlayne hym; 3, But ſyr T.; 5, that he had hymſelfe; 7, herde all thy; 8, all thy; 13, ſyr P.; 15, of the worlde; 16, as it; 18, loued the quene la; 20, or elles; 27, as [to]; 29, ſyr T.; 30, ſyr P.; 36, vnto the; 37, ſyr P.

568. 3, the quene la; 4, daye of batayle; 5, [that we ſhalle doo bataille]; 8, ſyr P.; 9, am feble & lene; 10, of the quene la; reſt me; tyll that; 12, as that daye; 13, to ſyr P.; 14, me ones; 17, where at that; 18, ſayd ſyr; 20, kepte your; 23, [he] rode; 27, a thre; 28, that ye batayle; 30, of his thygh and wounded hym ryght ſore / and the; 31, [hurte hym]; 33, ſtreyght; with full; 36, hurte

that he had in his; 37, that myght; 38, vnto hym; euer ſyr Tryſtram.

569. 1, that ſyr Palomydes; bycauſe that; 12, and the thyrde; 13, So thus ſyr P.; 15, for to; 17, and that ſyr T.; 19, ſayd ſyr; 25, for to; And bycauſe thou; 30, hole and ſounde; ſyr P. that as; 34, ſyr T.; am I.

570. 2, by lykelyhode; 4, is now; 7, toke his armure & rode; 9, after ſyr P.; 20, [Allas]; 22, ſayd ſyr L.; 28, euer now & than.

Book xi.

571. 1, of ſyr T.; 6, on; 9, Kynge A.; 14, ſyt in that ſyege / is yet; 16, [ther]; 17, whan the; 19, tyl vpon; 20, the brydge; 23, ye are welcome; 28, [and dayes]; 31, G. hathe done.

572. 5, in thoſe paynes; called one of; 6, in that; well ſyue; 8, tyme that y^{e}; 12, ſayd vnto; 13, landynge & prayſynge; 14, almyghty god; 16, vnto god; and alle; [both]; 17, god / and ſayd; 21, do it; 35, ſyr L.; 36, name is ſyr Pelles / kynge.

573. 1, nygh coſyn; 2, [And]; 4, at the; in her byll; 6, as though all; 8, there came; 13, kynge Pelles; 15, ye well; 16, whiche ye; kynge P.; 17, full fayne; 19, dame E.; 24, came there; whiche was called; 25, vnto kynge P.; 26, well that; 27, ye muſt werke; by my; 28, for to lye; doughter E.; 29, O the mooſt fayre lady; 30, kynge P.; 31, this dame.

574. 1, lady quene Gueneuer; 3, that ſame; 4, this dame; 5, his doughter E.; to that; [vnto the caſtel of Caſe]; 8, vnto hym ſemynge; 13, And as ſoone as; 14, ſo madde; 16, that the lady E.; 17, was the; dame E.; 19, that the; 21, vnto ſyxe of the clocke on the morowe; 27, ſayd he; 28, am I.

575. 3, A thou; thou thus; 4, ſhe anſwered & ſayd; 8, a wyſe; 9, may not put this blame to you but to her that; 12, for her; 13, ſoo deceyued; 15, yonge lady dame E.; 20, [and]; whiche; 25, And as ſoone as her tyme; 29, fonte ſtone; 32, [the] whiche; 34, that he myght wedde her; 35, vpon a; 37, ſayd ſhe.

576. 6, brydge; 7, to you; 13, hors tayle; lyke as an; 18, vnto the grounde; began for; 22 as a; 26, dame E.; 28, moche where; 30, ye not; for all this; 32, me ſore; the chylde that ſhe had in; 34, dame E.; 35, vnto god that the childe myght.

577. 1, there came; 2, her byll; 3, And anone there; 4, y^{t} bare the; 6, and alſo ſhall; 11, vanyſſhed awaye; 12, may well be called; 14, trouth; kynge P.; 15, here come; 17, late ago; 18, to wete; 28, kynge P.; for to be; 31, whiche was; 34, to bedde

in to; 35, aboute y^{t}; But whan; 36, he made all the people to auoyde; 38, ſo [he] layde; [doune].

578. 1, whiche he; 2, whiche came; And ſo; 7, [there]; all armed; 8, drawen in; 9, ſayd to ſyr B.; 10, ſayd ſyr B.; 12, ſo at; 13, hym alwayes; [that]; to a; 14, went; there reſted; 15, reſted hym; 16, a newe; 20, and the; 21, ſmote hym ſo ſore that he fell downe; to ſyr B.; 22, ſayd that knight; 24, that at; for to be; 25, as [a] pryſoner and ouercomen; 28, for to reſte hȳ; 30, dores or; 31, he had grete meruayle of it; there fell many.

579. 1, [all]; 4, of his lorde kynge; 9, [alle]; 11, grete adders; 14, to go; 17, doue that euer he ſawe / with; 20, all y^{e}; 21, four ſayre; that bare foure tapers; 23, ſame ſpere; 25, vnto ſir; ye vnto; 28, that he; 30, that of; 32, in theſe.

580. 7, [for]; 8, wente; 10, rode vnto; 13, ſyr L.; 14, ſayre E.; 15, vnto ſyr L.; 27, for to; vnto; 33, beſeen than ſhe was.

581. 4, was [ſene]; 9, was ſore aſhamed; 11, not ſe her / nor yet ſpeke; 14, that ſyr L.; to her; 16, well that; dame E.; 17, her gentylwoman; 18, nerehande fleeth me; 22, dame E.; 27, nygh vnto her; 28, quene had; 35, ſyr L.

582. 2, vnto your; 7, came vnto; 8, be ye a ſlepe; 12, toke his; 13, vnto her; 14, them in the; 19, her gentylwomen; 21, agayne vnto the; all how ſhe had ſpedde; 22, [fals]; 29, in his.

583. 9, therwithall; 11, [alle]; 18, and vnto; [fayr]; 19, [lady] dame E.; herd quene G.; 21, at the; 26, for to loue; 27, hym aboue all other; all this; that hath; 29, and a cauſe; 30, hath; 33, I warne and charge you dame E. ſayd the quene / that whan.

584. 7, ſayd [the]; 9, there abyde; 11, a grete; 13, bay wyndowe extraught out; 15, Elayne / I can not tell you; 19, grete rebuke; 20, grounde; 22, ſorowfulleſt grone; 23, ony man; 25, ye may; vnto; 26, an hete; 27, [euer]; 29, ſayd dame E.; may [do]; 30, [and wete]; 31, or as; a good cauſe I haue; 33, ſayd dame E.; 34, I fere me y^{t} I ſhall neuer ſe hym.

585. 6, ſhe began to wepe; as ſhe had ben; Fy vpon; [de ganys]; 10, leder of vs all; 15, ſyr E.; ſyr L.; 17, groūde; a deedly; 18, was comen to herſelfe agayn; 19, her handes; 21, wote well; 27, and in wayes; as well bothe at; 28, and enquyre.

586. 1, So than at; 4, be ye goynge; 5, ſyr M.; 12, was comen vnto; 23, he [there]; 28, whiche; 30, ſayd vnto them; 34, bothe her; ſyr A.; 36, not abyde here.

587. 1, [thenne] ſayd ſhe; 2, [thenne]; 5, manfully; 8, whiche of; 12, As ſoone as ſhe came agayne to her ſelfe; 13, ynough for them; [ſoo]; 22, vnto y^{e} ſquyer; 23, than that he had anſwered; 24, ſyr A.; 26, an euyl; 28, and to flee; 29, they pulled; 33, and [they].

588. 7, and lyghtly; 8, ſhall ye; 11, quyckly; 12, went; 14, [thow]; his lorde; 16, ſyr G.; 18, ſyr A.; 19, cauſe ſaid ſyr A.; 25, And than they; 26, two wylde; 27, ſo within; 30, a lytel; had downe; 31, to the; 34, buryed; 36, but in no wyſe.

589. 4, ſyr A.; for thou; 8, not ſayd ſyr P.; 9, ſo they rode tyll; 10, they came; 12, of ſtone; 13, bandes; 19, & that I; 20, [euer]; 25, drewe; 27, and went; 29, [one]; 31, [euer]; 36, vndernethe; 38, vpon.

590. 2, [euer]; 3, he myght ſynde; 4, in a Toure; 8, yf that; [my]; 10, hym the beſt; 11, chere that he coude deuyſe all; 13, how [that]; 15, bydde my brother that he; for tell hym I am; 16, for to; 19, and [to]; truſt vnto; 22, daye whan I; telle them that; 23, ſee that; 30, is now; 34, ye were; 35, [they] did.

591. 1, of yours; 2, vnlykely; 5, [And]; 10, they mette; 13, [we]; to; 16, with theyr [noble]; 19, [ryghte]; 21, vpon; 23, a well fyghtynge [knyghte]; 26, a lytell; 28, the of gentylnes; 29, ſayd the other; neuer before; 30, neuer no maner of; the whiche; woūded and hurte me ſo daungerouſly; 31, of the roūde; 35, that haue; 36, for to; 37, [with your handes].

592. 2, vnto a; 5, [that] ye haue ſlayne me; 6, he wyll; 9, vnnethes I may; 14, god; that was at; 18, who [that]; holy veſſell; 19, of that; 20, [al]; were bothe; 21, lymme and hyde; 22, vnto almyghty god ryght deuoutly; 26, is a parte; 32, amended it as.

593. 1, [longe]; haue knowynge. ¶ Here endeth the . xj . booke of this preſent volume . And here after foloweth the . xij . booke.

Book xij.

593. 4, a lytell of ſyr E.; 5, [of]; 7, which; 10, ſaue his ſherte; And thus; 11, in to a; 12, [by]; 14, there lened agaynſt a tree; 17, gaue with; 21, bothe the; 23, for helpe; 25, menyuer; 27, good frende; 28, haſt; 29, not [to]; nygh me.

594. 5, come [ſo]; 6, [Thenne]; vnto hym; 9, groūde; as though; 10, braſt out at; [the] noſe / and eres; 12, there he crepte in to; and in that bedde there; 13, and lyghtly ſhe; 14, on the; 15, as though; 18, where ye madde man was; 20, is no; 28, ſyr B.; 29, thou in all haſte on; 34, and came.

595. 3, vntyll; 7, Thus ſyr L. was; 12, was ſyr; 15, theyr ſwerdes; 23, his cheynes; and from his; 24, hurte ſore bothe his; 30, [there].

596. 1, he was ſory; that he had bounde hym; 4, halfe a;

5, in a mornynge; 8, bothe on; & [ſome] on; 9, And at the laſt ſyr L.; 11, bounde to; 13, vnto; 15, vnto a; 17, hym ſodeynly and roue; 18, of ſyr L.'s hors; ſyr L.; 20, the huckle bone; 21, gate hym on; 22, drewe out; 23, and whan he ſawe; 24, came vnto; 25, [home]; 28, And than the; 29, ouertake; 30, than no; 32, me ryght; 35, waye faſt / and in his waye he.

597. 5, full grete; 9, to the; 13, of [his]; and wexed; 15, in to the; 16, had borne; 21, [ouer]; 22, neuer more; 23, theyr legges / and ſome theyr; 25, for to reſcowe; 28, they all; 29, vnto his; 31, there were [but] fewe or none that wolde; 33, whoſe name; 34, & [ſo] he; kynge his vncle for to.

598. 2, [ſyr] C.; 3, And ſo ſyr; 11, for to; 15, where as; whan dame E.; 17, [alle]; 18, downe to; 19, [thus]; 20, went; 21, vnto her; 22, hymſelfe; 26, ſporte me; 27, byleue it; ſayd ſhe; 28, that he ſholde be dyſtraught; 29, ſayd kynge P.; 30, vnto hym; 38, after [the].

599. 1, kynge Pelles; all the; 3, all this; vpon; 5, where as; 7, & vncouered; 8, was all; 9, [that he]; 12, & dame E.; 13, and thus he ſayd . O good lorde Ieſu; 15, how [that]; 16, man / all out; 17, ye haue; 18, tyll that; 19, welle ſyde; 21, ſo ye; 26, kepe it ſecrete and; 29, [for] to; out of the countree of; 30, than a; 31, euer [that]; 32, Fayre lady E.; 34, well how; 35, [that]; vpon you; 36, on the morowe; 37, me [for].

600. 8, & that my; 13, [alle]; vnto her; 19, greteſt; and alſo ye; 21, of the noble knyght ſyr L.; 27, as moche to ſaye; 28, [euer]; 32, [here]; 33, ye well; 35, aſked; [of] mercy; 36, as longe as.

601. 2, encloſed with; 12, on a; as though; 13, all to breke; 14, ſyxe myle; 16, loke that thou; 17, all the knyghtes that ben there / that; in [the]; 18, that his; 19, all knyghtes; 22, drewe many; 25, dyd ſuche dedes; 26, frenſſhe booke; 27, [all the]; yet there; 31, ſo as; fayre caſtel; 32, in to it; 33, none fynde; 34, that other; vpon her.

602. 1, aſked her who; 2, ſayd the lady; 3, is dame; 5, well ſaye now; 12, the damoyſell / ye; 14, that ſhall; 16, vnto; 17, vntyll I knowe; maner [a] of; 20, E. de Marys; [and] here; 21, ſyr P. paſſed; 22, vnto; ſayd to the; vnto the; 23, that here; 25, there ye ſhall fynde; 30, groūde; And than; drewe out theyr ſwerdes; 32, two wylde; 34, [there]; 36, knyght as ye are; 38, you as ye are a.

603. 2, whiche; 5, that are; rounde table; 6, felowe in kynge A.'s courte; 10, [thenne]; ſayd vnto hym; 12, your ryght name; ſyr L. anſwered & ſayd; 14, Benwycke; 15, by [the] quene G.;

17, [yonder]; 18, Now ſyr I praye you for; 23, had grete; 24, there ſhe; 25, the greteſt chere that ſhe coude deuyſe; 27, was there.

604. 1, we of; in [the]; 2, fayre lady; 3, we vnto; 4, whiche; 6, ſo as they rode thus; of kynge B.; 10, thoſe two; 12, morowe after; 15, A.'s courte; 18, hym vnto; 22, within ſhorte ſpace after theyr departyng they; 24, was ſyr; 25, make hym; 27, turne vnto; 29, came vnto; 35, may ryght well; 36, wolde neuer.

605. 5, vnto; 6, vnto the; 18, but he; 26, began to tell of all the aduentures how; al the tyme; 28, mal fet / as moche to ſaye; 31, ſhe wolde; 32, Than afterwarde; grete ioye.

606. 3, haue founde; 4, And ſo the kynge helde hym ſtyll and ſpake; 13, [thus]; 19, yere and more; 21, of the Sancgreall; 23, ſayd la beale I.; 26, vnto; 29, la beale I.; 30, ye are.

607. 1, ye whiche; 3, [all] the; 5, his worſhyp; 14, myſelf alone; 18, at his lady la beale I.; 21, had almooſt; 26, neuer yet; 27, y^t^ myght; 30, therwithall; 32, in an; 34, ſyr P.

608. 1, his grete; 6, wylte; 8, thy malyce; ſyr P.; 10, the diſhonour; 12, that I knowe; 14, well thy; 16, aſke you; 17, the caſe; 18, at all poyntes; 23, Wyte thou well ſyr P.; 25, ſyr P.; 29, wylte not; 30, is chryſtened [many a daye]; 32, whiche; 34, but one; 35, be chriſtened.

609. 2, ony lenger; 3, whiche; 5, ſyr P.; 7, on a; 8, he full; 9, that ye wyl tell; ſayd he; 10, rounde table; 13, ye ſe that; 16, ſyr G.; 17, requyre you; 20, brother vnto; 24, or elles I hym; 25, or [euer]; 26, your grete; 28, ſyr G.; 32, yet as well as; 38, And than.

610. 1, drewe; 2, [al]; 4, Than they; 5, [to gyders] that one vpon that other; lyke two noble; 6, whiche; but alwaye; 13, [woode]; 14, and than he; 15, groūde; 17, ſyr P.; paſſynge ſore; & alwaye; 22, ſyr T. had ſlayne hym; 23, ſyr P.; a full; 24, ſyr P.; 25, at a; me a daye; 26, no good; 29, Than ſpake ſyr P. and ſayd vnto ſyr T. . As for to; 30, ony more; 31, ſyr P.; that I haue done vnto; 32, but and yf it pleaſe you we may; 33, Iſoude / kynge Markes wyfe; 34, dare well.

611. 1, her and bycauſe of her I; 3, whiche; 5, greuous & ſadde; 6, well ſay; no man; of ſo grete a myghte and ſtrengthe; 7, were the noble knyght; 8, lord ſyr T.; 9, [ſame]; 10, vnto; I wyll be clene; 11, [now]; we wyll; 12, all togyder; of my lorde kynge A.; ſo that we may be; 13, of Pentecoſt; 14, ye haue ſayd; ſhall it be done; your euyll; 16, Suffrygan; whiche; 18, came afore; 19, cōmaunded to ſyll a grete; 24, were kepynge a courte ryall of the mooſt noble knyghtes of all the worlde; 25, table were there at

that tyme; 27, ſyr G.; 28, the noble; 30, towarde Ioyous garde; ¶ . . . . whiche was drawen; here after ſhall folowe; is called.

612. therfor vpon all; bleſſid lord Ieſu haue thou mercy / that by the vertue of thy bytter paſſyon our ſynnes may be forgyuen vs. And at the laſt day of our iudgemēt / that we may come to thyne euerlaſtynge kyngdome in heuen. Amen.

Book xiij.

612. 3, they all herde; & than all the tables were couered / redy to ſet theron the meet; 8, And than the kynge ſayd; blyſſe you; 9, ſhewe; may ye; 10, kynge A.; ſyr L.; 12, [on] wt me; 13, that ſhe; 14, what is your wyll; ſyr L.; 15, knowe and vnderſtande; 16, I ſhall; 17, to ſadell; his armure; 18, vnto ſyr; 26, he ſawe; 27, to open the; 31, ware lyenge.

613*. 4, Soo god; 5, hath brought; 6, as they ſtode thus; 7, whiche; 10, ſayd the ladyes; 11, for to; 13, behelde yt; 14, ſawe he was; 23, fayleth hym not; 25, of my lorde; 28, vnderne.

614*. 2, that ſayd; 4, they all; a full; 11, that none; 18, ſaye trouth ſayd kynge A.; 20, [ſo] that; 23, kyng A.; 25, than ſayd the kynge; 28, as it had ben; 29, and a ryche; 32, he by whome I; 34, theſe; 35, that ye be.

615. 1, to it; belongeth not; 2, for to; 7, my fayre; 8, ye ones; ſayd he; [good]; 11, therwithall; kynge A. vnto ſyr G.; 17, ſayd ſyr G.; 18, kynge A.; 19, And than he badde ſyr P.; 21, therwithall; vpon the; 22, at it; not ones; 23, no moo; 25, kyng A.; 26, alle the knyghtes; 27, the yonge; 28, no knyghtes; 31, but for all that / the hall; 32, they were all.

616. 2, that knewe; 7, that is of; 9, wherfore; 15, fyne ermynes; 16, olde man; 17, folowe after me; 19, olde man; [thus]; 20, ſyr G. the good knyght; 21, old man; 23, for ye haue; 25, Pechere; 26, vnto them; that I ſhall; 33, none but that he were.

617. 1, ſyr B.; 4, had greate; 6, that he; 8, vpon kynge; 9, lye [by]; ſyr G.; 12, knyghtes of the roūde table; 13, went; 14, ſyr G.; 18, [ryght]; hath; 21, vnto the; 27, to; 31, ſurete.

618. 2, in to ye ſcawberde; 4, vnto you; 5, was belongynge vnto; 9, ſyr B.; 11, all the other; 13, and ſhe; 14, [that]; 15, ſyr L. anſwered; 16, [with]; [how]; doynges ben; 17, to daye; mornynge; ſyr L.; 19, now [he]; 20, be openly proued a lyer; one now; 22, ſet [to]; 25, ſyr L.; 27, yet are; 30, tell you; 32, And ſo the damoyſell toke her leue &; 34, rounde table.

619. 5, longed to; 6, all the meanynge of [for this entent];

7, ſyr G.; 9, they all; 13, for to take; 14, And ſo he dyd; 16, in the; there he began; 18, and exceded all; 22, quene Gueneuer; 23, And whan; 25, it is no; 32, well ſaye that; 33, of all the; the eſtates; 34, Camelot mynſtre; And ſoo after that they wente to ſouper.

620. 1, *wholly omitted;* 4, to ryue; 9, [afore]; knyght that; 11, on other; dombe; 19, vnto god; his [good]; 20, kynge A.; ought gretly; 21, Ieſu Chryſt; 26, ony lenger; 33, & auowed the ſame; 34, *wholly omitted;* 35, And anone; 36, gaynſay.

621. 5, for there; many dye; 10, in to his eyen & ſayd; 11, ſyr G. ſyr G.; 13, more here; 20, is to me grete; 22, [ther] y^t no tongue myght; 26, bycauſe thoſe knyghtes ſholde departe; 30, that haue.

622. 1, [and]; theyr ladyes; 2, ſyr G.; 4, ſyr L.; 7, [of the world]; 8, and ſo therfore; 10, Than was; 11, ſayd vnto the quene / Madame in as moche as ye knowe it of a certaynte; 14, ſyr G.; 16, he reſted hym; daye lyght; 18, wente he; ſyr G.; & vnto; 19, kynge A.; ſayd agayn; 20, ſyr G. ſyr G.; 24, thou wylte; 29, that there; 31, to the; ſyr L.; ſyr G.; 33, were all; 37, had taken; ye Sancgreall.

623*. 1, by [the]; 2, rounde table; 5, [and helde her]; 6, ſo that; apperceyue; 7, went in to the; 8, O ſyr Launcelot; 9, to [the]; 10, ſayd ſyr L. / I praye; 13, [he] be to you; 15, vpon; 20, lord of that caſtel; 26, beſt lyked; 27, ſyr G.; ſo he; 30, to a; 31, he was; 32, of two; rounde table; 33, and that other was; 34, vnto hym; 35, to ſouper.

624. 1, ſayd they it; 3, but yf; or els; 5, this ſtraūge; 6, 8, ſyr G.; kynge B.; 8, I agree; 9, [me]; 10, 16, kynge B.; 15, and therfore; 17, the beſt; 19, ſyr G.; it wyl; you [to]; 20, ye knowe; [that]; you here; ſyr G.; 21, [good]; 22, the whiche ſholde brynge; 23, a two; in a; 24, [And]; a goodly; 26, in the; 27, kynge B.; 29, and threſte hym; 37, from me.

625. 1, nor [for]; 5, to no; vnto ſyr; 6, kynge B.; aſked hym; 7, I am ſore woūded ſayd he / & full harde; 8, to an; 10, and his wounde was loked vnto; 14, king B.; 16, ſyr G.; 17, his armure; 19, to god; 20, 23, 25, ſyr G.; 21, that ſhall; 22, ſyr V.; 27, . xxx . yere; that toke; 28, [hooly]; and at; 30, vnto a; 31, came vnto.

626. 1, the whiche; 2, vpon a; 4, vnto; that he; 6, [there]; 7, vnto the; 11, Tollome; kynge E.; 13, and than anone; 14, vpon; 16, ſmytten of; he bare; 18, & touche; 22, than was; 25, or not; 26, whiche at.

627. 1, deth bedde; 2, made grete; 4, thou ſhalte [departe]; 5, [of yours]; on the; 6, ryght gladly ſayd Ioſeph; the ſheelde;

7, in to y^e^; 11, but that; 13, no man; 14, ſyr G.; 15, ſhall haue it; 16, the whiche; 25, ſyr G.; beſought hym; 26, tyll that; 27, wyll ye; 28, hygh ordre; 29, vpon me; And ſo; and than they; 31, full grete; 33, where as was; 34, ſayd he I deme.

628. 1, ſyr G.; 6, nere me; 7, ſyr G.; 8, but quyckly; 9, lepe out therof; 12, voyce that ſayd; [enuyronne]; 13, hurte the; 16, curſed body; 20, [in the Tombe]; [for]; 21, hardnes; 26, was but; 27, ſyr G.; 28, all that; on the; 33, ſyr G.; [that]; 34, vpon you; 37, me [a]; 38, ſyr G.; Than ſayd ſyr M.

629. 2, graunte you ſayd ſyr G.; 7, vnto a; on that; 9, for to; 10, that thou goo not; 13, not there; 14, ſyr M. vnto ſyr G.; 17, 19, ſyr G.; 18, Nay I pray; 21, ſyr M. rode; 30, come; 32, defende.

630. 5, A ſyr M.; 7, that other; 8, he ſayd . Sir; 10, ſyr G.; 13, ſyr M.; 16, And ſyr; 18, 20, ſyr G.; of the leues; 20, [euer]; And than; 22, vnto the grounde; 25, of the; 30, it pleaſeth god; 36, the ſpace of.

631. 2, ſyr G.; 3, in hand; 9, were ſo; 11, of a true and good lyuer; 14, of the holy; for to be; 17–18, [and no knyȝtly dedes in worldly werkes]; 18, is the; 19, from ſyr; 21, and theſe were; 22, holy knight ſyr G.; 23, and the; doth ſignyfye; 24, entyerly; ſyr M.; withoute ony; 26, ſyr G.; betoke; 28, ſe you; good helth; ſyr G.; 29, he toke; 32, that was; 33, alwayes wonte; or that he.

632. 4, ſayd thus; [thow] now; vnto; 5, all the wycked; 7, Whan as; 10, the whiche hyghte; 12, 14, ſyr G.; 16, knyght ſayd the olde man / to returne; 17, ſayd ſyr; 18, his armures; 20, that ſayd; 22, for to; here ouer this; ſayd ſyr; 23, And ſo he departed; And than he; 24, ſayd . Syr knyghte; 25, forbyd you that; 26, Fayre felowe ſayd ſyr G. I am comen [for]; 27, Syr ſayd the ſquyer; 28, ſyr G.; 31, ſawe ſyr; 32, ſyr G.; 33, they all for; 34, Than ſyr.

633. 5, ſyr G.; 6, vntyll; 8, the whiche ſayd to hym; 10, ſtrete; 11, & they ſayd; 12, And than; came vnto; 14, here [to]; 15, and wycked cuſtome; 16, ſyr G.; 17, all thoſe; 20, ſayd ſyr G.; And thā the gentylwoman; 21, rychely bounden; 22, ye this; 23, And whan; 24, there a; vnto ſyr; 27, whiche; 29, a ful fayre; 37, vpon a; 38, to me.

634. 4, yere tofore; 9, ſyr G.; 10, [theſe]; 12, her yonger; 14, to do; vnto the dukes; 15, on the; 16, one vnto ſyr; [that] ſyr G.; 17, ſyr G. and ſyr V.; 18, And than he toke; 19, to god; 20, ye hiſtory; after that; was departed; 21, many dyuers; 22, ſo at; vnto y^e^; where as; 23, the very way; 24, for to folowe; vnto; 25, ſyr M.; 26, had done; Truly; 27, all the; 32, he is blyſſull; 33, ſtode thus; 34, grete ioye.

635. 6, came vnto; 8, And than; banyſſhed; 12, one of y^e^ ſeuen; 20, and fro whens he came; 21, ſayd he; 26, called hȳ; 27, ſayd the good man; 28, you vnto; 32, ſo euer he gooth; 34, for truly; 36, by your two all alone; 37, y^t^ he.

636. 2, [Iheſu]; 3, whiche; 4, good knyght ſyr G.; 6, thraldome; 13, *wholly omitted;* 15, rounde table; 16, had rydden; 20, and ſpeketh; [we]; of the noble knyght ſyr G.; 22, vnto a; 24, but none of them bothe; vpon his ſone; 26, and ſyr; ſoo harde; 27, bothe hors; 29, and yf the ſwerde had not; 31, Theſe; were; 34, certaynly; ſyr L. and ſyr P.

637. 1, whan ſyr G.; 2, withall with the; 3, frowarde them; ſyr G.; 5, within a; 6, with an; vs aſke; 8, came vnto; 11, vnto a; 14, not well; 17, to a; he put of; 18, he wente vnto; 20, [clene]; 21, [clene]; 23, a greate; 25, came agayne; 26, and his; 30, bothe.

638. 3, And thus a greate; 5, but he coude ſe no; 8, ſyr L.; 9, vp ryght; 11, the holy; to me; 12, this greate maladye; vpon; and vpon; 15, this maladye; 17, agayne with the candelſtycke; ſyr L.; 18, it became; 20, 21, afterwarde; 21, vp ryght; 22, Than anone; 23, Certaynly; 24, ryght hertely / for; haue ryght greate; 25, whiche hath had neyther grace nor; 26, durynge the tyme that this holy veſſell hath ben here preſent; 27, that this ſame knight is defouled with ſome maner of deedly ſynne / wherof; 36, ſo they.

639. 1, hymſelfe vp ryght; 2, there ſeen; 3, he herde; 10, had more; 11, vnto his; 13, that his helme; was taken; 15, wretchedneſſe; 21, and alſo; 24, foules of the ayre; Than was he; 26, he well; 27, a wylde; 28, vnto an hygh mountayne / and there he; 29, to; 30, ſyr L.; vpon bothe his knees; [on]; 31, that he had done; ſyr L.; 32, the heremyte to hym and; his confeſſyon; 34, of the noble; 35, whiche; 36, and gretely magnyfyed . And now it is ſo / my; 37, and caytyfe of the world; Than the; 38, ſo ſore.

640. 6, with your; 9, ought for to gyue vnto god; 10, to you; 11, to god; 12, to drede; 15, and made full heuy chere; 16, tell me trouth; 19, whiche; 22, [and oute of meſure longe] many yeres; 32, the heremyte by his fayth that he wolde no more come in her company . Loke.

641. 1, here tofore; 2, [hand]; meruaylle therof; 3, that a; 7, more harder; 8, neyther by; 11, [of] grace; 13, for to; you [the]; 14, & hath gyuen you; ye haue; 15, all tymes; ye came; 16, you no; ye shall; 17, ye wyll or not; 18, bytterer; 21, I ſhall; 23, lorde Ieſu Chryſt; 25, coude not fynde one in all; 27, in the; 28, with leues; 32, neyther; 33, Certaynly; 37, enioyned.

642. 1, ſo he; prayed hym; ¶ Here leueth the ſtory; and ſo

endeth the . xiij . booke of this prefent volume. ¶ Here after the . xiiij . booke whiche treateth of the noble knyght fyr P.; etc.

Book xiiij.

642. 8, G. his fone; 9, here aboue reherfed; 11, whiche; 12, and anone; 14, fayd he; 15, So whan; 16, made paffynge grete; gretely fhe loued; 17, all other knyghtes of the worlde; for fo of ryght fhe; 18, that the; fhold be; 19, fyr P.; 21, vnto.

643. 1, I was fomtyme called; 3, fo moche my; 4, grete pyte; [that]; 5, fhe was; 6, ye ony; from your; 7, herde not of her in a grete whyle; haue dremed; 8, Certaynly; 12, our lyfe; 15, fayd his aunte; [this]; he oughte; 18, handes; 22, reforte vnto; 29, fuche a; 30, that fholde; 33, do to the achyeuynge of; 37, and of.

644. 1, whiche herde; 3, fyt therin; [al]; 4, whiche; And than; 6, vpon; 12, that is; 14, folowe after; 17, [there]; 21, And after; 22, that was well clofed; 24, in to a; 25, full good; there all; 26, a maffe; 35, were all.

645. 1, how his; 3, vnto our; 4, and fayd on hygh; 5, layde hym; 6, for to; 8, vnto; 9, receyued it; and he; 16, that hyght; 17, alwayes; 18, vpon a; 20, tyll that; 23, whan; 24, may ones; 27, the knyght; 29, ye fhall openly fe that your; & or than; 31, aboute a thre; 34, [that] ye be; & knyght of.

646. 1, and knewe his; 2, made of hym; 5, that was [dedely]; 6, and fayd / of; 8, grounde; 10, groūde; 14, [me]; 17, groūde; 19, for to; 20, or els; 23, fawe fir G.; had grete; 25, [And thēne he]; 33, me or defyre me; 37, may I not; 38, hym you; ony other man.

647. 1, in my lyfe fo; 4, ryghte well; 10, rydynge after; 12, [fir]; 13, why [fyr]; that of me; fayd the yeman / that; hath taken from; 14, me by; 15, fo euer he; 16, that I fholde do; 19, folowe; how ye; 20, moūted vpon; 28, forth his.

648. 1, [grete] euyll; 8, yndly; fyr P.; 14, tyll; 15, that rored; 18, paffe ouer it; 19, the fygne; on his; 21, & makyng; 22, to hym; 23, [the] whiche; 27, fawe he; 28, [the] whiche; 34, as foone as.

649. 2, the mooft; 3, and there . . . . till; 4, [hym]; 7, Whan fyr P.; 8, that / he; the whiche; 9, put of; 11, lyke a; 12, hym with his hande vpon; and gaue thankynges vnto god; 14, hym vnto the place that he came fro; 15, ftory; 16, he was; the whiche; 18, perfytely in almyghty god our fauyour and redemer Iefu Chryft; 19, more in confyderacyon; 20, the noble knyght fyr P.; 21, that

no; 22, hym nor peruerte hym out; for to endure and perſeuer; 27, there mette with hym two; 29, & that other; 35, who was her; 37, and wyſte not where ſhe became.

650. 3, to me; 4, ſayd he; 7, [as he gat his pray]; 8, [Saye me for what cauſe ye ſlewe hym]; 9, well that; 10, a more; 16, ſaue ſyth; 17, And therfore; place ſomeuer; 20, his viſion; 25, at the border; 28, good man; 29, rounde table; 31, dureſſe and myſerye; neuer am I; 32, ye not; yf ye; 33, hygh ordre of knyghthode; and alſo of; 34, and ſholde be; nor myſtruſt that; ſholde hurte nor fere you.

651. 2, She that; 3, lyon (ſayd the good man); 23, lyon that; 24, [and he ſtryked hym vpon the back]; 27, come; 31, was a; 32, was rychely beſeen; 34, in to this.

652. 4, And than; 5, ſayd ſyr P.; who tolde; 6, [Now] Damoyſel ſayd ſir P.; 10, [knyghte]; 12, ſhall ſommon; 13, [to fulfylle]; 14, [now]; 15, to a; 16, in to that; 18, was his; drowned; 21, lately; truly madame ſayd he / I haue eten; 23, good & holy; 29, me this.

653. 4, taken from hym; 8, gete them; 9, And bycauſe I; 11, that is; 12, & yf ſhe; 16, to brynge; 21, meet ynough; 22, [ynough]; table moche meet; 23, And there was ſo grete plente that ſyr P. had grete meruayle therof; 25, as hym; withall; 29, his loue; And than; 30, for bycauſe; 31, [euer]; 32, chafed.

654. 1, ye fayre lady; 3, what ſomeuer ſhall; 4, that I mooſt deſyre; 9, vpon the; 12, on his; 13, withall; 15, cryed out; 16, [ne]; 17, that was nere; 18, in to the; 20, cryenge / that; 21, that all; 26, my good; 27, ſelf [a]; 28, that whiche; 29, whiche is my; 32, oryent come; 33, And than was.

655. 1, how he had done ſyth he departed from hym; 2, that lad me; 3, ſynne / & tolde hym all; 4, ye her not; [Syr] nay ſayd he; 9, vpon the.

Book IV.

656. 1, Now whan; 11, ſayd he; 12, [good man]; here deed; 14, a relygyous man; 18, & an; 19, ſo hardy; but that he wolde; 26, where as; 31, [the] whiche; 32, ſawe that; 33, vnkel [the].

657. 9, vpon a day; 12, for to haue; 13, no more; 14, preſerued hym; 15, [alle]; 16, man the; 21, in the ſyre; 22, and yet was; on the; 24, ſkynne peryſſhed; 26, haue tolde you the trouth; 27, with an horrible; 31, countree ſayd the good man; 33, may ye; 35, longe of; were ye.

658. 3, ſayd ſyr; 4, on the; 5, Than ſayd ſyr; 8, you ſkynne;

and gretely; 10, of the holy; 15, [thenne]; 16, ſyr L.; 19, more nerer; 23, good herborowe; eaſe you; 27, toke of; 28, to the; 29, he myght neuer agayn; 31, hym that he had a vyſyon. That hym thought there; 32, all be compaſſed.

659. 1, [the] heuen; 2, Than ſyr L.; 3, to heuen; 4, opened; & that an; 16, his helme; 17, And whan; 21, vnto; 22, had almooſt; 24, & toke his hors; 30, ſyr L.; 34, at a.

660. 1, Now ſyr L.; 2, haue vnderſtande; 3, this. After the; 7, a ryght holy; 10, Lyſyas; 12, [there]; 15, 22, [the] whiche; 19, that thou; 22, begate vpon; 24, an erthely ſynner; 27, ſyr L.; 34, [and to alle] vnto.

661. 1, ſyr L.; 4, moche the; 7, praye thou onely vnto god; 10, that it greued; 19, theyr horſes; 20, all vpon; 21, wherof ſyr L. meruayled gretly; 23, vnto the worſte; 24, [there]; 26, bothe hors; vnto; 30, doo ſuche dedes; 32, to wery; wynne hym.

662. 1, that he; 3, all they; 6, and than; 9, ſorowe and ſayd. Neuer; 10, [neuer]; but that; the better; 13, in deſpayre; 15, he there; 17, to paſture; 18, ſyr L.; 20, lyghtly turned; 22, he became; Than he armed hym and; 25, ſyr L.; 26, bycauſe he; 28, what he wente; 31, he told her; 32, for to tell.

663. 1, ſyr L.; 2, meruaylouſt; 3, & the; 7, lord Iesu Chryſt; 9, for to; 10, the good kynge; 12, clothed in; tell the; On the daye; 22, vnto that; 24, in the; 29, were ſoo; 31, vnto; 37, with the.

664. 9, vnto god; 12, toke the water; with a; 14, and without ony worde ſpekynge; 15, paſſed forth; he became.

Book xvi.

664. 23, and all that whyle coude he ſynde; vpon a; 24, that ſyr G.; 25, of them made; ſo that; 26, they two talked vnto the other and.

665. 2, they all; 3, [haue]; 5, ſyr P.; 6, nor of; [foure]; 7, no erthly; 9, and yf; four knyghtes; 11, yf [they] thoſe knyghtes; 12, remenaunt of vs knyghtes of the rounde table to recouer it; [as] ſyr E. and ſyr G.; 13, vpon a; 14, was all to waſted and broken; that it ſemed; 16, & than thoſe two knyghtes; and there they were in theyr; 17, And ſoone after they ſet; 18, And ſo as ſyr E. and ſyr G. ſpak; 19, of other; 20, full ſtraunge & meruaylous aduentures in dremynge. And fyrſt of ſyr G.; that he; 22, the whiche; 23, [al]; one of the thre; 27, Let vs go hens; 33, ſyr G.

666. 1, ſyr E.; 3, of one; 4, vnto the; 8, And than; 10, of that; 12, fro whens he came; thus alwaye ſlepyng ſir E. dremed that he and his brother ſyr L. rode vnto the tyme they came; 14, where at that tyme was; 15, that ſayd; 17, a lytell; ſyr G. & ſyr E.; 18, out of theyr ſlepe; And eche of them; 19, ſyr E.; 20, ſyr L.; 22, the hande was; 23, the ſame hande henge; [ryght]; 24, full clere; 25, than it; 26, where it became; there came; 27, ſayd vnto them; full of; 29, come vnto; of the holy; 30, ſyr G.; ſyr E.; 31, haue herde; 33, that we; 34, ſquyer that; 35, vpon a; ſayre and curteyſly; 36, ſyr G.; can ye; vnto ony; Here within a lytell; 37, is one ſayd the ſquyer; 38, on fote.

667. 2, in all this; 3, where as; well armed; 6, none that; [and] Now; 7, ſyr E.; ſyr G.; 9, eyther of them dreſſed to other for to; 11, and theyr mayles; that one; than that; 12, ſyr G.; 15, ſadelles downe to the grounde; Than anone; 16, ſyr G. aroſe; vnto his; 18, for to; ſyr G.; 21, here by; 22, ſyr G.; 24, you the waye; Than ſyr G.; 25, And ſo ſyr G. lepte vpon the ſame hors behynde hym for; 26, longe they rode tyll they came vnto; where as; [wel]; 27, and maker; Than this knyght that was wounded to deth prayed ſyr G.; 29, ſyr G.; what maner knyght he was / and what was his name / as he knewe; 30, Than the hurte knyght anſwered; & haue ben; 31, thou and I were ſworne; 32, and wyte ye well that my; 33, ſyr V.; whiche; 34–35, and haue laboured in the queſt of the Sancgreall / as thyſelfe ſyr G. and many other knyghtes haue done. And my deth I praye to god that he wyll forgyue it the. For now from hens forth it ſhall be ſayd / that the; etc.

668. 1, ſyr G.; is thus; ſyr V.; [moche]; 4, vnto; 5, and vnto all thoſe of the rounde table; 6, for the; 7, ſyr G. began; & in lyke wyſe dyd ſyr E.; ſyr V.; 9, ſoule departed; 11, his name to be wryten vpon his tombe; 12, So than; ſyr G.; ſyr E.; 13, they rode; 14, 15, vnto; 17, there was; where as; 18, he that; 19, he eſpyed; 20, and full curteyſly; 21, ſayd the heremyte; hath brought; ſyr G.; 22, Syrs; 24, for to; 25, ſyr G.; 26, whiche he had; ſyr E.; 30, that ben; 31, at no tyme; 32, table ordeyned and founden; 34, be vaynquyſſhed nor ouercomen; 35, that ſhe; And at the.

669. 1, dyd ete; 2, ſet and grounded; 3, And all thoſe bulles; very proude; 5, grete ſynnes and for theyr outragyous wyckedneſſe; 6, is for to; 7, excepte; the whiche; 8, whyte bulles; 9, ony ſpotte or wemme; 11, euer ſythen; 12, all his offence; 13, And wherfore; by theyr; for bycauſe that they; 14, and in; no maner of pryde; 17, of the holy; withoute ony; 18, 19, in to the; 25, the heremyte N.; ſyr E.; that ſyr; 27, the whiche; 29, whiche is;

30, That is to meane; 31, fro his; ſayd the heremyte / and hath; 32, vnto; [lowde]; all his; 33, veſtyted and clothed; 34, the whiche.

670. 3, vpon in; ſlepe dremynge; ¶ And alſo; 5, that he; 7, that men; [hit] to; 8, nyghe vnto; 9, hym as he that; 11, down for to drynke; 13, And bycauſe he had ſerued; 17, and there ſhall he; 20, where as; 22, not into; 24, of our lord I.; 27, of the holy; 28, Certaynly; ſyr G.; that ſele I; 32, [gladly].

671. 2, ye are; 4, well ſaye; 5, ſyth that; neuer ſlewe; 6, tyll the tyme he come to; 8, And were not that he is ſo; 9, lyke to; ſyr G.; 10, well his; 11, a full holy; 13, ſyr G.; 14, wyll nothynge; 17, theſe wordes; to god; 18, agayn ſyr G.; 19, [that] ye; 22, vnto oure lorde; 23, ſyr G.; 25, afore &; 26, Than ſyr G.; 27, ſyr E.; 28, vnto a; 31, ſyr B.; 32, vpon; 33, knewe full well that.

672. 1, ſyr B. / I am; 7, [that]; 8, ſyr B.; 10, bothe in to; 13, wylte ete; 14, ſayd ſyr B.; 16, I well; 21, ſcarlot; tyll that; 24, therof / and felte; 25, Helyne; 29, ony leues; 31, his byll; 34, ſyr B.; 35, that the; dyd not aryſe; 36, and rode forth his; So aboute; tyme by.

673. 2, a luſty yonge; and a fayre; 4, to his ſouper; 6, of his; 7, And ſo he did as he was bydden; 13, there came; 16, Prydan; 17, made grete; 22, the whiche; 23, I am; 24, toke vnto her; in kepynge; 27, chace; 28, to me; 33, that ſhe wyll haue.

674. 2, ſyr P.; 4, ſyr B.; 5, wolde he; 8, And than; 9, Hym thought there; that one; 10, as ony; and that; 12, Yf thou; 15, and went awaye / And than; 19, ſhe departed; 20, vnto a; 22, lyke to lylyes; 23, haue taken from the other her; 24, that the one; 25, came [oute]; 28, groūde; 31, ſyr B. awaked; 34, ſyr B. her; ſo they; 35, And anone.

675. 1, Than ſyr B.; his armure; 2, for to take; his refeccyon; 5, ſo departed; 8, me grete; 11, ſhall withdrawe; 12, that had; [that] his; 13, make all the landes to reioyſe; 18, grounde; 19, ſet theyr; 21, ranne downe by theyr; more greter; 22, [more] than; ſir P.; 23, a full good; 24, this ſyr; 27, backwarde; 31, or elles; 33, neuer more; 34, ſhall be towarde her; ſyr B.

676. 1, ſyr B. vnto; [tho]; 2, that he; 3, to her; 7, [wel]; 10, vnto an; 11, vnto a; 12, And on the; 13, ſyr B.; 15, of [the] two; 16, ſyr L.; 20, in more; 21, all blody; 22, [euer]; 24, for to; 25, loked on; 31, where as; 32, he came nygh her; that he was a; 33, haue had; 34, to hym; 35, ye are; [in]; 36, to the.

677. 1, whiche as I; [that]; you a knyght; 3, ſyr B.; 4, that he wyſt not; 8, ſayd all; 10, ſyr L.; none of theſe; 11, for our

ladyes ſake; 12, And ſo he dreſſed; 13, ladde the; to hym . Syr; 14, leue your; 15, was all; 17, 21, ſyr B.; 19, ſyr B. bete; 22, of hym at; [ſir]; 24, I ſhall gladly do it ſayd ſyr B.; 26, there as; 27, For yf I; 29, foreſt ſayd ſyr B.; 30, not with; 32, [not]; had taken from me; 34, As ſhe ſtode thus.

678. 1, ſyr B.; made they; 3, ſyr B.; 5, to god; 6, So than; ſyr L.; 8, man whiche was; vpon a; 9, a beer; 10, ſayd ſyr B.; 11, a lytell ſpace ago; ſyr B.; 13, [for]; 14, in a thycke; 15, ſyr L.; 16, grounde; 17, there a; 19, he that; 21, [lyghtely]; 22, of the; 23, vnto the; the waye vnto; 24, ſayd the man; 29, vnto; & than wyll we come hyther; 30, ſyr B.; 31, you ſayd ſyr B. / that ye wyll tell; 33, whiche befell me; ſyr B. began; 34, [ſoo moche].

679. 1, ſayd the preeſt / I ſhall; 4, the as; 7, for to; noo fere ne for noo drede that; 10, conquere the prayſe and the vayngloryе; 11, yf thou; ſyr L.; 15, full eaſely; 18, for to; 19, he aſked; 22, declaracyon; 24, ſyr B.; 36, no more; neyther for.

680. 1, lady of eſtate; 2, B. ſayd they; we all; 4, lady whiche; 6, was all; 11, ſyr B.; 14, 17, [ryght]; ſir B.; 19, [that]; 21, ſayd ſyr B.; of wyſe; 22, [hym]; 26, A ſayd ſyr B.; 27, vp in to; 34, Than ſyr B. loked.

681. 3, within hym; leuer than he had loſt his ſoule / they; 4, [than he his]; And ſo; 5, vnto the; that ſodeyne chaunce; was ryght ſore; 6, full grete; And with that; 7, a full grete; 10, he dyd brynge; 11, to heuen; 13, forth his; 16, he was; 18, yf that; 22, ſyr B.; 23, that he; 29, rychely ſerued; 31, ſyr B.; 32, that he was; 35, in [the]; a ſoule.

682. 6, lorde Ieſu Chryſt; 10, it dooth; ye toke; 11, ye ſhall; 14, the whiche; 17, but ſhe is ryght fayre and beautefull; 18, byrde that ye ſawe; Sathan the feende of hell; 19, [how]; 21, in maner and condycyon the very ſeruauntes; 23, full euyll; And whan; 32, ſyr L.

683. 3, [for]; 11, vnto a; 16, on the one; 17, ſyr B.; 23, tyll vpon; 25, grete ioye; 27, ſyr L.; ſyr B.; 33, ye haue ryght well; from henſforth.

684. 3, ſyr L.; 4, but dethe; 5, [in]; 7, Syr B.; 8, for thou arte; 11, thou be; at thyne; 12, yf thou do ſo; vpon y^{e}; as thou; 13, on; 14, thyne; that ſynne; I not; 17, 18, ſyr L.; 19, [ſwete]; 21, [to] ſyr L. cared not; 23, he wold; Whan ſyr L.; 24, otherwyſe do; not ryſe; 25, ſyr B.; 26, [ſo] ſore; 28, ſyr L.; fro his; 29, for to; 32, had he; 34, ſayd he; vnto ſyr; 35, on me.

685. 2, one of; 3, condycyoned; Now ſo god helpe me; ſyr L.; 5, Certaynly; 7, ſyr L.; 9, went backward; 12, [ſoo]; that ſyr C.; a knyghte of; 13, as it was; 15, how ſyr L.; 18, ſyr B.;

Syr L.; 20, ſyr L.; 27, ony more; 28, ſyr L.; he put; 30, Than ſyr; 33, ſyr B.; 34, ſyr C.; 35, fight; yf that ſyr C. flee hȳ; 38, be his.

686. 1, for to haue; 2, on his; [hym]; tyll that; ſyr C.; 3, ſyr L.; 4, and had; 5, ſo that; ſo moche; 10, Certaynly; ſyr L.; 12, ſyr B.; he aroſe &; 16, cryed ſyr C.; and ſayd; 18, [it]; 19, [for] to; 20, of his helme . Whan ſyr C.; 21, Fayre lord Ieſu Chryſt; 24, [here]; 25, ſyr L.; 27, ſyr C.; 29, goddes ſake; 32, on the; yf I may; 33, [hand] ſayd ſyr L.; ſyr B.; 35, to daye.

687. 2, not gretely; 4, lorde god I beſeche the; ſome myracle; 6, ſyr B.; 7, Than herde; ſyr B.; 10, in the; 11, [two]; 12, ſo that; 14, ſyr B.; 15, ſore that god; 20, agaynſt you; 21, [gladly]; 25, vnto hym; 26, [in the myddes of]; on his; 28, And he rode; 29, vpon the; 30, there he; 33, was anone ſo darke; 34, not ſe nor.

688. 2, [lye]; And than he; 4, was all; and [he]; 5, ſyr B.; do ye not knowe me; 6, Certaynly; 8, And than ſyr P.; 9, made of other; for to here; 10, ſyr B.; how that; 12, [hand]; 13, in to; 16, but the good knyght ſyr G.

Book xvij.

689. 1, As ſayth; ſyr G.; 2, ſyr P.; 3, he rode; 4, foūde there; 5, [the] whiche; 7, y^t he; 8, [wonder]; 9, within were; 10, And whan; 12, put forth; 13, fell to; 15, dyd there; 16, meruayled therof; ſyr G.; 20, [the haute prynce]; 21, that wolde; 23, ſyr G.; 25, ſyr E.; 26, ſyr G.; 27, loue bycauſe; 30, ſyr G.; 31, that ther; no man; 32, he became; ſyr G.; 33, vnto ſyr E. / the wordes are true; ſyr L.; 36, that is in; and certaynly.

690. 1, of a; ſyr E.; 2, 3, ſyr G.; 4, in to the; 6, ſyr G. and ſyr E.; 7, 8, ſyr G.; 10, And ſo; 11, full glad whan; that he; So whan; 13, 16, ſyr G.; 15, that; 17, whiche; 18, Than ſyr; 19, 22, ſyr G.; 25, So the damoyſell; myght gallop; 26, that was; 27, that was cloſed; 28, with [a]; hygh and ſtronge; 29, with ſyr; 31, the damoyſell ſayd to her lady. Madame; 32, all this nyght; 33, dyned and ſlepte a lytel.

691. 1, and he were bothe; 2, ſyr G.; fayre ſheelde and a; 3, and rode tyll; 4, ſyr B.; ſyr P.; 7, ſayd the damoyſell; 10, bothe receyued hym; 12, vnto a; 13, Than ſyr G. toke of; 14, ſhyppe came; 16, [hard]; 17, ſayd ſyr; 19, comen hyther; 21, A ſyr; ſir B.; yf that; 23, ſholde lacke nothynge; ſyr G.

692. 1, that am; 2, y^t ye; 4, in y^e ſhyppe; 5, it wyll; in it;

6, ſyr P. knewe; 10, ſyr G.; 12, within; they foūde it ſo; 14, ſyr G.; 16, ſcawberd; 18, in it; 24, it / ſhall; 28, he ſhall; 30, whiche he; 33, ſyr P.; 35, Syr B.; 36, ſyr G.; as reed as.

693. 1, ſcawberde; 3, vnto the; ſayd ſyr; 4, ſcawberd; 7, vnto all; [al] onely vnto; 30, ſcawberde.

694. 1, whiche ſemed; 3, poorely to accounte; 5, He that; 6, yf that; as I; 10, to be; 11, a quenes; 14, ſyr P.; 18, neceſſyte; I ſhall be; 19, vnto; 20, ſyr P.; aboute a; of our lorde; 21, the brother; 22, than ſoure; 24, in [to] the; 25, it befell; 26, and therin; 29, out of that; 31, man ſawe; 32, 33, for to; 38, of the ſwerde; ouer this.

695. 4, was in; 7, the one of the other; 8, kynge M.; 13, the ſcawberde; 14, vpon the bedde; 16, yf ye; 20, O lord; 25, ſyr G.; in theſe; 36, therwithall.

696. 1, [hym]; 4, ſyr G.; 6, beddes hede; two fayre; 8, ony blode; 9, [thre]; 15, that; 16, And bycauſe; 17, in to ye groūde; 20, came vnto; 23, that was; whyte became as grene as ony; 24, oute; 33, [and ſee]; that tyme that; 37, and of; 38, [dyuerſe].

697. 2, he diſpleaſed them; 3, voyce anſwered; 4, vnto; 6, vnto man; 7, ſorowe or heuynes; that ſame; 8, kynge Salomon; 13, a pure; 14, as was; 20, that ſhe; 26, and the beſt; 27, vnto; 28, all other; 29, and alſo that ſhall; 33, take ye.

698. 3, [dyd]; 5, for to; 7, at the beddes fete; 8, was the kynge; 10, ſo bygge a; 13, ſhall neuer; 17, ſayd the carpenter; 19, as the carpenter; 22, well make; 26, done full; 27, they coude not tell; 32, [Now ſhalle ye here a] ¶ Of the wonderful tale, etc.; 33, king S.; with a ſmall; 34, kyng S. was.

699. 4, in the hyltes; 8, was ſore; 10, in to the; and it; 11, of it; 13, kynge S.; 16, were acertayned; 17, withoute ony; 19, they founde; ſyr P.; 20, a wrytynge; 21, fro whens; 22, ſyr G.; 24, ſayd ſyr P.; 35, well founde; for truly; 36, your techynge ben; 37, vpon the; 38, the thre felowes; ryght name.

700. 3, 4, ſcawberde; 5, vnto ſyr; 8, ſyr G.; 9, that it; 15, Fayre damoyſell; ſyr G.; 17, that other ſhyppe; 19, it happened; 24, ſir G.; 26, they ſpake; 28, A.'s courte; 29, ye are euyll arryued; 30, cheef fortreſſe; 33, be comen; 34, ſayd they; 35, [in].

701. 2, ſholde they dye; 3, therwithall; renne togyder; 5, vpon hym; and in lyke wyſe; ſyr G.; ſyr B.; 7, had lefte; 8, they began; 9, the knyghtes of the; 10, ſtrongeſt; folowed after; 11, ſoo they; 12, right / and; So whan; 13, whiche they; 14, ſyr B.; 17, he wyll; 18, 23, ſyr G.; 23, put of; 25, ben of the courte; 27, yf ye myght; 28, worlde ſhall; ye neuer; 29, ſyr G.; 32, [that]; [lord] the; [not]; 36, And bycauſe.

702. 2, to bete; 6, y^t they; 9, that our; 10, ſir G.; 13, whiche; ſyr G.; 14, had he neuer ſeen; 15, full tendyrly; 18, ſyr G.; 19, it. Sir G.; 22, his helthe the; 23, ſyr G.; 24, as he; [Ryght]; 25, ſyr P.; 29, vnto a; 30, where as; 31, entred in; 32, vnto.

703. 4, other vnto; 5, thyrde vnto; 6, theyr ſiege; where as; 8, that ſayd thus; 9, in to the; of the; 10, was not; 11, grounde; 13, themſelfe; 16, ye are; 18, to whome; 19, vnto an; 30, in the; 31, that from; 33, on the; 34, vnto; 35, vnto a; 36, [them].

704. 5, ſyr P.; place ſo euer; 6, ſhe is; oute of the caſtell; 8, a gentylwoman; 12, ſyr G.; 13, that of; 14, as longe as; ſyr P.; 15, my fayth; 19, vnto; 21, came there; well a; all armed; 22, vpon; 25, are the; doo ye; 27, 29, ſyr G.; 30, And ſyr G.; 32, whome that; wolde abyde; 33, but that they; 35, helde theyr; 36, there came.

705. 4, we are; 6, accorde therto; 8, ſyr G.; 12, the trouth; 13, we haue; 14, other moo; 16, to a; 18, full of the; 20, her helth; 21, therwith; 22, ſyr P.; 23, ſyr G.; Certaynly; and yf; 26, vnto my; 29, than euer; 30, on the; 31, or not; All that; 34, was brought forth tofore her; [the] whiche.

706. 1, So anone there came one forth to; 3, vnto; 6, ſyr G. ſyr P. & ſyr B. ſtart; 7, her blode; 8, Than whan; 9, ſyr P.; muſt dye; 11, in to a; 13, vnto the; 15, ſhall ſyr G.; 16, So whan ſyr B.; 17, he graũted; 18, voyce ſayd; 20, vnto the; 22, hym / the; 29, vnto the; 30, lyghtnynge and reyne; 34, lorde god; 36, aferre; 37, vnto; 38, ſyr G.

707. 6, *wholly omitted;* 7, [Now] the ſtory ſaythe; ſyr G. and ſyr P.; 10, for to wete; betyde of them; 12, but that they ne were; 13, whiche; 19, eueryche of them; 22, ſyr P.; ſyr G.; 24, toke they; 26, The ſtory ſayth; ſyr L.; 29, toke his; 32, he had; 33, a grete.

708. 2, his armure; 3, [ſoo]; 4, and oores; 5, mooſt ſweteſt ſauour; 7, [ſwete]; 9, on the; 10, daye lyght; 12, ſyr L. behelde her; 13, a wrytynge; wherin he found all the; 17, in lykewyſe fedde hym; 19, vpon a; 26, ſyr L. went towarde hym; 27, Syr ye; 28, him his name; 29, ſyr L.; 31, ſyr L. / are ye ſyr G.; 38, [to] them.

709. 1, And anone as ſyr G.; 3, & that; 4, 9, ſyr L.; 6, ſyr G.; 9, tyll now; 11, ſyr L. and ſyr G.; 13, where as; 16, bycauſe thoſe; 18, [therof]; [of alle tho aduentures]; 21, croſſe of ſtone; 24, vpon; 25, Syr G.; 26, lepe; 27, ryde where; 28, vnto hym full curteyſly; 29, vnto hym; [ſwete]; 30, of our lorde; ſyr L.; 31, vnto the; 34, my ſone ſyr; ſyr L.; 35, vnto the father of heuen for to preſerue.

710. 1, bothe you and me; ſyr G.; 2, ſyr G.; ſyr L.; 5, vnto god; haue a ſyght of the holy; 6, vpon a; 8, that opened; 13, [ſoo] armed; he went vnto; 14, the two; he ſet; 15, came there ſodeynly; that; hym vpon; 17, y^t ſayd; 18, more in thy; 20, ſyr L.; 22, that thou; 28, ſyr L.; 32, moche for to; 34, that the.

711. 1, ſyr L.; he wyſte; 4, my ſoule; here; 6, that whiche; 7, and with that there; 8, as though all; 10, vnto hym; ſyr L.; 12, & was ryght heuy; one of them; 19, vnto ſyr L.; there were; 22, ſyr L.; 23, that the; 24, haue falle; 25, grounde; 26, he came; 28, ſoo he; 30, [hit]; 32, it all to brent; 33, groūde; [that].

712. 2, on; 3, day lyght; ſyr L.; 4, [that]; 7, neyther ſtande; 15, ſyr L.; 16, as many; whiche [euer]; 17, lyke vnto a; 19, was better; 21, the greate; 24, can tell; & yf my ſone had not; 27, as many nyghtes; how it was a; 34, of my.

713*. 1, [that]; 6, ye ſe more of; 8, ſyr L.; 10, achyeue; 14, ſyr L.; 16, And thā; 17, whiche had; 18, 24, kynge Pelles; 19, 22, ſyr L.; 20, kynge made; 25, on y^e; 28, that was there / and; of theyr; 29, chefe hall; than it was ſo that; 35, that a; vnto; 36, knocked myghtyly.

714*. 1, [there]; 4, that hath; 5, Than was he wonders; 8, countree and realme; 9, ſyr E.; vnto the noble knyght ſyr L.; 10, kynge P.; [of] that; 11, ſyr E.; 14, A lorde god; 15, ſyr G.; 16, [to] me; 17, his courſer myght ren; 18, And than; 23, vnto god; 24, vnto an abbey; 25, he had grete chere; 28, lettres of gold; 29, ye whiche; 30, he not; 31, ſyr L.; 32, yf it had; ſyr G.; 34, domage to.

715*. 1, vnto; 2, as ſyr G.; 4, to C.; 5, as he; and quene G.; 7, thre of them; that were ſyr G. / ſyr E. / and ſyr L.; 8, other whiche; Than all; 9, And kynge A.; 10, [many]; ſyr G.; 11, ſyr L.; 13, ſyr G. / ſyr P. and ſyr B.; 15, wolde god; 16, ſyr L.; 18, *wholly omitted;* 19, that ſyr G.; 20, vnto; 22, on the; 23, ſyr G.; 24, [the] whiche; a longe; 25, Sir G.; 26, [ſo]; 32, is ſo taken; 33, was of deed oldnes; Whā ſyr G.; 34, hym in his armes.

716*. 1, ſayd kynge M.; 4, 8, ſyr G.; 7, that; 14, that ſyr L.; 16, But Ioſeph of; 17, And there he founde; ſyr L.; 20, it is a; 21, to an ende; 22, all the knyghtes; 23, ſyr G.; 24, they lad hym; vnto a; 25, vpon a ſteyres; 28, that hath; 32, [wynter]; ſyſty yeres; for to; 33, 35, ſir G.; 36, in to the.

717. 3, ſyr P.; 5, vpon a; 7, at a; that rode; 9, eche; 10, other theyr aduentures; ſyr B.; 11, there men; 15, them all; was there made; 16, he knewe well; 19, ſyr B.; 20, yf [that]; ſoudred it agayne togyder; 21, 22, ſyr P.; to ſyr G.; 24, toke he; 28, vnto ſir B.; a full.

718. 3, ſyr G.; hyed fore to be; 12, waye agayne; Syr G.; 14, & anguyſſhe as ye ſe / haue I; 26, that ſayd; 34, the droppes.

719. 1, the whiche; 5, toke he; 6, a wapher; in the lykenes; 11, vnto a; 12, vnto ſyr G.; 13, And than; 14, as he was bydden / ſo he did [anone]; ſayd he ye; 26, to ſyr; 27, ſo after; 29, he ſayd; 30, ſayd ſyr G.; [will].

720. 1, vnto; 3, where as; 8, ſir G.; 11, wyll I; 14, ſyr G.; 16, [after]; bothe his; 20, vnto a; 22, that ſayd thus . Myne owne; 25, lorde ſayd they; vs ſoo [thy ſynners]; 26, [wel]; 30, ſyr G. vnto; [that]; 31, that ye wyl ſalewe; 32, and all the felawſhyp of the; 33, that yf; in thoſe partyes; 34, ſyr G. / ſyr P. and ſyr B.

721. 2, [of] before; 6, paſſynge glad; for to; 8, and ſyr; 9, vnto; [that] he myght; 10, And ſoo; tyll at the laſt a; 13, Syr P.; 14, for to; 15, ſyr G.; 18, that whan; 21, vnto ſyr G.; 23, than he; 26, 29, ſyr P.; ſyr B.; and ſyr; 31, ſyt croked; 32, 34, 37, ſyr G.; 36, he ranne; 37, there aroſe.

722. 3, ſyr P.; 8, [whiche]; 14, [that]; 24, ſyr G.; 25, for to; 27, that couered; 29, ſaye theyr deuocyons; the ſame daye; 30, after y^t ſyr G.; 31, vnto; 33, whiche had.

723. 2, ſakerynge of; ſyr G.; 3, vnto hym; 4, that whiche; 5, ſyr G. began; ryght ſore; 8, that whiche; 9, good lorde; 11, vnto ſyr; 12, whome I am; 14, [the] whiche; 15, [that]; 16, reſembled me in two; One is that; 17, And the other is in that; 18, [haue ben and]; 19, ſyr G. went to ſyr P.; 25, vnto; 27, his two; 31, for to; 32, ſyr P. and ſir B. ſawe ſyr G.

724. 1, was he; 3, 8, 9, ſyr B.; 4, bycauſe he; 8, ſyr G. 12, by good; 13, And than; 14, where kynge A.; made greate; 15, demed all; 17, kyng A.; 19, ſyr B.; 20, his two; 21, was ſyr G. and ſyr P. [and hym ſelf]; 22, Than ſyr L.; 24, vnto; 25, Syr G.; [owne]; 29, ſyr G.; for to; 30, this vnſtedfaſt; 31, fall true; ſyr L.; 32, Than ſyr; 35, me redy; 36, whyle I haue lyfe; 37, fayle you.

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725. 4, that alle the knyghtes; 7, And ſpecyally; 12, as the frenſſhe; for to; 15, in his; 17, vnto god; 18, vpon the; 19, had done; 20, [hand]; 21, mooſt ſpecially; 22, So it; 24, whiche; 27, alwayes as.

726. 3, to hym thus; 8, haue in tyme paſt; ſyr L.; 11, my deſeruynge; [that] my; 15, ſone ſyr G. / ſyr P. / or ſir B.; 19, that ſpeke; 20, this place; 23, and rydde; 24, where as; 32, [my pleaſyr]; 36, ſo ſhe.

727. 2, [wel]; 4, of me; 5, ſayd ſhe; 7, charge; [this]; 8, wythin this courte; forbydde the; 13, forbydden; 19, whiche ſore; 21, whiche ſomtime; 22, whoſe name; 23, Fayre coſyn ſayd; 25, forbydden; 29, ſyr L.; 31, I reſt; 33, coſyn I; 37, with a; 38, [nor].

728. 1, but all onely; 2, of outwarde ſorowe; 3, nor yet; 4, the frenſſhe; 7, in ye cite of; 12, [for]; 16, [ſir] La; 18, ſyr A.; 19, vnto; 21, [four and twenty]; 23, deynty meetes and deyntes; 29, of all; 34, that a good; 35, ſyr P.

729. 1, toke one of the poyſoned apples; 2, [ſoo]; 7, ſyr G.; 9, [wel]; 11, right ſore; 15, vnto the vttermeſt; And thervpon; 17, none of them; 18, [all]; 19, the dyner; ſo ſore; 20, *wholly omitted;* 21, ſodeyne crye; vnto; 22, And meruayled gretely what it myght be; of theyr; and the ſodeyne deth of the good knyghte ſyr Patryce; 25, quene G.; 31, of her.

730. 2, whiche; 3, vnto; 7, praye you; 8, for to come vnto this; 14, [almyghty]; 17, a ryghtwyſe; 18, kynge A. I gyue you day this; 19, ye be; 21, may ye; 27, Than anſwered the quene; 28, nor; 32, that ſore; 34, that ye go vnto ſyr B. and praye hym to do that batayle for your; 36, ryght wel I perceyue ſayd kynge A.; 37, thoſe twenty; 38, you in felawſhyp togyder; was ſo traytourſly ſlayn.

731. 3, I can not; 5, full ſoone; 6, on your; 7, kyng A.; who ſomeuer hath; on his; 8, on; 19, nor yet; 20, haue ye; 22, [by]; I gretely; me how; 24, as ye; 32, to me; 33, kynge A.; 34, in a certaynte.

732. 3, me of; 12, come; 15, hertely / & ſo departed; 17, Braſyas; 18, happely come; 21, ſyr M.; yf he be; 23, ſyr B.; 25, vnto the; 27, gretely diſpleaſed; 29, [all]; but that; 35, and the mooſt; 36, alwaye.

733. 5, was alwayes; 6, alwaye ſhe; 9, a grete; vnto; 13, ſhe oughte hym; 14, the . xx . knyghtes; 15, well ſaye / that it was for good; 18, ſome of vs; 20, not pleaſed; 25, [for]; 28, do; 29, ſayd ſyr B.; 32, profytableſt; 33, paſt forth; 34, [maner of] the; 35, to the.

734. 3, & there was made a grete; 6, nor for; 7, ryghtwyſe; 11, quene G.; vnto; 13, contrary therto; 17, ſoone preue; 20, the ſo; vnto almyghty god my maker; 21, thy malyce; 27, but that; 28, to mounte vpon; 29, M. de la porte; 30, a ſpere; 34, where as; out of a; 35, armed at all poyntes.

735. 1, you to; 8, I can not ſhewe you ſayd; 11, vnto; 13, vnto the; 20, meruayled they; 26, ranne the one agaynſt the other; 27, But ſyr L.'s; 28, grounde; and had a; 29, and dreſſed; 32, lyghtely from; 34, to batayle.

736. 1, many ſadde; 3, they had bē two; 4, a full; 6, groūde; 7, for to; 8, therwithall; 10, ryght ſyerſly; 13, grounde. And; 14, for to haue; from his; 16, as an ouercomen knyght; 17, [thy]; but onely; 18, no maner of; 21, clerely I; 24, where as kynge; 25, vnto; other louyngly; 26, vnto hym; 27, And than the; 28, to reſt; 30, that he was the noble knyght; 32, by the hand.

737. 6, or in; 7, kyng A.; 8, you of youre; 9, downe vpon the; 10, where as ſhe; 17, in the; 18, whiche was called; 27, ſyr P.; 29, of ye feeſt; to the entent; 31, to whome; 33, [was].

738. 3, vpon y^e^; 12, forth vntyll; daye the; 13, kynge A.; 24, not goo; 26, [noble]; 27, ſyr G.; 28, vnto; 30, that the; 34, paſſynge heuy and wrothe; 36, which is.

739. 1, vnto her and thus ſhe; 3, wyll ſaye; 6, vnto ſyr; 8, to the quene; 9, [madame]; 10, as at; 11, wyll I; 13, vnto; 14, [ageynſte] all; 15, quene G.; 17, are many; 18, for to; 21, on the; 22, after brake; 23, ſo departed; ſo longe tyll; 24, that now is called; 25, vnto an; whiche; 27, [dyd] walked; 29, quod kynge; to all; 30, were there; in yonder; 31, [now]; wyll full well; 32, towarde whiche we; 33, many meruaylous dedes of armes.

740. 3, So as; 4, & in his chambre vnarmynge; 5, vnto; hym reuerence; 6, maner that he coude; 9, is to moche; 12, whiche were; 14, the ſame day that; 16, ſyr L.; 18, thoſe iuſtes; wyghty; 20, I beſeche you; 23, you hertely; 25, haue his; 27, [that tyme] the; 29, frenſſhe booke; 37, for by cauſe.

741. 1, of hers; 7, neuer or this tyme; [erſt]; 8, damoyſell; 9, it vntyl that; 11, the fayre; 13, in the mornynge; 14, for the; 17, for to; 21, whiche now is called W.; 23, there was; 26, they ſoiourned; day the; 27, began to blowe; 31, yf ſyr; 32, whan ſyr; 34, of Scotlande; 35, vpon kyng A.'s ſyde.

742. 4, this one; 5, mooſt noble; 10, [faſt]; 14, Scotlande; 17, and alſo; 23, there came; 26, le cueur; 31, [thenne].

743. 3, on our; 8, and ſyr G.; 19, in the; 20, wote well who he; [as]; 23, but alway me; 24, by cauſe he; 25, yet bere; 27, [euer]; 29, whiche; 35, to hym.

744. 7, vnto the grounde; 9, abode ſtyll; 10, vpon; 11, Scotlande; grounde; 14, gate hym; 15, bothe hors; grounde; 17, began to drawe; 18, [y] hurte; 20, vpon; grounde; 23, ſyr A.; by that tyme; 25, [all]; 31, maner of wyſe; 34, there lyenge; 35, after; 37, ony man; And alwaye; 38, was with.

745. 1, ſmote [doune]; 4, rounde table; 5, vnto king; 6, [he] is; 8, let blowe; 9, to the knyght; 22, [al]; 26, ſayd he; 28, it almooſt; 29, fayne helpe you; 30, drawe; 32, [alle]; [ryght]; 33, [al].

746. 2, [ſo]; 3, I do now; 6, ſyr L.; 8, whiche; [fulle]; 10, vnto; and hath; 11, his poſſeſſyons; 13, For alwaye; 18, vnto that; 21, ende of; [faſt]; me in; 24, whiche is; 25, ryght ſore; 28, that was; And whan; 38, was ſomtyme.

747. 3, where as the mooſt noble knyght ſyr L. was; 6, alwaye; 14, hyde ye; 17, ſyth that; for Chryſtes; 24, by that; 25, ryght well; and came to hymſelfe agayne; 26, as it is now in theſe; 33, and his; 34, was the.

748. 4, mooſt greteſt; 10, landes I haue; 13, or [knowe]; not wyte; 14, [man]; [good]; 20, he is; 21, without; 22, not beſtyre; 23, ſhall knowe; yf I may; 25, and rode vpon two hackneys; 26, But as he wente ſo he; 28, to L.; 30, where as; was lodged; 31, for to take his reſt; 32, to hym; and alſo his fayre; for to; 33, tydynges he knewe; 35, whiche; 38, dare make it good.

749. 1, forty valyaunt; 2, and ryghte; 4, that good; 5, the whiche; man that euer after; 7, [ſir]; 10, he came; 19, for to let; 21, yf it wyll pleaſe you to; 22, vnto his; 27, a greate.

750. 17, [and]; 25, as ye thynke beſt; 26, ryght ſore; 27, [Ryght]; 29, came vnto; 33, hym ſayd; 34, to his.

751. 1, ſyr L. meruayloufly; but what; 2, after hym for to; kynge A.; all his courte; 3, vnto all; was the noble knight ſyr; 6, heuy & a ſorowfull; 9, for angre and wrath; 11, ſayd vnto hym; 15, that he; is but; 16, beſeche you; 17, ſayd the quene; 19, grete turneymēt; 20, reed ſleue; 22, that be of his; 25, Notwithſtandynge; 26, ſayd ſyr B. / ſaye; 28, quene G.; 29, meruayle it were.

752. 2, that; 5, the fayr mayde; 7, as fayre; 9, vnto hym; vnto her; 10, how fareth; 13, [that]; 14, vnto; 16, vnto the; 21, her to hym; 25, be full; 31, to angre; 34, to grete.

753. 6, came to; 10, warnynge therof; 12, [with whome he was]; 13, curteys knyghte; 16, vnto the; 19, wepte full; 21, vnto hym thus; 29, of all; where as; 33, or [my]; 34, ye are; 35, hertely welcome; ye ſay ouermoche to pleaſe me.

754. 1, [the] whiche I ſought; 2, you euerychone; 3, nyghe; was through; 5, not ben; 6, and frendſhip; 16, by his; whiche he; 24, whiche by no maner of; [not].

755. 1, that there; 5, ſtyll with; 7, Than they abode there almooſt; 10, vnto the father nor wyfe vnto her; 12, dyſpleaſed; 15, for to; 17, at all poyntes; 19, he ſpurred; 22, So that; 23–24, and hym that was vpon hym / the whiche was the nobleſt knyght of the worlde / he ſtered hym vygorouſly / and he ſtyfly and ſtably kepte; 27, for to gete his; 31, helpe me; 32, vnto; 33, vnto the grounde; 34, meaſure grete ſorowe; 35, and dole.

756. 3, bothe falſe; and why; 7, ryght wroth; he ſayd to

them . Let; 8, in to the; 11, of [hym] his body; 16, for by cauſe; ſtronge ynough; 19, [hit]; yf I; 27, And than; 29, I oughte.

757. 10, there preſent; 16, of Scotlande; 20, at the ſame tyme ſyr B. de G.; 21, he had ſmytten; 30, maner of.

758. 4, yf that; were ſtrongly; 5, ony man; [the] lyfe; 10, la blaunche; 11, they were; 12, ſo on; 14, and her two bretherne ſyr T. & ſyr L.; 16, that ye; 17, [Now]; 18, for your; 19, you vnto; 20, ye mayde E.; 21, but certaynly; be maryed; 22, [man]; 23, ſholde I; 26, fayr damoyſel; 28, [yet]; 34, fayre mayde; 35, the damoyſell.

759. 4, doune to ye groūde; gentylwomen; 5, made euer; 10, vnto hym thus; 11, do therto ſayd; 12, 15, me vnto; 15, nor late; 19, ryght well; 22, ſythen that; 25, came to; 29, And alſo; 33, whiche made; 35, And alwaye; 36, aboute a; ſhe felte; 37, ſhroue.

760. 2, ſayd ſhe; 5, is that; 6, god vnto; I neuer loued; 10, for to haue; 11, whiche I; be an; 12, ſwete ſauyour Ieſu Chryſt; 13, [on the]; 15, out of all; 19, wolde endyte; 21, ſhe had; 23, in to; 27, where as; 28, put in a; 35, and all; 36, put on; 37, barge to; 38, ony man.

761. 1, and [the]; 3, in to the; barge; 4, it myght mene; 6, Go ye; vnto; 7, ſyr A.; 8, thre; 10, bedde that euer they ſawe; 11, ende of the; 12, thre; 13, had ſoūde; 14, [ſoo]; 16, went in; 17, a fayre gentylwoman lyenge; 20, the lettre; 21, told the kynge therof; it in his hande; 22, I am; 23, [So] than; 24, And the kynge; certayne men to wayte; 28, it open; 29, my lorde ſyr L.; 32, yet for my ſoule that ye praye; 35, art a knyght peerles.

762. 1, of the; 4, vnto hym; 5, had herde; 6, that I am; 8, my wyll; vnto her; 15, or elles; 17, whiche; 22, kyng A.; 27, wente; 28, And on the; rychely buryed; 30, the roūde; 31, And than whā all was done; 33, for by cauſe; 36, ſorowe y^t^ I endure ye take; 37, paſſed forth.

763. 2, [ſoo]; 3, the rounde table; 4, vntyll; [thenne]; 5, there were; that who ſomeuer; 8, all the; 9, mooſt was; 12, [at]; 13, to hym many of his; aduyſed them; 15, vnto; 18, [and]; 19, toke a partye; 20, made [that] of the; 21, [of the] & the Iuſtes; 22, full glad; 23, maner that they coude; 24, and whan he was comen ſhe ſayd to hȳ in this maner; 26, For at; 28, ſo there; 31, cloth of golde; 34, [haue]; 35, whoſe name.

764. 1, to reſt; 2, eaſe y^t^; 3, Whan ſyr L.; were redy they departed; 5, And ſo; vnto; 11, And alway; 15, hoūdes; 16, that this; 20, for to; 21, that the; 23, hynde whan ſhe; 24, to y^e^ ſoyle; hounde; 25, faſt after; [veray]; 26, there came the; 27, whiche;

by her hoūde; [that ſhe had]; 30, [ſoo] by; 31, brode arowe; 33, whiche; 34, than whan; ſayd vnto her; 35, bare thou; 36, made the.

765. 2, and our lorde; 5, now haue ye; 6, as well as he; 7, drewe; & the heęd abode; 8, [he]; vnto; [more]; 10, ſo hurte; 11, nor the heremyte wyſt not; 15, ſhedde at that tyme; 16, that ſyr L.; 18, knyght that; 28, alſo broughte; 35, Scotlande.

766. 1, good knyghtes; 2, kynge Chalaunce; 5, whiche; 7, ſet vpon; 8, vnto; 22, full ſtronge; 23, of ſyr; 27, ſyr G.; 32, vnto them.

767. 6, grounde; And in lykewyſe; 11, groūde; 13, [and] ſo; 17, where as; 21, kynge A.; 24, G. of Orkeney; 25, be harde; 30, ſyr G. / and that anone; [al]; 31, to reſt; 35, frenſſhe boke; 37, as faſt as he myght vnto ſyr L.; ſayd thus vnto hym.

768. 5, [noble]; 9, brake; 14, lay there; 20, hurled; 27, gretely whan; 32, that he had; 36, on; 38, ſtrayte and ryght harde.

769. 2, almooſt nyghte; 5, vnto kynge A.; 7, blode ben; me all; that they; 11, worſhypfullyer; 12, me alwaye; vpon payne; 13, is ſyr L. hymſelfe; 21, my beſt; 22, and yf he; 36, and gate hym a.

770. 2, kynge A.; 3, they anſwered with a; 4, were all; 7, wente; 15, alſo in lyke; 19, for to; 22, me to ſe; 26, [more]; 27, for to; 28, in [a]; 30, man ſhamed; 32, where as; 33, cowarde wyll; 34, knyght wyll; 35, were made; to kynges; 37, vnto his.

771. 10, in lyke; 13, [a] raſe; 17, & put awaye true; 26, vnto god; 28, ſeuen dayes; 34, lycorous.

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772. 7, luſty May; 9, erly in; 10, the mornynge; 13, [outher in ſylke outher in clothe]; 18, [the Seneſchal]; 20, [le cure hardy]; [of the foreſt ſaueage]; 21, & ſyr P.; 22, [that was called the knyghte of the reed laundes]; 23, [the louer]; thoſe; 24, on the morowe; 25, mayenge with ye quene; [in woodes and medowes as hit pleaſyd hem]; 27, purpoſed to haue ben; with the; 28, her purpoſe at that tyme; 29, the whiche.

773. 3, he had; as ye frenſſhe; 5, [for] by; 6, yf ſyr L.; 8, that the; 12, they neuer; 16, hygh feeſt; 18, that [there]; 19, in theyr ſtedes that were; 27, [for] to; 28, the beſt; 31, [moſſes]; 33, well armed; 34, of areeſt.

774. 2, thynkeſt; [for]; 4, for to; 5, the hygh ordre of; 9, that I haue; 10, many yeres; 11, a vauntage; 12, [all]; [noble]; 13, all with one voyce & ſayd; wete ye well; 16, grete auauntage; 17, on

vs; 18, as leue; 19, otherwyſe; 20, ſyr M. ſayd; 24, [none]; 25, with theyr; 26, [ſyr Ladynas]; 28, ſyr P. / ſyr Ironſyde & ſyr P.; 30, [ten]; 31, [the boldeſt and]; 33, cryed and ſayd; 36, [not].

775. 1, ſyr M.; 2, my [owne]; 11, [their horſes]; 15, knowlege; 19, come and ſe me; and that he; 20, thou not; 21, And ſo y^{e}; 22, moūted vpon his; 23, from them as faſt as euer his hors myght renne; 24, ſawe the chylde; well that; 27, But the chylde went from; 28, vnto quene G.; ye be; 30, not lyghtly come.

776. 3, [that] in; to ſlee; 4, not to haue; 8, in her; the frenſſhe; that ſyr; 10, as he; 15, onely that; 20, there was none myght; 22, a poyntement; 23, and went with; 24, that that mooſt; [that]; 28, for to; 31, to me vnto the; where as; 32, yf I am; 34, he full; 35, and on alle.

777. 1, and as the frenſſhe; 3, for to; ouer the ryuer of; Lambeth; 4, [ſame]; where; 5, [noble]; 6, [that] he; trace; 7, vnto a; & therin; 8, to turne; 12, vpon thy fete; 20, ſyr L.; 21, ſayd ſawe; 23, whyle on fote; was he; with his armure / ſheelde and ſpere; 26, [for] to; 27, ryght ſore; 28, by [hym]; the whiche; 30, for to; 34, fayne ſpeke; 37, thought to; 38, and ſayd . Fayre.

778. 2, ſyr M. caſtell; 4, droue forth as faſt as he coude; 6, quene G.; 7, wyndowe waytynge; 10, to; And than the quene; 15, [Ha]; 17, haſt ben; in a cart; 18, lykened hym; 21, to ſuche; 23, vnto the gate of the; 26, thou falſe; 28, I ſhall; with the; 30, ere; brake; 32, was come; 33, to the quene and.

779. 1, ye myght well; 3, is done; 5, in to your; 6, ſyr M.; 7, [alle] in to; 10, and all your knyghtes and ladyes; to W.; 11, in to your; 12, than alway; 13, ſtryfe is made / the more; 15, whiche; for to; 16, he ſayd; forth here; 17, vnto hym; 18, wherfore aſke; 20, dyſpleaſed than; 25, peaſybly; handes; 28, ye are; 30, and full; [A]; 31, yf I; 33, to you; 35, I haue; 37, well that.

780. 1, bereth [the]; 4, [euer]; 6, ſo that ye; 9, to her; 11, knyghtes were; 12, ſo ſore wounded; 13, of his comynge; 16, had ſet; 18, the one vnto the other; 23, vnto our; 26, vnto a; in to a gardyn; 27, [y] barryd; 28, for to; 30, he forthwith; 32, the whiche; 34, let [ye].

781. 1, wounded were; 4, it was ſhewed vnto; [all]; 8, [by her chamber]; 9, they lacked; 15, perſone with me at this tyme; And than; 17, vnto a; where as; 21, of [many]; 22, myght come in vnto her; 26, for the loue of you; 27, [he]; 28, a grete; 30, of ſyr L.'s hande; 32, And ſo to paſſe forth; 33, went to; 34, and ſo he toke.

782. 1, and came to his; 8, And ſo forth; 11, ſyr L.'s hurte hande; And whan; 12, in hymſelf; 13, vnto; 16, it well that

it was; 19, lyege lorde; 21, & that I wyll; 23, to them; 28, ſyr M. ſaye nay with your; 32, well that; 34, demed that ſholde hyde his; in this.

783. 1, A ha / what; 4, the whyles; 5, ſay and make good / that my; 8, haue ye; 11, it with; 12, ſyr L.; 15, alſo what; 18, batayle that is done; 19, as vnto that; 23, is a; 26, to the; 27, Vpon what day; 30, muſt do batayle; I beſeche; 31, ye are; 32, in the; 34, of thoſe condicyons; vnto all; 35, knewe me / I vſed; [with]; 36, to be in the; vſed treaſon; 37, ſyr M.

784. 1, ye all may ryde vnto; 2, And than; vnto; 3, fetures; 6, peryls leeſt; 7, is as; But alwaye; that dealeth; 8, man ofte; in to; 9, And as; 12, [ful of] vpon; 13, made ſemblaunt as though he had not wyſt; 17, put out of the waye; 19, paſt forth; 20, he had; horſe lytters; 23, many other; wente to; 24, tolde vnto; ſyr M.; 26, batayle togyder; 27, aferd that; 34, Now returne we vnto; 35, full grete; 37, by her.

785. 2, come oute; 4, defende it ſayd; 8, or ſeke or els in; 10, [at]; 11, or els; 16, ſhame (ſayd ſyr L.); 20, to ſtronge herted; 27, where as; 29, [the] whiche; 31, was there; 32, he comaunded; 33, to god.

786. 1, gallopynge; 5, And therfore he; for to; 6, for to brynge; [du lake]; 9, good lord; may well; 11, ſo that; 13, now ſayd; 18, quene G.; 20, but that; 32, all them that were preſent; 37, And ſo than; [els].

787. 5, vnto ſyr L.; 8, grounde; 11, as an; 15, And than; 16, towarde; 17, ſholde haue; 25, and the; 28, Whan ſyr M. herde that / he; vp on; 31, vnto his; 37, were they.

788. 8, hym vpon; 12, be buryed; 14, made moche of; 15, [hand]; 17, Hungary; whoſe name; 21, the whiche hyght; 22, Hungary; 29, [the] whiche; 32, tyll that the beſt; 33, And in this maner; 34, her vaūt.

789. 1, ſyr Vrres moder; 3, whiche was a; 4, with her; 8, So at the laſt ſhe; 9, [by fortune ſhe came nyghe] to the; 10, at kynge A.'s; 11, Caerleyll; 12, how; 13, that countree for to haue her ſoone heeled; 15, countree; 16, lorde kynge A.; 17, the whiche; 21, vnto the tyme that; 24, coūtree; 26, a full; 27, ſayd ſhe; 29, kynge A.; come hyther; 30, and yf ony; 37, ſyr V.

790. 2, brother by my; 7, ten knyghtes; [that tyme]; 12, in hymſelfe that he had ben a; 14, out of the; vpon the grounde; 15, of cloth of gold; 16, [noble]; 17, [for]; 18, for to ſuffre me ſoftly to handle thy; 19, ſyr V.; as it ſhall pleaſe you; 20, here at; 22, on; Than after kyng A.; 26, Anguyſſhe; 30, Chalaunce; 33, Gyngayne; 34, thre were.

791. 4, & ſyr G. & his ſones ſayled; 6, whiche; 7, So there; ſyr L.; 13, ſayled euerychone; 15, whiche; 18, Sadocke; 20, there came; ſyr Grumwors ſone; 21, whiche at that tyme; 22, one of the ſtrongeſt knyghtes of the worlde; frenſſhe booke; 23, this ſyr S. le breuſe and ſyr L.; 26, S. le breuſe; 27, maner of wyſe; 28, L. du lake; 29, of them promyſed vnto other; 32, and ſuche other wylde; whiche; 34, as of all the; 35, to knowe; 37, Than there came in; and ſyr T. whiche; 38, but this ſyr T. was.

792. 1, A. the cowherde had; begate all theſe knyghtes; 3, whiche was one of the; [one]; 8, whiche; 13, whiche was; by the noble knyghte ſyr T.; 15, le blanke whiche; vnto; 19, whiche was; vnto; 21, falſe traytour; 22, Marke ſlewe; 29, ſyr A. Lorphelyn; 30, [ſlewe kynge M.]; 31, the corps; 35, whiche; 36, Neroueus.

793. 5, A. le graunte; 8, whiche; 13, ſyr Robert; 14, whiche; 16, by his; 18, 19, whiche was; 19, vnto them; 20, G. of Orkeney; 26, whiche came; and anone it was; 27, kynge therof; 29, downe from; vnto; 31, vnto her.

794. 3, alle thoſe that had; ſerched ſyr V.; 12, to that entent; 15, as ye be; 16, and yf ye; 18, countree; 22, ſayenge thus; 25, and I ſhame; 28, ſayenge to hym; 29, [the] whiche is full ſore; 38, [alle].

795. 1, ſeuen yere tofore; 2, thre other; 10, [in]; 11, vnto god; 12, deuyſed; 14, bygge; Than kyng A.; 15, ſayd he; 17, ſyr V.; 19, of an; 20, ſo on; 22, make ſhorte tale; 24, them bothe; 29, vnto; this knyght; 33, but alwaye; 34, in the courte; 35, But euer.

796. 2, [du lake] for to; 3, ouerſkyppe; 6, deſpyte of thoſe knyghtes and ladyes that; 7, he had ben; 8, galous; 10, after [that]; 12, dyd in thoſe; 13, of Le cheualer; 15, vnto the deth.

Book II.

797. 1, At the ſeaſon of ye mery moneth of; 4, and be gladde; 7, [faſt]; 8, there befel; [and vnhap]; the whiche; 10, longe of; 11, ſyr A.; 12, theſe two knyghtes; 14, vnto; 16, [alle]; 19, & knowe; 27, ſyr A.; 28, I byleue; 31, knowe well ynough; 33, it vnto; 34, Ye ſhall not do it by; for yf there; 35, wrathe.

798. 3, ben a better knyght; 7, as whā; 13, hyde it; 20, ought I; euylle of; 21, [al]; 22, now is the; 25, kynge A.; 26, ſyr A.; whiche I; 28, and [to]; 31, And we knowe all; 34, kynge A.

799. 1, for I tell you ſyr; 10, and for his quene; 20, ſyr A.; 22, hym full; 23, vpon; 26, vnto them; 27, and thus were; 31, Gromore ſomor ioure; 36, with quene G.; 38, I alway drede me moche.

800. 1, whiche; for to; 6, noo doubte; 12, that I wyll; 14, ſafe and ſounde; 15, vndernethe his; 16, And ſo that noble knyght wente forth in his mantell / and put; 20, ſyr L.; 22, therof to make mencyon; as it is; 25, and with . . . . ſayd thus; 31, [there]; 32, I praye you hertely let me haue it.

801. 2, many valyaunt; 4, no reſyſt; 7, ſtande in; 8, neuer thus; 10, alwayes [in one]; 18, and poore; to my; 19, day that; 23, for to; 24, owne dere; 27, ſhall haue; 33, well that; 38, quene G.

802. 3, lorde Ieſu; 4, therwithall; 7, daſſhed at; chambre dore; 8, daſſhynge; open the; 13, ſyr L.; 15, a bygge; whiche was called ſyr C.; 21, And than ſyr L.; 25, Let be; 28, no ſuche; 31, and before; 32, [outher els ye all that]; 34, knyghte oughte to do; came vnto; 35, I wyll; [hit].

803. 1, myne owne; falſe traytour; 3, wyll let ſhe to; that we; 6, dore wyde open; 9, he had; to the cold; 10, of all; 11, a buffet; 14, vnto an; 17, maner of yll; and daungers; 25, to his; 26, So whan; 27, was at that tyme; 28, [why be ye all armed] what may this meane; 31, were ſo dremynge; 35, nede ſomeuer; 36, ye had ben in; 38, than euer.

804. 2, I beſeche you; 3, be of a; 5, we all; welth; 8, all whiche; that ye; 9, is no; 10, but that; 11, no meanes; 12, thoſe that; 13, [that] ye; 21, wolde ſayne; 23, do what I may; 25, you or not; 26, to hym; 29, with ſyr V.; 31, made knyghtes; one of them; 33, ſyr H.; 35, whiche; Lorphelyns ſone; 36, dame A.; [and ſhe]; 37, [and].

805. 3, and anone they; 4, & on; 5, and what; 7, ſcore good and valyaunt; 8, that I; 9, well wyllynge; 15, [and treaſon]; 19, is not; 21, [I wote well as is] as; 32, it pacyently; 33, our lorde god.

806. 2, yf ye; chryſtened of; 3, ony wrong; 6, otherwyſe; 10, and the quene dye ſo; 11, O good lord Ieſu; 13, and from; 14, ye that be of my; 16, doo yourſelfe; 19, to be done; 20, we thynke that the beſt ye may do is this / that; 22, to be ſuppoſed that yf ye; 23, or els; 31, ryght lothe; 32, for to; 35, me moche; 38, ſholde reſcowe.

807. 2, dyd not he kepe; 4, your bothe aduyſes; 6, be that; 9, vnto; 11, home agayne; [and loue and thanke]; 17, ſlewe that noble knyght; 18, a ſharpe groūded; 22, well that; 26, yf it; on the; 29 a lytell; 31, whiche whan; 34, rode ſtreyght; and beten.

808. 3, dyd ye take hym; 5, ſyr C.; 8, A Ieſu; 12, wyll holde; 13, kynge A.; but that; 14, [the] deth; 15, to [the]; 19, be the; 27, [it] is; 31, knyghte alyue; 35, whiche he had.

809. 5, [I dare ſaye]; 6, ony vylony; 14, A. vnto ſyr G.; 15, for trewly; no grete; 17, and alſo he had almooſt; 18, . xij . good; 27, of my ſones; 32, that ye wyll; 33, beſt araye; 35, receyue her.

810. 1, do in my lyfe; 2, that I; 3, lady quene; ſuche a; 7, vnto ſyr; 10, [the] whiche; fall there; 12, vnto kynge; 22, vnto her; 28, one whiche; 29, her iudgement; 30, quene was; vnto; and alſo that ſhe was; 31, warnÿge therof; 35, [ful].

811. 4, whiche were; 7, ſyr G.; 15, vnto quene; 17, that the quene; 26, many knyghtes; were ſory of; 27, to; 32, he was reuyued he; 33, ony crowne; I haue now.

812. 2, haue I; 4, neuer more; 8, [telle]; 9, nygh go; 11, all erthly men; 15, [that] he; 18, tyll that; 20, ſayd the kynge; 23, [ſayre]; 25, the kyng; 29, had; 31, kyng A.; 36, in the; And ſo for to; 37, yf he had not.

813. 4, the man / your two bretherne; 6, all the good of; 9, ſyr L.; 10, [euer]; 11, ſyr G.; 13, to haue ben with; 16, the man; 17, is all; 18, downe in a ſwoune; 21, ranne vnto; 23, and my; ſyr G. alſo; 25, fell downe in a ſwoune; reuyued agayne ſyr G. ſpake & ſayd; 28, be buryed; 30, myne owne lord; 32, that ye wyll tell me; 34, neyther of them bothe.

814. 1, [of hem both]; 4, My mooſt gracyous lord & myne vncle ſayd; 6, that now; the whiche; 9, vnto the; 16, herde; 19, [he ſayd]; 22, kynge A.; 23, and in y^{e}; 24, to aſſemble; 27, all how; 29, where as; 30, many a; 38, bothe within.

815. 1, and ſyr G.; 2, [al]; 4, full ſtronge; 5, not ryde; 6, wolde ſuffre; 9, So it; on a; [tyme]; 10, to; 12, [al] it is; ye laboure at; 14, out my ſelfe; 16, ſyr L.; 17, in the; 20, thou well; 21, wyll be; 22, and the noble; whiche; 25, [lord and]; 26, wyte you.

816. 4, [as ony is lyuyng vnto her lord]; 11, or that; 15, my gracyous; 17, that I had; [grete]; 19, as ſhe; 22, in a; 26, that my; 28, it ſhall; 31, vpon thy; 33, [and]; 36, with thyne; 38, by Ieſu ſayd ſyr L.

817. 1, vnto; 3, ſyr L.; 4, falſe recreaūt; 6, that I; vnto the; 7, me ſore; 8, that it; 9, for none; 13, haſt deſtroyed; 16, as ye my; 17, [ye] haue; 18, and that; 20, but wyte; that I; 21, for it; [on hand]; 24, Than ſayd ſyr G. vnto ſyr L.; 26, at ſuche a vaūtage; 28, I ſhall haue but; 29, [the noble].

818. 2, vnto them; and ſyr S. his brother; 4, & to hym ſayd thus; 5, that we; 6, ſyr G.; vnto you; we beſeche you; 8,

[playnly]; 14, loth to do it; 20, is not this; 26, than on the morowe; 32, in [a]; 33, myddle batayle; 35, as valyaunt.

819. 5, vnto the; 6, moo other; [And]; 8, was there; 13, moche domage and hurte; 19, for to; 24, vnto hym thus; 26, vttermeſt; but euer; 29, was agayne; 32, rode forth; 34, for to reſt; 35, deed bodyes.

820. 3, So on; 4, [there]; as grymme; 7, had done hym; 8, all the; 10, furyously; 11, groūde; ioyned togyder; 12, a grete; 15, were bothe; 17, that ye; 19, they doo you; 20, For alwaye; 23, at ony vauntage; 24, told hym; 29, fete lockes; ſlayne on bothe partyes; 30, withdrewe; And ſo dyd kynge A.'s party. And than; 32, and his party entred in to theyr; 33, deed bodyes; ſalue to; 35, not halfe ſo; orgulous or proude; 38, whiche was.

821. 1, mooſt noble; 10, the Bulles; wyſt not; Gladly he wold accorde with; 18, not be reproued; 20, with hym; 22, vnto; 23, vnto kynge A.; 25, ſyr L. for to; 26, as ſhe; 29 [ſayd ſyr L.]; 31, [euer]; 32, this that; ſure for me & myne.

822. 1, that ſhe; 2, for to; 4, for to drede; 5, and my; 6, to were dyſtreſſed; 13, before me; 14, knowlege; 16, [thenne]; ye may ſaye; 17, lorde kyng; for my lady the; 19, for kynge A.'s loue; 22, kyng A.'s; 24, all they; 25, to the; 27, had with her; 29, vpon; 32, and ſet; 33, And quene Gueneuer; 36, vnto; 37, in to; 38, euery man.

823. 3, ſate in his ſete; 7, many a; [ther]; 9, kynge A.; 10, not one; 12, ſpake he vnto the mooſt noble kyng A. full knyghtly / and lyke a man of grete honour; 13, that by; 15, vnto you; 16, [that] he; 18, vnto you; 20, grete; 21, the tyme; 23, lorde and kynge; 24, vnto grete; 30, agaynſt . xiiij . knyghtes.

824. 1, kynge A.; 3, lord and kynge; 4, that I; 5, [yow]; 6, done you in diuers; 8, for to; 9, and in; 12, [many]; 13, myne auaunt; 17, T. de Lyones; L. de Galys; 18, to them; 19, was neuer; 21, full glad; 25, full well; 26, pulled you; 28, your face; 31, ſyr T.; 32, of [his]; 37, for to.

825. 4, twayne; 11, fere y^{t}; 13, all erthely knyghtes; 16, that I ſhold; 18, [noble]; 25, cauſe to make; 26, [that]; 31, is none; 35, [holyer & more]; 36, vnto theyr; than that my; [kyng &].

826. 1, [ſire G.]; all the; 3, had ben; 6, it ſhall pleaſe hym; 7, the my; 10, ſyr L.; 16, for to; 19, warnynge; 21, that thou; comen hyther; 22, yf that; 23, [ſayd ſyre G.]; 24, [owne]; 30, ſayd theſe wordes.

827. 1, varyable; mutable; is no; 6, haue had; 10, [as wel]; 11, with your neuewe ſyr; 12, for to werre; 14, I beſeche you; 20, with you; Ye no; 24, or [that]; 27, quene G.; 28, all the

knyghtes; 30, ſende me worde; ye be noyed; 31, with ony; let me haue knowlege; 32, yf that; 33, And ſo therwith; 34, openly that all they that were there myght here hym; me ſe; 37, vnto.

828. 1, but that they all; 2, of theyr wyttes; 3, ſo whan; for to; 5, waye to; 6, And afterwarde he; 8, ſir L. departed; 9, [holy]; 10, y^{t}; do as he; 12, ſore at my herte; 13, banyſſhed man; 16, was banyſſhed oute of this realme; 18, departed aſonder; 23, countree; is none; ben here; 24, for dyuers; is this; 25, Courte of kynge A.; 26, take parte; 28, [as] well for; 30, I thanke; 31, as to ſuche; 32, [for] to.

829. 5, and in; 6, your grete; 11, whiche; vnto his; 16, for to; 17, And well an; 19, departe from hym; 21, where as; 22, for to; 26, his good; 27, vnto; 28, had eſtablyſſhed; 30, And he made ſyr; to be crouned; 32, whiche; 33, whiche was.

830. 1, departed his hauour; 2, thoſe of his; 3, And ſyrſt he made ſyr B. duke of; 15, hym erle; 16, the good knyght ſyr P.; coūtree of Prouence; 17, Langedocke; 18, gaue hym; 20, Angeo; 25, [to]; 27, [made]; 31, all his; 32, his quene; kyng A.; ouer the ſee.

831. 1, theſe tydynges; vnto; 2, & that they; 3, [full]; 4, is grete; 7, whiche was; 8, gyue you; 12, all alyauntes; 13, vnto ſyr; 14, and your; 15, hath cauſed; ouer ryde our; 17, hyde vs in; the good knyght ſyr G. to; 19, they were without ye walles; 20, [lyke]; we are; 25, ſpake all with one voyce; 26, ryde out; 28, whiche; 31, yet my lordes (!); we are full; [for]; 32, warryoures that other whyle made kynge C. and my father kynge B. / & myn vncle kyng Bors for to obey; 36, deſyrynge hym to take a tratyce.

832. 1, his warre; 3, vnto the; 4, whoſe name was ſyr L.; [&] that ſayd; 6, for to; 7, ſyr L.; 9, that are; 10, wold that; 11, vnto kyng A.; 14, kynge A.'s; ryght gladde; 23, by cauſe her; 25, vnto; 26, ye ſhall ſaye; 27, to ſyr L.; it was but ydle labour / now to ſende to myne; 29, y^{t} now; 31, to god; vnto the ordre of; that I; 34, vnto her; 35, where as.

833. 2, that ſtode about hym ſayd; 5, in the myddes; lyghtly be; 11, and for euery of vs; 13, as at; on the; 14, as the; 15, ſawe how; was beſyeged; 17, them wyghtly; 18, armed at all poyntes; 21, that dare; 24, And ſo he; 25, And anone ſir B.; 26, there came; 27, vnto; for to; 29, ryghte ſpyteſully; was ſo fyers / that he; 32, And thus; [he]; 34, of peple there was; 35, that ſyr G.; 36, vpon a grete courſer.

834. 1, dooſt thou hyde; 4, kynne euery deale; 5, than his; ſayd all; 6, vnto ſyr; 13, a recreaunt knyght; cōmaunded to ſadell

his; 14, [lete]; 17, whiche; that I; 22, you halfe; and haue; 24, moche as; 27, to a bay; 28, ſayd vnto ſyr L. Syr L.; 30, began to arme; 33, [all]; 37, that there; 38, come nyghe.

835. 4, horſes myght as faſt as they; 7, [&] Than; 10, in many; 11, whiche an; 12, gyuen hym; 14, his owne; 17, they ſhold; 18, And all this; G.'s ſake; 19, yf that; 20, that his; 25, had of hym grete wonder; 30, and his brethe; 31, ſadde ſtrokes; 33, [that] he; 36, Than whā ſyr L.

836. 1, began he to ſtretche; hymſelfe; 2, ſayd to hym theſe wordes; 3, that ye; 6, vpon the; 7, and than; 8, thou thyſelfe; 10, Syr I ſhall; 11, the grace of god ſayd ſyr L.; wyte you; 13, in to one of; 14, And anone there were leches; [&] whiche ſerched his wounde; 15, ſalued it; 16, ye ſhall; 17, brynge out my; 21, warre began; 23, well ſeen; 27, of kyng; 28, they within; 29, aboute a thre; 33, Benwyck; 34, on hyghe; 38, foule ſayenge.

837. 1, wyte you well; 4, thou traytour; [ſayd he]; 6, y^{t}; 10, were at an ende; 18, for to; 20, they ranne; 24, full quyckly auoyded; 27, for though.

838. 3, houres contynually; 4, ſyr L. had grete; [for]; hymſelfe; And after that y^{e}; 5, felte veryly; 6, myght and ſtrength; [and that his greate power was done]; 7, haue I well; 22, to the; 27, towarde the towne.

¶ Thus endeth the . xx . boke . And here after foloweth the . xxj . boke / whiche is the laſt booke of this preſent volume . In whiche all thoſe that dyſpoſe them to eſchewe ydelneſſe whiche is mother of all vyces / redynge hyſtoryall maters . Some wyllyng to rede in deuoute medytacyons / of the humanyte and paſſyon of our ſauyour Ieſu chryſt . Some in lyues and paynfull martyrdomes of holy ſayntes . Some in moralyſacyon & poetycall ſtoryes . And ſome in knyghtly and vyctoryous dedes of noble prynces conquerours / as of this preſent volume of this noble conqueroure kynge Arthur / ſomtyme kynge of Englande may openly knowe the lamentable deth of hym and the nobleſt chyualrye of the worlde knyghtes of the rounde table / cauſed by ſyr Mordred his ſone and the ſubiectes of this realme.

839. 2, [that]; 6, he was; 8, to W.; toke [the]; 15, maner [of]; 18, [ſhe took the toure of London]; [and]; 22, was deceyued; 23, And to make ſhorte; 37, [thou]; 38, that I vtterly defye the.

840. 1, that I ought; 2, where as; that my; [&] it is; 3, an abhomynable; 5, heed to be ſtryken of; 6, curſe; 8, And whan the byſſhop herde that / he fledde; 10, was a relygyous heremyte;

12, ſought vpon; 14 [meanys]; 15, hym not; 18, ſyege fro ſyr; & that he; 19, for to be; 20, to wryte letters vnto; 21, vnto hym; 27, hym than; we all; 28, [ye not]; 30, knyghtes & men of worſhyp; 31, not we Englyſſhe men; holde vs; [them]; 34, Alas alas.

841. 2, towarde D.; 6, fangled; 9, carakes; 11, vpon the; was there; 20, noble knyght; 25, there he; [thenne] whan he came to hȳſelfe agayn; 26, [ſyr G.]; 34, wounde that; L. du lake; of the; 35, yf ſyr L. had; 37, I my ſelfe am cauſer.

842. 1, cankered; 5, vnto; a lettre; 6, [thenne]; 7, [thenne] ſyr G.; 8, he had ben; 12, vnto the; 14, whiche thou; 16, vnto my; 20, for to; 21, that ſame; 28, & vncle kyng A.; 29, whiche is; hymſelfe; he wolde; 32, yf ſhe had; 33, lorde & vncle.

843. 1, the as thou arte the; 3, and alſo; 8, ſyr G. betoke his ſoule in to the handes of our lorde god; let bury; 9, caſtel of D.; 11, to kynge A.; 13, on; 19, made to bury them; And thoſe that were ſore woūded he cauſed; 22, wrongfully; 23, the noble; 24, vnto the ſee ſyde vnto S.; 27, vpon a; 29, vpon that traytour ſyr M.; 31, Southery; 33, and vnto kynge A.; 34, that loued; 35, And ſo vpon.

844. 1, hym thought he; 2, vnto a; 5, and a depe; 8, that he; 13, in a ſlombrynge; 14, kynge A. thought that there; hym veryly; 16, ſo whan; [thenne]; 18, the alyue; 20, that ben comen; 21, the ladyes; 22, a man; 23, in a ryghtwyſe; 25, to you; 27, bothe ye; 31, men that; 32, vnto you; his mooſt; 34, profre hym; 36, & ſhall reſcowe.

845. 2, lyghtly; 12, grymly; 15, And after the dayes of kynge A. to haue all Englande to his obeyſſaunce; 17, So than; 20, And than; 24, for [I]; 25, dyd warne; that yf; 27, euer ſtandeth before; 28, that my; vpon.

846. 1, [than]; 4, rode he; 6, raſſhyng; 8, But alway; 10, dyd there ryght nobly; ſholde do; 11, he neuer; 14, groūde; 16, [wode]; 20, [one]; the Butler; 22, kyng A.; 24, vnto myne; 25, [were]; ſyr M. is; whiche; 28, to ſyr L.; 29, whiche hath wrought all this woo; 32, on hym; My good lord; remembre well your dreme that ye had this nyght; 36, be god.

847. 1, is done; 7, vnto hym; 11, with all the; 12, vp to the ende; 13, that he helde; 15, banne; therwith; fell downe; 17, [de butlere]; 24, and he was; 25, went; 32, by myne aduyſe; 33, you vnto.

848. 1, aketh ſo; 4, warned me; 5, vp [the] kynge A.; on the one; 7, that lyfte / that ſome of his; 9, kynge A. came to hymſelfe agayne; 11, 17, 20, kynge A.; 12, vnto me; ſo to; 14,

than I haue; 15, for to; 22, vnto; 24, thou ſhalte ſe there; 26, And ſoo; 27, [the] hafte; 29, in to; 33, ſayd he; 35, kynge A.; 36, [ageyn].

849. 1, it ſynne; 4, ſayd he; 7, two tymes; 8, vnto me; 12, I cōmaunde the; And yf; 17, water as ferre; 21, vnto; 22, had ſeen; fro hens; 23, kyng A.; 31, thoſe thre quenes ſet them downe.

850. 1, kynge A.; 3, for to; 4, euer more; 13, vpon; 14, [was] newly; 15, had banyſſhed; 16, buryed; My fayre; 18, whiche brought this deed corps; 30, your owne; 31, ſyr B. abode; 32, whiche had ben; 35, no more wryten in my copy of the certaynte of his deth; 35, *from* "wryton," *to next page*, 1, "redde," *is omitted.*

851. 2, a barge; 3, [quene]; 5, Nymue; 6, whiche; ſyr P.; 11, vnto his; 14, not of a certaynte; it was; 16, it playnly; 17, Some men yet; 19, Ieſu Chryſt; 24, we here; 26, And ſo; [theyr]; 28, that her lord kyng A.; 29, ſhe ſtale; 36, that was a.

852. 9, wonders wroth [oute of meſure]; 10, now I repēt me; 11, [euer]; 12, to my; kynge A.; [doleful] lettre of ſyr G. / that my lorde kynge A.; 19, wyte ye; 23, & ſyr; 28, ye go ſe; 33, for to; 34, ſee & arryued at D.; 36, enquyred of men; kyng A. was.

853. 4, 5, kyng A.; 9, tombe of ſyr G.; 10, full hertely; 12, ale as the myghte ete and drynke; 13, dealed; 17, ſyr L. offred ſyrſt; 19, *from* "& alſo," *to* 20, "pounde," *is omitted;* 20, to nyght; 21, vpon his; And in; 22, called vnto hym; 23, thus he ſayd; 28, and grete; 29, haue herde; 37, man neyther.

854. 1, weſtwarde; 2, vnto a; 4, thre tymes; 7, this chere; 8, whiche; 9, to call; vnto me; And whan; vnto her; 10, [to all the ladyes]; 11, [hath] all; 13, wyte ye well ſyr L.; 15, helth; for to haue; 16, Ieſu chryſt; at the dredefull daye of dome; 17, ſynfull creatures; 19, vs two; 20, neuer loke; And ferthermore I; 21, behalfe ryghte ſtraytly; and that vnto; ſhortly thou; 23, the ſyr L.; not ones; 24, for bothe; me & the; 25, go thou vnto; 26, I beſeche you; 27, lord god; 29, now returne; in to my; 32, you vnto; 33, pleaſe god; & ſpecially to praye for you; 34, may not; 35, ye ſaye well ſayd he.

855*. 3, in the queſt of; 4, my lady dame G.; 5, you vnto; me vnto; 6, haue I; 8, me for to; realme and countree; 10, [euer]; 11, [yf] that; ony good; 13, neuer more; 14, ſuche thynges; And ſo they; 17, as though they; 27, threwe abrode; 37, [for].

856*. 3, ryde through all Englond to ſeke; 4, vnto; 8, came vnto; whan he ſawe; 13, [ſir Blamour]; 14, abode there ſtyll; 15, ſawe that; 20, but that; 21, dyd lowly; 24, & in; 26, ſo that; 27, vnto; 28, hym towarde A.; 29, by that tyme; thou come; 30,

puruey the; 31, and brȳge you; bury it; 32, thryes vnto ſyr L.; 34, or it was; 36, this vyſyon; 37, on ſote; they wente.

857. 5, or ſhe dyed; 7, for to; 10, And this; 11, all theſe two; vntyll; 14, Dirige at nyght and the maſſe on the morowe; 17, his ſeuen; [hors]; 18, holy & deuout; 20, tyll they came to G.; 27, & than ſhe; 28, after in; put in to; 29, ſtylle vpon the grounde; 30, ye are; 32, well myne; 34, none ende; 35, and call to mynde her beaute / her bounte / and her nobleſſe; was as well; 36, kynge my lorde A. as with her; And alſo whan I ſawe the corpſes of that noble kynge and noble quene ſo lye togyder in that colde graue made of erth / that ſomtyme were ſo hyghly ſet in mooſt honourable places / truly; 38, my wretched; how I through.

858*. 1, and through my preſumpcyon and pryde; 2, the whiche; euer were; 3, of theyr; 4, ſanke & impreſt; ſo in to; that all my naturall ſtrengthe fayled me / ſo that I; 7, but cōtynually morned vntyll he; And than; 10, was as than; ſhorter by a cubyte; 12, but nedeſully as nature requyred ſomtyme he; & alwayes he; 13, vpon; G.'s tombe; 15, nothynge.

¶ O ye myghty and pompous lordes ſhynynge in the glory tranſitory of this vnſtable lyf / as in regnynge ouer grete realmes and myghty grete countrees / fortyſyed with ſtronge caſtels & toures edifyed with many a ryche Cite . Ye alſo ye ſyers and myghty knyghtes ſo valyaunt in aduenturous dedes of armes Beholde beholde / ſe how this myghty conquerour kynge Arthur / whome in his humayne lyfe all the worlde doubted . Ye alſo this noble quene Gueneuer whiche ſomtyme ſate in her chayre a*d*ourned with golde / perles & precyous ſtones / now lye full lowe in obſcure foſſe or pyt couered with cloddes of erth and claye . Beholde alſo this myghty champyon ſyr Launcelot / pereles of knyghthode / ſe now how he lyeth grouelynge vpon the colde moulde / now beynge ſo feble and faynt / that ſomtyme was ſo terryble / how & in what maner ought ye to be ſo deſyrous of worldly honoure ſo daungerous . Therfore me thynketh this preſent boke called la mort darthur is ryght neceſſary often to be radde . For in it ſhall ye ſynde the mooſt gracyous knyghtly & vertuous warre of ye mooſt noble knyghtes of the worlde / wherby they gate prayſyng cōtynuall . Alſo me ſemeth by ye ofte redyng therof / ye ſhall gretely deſyre to accuſtome your ſelfe in ſolowynge of thoſe gracyous knyghtly dedes / that is to ſaye / to drede god / and to loue ryghtwyſnes / fayth-fully & couragyouſly to ſerue your ſouerayne prynce . And the more y^t^ god hath gyuen you the tryumphall honoure / the meker ye ought to be / euer ferynge the vnſtablenes of this deceyuable worlde . And ſo I paſſe ouer and turne agayn vnto my mater; 15,

¶ So within; 19, that ye wyll gyue; 20, vnto a; 21, but a; 24, I wyll now; 25, I praye you gyue; 27, vnto; 29, Bamborow; 33, all his; 34, went all; 35, byſſhop that; 36, on a; 37, came vnto.

859*. 5, vpon one daye; 6, towarde heuen; 18, with the corps; 19, vnto; 27, had ſought; 30, E. de Marys; 32, ſynge the ſeruyce full lamentably; 33, [wepe].

860*. 3, [that]; of none; 9, thou were; 12, in the reſte; 15, vnto his; 17, whiche was; 25, Vyllyers le valyaunt; 34, was bothe; 36, that ſyr L.; [for] ſo to do; 38, and turkes; they dyed; 39, hole booke.

861*. 8, For tranſlacyon of this boke was ſynyſſhed. [The Colophon see on the Plate facing page 17].

LIST OF NAMES AND PLACES.[1]

Abbay of the black Crosse, 402
Abbay, the whyte, 623
Abbay of nonnes, 612
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Abblasoure, castel of, 631
Abel, son of Adam, 696
Abilleus, Abelleus, syr, 111, 112
Ablamor of the Maryse, 107
Accolon of gaulle, syr, 89; follows a hart with Arthur and Vryence, 125; comes into the power of Morgan le fay, 126; awaking in the morning he finds himself in a deep well; a dwarf comes to ask him if he would fight for Morgan le fay, he promises to do it, and receives Excalibur and the sheath, 128; tells sir Ontzlake of his intention to fight with the knight, 129; fights with king Arthur, 130; nearly overcomes him, but by Nymue's intervention drops Excalibur, 131; is thrown down by Arthur; tells him Morgan le fay's commission, 133; is brought to an abbey and dies of his wounds, 135, 136; 138; 140
Adam, first man, 696
Adtherp, syr, 318, 319
Agente,[2] **earldom of**, given to syr Clegys by syr Launcelot, 830
Aglouale, syr, brother of Percyual, 256; 258; 451; 586, 587, 588, 589; 636; 790
Agrauayne, syr, brother of syr Gawayne; comes with queen Morgause and his brothers to Arthur's court, 65; assists at his father Lot's burial, 88; fights in a tournament near the Castel peryllous, 258; marries the niece of lady Lyonesse, 270; is thrown down by Palomydes, 433; defeated by Breuse saunce pyte, 454, 455; fights against Tristram, but is overcome, 507; kills Lamorak with his brothers, 512, 513; accuses with Mordred queen Gueneuer, 726; is at the queen's dinner in London, 728; is smitten down by Launcelot, 743; does not rejoice with king Arthur in Launcelot's return, 759; is sent by Arthur to examine the barget, 761; fights in a tournament at Candlemas, 766; thrown down by Launcelot, 767; rides out maying with the queen, 772; is smitten down by Mellyagraunce, 774; handles Vrre's wounds, 790; is the cause of king Arthur's death, 796; accuses the queen openly of adultery, 797;

[1] This is the first complete and critical Index to "Le Morte Darthur" ever compiled. There occur about 850, and, counting all the various spellings, nearly 1000 names in the text. It was a tedious and difficult task, on account of the bad orthography and carelessness with regard to the names of persons. As the geography of the whole book is confused and unintelligible, I have abstained from giving any conjectures. In cases where I felt sure, I have stated my opinion. The numbers refer to the pages. In some cases I have stated in foot-notes the readings of names of persons and places as they occur in the French and English sources respectively, in order to show how little one can depend on them.

[2] Agente may be either Agen, a city in France, capital of the department of Lot and Garonne, a bishop's see, or the Agendicum (afterwards Sens) of the ancient Gaule; perhaps also Araegenus (Argentan).

tells king Arthur about her, 798; advises the king to go hunting and to take the queen by surprise, 799; comes to capture Launcelot, 800; calls him a traitor, 801; is killed by Launcelot, 803; 805; 809; 823

Aguarus, syr, nephew to the dead man whom syr Launcelot finds in a chapel, 656, 657

Agwysaunce, Anguyssaunce, kyng of Irelond, 52; 54; 56; 60; 257; 259, 260

Aladuke, lord, 171

Alardyn of the Ilys, syr, 106

Albons, St., 39

Aleyn, syr, 427

All halowmasse, al halowmas, 49 (the mass or feast of all Saints, 31st of October)

Almayn, 162; 175; Germany

Almesburye,[1] 851; 856*, 857*

Alphegus of spayne, syr, 788

Alps, mountains, 162

Alyduke, Alyduk, syr, a knight of the round table, not identical with the above Aladuke,[2] 196*; 728; 744

Alys la beale pylgrym, 475, 476, 477; becomes wife of Alysaunder le orphelyn

Alysaunder the grete, the myghty Conquerour, 1; 177; 827

Alysaunder le orphelyn, son of kyng Marke's brother prynce Boudwyne, comes with his parents to the court of king Mark, 466; is taken to the Castel Magouns, after his father's death, to be educated, 467; is made knight and receives his father's doublet, 468; is well equipped, 469; Trystram advises him by letter to go to Arthur's court, 470; he does not follow the advice; smites down four knights of Morgan le fay and fights and overcomes Malegryn, 472; is taken to Morgan le fay's castle, where he promises, in order to get healed, to stay twelve months, 473; a damoysel helps him, 474; he fights against several knights, 475, 476; becomes enamoured of Alys la beale pylgrym and marries her, 477, 478; 744; his death referred to, 792

Alysaundrye (? country or city), 163

Amant, syr, 423, 424; 436

Ambage, country of, 163 (? one of the provinces or towns of the Roman Empire)[3]

Andred, Andret, syr, nephew of kyng Marke, cosyn to syr Trystram, 297; 321; 325, 326; 368; 401, 402, 403, 404; 459

Anglides, Anglydes, wife of Boudwyn and mother to Alysander le Orphelyn, 466, 467, 468, 469

Anguysshe, kyng of Ireland, once mistakingly (161) called kyng of Scottland, sends to king Mark to ask truage for Cornwall, 277; receives the wounded Tramtryst in his country, 285; arranges a great tournament, 286; asks Trystram why he does not fight, 287; allows Trystram to leave his country safely, 290; is summoned by Bleoberys and Blamor to appear before king Arthur, 302; has to send within three days a knight who will fight for him, 304*; gladly accepts Trystram's offer, 305; yields to Trystram's wish to save Blamor's life, 307; takes Trystram to Ireland and tells all the people about his valiant deed, 308; gives his daughter la beale Isoud to Trystram as wife for king Mark, 309; 314; 372; 410, 411; 529; 554; 738; 741, 742; 757; 763; 765; 790

Anguyssaunce. *See* **Agwysaunce**

Anioye, duke of, 830; Dynas the seneschal is made duke of A. by Launcelot

Annecians, syr, god-son of kyng Bors, 60

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[1] Almesbury is a town in Wiltshire not far from Salisbury. Originally the name was Ambrosebury, then Ambresbury, and from this has been made the present name.

[2] E. Brock, "Morte Arthur" (Thornton MS.), in his Index, apparently considers Aladuke, Aliduke, and Alidoyke as names belonging to the same person.

[3] "Morte Arthur" (Thornton MS.) reads "Ambyganye."

Annoure, lady, a sorceress, 361, 362
Ansirus, Anserus, duke, 475; called le pylgrym, father of Alys
Antemes, syr, 63
Anwyk, 858*; one of the places where Launcelot's body is supposed to be buried, perhaps identical with Ioyous gard
Anyause, kyng, 673; 675
Arabe, mounte of, 168; in Wales
Arabye, 163; Arabia
Arbray, castel of, 495
Archade, syr, 482, 483
Archbysshop of Caunterbury, *see* **Caunterbury**
Argustus, sone of kynge Harlon, 663
Arguys, syr, 459
Armathye, *see* **Ioseph**
Armynak, syr Lauayne is made erle of Armynak by syr Launcelot, 830
Arnolde de Brewse, 220; 233; 259
Arrage, country of, 163 (? one of the provinces of the Roman Empire)[1]
Arrok de greuaunt, syr, 793
Arrouse, erle, 483
Arroy, foreste of, 144
Arthur, kyng of Brytayne, son of Vtherpendragon and Igrayne, begotten in the castel of Tyntigail, 37; born, delivered to Merlyn, who takes him to Ector, 38; rides with Ector and his son Kay to London; pulls a sword out of a stone, and gives it to Kay, 41; pulls the sword out again before Ector; promises to make Kay seneschal after his becoming king, 42; draws the sword out again before the lords and commons at Christmas, Candlemas, Easter and Whitsuntide, and is crowned king of England, 43; makes Kay seneschal, Baudewyn of Brytayne constable, Vlfyus chamberlain, Brastias warden of the north; goes to Wales; orders the next feast of Pentecost to be celebrated at Carlyon, 44; many kings and lords refuse to recognise him, 45; speaks to the rebellious; fights against them with his sword Excalibur, 46; kills many knights; goes to London and assembles his lords and barons; by Merlin's advice, and with the assent of the lords, he sends for the kings Ban and Bors, 47; receives Ban and Bors, and gives in their honour a great festival and tournament at Hallowmas, 49, 50; fights against the seven kings, 51–62; delivers king Lodegrean; sees his future wife Gueneuer for the first time, 63; rides to Carlyon after Ban's and Bors' departure, 64; falls in love with Lot's wife, his sister, whom he does not yet know; begets on her Mordred, who afterwards destroys him; has a marvellous dream; the next morning, to distract his thoughts, goes to hunt; meets the questing beast; a knight takes his horse away, 65; Merlyn finds him pensive; tells him that Igrayne is his mother; returns to him as a child and as an old man, 66; is told that God is dissatisfied with him; asks Ector and Vlfyus about his birth; sends for Igrayne, 67; finds that Merlyn has told him the truth; embraces Igrayne, 68; makes Gryflet knight, 69; receives the ambassadors from Rome; refuses to pay the truage; saves Merlyn from some ruffians, 70; meets Pellinore, fights with him, is thrown down, and his sword broken, 71; by Merlyn's intervention he is saved from death; is healed by a hermit; returns with Merlyn, 72; sees in the middle of a lake a hand holding a sword; promises a gift to the lady of the lake, and gets the sword; intends to fight with Pellinore, but is dissuaded by Merlyn, 73; learns the qualities of Excalibur; refuses to send his beard to king Ryons; on the contrary, threatens to conquer his country, 74; in order to avoid Merlyn's prophecy with regard to

[1] "Morte Arthur" (Thornton MS.) reads here "Orcage."

Mordred, he orders all children[1] born on May-day to be destroyed; Mordred, however, is preserved, 75; cannot pull out the sword of a damoysel sent by Lylle of Avelion, 76; requests Balyn to remain in his court, 78; hears from the lady of the lake the name of the sword; refuses to grant her the gift she asks; banishes Balyn from his court, 79; orders the lady of the lake, killed by Balyn, to be richly buried, 80; hears from Merlyn that Balyn has defeated and taken prisoner king Ryons; prepares his army to meet Nero, Ryons' brother, 86; overcomes king Lot by Balyn's help, 87; buries king Lot with great honours, and orders a monument to be erected on his tomb, 88; gives Excalibur to the charge of Morgan le fay, his sister, 89; graciously receives Balyn again, and tells him to fetch back a mourning knight, 89; orders this knight, who is killed by Garlon the Invisible, to be richly buried, 90; by Merlyn's advice he overcomes gradually all his enemies; tells Merlyn his wish to marry Gueneuer; after in vain trying to dissuade the king, Merlyn yields to his desire and sends to king Lodegrean, 100; receives Gueneuer and the round table with a hundred knights; tells Merlyn to find out the best knights of the country; grants young Gawayn's desire, 101; grants the wish of Aries the cowherd, 102; makes Tor, Pellinore's son, and Gawayn, his nephew, knights, 103; is wedded with great solemnity to Gueneuer in St. Stephen's Church at Camelot, 104; is displeased with Gawayn for killing a lady, 109; gives armour and a sword to Tor as reward for his valour, 113; receives Pellinore, 117; gives lands and properties to his knights; tells them to be brave and virtuous, and makes them to swear that they would keep his orders and the principles of the round table, 118; is warned by Merlyn to keep his sword, 119; holds a feast at Camelot; returns to Cardoylle; hears that several kings have invaded his country; goes to defend his country; takes Gueneuer with him to the north, 120; is attacked unexpectedly during the night, but is saved by the courage of his knights, 121; defeats his enemies; thanks God for the victory, 122; wishes to replace the knights of the round table killed in the battle, 123; prefers Tor to the son of Bagdemagus, 124; hunts with Vryens and Accolon; they follow a hart; they find a little ship, 125; twelve damoysels receive the king and his companions; they are well entertained and go to rest; the next morning Arthur finds himself in a dark prison, 126; is ready to fight and to deliver all the prisoners, 127; prepares at once to fight; receives by a damoysel a sword like Excalibur, 129; fights with Accolon, who has Excalibur, 130; is nearly overcome, but is saved by the damoysel of the lake; gets Excalibur, 131; recognises the treason; overcomes Accolon; forces him to tell all he knows, 132; pardons Accolon, 133; is healed in an abbey, and sends Accolon's body to Morgan le fay, 135; is robbed of the sheath of Excalibur by Morgan le fay; follows her, 137; refuses, by the advice of the lady of the lake, the cloak of gold and jewels sent by Morgan le fay, 139; receives Gawayn, Vwayn, and Marhaus, 159; sends word to the emperour Lucius, in answer to his demand for truage, that he will make war against him, 160; consults with his lords what to do, 161; sends the ambassadors back

[1] This passage is most likely suggested by the well-known Biblical incident of Herod's murder of the children. It is very similarly told in the Huth "Merlin."

and prepares for war, 162; trusts his kingdom to Baudewyn and Constantyn, takes leave of Guenever, goes to sea at Sandwich, 164; has a marvellous dream on the ship, which a philosopher interprets to him, 165; arrives at Barflete in Flanders; resolves to fight against a giant, 166; goes to St. Mychels mount and kills the terrible giant; pikes the giant's head on a pole and shows it to all people; gives all the riches and treasures of the giant to his people, reserving for himself his club, 167, 168; sends Gawayn, Borce, Lyonel, and Bedewere to Lucius to ask him to leave the country, 169; fights against the Romans, 170, 171; overcomes them, sends the prisoners to Paris, 172; fights again, does personally great deeds of arms, kills the giant Galapas; is hurt in the face by Lucius, 173; cleaves Lucius' head with Excalibur; defeats the Romans entirely; orders the wounded to be attended to, and the dead to be buried, 174; continues his victorious career through Lombardy and Tuscany, 175; conquers many cities, 181; comes to Rome; gives rich reward to his allies and knights; returns home; is received by Gueneuer at Sandwich, 182; keeps his court, 183; receives Pedyvere at Wynchester; holds Whitsuntide with his knights; is glad of Launcelot's return, 211; hears from Kay and others of Launcelot's valiant deeds, 212; grants to Gareth two wishes, 214; allows him to take the adventure of damoysel Lynet, 216; receives at Pentecost all the knights that Gareth has overcome, 250; asks news about Gareth, 251; declares to the queen of Orkeney, who reproaches him for having badly received her son, that he did not know him, 252; tells her how Gareth came to his court, and consoles her, 253; sends to lady Lyonesse; she comes to him; they agree to have a great festival on Assumption day near Lyonesse's castle, 255; comes to the Castel peryllous beside the yle of Auylyon, 256; seeks Gareth in vain, 262; finds him at last, and is very happy for his sister's sake; wonders that Lyonesse does not come; sends to fetch her, 268; finds that Lyonesse and Gareth love each other; orders their wedding to take place at next Michaelmas, 269; comes to Kynkenadon; gives Lynet to Gaheris as wife, and the niece of Lyonesse to Agrauayne, 270; Breunor le noyre comes to his court, 338; finds out that Breunor is a brave man, 339; makes him knight and gives him a quest, 340; comes into the Forest perillous, is kept prisoner by lady Annowre, 361; is saved by Trystram, whom he does not recognise, 362; is at the tournament near the Castel of Maydens, 384–87; does great feats of arms; is thrown down by Trystram, 391; rides to Launcelot's help; seeks Trystram, 395; declares he never saw a knight doing so well as Trystram; makes a great festival, 395; blames Launcelot for Trystram's departure; sends ten knights out to seek him, 397; hears by a lady that the shield of Trystram is made by Morgan le fay to dishonour him, 411; fights against Trystram, but is overcome, 412; is pleased at Trystram's arrival at his court; gives him the seat of Marhaus at the round table, 422; is very angry at king Mark's unknightely behaviour, 436; allows Launcelot to bring back king Mark, but orders him to spare his life, 437; pardons Mark again, 438; hears how his fool Dagonet had frightened king Mark, 445; is glad at Dynadan's return, 446; asks him about his adventures; orders a tournament to take place near a priory, 447; meets Lamorak, 448; reconciles Trystram and king Mark, 449; makes Percyual knight, 451; is told by Launcelot that Gawayn and his brothers seek to destroy Lamorak, 453; hears

from Trystram and Isoud; writes to them, 455; gets a letter from king Mark, 456; understands by this letter the king's evil intentions, 457; 487; 499; 532, 533; fights against Dynadan, 534; is thrown out of the saddle by Trystram, 535; 536; 539, 540; wishes to see la beale Isoud; is smitten down by Palomydes, 541, 542; 545; comes with Launcelot to call on Trystram and Isoud; praises Isoud's beauty, 551; asks Trystram why he fought against him in the tournament; reproaches Palomydes, 552, 553, 554; goes to Camelot with his knights, 556; hears about the knight who shall sit in the Syege Peryllous, and win the Hooly Grail, 571; meets Elayne, mother of Galahad, 581; makes Helyn le blanck, the son of Bors, knight of the round table, 604; sees Launcelot again after his madness, 605; keeps Whitsuntide at Camelot, 612, 613*, 614*, 615; 618, 619, 620, 621; rejoices in his knights' return from the quest of the Sangreal, 725; is asked by Mador de la porte to burn Gueneuer; blames the queen for having offended Launcelot; tells her to find a knight who is ready to fight for her, 730, 731; Gueneuer tells him that Bors will take up her cause, 733; 736; thanks Launcelot for having saved his wife, 737; 741; sees on the Thames a barget; sends Kay, Brandyles, and Agravayn to see what is in it; goes to see himself; finds a letter in the fair maiden's hand, 761; sends for Launcelot; asks him to bury the maiden, 762, 763; 766; 769, 770; 786, 787; thanks Launcelot for having again rescued his queen, 788; receives Vrre's mother; resolves to handle Vrre's wounds, and to ask all his lords and knights to do the same, 789, 790; asks for Launcelot, 793; declares if Launcelot cannot heal Vrre's wounds, there will be no knight able to do it, 794; thanks God for Vrre's healing; makes a great tournament; makes Vrre and Lavayn knights of the round table, 795; asks why the knights quarrel, and hears of the love between Gueneuer and Launcelot, 798; listens to Agrauayne's advice; goes hunting, 799; learns from Mordred what has happened, 807; sentences Gueneuer to death, 808; consults with Gawayn, 809; tells Gareth and Gaherys to be present at the queen's death, 810; hears that Launcelot has delivered the queen, and killed, amongst many others, Gareth and Gaherys, and faints for great sorrow, 811; tells Gawayn about all, and regrets that through this fatal deed all his court is destroyed, 812, 813; resolves to go to war against Launcelot, 814; besieges Ioyous gard, 815; fights against Launcelot and his knights, 818, 819, 820; receives letters from the pope, 821; gets Gueneuer again; is inclined to pardon Launcelot, but prevented by Gawayn, 823; 829; leaving the government of his country in Mordred's hands, he crosses over with Gawayn and many knights to attack Launcelot in his own country, 830; 832; besieges the city of Benwyk, 833; 835; falls sick for Gawayn's sake, 837; receives news from England that Mordred has made himself king, 838; arrives at Dover and fights against Mordred; is nearly out of his mind when he hears of Gawayn's death, 841, 842; lets Gawayn be buried in the chapel of Dover Castel; goes to meet Mordred at Salisbury, 843; has a wonderful dream; Gawayn's ghost appears to him, and warns him not to fight the next day, 844; sends to Mordred to offer him Cornwall and Kent, and to make peace, 845; fights desperately, 846; wants to kill Mordred, but is wounded to death by his dying son; falls down to the ground, 847; regrets that Launcelot is not there; tells Bedwere to throw his sword Excalybur into the sea, 848; feels that Bedwere deceives him; repeats his order, and

finally declares he would kill him if he refuses to throw the sword into the sea; is carried by Bedwere to the shore, and received by four queens in a little boat, 849; declares to Bedwere he wishes to go to the valley of Avylion to heal his wounds; requests him to pray for his soul, 850; 861*

Arundel, castel of, in Southsex,[1] *see* **Magouns,** 467

Arystause, erle, 790

Aryes, the Cowherd, also called **le vayshere,** 102, 103; 430; 791

Astamor, syr, 728; 791

Astlabor, kyng, 558; 561

Astolat, towne, according to Malory it is in "Englysshe called **Gylford,**" 738, 739

Astolat, fayre maiden of. *See* Elayne le blank

Asye, 163, Asia

Auffryke, 163, Africa

Avelyon, lady lylle of,[2] 76; 81

Avylyon, yle of, 255, 256; vale of, 850

Babyloyne, country of, 724

Bagdemagus, Basdemagus, kyng of Gore, 89; 124, 125; 188; 190, 191, 192; 212; 254; 260; 479, 480; 483, 484; 486; 493, 494; 623*, 624*, 625; 714*; 716*; 831[3]

Balan, brother of Balyn, syr, 63; 79; 82, 83, 84; 86, 87, 88; 97, 98, 99

Balyn, Balen le Saueage, syr, called the knyght with the two swerdes; as poor knight in Arthur's court, desires to pull out a sword, 77; succeeds; thanks the king for his kindness, 78; strikes the lady of the lake's head off; is banished from the court, 79; tells his squire about his misfortune; resolves to overcome king Ryons, in order to gain Arthur's favour again, 80; fights against Launceor, 81; kills this knight; is sorry for it; meets his brother Balan, 82; tells him his plans, 83; finds Merlyn, 84; recognises him again through his disguise; follows his advice; takes Ryons prisoner, 85; brings him to Arthur's court and gains the king's good grace, 86; helps the king in the battle against Nero, 87; comes to Arthur; is told to fetch back a knight, 89; finds the knight, who is ready to go with him, but is killed by Garlon; goes with the dead knight's lady into a forest, 90; buries the knight; comes to a castle; refuses first to give his lady, but afterwards yields; hears a noise, 91; promises his host to help him; comes to the castle of king Pellam, 92; kills Garlon; fights with king Pellam and gives him the dolorous stroke, 93; is taken up by Merlin, who tells him that they shall never meet again in this world; promises his help to a knight whom he finds in the forest, 94; goes to the castle and finds the knight's lady in the arms of another; fetches him to see his lady, 95; is warned to go no farther; hears a horn; comes to a castle; exchanges his shield; is again cautioned by a damoysel, 96; finds his brother as a red knight; does not recognise him, and is not recognised by his brother on account of the strange shield; fights against his brother, 97; kills him, and receives himself mortal wounds; dies; is buried by Merlyn, 99; 419

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[1] The identification of Magouns with Arundel in Southsex is of course Malory's idea. The original French MS. does not contain anything of the sort; there is only spoken of "li chastiaus de magance."

[2] Thomas Wright, "Morte Darthur," vol. i., page 59, note 3, suggests that Lady Lylle of Aueylyon may be a corruption of "lady de l'yle d'Auelyon," simply meaning the lady of the yle of Auelyon. Wright, without having seen the original version, has conjectured rightly; Huth, "Merlin," i. p. 213, indeed, reads: "la dame apielee la dame de l'isle d'Avalon."

[3] King Bagdemagus dies and is buried on page 714*; Galahad visits his tomb on page 716*; on page 831 he is said to have spoken again to Launcelot. As Malory used different versions, such anachronisms are natural and not infrequent.

Bamborow, 858; one of the names of the place where the body of syr Launcelot was supposed to have been taken to; perhaps another name for Ioyous gard
Ban of Bewwyck, kyng, 47, 48, 49; 51; 53; 56; 58; 60; 64
Bandes, kyng, 488
Baramdoun, 843; Barham Down, near Canterbury
Barflete,[1] **in Flanders,** 166
Barnard, Bernard, of Astolat, father of Elayn le blank, 739, 740, 741; 748, 749; 758, 759, 760
Basdemagus. *See* **Bagdemagus**
Bawdewyn, Baudewyn of Bretayn, 43; 44; 46; 164; 746; 756
Bayen, 829; supposed name for **Benwyk**
Beale valet, castel of, 455
Bearne, 830; Bearn, a former province of France; syr Vyllyars the valyaunt is made erle of Bearne by syr Launcelot
Beaumayns, surname given by syr Kay to Gareth, *meaning* Fair-Hands. *See* **Gareth**
Beaume, 829; another supposed name for **Benwyk**
Bedegrayne, bataylle of, 53–64; castel of, 51, 52; 62; forest of, 51
Bedewere, Bedyuere, syr, 166; 169, 170; 257; 743; 792; 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851; 860*
Belangere, conestable of the castle of Magouns, 467, 468, 469
Bellangere le beuse, son of Alysaunder le orphelyn, 743; 792; 804; 819; 828; 830
Bellangere le orgulous, syr, 792
Bellaus, syr, 60
Belleus, Bellyus, lord, 189; 212
Bellinus,[2] a fictitious kyng of Bretayne, 161
Bellyaunce, Belleaunce le orgulus, syr, 337, 338
Bellyas of Flaundrys, syr, 56 (perhaps identical with syr Bellaus, 60)
Bendelayne, syr, 264, 265
Benoye, country of, 478
Benwyk, by some called **bayen,** by others **Beaume,** also spelled **Benwyck** or **barwyk,** 48, 49; 51; 63; 119; 829; 833; 836; 842
Berel, Beriel, syr, 170; 172
Berluse, Berluses, Bersyles, and **Bersules,** syr, 423, 424; 427, 428; 436
Bernard of Astolat. *See* **Barnard.**
Berraunt le Apres, Baraunt, generally only called **the kyng with or of the honderd knyghtes,** 44; 52; 54; 56, 57, 58; 60; 388; 390, 391; 394; 491; 517; 530; 738; 748; 757; 765, 766; 768; 790
Bertelot, Bertolet, syr, 595
Black crosse, abbay of, 402
Black knyght, the. *See* **Perard**
Blamore, Blamor, or **Blamour de ganys,** syr, 259; 295; 299; 303; 305, 306, 307, 308; 311; 345; 372; 386; 397; 410; 483; 728; 744; 790; 804; 830; 856*; 860*
Bleoberys de ganys, syr, 57; 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301; 305; 308; 342; 344; 373; 376; 385; 397; 399; 410; 416; 421, 422; 479; 483; 485; 501, 502, 503, 504; 534; 555; 556; 728; 743; 768; 790; is made duke of **poyters,** 830; 856*; 860*
Blewe knyght, the. *See* **Persaunt of Inde**
Bleyse, mayster of Merlyn, 61, 62
Bloyas de la flaundres, syr, 55
Bloyse de la caase, syr, 60
Blyaunt, syr, 594, 595; 603; castel of, 600, 601
Bohart le cure hardy, syr, 793; son of kyng Arthur
Bochas, 2; Boccacio (Caxton's Preface[3])

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[1] I did not find any town in Flanders that could be possibly supposed to be Barflete. As can be seen from the Thornton MS., Flanders is Malory's addition. Barflete is an old spelling for Barfleur, in the peninsula of Cotentin, Normandy; it is the harbour from which William the Conqueror set out for England in 1066.

[2] "Morte Arthur" (Thornton MS.) reads here "Belyne."

[3] The work referred to by Caxton is a book printed in the year 1475 by Georg Husner in Strassburg (folio). It contains 155 leaves, 55 lines making a full page; it

Boloyn,[1] **godefray of,** 1 (Caxton's Preface)

Book, the frensshe, the book, booke, or **the Romaunce** referred to, *i.e.*, Malory's French and English sources, 40; 63; 143; 182, 183; 207; 211; 227; 233; 271; 284; 311; 328; 333; 353; 363; 393; 396; 399; 408; 463; 475; 478; 480; 536; 554; 571; 580; 601; 701; 740, 741; 744; 752; 757; 767, 768; 773; 775, 776, 777; 780; 788, 789; 791; 796; 799, 800; 811; 817; 822; 835; 837; 842; 858

Borre, 62; child of kyng Arthur and the damoysel Lyonors

Bors, Borce de ganys, syr, son of kyng Bors, 143; is sent as messenger to Lucius, 169, 170; 172; is numbered among the noble knights, 232; fights with the red knight, 259; meets Trystram, 373, 374; 386; 390; 397; 410; smites down Bromel; comes to kyng Pelles, 576; is told that the child Galahad is to sit in the peryllous syege; is confessed; he has a child with the daughter of king Brangoris; goes to bed in a room with many doors; declines to unarm himself, 577; sees a great spear that comes straight towards him; the point of the spear burns; it hurts him on the shoulder; a knight comes and asks him to fight with him; they run against each other; he smites the knight down, and orders him to go to Arthur; sees many arrows come through the window; afterwards a hideous lion; he cuts his head off, 578; then he sees suddenly a dragon with a golden inscription on its forehead; when he has killed the dragon, appears an old man, who sings about Ioseph of Arymathye; sees the Holy Grail; the old man speaks to him, 579; sees a sword hanging over his head; hears a voice which tells him that he is not yet worthy to be in this place; the next morning he leaves the place, and finds Launcelot; tells him all he has seen, 580; when Elayne tells him about Launcelot, he rebukes her; goes to seek Launcelot, 584; goes to Gueneuer and blames her for her behaviour; goes with Ector and Lyonel in search of Launcelot, 585; sends a message to Gueneuer, 586; comes to king Brandegore; finds his son, Helyn le blanck, and takes him with him to Arthur's court, 604; 612, 613*; 669; meets a man of religion on a donkey, and is recognised by him as one of the knights of the Sangreal, 671; is told that the Holy Grail can only be got by sinless people; has to eat bread and drink water, to wear a garment; sees a great bird, who kills himself in order to feed his young ones with his blood, 672; is lodged in a tower; refuses a fine dinner, and asks for bread and water; hears the lady's story, 673; offers to be her champion; has a vision while he sleeps; rises and goes to the chapel, 674; refuses again to eat; fights with Prydam, and overcomes him, 675; gives the land back to the lady who is the right owner of it; meets two knights who lead his brother Lionel bound with them; wishes to deliver his brother; there comes a lady who implores his assistance, 676; he is doubtful what to do; prays for his brother and succours the lady; kills the knight, 677; twelve knights lead him to the lady's father; he refuses to stay with them, and goes to seek his

has no title-page and is without pagination and registration. On fol. 1 recto it commences: "Ioannis Bocacii de Cercaldis historiographi prologus in libros incipit." It ends on fol. 155 verso: "Finit liber nonus & ultimus . . . de casibus virorum illustrium." The eighth book contains one chapter entitled "De Arturo britonum rege."

[1] "Godefray of Boloyn" was printed by Caxton in 1481. The book has no title-page, and the pages are not numbered; 142 leaves, and 40 lines to a full page. After a Preface and Table of Contents occupying eight leaves, it begins on fol. 9: "Here begynneth the boke Intituled Eracles, and also of Godefrey of Boloyne," &c.

brother; finds a man of religion, who comforts him, and tells him that his brother is dead; then he interprets his visions, 678; is led to a high tower, where he is well received, and finds a fair lady, 679; the lady makes love to him, and declares, if he does not love her again, she would throw herself down from the tower, 680; he resists the temptation; the demons disappear; he thanks God; comes to an abbey and stays there; tells the abbot his intentions, 681; the abbot explains to him the meaning of the trees, 682; comes into a forest and meets a man who tells him about a tournament; finds his brother; is very pleased, but his brother rejects him, 683; is compelled to fight against his own brother; kneels down before the feet of his brother's horse; is trodden down, but is saved by the hermit, 684; prays for the hermit's life; Colgreuaunce appears in the extreme moment and separates the brothers, 685; after Colgreuaunce is overcome, Lyonel attacks him again; with tears in his eyes he takes his sword, 686; on the point of killing Lyonel, he hears a voice which tells him to stop; both are separated by a cloud, and become unconscious; the voice tells him to leave his brother and to seek Percyual; comes to an abbey; finds a ship, enters it, and falls asleep, 687; awaking, he sees Percyual and tells him how he came into the ship, and what temptations he had, 688; meets with Galahad, 691; touches a sword, 692; 699; 701; 704; 707; 715*; 717; 721; 723, 724; 727; is sent for, and requested to fight for the queen, 731; the king entreats him to yield to Gueneuer's wish; he promises to do so; rides to Launcelot, and tells him all; appears at the court again, and is blamed by his fellows, 732, 733; declares the queen is innocent, and makes himself ready to fight for her, 735; tells Arthur that a better knight than he has taken up the queen's cause, 735; 743; 751, 752, 753; finds Lauayne, who tells him where Launcelot is; is taken to Launcelot, 753; tells Launcelot that the queen is angry with him; sees the maiden of Astolat, 754, 755; is sent by Launcelot to the tournament; comes to Arthur and tells him about Launcelot, 756; reproaches the queen; fights at the tournament; smites twenty knights down; returns to Launcelot, 757; 763; 766; 769; 791; 799, 800; 803, 804, 805; 807; 819; is made king of the lands formerly belonging to Claudas, 829; 833; 855*, 856*; 858*, 859*, 860*

Bors, kyng of gaule, 47, 48, 49; 53; 56, 57; 60; 63, 64

Boudwyne, the noble prynce, brother of kyng Mark, father of Alysander the orphelin, 465, 466, 467; 469

Braban, 175; Brabant

Bragwayne, Brangwayne, dame, mayde of La beale Isoud, wyfe of kyng Mark, 309; 316, 317; 327; 353; 369, 370; 380; 389, 390; 397, 398; 404, 405.

Brandegore, Brandegoris, Brangorys, kynge of **stranggore**, 52; 54; 56; 577; 604

Braundel, Brandyles, syr, 257; 359, 360, 361; 430, 431, 432, 433; 761; 772, 773, 774; 776; 792

Bracias, Barcias, Brasias, or **Brastias**, originally a knight of the duke of Cornwall, is made "wardeyn to wayte vpon the northe fro Trent forwardes" by kyng Arthur, 37, 38, 39; 44; 46; 48, 49; 53, 54, 55, 56; 60; 62; becomes afterwards a hermit in the forest of **wyndesoure**, 727; 732; 764

Brenius,[1] a fictitious king of Brytayne, 161

[1] The Thornton MS. has here the form "Bremyne" (line 277); there is moreover a third king of the name "Bawdewyne" mentioned.

Breunor, syr, of the **castel Pluere**, 310, 311, 312

Breunor, Brewnor le noyre, generally called **La cote male tayle**, 214, 215; comes to Arthur's court; is called, on account of his bad-shaped coat, la cote mayle tayle (mal taillé), 338; tells his father's death; kills a lion in the king's absence, 339; is made knight, 340; takes the adventure of the black shield; smites down Dagonet; is mocked at by the damoysel, 341; is thrown down by Bleoberis; requests the lady not to scold him any more; smites down Mordred, 342; fights against a hundred knights, and overcomes them by a lady's assistance, 343; joins his damoysel, and is laughed at again, 344; meets Launcelot; is continually rebuked by his lady, 345; smites a knight down, but is taken by five knights prisoner to a castle, 346; is delivered by Launcelot, 347; rides with him, 348; enters a fortress, 349; overcomes several knights, and is grievously wounded, 350, 351; refuses Plenorius' castle, provided this knight is ready to come to Arthur's court; gets the castle of Pendragon and all the surrounding land; comes back to Arthur's court, 352; weds the damoysel Maledysaunt, 353; 728; 791

Breuse saunce pyte, Breunis, the broune knyght wythoute pyte, 265; 271; 304; 379, 380; 397, 398; 407; 414, 415; 421; 454; 470; 483; 500, 501; 566; 568

Bretayn, little or **petyte, royame of**, 164; 411; duchesse of, wyfe of Howel, cosyn of Arthur, 166, 167

Bretayn, Grete, 175; 626; **Britannie**, lat. gen. for Britanniae (Caxton's Preface), 2

Briant, bryaunte, Bryan de la foreyst saueage, syr, 56; 60; 106

Bromel la pleche, syr, 575, 576

Bruse, syr, 595

Bryan of the Ilys, syr, 115; 256; 258; 347, 348; 352

Bryan de lystynoyse, syr, 196*; 792

Bryaunt of Northwalys, syr, 382, 383

Brysen, dame, mayde of Elayn the daughter of kyng Pelles, 573, 574, 575; 580, 581, 582; 584; 598, 599

Burgoyne, Burgoyn, 164; 169; Burgundy or Bourgogne

Cador of Cornwaile, syr, 161, 162; 164; 171, 172

Calabre, 163; country of Calabria

Callyburne of pauye,[1] syr, 170

Calydone, 692; country of (?)[2]

Cambenet, Candebenet, Canbenec, Canbenek, Eustace, duke of, 52, 53; 56, 57; 60

Cambynes, duke, 492

Camelerd, Camelard, Cmyliarde, land of, 8; 63; 100

Camelot, according to Caxton's Preface, a town in Wales; called in Englysshe **wynchestre**, as stated several times in the text,[3] 2; 83; 99; 104; 111; 116, 117; 120; 123; 126; 135; 159; 302; 423; 436; 439, 440; 451, 452; 605; 612; 738; 741; 748; ryuer of, 414

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[1] The Thornton MS. gives here no name, but speaks of "a paynyme of Perse." Callyburne is the name given to Arthur's sword in this romance. Malory may have profited by this name, as he generally calls that sword "Excalybur."

[2] "La Queste del Saint Graal," ed. F. J. Furnivall (1864) for the Roxburghe Club, reads here, p. 182, "qui conuerse in calidoine."

[3] Camelot is neither situated in Wales as Caxton states, nor is the English Winchester identical with it. Camel, near South Cadbury, Somersets, is the place where the remains of the old city of Camelot are still to be found.—I am indebted to Sir Edward Strachey for submitting to me a lecture delivered by J. A. Bennet, at a public meeting in Somersetshire in 1887, which endeavours to establish the claims of Cadbury and Camelot to be the places referred to in the romance. There is besides an interesting account given of the different quotations of these places in other English writers.

Candelmasse, Candalmasse, Candylmas, 43, 765; Candlemas, the candle feast, a festival of the Rom. Cath. Church in honour of the second purification of the Virgin Mary, February 2nd
Canterbury, Caunterburye, town of, 839; 843; archbysshop of, 40; 42, 43; 46; 49; 101; 270; 839, 840; 850, 851; 855*; 857*; 859*, 860*
Capadoce, 163; country of Cappadocia, province of Asia Minor
Carados, kyng of Scottland, 44; 46; 52; 257; 260; 303; 306; 315; 377; 385, 386; 470; 790
Carados of the dolorous toure, syr, 256; 258, 259; perhaps identical with kyng Carados
Carados, syre, 148
Carbonek, Carboneck, castel of, 644; 690; 713; 717
Car de Gomoret, syr, 471
Cardef, capytayn, 175
Cardok, syr, 791
Cardol, syr, 49
Cardoylle, cyte of, 120; Carlisle
Cardycan, castel of, 589
Cardyf, place, 361; 829, 830; Cardiff
Carleil, Carleyl, town of, 789, 790; 795; 807; 810; 822; castel of, 799; suffrecan of, 611
Carlyon,[1] cyte of, 44, 45; 51; 64; 67; 73, 74; 215; 250; 456
Carteloyse, castel of, 700
Case, castel of, 574
Castel blank, 594, 595
Castel Orgulous, 342, 343
Castel peryllous, besyde the yle of Auylyon, 255, 256; 353
Castor, syr, 597, 598; 600
Cateland, 163; country of (?)
Caulas, syr, 60
Cayer,[2] 163; (?)
Caym, 696; brother of Abel and son of Adam and Eve
Cezar, Iulius, conquerour, 1; the fyrst emperour of Rome, 160
Chalaunce, Chalenge, Challyns, Chaleyns, duke of **Claraunce**, 484, 485; 491; 766; 790
Champayne, 169; Champagne
Chappel peryllous, 205, 206
Charlemayn, Charles the grete, 1 (Caxton's Preface)
Charyot, castel, 186
Chestelayne, syr, 180; child and ward of syr Gawayne
Claryaunce, syr, **de la foreist saueage**, most likely identical with **Claryaunce**, or **Claryaus**, kynge of Northumberland, 52; 54; 56; 60; 790
Clarysyn, countesse, 181
Claryus, Clarrus, Clartus, Clarras of Cleremont, or of **clere mounte**, syr, 792; 805; is made a duke of Normandye by syr Launcelot, 830; 856*; 860*
Claudas, kyng, 47, 48; 63; 119; 164; 580
Claudyne, son of kyng Claudas, 720
Clegys, syr, sometimes called **of Sadok**, 175; 792; 805; 830; received from Launcelot the erldome of Agente
Cleremond, syr, 175
Cloddrus, syr, 792
Clyazar, syr, 663; son of kyng Pelles
Coleyne, 163; ? Cologne
Colgreuaunce, Colgreuance, de gorre, syr, 60; 376; 685, 686; 793; 799; 802; 808
Collybe,[3] sea of, 690; (?)
Colombe, Columbe, lady, 84; 419; 426
Comange, erle of, 830; this is the dignity given to Hebes le renoumes by syr Launcelot
Constantyn, son of Heleyne, kyng of England, 161
Constantyn,[4] countrey of, besyde Bretayne, 166

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[1] This is Caerleon-upon-Usk, the Roman Isca Silurum.

[2] The Thornton MS. reads here "Crete." I am led to think that the copy of the MS. that Malory used was very badly written; this only would explain such blunders.

[3] "La Queste del Saint Graal," ed. F. J. Furnivall (1864), reads here, page 179: "si entrerent en vne forest qui duroit iusc'a la mer, et estoit chele forest apielee chelibe," &c.

[4] This is the Cotentin peninsula, in the North-west of Normandy, supposed to be named after the Emperor Constantine.

Constantyn, son of syr Cador of Cornewaylle, 164; 720; 792; 860*
Corbyn, castel of, 575; 603; cyte of, 597; pounte (*i.e.*, bridge) of, 571; 576
Corneus, duke, 49; father of Lucas the bottlere
Cornewaill, Cornewaile, Cornewayle, duke[1] of, or also called **duke of Tyntagil**, 35; 37; marches of, 64; country of, 75; 255; 277, 278; 291; 302; 309; 325; 334; 367; 370; 402; 404; 423
Corsabryn, syr, 488, 489
Cradoks mantle, 2 (Caxton's Preface)
Cradulmas, Cardelmans, Cradelment, kyng of Northwales, 52; 54, 55, 56; 60
Crosselme, syr, 791
Cryst, Cryste, lord Ihesu, 94; 98; 128; 152; 620; 694; incarnation of, 1 (Caxton's Preface)
Crystmas, Cristmasse, 40; 43; 763
Curselayne, syr, 799
Cypres, 163; ? Cyprus
Cyte, the reed, 519, 520; 522, 523

Dacie, 2 (Caxton's Preface); lat. gen. for Daciae
Dagonet, syr, fool of kyng Arthur, 341, 342; 366, 367, 368; 432, 433; 445
Dalan, syr, 454
Damas, syr, 126, 127, 128, 129; 134
Damaske, 163; Damascus, city in Syria
Damyete, 163; ? Damietta, town in Egypt
Daname, syr, 398
Darras, syr, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400; 405, 406; 792
Dauyd, kyng of Iherusalem, 1 (Caxton's Preface); 697
Degrane saunce velany, syr, 793
Delectable yle, 520
Denmarke, country of, 718; kynge of, 120
Dodynas le saueage, syr, 156; 259; 297; 298; 394; 418, 419; 528; 742; 772; 774; 791; 855*, 856*; 859*, 860*
Dolphyne, 178; ? Dauphiny, a late province of France
Dolorous gard, 828: thus was the Castel Ioyous gard afterwards called (*see* **Ioyous gard**)
Dornar, Dornard, syr, 259; 281; 451
Douer, castel of, 2 (Caxton's Preface); 841; 843; 855*; town of, 51; 181
Dragon, description of, 165; spyttynge fyre, 572
Dryaunt, syr, 322; 324
Duchemen, duke of, 179
Durnore, syr, 791, 792
Dynadan, syr, 259; 372, 373, 374, 375, 376; 382; 384, 385; 388; 392; 395, 396; 398, 399; 405; 407; 417; 426; 429, 430, 431; 434, 435, 436; 438, 439–447; 450; 454; 457, 458; 464, 465; 479; 481, 482; 484; 486; 488, 489; 491, 492, 493; 505–511; 513; 515, 516; 525; 529; 532; 534–538, 539; 545–555, 556; 591
Dynas, syr, seneschal of kyng Mark, 256; 322; 363; 371; 401; 404, 405; 458, 459, 460, 461; 466; 469; 495; 497, 498; 792; 805
Dynaunt, syr, 369, 370; 373

Ebel, syr, 518; 520
Ector,[2] syr, father of syr Kay the seneschal, 37, 38, 39; 41, 42; 60; 67, 68
Ector de Maris, syr, brother of syr Launcelot, asks a forester if he knows any adventures, 184; beats on the basin; fights with Turquyne and overcomes him, 185; 196*; 203; 211; 232; 302; 373; 386; 397; 410; Gueneuer complains to him, 411; does great deeds of armes in the tournament at the priory, 447; is smitten down by Launcelot, 479; 485, 486; is thrown down by Bleoberis, 502, 503, 504; 534; smitten down by Tristram, 537; 545; 554, 555; 560; 566; 585; fights with

[1] Geoffrey of Monmouth, "Hist. Brit.," calls him Gorlois dux Cornubiae; in the Huth "Merlin" and in the ordinary "Merlin" he is called "duc de Tintaguel."
[2] He is called "Auctor" in the Huth "Merlin;" "Antor" in the ordinary "Merlin."

Percyual, 591; sees the holy vessel, and is healed by it, 592, 593; 601, 602, 603; asks Launcelot to return to Arthur's court, 604, 605; meets Gawayn, 664; finds an old chapel; has a wonderful dream, 665; has a vision; tells Gawayn about it; hears a voice that tells him he cannot come to the Sangreal, 666; wishes to joust with a knight, 667; weeps; comes to Nacyen, and tells him all about the vision, 668; Nacyen explains it to him, 669, 670, 671; 689, 690; 714*, 715*; 727, 728; 743, 744; 768; 791; 818; is crowned king of Benwyk, 829; 856*; 859*, 860*

Ector of Troye, 827 (*see also* **Hector**)

Edward of Canaruan, syr, 792

Edward the Fourth, kyng of England, 1; 861 (Caxton's Preface and Colophon)

Edward of Orkeney, syr, cosyn of syr Gawayn, 532, 533; 793

Edward of the reed castel, syr, 156, 157, 158

Edwardes, St., shryne, 2 (Caxton's Preface)

Eester, feste of, 43; 163

Eestland, quene of, 187

Elamye,[1] 163; ? a province of the old Roman empire

Egglame, syr, 73

Egypte, 163; 174; Egypt

Elayne, the daughter of kynge Pelles, and mother of syr Galahad, 574, 575, 576; 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585; 598, 599, 600, 601; 603; 605, 606

Elayne, wyfe of kyng Nentres, 38

Elayne, wyfe of kyng Ban, 119

Elayne le blank, the fayre mayden of Astolat, 740, 741; 748, 749, 750, 751, 752; 754, 755; 758, 759, 760, 761

Eleyne, daughter of kyng Pellenore and the lady of the rule, 117, 118

Elyan, Helyn, Hellayne, once

Elayne le blank, le blanck, child that syr Bors begot on the daughter of kyng Brangoris, 577; 604; 672; 792

Elyazar, syr, once spelt **Clyazar**, son of kyng Pelles, 717 (comp. 663)

Elyas, capytayn of the Sessoyns, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464

Elyas de gomeret, syr, 471

Elyot, harper, once misprinted Elyas, 457; 464, 465

Elys, Elyses, Elyse, la Noire, syr, 484; 486

Elyzabeth, quene of Lyonas, mother of syr Trystram, 273, 274; 291

Emerause, syr, 60

England, 35; 38; 45; 75; 159; 255; 273; 286; 302; 329; 423; 494; 580; 586; 599; 789; 814; 821; 838; 841; 845; 851, 852; 859*, 860*; Englyshmen, 840

Epynogrys, Epynegrys, syr, son of the kyng of Northumberland, 256; 258; 505, 506; 526; 532; 558, 559, 560, 561; 742, 743; 793

Ermynyde, syr, 792

Ertanax,[2] a fish, 692; found in the ryuer of Eufrate

Ertayne,[3] 163; ? province of the old Roman Empire

Estorause, cyte of, 722

Estrake, 830 (?); syr Vrre is made erle of, by syr Launcelot

Estsex, 843; county of Essex

Ethelwold, syr, 179

Ethyope, kynge of, 174

Ettard, lady, 147; 149, 150; 152, 153; 793

Eufrate, Eufrates, ryuer of, 163; 692

Europe, the large, 163

Euaungelystes, the four, 36; 109; 117; 703

Eue, 696; first woman

Euelake, kyng, 625, 626, 627; 645; 660 (*see* **Mordrayns**)

Ewayns le blaunche maynys, son of kyng Vryens (*see* **Vwayne**)

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[1] Thornton MS. reads here "Elamet."

[2] "La Queste del Saint Graal" reads here, p. 183: "si conuerse el fiun d'eufrate, et non mie en autre aigue, et chil poissons est appieles orteniaus."

[3] Thornton MS. reads here "Irritayne."

Excalybur (Cut steel), kyng Arthur's sword, 46; 79; 89; 128, 129, 130; 132; 135; 137; 173, 174; 848, 849

Faramon's (kynge of Fraunce) doughter, 279; 287; 371
Feldenak, syr, 170
Felelolye, Felelolle, 769; 795; syster of syr Vrre
Felot of Langduk, syr, 110
Felot de lystynoyse, 156
Feraunt, syr, 179; of Spayn
Fergus, erle, 155, 156; 365; 371; 380; 455; 466; 469
Flanedreus of the castel of ladyes, syr, 60
Flaundres, 162, 163; 166; 175
Florence, Florens, syr, 175; 179, 180
Florence, syr, son of Gawayn, 790; 809
Florydas, syr, 179; 181
Florys, syr, 181
Forest peryllous, 361; 716*
Four Stones, Castel of, 83
Foyse, erle of (?), 830; dignity conferred by syr Launcelot on syr Plenorius
Fraunce, gaule, 47; 163; 166; 273; 276; 286; marshal of, 161; lordes of, 829
Frolle, of the oute yles, syr, 335, 336, 337

Gahalantyne, Gahalaytyne, Galahantyne, Gahalatyne, syr, 190, 191, 192; 212; 790; 856*; 860*
Gaherys, Gaheryse, syr, brother of syr Gawayn, 65; 88; 105–108; 193, 194; 211; 237; 256; 258; 375, 376; 385; 393; 395; 400–405; 410; 421; 425; 452, 453; 483; 487; 490; 507; 512, 513; 532; 587; 728; 743; 766, 767; 790; 809, 810; 812, 813; 816, 817
Galagars, syr, 123
Galahad, Galahalt, Galahault, the haute prynce, son of Launcelot and Elayne, doughter of kyng Pelles, 94; 99; 571; is begotten, 574; christened and brought up, 575; 577; 581; 583; 597; 600; 605, 606; 611; is brought by twelve nuns to Launcelot, who makes him knight, and wishes to take him to Arthur's court, but he declines, 613*; comes with an old man to the court, without shield and sword; the old man declares that his companion is the desired knight, and leads him to the Peryllous syege; he sits down in it, 616; is greatly honoured, and recognised as the son of Launcelot; tells the king that the adventure of the sword belongs to him, 617; he draws it out of the stone; in a great tournament, given in his honour, he overcomes all knights save Launcelot and Percyual, 619; is asked by the queen about his father; she tells him he need not be ashamed of his father; is led to Arthur's chamber and rests on the king's bed, 622; rides in the quest without a shield; comes the fourth day to an abbey, 623*; in this abbey is kept a white shield; it is brought to him; he takes it, and his arms, mounts his horse, and leaves his fellowship; comes to the white knight, 625; is told about the origin of the shield, and that he is destined to carry it in the quest of the Holy Grail; promises to make Melyas, his squire, knight; is led to a tomb in a church by a monk, 627; he is unarmed; enters the tomb; a voice tells him not to approach; he advances; smoke in the shape of a man comes out; he finds a dead knight in the tomb; he returns to the abbey to rest himself; the next morning he makes Melyas knight, and leaves the place, 628; leaves Melyas, who takes the left-hand road; comes to save Melyas, who has attacked a knight for the sake of a golden crown, 630; a good man tells him why Melyas did not succeed; he rides forth, 631; enters an old chapel to pray there; a voice tells him to go to the Castel of Maydens, and rid it of its bad customs; a very old man points this castle out to him; he goes thither; meets seven knights, 632; attacks them, and forces them to flight; an old man

brings him the keys of the castle; he opens the gates; is welcomed by many people; hears from a gentlewoman that the seven knights will return again at night; receives a horn of ivory; blows it; a priest comes to tell him the history of the castle, 633; the knights of the castle do him homage; hears next morning that the seven brothers are slain by Gawayn and Vwayn, 634; meets Launcelot and Percyval, but they do not know him; fights against them; throws Percyual down; a recluse tells him that he is the best knight of the world, 636; Launcelot and Percyual, on hearing who he is, follow him, but he escapes them, 637; saves Percyual; follows his adversaries, 646; 688; comes into a waste forest and has many adventures; takes his way to the sea; comes to a castle and helps the knight at a tournament; is recognised; smites Gawayn down; leaves secretly the place, 689; comes to the castle of Carboneck; sleeping in an hermitage, he is called away by a lady, who takes him to another castle, 690; from there he proceeds, with the maiden and the lady, to the sea, where they find a ship; Bors and Percyual are in it, and welcome him; he enters the ship; it starts; he asks them about the ship; finds another ship, 691; he enters it with the lady and his fellows; finds a bed and a crown of silk and a sword, 692; likes to draw the sword; arrives in Logrys, 693; 696; 699, 700, 701; the dying earl Hernox requests him to go to the maimed king to heal his wound, 702; 704, 705, 706; departs from Percyual, 707; meets Launcelot his father, 708; tells him about his sword, and remains with him half a year in the ship; a white knight comes to tell him that he has been long enough with his father; they part from each other, 709; comes to king Mordrayns, who kindly receives him, 715*; buries the king; comes to a forest, and finds a well with boiling water; puts his hand into it; the water ceases at once; comes to Bagdemagus' tomb; quenches the fire in an abbey; passes the night in it, 716*; follows Percyual; finds him; they come to Carboneck; Galahad joins the pieces of the sword, 717; nine knights come to salute him, three from Gaul, three from Ireland, three from Denmark; four ladies bring a sick man on a bed to him, who has a golden crown on his head, 718; is kissed by Ioseph of Arimathia; receives the holy sacrament; is told to take some of the blood of the spear with him; heals the maimed king; leaves with Percyual and Bors the other knights, 720; prays long and instantly; comes to Sarras, 721; is made king of the holy city; orders a table and a precious chest to be made for the Holy Grail, 722; sees closely the holy vessel; prays God to take his soul from him; kisses Bors and Percyual; sends greetings to his father Launcelot; dies, 723; is buried, 724

Galahad, Galahalt, Galahault, the noble or the haute prynce, syr Breunor's sone, duke, lord, syr, of the countrey of Surluse, 257; 260; 313, 314; 445; 478; 480–484; 488, 489; 491; 493; 528; 738; 742; 745; 748; 757; 765, 766

Galapas, a giant, 173; killed by kyng Arthur

Galardoun, syr, 416

Galatyn, 176; name of Gawayn's sword

Galfrydus, 2 (Caxton's Preface); Geoffrey of Monmouth[1]

[1] The first printed edition is that of I. Cavellati, Paris, 1508, fol.: "Britānie utriusque regū & principū origo et gesta insignia ab Galfrido Monemutensi ex antiquissimis Britannici sermonis monumentis in latinū sermonē traducta; & ab Ascensio cura &

Gallacye, 163; Galatia, province of Asia Minor

Galleron, Galeron of Galway, syr, 609; 611; 742, 743; 791; 799

Galyhodyn, syr, 256; 259; 397; 492; 527, 528 (a kynge wythin the countrey of Surluse), 529; 728; 743; 768; 804; 830; 856*; 860*; syr Launcelot makes him duke of Sentonge

Galyhud, syr, 256; 397; 728; 743, 744; 768; 830, 831; 856*; 860*; syr Launcelot makes him erle of perygot

Galyndes shield, 196*

Garaunt of Camylyard, syr, 471

Gareth of Orkeney, brother of syr Gawayne, surnamed **Beaumayns**, 65; 88; comes to Arthur's court leaning on two men's shoulders as if he were unable to walk, 213; asks two gifts of king Arthur, the first being that he should feed him one year; is called Beaumayns by Kay, 214; is patronised by Launcelot and Gawayn, 215; asks for his second gift, the adventure of damoysel Lynet; the lady mocks at him, and calls him kitchen knave, 216; beautifully fitted out, he leaves Arthur's court and follows the lady; he throws down Kay, who rides after him; fights against Launcelot, 217; tells Launcelot his real name, and is made knight by him; overtakes the damoysel, who continues to abuse him, 218; follows a man whose master has been taken by six thieves; delivers this knight, 219; stays the night with this knight; comes to a water; fights against two knights in the water and overcomes them, 220; fights with the black knight, 221; kills him, and follows the damoysel, 222; meets the green knight, 223; throws him down, but grants him his life on the condition that he goes to Arthur's court, 224; stays with the green knight; the damoysel still mocks at him, 225; encounters with the red knight, 226; conquers him also, and sends him to Arthur, 227; meets with the blue knight Persant of ynde, 228, 229; defeats him also; now Lynet asks his forgiveness for her bad conduct, 230; spares Persant's life on the condition that he goes like his brothers to king Arthur; hospitably received at Persant's house, he spares his daughter, and is so much the higher esteemed, 231; tells Persant that he is going to fight for lady Lyonesse, and that Launcelot made him knight, 232; finally discloses to him his right name, 233; receives a message and food from lady Lyonesse by her dwarf, 234; after having reposed himself at the hermitage, he rides forth to meet the red knight of the red lands; his damoysel encourages him, 235; he blows the horn, 236; sees lady Lyonesse at the window of her castle; fights against the red knight, 237, 238; is newly encouraged by the sight of lady Lyonesse, but nearly overcome; Lynet reminds him of his former success; defeats finally the red knight, 239; at the request of Lynet and the knights of the castle, he grants him his life if lady Lyonesse pardons him, 240; is unarmed, and his wounds are dressed; desires to see Lyonesse; rides to the castle, 241; is not received, and mournfully leaves the place, 242; lays himself down to sleep; finds his dwarf gone; learns from a man that Gryngamor has taken his dwarf away, 243; comes to Gryngamor's castle and asks for his dwarf, 244; is well received at the castle, 245; sees Lyonesse; becomes deeply enamoured of her; is told by Gryngamor that his sister loves him again, 246; is very happy, 247; fights against a knight; is sorely wounded, 248; fights against another knight,

impēdio magistri Iuonis Cauellati in lucem edita:" etc. Caxton must refer to a manuscript.

and cuts his body into a hundred pieces, but is much worse wounded, 249; is healed by Lynet, 250, 251, 252, 253; asks Lyonesse not to tell Arthur where he is, but to propose a great tournament to be held at her castle on Assumption Day, 254; is healed and strengthened by Lynet's drugs; hears by the red knight from Arthur, 255, 256; receives a ring from Lyonesse, by which he can appear. in different colours, 257; appears at the tournament; fights bravely and excites general admiration, 258; 260; spares Launcelot, who recognises him, 261; gives his ring to the dwarf; forgets to take it again; comes back to the tournament in his ordinary shape, and is recognised by a herald, 262; he, however, disappears from the field; comes to a castle and asks lodging, 263; is taken in and well treated, and starts the next morning, 264; fights with Bendelayne, and gives him a mortal wound; is attacked by twelve of his knights, but bravely resists them; comes to a castle which is in the power of the brown knight; he overthrows him and kills him, 265; meet the duke de la rouse, and defeats him, 266; is hurt by a knight, who is no other than his brother Gawayn; Lynet appears in time to tell them; he is very happy to find his brother; Lynet dresses their wounds, and rides to fetch Arthur, 267; Arthur and Morgawse and many knights and ladies come to see him, and are highly pleased to have finally found him, 268; tells Arthur that he loves Lyonesse, 269; is wedded at Michelmas, in the castle of Kynkenadon, to Lyonesse, with great solemnity, 270, 271, 272; 510; 512; 517; rides with Trystram, 530, 531, 532; is compared by Arthur to an eager wolf, 533; is thrown down by Ector de Maris, 534; is horsed again by Trystram, 535; 539; 543, 544; 547, 548, 549; 552, 553; 555, 556; 728; does great deeds of arms at a tournament, 757, 758; 766, 767, 768, 769, 770; handles Vrre's wounds, 793; is killed by Launcelot, 811, 812; 816, 817

Garlon the inuysybel, syr, 90; 92

Garlot, country of, 38 (kynge Nentres)

Garnysshe of the mount, syr, 95

Gallie, 2 (Caxton's Preface); lat. gen. for Galliae

Gaule (France), 49; 718; 720

Gaunter, syr, 202, 203

Gautere, Gauter, syr, 256; 259; 792

Gawayn, Gauwayn, Gaweyn, kyng Arthur's nephew, son of kyng Lot of Orkeney; Gauwayn's skull kept in Dover Castle, 2 (Caxton's Preface); comes with his mother and brothers to Arthur's court, 64; comes again with his mother to his father's burial, 88; requests Arthur to make him knight, 101; is made knight, 103; declares he will slay Pellinore, 104; accompanies Vwayne, 140, 141, 142, 143; rides forth with the youngest of the three ladies, 144; finds a knight who is lamenting, 145; is asked to decide who shall have the lady, the knight or the dwarf; leaves the decision to the lady; fights with two knights; his lady is taken from him, 146; he accords with his adversary, and passes the night at his house; hears about Pelleas, 147; meets Pelleas; consoles him, and promises to help him to win Ettard's love, 148; promises to be true and faithful to him; rides to Ettard's castle, 149; forgetting his promise, he falls in love with Ettard and stays with her, 150; Ettard finds out that he has told her an untruth; leaves her, 151; 154; meets Marhaus and Vwayn again, 158; is sent for by Arthur, 159; is sent as messenger to Lucius, 169; kills a knight of Lucius who speaks ill of the "Bretons," 170; is sent with Florence to find provisions, 175; steals away from his fellowship; meets a knight of Tuskany; fights and overcomes the knight, who is called Pryamus,

176; tells Pryamus first that he is page of Arthur, afterwards that he is knight of the round table, 177; is told by Pryamus how there are many knights close at hand to fight against Arthur, 178, 179; comes back with many provisions and great treasures; requests Arthur to make Pryamus knight of the round table, 180; 203, 204; 211; sees at Pentecost three riders coming, and tells king Arthur about it, 213; is angry at Kay, and protects Beaumayns, 214; asks him to come to his chamber; offers him gold, 215, 216, 217, 218; 232; 241; 251, 252; 254; 256; 258; 261, 262, 263; fights with his brother Gareth, 267, 268; 270; 287, 288; 315; takes away a sleeping knight's lady; fights with this knight; is smitten down, 336; meets Trystram; warns him to mistrust his damoysel; goes with him to the castle of Morgan le fay, 378, 379; 410; 416; meets Trystram, 417; 421, 422; 425; 430; passes all his fellowship, 447, 448, 449; 452; is said to have slain Pellinore; is angry that Gaherys slew his mother, 453; is not trusted by Lamorak, 493; is said to have feloniously slain Lamorak, 504; 507; 513; 528, 529; 532, 533; 571; 586, 587; at Arthur's request he tries to pull the sword out of the stone, 615; 617; makes a vow to go in the quest of the Holy Grail, and induces the greater part of the knights to follow his example, 620, 621, 622; comes to the white abbey and asks for Galahad, 634; meets Gareth and Vwayne; goes to the Castel of Maidens; comes to an hermitage and asks for lodgings; tells the hermit his life; is blamed, 635; declares he cannot do penance, and leaves the hermit, 636; rides long without finding any adventures; meets Ector, 664; they ride together more than eight days; come to a chapel; they fall asleep, and have a strange dream, 665; they see a hand which holds a bridle and a candle; a voice tells them that for want of faith they cannot come to the Holy Grail; they ask a squire for a hermit, 666; Gawayn meets a knight; is wounded, but smites him down; takes the knight to an abbey to die there; there this knight tells him that he is Vwayne, the son of king Vryence, 667; buries him; comes to Nacyen; tells him his adventures, and learns the signification of his dream and vision, 668, 669, 670, 671; is smitten down by Galahad, 689; is borne into a castle; a physician tells him it will take him a month to recover; he declares that his quest is done, 690; 714*; returns to the court, 715*; is said to like much fruit at dinner, 728, 729; 737; 741; 743; 745; rides to seek Launcelot; comes to Astolat; finds out that the knight with the red sleeve was Launcelot, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752; 754; smites down twenty knights, 757; 759; 766, 767, 768, 769; 791; dissuades his brothers from accusing Launcelot, 797, 798, 799, 800; tells king Arthur not to act overrashly; supports Launcelot, 808, 809; refuses to assist at Gueneuer's punishment, 810; 812; hears of Gareth's and Gaherys' death; will at first not believe it, 813; swears to revenge his brothers and to make war against Launcelot, 814; accuses Launcelot of murder and adultery, 815, 816, 817, 818; fights against Launcelot's knights, 819, 820; 823, 824; declares he will not be accorded with Launcelot, even if the king is inclined, 825, 826, 827; comes with Arthur into Launcelot's country, 830, 831; induces the king to refuse Launcelot's request for forgiveness, 832; comes before the gates of Benwyck and insults Launcelot, 833, 834; fights against Launcelot; his strength increases till the middle of the day; Launcelot is in great danger; finally Gawayn is overcome, 836; challenges Launcelot again; they fight again, 837; he is again defeated

and sorely wounded, but yet he is not contented, and will fight for a third time as soon as he has recovered; has to return to England, 838; is found half dead in a boat; tells Arthur that the hour of his death has come; acknowledges that he was the cause of the last terrible war, 841; is set up; writes a letter to Launcelot; asks his pardon, and requests him to come to help Arthur, 842; receives his Saviour; dies; is buried in the chapel of Dover Castel, 843; his ghost appears to king Arthur and warns him not to fight the next day, 844, 845; 852; his tomb is visited by Launcelot, 853

Gawdelyn, syr, 588

Gaynus, nyghe cosyn to Lucius, 169

Germanye, 175; **germanie**, lat. gen. for germaniae, 2 (Caxton's Preface); comp. **Almayn**

Geryne le grose, or only **Geryn**, syr, 473; 488

Gherard, a knyght of walys, 180

Gherard de breusse, syr, 220; 233

Glastyngburye,[1] monasterye of, 2; (Caxton's Preface); 851; 856*

Glatysaunt beest, also **glastynge**. *See* **Questynge beest**

Godard, town, garneson of, 178

Godefray of boloyn, 1 (Caxton's Preface)

Godelake, syr, 257

Goneryes, Gonoreys, Gomoryes, syr, 480; 482

Goodewyn, Godewyn, syr, a baroune, 587, 588

Goothe, castel of, 644

Gorre, Gore, land of, 139; 499; 716*; quene of, 187

Gouernayle, seruaunt of syr Trystram, 276; 281, 282; 296, 297; 304; 309; 319; 326, 327, 328; 353; 364; 380; 384; 418; 420

Gracian, Grastian, Grasian, Gracyens le casteleyn, syr, 50, 51; 60; 63

Grece, 163; Greece

Grene knyght, the. *See* **Pertolepe**

Gromere Gromorson, grummore gummursum, syr, a knyght of Scotland, 256; 258

Gromore somyr Ioure, syr, 799; probably identical with **syr Gromere Gromorson**

Gryflet, le fyse de dieu, once mistakingly spelled **le fyse the dene**, sone of Cardol, 49, 50; 54, 55; 60; 68, 69, 70; 121, 122, 123, 124; 287; 431, 432, 433; 530; 636; 742, 743; 767; 792

Gryngamore, syr, brother of lady Lyonesse, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246; 248, 249, 250; 254, 255; 257, 258; 268, 269

Gryp, erle, 328

Gueneuer,[2] **Gweneuer**, daughter of kyng Lodegrean of Camyliarde, wyfe of kyng Arthur, 63; 100, 101; 104; 117; 121; 136; 164; 167; 182; 187; 201; 203; 207; 211; 258; 329; 339; 358; 389; 410, 411; 417; 422; 439; 455, 456; 482, 483; 485, 486; 489, 490, 491, 492; 557; 572; 580, 581, 582, 583–586; 606; 622, 623; 725, 726–731; 734; 739; 751; 757; 759; 761; 763; 772, 773, 774, 775; 777, 778; 780, 781; 786; 796, 797; 800; 816; 821; 828; 830; 851, 852, 853, 854; 857*

Gumret le petyte, syr, 287

Guy of Camylyard, syr, 471

Guyart le petyte, syr, 792

Gwenbaus, syr, brother of Ban and Bors, 50

Gwymyart de bloy, syr, 54

Gwynas de bloy, syr, 55, 56; 60; not improbably the same as syr Gwymyart

[1] Glastonbury is a town in Somersetshire, said to have been founded by Joseph of Arimathia. The ruins of the famous abbey are still to be seen. About the abbey of Glastonbury, and its signification for the introduction of Christianity into Britain, *see* W. W. Skeat, "Joseph of Arithmathie," an alliterative romance, A.D. 1350 (from the unique Vernon MS., Bodleian Library, Oxford), E.E.T.S. 1871, Introd. p. xxiii. ff.; also Paul's and Braune's "Beiträge," Halle a.S., vol. iii., p. 304, ff., F. Zarncke, "Zur Geschichte der Gralsage," and A. Nutt, "Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail," ch. ix.

[2] "Hist. Brit.": Guanhumara.

Gyan, 829; Guienne, late province of France; syr Ector de marys was made by syr Launcelot kynge of Benwyk and kynge of alle Gyan
Gyaunt of St. Mychaels Mount, 167; killed by kyng Arthur
Gylbert the bastard, syr, 205; 207
Gyllemere, Gylmere, syr, 202, 203; 792
Gyngalyn, syr, 790; 799; son of syr Gawayn

Hard roche, castel of, 408
Harlon, kyng, 663
Harre le fyse lake, syr, 502; 792; 804
Harsouse le berbuse, syr, 476
Haruys de le marches, syr, 477
Hebes le renoumes, Heles,[1] syr, 287, 288, 289, 290; 791, 792; 804; 830
Hector of Troye, 1; 177; 827. *See also* **Ector**
Hectymere, syr, 792
Helake, syr, nephew of kyng Hermaunce, 523, 524
Hellawes, the sorceresse, 207
Hellyas le grose, syr, 660; one of the seven kings overcome by kyng Euelake
Helyor le preuse, syr, 559, 560
Helyn, or Hellayne, le blanck, 604; 792. *See* **Elyan**, child of syr Bors
Helyus, Helyas, syr, nephew of kyng Hermaunce, 519; 523, 524
Herawde, lord, 171
Herlews le berbeus, syr, 90
Hermaunce, Harmaunce, kynge and lord of the reed cyte, 514; 518, 519, 520
Hermel, duke, 95
Hermonye,[2] 163; ? Armenia, a province of the old Roman Empire
Hermynde, syr, brother of kyng Hermaunce, 521, 522
Hernox, erle, 701, 702
Heruys de la forest saueage, syr, 793
Heruys de reuel, syr, 86; 123
Heruyn, syr, 683
Heryngdale, lord, 171
Hewe de la montayne, syr, 383
Hewgon, Heugon, syr, 476
Hooly Grayle. *See* **Sancgreal**
Hongre, Hongry, country of, 788; Hungary
Hontzlake of wentland, syr, 114, 115
Howel, syr, kynge or duke of litle Bretayne, cosyn of kyng **Arthur**, 166, 167, 168; 328; 766
Hue of the reed castel, syr, 157, 158
Humber, ryver, 120, 121; 513; 517; 520; 525
Huntresse, a lady who wounded syr Launcelot with an arrow, 764; 770
Hurlame, kyng, 693
Hyllary, 164; St. Hilary, a festival, the 13th of January
Hymeson, syr, 407, 408, 409, 410

Ider, syr, sone of syr Vwayne, 162
Idres, kyng of Cornwayle, 52; 54; 56; 64
Idrus, syr, the good knyght, 170; most likely identical with syr Ider
Igrayne, wyfe of kyng Vtherpendragon, and mother of kyng Arthur, 35, 36, 37, 38; 45; 65, 66, 67, 68; 189
Ireland, Irelond, Yreland, 45; 81; 164; 175; 255; 283; 301; 499
Ironsyde, syr, **the reed knyght of the reed laundes**, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241; 245; 250, 251; 254; 259; 261, 262; 271; 728; 792
Isoud, la beale. *See* **La beale Isoud**
Isoud la blaunche maynys, doughter of kyng Howel of Brytayne, 327, 328; 330; 334; 345; 453; 411

[1] The form Heles occurs in the eighth book several times for Hebes. In the French "Tristan" the name is always spelled "Hebes." This is either a misprint in the Caxton, or a mistake on my part, as it is often very difficult to distinguish le and be, these being in Caxton's type double letters.

[2] The "Morte Arthure" (Thornton MS.) reads here "Ermonye."

Israhel, chyldren of, 1 (Caxton's Preface)

Iagent, castel of, 426; near Camelot

Ianeweyes warryors, 163; ? Genoese soldiers

Iherusalem, 496; 625; 641

Ihesu, Ihesus. *See* **Cryst, lord Ihesu**

Ionas, a king overcome by kyng Euelake, 660

Iordanus,[1] **Iordans**, syr, knyght of the duke of Cornwall, 37, 38

Ioseph of Armathyes, Armathe, Armathye, once corrupted into **Abarimathye**, fyrst bysshop of Crystendom, 94; 573; 616; 625, 626, 627; 645; 660; 716*; 718; 723

Iosue, duke, 177; 697

Ioyous gard, castle of, afterwards called **Dolorous gard** (somme men saye it was anwyk, & somme may say it was bamborow), 288; 302; 499; 506, 507; 517; 525, 526, 527; 563, 564, 565; 568, 569, 570; 601; 611; 807; 811; 814; 821, 822; 828; 858*, 859*

Ioyous yle, 601; 604

Iubaunce, a gyaunt, 180

Kay, Kaynus, Kaynes, syr, son of syr Ector, seneschal of kyng Arthur, 41, 42, 43, 44; 46; 49; 54; 60; 166; 172; 200, 201; 203, 204; 212; 214; 217; 257; 339, 340; 359, 360; 377; 379; 387; 402–404; 417; 421; 426; 553; 614; 728; 742, 743; 761; 772; 790

Kaynus le straunge, Kay de straunges, syr, 553; 791

Kehydius, syr, son of kyng Howel, brother of Isoud la blaunche maynys, 328; 330; 332; 334; 353; 356; 363, 364; 367; 567

Kente, 843; 845; county of Kent

Kyng wyth the honderd knyghtes. *See* **Berraunt le Apres**

Kynkenadonne, Kynke kenadon, castel of, 213; 269, 270

La beale Aduenture, abbay of. *See* **Abbay**

La Beale (beale) Isoud, Isoulde, daughter of the kyng Anguysshe of Irelond, wyfe of kyng Marke, and love of syr Trystram, 164; 285, 286, 287; 289; 291; 301; 308, 309, 310, 311; 316–321; 323; 325–329; 345; 353; 355; 365; 367, 370–372; 380; 401; 409; 423; 368; 425; 435; 455, 456; 464; 497–500; 507–509; 516, 517; 527; 531, 532; 535, 536; 538; 540, 541; 545, 546, 547; 549, 550, 551, 552, 553; 558, 559; 566–570; 606, 607; 610

La beale regard, a castel, 473, 474, 475, 476

Labor, kyng, 693

La cote mayle tayle. *See* **Breunor le noyre**

Ladynas, or **Ladynas de la rouse**, a knight of kynge Ban, 50; 60

Ladynas of the forest saueage, 772; 774

Lake, kyng of the, 123

Lake, lady of the, 73, 74; 79, 80. *See also* **Nymue**

Lambayle, erle of, 492; 790

Lambegus, syr, 318, 319; 321; 326; 792

Lambehythe, 777; Lambeth

Lamerak, Lamorak de galys, 72; 226; 232; 259; 261; 271; 322, 323–325; 330–338; 354–359; 363; 372; 390; 410; 425, 426, 427; 433; as knight with the red shield, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445–455; 486, 487, 488; 490; 493; 507; 512

Lamyel of Cardyf, syr, 793

Landok, duke of, 830; province of Languedoc, in the south of France; syr Palomydes is made a duke of L. by syr Launcelot

Lardans, syr, 55

Launcelot de galys, 258; brother of syr Percyuale

Launcelot du lake, syr, son of kyng Ban of Benwick and Elayne, originally called Galahad, 84; 99; Merlyn comes to king Ban, there

[1] Here Geoffrey's "Hist. Brit." has "Iordanus de Tintagol." The Huth "Merlin" reads "Jourdain."

he sees young Launcelot, who is first called Galahad; he prophesies that he will become a man of great worship, 119; 143; suddenly[1] introduced, 171, 172; excels all other knights; is a great favourite of Gueneuer; sets out with his nephew Lyonel to seek adventures; lies down to sleep under an apple-tree, 183, 184, 185; is found asleep by four queens; taken to Morgan le fay's castle; does not know how he came there; hears that he is a prisoner, 186; refuses Morgan le fay and her companions; on condition that he will help her father, king Bagdemagus, in a tourney, a damoysel promises to deliver him, 187; escapes from the castle by the maiden's help; comes to a pavilion, and enters it to repose himself there; the owner of the pavilion finds him, 188; they fight together; Launcelot overcomes the knight; explains to him how he came thither; tells his name; asks the knight to come to Arthur's court, 189; comes to an abbey, where the damoysel expects him; her father is sent for; is well received; he tells Bagdemagus to send him three knights with white shields, 190; comes to the tournament; throws down Mador de la porte and Mordred; fights against Gahalantyne, 191; overcomes him also; returns to Bagdemagus' castle; is much cheered; starts to seek Lyonel; is told by a damoysel that there lives near at hand a strong knight, 192; he beats on a basin; rides along the gates of the manor of this knight, Turquyne; sees Gaherys tied to a horse, and meets Turquyne, 193; fights against him, 194; overcomes him; delivers Gaherys, 195*; tells Gaherys to deliver the other knights out of prison, 196*; fights and defeats Perys de foreyst saueage, 197; tells the damoysel his ideas about love, and leaves her; smites a fellow down who tries to prevent him from passing a bridge; comes to a castle, 198; kills three giants; delivers sixty ladies; the castle is called Tyntygayl; departs from there, 199; is lodged at the house of an old gentlewoman; sees Kay in great distress; jumps out of the window; fights and throws down his persecutors, and compels them to yield themselves to Kay, 200; returns to his lodging; the next morning he takes Kay's armour and shield, and rides forth before Kay awakes, 201; is mistaken for Kay; overcomes three brothers, Gaunter, Raynold, and Gylmere, and bids them go to queen Gueneuer and render themselves to her grace; meets Sagramor, Ector, Gawayn, and Vwayn; is attacked by them, 203; throws them all four out of their saddles, and disappears; comes into a forest; sees a brachet, 204; follows the brachet to a wounded knight; is told that this knight is Gylbert the Bastard, and that he can only be healed by a piece of cloth and a sword which must be fetched out of the Chappel Peryllous, 205; engages himself to go to the Chappel Peryllous; arrives there; enters it in despite of many knights, 206; takes the cloth and sword; comes out; refuses Hellawes the sorceress; heals Gylbert, 207; catches a falcon which has escaped to a tree; is treacherously attacked by its owner, 208; gets with great efforts out of this difficulty, 209; meets a knight and a lady; the knight kills the lady; Launcelot sends him to Gueneuer, who shall punish him for his bad behaviour; comes in Kay's armour to the court, 211; all his valiant deeds are told to Arthur, 212; 214, 215, 216; fights with Gareth, 217; makes him knight, 218; 226; 232, 233; 241; 251; 254, 255, 256; 260, 261, 262; 270; 272; 300; 303*; 305*, 306*, 307, 308; 315, 316; 322, 323, 324; blames

[1] Launcelot is here very abruptly introduced; how he came to Arthur's court and how he was made knight, as well as the early part of his life, are entirely omitted.

Trystram for being faithless to Isoud, 329; 333; 336; follows Breunor le noyre, 345; gets a letter from Trystram; answers it; throws down Nerouens de lyle, 346; comes to the castle of Pendragon, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353; 357, 358, 359; 361; 376, 377; 381; 383, 384; 387; does wonderful feats of arms; the prize is given to him, but he renounces it in favour of Trystram, 394, 395; 397, 398; 400; 404, 405; 408; 411; meets with Trystram; they do not recognise each other; Merlyn's prophecy is realised; they fight together a terrible combat near the tomb of Launceor and Columbe; neither of them overcomes the other, 420; tells Arthur about his meeting, 421, 422; 431, 432, 433; follows king Mark and brings him back to Arthur, 437, 438, 439; 441; 445, 446; 448; 453; cautions Trystram to beware of king Mark, 454, 455; reads the letter which Mark sent to Gueneuer, blaming her for her relation to Launcelot, 457; 463; 470; 476; 479; 482, 483, 484, 485, 486; 489, 490, 491, 492; gets the prize in a tournament, 493, 494; receives a ring from la Beale Isoud, to tell him that Trystram is at the tournament, 498; gives Trystram and Isoud his castle Ioyous gard, 499; 506; 509; 513; 533; smites Trystram down, 534; recognises Trystram, and is sorry, 535, 536; his horse is smitten down by Palomydes; pardons him, 537, 538, 539, 540; throws down Palomydes, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545; 547, 548, 549, 550; comes with Arthur to Trystram and Isoud, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555; 557; 561; 563; delivers Palomydes, 564, 565; 570; comes to the bridge of Corbyn; is received with cries: "Welcome, Launcelot, flower of all knighthood," 571; delivers a lady from great pains; fights with a dragon at a tomb, 572; has a sight of the Holy Grail, 573; begets Galahad on Elayne, daughter of Pelles, 574; will kill Elayne, but afterwards pardons her, 575, 576, 577; is told that, though he is the strongest knight in earthly things, he is not so in heavenly ones, 579, 580, 581; sleeps again with Elayne, 582; leaps out of a window; becomes mad and runs into a wild forest, 583, 584, 585, 586; 588; 591, 592; wanders about; lives on water and fruit for two years; comes to a tree on which hangs a white shield and two swords; he takes one of them, and beats with it on the shield; a knight clad all in scarlet appears, 593; Launcelot is taken to Selyuaunt's castle, 594; one day he breaks his fetters, and delivers Blyaunt, Selyuaunt's brother, 595; sees a great boar; follows it and kills it, but is seriously wounded, 596; taken to an hermitage; runs away, and comes to Corbyn, 597; is found and recognised sleeping in a garden by Elayne, 598; is brought into a tower and healed from his madness by the Holy Grail; is told how he came into the country; requests them not to tell anybody who he is, 599; calls himself le chevaler malfet, 600; lives with Elayne in the castel Blyaunt, which he calls Ioyous yle; has the better of five hundred knights, 601; fights with Percyual, 602; tells him who he is, 603, 604; resolves to return to Arthur's court; does so, and is well received, 605, 606; 611; is fetched away from the table round to go to an abbey, 612; finds his son Galahad, and makes him knight; returns to the court, 613*, 614*; 617; hears from a lady that, since Galahad's arrival, he is no longer the best knight of the world, 618, 619; 621, 622, 623*; fights with his son Galahad, and is smitten down, 636; comes to a chapel, wishes to enter, but finds no door; lays down to sleep near a cross, 637; sees how a knight is healed by the Holy Grail; his helm and sword are taken away, 638; hears a voice, which tells him to go away

from this holy place; finds out that his sins prevented him from touching the Holy Grail; goes to a hermit, 639; the hermit tells him that his life had displeased God; he must never have the queen's company; he promises it, 640; is told about the signification of the words that the heavenly voice said to him, 641; repents his sins, 642; gets a new horse, helm, and sword; rides forth from the hermit; comes to a chapel, where he finds a dead old man, 656, 657; is told to put the hair of the dead man next to his skin, and not to eat any meat as long as he is in the quest of the Holy Grail; sleeps the night at a cross; has a vision, 658; smites a knight down; comes to a hermit and asks him about his vision, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666; 669, 670, 671; 679; 707; meets his son Galahad; passes half a year with him on a ship, 708, 709, 710; 712, 713*, 714*; 724; loves Gueneuer still; all his thoughts are with her, 725; tells her he must hold afar from her, 726; is banished from the court by her, 727, 728; 730, 731, 732; fights for the queen against Mador de la porte, 734, 735; overcomes him, and is again graciously received by the queen, 736, 737, 738, 739; comes to Bernard of Astolat; the fair maiden of Astolat, Elayn le blank, falls in love with him, 740; asks him to bear a red sleeve of hers at the tournament, 741; departs secretly with Lauayne, 742; fights bravely in the tournament; nobody knows him, but some suspect him, 743; smites down thirty knights; the prize is given to him; is seriously wounded, 744, 745; is taken to Baudewyn of Bretayn, a noble surgeon, 746; is recognised by him, 747; 751; Elayne of Astolat comes to him and nurses him, 752; Bors finds him, and tells him about the queen's displeasure, because he bore the red sleeve, 753, 754; tries to mount his horse and to handle his arms; his wounds burst out again, 755; sends Bors to a tournament, 756; refuses to wed Elayne of Astolat, 758; rides away with Lauayne, 759, 760, 761; buries the maiden of Astolat; is pardoned by the queen, 762; promises to wear a sleeve of gold for the queen, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769; is hurt by a bow-shot in the thigh, 770; 773; 775, 776; comes to deliver the queen out of Mellyagraunce's castle; rides on a cart; is called le chevaler du chariot, 777, 778, 779; goes in the night to the queen's chamber, 780, 781, 782; agrees with Mellyagraunce to fight for the queen in fifteen days, 783; is taken in a trap and thrown into a deep cave, 784; is delivered by a damoysel; rides forth to Westminster, 785; comes to the place where the fight is to take place, 786; fights against Mellyagraunce, 787; kills him, 788; 791; 793, 794; handles Vrre's wounds and heals him, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799; goes to the queen, 800; speaks to her in her chamber, while Mordred and other knights of Gawayn's kin are before the door, 801; opens the door; takes Colgreuaunce's armour; kills some knights; forces the others to flight; returns to Bors, 802, 803; calls his knights together and tells them what has happened, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809; delivers Gueneuer in the moment when she shall suffer death by fire; kills many knights, among them Gareth and Gaherys, 810, 811, 812, 813; withdraws with Gueneuer to Ioyous gard and is besieged by Arthur and Gawayn; is insulted by Gawayn, 815; justifies himself, and requests Arthur to pardon him, 816, 817, 818; fights against Arthur's host; orders his knights to spare Arthur, 819, 820; the pope sends to him, to order him to send back Gueneuer, 821; takes Gueneuer back to Arthur, 822; asks Arthur again to pardon him, 823, 824; makes

great offers, 825, 826; takes leave of Gueneuer, 827, 828; returns to his own country with his faithful knights and rewards them with his lands, 829, 830; is besieged in his city of Benwyck by Arthur and Gawayn, 831; sends a lady and a dwarf to king Arthur to request him to make peace, 832; Gawayn comes before the gates of Benwyck and uses bad language against him, 833; tries to reconcile him in vain, 834; fights with Gawayn, and after a hard battle overcomes him, 835, 836; fights again with Gawayn and defeats him, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841; 844; receives Gawayn's letter; returns to England; finds that he comes too late, 852; goes to Gawayn's tomb; goes to seek Gueneuer, 853; finds her in a convent; his offers are refused, 854; becomes a monk, 855*; has a vision, 856*; buries Gueneuer, 857*; becomes weaker from day to day, 858*; dies, and is buried with great honours in Ioyous gard, 859*, 860*

Launceor, Launcyor, syr, son of the kyng of Irelond, 80, 81, 82; 419

Laundes, erle of the, 830; this dignity is conferred on syr Bellangere le bewse by syr Launcelot

Laundes, lady of the, 286

Laurel, dame, 270; niece of lady Lyonesse; becomes wife of syr Agrauayne

Lauayne, syr, son of syr Bernard of Astolat, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747; 750, 751, 752, 753; 755; 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770; 780, 781, 782; 786; 795; 801; 804; 820

Le cheualer du charyot. *See* **Launcelot du lake**

Le cheualer malfet. *See* **Launcelot du lake**

Leomye, syr, 172

Listinoyse, country of, 499

Lodegreaunce, Lodegryaunce, Lodegreans, Lodegrean, Ladegreans, kynge of camylyard, father of quene Gueneuer, 63, 64; 100, 101

Logrys, realme of, 332; 367; 400; 404; 411; 419; 498; 520; 599; 601; 606; 691; 693; 714; 719; 724

Lombardye, country of, 178; lordes of, 180

Lonazep, Lonezep, castel of, 509; 512; 524, 525; 527; 529; 533; 559; 562, 563; 594

London, cyte of, 40; 44; 47; 76; 728; 839; toure of, 840; 842

Longeus, syr, 94

Longtaynse, kynge of the yle of, 120

Lorayne, duchye of, 102; duke of, 175; 178

Lorayne le saueage, syr, 117

Lott,[1] kynge of Lowthean and of Orkeney, father of Gawayn, etc., 37; 46; 52; 54; 56; 59; 86, 87; 104; 108; 148

Louel, syr, son of syr Gawayn, 790; 809

Lucas the bottlere, Lucan the bottler, Lucanere the butteler, son of the duke of Corneus, 49, 50; 54, 55; 60; 398; 543; 743; 767; 792; 832; 845, 846, 847, 848; 850

Lucyus,[2] the emperour of Rome, 160; 163, 164; 169; 172, 173, 174

Lyanowre, duke, 633

Lylle, lady of auelyon, 76; 81

Lylye, kynge of, 171

Lymosyn, in gyan, 830; Limosin or Limousin, as well as Guienne, are two ancient provinces of France

Lynet, the damoysel saueage, syster of lady Lyonesse, 216, 217, 218, 219–242, 243; 246, 247, 248, 249; 267, 268; 270; 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347–353

Lyonas, country of, 273, 274; 280

Lyonesse, Lyones, lady, becomes wife of Gareth of Orkenay, 232;

[1] "Hist. Brit.": has "Lot de Loudonesia" (Lot of Lothian). Huth "Merlin" reads "Loth d'Orcanie."

[2] "Hist. Brit.": "Lucius Tiberius." "Morte Arthure" (Thornton MS.) reads either "Lucius" or "Lucius Iberius."

234; 237; 239; 242; 244, 245, 246–249; 254, 255; 257; 263; 268, 269, 270
Lyonel, Lionel, syr, 169, 170; 183, 184, 185; 190; 192; 196; 397; 585; 604; 612, 613; 676, 677, 678, 679; 682–686; 743, 744; 818; becomes king of France, 829; 855*
Lyonors, erlys doughter, 62
Lyonses, lord of the country of payarne, 48; 56; 60
Lysays, one of the seven kings overcome by kyng Euelake, 660
Lystynoyse, country of, 499; kynge of, 529; 538
Lytyl Bretayne, royame of, 164

Machabeus, Iudas, 1 (Caxton's Preface); 177
Macydone, 163; Macedonia
Madok de la montayne, syr, 383
Mador de la porte, syr, 191; 212; 728, 729, 730; 734, 735, 736, 737, 738; 799
Magouns,[1] castel of, called, according to Malory, Arundel in southsex, 467; traitours of, 494, 495
Maledysaunt, damoysel, afterwards called **bien pensaunt,** or **beau viuante,** 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345; 349; 353
Malegryne, Malgryne, syr, 256; 258; 470, 471, 472
Malorye, Maleore, Thomas, syr, 3; 861* (Caxton's Preface and Colophon)
Manassen, Manessen, cosyn of syr Accolon of gaule, 138, 139
Manuel, kyng or duke of walys, 660; his daughter is mentioned in connection with Ionas
Margawse, Morgause, quene, wyfe of kyng Lot of Orkeney, and mother of syr Gawayn, 38; 64; 88; 233; 252, 253, 254; 268, 269; 357
Marhalt, kyng, father of syr Marhaus, the good knyghte, 529
Marhaus, syr, brother of the quene of Ireland, knyght of the table round, the good knyghte, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145; 153, 154, 155–159; 172; 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285; 291; 422, 423
Mariet de la roche, syr, 60
Mark, Marke, kynge of Cornewaile, uncle of syr Trystram, husband of la beale Isoud, 83; 273; 278; 280, 281; 291–296; 301; 317; 321, 322–325; 363; 367, 368; 400, 401–406; 423–430, 431, 432, 433–437; 445; 449, 450; called kyng Fox, 455, 456, 457; 460, 461–469; 478; 493, 494, 495, 496–498
Marrok, syr, 172; 793
Marsyl, kyng of the yland of **Pomytayn,** 483; 485
Mary, Marye, saynte, vyrgyne, 677; 697; 703
Masauke, erle of, 830; syr Launcelot conferred this dignity on syr Selyses
Matto le breune, syr, 368
Maurel, syr, 172
Maydens, castel of, 377; 380; 384; 388; 408; 423; 512; 632; 634
Melane, 181; Milan
Meliodas quene, second wyfe of kyng Meliodas, doughter of kyng Howles of Bretayne, stepmother of syr Trystram, 275, 276
Mellegaunt, Malegeaunt, Melyagaunt, Melyagaunce, Melyaganus, Mellyagraunce, syr, son of Bagdemagus, 257; 356, 357, 358, 359; 479, 480; 482, 483; 773, 774,

[1] Comp. my note to "Arundel," p. ix.—Through the kindness of Lady Milbanke, of Eartham, Chichester, I was enabled, while staying under her hospitable roof, to visit Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk (February 14, 1890), and to inquire on the spot about the possible identity of "Arundel" and "Magouns"; there is, however, nothing whatever known on this subject at the castle. Arundel is probably mentioned for the first time in the will of Alfred the Great. Some indisputably certain references to "Arundel" are to be found in the Chronicles of Robert of Gloucester, Peter Langtoff, and Robert Manning of Brunne (see the editions of Hearne, Oxford, 1724 and 1725, printed again 1810), on the occasion of the arrival of the Empress Maud in England and her reception at Arundel Castle. (For further particulars see James Dallaway, "A History of the Western Division of the County of Sussex, etc., London, 1819, 4to, vol. ii. pp. 83 and 95 ff.)

775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787
Melot de la roche, syr, 54
Melyas, Melleaus de lyle, syr, 628, 629, 630; 634, 792
Melyodas, kyng of Lyonas, father of syr Trystram, 273, 274, 275, 276; 292, 293
Melyon de Tartare, syr, 586
Melyon of the montayne, syr, 791; 799
Melyot de logurs, logrys, syr, 115; 206, 207; 212; 257; 742, 743; 779; 799
Melyot, castle of, 89
Menadeuke, syr, 791; 830
Merlyn, Merlyon, meets in a beggar's array Vlfius; tells him that, if Vther will reward him, he shall have his wish realised; comes to Vther, 36; declares the child must be delivered to him immediately after its birth; comes to the king again to lead him away from Tyntigayl, 37, 38; carries the infant Arthur to Ector; asks Vther before all the barons who shall be king after him, 39; advises the archbishop of Canterbury to call the lords together, 40; justifies Arthur, and tells how and by whom he was begotten; comes to Arthur, 45, 46, 47, 48; passes the sea; returns to Arthur, 51, 52, 53; 61; goes to his master Bleyse to make him write about Arthur's battles; comes to Arthur as a beggar, 62, 63; comes as a child, and afterwards as an old man, to the king, and tells him that Igrayne is his mother, 66; shows himself in his ordinary shape; tells Arthur that he has committed a great sin, and slept with his sister, and that God is angry with him, 67; gives witness as to Arthur's birth, 68; is saved from three ruffians by Arthur; tells Arthur again he must die, 70; 72; shows Arthur the sword in the lake, 73; tells the king that the sheath is worth ten swords, 74; is more blamed for the murder of the children than Arthur, 75; tells the king that the damoysel who brought the sword was the falsest lady of all, 80, 81; buries Launcelot and his lady; prophesies that in this very place shall be done a battle between Launcelot and Trystram; and tells Balyn, that for the death of the lady he must do the dolorous stroke, 84; comes disguised to Balan and Balyn, and shows them how to overcome king Ryons, 85, 86; makes king Lot's tombstone, and tells them the tapers will not burn after his death, 88; predicts the great battle between Arthur and Mordred near Salisbury, and other things, 89; tells Balyn that they will not meet again in this world, 94; buries Balyn and Balan, and makes a golden inscription on their tomb, 98; makes a bed in which nobody should ever lie in without becoming mad; tells Arthur about the dolorous stroke, 99; tries to dissuade Arthur from wedding Gueneuer, but afterwards yields and sends for her, 100; finds out the best knights for the round table, 101; tells Arthur why there are two places void at the round table, 103; 113; becomes enamoured of a damoysel that Pellinore brought to the court, and follows her everywhere; tells the king that he shall soon be gone, and how he will miss him, 118; warns him further to keep well his sword and the sheath; teaches the damoysel many of his crafts; goes to Benwyck, where he sees young Launcelot; prophesies of his great glory, and tells that his first name was Galahad; then he goes away with the lady; shows her a great rock; he goes under it, and the lady causes by her crafts that he can never come out of it, 119, 120; delivers king Melyodas out of prison (!), 274; 419; 523; is said to have made the round table in token of the roundness of the world, 643
Meuer of Blood, sheath of syr Galahad's sword, 700
Mondrames, syr, 626
Monkes, abbay of, 140
Mordrayns, kyng, 695; 715*
Mordred, syr, son of kyng Arthur

from his own sister, kyng Lot's wife, is begotten, 65; escapes with his life; is found by a good man, and nourished till he is fourteen years old; then he is brought to the court, 75; 87; shall be one day against his own father, 89; 190; is thrown down by Launcelot, 191; rides with la cote male tayle; is thrown down by a knight of the castel Orgulous, 342, 343; blames the damoysel Maledysaunt for rebuking la cote male tayle, 344; seeing Launcelot, he leaves their company, 345; gives his shield and armour to Dagonet, 432, 433; is smitten down by Breuse saunde pyte, 454, 455; tries to lead Alysaunder's horse away, 477; 487; 512; gives Sir Lamorak a mortal wound, 513; 532; 590, 591; tries to find fault with Launcelot, 726; 742, 743; does not join the knights to receive sir Launcelot on his return, 759; 766; is thrown down by Launcelot, 768; 791; declares he will accuse queen Gueneuer, 797; tells king Arthur, 798, 799; goes with twelve knights to capture Launcelot, 800; calls him a traitour, 801; is grievously wounded, but escapes, 803; comes to Arthur to tell him about Launcelot's deed, 807, 808; is made chief ruler of England during Arthur's absence, 830; forges letters stating that Arthur is killed in a battle; assembles the parliament, and is crowned king of England; asks Gueneuer's hand; besieges Gueneuer in the Tower of London; defies the Archbishop of Canterbury, 839; hears of his father's return; excites the barons to make war against Arthur; finds many followers, 840; fights against Arthur at Dover, 841, 842; gathers his knights at Baramdown to fight another battle, 844; agrees to make peace on condition of receiving Cornwall and Kent, 845; fights at the risk of his life; all his knights are killed; is wounded to death; dying, he kills his father with his sword, 847; 850, 851, 852, 853

Morgan le fay, Arthur's sister, wife of king Vryence, of the land of Gore, 38; 67; 88, 89; 123; 126, 127, 128, 129; 132; 139; 186, 187; 324, 325; 332; 373; 378, 379; 407–412; 440; 457; 470, 471; 473, 474; 572

Morganore, Morganor, sencial of the kynge of the honderd knyghtes, 55; 58; 302; 792; once mistakingly called kyng M.

Morgause, Arthur's sister. *See* **Margawse**

Morris, forest of, 402

Mortayse, Mortoyse, water of, 652; 707; 727

Moryans, of the castel of maydens, syr, 60

Morys de la roche, syr, 54

Morys, syr, 172

Moyses land,[1] marquys of, 180

Mychels, St., 169; mounte of, 167

Myles of the laundes, syr, 117

Mylis, syr, 68

Nabon le Noyre, syr, 330; 332, 333

Nacyen the heremyte, 618; 621; 627; 660; 668, 669; 694, 695

Nanowne le petite, syr, 330

Nappus, a holy man, 660

Naram, syr, 75

Nauntys, cyte of, in Brytayne, 64

Nentres,[2] **Nauntres,** kyng of the land of **garlot,** or **garlott,** or **garloth,** 38; 52; 54; 56; 60; 64; 790

Nero, syr, brother of kyng Ryons, 64; 86, 87, 88

Nerouens, Neroneus, Neroueus, syr, 346; 348; 792; 804; 830

Normandy, duke of, 830; this dignity is conferred on syr Clarrus by syr Launcelot

Northfolk, 843; Norfolk

Northgalys, Northwalys, kynge of, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192; 212; 377; 383; 385, 386; 391; 534, 535; 545; 738, 739; 742; 745; 755, 756, 757; quene of, 187

[1] The Morte Arthure (Thornton MS.) reads here "the maches of Mees" (Metz).
[2] In the ordinary "Merlin" he is called "kyng Nanters of Gerlot."

Northumberland, country of, 62; 77; 80; kynge of, 538; 738; 742; 745; 768
Nygramous, castel, 207
Nymue, Nyneue, the lady of the lake, 115; 118, 119; 131; 139; 151, 152, 153; 159; 361, 362; 737; 793; 851

Ontzlake, syr, 126, 127; 129; 137, 138
Orgulous, castle, 342, 343
Orkeney, quene of. *See* **Margawse**
Ossaise, Ossayse, of Surluse, syr, 490; 492
Ouerne, 830; Auvergne, a late province of France; syr Gahalantyne is made a duke of Ouerne by syr Launcelot
Oute yles, quene of, 187
Ozanna le cure hardy, syr, 156, 430; 433; 742, 743; 791, 792

Paas peryllous, 226
Palamydes, Palomydes, syr, the sarasyn, the good knyghte, 342; 344, 345, 346, 347; 357; 365, 366, 367; 372; 375, 376; 381, 382; 386; 390, 391; 393; 395, 396; 399; 400; 405; 413, 414, 415, 416; 419–421; 435; 438, 439–445; 447; 455; 481, 482; 484; 486; 489; 493; 500–504; 510; 512–515; 517, 518; 520–537; 541–546–570; 606–611; 728; 742; 757; 766–769; 804; 818, 819, 820; 828; 830
Pampoylle, 163; ? Pamphylia, a province of Asia Minor
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Parys, cyte of, 171, 172; 178
Pase, erle of, 474, 475
Passe Brewel, 380; name of syr Trystram's horse
Patryce, Patryse, syr, a knyght of Ireland, 728, 729; 734; 736, 737, 738
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Pellandrys, syr, 351
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Pellogris, syr, 351
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Peryn de mountebeliard, syr, 90
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Petersaynt,[1] land of, 181
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Pounce, 163; ? Pontus
Powlis,[3] churche of, 40; St. Paul's Cathedral
Principum, de casu, 2 (Caxton's Preface); a book by Boccaccio. *See* **Bochas**
Prouynce, 830; Provence, a former province of France; Sir Palomydes is made a duke of P. by syr Launcelot
Pryamus, syr, 177, 178, 179, 180; 182
Prydam le noyre, syr, 673, 674
Pynel, a good man, 54
Pynel, Pyonel, syr, 728; 737

Quene of the waste landes, 642, 643; a recluse, aunt of syr Percyual
Questynge beest, beste Glatysaunt, glastynge beest, "that hadde in shap a hede like a serpente's hede, and a body like a lybard, buttocks lyke a lyon, and foted lyke an herte, and in his body was suche a noyse as it had been the noyse of thyrty coupel of houndes questyng," 65, 66; 355, 356; 434; 445; 480; 500, 501; 520; 523; 611

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Romaunce, the frensshe, 182. *See* **Book**

[1] The "Morte Arthure" (Thornton MS.) reads for this form, line 351, "Petyrsande."
[2] Ranulphus Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by William Caxton, 1482, fol., black letter. I have seen the copy in the British Museum.
[3] Of course, St. Paul's Cathedral did not exist in the days of king Arthur, and therefore "some men" were wrong.

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Spolute, 181; Spoleto, town and duchy of Italy in the Ecclesiastical States
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Surlat, erldom of, 830; (?); conferred on syr Sadok by syr Launcelot
Surlouse, forest of, 106; very likely Sorlouse and Surluse are identical
Surluse, Surleuse, country of, 349; 405; 478; 488; 499; 512
Surrey, 843; county of Surrey

[1] For an exhaustive account of the literature of "The Holy Grail," see Alfred Nutt's "Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail," London, 1888, 8vo.

Surrye, 163; Sowdan[1] (sultan) of, 174; Syria
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Toure, the dolorous, 271
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Tramtryst. *See* **Trystram**
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Trent, river, 44; 51
Tristram, Trystram, syr, son of kyng Melyodas of Lyonas, 84; 143; 164; 234; 256; 259; 261, 262; 271, 272; is born, 273; christened Trystram, *i.e.*, sorrowful birth, 274; is in danger of being poisoned by his stepmother, 275; prays for her, and obtains her pardon from his father; is sent to France; learns the French language, to handle arms, to play the harp and other instruments; gives much time to hunting and hawking, 276; all the terms of hunting and hawking are invented by him,[4] 277; requests his father to let him fight for the truage of Cornwall against Marhaus; receives a letter from the daughter of the king of France,

[1] The form "Sowdan," the Middle-English soudan, for sultan, seems to have entirely escaped Wright as well as Strachey. The former passes it over in silence; the latter mentions it separately in his Glossary without giving an explanation.

[2] Geoffrey of Monmouth, "Hist. Brit.," calls this castle "castellum Dimilioc." In the ordinary "Merlin" as well as in the Huth "Merlin" in the corresponding passage this castle is only spoken of as "a second castle," and no name is given. The name "Tarabel" occurs, however, in the Huth "Merlin," i. pp. 241, 252–261, where it is the castle in which the army of king Ryons is defeated and where king Lot is killed. Where the place was situated I am utterly unable to ascertain.

[3] The "Morte Arthure" (Thornton MS.) always reads "Pounte" for "port."

[4] There are a considerable number of MSS. in the British Museum which treat of hunting and hawking—*e.g.*, Cotton Vespasian B. xij. "The Mayster of the Hunt"—but none of them bears the title "Syr Trystram's Book," nor can I find any reference in them to the existence of such a book. The earliest printed book on this subject in English is Lady Juliana Berners' "Booke of St. Albans," printed for the first time by the schoolmaster-printer of St. Albans in 1486 (reproduced in facsimile by William Blades,

279; comes to king Mark; is made knight, 280; goes to meet Marhaus; finds him near his ship, 281; fights with him, 282; overcomes him, 283; returns to Mark; is wounded with a poisoned spear; can only be healed in the country where the spear is made, 284; goes to Ireland; gains the king's favour by his harping; calls himself Tramtryst, 285; Isoud, the king's daughter, nurses and heals him; requests him to fight at a tournament, 286; is nearly discovered; appears on a white horse, and with white shield and harness, given to him by Isoud, 287; makes Hebes le renoumes knight; overcomes Palomydes, 288; is discovered through his sword, 289; leaves the court of Anguysshe, 290; takes leave of Isoud, 291, 292; after calling on his father, returns to Mark's court; becomes, as well as king Mark, enamoured of the wife of Segwarydes; meets Mark, and smites him down, 293; is betrayed by the wife of Segwarydes, who fights against him, 294; Trystram throws him down, and rides to Tyntagil, 295; is rebuked by a lady; rides after Bleoberis, 296; meets Sagramor and Dodynas, and smites them both down, 297; joins Bleoberys and the wife of Segwarydes, 298; fights against him, and overcomes him, 299; the lady refuses to go with him, 300; returns to Tyntagyl; is sent to Ireland by king Mark to ask for Isoud's hand for him, 301; is driven to the coast of England; smites down Ector, 302; hears that king Anguysshe is accused of treason; resolves to help him, 303*; comes to the king, 304*; is accepted, and Anguysshe promises to give him whatever he will ask, 305*; fights against Blamor, 306; overcomes him, but requests the kings to save his life, 307; is joyfully received by Anguysshe, and goes with him to Ireland, 308; asks for Isoud's hand in the name of king Mark; returns with Isoud to Cornwall; on the way takes a love drink with her, 309; fights against Breunor, and rids the castel Pluere of its bad customs, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320; is betrayed by his cousin Andred; king Mark lifts his sword up to kill him, but Trystram puts him to flight, 321; kills two brothers, knights of king Mark, and wounds about thirty other knights; is sent for by the barons, and reconciled with Mark, 322; refuses to do anything that is against his knighthood; fights with Lamorack, 323, 324; goes daily and nightly to Isoud; is taken by Andred and twelve knights; they bind him and intend to kill him; 325; asks his cousin Andred for mercy; breaks his fetters, and escapes; defends himself in a chapel, where his men join him, 326; delivers Isoud; is hurt by a poisoned arrow; goes to Bretayne, to king Howel's daughter, Isoud la blanche maynys, to get healed, 327; becomes enamoured of her, and marries her, 328; hears that Launcelot blames him for his conduct, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335; 344, 345, 346; 348; receives a sorrowful letter from Isoud, Marke's wife; resolves to go to see her; is driven ashore near the Castel peryllous; leaves his fellowship with Kehydius, 353, 354; fights and overcomes Lamorack; is henceforth his friend,

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1881, 4to), later by Wynkyn de Worde and many others. In this book Trystram is once thus alluded to:—

"Wheresoeuer ye fare by fryth or by fell,
My dere chylde take hede how Tristram dooth you tell."

From some passages in another book, "The Noble Art of Venerie and Hunting," by G. Tuberville, London, 1611, 8vo, it appears, however, that in days past there existed a "Book of Syr Trystram." Comp. p. 40, "Trystram's lore;" p. 96, "for noble Tristram's sake;" p. 148, "Yet our Tristram reckoneth the bore for one of the foure beasts of Venerie;" p. 174, "but our old Tristram calleth it hallow."

355, 356; 359, 360; is told that Arthur is in great danger, 361; saves him, but does not tell him his name, 362; sails to Cornwall, 363; reproaches Isoud for faithlessness, 364, 365; is mad; comes to a lady, but soon escapes; lives with shepherds in a wood; throws Dagonet into a well, 366, 367; the rumour is spread by Andred that Trystram is dead, 368; kills the giant Tauleas, 369; is taken to Marke's court; is recognised by a little brachet, which was given to him by the daughter of the king of France, 370; is banished from the court of Mark for ten years, 371, 372; is told that Launcelot is in great danger, 373; fights against thirty knights, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391; fights with Launcelot; is wounded; leaves the field, 392; smites down Palomydes, 393; wins the field, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398; Trystram comes to a castle; its owner recognises in him the knight who killed his sons, and he is put into prison, 399, 400, 401; 404; is still in prison, but is assured that Darras will not kill him, 405; falls sick; is delivered out of prison; reposes himself, and recovers; leaves his fellows, 406; comes to a castle to ask for lodging; is well received, but learns that he has fallen into the hands of Morgan le fay, 407; the queen promises to set him free on condition that he carries a shield which she will give him in the tournament near the castel of the hard roche, 408; smites down Hemyson, a lover of Morgan le fay, 409; stays with a knight; arrives at the castle where the tournament takes place, 410, 411; fights with Arthur, 412, 413, 414; agrees with Palomydes to meet with him in a fortnight at the tombstone, 415, 416, 417, 418; comes to the tombstone, 419; fights with Launcelot, thinking that he is Palomydes; at last they recognise each other, 420; goes to king Arthur, 421; is made knight of the round table, and gets the seat of Marhaus, 422, 423, 424, 425; 427; 431; 435, 436; 438; 441; 448; is reconciled with king Mark, 449; returns to Cornwall with him, 450, 451; 453; 456, 457; is seriously wounded at a tournament; is asked to fight against the Sessoyns, 458; tells the messenger that he will come as soon as he is recovered; comes with ten of Arthur's knights, 459; asks leave to do what he thinks best; destroys the ships of the Sessoyns by fire, 460; fights successfully against them, 461; fights with Elyas, the captain of the Sessoyns, 462, 463; kills him, 464, 465, 466; 469, 470; 493; fights in a tournament; is grievously wounded; king Mark, under the pretext of nursing him, takes him to a castle, gives him a drink, and, when he is under the influence of this charm, puts him into prison in another castle, 494; receives a forged letter from king Mark, 495; refuses to yield to his request, 496; is delivered by Percyuale, but imprisoned again by king Marke, 497; is delivered again by Dynas and flees with Isoud; appears at a tournament of king Arthur, 498; receives Ioyous gard from Launcelot for his residence, 499; they live very happily there; one day he meets Breuse saunce pyte, and soon after Palomydes, 500, 501; 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513; finds a ship; enters it; reads the letter which the dead king has in his hand, 514; gives Palomydes the adventure; comes to a castle; is recognised by the owner as the knight who slew his brother; departs, 515; the knight follows him; he fights against him and overcomes him, 516; fights against Beraunce; rides to Ioyous gard, 517; 521; receives Palomydes after his return from the Reed cyte, 525, 526; rides with Isoud, both arrayed in green, to Lonazep; meets on the way

Galyhodyn, who wants to take Isoud from him; he smites him down, 527; meets Gawayn, Vwayn, Sagramor, and Dodynas, 528, 529; declines to tell Arthur his name, nor which party he belongs to, 530, 531, 532, 533; is brought to the ground by Launcelot; gets the horse of the king of Northgalis, 534; throws Arthur out of the saddle; reappears in red harness; smites down five knights, 535, 536; smites down Ector, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543; fights very bravely, 544; rides secretly out of the field, 545; arrays himself all in black; returns with Dynadan to the tournament; smites down three knights, 546; fights against Palomydes, who has disguised himself; afterwards with Launcelot, who does not recognise him, 547; helps Dynadan; is recognised by Launcelot, 548; gets the degree of the day; returns to his pavilion with Isoud, 549; hears from Isoud about Palomydes' falsehood; pardons him, 550; receives Arthur and Launcelot in his pavilion, 551; tells Arthur why he was against him, 552; meets with Kay, and throws him down from his horse and three other knights as well; surpasses all other knights, 553, 554; returns to king Arthur's party; the prize is given him again, but he refuses it in favour of Launcelot; returns to his pavilion, 555; returns to Ioyous gard to rest himself seven days, 556, 557, 558, 559; 561; rides to the castel Pelownes to save Palomydes, 563; meets Launcelot, 564; requests him to stay with him at Ioyous gard, 565; hears how Palomydes, alone at a well, talks about his love for Isoud, 566; reproaches him for his perfidy, 567; agrees to fight with him, in fifteen days, near Camelot; returns to Ioyous gard; one day, being out hunting, he is shot in the thigh by an archer, 568; tells Palomydes that he cannot fight at the day fixed, 569; gets great renown by his valiant deeds of arms; the people of Lyonas send him letters and presents, 570; 606; meets, unarmed, Palomydes, yet fights with him, 607, 608; takes Galleron's armour, shield, and sword, and fights again with Palomydes, 609; overcomes him, 610; leads him to Carleil and causes him to be christened, 611; his death referred to, 768; 807

Tryan, syr, 427

Turkes, or myscreantes, 860*

Turkye, 163; Turkey

Turquyne, syr, 185; 193, 194, 195; 197, 198; 211, 212; 256; 261; 824

Turnaunce, yle of, 694

Tursank, erle of, 830; (?) this dignity is conferred on syr Melyas de lyle by syr Launcelot

Tuskane, 175, 176; 181; Tuscany, a grand duchy in Italy

Tyntagil,[1] **Tyntigayll**, castle of the duke of Cornwayle, 35; 37; 45; 68; 199; 278, 279; 284; 292; 294; 301; 364; 367; 370; 403; 455; 458, 459, 460, 461; 497

Vlbawes, Vlbause, erle of Surluse, 491, 492; 790

Vlfyus,[2] syr, a noble knyght, the confidant of kyng Vtherpendragon, 36, 37; 43; 48, 49; 53, 54, 55; 60; 62; 67, 68

Vlfyn, heremyte, 690; very likely identical with syr **Vlfyus**

Vrbyne, cyte of, 181

Vrre, syr, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794; 801; 804; 820, 821, 822–830

Vryence,[3] **Vryens**, kyng of the land of gore, 44; 52; 56; 64; 89; 123, 124, 125, 126; 140; 257; 260; 760; 790

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[1] Tintagell is a small town in Cornwall on the coast of the Bristol Channel.

[2] "Hist. Brit." has "Vlfinus de Ricaradock;" Huth "Merlin" reads "Ulfin;" the "ordinary Merlyn" (MS. of the University Library, Cambridge) reads "Vlfyn."

[3] "Hist. Brit." reads "Vrianus;" Huth "Merlin" has "Urien."

Vtherpendragon, kynge of Englond, sends for the duke of Cornwall; gets enamoured of Igrayne; assembles his lords; declares war against the duke, 35; besieges the duke in vain in the castel of Terrabil; becomes ill; calls Merlyn by the advice of Vlfyus; promises Merlyn to deliver him the child, 36; comes in the shape of the duke of Cornwall to Tyntagyll, sleeps with Igrayne, and begets Arthur; marries Igrayne after her husband's death, 37; tells Igrayne the secret, and orders the child to be delivered to Merlyn, who gives it to syr Ector, 38; becomes again ill; defeats his enemies; by Merlyn's advice he calls the barons together, and recommends them to make Arthur king of Britain; dies, 39; 43; 45; 66; 70; 75; 100; 199

Vwayne, Ewayne, le fyse de roy Vryence, le or la blaunche maynys, les auoultres, les auoutres, les auowtres, les auenturous, 38; 136; 140, 141, 142; 145; 156, 157, 158, 159; 203, 204; 211; 256; 397; 401, 402; 411, 412, 413; 420; 430; 433, 434; 486; 528; 543; 586; 623; 625; 634, 635; 667, 668; 791

Vagon, castel of, 623

Vale, erle de, 656, 657; kyng of, 120

Vaunce, Vawse, lady de, 85; 155

Vyterbe, city, 181; Viterbo, town in Italy

Vycecounte,[1] vale of, 181

Vyllyers, Vyllyars, le valyaunt, syr, 791; 804; 830; 856*; 860*

Wade, 225; Wate[2]

Walys, 38; 44, 45; 64; 121; 156; 159; 162 (west); 255; 273; 286; 586; 660; 859*; kynge of, 538; 545; Wales

Wandesborow, wadisborow, castel of, 61; 64

Waste landes, quene of, 642, 643

Well, Callahadys (Galahads), 716*

Wentland,[3] country of, 114, 115

Westmynstre, westmestre, 730; 733; 760; 763; 772, 773; 776, 777, 778, 779; abbey of, 2; 861* (Caxton's Preface and Colophon); chirche of, 737; brydge of, 777

Wyndsoore, Wyndsoure, 727; forest of, 763

Wysshard, wychard, syr, 175; 178

Wynchestre, wynchester, 2 (Caxton's Preface); 739; 742; 751; 753; 755. According to Malory, W. is the English for Camelot: *see* **Camelot**

Wyndesan, cyte of, 64

Ynde, 168; India

Yorke, 164; York

Yrland, 164. *See* **Ireland**

Ytalye, 162. *See* **Italye**

[1] The "Morte Arthure" (Thornton MS.) reads here once "Vale of Viterbe," in another passage "the Viscownte of Valewnce."

[2] According to the Wilkina Saga, he was the son of Wilcinus and the mermaid Wachild. He is often confounded with Tor. (Comp. "Wade": Lettre à M. Henri Ternaux Compans, par Fr. Michel; Paris, 1837.)

[3] This is most likely "Gwentland" in Monmouthshire.

Arystause, erle, 790, probably identical with syr Arystaunce, 492.

Carbonek, Carboneck, castle of, 644, 690, 713, 717, identical with Corbyn, castle of, 575, 603; cyte of, 597; pounte (*i.e.*, bridge) of, 571, 576. The difference in the spelling is due to the fact that Malory used different sources.

Dornar, Dornard, syr, 259, 281, 451, identical with Durnore, syr, 791, 792; both being described as one of the sons of King Pellinore.

Petersaynt, 181, for which the Thornton MS. reads Petersande, is Pietrasanta, a town in Tuscany.

Playne de force, syr, 349, evidently identical with Playne de fors, syr, 793.

Pounce, 163, Thornton MS. reads Pawnce, is not, as I conjectured, Pontus, but Ponte, a town in Italy, near Turin, at the confluence of the rivers Orca and Saona.

Tremble, porte of, 181, for which, in the Thornton MS., occurs Pounte Tremble, is the city of Pontremoli, in the province of Massa e Carrara, on the slope of the Apennines.

Urbyne, cyte of, 181, is evidently meant for Urbino, a city in Central Italy, the capital of Pesara and Urbino.

B. CORRIGENDA.

On page 3, line 21 from the top, *read* "N_7" *for* "N_8."
" " 16, " 7 " " " "1489" " "1498."
" " 34, " 18 " " " "that which" " "that what."

Page 38, ll. 34–35, "done" is infinitive.

On page 145, line 11 from the top, *read* "For the" *for* "For."
" " 176, " 21 " " " "772" " "792."

GLOSSARY.[1]

A, i. *prep.*, = in, on; ii. *interj.*, expressing pain or surprise, 303* 24; 860* 1; iii. *prefix*—(1) for *prep.* *a* and for Icel. *á* = on (**abak**); (2) for O.F. *a-* and Lat. *ad-* (**abated**); (3) for A.F. *a*, O.F. *e-*, *es-*, Lat. *e-*, *ex-* (**abasshed**); (4) adding intensity to the notion of a verb, A.S. *á-* for *ar-*, O.H.G. *ar-*, Goth. *us-* (**aboughte**); (4) for *prep.* *at* and Icel. *at* (**adone**); (5) for *prep.* *of* (**adrad**); (6) for A.F. *an-*, O.F. *en-* from Lat. *in-* (**apayre**).

abak, *adv.*, 131 30; backwards;—A.S. *on-bœc.*

abasshe, *v.*, to abash, cast down; **abasshed**, *p.p.*, 62 28; 615 32; ashamed, alarmed; **abeysshed**, *p.p.*, 392 26;—O.F. *esbahiss-* from *esbahir.*

abate, *v.*, to beat down, to calm; **abated**, *pt.*, 158 4;—A.F. *abatre.*

a bedde, 800 21; in bed.

abhomynable, *adj.*, 165 34; abominable;—A.F. *abhominable.*

abreide, *v.*, to start up, to draw (a sword), to thrust out, to blame; **abraide**, *pt.*, 389 20; **abrayed**, *pt.*, 239 21;—A.S. *ábregdan.*

abrode, *adv.*, away, 845* 28.

abyde, *v.*, to abide, await, remain, endure; **abode**, *pt.*, 87 33; **abyden**, *p.p.*, 691 6; 702 16;—A.S. *ábídan.*

abye, *v.*, to buy, to pay for; **aboughte**, *pt.*, 238 33;—A.S. *ábycgan.*

abylement, *sb.*, 64 30; dress, clothing;—O.F. *habillement.*

accept, *p.p.*, 3 4; *for* accepted.

accompanye, *v. inf.*, 314 35; to associate with somebody;—O.F. *accompaignier.*

accomplysshe, *v.*, to achieve, to accomplish; **taccomplysshe**, *inf.*, 177 9; **accomplysshed**, *p.p.*, 1 (*see* **complysshe**);—from O.F. *acompliss-*, p.prs. of *acomplir.*

accompte, *v.*, to count, calculate; *prs.*, 410 20; *inf.*, 622 38;—Late Lat. *accomptare.*

accord, *sb.*, agreement, peace, 37 27;—Lat. *ad* and *cord-* from *cor*;—O.F. *acord.*

achyeue, *v.*, to bring to an end, achieve; *inf.*, 27 4; **achyeued**, *pt.*, 14 36; **acheued**, *pt.*, 570 8; **thachyeuyng**, *pr. prs.*, 861* (Caxton's Colophon). *See also* **encheue**;—O.F. *acheuer*

acqueyntaunce, *sb.*, 380 22; acquaintance;—*deriv. of* Late Lat. *adcognitare*, O.F. *acointer.*

acquyte, *v.*, to acquit; *prs.*, 176 6;—O.F. *aquiter.*

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[1] What is said about the List of Names and Places can be repeated here: this Glossary is the first ever compiled to "Le Morte Darthur." As I am preparing a Caxton Dictionary for all the works of England's first printer for which I have accumulated the material in the course of my studies, I have been able to give to this Glossary more the form of a small Etymological Dictionary. Many words, however, owe their acceptance only to their orthography. The numbers refer to pages and lines. In the etymological part A.F. is written for *Anglo-French;* A.S., *Anglo-Saxon;* Goth., *Gothic;* Icel., *Icelandic;* Lat., *Latin;* Late Lat., *post-classical Latin;* M.E., *Middle English;* O.F., *Old French;* O.H.G., *Old High German;* O.Merc., *Old Mercian;* O.North., *Old Northumbrian;* O.S., *Old Saxon;* Sans., *Sanskrit;* W., *Welsh.* I have always given the different spellings of every word that occur in the text.

actually, *adv.*, 146 32; bravely, actively;—Lat. *actualis.*

Adieu, *adv.*, 393 16; to God, farewell;—Fr. *à Dieu.*

admoneste, *v. prs.*, 173 5; to bring to mind, to warn, admonish;—Late Lat. *admonitare*, O.F. *amonester.*

ado, *sb.*, fuss, trouble, difficulty, 443 5; **to haue adoo with,** 73 26; **ado with her,** 62 35; **had lytyl ado to cause,** 36 16; **adone,** 441 2.

adoubted, *adj.*, afraid, 481 2.

adrad, *p.p.*, frightened, put in dread, 59 19; 435 6; **adradde,** 654 44; —A.S. *of-drad.*

aduant garde, *sb.*, vanguard, 56 35;—O.F. *avantgarde. Compare* **vaward.**

aduysyon, *sb.*, vision, apparition, 27 15;—Lat. *ad* and *visionem. Compare* **vysyon.**

afer, *adv.*, afar, at a far distance, 706 36;—A.S. *of feorr*, O.S. *fer*, Goth. *fairra.*

afere, *v.*, to frighten, terrify; **aferd,** *p.p.*, 70 23; 187 28; 656 20;—A.S. *á-færan*

affyaunce, *sb.*, faith pledged to, trust, confidence, 841 30;—A.F. *affiaunce.*

afore, *adv.*, *prep.*, before, 97 2; 135 5;—A.S. *on-foran.*

afterdele, *sb.*, disadvantage, 173 33; —A.S. *æft* and *dǽl.*

ageynward, *adv.*, against, towards, 550 33.

agon, agone, *p.p.* and *adv.*, gone away, ago, 435 14; 526 25; 634 4; —A.S. *a-gán.*

agreue, *v.*, to bear heavily on, to grieve, to oppress; **agreued,** *p.p.*, 43 11;—Lat. *aggrauare.*

aknowen, *p.p.*, known, 295 16;—A.S. *a-cnáwen.*

al, *sb.*, *adj.*, *adv.*, all; **al dede,** 715* 33; **alle to hewe hym,** 513 9; **alle the hole Iustes,** 552 1; **al to long,** 132 2; **al only,** 832 16; **foughten wyth al,** 29 14; **alle to sheuers,** 554 14;—A.S. *eall, all, al.*

alaye, *v.*, to quiet, alleviate; **alayed,** *p.p.*, 718 16;—A.S. *a-lecgan.*

allygeaunce, *sb.*, the duty of a subject to his lord, but at 760 11 it seems to be synonymous with forgiveness, alleviation.

almery, *sb.*, cupboard, press; **almeryes of Salysbury,** 724 24; —Lat. *almariolum.*

almesse, *sb.*, alms, charity, 221 26; —A.S. *ælmesse.*

al one, *adj.*, *adv.*, alone, 74 16; **allone,** 849 38;—A.S. *al, eal*, and *án.*

alowde, *adv.*, aloud, 452 1;—A.S. *on* and *hlúd.*

allwayes, *adv.*, always, 831 37;—A.S. *al* and *weg.*

al ther, *gen. pl.*, of all, 134 2;—A.S. *ealra.*

Alyaunts, *sb. pl.*, aliens, strangers, 831 12;—Lat. *alienus.*

alyghte, *v.*, to alight, to get down from a horse, to descend; to lighten; **alyghte,** *pt.*, 403 24; 242 31; 267 4; **alyght,** *pt.*, 184 20; **alyghted,** *pt.*, 167 5; **alyghte,** *p.p.*, 266 23;—A.S. *á-líhtan.*

amase, *v.*, to amaze, stupefy; **amased,** *p.p.*, 844 12.

amble, *v.*, to move at an easy pace; **ambelynge paas,** 197 11; — **hacney,** 234 24; — **meule,** 267 8;—O.F. *ambler*, Lat. *ambulare.*

ambuler, *sb.*, an ambling horse; 561 30;—O.F. *ambleur.*

amendys, *sb. pl.*, amends, reparation, recompense, 107 15;—Lat. *a* and *menda*; O.F. *amende.*

ammonysshement, *sb.*, admonishment, exhortation, 688 11;—O.F. *amonestement.*

amounte, *v.*, to ascend, rise; to amount; **amounted,** *pt.*, 416 20; —A.F. *amunter*, from Lat. *ad montem.*

amys, *adj.* and *adv.*, amiss, wrong, 731 26;—A.S. *a, missian.*

anger, angre, *sb.*, affliction, sorrow, wrath, pain, 416 24; 539 29; 797 8;—Icel. *angr.*

anguysshe, *sb.*, anguish, 390 28; —O.F. *angoisse*, A.F. *anguisse*, Lat. *angustia.*

anker, *sb.*, anchor, 281 22;—A.S. *ancor*, Lat. *ancora.*

anon, *adv.*, at once, instantly, soon, 43 35;—A.S. *on án.*

anuylde, anuyld, *sb.*, anvil, 40 22, 26;—A.S. *anfilt, onfilt.*

apaye, *v.*, to satisfy, requite, please; **apayed**, *p.p.*, 767 1;—O.F. *apayer*, Lat. *ad, pacare.*

apayre, *v.*, to harm, diminish, impair; **apayre**, *prs.*, 102 13;—O.F. *ampeirer*, Lat. *in peiorare.*

apease, *v.*, to appease, calm; **appeased**, *pt.*, 32 4;—O.F. *apaisier*, Lat. *ad, pacem.*

apeche, *v.*, to hinder, to impeach, to charge with crime, to cite before a court; **apeched**, *pt.*, 6 32; **appeched**, *pt.*, 30 17; **appeche**, *inf.*, 424 23; **apoeche**, *prs.*, 424 28;—corrupt. of *empeche*, O.F. *empecher*, Lat. *impedicare.*

apoynte, *v.*, to agree, arrange, prepare; **apoynted**, *pt.*, 522 30;—O.F. *apointer.*

apparail, *sb.*, apparel, dress, 418 7.

apparaille, apparaylle, *v.*, to make ready, fit up, furnish, dress, attire; **apparaylled**, *p.p.*, 125 27; *pt.*, 447 32;—O.F. *apareiller.*

appele, *v.*, to call to, to bring before one, appeal; **appeled**, *pt.*, 21 29;—Lat. *appellare.*

apperceyue, *v.*, to perceive, to understand, to notice; **apperceuyued**, *pt.*, 247 36;—Late Lat. *appercipēre.*

appertenaunce, *sb.*, appurtenance, that which appertains or belongs to, 39 34; 134 17;—O.F. *apurtenaunse, apartenance.*

apperteyne, *v.*, to appertain, to belong to; **apperteyneth**, *prs.*, 452 5;—O.F. *apertenir.*

appertyce,[1] *sb.*, open display, proof, or evidence of valour; **appertyces**, *pl.*, 173 14.

appoyntement, *sb.*, agreement, appointment; **appoyntementes**, *pl.*, 821 19. *Compare* **poyntement**, 463 11;—O.F. *apointement.*

approuche, *v.*, to approach; **approuched**, *pt.*, 173 11;—Lat. *appropriare*, O.F. *aprocher.*

apres, le, surname of Brewnor, king of the hundred knights;—Lat. *asper*, O.F. *aspre*, zealous, courageous.

a purpos, 509 29; on purpose, intentionally;—O.F. *a purpos, propos.*

arage, *v.*, to put in a rage, to render furious; **araged**, *p.p.*, 162 32;—Sans. *rabh*, Lat. *rabere*, O.F. *rager.*

a rase, *v.*, to pull up by the roots, to tear off; *inf.*, 771 13;—Lat. *eradicare*, O.F. *esrachier.*

aray, *sb.*, array, dress, 36 15;—O.F. *arei.*

araye, *v.*, to array, to dress; **arayed**, *p.p.*, 7 13;—O.F. *areier*, A.F. *arayer.*

ardant, *adj.*, ardent, 653 31;—O.F. *ardant*, from *arder.*

a reeste, *sb.*, stop, arrest, custody, 773 34;—O.F. *arest.*

arere, *v.*, to draw back, to withdraw; **areryd**, *pt.*, 524 5;—from A.F. *arere*, adv., Lat. *ad retro.*

arette, *v.*, to reckon, count, accuse; **aretted**, *p.p.*, 2 11;—Lat. *reputare*, O.F. *aretter.*

areyse, *v.*, to raise, arouse; **areyeds**, *pt.*, 465 23.

armyuestal,[2] *adj.*, warlike, martial, 138 15;—?

aromatyk, *adj.*, aromatic, sweet-scented, 174 22;—from Late Lat. *aroma.*

arraunt, *adj.*, errant, 404 6;—O.F. *errant.*

arryuayl, *sb.*, arrival, 285 10;—Lat. *adripare.*

arson, *sb.*, bow of the saddle, 678 22; 768 9; **arsson**, 191 30;—A.F. *arcon.*

aryse, *v.*, to arise; *inf.*, 473 25; **aroos**, *pt.*, 471 35; **arysen**, *p.p.*, 659 26;—A.S. *á-rísan.*

aryue, *v.*, to arrive, to come ashore; **aryuen**, *p.p.*, 700 22;—Lat. *adripare*, O.F. *arriver.*

aske, *v.*, to ask; *inf.*, 462 21 (frequently **axe**); **asked**, *pt.*, 70 4;

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[1] *Compare* W. Caxton, "Ovid's Metamorph.," book xi. ch. 22 (edition of the Roxburghe Club, 1819): "He was wyse, dyscrete, and full of al appertyse."

[2] Wynkyn de Worde reads "armyuestall." I have not come across this form in any of the great number of texts I have read, nor can I find the word in any dictionary. It probably owes its existence to a misprint.

axed, *pt.*, 7 1; 460 12; **axyd**, *pt.*, 179 15;—A.S. *áscian, áxian.*

a sonder, *adv.*, asunder, 725 1;—A.S. *on sundran.*

aspye, *sb.*, spy; **aspyes**, *pl.*, 753 1; —O.F. *espie.*

aspye, *v.*, to look after, to watch, to search; **aspyed**, *pt.*, 82 18;—O.F. *espier.*

assaye, *v.*, to examine, try, attack; *inf.*, 71 17; **assayed**, *pt.*, 25 35; 42 7;—A.F. *assayer.*

assomone, *v.*, to summon, to command to appear in court; *inf.*, 275 17;—Lat. *ad, submonere.*

assote, *v.*, to dote upon somebody, to be deeply enamoured, smitten; **assotted**, *p.p.*, 4 25; **assoted**, *p.p.*, 118 32;—O.F. *asoter.*

assoyle, *v.*, to loosen, to absolve, explain; *inf.*, 855* 30; **assoyled**, *pt.*, 642 1;—Late Lat. *absoluere*, O.F. *assoldre.*

assuraunce, *sb.*, assurance, 462 35.

astonye, *v.*, to stupefy, amaze, astonish; **astonyed**, *p.p.* and *pt.*, 194 5; 511 4; 703 12;—Lat. *extonare*, O.F. *estoner.*

asure, *sb.*, azure, 165 5; 526 19; —Late Lat. *lazur*, O.F. *asur, azur.*

atte, contraction of **at**, *prep.*, and the *def. article* **the** — **atte bore**, 596 17; **atte ende**, 707 18; **atte last**, 107 11; 713 37, &c.; *but* **at the laste**, 71 30; **att armes**, F. *aux armes!* 53 5; **atte castel**, 83 16; **atte feste**, 8 27; and many others.

atteyne, *v.*, attain; *inf.*, 4 2;—Lat. *attingere*, O.F. *ateindre.*

attones, *adv.*, at once, instantly, 379 13; 646 9

at travers, *adv.*, *prep.*, right through, 717 7;—F. *à travers.*

atwo, in two, 537 5;—A.S. *on, an*, and *twá.*

auke, *adj.*, turned the wrong way, perverse, sinister, 312 17;—Icel. *afugr.*

aulter, *sb.*, altar, 43 34; 580 1;—Lat. *altare*, O.F. *auter, alter.*

auncyent, *adj.*, old, 616 1;—A.F. *auncien.*

auaunce, *v.*, to advance; *inf.*, 103 24;—O.F. *avancer.*

auaunt, *sb.*, boast, vaunt, 683 28; 788 34; 824 13;—O.F. *avant.*

auauntage, *sb.*, advantage, superiority, 240 18; 412 19;—O.F. *avantage.*

auaunte, *v.*, to speak proudly, to boast, commend; **auauntest**, *prs.*, 176 16;—Late Lat. *ad* and *vanitare*, O.F. *avanter.*

auaylle, *v.*, to avail; **auaylleth**, *prs.*, 224 23; **auaylyd**, *p.p.*, 181 6;—Lat. *valere.*

auentre, *v.*, to put the spear along the side, in order to attack one's adversary; also to throw a spear (Spenser); **auentryd**, *pt.*, 97 7; 145 27;—Lat. *ad ventrem.*

auenture, adventure, *sb.*, chance, occurrence, jeopardy, risk, 83 15; **aduentures**, *pl.*, 803 18; **by aduenture** = by chance, 20 2; 36 14; *v.*, to risk, to venture, 69 1;—O.F. *aventure.*

auoutres, auoultres, awoutres, les, the adulterer; epithet of Vwayne, son of king Vryence; —Lat. *adulterum*, O.F. *auoutre, aöutre.*

auowe, *sb.*, vow, promise, 154 7; *v.*, to bind with a vow;—Late Lat. *advocare*, O.F. *avoer.*

auyse, *v.*, to advise, to give advice, to observe, to consider; **auysed**, *pt.* and *p.p.*, 35 24; 402 26;—Late Lat. *advisare*, A.F. *aviser.*

aweyward, *adv.*, *adj.*, away, wayward, turned away, 242 23;—A.S. *on weg.*

axe, *v.*, to ask. *See* **aske.**

ayde, *sb.*, aid, help, assistance, 10 38;—O.F. *aider.*

ayene, *prep.*, *adv.*, *conj.*, again, towards, opposite to, in return for, 342 8;—A.S. *ongéan, ongeagn.*

ayenst, ayenste, *prep.*, *conj.*, against, 377 28; 516 19.

babblynge, *sb.*, babbling, 834 29.

bacyn, *sb.*, (1) basin, cymbal; (2) a light kind of helmet, 184 37;—O.F. *bacinet.*

bak, *sb.*, back, 787 36;—A.S. *bæc.*

bande, *sb.*, frontier; **bandes**, *pl.*, 789 8;—O.F. *bodne*, *bonde*.

banysshe, *v.*, to banish, put under a ban; **banysshed**, *pt.*, 402 18;—O.F. *banniss-* from *bannir*.

baptym, *sb.*, baptism, 651 3, 20;—O.F. *baptisme*.

barayne, *adj.*, barren, 764 17; 765 3;—O.F. *baraigne*.

barbe, *sb.*, beard, or anything resembling it; jags or points which stand backward in an arrow, dart, or spear; fishhook; **barbys**, *pl.*, 764 32;—Lat. *barba*.

barbour, *sb.*, barber; **barbours**, *pl.*, 176 34;—A.F. *barbeor*.

barbycan, *sb.*, a kind of watch-tower, an outwork to defend the gate of a castle, 168 25;—O.F. *barbacane*.

bargayn, *sb.*, business, strife, combat, bargain, 581 36;—O.F. *bargaine*.

barge, *sb.*, a bark, boat, 122 15; 849 29;—O.F. *barge*.

barget, *sb.*, bark, boat, 330 29; 760 28 (diminut. of the former).

Baronage, *sb.*, the men, vassals of a feudal chief; assembly of the barons, 461 33;—O.F. *barnage*.

Baronry, *sb.*, an estate representing the property of a baron; a barony of lands, 157 2; 795 29.

Baroune, *sb.*, baron, 587 18; **barons**, *pl.*, 39 27;—A.F. *barun*.

barre, *sb.*, bar; **barrys**, *pl.*, 326 25;—O.F. *barre*.

bataill, **batayll**, *sb.*, (1) the battle, the fight, 61 2; 62 6; 342 5; (2) the army (Lat. *acies*), 57 21; **Northern bataylles**, 58 7;—O.F. *bataille*.

bate, *v.*, bate, abate, grow less; **bated**, *pt.*, 131 12;—O.F. *batre*.

batilment, *sb.*, a parapet with embrasures on the top of a building, originally only used on fortifications; battlement, 846 1;—O.F. *bastillement*.

bauowre, *sb.*, beaver; the part of a helmet which is moved up and down, covering the face, and allowing the wearer to drink; the shade over the eyes, 195 17;—O.F. *baviere*.

bawdy, *adj.*, bawdy, dirty, filthy, wanton, 218 36; 224 15;—O.F. *baude*.

bawme, *sb.*, balm, aromatic plant, fig, anything that heals or soothes pain, 174 21;—Lat. *balsamum*.

baye, *v.*, to bark; **bayed**, *pt.*, 110 29;—O.F. *abaier*.

bayne, *sb.*, bath, 289 22; 755 16;—O.F. *baine*.

beale, *adj.*, beautiful, epithet given to Isoud, and to the castle Beale valet;—Fr. *belle*.

beare, *sb.*, the bear, 651 31;—A.S. *bera*.

beaume, *sb.*, beam, ray of light, 620 5;—A.S. *béam*, *beamian*.

beaume, *sb.*, trumpet; **beamous**, *pl.*, 861 1;—A.S. *béme*, *býme*, O.Merc. *béme*.

beaute, **beaulte**, *sb.*, beauty, 17 23; 23 29; 857* 35;—O.F. *bîaute*, *bealteit*.

beau viuante = Fr. *beau vivant*, well living, well behaving; epithet of the damoysel Maledysaunt.

beblede, *v.*, to cover with blood; **bebled**, *pt.*, 294 12; *p.p.*, 782 10; **bebledde**, *p.p.*, 130 16;—A.S. *beblédan*.

beclose, *v.*, to enclose, surround; **beclosed**, *p.p.*, 601 2;—A.S. *bi*, *be*, and A.F. *clos*.

become, *v.*, to become, to come, to befall, suit; **become**, *p.p.*, 68 16; 366 15;—A.S. *be-cuman*.

bedasshe, *v.*, to cover with dashes of colour or adornment; **bedasshed**, *p.p.*, 713 21.

bee, *sb.*, a jewel, ring, 269 36;—A.S. *béah*.

beeste, *sb.*, beast, 6 31; **beestes**, *pl.*, 648 30;—Lat. *bestia*, O.F. *beste*.

befalle, *v.*, to befall, happen; **befalleth**, *prs.*, 765 19; **befelle**, *pt.*, 75 35; 772 1; **befallen**, *p.p.*, 653 2; **befalle**, *p.p.*, 420 34;—A.S. *befeallan*.

beforne, **biforne**, *prep.*, before, 221 32; 306* 6; 513 7;—A.S. *biforan*.

beginne, *v.*, to begin; **begynneth**, *prs.*, 490 11; **begonne**, *p.p.*, 5 7; 405 9;—A.S. *beginnan*.

begrype, *v.*, to seize, to take hold of; *inf.*, 692 31;—A.S. *begrípan*.

behange, *v.*, to deck, to clothe; **behanged**, *p.p.*, 125 31;—A.S. *behôn*.

behated, *adj.* or *p.p.*, hated, much hated, 494 19;—from A.S. *be* and *hatian.*

beholde, *v.*, to hold, to behold; *inf.*, 40 31; **beholden,** *p.p.*, 387 36; 762 11; **behelde,** *pt.*, 472 8; 859* 36; **beholdyng,** for beholden, 42 24; 86 22;—A.S. *behealdan.*

behote, *v.*, to promise; *inf.*, 284 33; *prs.*, 92 12; **behyght,** *pt.*, 444 12; 724 30;—A.S. *behátan. Compare* **byheste.**

behoue, *v. impers.*; **behoueth,** *prs.*, needs, 311 10; 625 5;—A.S. *behófian.*

beke, *v.*, to bake; **bekynge,** *p.prs.*, 167 33; **baken,** *p.p.*, 196* 32.

beleue, *v.*, to leave, to be left, to remain; **belefte,** *pt.*, 234 35;—A.S. *belǽfan.*

belle, *sb.*, bell; **bellys,** *pl.*, 856* 21; —A.S. *belle.*

bemone, *v.*, to bemoan, lament, *prs.*, 518 25;—A.S. *bimǽnan.*

bende, *sb.*, band, stripe, 431 27;—A.S. *bend.*

bended, bented, *adj.*, having bands of different colour, 441 34; 442 2; 433 5;—deriv. from the substantive.

benime, *v.*, to take from, deprive; **benome,** *p.p.*, 653 4; 674 23;—A.S. *beniman.*

benyghte, *v.*, to be overtaken by night; **benyghted,** *p.p.*, 587 17; 690 10;—A.S. *be* and *nealht.*

berde, *sb.*, beard, 7 8;—A.S. *beard.*

bere, *v.*, to bear; **boren,** *p.p.*, 694 22; **bare,** *pt.*, 67 36; **beren,** *plur. prs.*, 277 7;—A.S. *beran.*

bere, *sb.*, bier, 646 31;—A.S. *bǽr. Compare* O.F. *biere.*

bereue, *v.*, to bereave; **byreue,** *prs.*, 163 14; **berafte,** *pt.*, 578 34; **berafte,** *p.p.*, 814 27; **bereued,** *p.p.*, 44 7;—A.S. *biréafian.*

beryels, *sb. pl.*, burial, tomb, 287 7; —A.S. *byrgels.*

besaunte, *sb.*, a gold coin named from Byzantium; **besauntes,** *pl.*, 155 15;—O.F. *besant.*

beseme, *v.*, to beseem, appear; **besemeth,** *prs.*, 222 14; 551 33; **bisemeth yow not,** 76 19;—A.S. *be* and *séman.*

besette, *v.*, to fill, occupy, surround, beset; **besett,** *p.p.*, 551 33;—A.S. *bisettan.*

beskyfte, *v.*, to remove hastily; *inf.*, 119 37;—A.S. *be* and *sciftan.*

bestad, bestadde, bystad, *p.p.*, hard bestead, sorely imperilled, overcome, 125 21; 179 25; 824 7; —A.S. *be* and *stede.*

besture, *v.*, rouse, instigate, stir; **bestured,** *pt.*, 536 20;—A.S. *be* and *styrian.*

bestyayl, bestyal, *sb.*, cattle, 125 29; 180 20;—O.F. *bestail.*

besuette, *v.*, to sweat, perspire, *p.p.*, 612 6;—A.S. *be* and *swǽtan.*

besynes, *sb.*, business, activity, care, industry, 481 16;—A.S. deriv. of *bysig.*

bete, *v.*, to beat; **bete,** *pt.*, 746 20; **bete,** *p.p.*, 667 8; **betyn,** *p.p.*, 228 3;—A.S. *béatan.*

beteche, *v.*, to entrust, assign, recommend; **betaught,** *pt.*, 631 26; **bytaughte,** *pt.*, 199 35;—A.S. *betǽcan.*

bethynke, *v.*, to think, plan, reflect; **bethouȝte hym,** *pt.*, 132 31; **bethoughte hym,** *pt.*, 239 31; —A.S. *bi-þencan.*

betrapped, *adj.*, adorned, covered, 803 34.

betyde, *v.*, to happen, to betide; **betyde,** *prs.*, 847 1; **betyd,** *pt.*, 370 3; **betyd,** *p.p.*, 267 34;—from A.S. *tíd.*

beuer, *v.*, to tremble, to quiver; **beuerd,** *pt.*, 56 4;—? A.S. *bifian.*

bien pensaunt, surname of the damoysel Maledysaunt;—Fr. *bien pensant*, well thinking.

bifalle, *v.*, to befall; **bifel,** *pt.*, 35 1; **bifelle,** *pt.*, 730 27; **befallen,** *p.p.*; —A.S. *be-feallan.*

biforne. *See* **beforne.**

bisee, *v.*, to look, to arrange, appoint, manage; **bisene, be sene, besene,** *p.p.*, equipped, 44 32; 64 37; 73 6;—A.S. *biséon.*

bitake, *v.*, to commit, entrust, recommend; **bitoke,** *pt.*, 472 3; **bitaken,** *p.p.*, 42 18.

blast, *sb.*, a blowing, 96 9;—A.S. *blǽst.*

blaunche maynys, le or **la**, surname of Isoud and of Vwayne;—Fr. *mains blanches*, white hands.

blede, *v.*, to bleed; *inf.*, 91 21; **bledde**, *pt.* and *p.p.*, 8 1; 71 25; —A.S. *blédan*.

blee, *sb.*, colour, complexion, 176 32; —A.S. *bléo*.

blesse, *v.*, to bless; *imperat.*, 745 13; **blysse**, *imperat.*, 753 21;—A.S. *blétsian*.

blosomme, *v.*, to blossom, *prs.*, 771 3;—A.S. *blóstmian*.

blowe, *v.*, to blow; *inf.*, 529 11; 542 33; **blewe**, *pt.*, 13 16; 109 30; 766 8; **blowen**, *p.p.*;—A.S. *blávan*.

blyndefeld, *adj.*, blindfolded, 138 18; —A.S. *blind* and M.E. *fellen*, to strike.

blythe, *adj.*, blithe, cheerful, 281 8; —A.S. *blíðe*.

bobaunce, *sb.*, pride, vanity, splendour, pomp, 523 12; 751 25;—? O.F. *bobant*.

bole, *sb.*, the body or trunk, 209 3; —O.Norse *bolr*.

bondage, *sb.*, captivity, slavery, 408 19, 21;—O.F. *bondage*.

bone, *sb.*, boon; *originally* a prayer, petition; *secondly*, answer to a prayer, a gift, a favour, 276 2; 316 30; 422 21;—Icel. *bón*.

boost, *v.*, to boast; *inf.*, 176 17; —W. *bostio*, *bostiau*.

boote, *sb.*, boat, 96 28; **bote**, 706 11; —A.S. *bát*.

boote, **bote**, *sb.*, remedy, succour, amendment, boot, 209 6; 585 8; —A.S. *bót*.

bord, *sb.*, table, board, 515 22; **boordes**, *pl.*, 104 25;—A.S. *bord*.

bordoure, *sb.*, border, frontier, 349 13;—O.F. *bordure*.

borowe, *sb.*, pledge, security; **borowes**, *pl.*, 240 34;—A.S. *borh*.

bote, *sb.*, (1) boat, (2) remedy. *See* **boote**.

bote, *v.*, to amend, to help; **bote**, *pt.*, 130 12; **boote**, *pt.*, 130 18. *Compare* A.S. *bót*, *bétan*.

bott, *sb.*, butt, the point, handle, button of a sword or of the helmet, 69 18; **but**, 185 1; **butte**, 191 31; —O.F. *boter*, to push, butt, thrust.

bottlere, **botteler**, **butlere**, *sb.*, the butler; surname of Lucas son of Corneus.

bounde, *sb.*, boundary, limit, frontier; **boundys**, *pl.*, 47 23. *Compare* **bandes**.

bounte, *sb.*, bounty, liberality, kindness, 78 33; 539 26;—O.F. *bonteit*.

bounteous, *adj.*, kind, liberal, 733 7.

bourde, *v.*, to sit at table, or to play, to jest; **bourded**, *pt.*, 410 22;—? O.F. *bourder* or A.S. *bord*.

bourder, *sb.*, glutton, or gambler, 455 6; 508 2.

bowe, *sb.*, bough, branch; **lodge of bowes**, 629 23;—A.S. *bóg*, *bóh*.

boystous, *adj.*, boisterous, rough, 491 26; 648 17;—?

brace, *v.*, to embrace; **braced**, *pt.*, 551 25. *See* **embrace**.

brachet, *sb.*, a small hunting dog, brach, a bitch pointer, 104 22;—O.F. *brachet*.

bragge, *v.*, originally to crack, to make a noise, to boast, brag; **bragge**, *prs.*, 169 33;—Icel. *braka*.

braule, *v.*, to make a loud noise, to quarrel noisily; **brauled**, *pt.*, 405 19;—?

braundysshe, *v.*, to shake or wave, as a brand or weapon, brandish; **braundysshyng**, *part. pres.*, 427 8;—O.F. *brand*.

braune, *sb.*, brawn, originally flesh of the boar, the fleshy muscular part of the body, the muscular strength, 596 20; 781 30;—O.F. *braon*.

brayde, *sb.*, a quick movement, a start, a while, a moment (W. de Worde has *brethe*), 835 30;—Icel. *bragð*.

breche, *sb.*, breeches, drawers, 593 10 (*sing.*);—A.S. *bréc*, Icel. *brœkr*, *pl.*

brede, *adj.*, broad. *See* **brood**.

brede, *v.*, to breed, produce; **bredde**, *p.p.*, 427 3;—A.S. *brédan*.

brede, *sb.*, breadth, 814 23;—A.S. *brǽdu*.

breed, *sb.*, bread, 719 6;—O.North. *bréad*.

breke, *v.*, to break; *inf.*, 401 32; **brack**, **brak**, **brake**, *pt.*, 8 7; 48

18; 71 9; **broken**, *p.p.*, 386 14; 590 12;—A.S. *brecan.*

brenne, *v.*, to burn; *inf.*, 88 32; **brente**, *pt.*, 65 11; **brenned**, *pt.*, 666 24; **brent, brente**, *p.p.*, 10 10; 64 6; **brennyng**, *p.prs.*, 711 15; —Icel. *brenna*, Goth. *brinnan.*

brest, *sb.*, breast, 676 17;—A.S. *brēost.*

breste, *v.*, to burst; **braste, brast**, *pt.*, 95 25; 142 11;—A.S. *berstan*, Icel. *bresta.*

brethe, *sb.*, breath, vapour, voice, word, 711 30;—A.S. *brǣd.*

breuse, le, surname of syr Seruause; —?

breue, *v.*, to shorten; *inf.*, 356 1;—Lat. *brevis.*

broche, *sb.*, brooch, spear; **broches**, *pl.*, 167 34;—O.F. *broche.*

broche, *v.*, to pierce through, to spur; **broched**, *pt.*, 58 24;—A.F. *brocher.*

brood, brode, brede, *adj.*, broad, 72 38; 99 15; 578 5;—A.S. *brād.*

browe, *sb.*, broth, soup; **broweys**, *pl.*, 214 28;—from A.S. *brēowan*, *p.p.*, *browen.*

brunte, *sb.*, the shock of an onset; **bruntes**, *pl.*, 835 31;—? Icel. *bruna*, to advance with the speed of fire.

brutyll, *adj.*, brittle, fragile, 129 36; —A.S. *bruton*, *pt. pl.* of *brēotan.*

brym, *adj.*, fierce, furious, angry, 820 4 (W. de Worde has *grymme*); —A.S. *brēme.*

brymme, *sb.*, margin, shore, brim, 648 17;—Icel. *brim*, A.S. *brymme.*

bryse, *v.*, to crush, break, to wound seriously; **brysed**, *pt.*, 97 11; 471 33;—A.S. *brȳsan*, O.F. *briser.*

brutysshe, *adj.*, British, 2 20.

buffet, *sb.*, buff, heavy blow, 58 24; **buffette**, 204 14; **buffettes**, *pl.*, 335 7;—O.F. *bufe*, *bufer.*

bur, *sb.*, a broad iron ring just below the grip of a spear to prevent the hand from slipping, 847 12;—?

burbel, *v.*, to bubble; **burbelynge**, *p.prs.*, 415 17; **burbyl**, *inf.*, 764 8.

burgene, *v.*, to bud, blossom; **burgeneth**, *prs.*, 797 2.

burgeis, *sb.*, burgess, 741 24;—O.F. *burgeis.*

buryellys, buryels, *sb. pl.*, the burial, 466 23; 851 11;—A.S. *byrgels.* *See* **beryels.**

busshement, *sb.*, ambush, 11 9;—O.F. *en-buschement.* *See* **enbusshement.**

butte, *sb.* *See* **bott.**

buttom, *sb.*, 755 27; ? bottom, A.S. *botm*, or ? *equal to* "button," scab of a wound, Fr. *bouton.*

but yf, = unless, 52 2; 91 18; 471 15; 514 14.

by cause, *conj.*, because;—A.S. *be* and Lat. *causa.*

by happe, *adv.*, by chance;—A.S. *be* and Icel. *happ.*

byheste, biheste, behest, *sb.*, promise, 1 22; **byhestes**, 361 6; 759 16;—A.S. *behǣs.*

bylde, *v.*, to build; **bylded**, *p.p.*, 169 38;—? A.S. *bold.*

byleue, *v.*, to believe; *inf.*, 3 36;—A.S. *ge-lȳfan.*

byleue, *sb.*, belief, 760 4.

by lowe, *prep.*, below, 110 3;—A.S. *be*, *bi*, and Icel. *lágr.*

bynde, *v.*, to bind; **bond**, *pt.*, 787 36; **bounden**, *p.p.*, 691 18;—A.S. *bindan.*

by nethe, *prep.*, beneath, 614 23;—A.S. *beneoðan.*

byseche, *v.*, beseech, implore, request; *prs.*, 760 10; **bysechynge**, *p.prs.*, 3 24; 78 34;—from A.S. *bi* and *sēcan*, *sēcean.*

bysshopryche, *sb.*, bishopric, 860* 21;—A.S. *biscop* and *rīce.*

byte, *v.*, to bite; **bytynge**, *p.prs.*, 125 24; **boot**, *pt.*, 104 25;—A.S. *bītan.*

bywaryd, *p.p.*, = too good, 246 18; *figurative use of* to beware = to spend.

by yonde, *prep.*, beyond, 207 1; **beyonde**, 2 33;—A.S. *be-* and *geond.*

caas, *sb.*, case, chance, circumstance, 374 18; 730 27;—Lat. *casum* (acc.), O.F. *cas.*

caban, *sb.*, small room, closet, cabin, 135 1;—O.F. *cabane.*

cankeryd, *p.p.*, corrupted, 842 1;—O.F. *cancre*, Lat. *cancer.*

canne, *v.*, to know, to be able; **conne**, *inf.*, 176 34; 820 22; **canne**, *first pers. pres.*, 501 1;

canst, *second pers.*, 209 13; ye **con**, *prs.*, 269 22; **coude** it, *pt.*, 457 36; **couthe**, *pt.*, 279 8; **coude**, *pt.*, 3 5; 377 5;—A.S. *cunnan.*

cantel, *sb.*, piece, bit, edge, 58 20; 71 25;—O.F. *cantel.*

capytayn, *sb.*, captain; **captayn**, 175 32;—O.F. *capitain.*

carre, *sb.*, cart, carriage, 175 7.

carryks, *sb. pl.*, small ships, 841 9 (ed. of 1634 has *caraks*).

carue, *v.*, to carve, to cut; **carf**, *pt.*, 55 10; **carfe**, *pt.*, 58 20;—A.S. *ceorfan.*

causer, causar, *sb.*, author, he who causes something, 209 28; 269 21; 762 7;—Lat. *causa.*

caytyf, *sb.* and *adj.*, wretch, miserable captive, 753 27;—O.F. *caitif.*

cedle, *sb.*, a small leaf of paper containing some writing, schedule, 842 6; **sedyl**, 842 22;—O.F. *schedule.*

censer, *sb.*, censer, pan in which incense is burned, 573 5; **senser**, 549 18;—Lat. *incensorium.*

cere, *v.*, to cover with wax; *inf.*, 174 22; **cered**, *p.p.*, shrouded in waxed cloth, 174 22; 857* 26;—Lat. *cerare.*

certaynte, *sb.*, certainty, certitude, 750 20; **certeynte**, 511 34; **certente**, 851 1;—O.F. *certainte.*

chaas, chace, *sb.*, hunting, pursuit, hunting-ground, 174 7; 526 32;—O.F. *chace.*

chace, *v.*, to hunt; **chacynge**, *p.prs.*, 210 3;—O.F. *chacer.*

chacer, *sb.*, hunter, 435 11.

chafed, *p.p.*, 653 26. *See* **chauffe.**

chaflet, *sb.*, a small stage, platform, 844 1;—dimin. of O.F. *chafaut.*

chalenge, *v.*, to accuse, claim, charge; **chalengyd**, *pt.*, 401 6;—O.F. *chalenger.*

chambre, *sb.*, chamber, 572 1;—A.F. *chambre.*

champayn, champayne, *sb.* and *adj.*, field, level country, 53 11; 170 6;—A.F. *champaigne.*

chappel, *sb.*, chapel, 495 29;—A.F. *chapele.*

chappytre, chapytre, *sb.*, chapter, 2 15, 16; 4 32, 34;—O.F. *chapitre.*

charbuncle, *sb.*, carbuncle, precious stone, 176 9;—O.F. *carboncle.*

charge, *sb.*, load, responsibility, impressive command, 35 25;—A.F. *charge.*

charyot, *sb.*, chariot, 760 27;—O.F. *chariot.*

charyte, *sb.*, charity, 635 19;—A.F. *charite*, O.F. *caritet.*

chastysement, *sb.*, chastisement, 627 18;—deriv. of O.F. *chastier.*

chastyte, *sb.*, chastity, purity, 663 20;—O.F. *chasteit.*

chaundeler, *sb.*, candlestick, 638 5 (on the same page, line 17, occurs **candelstyk**);—O.F. *chandelier.*

chauffe, *v.*, to heat, to become hot; *inf.*, 174 28; **chauffed**, *p.p.*, 742 33; **chafed**, *p.p.*, 653 26;—O.F. *chaufer.*

chayer, *sb.*, chair, stool, seat, 91 34; 629 24;—O.F. *chaïere.*

chere, *sb.*, face, time, treatment; **what chere**, 108 26; **straunge chere**, 231 16; **good chere**, 143 33; **heuy chere**, 640 15;—A.F. *chere.*

cherete, *sb.*, charity, love, friendship, 518 34; **chyerte**, 621 23; 816 6;—O.F. *cherte. See also* **charyte.**

chese, *v.*, to choose; *imperat.*, 296 5;—A.S. *céosan.*

cheualer du charyot, the knight of the chariot; **cheualer malfet**, *i.e.*, *le cheualer qui a mal fait*;—surnames of syr Launcelot.

child, *sb.*, child, child of a noble, young knight, page; **childis**, *gen. sing.*, 37 3; 38 11; 775 16; **chyldren**, *pl.*, 1 21;—A.S. *cild.*

chirche, *sb.*, church, 40 19;—A.S. *cyrce.*

chirche, *v.*, to perform with any one the giving of thanks in church; **chirched**, *p.p.*, 575 31;—from A.S. *cyrce.*

chircheyerd, *sb.*, churchyard, 628 16;—Icel. *kirkju-garðr.*

chorle, *sb.*, peasant, ruffian, 62 21; 70 23; 519 8;—A.S. *ceorl.*

chyef, *sb.* and *adj.*, chief, head, upper part, principal; 1 9; 3 7; 176 9;—A.F. *chief.*

chyerte, *sb.* *See* **cherete.**

chyualry, *sb.*, chivalry, the knights of Christendom, 47 22; **chyualryes**, *pl.*, knightly acts, valiant deeds, 3 21, 30;—A.F. *chivalrie.*

clater, *v.*, to make a rattling noise, to clatter; *inf.*, 582 26; **clatered**, *pt.*, 582 29.—*Compare* A.S. *clatrung.*

cleche, *v.*, to seize, grasp; **cleyȝte**, *pt.*, 185 17;—?

clene, *adj.* and *adv.*, clean, entirely; **clene armed**, 638 35; **clene out of his mynde**, 585 2; **clene of her lyf**, 40 15; 611 10;—A.S. *clǽne.*

clennes, *sb.*, purity, cleanness, 672 6;—A.S. *clǽnnes.*

clepe, *v.*, to call; **cleped**, *p.p.*, 347 19; 722 15;—A.S. *cleopian.*

clerenes, *sb.*, brightness, clearness, 707 33;—A.F. *cler*, with A.S. term. *-nes*, *-nysse.*

cleue, *v.*, to split asunder, cleave; **claue**, *pt.*, 93 4; **clafe**, *pt.*, 107 9; —A.S. *clifian*, *cleofian.*

close, *v.*, to close, enclose, cover; **close**, *p.p.*, 417 25;—A.F. *clos.*

cloystre, *sb.*, cloister, convent, monastery, 854 3;—A.F. *cloister*, O.F. *cloistre.*

clubbe, *sb.*, club; **clubbes**, *pl.*, 155 34; **clubbis**, *pl.*, 46 38;—Icel. *klubba.*

clyff, *sb.*, cliff, 700 30;—A.S. *clif.*

clymbe, *v.*, to climb; **clamme**, *pt.*, 208 32;—A.S. *climban.*

clymber, *sb.*, he who climbs, 208 27.

clyppe, *v.*, to clip, to shear; **clypped**, *pt.*, 366 20;—Icel. *klippa.*

clyppe, *v.*, to embrace; **clypped**, *p.p.*, 307 21; **clyppyng**, 150 35; **clyppynge**, 582 17;—A.S. *clyppan.*

cofre, *sb.*, box, coffer, 290 4;—A.F. *cofre.*

cogges, *sb. pl.*, cockboats, 164 30.

cognoyssaunce, **congnyssaunce**, **cognoissaunce**, *sb.*, knowledge, indication, 260 4; 416 32; 529 26;—A.F. *conisaunce.*

cole, *sb.*, coal, charcoal, 694 16; **coles**, *pt.*, 140 1;—A.S. *col.*

coller, *sb.*, collar, 369 29;—O.F. *coler.*

comberaunce, *sb.*, encumbrance, 76 21;—O.F. *encombrer.*

combred, *p.p.*, embarrassed, 777 24; —O.F. *encombrer.*

come, *v.*, to come; *inf.*, 4 1; **come**, *pt.* (!), 38 26; 57 34; **came**, *pt.*, 5 18; 805 9; **comyn**, *p.p.*, 35 9; **comen**, *p.p.*, 280 34; **came**, *pt.*, 3 22; **comen**, *pl. prs.*, 425 27; 725 9; **come**, *p.p.*, 706 4; 804 4;—A.S. *cuman.*

commaundemente, *sb.*, order, commission, 848 36; **commaundementes**, *pl.*, 306 4; 323 24;—O.F. *comander.*

compte, *v.*, to count; *prs.*, 342 12; —O.F. *compter.*

complisshe, *v.*, complete, accomplish; **complisshed**, *pp.*, 213 22. *See* **accomplysshe.**

comyn, *adj.*, common, 727 3;—A.F. *commun.*

comynal, *adj.*, common, 155 9;—Lat. *communalem.*

comyns, *sb. pl.*, the commons, inhabitants, citizens, 41 4; 43 26; 46 38.

comynycacyon, *sb.*, communication, information, news, 13 10; 28 25; 33 23;—Lat. *communicationem.*

conceyte, *sb.*, conceit, 123 23;—Lat. *concipere.*

conduyte, *v.*, to lead, conduct; *inf.*, 465 12;—O.F. *conduire.*

conduyte, *sb.*, conduct, guidance, 108 34; 428 15;—O.F. *conduit.*

conferme, *v.*, to confirm; **confermed**, *pt.*, 575 30;—Lat. *confirmare.*

conne, *v.* *See* **canne.**

connynge, *sb.*, learning, knowledge, skill, 3 13;—A.S. *cunnan.*

conyes, *sb. pl.*, coneys, rabbits, 387 12; —O.F. *conyn*, *conil*, A.F. *conyng.*

coost, *sb.*, rib, side of the human body, 110 4;—A.F. *coste.*

cop, *sb.*, cup, tankard, 234 9; **coupe**, 701 21;—A.F. *cupe.*

coper, *sb.*, copper, 184 37;—Late Lat. *cuprum* (*cyprium*).

corde, *v.*, to accord, agree; **cordyng**, *p.prs.*, 51 3;—O.F. *acorder.*

coronacyon, *sb.*, coronation, 44 1.

corps, *sb.*, body, corpse, 761 13; **cors** 857* 16;—A.F. *cors*, *corps.*

coste, *sb.*, coast, 302 8;—O.F. *coste.*

coste, *v.*, (hunting term) to keep in parallel course with the animal; **costed**, *pt.*, 764 19—? O.F. *coste.*

coste, *sb.*, cost, expense; **costes**, *pl.*, 372 20;—A.F. *cust, coust.*

cote, *sb.*, hut, cottage, 167 26;—A.S. *cot.*

cote, *sb.*, garment, coat, 338 26; 672 21;—A.F. *cote*, O.F. *cotte.*

counceille, *v.*, to consult, to deliberate together; *inf.*, 722 21.

counceyl, counceylle, *sb.*, consultation, deliberation, plan, purpose, advice, 599 26; 600 32;—O.F. *conceil.*

counterfete, *v.*, to counterfeit; *inf.*, 495 34; **counterfeet**, *p.p.*, 129 36; —from O.F. *countrefet, p.p.* of *contrefeire.*

countray, countrey, countre, *sb.*, the country, 138 26; 139 3; 244 23;—O.F. *contree.*

coupe, *sb.* *See* **cop.**

courage, *v.*, to encourage; *inf.*, 235 26;—O.F. *corage, courage.*

coure, *v.*, to sit close together; *inf.*, 797 6 (W. de Worde has *cower*); 831 16; **coureth**, *prs.*, 607 4;—? W. *cwrian, cwr.*[1]

cours, *sb.*, course, 97 9; 415 31;—A.F. *cours.*

courser, *sb.*, a steed, 134 20;—A.F. *coursier.*

courtelage, *sb.*, garden, courtyard, 153 11; 668 17.

couenaunt, *sb.*, a covenant, 317 22; —A.F. *covenant.*

couerte, *sb.*, shelter, defence, 197 9.

couyn, *sb.*, conspiracy, craft, deceit, trickery, 633 29;—A.F. *covine.*

cowardyse, *sb.*, cowardice, 429 31; O.F. *couardie.*

coyfe, *sb.*, coif, cap, 283 23; 689 23;—O.F. *coife, coiffe.*

cracke, *sb.*, crag, rock; **crackys**, *pl.*, 326 24;—W. *craig.*

craft, *sb.*, might, power, craft, deceit, 88 31;—A.S. *cræft.*

creast, *sb.*, crest, summit, 167 31;—O.F. *creste.*

creatoure, *sb.*, creator, 759 38;—O.F. *creatour.*

creature, *sb.*, creature, being, 764 4.

credence, *sb.*, belief, faith, 162 31; —O.F. *credence.*

creme, *sb.*, the sacred oil used in anointing, chrism, 403 16;—O.F. *cresme.*

crofte, *sb.*, an underground cell or chapel, 716* 18;—Lat. *crypta.*

croke, *v.*, to bend, to turn aside; **croked**, *p.p.*, 563 10;—Icel. *krôkr.*

croppe, *sb.*, crupper, hinder part of a horse, 82 12; **croupe**, 298 4;—O.F. *crope.*

crowpers, *sb. pl.*, plates covering the horse's crupper, or straps of leather fastened to the saddle and passing under the horse's tail to keep the saddle in its place, 238 2.

cryppyl, *sb.*, cripple, 721 38;—deriv. from A.S. *créopan.*

crysten, *adj.* and *sb.*, Christian, 1 9; 1 11; 585 11; *v.*, to christen; *inf.*, 39 9; **crystend, crystened**, *p.p.*, 490 2, 3, 5; **vncrystned**, *p.p.*, 38 26;—A.S. *cristnian.*

culpaple, *adj.*, guilty, 784 16;—O.F. *culpaple.*

cure hardy, le, surname of a knight Ozanna, meaning *le cœur hardi*, the courageous heart.

currour, *sb.*, runner, courier, 344 6; —O.F. *courrier.*

cursydnes, *sb.*, malice, wickedness, 198 11;—deriv. from A.S. *cursian.*

curteyn, *sb.*, curtain; **courtayns**, *pl.*, 783 6;—O.F. *courtine.*

curteys, *adj.*, courteous, 109 14; **curtest**, *superl.*, 860* 4; **moost curteyst**, 394 29;—A.F. *curteis.*

curtoyse, curtosye, *sb.*, courtesy, 3 31; 16 32; **curtosy**, 831 14; —A.F. *curteisie.*

cusshyn, *sb.*, cushion, 790 15;—O.F. *coissin.*

daffysh, *adj.*, shy, modest, foolish, 409 10;—?

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[1] The Welsh word *cwrian* has generally the sense of sitting in a corner through fear, as, *e.g.*, 831 27; but 797 6 and 607 4 the sense seems to be that of the Modern French word *roucouler.*

dale, *sb.*, dale, valley; **dales**, *pl.*, 243 29;—A.S. *dæl.*
moysel, damoisel, *sb.*, damsel, 73 3, 4;—A.F. *damoysele.*

dampne, *v.*, condemn, sentence; **dampned**, *pt.*, 656 23; *p.p.*, 275 36; 683 5;—O.F. *damner.*
re, *v.*, to dare; **dar**, *first pers.*, 61 21; **darste**, *second pers. prs.*, 505 18; **durste**, *pt.*, 51 27; 278 22; 466 32;—A.S. *dear.*

dastard, *sb.*, a coward, 344 4.—*Compare* Skeat, Dict.

daunynge, *sb.*, dawning, 566 10; 781 35.

dawe, *v.*, to become day; **it dawyd**, 691 13;—A.S. *dagian.*

dawe, *v.*, to moisten, sprinkle with cold water; **dawed**, *pt.*, 585 18;—from A.S. *déaw.*

debate, *sb.*, strife, discord, 440 11; 761 30;—A.F. *debat.*

debonair, *adj.*, mild, gentle, 694 18;—O.F. *debonaire.*

deceyuable, *adj.*, deceitful, 519 2.

dede, *sb.*, deed; **dedes**, *pl.*, 87 31; **dedys**, *pl.*, 838 13;—A.S. *déd* (*dǽd*).

dede, *adj.*, dead, 82 4; 715* 33; **deed**, 847 15;—A.S. *déað.*

defade, *v.* *See* **dyffade.**

defame, *v.*, to spread about a rumour, to slander; **defamed**, *p.p.*, 731 34;—A.F. *diffamer.*

deffaulte, deffaute, defaulte, defaute, *sb.*, defect, fault, 108 26; 480 19; 609 2; 785 3, 5;—A.F. *defaute.*

deffende, *v.*, to defend, protect, forbid; **deffended**, *pt.*, 836 28; **defenden**, *prs. plural*, 632 25;—A.F. *defendre.*

defowle, *v.*, to tread down, rebuke; **defowled**, *p.p.*, 141 28; **defoyled**, *p.p.*, 77 1;—O.F. *defouler.*

defye, *v.*, to defy, mistrust; **defyen**, *prs. pl.*, 632 24;—A.F. *defier.*

degree, *sb.*, (1) degree, price, distinction, 420 37; 513 3; (2) different classes of a people; **degrees**, *pl.*, 394 17;—O.F. *degre, degret.*

dele, *sb.*, deal, share, 36 33; 834 4;—A.S. *dǽl.*

dele, *v.*, to deal, share, divide; **dalte**, *pt.*, 853 13;—A.S. *dǽlan.*

delyte, *sb.*, delight, 726 32; **delytes**, *pl.*, 247 26;—O.F. *delit.*

demene, *v.*, to manage, to behave; **demenyd hym**, *pt.*, 23 7;—O.F. *demener.*

demene, *sb.*, power, possession; **demenys**, *pl.*, 673 28;—O.F. *demeine.*

demure, *adj.*, sober, modest, staid, 613* 14;—O.F. *de murs, meurs.*

departycyon, *sb.*, departure, 397 11; 621 7;—deriv. of O.F. *departir.*

dere, *v.*, to harm; *inf.*, 61 21;—A.S. *derian.*

dere, *adj.*, dear, beloved, 61 16;—A.S. *déore.*

dere, *sb.*, deer, wild animal, 519 16;—A.S. *déor.*

derke, *adj.*, dark, 116 15; 687 33;—A.S. *deorc.*

descryue, *v.*, to describe, relate; *inf.*, 412 1;—O.F. *descrivre.*

desdayne, *sb.*, contempt, disdain, 727 4;—A.F. *dedeigne*, O.F. *desdein.*

desert, *sb.*, merit, 726 11;—A.F. *deserte.*

deserte, *sb.*, desert, waste land, 708 17;—from Lat. *desertus.*

desguyse, *v.*, to disguise; **desguysed**, *p.p.*, 767 29; **dysguysed**, *p.p.*, 767 30;—A.F. *degiser*, O.F. *desguiser.*

desmaye, *v.*, to dismay; *imperat.*, 38 12, 22; **desmayed**, *p.p.*, 132 26; **dysmayed**, *p.p.*, 388 24;—O.F. *esmaier.*

despoylle, *v.*, to despoil, strip; **despoylled**, 466 23; **dispoylled**, 231 20; 657 20;—O.F. *despoiller.*

desteynye, *sb.*, destiny, 846 38;—deriv. from O.F. *destiner.*

dethe, *sb.*, death, 564 15;—A.S. *déaþ.*

deure, *adj.*, hard, 410 25;—O.F. *deure.*

deuoyr, deuoyre, *sb.*, devoir, knightly duty, 251 5; 829 10;—O.F. *devoir.*

deuyse, *v.*, arrange, order, decide; **deuysed**, *pt.*, 39 1;—A.F. *deviser.*

deye, *v.*, to die; *inf.*, 224 14;—Icel. *deyja*, O.S. *dōian.*

deyntee, *sb.*, a delicacy, worth, pleasure, 161 5;—O.F. *daintie, deintet.*

deyse, *sb.*, daïs, platform in a hall, 213 30;—O.F. *deis.*

dictatour, *sb.*, dictator, one invested for a time with absolute authority, 160 8;—Lat. *dictator*.

discomforte, *v.*, trouble, discomfort; *imp.*, 804 11;—O.F. *desconforter*.

discomforture, *sb.*, 56 38;—? for **discomfyture**.

discomfyte, *v.*, to defeat, to put to flight; **discomfyte**, *p.p.*, 57 36; 74 23; **discomfyt**, *p.p.*, 626 4; 639 18; **discomfyted**, *p.p.*, 86 3; **discomfyte**, *p.p.*, 766 26; 693 15; **scomfyte**, *p.p.*, 146 38;—O.F. *desconfire*.

discomfyture, *sb.* *See* **dyscomfyture**.

disparple, *v.*, to scatter, *or* to become scattered; **disparplyd**, *p.p.*, 798 24; **disperplyd**, *p.p.*, 164 3;—O.F. *desparpillier*.

displeasyre, *sb.*, displeasure, anger, cause of irritation, 367 29; 541 34;—O.F. *desplaisir*.

disseuer, *v.*, to separate; **disseuered**, *pt.*, 611 27;—A.F. *deseverer*.

distourble, *v.*, to disturb, trouble; **distourbled**, *p.p.*, 566 13;—O.F. *tourbler*.

disworship, *sb.*, shame, disgrace, 105 3;—*dis* and A.S. *weorðscipe*.

dobblet, *sb.*, doublet, 467 16; 679 32; **dobblett**, 468 26;—O.F. *doublet*.

doctryne, *sb.*, instruction, doctrine, 3 38;—Lat. *doctrina*.

dole, *sb.*, charity, dole, share, portion, 853 11;—A.S. *dál*.

dole, *sb.*, grief, pain, sorrow, 94 14; 421 23;—O.F. *doel*, *duel*.

domage, *sb.*, damage, loss, 59 5; **dammage**, 59 5; 72 8; **dommagis**, *pl.*, 56 23;—O.F. *domage*.

dome, *sb.*, doom; **day of dome**, 709 34;—A.S. *dóm*.

domme, *adj.*, dumb, 451 33;—A.S. *dumb*.

doon, *v.*, to do, put, make, cause; *inf.*, 3 19; **doth**, *prs.*, 759 20; **doon**, *p.p.*, 11 16; **dyd**, *pt.*, 65 12; 753 31; **done**, *p.p.*, 343 8; **doo**, *imperat.*, 3 33;—A.S. *dón*.

dote, *v.*, to dote, to be foolish; **doted**, *p.p.*, 505 26.

dottage, *sb.*, dotage, a doting, excessive fondness, childishness of old age, 118 26.

doubel, *adj.*, double, 95 34;—O.F. *doble*, *double*.

doughty, *adj.*, brave, valiant, 189 36; **doughtely**, *adv.*, 220 28;—A.S. *dyhtig*.

douue, *sb.*, the dove, pigeon, 573 4;—Icel. *dúfa*, O.S. *dúba*.

dower, *sb.*, dower, 181 14;—A.F. *douayre*.

drede, *sb.*, dread, fear, terror, 209 32; 436 9.

drede, *v.*, to dread, to fear; *prs.*, 745 29; **dredde**, *pt.*, 209 33; 670 7; 784 9; **dradde**, *pt.*, 311 37; 687 15; 775 14; **drad**, *pt.*, 492 29; 784 4;—A.S. (*on-*)*drǽdan*.

dredeful, *adj.*, dreadful, 709 34.

drenche, *v.*, to drown; **drenched**, *p.p.*, 652 18;—A.S. *drencan*.

dretche, *v.*, (1) to vex, oppress, torment; (2) to dream, to be disturbed by dreams; **dretched**, *p.p.*, 803 31; **dretchyng**, *p.prs.*, 859* 7;—A.S. *dreccan*.

dretenchid, *pt.*, 171 24; ? for **detrenchid**, from **detrenche**, *v.*, to cut to pieces;—O.F. *detrancher*.

drinke, *v.*, to drink; **drank**, *pt.*, 759 35; **dronke**, *pt.*, 494 28; **dronken**, *pt.*, 15 35; **dronken**, *p.p.*, 574 13;—A.S. *drincan*.

dromounde, *sb.*, dromedary, Arabian camel; **dromoundes**, *pl.*, 164 30;—O.F. *dromedaire*.

droupe, *v.*, to droop, to be dismal, cast down; *inf.*, 831 19; **droupyng**, *p.prs.*, 354 7;—Icel. *drúpa*.

dryue, *v.*, to drive; **dryuend** (imperfect *part. pres.* for **dryuyng**), 223 7;—A.S. *drífan*.

dubbe, *v.*, to dub a knight by a stroke with the flat of a sword; *inf.*, 25 31; **dubbed**, *p.p.*, 12 32;—A.S. *dubban*.

duc, *sb.*, duke, 181 12;—O.F. *duc*.

duche, *adj.*, Dutch, 2 35.

dure, to last, to endure, *inf.*, 118 33;—A.F. *durer*.

dwarf, **dwerf**, *sb.*, a dwarf, 110 15, 21;—A.S. *dweorg*, *dweorh*.

dwelle, *v.*, to dwell, to rest, remain; *inf.*, 36 29; **dwelde**, *pt.*, 61 38;

dwellid, *pt.*, 763 35; **duelled**, *pt.*, 337 6;—A.S. *dwellan*, Icel. *dvelja*.

dyffade, *v.*, to fade away, to cause to fade; **dyffaded**, *p.p.*, 566 15; **defaded**, *p.p.*, 566 13.

dyghte, *v.*, to order, to rule, to prepare, adorn; **dyȝte**, *p.p.*, 93 24; **dyght**, *p.p.*, 186 24;—A.S. *dihtan*.

dynte, *sb.*, blow, stroke; **dyntes**, *pl.*, 593 11;—A.S. *dynt*.

dyryge, *sb.*, name of an anthem in the Mass for the Dead, beginning, in Latin, with the words, "Dirige, Dominus meus," 857* 14.

dyscomfyture, *sb.*, defeat, 11 12;—A.F., *desconfiture*.

dyshobeye, *v.*, to disobey; *prs.*, 856* 36;—O.F. *desobeir*.

dysplese, *v.*, to displease; *inf.*, 839 32;—O.F. *desplaisir*.

dysport, *sb.*, pleasure, recreation, mirth, 62 30; **disportes**, *pl.*, 800 21; **disporte**, *v. inf.*, to cheer, amuse, 327 9;—O.F. *se desporter*.

dysseyue, *v.*, to deceive; **dysseyued**, *p.p.*, 838 11;—O.F. *decever*, *decevoir*.

echone, *adj.*, each one, 202 23; **eche one**, 144 20; 497 3;—A.S. *ǽlc án*.

edder, *sb.*, adder; **edders**, *pl.*, 579 11;—A.S. *nǽdre*.

edgyd, *p.p.*, edged, having borders, 426 10.—*Compare* A.S. *ecg*.

eere, *sb.*, the ear; **eerys**, *pl.*, 192 4; **erys**, *pl.*, 371 5;—A.S. *éare*.

efte, *adv.*, again, afterwards, 294 1; 479 17; 849 2;—A.S. *eft*.

egre, **egyr**, *adj.*, eager, fierce, sharp, 54 33; 71 16; **eygyrlye**, *adv.*, 837 25;—A.F. *egre*, O.F. *aigre*.

elder, **eldar**, *adj.*, *comparat.*, older, elder, 105 23; **elders**, *pl.*, ancestors, 135 15; **elthers**, *pl.*, 807 4; —*comparat.* of A.S. *eald*.

ellys, *adv.*, otherwise, else, 14 31; —A.S. *elles*.

embassatour, *sb.*, ambassador; **embassatours**, *pl.*, 160 7; 162 7;—O.F. *ambassadeur*.

eme, *sb.*, uncle, 280 7;—A.S. *éam*.

emeraude, *sb.*, emerald, 696 8;—O.F. *esmeraude*.

emonge, *prep.*, among, 1 10; 737 4; —A.S. *onmang*.

enbatailled, *p.p.*, ranged for battle, 173 2;—O.F. *en* and *bataille*.

enbrace, *v.*, to embrace; **embraced**, *pt.*, 444 33;—O.F. *embracer*.

enbrayde, *v.*, to wake up, to start, to twist, ? to remind; **enbraydest**, *prs.*, 817 25;—A.S. *bregdan*.

enbroudre, *v.*, to embroider; **enbroudred**, *p.p.*, 378 16; 747 6;—A.F. *enbroyder*.

enbusshed, *p.p.*, taken in an ambush, 65 23; 125 20.

enbusshement, *sb.*, ambush, 50 10: 53 17;—O.F. *embuscher*.

enchauffe, *v.*, to make hot, to heat; *inf.*, 752 7; **enchauffed**, *p.p.*, 653 32; *pt.*, 677 30; **enchafed**, *p.p.*, 649 10;—O.F. *enchauffer*.

encheue, **enchieue**, *v.*, to achieve, to perform, fulfil; *inf.*, 340 15; 794 6; **encheued**, *p.p.*, 42 34; *pt.*, 99 27. *See also* **achieue**.

enclyne, *v.*, incline; **enclynest**, *prs.*, 663 22; **enclyned**, *p.p.*, 57 12;—O.F. *incliner*.

encountre, *v.*, encounter, meet, fight; *inf.*, 57 17; **encountred**, *pt.*, 342 14;—O.F. *encontrer*.

endented, *p.p.*, having teeth, cut like a saw, notched, jagged, marked with inequalities like a row of teeth, 391 7; 396 21;—A.F. *endenter*.

endlong, **endlonge**, *adv.* and *prep.*, along, 193 11; 524 16;—A.S. *and lang*.

ēne, 147 10. ? corruption of *even*, as Wynkyn de Worde reads, which sometimes occurs in A.S., contracted *enm*.

enele, *v.*, to administer extreme unction; **enelyd**, *p.p.*, 858* 27;—O.F. *en* and *oil*.

enemytee, *sb.*, enmity, 251 20;—O.F. *enamistiet*.

enewe, *v.*, to colour; **enewed with whyte**, 110 24;—A.S. *in* and *heow*.

enfelaushippe, *v.*, to associate with, to become one's fellow; *inf.*, 315 4. —*Compare* Icel. *félagi*.

enforce, *v.*, to endeavour, to strive;

enforceth hym self, *prs.*, 574 7; **enforce your self**, *imp.*, 756 30; 763 28;—O.F. *enforcer*.

enforme, *v.*, to teach, to inform; **enformed**, *p.p.*, 193 33; **mysenformed**, *p.p.*, 78 29;—A.F. *enfourmer*.

engendre, *v.*, to engender; *inf.*, 572 25;—O.F. *engendrer*.

engyne, engyn, *sb.*, craft, device, engine, understanding, 440 13; 677 30;—A.F. *engin*.

enherytaunce, *sb.*, inheritance, 467 32;—Lat. *in*, O.F. *heriter*, and term. *-ance*.

enherytour, *sb.*, inheritor, person who inherits or may inherit, heir, 177 16;—Lat. *in*, *heritator*.

enleuen, *numb.*, eleven, 53 7;—A.S. *endlufon*, *endleofan*.

enoynt, *v.*, to anoint; **ennoynted**, *p.p.*, 403 35; 821 16;—A.F. *enointer*.

enpayre, *v.*, to make worse, injure; **enpayred**, *pt.*, 597 12;—O.F. *empeirer*.

enpoysonne, *v.*, to poison; *inf.*, 728 33; **enpoysond**, *p.p.*, 728 32;—O.F. *enpoisoner*.

enprynte, *v.*, to print; *inf.*, 1 8; **temprynte** = to emprynte, *inf.*, 1 34;—O.F. *empreindre*.

enquere, *v.*, to inquire; *inf.*, 100 30;—O.F. *enquerre*, Lat. *inquirere*.

enquest, *sb.*, enterprise, adventure, 16 37;—O.F. *enqueste*.

ensample, ensaumple, ensamble, *sb.*, example, instance, 1 4; 76 32; 160 24;—A.F. *ensample*, *essample*.

ensiewe, *v.*, to follow; *inf.*, 162 23;—O.F. *ensuire*.

enstraunge, *v.*, to alienate, make strange; **enstraunged**, 759 30;—O.F. *estranger*.

ensure, *v.*, to assure, insure; *inf.*, 205 19; 654 1;—O.S. *asseurer*.

entente, *sb.*, intention, heed, purpose, 36 24; 95 30; also, contents, 761 28;—O.F. *entente*.

enterdyte, *v.*, inderdict, excommunicate, to forbid communion; **enterdytynge**, *p.prs.*, 821 5;—Lat. *interdicere*.

entere, entiere, entyere, *v.*, to inter, bury; *inf.*, 274 34; 419 28; 495 28; **entered**, *pt.*, 588 34; **enterid**, *p.p.*, 40 1;—O.F. *enterrer*.

entermete, *v.*, to meet, to come together; *inf.*, 456 32;—A.F. *entre* and A.S. *métan*, O.S. *mótian*.

enterpryse, enterpryce, *sb.*, enterprise, undertaking, 514 33; 515 4; **enterpryses**, *pl.*, 511 24;—O.F. *entreprise*.

enterpryse, emprise, enpryse, *v.*, to undertake, to commence; **enprysed**, *p.p.*, 3 15; 4 13; **enterprysed**, *pt.*, 14 32; **emprised**, *pt.*, 16 37.

entiere, *v.* *See* **entere**.

entiere, *adj.*, entire, whole, 296 21;—O.F. *entier*.

entraylles, *sb. pl.*, the entrails, 168 10;—A.F. *entrailles*.

entre, *sb.*, entrance, 683 22; 710 9;—O.F. *entrer*.

entremedle, *v.*, intermeddle, mingle; **entremedled**, *pt.*, 711 31;—O.F. *entremesler*.

entrete, *sb.*, treaty, 37 29, 30;—Lat. *in* and O.F. *traiter*.

entyerement, *sb.*, burial, interment, 7 33; **enterement**, 88 18;—A.F. *enterrement*.

escape, *v.*, to escape; *inf.*, 461 20; **escaped**, *p.p.*, 461 37; **scape**, *inf.*, 92 33;—O.F. *escaper*, *eschaper*.

enuenyme, *v.*, to envenom, poison; **enuenymed**, *p.p.*, 284 28; 327 24;—A.F. *envenimer*.

enuyronne aboute, *adv.*, about, 628 12;—O.F. *environ*, A.S. *on-bútan*.

ermyn, *sb.*, skin of ermine, animal of the weasel tribe, 616 15;—O.F. *ermine*.

ermytage, *sb.*, hermitage, 850 9; **heremytage**, 90 34.

ermyte, *sb.*, hermit, 72 31; **heremyte**, 334 33;—A.F. *eremite* (*heremite*).

erst, *adv.*, formerly, first, 442 8; 463 28; 683 21;—A.S. *ǣrest*.

eschewe, *v.*, to avoid, eschew; *inf.*, 726 1;—O.F. *eschever*, A.F. *eschuer*.

establysshe, *v.*, to establish; **establysshed**, *pt.*, 182 14;—O.F. *establiss-* from *establir*. *See* **stablysshe**.

estate, *sb.*, state; **estates**, *pl.*, ranks, classes, 311 14;—O.F. *estat*.

estures,[1] *sb. pl.* (Caxton reads *eftures*), (1) being, nature; (2) the inner part of a house, chambers (for *estres*), 784 3;—O.F. *estre.*

eure, *sb.*, use, custom, 59 7.

euen, *sb.*, evening, 40 15; 435 17;—A.S. *æfen, efen.*

eueryche, *adj.*, every one, every, 144 27; 145 4;—A.S. *æfre + ælc.*

euerychone, *adj.*, every one, 186 12;—A.S. *æfre + ælc + án.*

euyn, *adv.*, even, equal, 849 25;—A.S. *efen, efn.*

expense, *sb.*, expense, cost, 518 20; **expencys,** *pl.*, 585 24;—from Lat. *expendere.*

expowne, *v.*, to expound, interpret; **expowned,** *p.p.*, 27 16; *pt.*, 27 35;—Lat. *exponere*, O.F. *expondre.*

eyder, *adj.*, either, 313 21;—A.S. *ægþer.*

eye, *sb.*, eye; **eyen,** *pl.*, 112 9; 435 28;—A.S. *éage.*

eygyrlye, *adv.*, eagerly. *See* **eger.**

eyle, *v.*, to trouble, afflict, hurt; **eyleth,** *prs.*, 407 2; 511 19;—A.S. *eglan.*

facyon, *sb.*, shape, fashion; **facyons,** *pl.*, 692 17;—O.F. *fason, façon.*

fadom, *sb.*, fathom, 847 9;—A.S. *fæðm.*

faille, *v.*, to fail; *inf.*, 42 28; **faylled,** *pt.*, 42 9; **failled,** *pt.*, 57 29;—A.F. *faillir.*

falle, *sb.*, fall; **fallys,** *pl.*, 477 5;—from A.S. *feallan.*

falle, *v.*, to fall; **fell,** *pt.*, 43 3; **falle,** *prs.*, 3 38; **fyl, fylle, felle,** *pt.*, 30 11; 71 16; 93 31; 122 4; 847 15; **falle,** *p.p.*, 93 35; **fallen,** *pl. prs.*, 213 17; **fallen,** *p.p.*, 625 25;—A.S. *feallan.*

fantasye, *sb.*, fancy, imagination, 285 33;—O.F. *fantasie.*

fare, *v.*, to go, fare, behave; **ferd,** *prs.*, 56 12; 536 18; **farne,** *p.p.*, 595 9; **farynge,** *p.prs.*, 289 10; **faren,** *p.p.*, 235 34;—A.S. *faran.*

faucon, *sb.*, falcon, 208 32;—A.F. *faucon.*

faute, *v.*, to fail, to be wanting, to stammer; **fawte,** *prs.*, 101 5; **fauted,** *pt.*, 388 23;—Lat. *fallere. Compare* O.F. *falte.*

faueour, *sb.*, favour, 338 2;—O.F. *faveur.*

fay, *sb.*, fay, fairy, person endowed with supernatural powers (surname of Morgan, king Arthur's sister);—O.F. *faë* (*fee*).

fayne, *v.*, to feign; **fayned,** *p.p.*, 2 7; 403 31;—A.F. *feindre.*

fayter, *sb.*, impostor, vagabond, pretender, 87 14;—O.F. *faitour.*

feale, *v.*, to feel; **feale,** *prs.*, 360 29; **felte,** *pt.*, 611 6;—A.S. *félan.*

feaute, *sb.*, track, trace, 205 1; 764 26;—? O.F. *feute.*

feaute, *sb.*, fealty, fidelity, the oath sworn by the vassal to be faithful to his feudal lord, 227 26; 437 37; **fealte,** 181 32;—O.F. *fealte.*

feble, *v.*, to become weak, to make weak; **febled,** *pt.*, 142 38; 759 36;—from O.F. *feble, floible.*

fede, *v.*, to feed; **fedde,** *p.p.* and *pt.*, 717 34;—A.S. *fédan.*

feest, *sb.*, feast, festival, 401 4; 417 14; **fest,** 44 24; **feste,** 44 36;—A.F. *feste.*

felaushyppe, *v.*, to associate; **felaushypped,** *pt.*, 352 23;—Icel. *felagi*, A.S. *scipe. Compare* **enfelaushyppe.**

felle, *v.*, to fell; **feld,** *p.p.*, 204 27; **fellyd,** *p.p.*, 97 17, 27; 836 12;—A.S. *fellan.*

felon, *sb.*, traitor, villain, 550 30;—A.F. *felon, feloun.*

felonsly, fellonysly, *adv.*, feloniously, cruelly, disgracefully, 453 10; 455 5; 504 22.

felyshyp, *sb.*, fellowship, company, 840 30;—Icel. *felagi*, A.S. *scipe.*

fende, *sb.*, enemy, fiend, 136 11; 655 7;—A.S. *feónd.*

fer, *adj.* and *adv.*, far, 135 12; 832 23; **ferre,** 303 15; **ferther,** *comparat.*, 273 30;—A.S. *feorr*, O.S. *fer.*

ferdful, *adj.*, frightful, terrible, timid;—A.S. *fǽr* and *ful.*

fere, *sb.*, fear, 590 3;—A.S. *fǽr.*

fere, *v.*, to terrify, to frighten, fear;

[1] Compare Walter W. Skeat's notes to Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women," p. 175.

fere, *prs.*, 237 30; 409 15; **feryd**, *pt.*, 400 32;—A.S. *fǽran.*

ferhewen, *p.p.* hewn, beaten, 238 29;—A.S. *for* and *heáwan.*

fete, *sb.*, deed, knightly feat; **fetys**, *pl.*, 641 36; **feates**, *pl.*, 1 38;—O.F. *fet, fait.*

fette, *v.*, to fetch; **fette**, *pt.*, 65 22; **fette**, *p.p.*, 101 4; **fetche**, *imperat.*, 103 13; **fetche**, *prs.*, 93 10;—A.S. *fetian.*

feutre, *v.*, to put a spear into its rest; **feutryd**, *pt.*, 202 20; 433 17.

fewter, *sb.*, the rest for a spear, 185 13;—O.F. *feutre.*

feyster, *v.*, fester, to corrupt or rankle, suppurate, become malignant; *inf.*, 788 31. *See* Skeat, Dict.

feyth, feythe, *sb.*, faith, 63 28 (**by the feythe of our bodyes**); 519 27;—O.F. *fei, feid.*

feythful, *adj.*, faithful, 149 23.

flacked, *sb.*, flask, bottle, 309 29;—O.F. *flasque.*

flagan, *sb.*, drinking vessel with a narrow neck, flagon; **flagans**, *pl.*, 234 4;—O.F. *flascon.*

flatlynge, *adv.*, flat, 321 24; 736 7;—Icel. *flatr* and A.S. *ling.*

flay, *v.*, to skin, to cut off in flags; **flayne**, *p.p.*, 74 27;—A.S. *fleán.*

flee, *v.*, to fly, flee; **fledde**, *pt.*, 73 27; **flay**, *pt.*, 689 13;—A.S. *fléogan, fléon.*

fleme, *v.*, to put to flight; **flemyd**, *p.p.*, 635 8; 828 13;—A.S. *fléman.*

flesshe, *sb.*, flesh; *but also* meat, 658 10;—A.S. *flǽsc.*

flete, *v.*, to float, swim; **fletyng**, *p.prs.*, 614 28;—A.S. *fléotan.*

flore, *v.*, to flower, flourish; **floreth**, *prs.*, 771 20;—O.F. *florir.*

florysshe, *v.*, to flourish, to cause to prosper; *also*, to brandish a weapon; **florysshen**, *pl. prs.*, 771 4; **florysshetb**, *prs.*, 771 6;—O.F. *floriss-*, from *florir.*

flynge, *v.*, to send forth, fling, rush; *inf.*, 589 11;—? Swedish *flänga.*

folye, *sb.*, folly, 2 12; **foly**, 121 36;—A.F. *folie.*

foolysshe, *adj.*, foolish, lustful, silly, 505 6;—O.F. *fol* with A.S. suff. *-lic.*

for, i. *prep.*, for, by, in spite of, for fear of; ii. *conj.*, because, in order that; iii. *prefix*—(1) having the sense of destruction, loss = A.S. *for-*; (2) replacing *before* = A.S. *fore;* (3) replacing the prep. *for;* (4) standing for O.F. *for-*, Lat. *foris.*

forbere, *v.*, to forbear; **forborne**, *p.p.*, 347 7;—A.S. *for-beran.*

forblede, *v.*, to bleed, to lose blood **forbledde**, *pt.*, 463 23; **forbled**, *p.p.*, 350 26;—A.S. *for-* and *blédan.*

force, *sb.*, force, matter, consequence; **no force**, it matters not, 72 35; **I take no force**, 79 17; 762 36; 775 6;—A.F. *force.*

fordele, *sb.*, advantage, 173 33.

forder, *v.*, to advance, promote, further; **fordered**, *pt.*, 229 34;—A.S. *fyrðran.*

fordo, *v.*, to destroy, perish; **fordyd**, *pt.*, 99 3; **fordone**, *p.p.*, 334 32;—A.S. *fordôn.*

fore cast, *sb.*, that which is contrived beforehand, 805 14;—A.S. *fore*, Icel. *kasta.*

foreye, *v.*, to forage; **foreyeng**, *p.prs.*, 175 30;—O.F. *forager.*

foreyn, forayn, *adj.*, foreign, strange, 573 1, 22;—O.F. *forain.*

foreyst, forest, *sb.*, forest, wood, 51 15; 60 28;—O.F. *forest.*

forfende, *v.*, to defend, forbid; *prs.*, 727 8; **forfendyd**, *p.p.*, 727 13;—A.S. *for* and O.F. (*de*)*fendre.*

forfette, *sb.*, forfeit, crime, 695 22;—O.F. *forfet, forfait.*

forfeture, *sb.*, forfeiture, 39 38; 302 29;—O.F. *forfeture.*

forfighte, *v.*, to tire by fighting, to weaken; **forfoughten**, *p.p.*, 87 25; 105 35;—A.S. *for* and *fēohtan.*

forgete, *v.*, to forget; *inf.*, 381 16; **forgeten**, *p.p.*, 380 16; 840 34; **forgeten**, *pl. prs.*, 726 17;—A.S. *forgitan.*

forgiue *v.*, to forgive; **forgaf**, *pt.*, 43 32;—A.S. *for* and *gifan. Compare* **foryeue.**

forhede, forheed, *sb.*, forehead, 333 9; 648 19.

foriusted, *p.p.*, unable to fight any longer, exhausted, 323 35; 421 30;—A.S. *for* and O.F. *adjouster.*

forlond, *sb.*, foreland, cape, a point of land running into the sea, 167 4;—Icel. *forlendi*.

forlonge, *sb.*, *adj.*, a furrow long, or the length of a furrow, forty poles, the eighth part of a mile, 166 25; **furlonge**, 354 13;—A.S. *furh*, (the furrow) + *lang*.

formest, *adj. superl.*, first, foremost, 342 31; 347 9;—A.S. *fyrmest*.

forsothe, forsoth, *adv.*, truly, indeed, 531 5; 645 35;—A.S. *for* and *sóð*.

forswere, *v.*, to forswear; **forsworne**, *p.p.*, 150 14;—A.S. *forswerian*.

forth, *adv.*, forth, henceforth, throughout; **forth dayes** = far advanced in the day, 804 19;—A.S. *forð*.

forthynke, *v.*, to repent; *inf.*, 711 11; **me forthynketh**, *prs.*, 82 2; 643 12; **forthoughte**, *pt.*, 712 31;—A.S. *forþyncan*.

fortune, *v.*, to happen, to make fortunate; **hit fortuned**, *pt.*, 213 2; 364 21;—from O.F. *fortune*.

forwounded, *p.p.*, desperately wounded, 350 26;—A.S. *for* and *wundian*.

foryeue, *v.*, to forgive; *inf.*, 79 32; **foryaf**, *pt.*, 43 32;—A.S. *forgifan*.

foryeuenes, *sb.*, forgiveness, 251 14; 563 19.

foster, *sb.*, nourishment; **foster broder**, a male child, fostered or brought up with another of different parents, 42 29; *comp.* **nourisshed broder**, 41 10;—A.S. *fóstor*.

foster, *sb.*, forester, one who inhabits a forest, or has the charge of it, 671 28;—O.F. *forestier*.

fostre, *v.*, to foster, support; **fostred**, *p.p.*, 250 23;—A.S. *fóstrian*.

fourde, *sb.*, ford, passage, course, 184 35;—A.S. *ford*.

fourme, *v.*, to form; **fourmed**, *p.p.*, 324 17;—O.F. *former*.

foyle, *v.*, to tread down, to trampel on; **foyled**, *p.p.*, 771 27;—O.F. *fouler*, *foler*.

foyne, *sb.*, a foin, thrust, prick, 248 7; 847 9; **foynes**, *pl.*, 351 19;—O.F. *fouine*.

foyne, *v.*, to thrust, to beat with a sword; **foynynge**, *p.prs.*, 217 33; O.F. *fouine* (*see* Littré).

franceis, *sb.*, freedom, liberality, prerogative, 334 35;—A.F. *franchise*.

frende, *sb.*, friend, 274 8;—A.S. *fréond*.

fresshe, freysshe, *adj.*, fresh, new; 350 29; **freyssheyst**, *superl.*, 763 23; **fresshest**, *superl.*, 773 32; **fresshely**, *adv.*, 239 12;—A.S. *fersc*.

fronte, *sb.*, front, forehead, 538 27; **frounte**, 191 1; **frunte**, 87 31;—A.F. *frount*, *frunt*, O.F. *front*.

fulfeythful, *adj.* (!), faithful, 522 36.

furfare, *v.*, to perish, fare ill, destroy; **fur fared**, *pt.*, 190 30;—A.S. *forféran*.

fyaunce, *sb.*, promise, confidence, trust, 39 2;—O.F. *fiance*.

fyendly, *adv.*, hostile, warlike, adverse, 572 27;—A.S. *féondlíc*.

fyer, fyre, *sb.*, fire, 183 18; 275 38;—A.S. *fýr*.

fyers, *adj.*, fierce, strong, bold, brave, 57 34; **fyerser**, *comp.*, 181 31;—O.F. *fers*, *fiers*.

fyghte, *v.*, to fight; *inf.*, 127 8; **fyghtynge**, *p.prs.*, 426 28; **faughte**, *pt.*, 159 28; **fought**, *pt.*, 71 27; **faughte**, *pt.*, 65 12;—A.S. *feohtan*.

fylle, *sb.*, the amount of anything that a person can stand; **fylle of fyghtynge**, 426 28;—A.S. *ful*.

fylle, *sb.*, colt, filly, young animal, 388 23;—A.S. *fyllo*.

fynde, *v.*, to find; *inf.*, 590 12; **fond**, *pt.*, 205 26; **fonde**, *pt.*, 316 5; 757 32; **found**, *pt.*, 84 5; **fonden**, *p.p.*, 360 24; **founden**, *p.p.*, 246 36; 585 21; **founde**, *p.p.*, 434 34;—A.S. *findan*.

fyse, *sb.*, son;—O.F. *fis*, *fiz*.

fytloke, *sb.*, fetlock, tuft of hair growing behind the pastern-joint of horses; **fytlokys**, *pl.*, 61 2;—? A.S. *fót* and *locc*.

gad, *sb.*, a wedge of steel, a sharp-pointed instrument, a graver, 657 13;—A.S. *gad*.

gadere, *v.*, to gather, collect, assemble; **gadre**, *inf.*, 51 35; **gad-**

red, *pt.*, 6 20; 668 17;—A.S. *gaderian.*

galeye, *sb.*, galley, a long low-built ship with one deck, 164 30; **galeyes**, *pl.*, 841 9;—A.F. *galeye.*

galhous, *sb.*, gallows, 796 8 (the 1634 ed. has *gallous*);—A.S. *gealga*, *galga.*

gap, *sb.*, an opening made by rupture or parting, cleft, 403 7;—Icel. *gap.*

garderobe, *sb.*, wardrobe, place where dresses are kept, 177 25;—O.F. *garderobe.*

gardyne, *sb.*, garden, 583 13; **gardyns**, *pl.*, 771 20;—A.F. *gardin.*

gare, *v.*, to make, to cause; **garte**, *pt.*, 121 28; 185 26;—Icel. *göra.*

garet, *sb.*, a look-out on the roof of a house or castle wall, watch-tower, 200 6;—O.F. *garite.*

gar-make, 825 25–26;—? This form is an evident tautology, as *gar* (Icel. *göra*), M.E. "*to ger*," is equal in signification to "*make.*"[1]

garneson, *sb.*, guard, garrison, 178 8;—O.F. *garnison.*

garnysshe, *v.*, to supply, to equip, to provide with; *imperat.*, 35 30; *prs.*, 51 8; **garnysshed**, *pt.*, 825 33;—O.F. *garniss-*, from *garnir.*

gate, *sb.*, gate; **gatys**, *pl.*, 459 37;—A.S. *geat.* *Compare* **yate.**

gauntelet, *sb.*, a gauntlet, the iron glove of armour, 778 30; 780 9;—O.F. *gantelet.*

gayn, *adj.*, direct, near, convenient, ready; **gaynest**, *superlat.*, 243 31;—Icel. *gegn.*

gaynsaye, *v.*, to deny, dispute, contradict; *inf.*, 2 30;—A.S. *gean* and *secgan.*

geaunte, *sb.*, giant, 11 5; **gyaunt**, 97 26; **geauntes**, *pl.*, 12 5;—A.F. *geant.*

gentyl, yentyl, *adj.*, worthy, excellent, noble; **gentylst**, *superl.*, 422 15; **yentyllest**, *superl.*, 860* 10;—A.F. *gentil.*

genytours, *sb. pl.*, genitals, exterior organs of generation, 168 9;—O.F. *genitoirs*, Lat. *genitorium.*

gerfaukon, *sb.*, a kind of falcon, 156 29;—Lat. *gyrofalconem.* *See also* **iarfaucon.**

germayn, *adj.*, closely allied, derived from the same stock, of the first degree, 89 19;—Lat. *germanus.*

geste, *sb.*, guest; **gestes**, *pl.*, 310 24;—A.S. *gæst*, *gest.*

gete, *v.*, to gain, get, to beget; **gatte**, *pt.*, 297 27; **geteth**, *prs.*, 47 33; **gat**, *pt.*, 68 8; **gate**, *pt.*, 41 32; 763 2; **goten**, *p.p.*, 61 28; 63 24; **yate**, *pt.*, 39 7; 91 9;—A.S. *gitan.*

gladde, *adj.*, glad, 401 2;—A.S. *glæd.*

glade, *v.*, to make glad, to render merry; **gladeth**, *prs.*, 180 4; **gladen**, *prs. pl.*, 797 4;—A.S. *gladian.*

glastynge, *p.prs.*, making a noise like a dog, barking; **the glastynge beest.** *Compare* **questyng.**

glatysaunt (*the glatysaunt beest*), barking;—*p.prs.* of O.F. *glatir*, *glatisant.*

glayue, *sb.*, sword, 110 26; 807 18;—O.F. *glaive.*

glemerynge, *p.prs.*, glimmering, 592 19;—A.S. *ge-leoman.*

gloton, *sb.*, glutton, 168 6;—A.F. *gluttun.*

gnaste, *v.*, to gnash the teeth; **gnasted**, *pt.*, 206 16;—Icel. *gnastan.*

gonne, *sb.*, gun; **gonnes**, *pl.*, 839 26. *Compare* Low Lat. *gunna.*

gone, *v.*, to go; **gost**, *prs.*, 70 27; **goth**, *prs.*, 733 17;—A.S. *gán.*

gomme, *sb.*, gum; **gommes**, *pl.*, 174 22;—O.F. *gomme.*

gouernaunce, *sb.*, government, behaviour, 334 12; 405 30; 478 26;—O.F. *gouvernance.*

Gouernayle, name given to syr Trystram's tutor and servant, meaning rudder, management, leader.

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[1] I can only explain this strange form (the hyphen is here not inserted in my edition, but is found in the Caxton) by supposing that the compositor, by breaking the word and printing "*gar-*" at the end of one line, forgot what he was to do, and put "*make*" at the beginning of the next. Malory most likely wrote "*gar-nysshe*" as in line 33 of the same page.

Gramercy, *adj. sb.*, grant-mercy, many thanks, 426 30.

gras, *sb.*, grass; **put hem to gras**, 85 1;—A.S. *græs.*

graunte, *adj.*, great, 565 20; **graunte sir**, 696 3; **graunt mercy**, 804 15;—O.F. *grand.*

graunte, *v.*, to grant, give, allow, agree; *inf.*, 762 16; **graunted**, *p.p.*, 12 27; **graunted**, *pt.*, 760 31;—A.F. *graunter.*

graythe, *v.*, to prepare, to dress; **graythed**, *pt.*, 171 34;—Icel. *greiða.*

gree, *sb.*, step, degree, worthiness, price, 447 31; 538 34;—O.F. *gre.*

greece, *sb.*, grease, 219 1; **the hart of greese**, 566 22;—O.F. *graisse.*

Grece, *sb.*, Greece, the country, 163.

grekysshe, *adj.*, Greek, 2 35.

grede, *adj.*, greedy, 179 23;—A.S. *grǽdig, grédig.*

greese, *sb.* *See* **greece.**

grette, grete, *adj.*; **gretter**, *comp.*, 38 8; **grettest**, *superl.*, 40 17;—A.S. *gréat.*

grese, *sb.*, step, stair; *pl.*, flight of steps; **gresys**, *pl.*, 716* 25;—O.F. *gre.*

greuaunce, *sb.*, hurt, grievance, 205 17;—O.F. *grevance.*

greue, *sb.*, grove, thicket; **greuys**, *pl.*, 208 35;—A.S. *gráf.*

grone, *v.*, to groan; **gronynge**, *p.prs.*, 283 37;—A.S. *grǽnian.*

grose, le (surname of Hellyas and Geryne), meaning the great, the stout;—O.F. *gros.*

grutche, *v.*, to grumble, grudge; *inf.*, 177 37;—O.F. *groucher.*

gryef, *sb.*, grief, 342 10;—O.F. *gref.*

grym, grymme, *adj.*, fierce, horrible, heavy, 93 18; 845 12; **grymly**, *adv.*, 206 31;—A.S. *grim.*

gryffon, *sb.*, griffin, 65 10; 176 8;—O.F. *griffon.*

grype, *v.*, to grip, to seize; **grypped**, *pt.*, 193 29; **gryped**, *pt.*, 239 23;—A.S. *gripan.*

grysyly, *adj.*, horrible, dreadful; **grysylyest**, *superl.*, 584 22;—A.S. *grislic.*

guldyssh, *adj.*, gilt, golden, 408 13;—deriv. from A.S. *gyldan.*

guttes, *sb. pl.*, the bowels, 169 9; 778 14;—A.S. *gut, geotan.*

guyse, *sb.*, way, manner, dress, behaviour, 747 26;—O.F. *guise.*

gyfte, *sb.*, gift, present, 69 7; **yeftes**, *pl.*, 453 5;—Icel. *gipt.*

gyue, *v.*, to give; **my herte gyueth me to the**, 214 10; 530 20; 708 29; **gaue**, *pt.*, 101 3; **gaf**, *pt.*, 46 36; 115 3; **yeue**, *inf.*, 38 11; **yeuen**, *p.p.*, 44 9; 61 36; 518 6; **gyuen**, *p.p.*, 15 2;—A.S. *gifan.*

gyle, *sb.*, guile, deceit, fraud, 77 2; 174 2;—O.F. *guile*, A.S. *wíl.*

gyrde, *v.*, to gird; **gyrd**, *pt.* and *p.p.*, 76 17, 19;—A.S. *gyrdan.*

gyrdyl, *sb.*, girdle, 849 16;—A.S. *gyrdel.*

gysarme, *sb.*, battle-axe, 248 2; **gysarms**, *pl.*, 155 4;—O.F. *guisarme.*

gyse, *sb.*, guise, manner, wise, 62 17;—A.S. *wise.*

gyse, *sb. pl.*, geese, 62 17;—A.S. *gés.*

haberion, *sb.*, habergeon, a piece of armour to defend the neck and breast, 677 18;—O.F. *hauberjon.*

hackney, *sb.*, small horse, nag, 304 33; **hakeneis**, *pl.*, 50 22; 448 32;—A.F. *hakenai, hakeney.*

haft, *sb.*, handle, 692 20; 848 27;—A.S. *hǽft.*

halle, *sb.*, hall, 264 19; **holle**, 264 22;—A.S. *heol*, O.F. *halle.*

hale and how, pull ho! *a cry of sailors*, 236 13.

halse, *v.*, to embrace; **halsed**, *pt.*, 304 37;—A.S. *healsian.*

handed, *adj.*, skilful, strong; **the fayrest and largest handed**, 213 27;—from A.S. *hand, hond.*

handsel, *sb.*, handsel, gift, earnest-money on a purchase, 297 30;—Icel. *handsal.*

hangers, *sb. pl.*, testicles, 474 18;—A.S. *hangian.*

hange, *v.*, to hang; **hangen**, *pl. prs.*, 184 36; **henge**, *pt.*, 193 12; 463 38;—A.S. *hange*, from *hón.*

harneis, *sb.*, armour, 406 14;—O.F. *harnois.*

harnest, *p.p.*, equipped, 324 23; **harnysed**, *p.p.*, 773 33.

hastynes, *sb.*, haste, hurry, 841 33.

hate, *v.*, to be called; **heteth**, *prs.*, 216 3;—A.S. *hatan.*

hauberk, *sb.*, a coat of ringed mail, armour protecting the neck, 58 21; 82 11;—O.F. *hauberc.*

hauke, *sb.*, hawk; *v.*, to hawk, 208 20; **hawkynge**, 276 33;—A.S. *heafoc.*

haute prynce, the, the high prince; surname of Galahad son of Launcelot, and of Galahad of Surluse.

haue, *v.*, to have, to take; *inf.*, 756 8; **hadde**, *pt.*, 489 28;—A.S. *habban.*

hayre, *sb.*, hair, 657 16; 713* 11; **here**, 83 22; **hayr**, 27 27; **heyre**, 362 19;—A.S. *hǣr*, *hér.*

hede, *sb.*, heed, care, 714* 27;—from A.S. *hédan.*

hede, *sb.*, head, 311 19; **heed**, 311 20; **heede**, 311 27; 465 1;—A.S. *héafod.*

hele, *sb.*, health, soundness, salvation, 705 20; 720 8;—A.S. *hǣlu.*

helme, *sb.*, helmet, 195 18; **helmet**, 195* 17; used for "men," 191 10;—A.S. *helm.*

helpe, *v.*, to help; **halp**, *pt.*, 91 28; 155 8; **holpen**, *p.p.*, 125 4;—A.S. *helpan.*

helthe, *sb.*, health, soundness, salvation, 631 88; 702 22;—A.S. *hǣlð.*

hem, *pron. pl.*, *dat.* and *acc.*, them, 37 27; 47 4; 85 21; 631 26;—A.S. *him*, *heom.*

heme, *v.*, to make a buzzing sound like bees, hum; **hemynge**, *p.prs.*, 583 2.—Of imitat. origin.

hens, *adv.*, hence, 267 36;—M.E. *hennes*, A.S. *heonan*, *hionan.*

heraude, *sb.*, herald; **heraudes**, *pl.*, 533 24;—O.F. *heraud*, *herault.*

her, *pron.*, their, 47 2; 101 13; 643 25; 816 11;—A.S. *hira*, *heora.*

herberowe, *sb.*, lodging, shelter, 243 35; **herberow**, 153 11; **herburgh**, 427 19; **herberowes**, *pl.*, 263 36;—Icel. *herbergi.*

herberowe, *v.*, to lodge, to provide shelter; **herborowed**, *pt.*, 180 19.

here, *v.*, to hear; *inf.*, 850 5; **herde**, *p.p.*, 703 33;—A.S. *héran.*

here, *sb.*, hair. *See* **hayre.**

hermyte, heremytage. *See* **ermyte, ermytage.**

herken, *v.*, to hearken, listen; *inf.*, 366 13; **herke**, *imperat.*, 703 36; **herkened**, *pt.*, 447 3;—A.S. *hyrcnian.*

herte, *sb.*, heart, 393 2; **hert**, 457 24;—A.S. *heorte.*

herte, *sb.*, hart, 566 22; **hert**, 65 17;—A.S. *heorot*, *heort.*

heruest, *sb.*, harvest, 815 9;—A.S. *haerfest.*

herytage, *sb.*, heritage, 652 38;—O.F. *heritage.*

hete, *sb.*, a hit, 584 26;—from Icel. *hitta.*

hethe, *sb.*, heath, 845 31;—A.S. *hǣð.*

hethen, *adj.*, heathen, 2 31; 643 22;—A.S. *hǣðen.*

heue, *v.*, heave, raise; *prs.*, 72 12; 847 18;—A.S. *hebban.*

hewe, *sb.*, hue, colour, 165 9;—A.S. *hiw.*

hewe, *v.*, to hew, to knock; **hewe**, *pt.*, 463 18; hewen, *p.p.*, 27 26; 97 38;—A.S. *héawan.*

heyer, *sb.*, heir, successor, 164 27.

heyȝte, *sb.*, height, 165 19;—A.S. *heáhðu*, *héhðu.*

hit, hyt, *pron.*, it, 61 5; 131 37; 148 6;—A.S. *hit.*

ho, *interj.*, stop! hold on! 61 9.

hole, *adj.*, whole, entire, 722 24;—A.S. *hál.*

holsome, *adj.*, wholesome, 100 26.—*Compare* Icel. *heilsamr.*

holte, *sb.*, a wood, holt, a wooded hill, grove; **holtys**, *pl.*, 175 34;—A.S. *holt.*

honger, *sb.*, hunger, 652 27; **hongre**, 651 35;—A.S. *hungor.*

holde, *v.*, to hold, observe, keep; **hylde**, *pt.*, 48 19; **holydyn**, *p.p.*, 44 22; **helde**, *pt.*, 59 20.

houe, *v.*, remain, hover, wait about; **houed**, *pt.*, 145 15; **houynge**, *p.prs.*, 99 28.

hool, *adj.*, whole, sound, 36 12; **holer**, *comp.*, 72 19;—A.S. *hál.*

hoolly, *sb.*, holly, 155 34;—A.S. *holen*, *holegn.*

hoost, hooste, *sb.*, host, army, 36 4; 61 3;—A.F. *ost*, *host.*

hore, *adj.*, hoar, hairy, white or grayish-white, aged, 96 5; **holtes hore**, 853 9;—A.S. *hár.*

hors lytter, *sb.*, a vehicle containing a bed, drawn by horses, 399 14; **hors lyttar**, 39 20;—A.S. *hors* and O.F. *litiere*.

horsbere, *sb.*, horse-bier, carriage or frame of wood for bearing the dead to the grave, hearse, 135 23.

hostage, *sb.*, preparation for battle or war, 463 6;—A.F. *hostage*.

hostry, *sb.*, inn, 80 5.

houghbone, *sb.*, the bone at the joint on the hind-leg of a quadruped; the back part of the knee-joint, 596 20;—A.S. *hoh* and *bán*.

hous, hows, *sb.*, the house, 100 16; 143 12;—A.S. *hus*.

housel, *v.*, to housel, to administer the Eucharist; **houseld**, *p.p.*, 452 7; 702 4; **howselyd**, *p.p.*, 858* 25;—from A.S. *húsel*.

how be it, *adj.*, howbeit, notwithstanding, 317 10.

hurte, *v.*, to hurt; **hurte**, *p.p.*, 134 36; 703 10; 764 32; **hurte**, *pt.*, 20 14;—O.F. *hurter*, *heurter*. *Compare* A.S. *hyrt*, wounded.

hurtle, *v.*, to rush, to dash against, to throw down; **hurtled**, *pt.*, 71 29; 195* 7; **hurlynge**, *p.prs.*, 226 36; **hurled**, *pt.*, 764 32.

husbondman, *sb.*, working farmer, husbandman, 166 7;—Icel. *húsbondi*, A.S. *man*.

hyde, *v.*, to hide; **hyd**, *p.p.*, 62 24; 77 37; **hydde**, *pt.*, 719 23; 849 2;—A.S. *hýdan*.

hyder, *adv.*, hither, 110 34; 521 25; **hyther**, 215 5; **hydder**, 761 23;—A.S. *hider*, *hiðer*.

hyderto, *adv.*, hitherto, 846 35.

hyhenes, *sb.*, highness, 487 36;—A.S. *héah*, *heh*, and *nysse*.

hyhe, *adj.*, high, 670 27;—A.S. *héah*.

hye, hyhe, *v.*, to hie, hasten; **hyhe**, *imperat.*, 465 7; **hyhe** me, 80 13; **hye** yow, 37 10;—A.S. *higian*, *higan*.

hylle, *sb.*, hill, 714* 15; **hyllys**, *pl.*, 175 34;—A.S. *hyll*.

hylte, *sb.*, hilt, handle; **hyltys**, *pl.*, 95 36;—A.S. *hilt*.

hynde, *sb.*, hind, female of a stag, 764 17;—A.S. *hind*.

hyr, *pron.*, her, 109 4;—A.S. *hire*.

hystoryal, *adj.*, historical, 1 3;—Lat. *historia*.

hyther, *adv.* *See* **hyder**.

hyt, *pron.* *See* **hit**.

hytte, *v.*, to hit; **hyt**, *pt.*, 71 15; **hitte**, *pt.*, 412 23;—Icel. *hitta*.

incontynent, *adj.*, *adv.*, incontinent, immediately, at once, 162 21;—Lat. *incontinent-*, from *incontinens*.

incoronation, *sb.*, coronation, 44 24.

indignacyon, *sb.*, indignation, 43 14;—Lat. *indignationem*.

infydeles, *sb. pl.*, the infidels, heathen, 163 38; **myscreantes**, *pl.*, 860 38;—Lat. *infidelis*.

intronysacyon, *sb.*, enthronement, coronation, 182 11.

ire, *sb.*, anger, 313 23;—Lat. *ira*. *See also* **yre**.

ialous, *adj.*, jealous, 203 9; 407 32;—O.F. *jalous*.

ialousye, *sb.*, jealousy, 293 3; (**ialousnes**, 407 32);—O.F. *jalousie*.

iape, *sb.*, joke, jest, mockery, 113 11;—from O.F. *japper*.

iaper, *sb.*, jester, buffoon, 335 35.

iarfaucon, *sb.*, a kind of falcon, 254 31; **ierfaucon**, 601 21;—Lat. *gyrofalconem*. *See also* **gerfaucon**.

iay, *sb.*, jay, bird of the crow family with gay plumage, 582 30;—O.F. *geai*.

ieopardy, *sb.*, jeopardy, hazard, danger, 108 15.

ieoparde, *v.*, jeopard, jeopardise; *inf.*, 74 15; 471 30;—from O.F. *jeu parti*.

iesseraunte, *sb.*, a short cuirass of fine mail; **iesseraunce**, 619 11;—O.F. *jazerant*, *iaseran*.

iocounde, *adj.*, joyous, pleasant, 249 6.

iuge, *v.*, to judge; *prs.*, 134 14; **iuged**, *pt.*, 109 12; *p.p.*, 564 15;—O.F. *juger*.

iugement, *sb.*, judgement, 152 30;—A.F. *jugement*.

iuste, *v.*, to joust, encounter, approach; **ioustyng**, *p.prs.*, 41 16;—A.F. *jouster*.

iuster, *sb.*, champion, 71 10; **iustar**, 441 29.

iustes, *sb. pl.*, tournaments, 41 12;—A.F. *joustes*.

kay, *sb.*, key; **kayes**, *pl.*, 633 9;—A.S. *cæg*, *cæge*.

kechen, *sb.*, kitchen, 214 27; **kechyn**, 215 17;—A.S. *cycene*, *cicen*.

kele, *v.*, to cool; *inf.*, 421 1; **keleth**, *prs.*, 771 31;—A.S. *célan*.

kempe, *sb.*, warrior, champion; **kempys**, *pl.*, 223 31;—A.S. *cempa*.

kepar, *sb.*, keeper, 139 29.

kepe, *sb.*, heed; 294 10; 629 29.

kepe, *v.*, to keep, observe, regard; *inf.*, 831 35; **kepe**, *imperat.*, 364 14; 407 12; **kepest**, *prs.*, 472 21; **kepte**, *pt.*, 326 20; **kepte**, *p.p.*, 42 25; 406 15;—A.S. *cépan*.

kertyl, *sb.*, kirtle, short gown, or tunic, 168 8;—A.S. *cyrtel*.

kerue, *v.*, to carve; **keruyng**, *p.prs.*, 693 28;—A.S. *ceorfan*.

ketche, *v.*, to catch; *inf.*, 229 12; **caughte**, *pt.*, 58 34;—O.F. *cacher*.

keuer, *v.*, to cover; **keuerd**, *p.p.*, 416 32;—A.F. *covrir*.

keuerchyef, *sb.*, a square piece of cloth, 172 10;—O.F. *covre-chef*, *couvre-chef*.

keueryng, *sb.*, the covering (of a shield), 663 35; **keuerynge**, 448 7.

knaue, *sb.*, knave, servant, 177 31; **knauys**, *pl.*, 177 32;—A.S. *cnafa*.

knowlege, *sb.*, knowledge, 31 4; **knouleche**, 749 11.

knowleche, *v.*, to acknowledge, to learn, to tell; *inf.*, 162 21; **knowleched**, *pt.*, 14 19;—from A.S. *cnawan*, with the Icel. suff. *-leikr*.

knowlechynge, *sb.*, the acknowledgment, acknowledging, 822 14; 773 13.

knowe, *v.*, to know; *inf.*, 182 1; 216 5; **knowen**, *prs. pl.*, 379 17; 729 8; **kno** (!), *p.p.*, 1 18; **knowen**, *p.p.*, 549 30; **knewe**, *pt.*;—A.S. *cnáwan*.

knyghthode, *sb.*, knighthood, 354 24; 767 33;—A.S. *cnihthád*.

knylle, *v.*, to knell; *inf.*, 856* 6;—A.S. *cnyll*, a knell.

knytte, *v.*, to knit, bind, join; **knyt**, *p.p.*, 450 1;—A.S. *cnyttan*.

kutte, *v.*, to cut; **kytte**, *pt.*, 781 29.

kybbet, *sb.*, cubit, a measure employed by the ancients equal to the length of the arm from the elbow to the tip of the middle-finger, 858* 10;—Lat. *cubitus*.

kyen, *sb. pl.*, cows, 103 16;—A.S. *cý*, from sing. *cú*.

kylle, *v.*, to strike, kill; *inf.*, 764 13; **kyld**, *p.p.*, 65 38; **kylled**, *pt.*, 327 13; **kylled**, *p.p.*, 326 19.

kynde, *sb.*, kind, nature, race, 582 28; 708 36;—A.S. *cynde*, *gecynd*.

kynne, *sb.*, kin, kind, generation, 83 31; 513 19;—A.S. *cynn*.

kynreed, *sb.*, kindred, 243 5; **kynred**, 243 11;—A.S. *cynn* and *ræden*.

kysse, *v.*, to kiss; **kyst**, *pt.*, 78 38; 68 20; **kyssed**, *pt.*, 82 36;—A.S. *cyssan*.

laddre, *sb.*, ladder; **laddres**, *pl.*, 180 37;—A.S. *hlæder*.

ladyl, *sb.*, ladle, a large spoon for ladling or dipping out liquid from a vessel, 219 6;—A.S. *hlædel*.

lady les, *adj.*, ladyless, without a lady, 312 19.

langage, *sb.*, language, 405 19;—A.F. *langage*.

langaged, *adj.*, having a way of speaking, 272 11.

langer, *v.*, loiter, saunter about; **langerynge**, *p.prs.*, 369 21.

lande, *sb.*, land, country; **landes**, *pl.*, 830 34; **lendes**, *pl.*, 831 31.

lappe, *v.*, to wrap; **lapped**, *pt.*, 274 18; 737 2; **lapped**, *p.p.*, 205 35. *See* Skeat, Dict.

largesse, *sb.*, bounty, largess, 539 26; **your largenesse**, 134 23;—A.F. *largesse*.

lasshe, *v.*, to dash against; **lasshyed**, *pt.*, 203 4; **lasshed**, *pt.*, 403 38; 472 33.

late, *adj.*, *adv.*, slow, late, lately, 652 21;—A.S. *læt*.

laton, *sb.*, brass, bronze, 88 25; **latoen**, 184 37;—O.F. *laton*.

laughe, *v.*, to laugh; **laugh**, *prs.*, 99 8; **lough**, *pt.*, 45 29; 99 8;—A.S. *hlehhan*.

laules, *adj.*, lawless, 64 6.

launde, *sb.*, a wild, bushy plain, a waste field, 145 14, 23;—A.F. *launde*.

lawde, *sb.*, praise, 747 35;—Lat. *laudem*.

lawe, *sb.*, law; **lawes**, *pl.*, 760 14.

layne, *v.*, to hide (in Old Norse the verb has this meaning, whereas in A.S. *lígnian* means to deny); *inf.*, 798 14; *prs.*, 747 14.

laye, *v.*, to lay; *inf.*, 837 7; **laydest**, *second p.prs.*, 837 8; **leye**, *imperat.*, 206 32; **layde**, *p.p.*, 126 14; **laid**, *pt.*, 188 34; **layen**, *p.p.*, 29 ~~22~~ 31; **laide**, *p.p.*, 760 27; **leyd**, *pt.*, 658 30;—A.S. *lecgan.*

layte, *sb.*, lightning, 706 30.

lazarcote, *sb.*, hut or cottage for lepers, 16 21; 376 35;—Church Lat. *lazari* and A.S. *cot.*

leare, *sb.*, cheek, face; **learys**, *pl.*, 371 4;—A.S. *líra.*

leche, *sb.*, physician; **leches**, *pl.*, 371 4;—A.S. *læce.*

lecheoure, *sb.*, glutton, dissolute person, 727 3;—A.F. *lecheur.*

lechery, *sb.*, lewdness, 641 33;—A.F. *lecherie.*

lede, *v.*, to lead, carry; *inf.*, 378 12; **lede**, *prs.*, 621 32; **lad**, *pt*, 54 4; **ladde**, *pt.*, 9 5; **ledde**, *pt.*, 11 29; 531 28; **ledde**, *p.p.*, 549 15; **ladde**, *p.p.*, 54 38; 319 7;—A.S. *lædan.*

leder, *sb.*, leader, guide, 387 35; 753 26.

leder, *sb.*, leather, 448 4;—A.S. *leþer.*

leed, *sb.*, lead, 174 23;—A.S. *léad.*

leef, lyef, *adj.*, dear, beloved, glad, 101 16; 849 8; **leuer**, *comp.*, 71 36; 745 21; **moost leuest**, *superl.*, 144 35;—A.S. *léof.*

legacyon, *sb.*, legation, the person or persons sent as legatees or ambassadors; but here the word means their patent as such, 175 10;—O.F. *legation.*

lege, *sb.*, a league; **leges**, *pl.*, 428 35; **leghes**, *pl.*, 601 14;—O.F. *legue.*

legeaunce, *sb.*, allegiance, 177 17;—O.F. *ligeance.*

lene, *v.*, to lend, grant; *imperat.*, 740 8; *inf.*, 96 25; 374 5;—A.S. *lænan.*

lene, *adj.*, lean, 102 3;—A.S. *hláene.*

lemman, *sb.*, lover, sweetheart, 11 31;—A.S. *léofman.*

lepe, *v.*, to leap; **lepte**, *pt.*, 104 26;—A.S. *hléapan.*

lepe, *sb.*, a leap, jump, 104 26.

lerne, *v.*, to learn, teach; *inf.*, 197 10;—A.S. *leornian.*

lese, *v.*, to lose; *inf.*, 450 13; **lose**, *inf.*, 312 3; **lese**, *prs.*, 59 37;—A.S. *léosan.*

lesses les aler, cry of the heralds at a tournament to start the knights, *laissez les aller!* let them (horses) run, 786 28.

leste, *superl.*, least, 145 30;—A.S. *læst.*

lete, *v.*, to let, cause, leave; **late**, *imperat.*, 168 24; 846 30; **lete**, *imper.*, 754 10;—A.S. *látan.*

lette, *v.*, to hinder, to make late; *inf.*, 453 37; 841 10; **letted**, *p.p.*, 11 11;—A.S. *lettan.*

leued, *adj.*, covered with leaves, 191 6;—from A.S. *léaf.*

lewde, *adj.*, unlearned, ignorant; **lewdest**, *superl.*, 74 32;—A.S. *læwed.*

leyser, *sb.*, leisure, 126 10; 667 23; **leysers**, *pl.*, 474 35;—A.F. *leisir.*

lieutenaunt, *sb.*, lieutenant, 427 23;—A.F. *lieutenant.*

londage, *sb.*, landing, coming ashore, 841 10.

long, *adj.* and *adv.*, tall, long, 36 29; **not lenger**, *comp.*, 82 33; **lengest**, *superl.*, 757 23;—A.S. *lang.*

longe, *adv.*, dependent on, or owing to, 657 35; generally in M.E. *i-long*;—A.S. *gelang.*

longe, *v.*, to belong; **longyng vnto vow**, 59 28; **longed**, *pt.*, 43 1.

lose, *v.*, to set free; **lose**, *imperat.*, 589 13; **losed**, *pt.*, 24 28; **loused**, 564 27;—A.S. *lésan, lósian.*

lothe, loth, *adj.*, hostile, hateful, grievous, unpleasant, unwilling, 151 33;—A.S. *lád.*

lotles, *adj.*, without harm, uninjured, 419 7.

lordes, *sb. pl.*, the aristocracy, contrary to the "comyns," the people, 41 4; 43 26;—A.S. *hláford.*

lous, loos, *adj.*, free, loose, 366 27; 389 21;—A.S. *leás.*

lough, *pt.* of **laughe**.

lune, *sb.*, a leash, a thong of leather by which a falconer holds his hawk; **lunys**, *pl.*, 208 13;—M.H.G. *líne.*

luske, *sb.*, a lazy, idle, good-for-nothing person, 219 6.

lyar, lyer, *sb.*, lier, 84 38; 823 19, 28;—A.S. *léogere.*

lybard, *sb.*, leopard, 355 31; 533 15; 572 23; 579 5;—O.F. *libbard.*

lyberte, *sb.*, liberty, 3 37; 821 33; —O.F. *liberteit.*

lyckly, *adv.*, likely, 205 19;—A.S. *líclic.*

lycours, *adj.*, lecherous, dainty, 771 34;—deriv. from O.F. *lecher.*

lyef, *adj.* *See* **leef.**

lyft, *adj.*, left, 387 2. *See* Skeat, Dict.

lyfte, *v.*, to lift, 125 5;—Icel. *lypta.*

lygement, *sb.*, 686 24 (W. de Worde has *alegement;* Sir E. Strachey reads *aligement*); ? ligament, bandage, or alleviation.[1]

lygge, *v.*, to lie; *inf.*, 181 26; **lyggest**, *prs.*, 841 26; **lyggynge**, *p.prs.*, 150 31; **leyne**, *p.p.*, 715* 21; **layne**, *p.p.*, 188 34; 581 11; **lay**, *pt.*, 717 11; **lyen**, *p.p.*, 35 12; **lyenge**, *p.prs.*, 761 10;—A.S, *licgan.*

lygnage, *sb.*, lineage, descent, parentage, 177 16; 451 14;—A.F. *linage.*

lygne, *sb.*, line, 177 15;—A.S. *line*, Lat. *linea.*

lyke, *v.*, to please; *impers.*, **hit lyketh the**, 222 10; **how lyketh yow**, 215 26;—A.S. *lícian* (*lícan*).

lymme, *sb.*, limb, 844 9;—A.S. *lim.*

lyste, *sb.*, mind, desire, lust, 376 14.

lyste, *v. impers.*, to desire; **me lyst**, 71 34; **ye lyst**, 61 20;—A.S. *lystan.*

lyste, *v.*, to listen; **lystned**, *pt.*, 708 21; 710 23; **lest**, *pt.*, 435 37;—? A.S. *hlystan, ge-hlystan.*

lystes, *sb. pl.*, the lists, the enclosed field for the tournament, 306 27; —A.F. *listes.*

lytel, *adj.*, small, little, 714* 31; **lytil**, 59 15;—A.S. *lytel.*

lythe, *sb.*, joint, limb, member, 116 10;—A.S. *liðe.*

lyttyer, *sb.*, a vehicle containing a bed, 784 20; **lyttar**, 39 20; **lytter**, 399 14;—O.F. *litiere.*

mageste, *sb.*, majesty, 721 20;—Lat. *majestatem*, O.F. *majestet.*

make, *v.*, to make; **maade**, *pt.*, 759 26; **maad**, *pt.*, 7 23; **maad**, *p.p.*, 2 6; **made**, *pt.*, 17 15; **made**, *pt.*, 23 34;—A.S. *macian.*

makeles, *adj.*, matchless, 322 15; 540 26.

maker, *sb.*, maker, writer, author, 562 32; **makers**, *pl.*, 860* 31.

Maledysaunt, name given to a damsel going with syr Breunor; = *mal disant*, ill speaking.

male ease, *sb.*, sickness, indisposition, uneasiness, 338 2;—O.F. *malaise.*

male engyne, *sb.*, evil disposition, malice, wickedness, wicked trick, 733 5 (*compare* Spenser's "Faery Queene," *Malengin*);—A.F. *malengin.*

male fortune, *sb.*, misfortune, accident, 356 8; 392 21;—O.F. *malfortune.*

male tayle, la cote, surname of syr Breunor; *la cote mal tayllée*, the badly shaped coat.

malyce, *sb.*, evil, malice, 734 31;—A.F. *malice.*

manoyre, *sb.*, manor, house, castel, 193 14; **manoir**, 134 17; **manayr**, 195 35; **manore**, 196 12;—A.F. *manere.*

marbyl, *sb.*, marbel, 138 3;—O.F. *marbre.*

marche, *sb.*, district, province, border of a territory, border lands; **marches**, *pl.*, 297 22;—A.F. *marche.*

mare, *sb.*, mare, female of a horse; **mares sone**, 779 22; **marys sone**, 837 27;—A.S. *mere.*

mareyse, *sb.*, marsh, tract of low wet land, a morass, swamp, 205 5; **mareis**, 413 17; **maryse, marys**, 208 8;—O.F. *marois.*

maronner, maryner, *sb.*, sailor; **maronners**, *pl.*, 514 10; 518 2; **maryners**, *pl.*, 236 13.

marre, *v.*, to injure by cutting off a part, to mar, disfigure; **marred**, *p.p.*, 584 3;—A.S. *ámyrran.*

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[1] As the passage in the text runs "be to me a lygement of penaunce vnto my foules helthe," it is very probable that the prefix *a-* is dropped after the indefinite article.

martre, *v.*, to torment; **martred**, *p.p.*, 707 18;—A.F. *martirer*.

masse peny, *sb.*, offering at the altar, 762 29.

matchecold, *adj.*, having holes within the parapets of the walls for pouring stones or molten lead through, machicolated, 226 8.

matere, mater, *sb.*, matter, material, stuff, subject, 425 34; **maters**, *pl.*, 727 18;—O.F. *matere*.

matyns, *sb.*, morning prayer or service, 40 19;—O.F. *matins*.

maugre, *sb.*, ill-will, 405 28; 807 12.

maulgre, magre, *prep.*, in spite of, 714 21; 70 35; **maulgre her (thy) (your) hede**, 418 19; 437 32; 701 36;—O.F. *maugre*.

may, *prs.*, may, can, 4 2; 35 26; **maye**, 759 23; **maiste**, *second pers. prs.*, 343 24; **maxste**, 131 14; **mayst**, 472 30; **maist**, 405 24; **myȝt**, *pt.*, 111 35; **myght**, *pt.*, 2 11; **myghte**, *pt.*, 754 4;—A.S. *mæg*, *meahte*, *mihte*, inf. *mugan*.

maye, *v.*, to go maying; **mayeng**, *p.prs.*, 772 10.

maylle, *sb.*, mail, defensive armour for the body, formed of steel rings or network;—O.F. *maille*.

mayme, *sb.*, bruise, injury, lameness, the deprivation of any essential part; **maymes**, *pl.*, 57 10;—O.F. *mehaing*.

mayme, *v.*, to render lame, defective, paralyse; **maymed**, *pt.*, 87 2; *p.p.*, 108 20.

mayneal, *adj.*, homely (generally in M.E. *meyneal*), 430 35.

mayntene, *v.*, to support; *inf.*, 657 1; *prs.*, 291 20;—A.F. *meyntener*.

mayntene, *sb.*, royal household, means of support, maintenance, 163 4;—O.F. *meyntien*.

mayster, *sb.*, master, governor, 151 38;—O.F. *maistre*.

maystresse, *sb.*, mistress, 538 3;—O.F. *maistresse*.

maystrye, *sb.*, mastery, 42 6; **maystry**, 467 36; **maystryes**, *pl.* 215 24; 542 9;—O.F. *maistrie*.

medle, *sb.*, medley, fight, combat, 56 6;—O.F. *medle*.

medowe, *sb.*, meadow; **medowes**, *pl.*, 202 3.—*Compare* A.S. *mǣdwe*.

megre, *adj.*, meagre, lean, 568 9;—O.F. *maigre*.

mekely, *adv.*, meekly, 122 33;—from Icel. *mjúkr*.

mencyon, mensyon, *sb.*, commemorative inscription, mention, 571 17; 788 12;—O.F. *mention*.

mene, *v.*, mean, signify, intent; **ment**, *pt.*, 296 20;—A.S. *mǣnan*.

merueyllous, *adj.*, marvellous, 614 5; **meruayllous**, 5 2; **merueilloust**, *superl.*, 278 35;—O.F. *merveillos*.

merueylle, *sb.*, marvel, wonder, 236 7; **meruayl**, 3 1; **merueill**, 235 10; 241 18; **merueyles**, *pl.*, 723 17;—O.F. *merveille*.

merueylle, *v.*, to wonder, to be astonished; **meruelle**, *imperat.*, 576 29; **merueyled**, *pt.*;—O.F. *merveiller*.

mery, *adj.*, merry, pleasant, bright, 404 28;—A.S. *merg*.

meschyef, *sb.*, mischief, ill-fortune, 210 7; 651 35; *vb.*, to come to mischief, to be destroyed or injured;—O.F. *meschief*.

mescreaunt, *adj.* and *sb.*, miscreant, not believing, infidel; **mescreaunts, Sarasyns**, 135 30; **myscreantes**, *pl.*, 465 30; 860 38; **mescreaunts**, *pl.*, 406 11;—O.F. *mescreant*.

mesel, *sb.*, leper (here probably leprosy is meant), 705 16;—A.F. *mesel*.

messager, messagyer, *sb.*, messenger, 254 40; 277 27; *pl.*, 423 16;—A.F. *messager*.

mete, *sb.*, meat, food, meal, feast, 551 11;—A.S. *mete*.

mete, *adj.*, fitting, suitable, meet, 290 9.—*Compare* A.S. *mǣte*.

mete, *v.*, to meet, encounter; *inf.*, 94 15; **metten**, *pl. prs.*, 10 33; **mette**, *pt.*, 11 36; **mette**, *p.p.*, 355 1; **met**, *p.p.*, 83 19;—A.S. *mêtan*.

meuable, *adj.*, movable, 827 1.

meue, *v.*, to move, suggest; *inf.*, 40 33; 321 29; **meued**, *pt.*, 37 35; 384 8; **moeued**, *p.p.*, 779 18;—A.F. *movoir*, Lat. *mouēre*.

meule, *sb.*, mule, 267 35; **mules**, *pl.*, 186 7;—O.F. *meule.*

meyny, *sb.*, household, retinue, company, 430 35; 525 7; **meyne**, 165 14;—O.F. *meisnee.*

moche, *adj.* and *adv.*, great, much, 35 37; 36 7; **a moche man**, 802 16.

mocke, *v.*, to mock; **mocqued**, *pt.*, 12 24; **mocked**, *pt.*, 19 35; **mocked**, *p.p.*, 87 15;—O.F. *mocquer.*

moeued, *p.p.* *See* **meue.**

molle, *sb.*, a mole, 239 1;—from A.S. *molde-warp.*

mone, *sb.*, the moon, 403 13;—A.S. *mōna.*

montayne, *sb.*, mountain, 264 36; **mountayne**, 266 11; 662 15;—O.F. *montagne.*

monstre, *sb.*, monster, 704 34;—O.F. *monstre.*

moost, *adj. superl.*, greatest, principal, chief, 46 5; 502 12; 695 8; 840 29;—A.S. *mǣst.*

mordre, *sb.*, murder, 118 15;—A.S. *morðer.*

more, *adj.* and *adv.*; *comp.*, more, greater, 218 23; 425 26; **moo**, 45 26; 415 28; 443 5;—A.S. *mára, má.* 39.31

morne, *sb.*, morning; **on the morne**, ~~39 11~~; **to morne**, ~~39 10~~ (*but also* **to morrowe**, 70 16, 17);—A.S. *morgen.*

error 39.30

morne, *v.*, to mourn; **morneth**, *prs.*, 117 8; **mornyng**, *p.prs.*, 146 27; 406 1;—A.S. *murnan.*

morsel, *sb.*, morsel, 675 3;—A.F. *morsel.*

mortalyte, *sb.*, mortality, 459 24;—O.F. *mortalite.*

mote, *sb.*, note on the huntsman's horn; **motys**, *pl.*, 223 20;—O.F. *mot.*

mote, *first pers. sing.*, may, must, 67 9;—A.S. *mōt.*

mountenaunce, *sb.*, amount, duration, 218 1; 444 10; 463 22;—A.F. *mountance.*

mowe, *v.*, to be able; *inf.*, 122 26;—? A.S. **mugan* (*compare* Sievers' Gram.).

mowth, *sb.*, mouth, face, 848 10;—A.S. *mūð.*

moyane, *sb.*, means; **by the moyane**, by means of, 6 4; 21 19; **moyan**, 10 23; **moyne**, 16 11; **meane**, 11 30; **menes**, 394 35; **meanys**, *pl.*, 840 14;—A.F. *mene*, O.F. *meiain*, F. *moyen.*

muffle, *v.*, to wrap up as with a muff, to blindfold; **muffeld**, *p.p.*, 311 17;—O.F. *mofle, moufle.*

multyplyer, *sb.*, one who multiplies or increases, 652 25.

murdre, *v.*, to murder; *inf.*, 152 15.

murtherer, *sb.*, murderer, 251 10; 428 32.—*Compare* A.S. *morðor.*

muse, *v.*, to ponder, wonder; **musyd**, *pt.*, 457 1;—O.F. *muser.*

musyke, *sb.*, music, 276 31; 422 19;—Lat. *musica.*

myddel, *adj.* and *sb.*, middle, waist, 72 1;—A.S. *middel.*

myghty, *adj.*, mighty, 621 1; **myghtyest**, *superl.*, 438 34;—A.S. *mihtig, meahtig.*

mykel, *adj.* and *adv.*, great, much, 37 3; 371 22; 434 2;—A.S. *micel.*

myle, *sb.*, mile, 430 25;—O.F. *mile.*

myn, *pron. poss.*, my, 686 34;—A.S. *mīn.*

myneuer, *sb.*, meniver, white fur with black specks, ermine, 593 24;—O.F. *menu ver, menu vair.*

mynster, *sb.*, minster, monastery, 613 29; 620 1;—A.S. *mynster.*

myre, *sb.*, mire, dirt, 112 11; 140 26.—*Compare* Icel. *myri.*

myrthe, *sb.*, *sing.*, mirth, joy, 37 37; **myrthes**, *pl.*, 500 1; 562 21;—A.S. *myrgð, myrð.*

mysauenture, *sb.*, misfortune, accident, 134 2;—O.F. *mesauenture.*

mysbyleuers, *sb. pl.*, infidels, 631 12; **mysbeleuyng men**, 178 38; **myscreantes**, 860 38.

myscomforte, *v.*, lose courage, despair; *imperat.*, 460 30.

mys creature, *sb.*, cripple, monster, disfigured creature, 692 8.

mysdede, *sb.*, bad deed, fault, crime, 683 32;—A.S. *misdǣd.*

mysdoo, *v.*, to do amiss; *inf.*, 181 7; **mysdoo**, *p.p.*, 686 22.

mysease, *sb.*, uneasiness, 367 27.

mysere, *sb.*, misery, 84 34;—Lat. *miseria.*

myshap, *sb.*, misfortune, accident, 134 2; 472 24.

myssay, *v.*, abuse, rebuke, slander; *inf.*, 342 9; **myssaid**, *pt.*, 341 23; **myssayenge**, *verbal noun*, 229 33; **myssayed**, *pt.*, 229 34.

mysse, *v.*, to lack, miss; *inf.*, 78 38; **myst**, 405 1; **mys**, 731 18;—A.S. *missan*, *myssian*.

myster, *sb.*, need, want; *also* business, art, occupation, trade, 57 18; 59 5; 224 35;—O.F. *mestier*, *mester*.

naturel, *adj.*, natural, 406 3; 649 2;—O.F. *naturel*.

nauel, *sb.*, navel, 199 9; 645 1; **nauyl**, 167 19;—A.S. *nafela*.

ne, *adv.* and *conj.*, not, nor, 109 16;—A.S. *ne*.

nece, *sb.*, niece, 717 36;—A.F. *nece*, *niece*.

neclygence, *sb.*, negligence, 771 12;—O.F. *negligence*.

nemly, *adv.*, nimbly, actively, quickly, 596 17;—A.S. *numol*. *See* **nymel**.

nerre, *adj.* and *adv.*; *comp.*, nearer, 838 14;—A.S. *néarra*.

nether, *adj. comp.*, lower; *adv.*, below, 294 12;—A.S. *neoðera*, *neoðra*.

newe fangle, *adj.*, new fangled, marked by the affectation of novelty, desiring new things, 841 5.—*See* Skeat, Dict.

next, *adj.*, = nearest, 760 35.

neyder, *neg. pron.* and *conj.* *See* **nother**.

neye, **neyhe**, *v.*, to neigh (horse); **neye**, *inf.*, 186 1; **neyhed**, *pt.*, 415 20;—A.S. *hnǽgan*.

neysshe, *adj.*, tender, soft, 641 8;—A.S. *hnesce*.

noblesse, *sb.*, nobility, worthy behaviour, 99 4; 387 29; **nobylnesse**, 585 12;—A.F. *noblesse*.

nobley, *sb.*, splendour, dignity, nobility, assembly of nobles, 316 9; 422 32;—A.F. *noblei*.

nobyl, *adj.*, noble, of noble birth, 849 1;—A.F. *noble*.

nold, *pt.*, s., would not, 705 31. *See* **nylle**.

nombre, **nomber**, *sb.*, number, 1 26; 601 23; 633 11;—O.F. *nombre*.

nonnerye, *sb.*, nunnery, 854 2;—O.F. *nonnerie*.

noselynge, *adv.*, on the nose, headlong, 695 21;—A.S. *nosu* and *gelang*.

not for thenne, *adv.*, nevertheless, notwithstanding, 680 7.

nother, *neg. pron.* and *adv.*, neither, 214 14; **nouther**, 775 21; **neyder**, 818 18; **neyther**;—A.S. *náhwæðer*.

notoyrly, *adv.*, notoriously, 1 11;—Late Lat. *notorius*.

not withstandynge, *adv.*, notwithstanding, 453 1.

nourisshe, *v.*, to feed, nourish; *inf.*, 37 2; *prs.*, 38 35; **nourisshynge**, *p.prs.*, 38 27, 34; **nourysshed**, *p.p.*, 39 10;—O.F. *noriss-*, *p.prs.* of *norir*.

now and now, *adv.*, now and then, 211 33.

noughte, *neg. pron.* and *adv.*, nothing, not, 684 14; 831 16;—A.S. *náwiht*.

noyous, *adj.*, hurtful, annoying, 701 2.

noyre le, the black, surname of syr Breunor, probably wearing black armour.

nouryture, *sb.*, food, nourishment, 6 6; **nurture**, 276 24;—O.F. *nouriture*.

nygromancye, *sb.*, magic, sorcery, necromancy, 38 5;—O.F. *nigromance*.

nylle, *first* and *third pers. sing.*, will not, 45 27; **nyl**, 81 32; 297 32; **nylt**, 641 17;—A.S. *nyllan*.

nymel, *adj.*, quick, nimble, active, 312 27;—A.S. *numol*.—*Compare* **nemly**.

nys, *third pers. sing.*, is not, 39 28; 804 9; *etc.*

nyst, *third pers. sing.* and *pl.*, knew not, 190 22; 677 3; 729 12; 784 13; 821 10;—A.S. *nytan*.

obeyssaunce, *sb.*, obedience, 45 25;—A.F. *obeisaunce*.

ofte, *adv.*, often; **oftsydes**, oftentimes, 173 32; **ofte**, 686 16, seems to be misprinted for **efte**, = again;—A.S. *oft*.

oke, *sb.*, oak, 203 28;—A.S. *ǽc*, *æc*.
oldenes, *sb.*, age, old age, 715* 33;—A.S. *ealdnysse*.
olyfante, *sb.*, elephant; **olyfantes**, 236 15;—O.F. *olifant*.
on, *prep.*, on, at, in, among; **on lowde**, 564 35; **on lyue**, 100 20; **on slepe**, 380 12; **on hyghe**, 149 27; **on parte** (separately), 56 27;—A.S. *an*, *on*.
onles, onlesse, *adv.*, unless, 47 22; 446 6.—*See* Skeat, Dict.
ony, *pron. neg.*, any, 292 18; 415 28;—A.S. *ǽnig*.
oost, *sb.*, host, inn-keeper, 200 6;—O.F. *oste*, *hoste*.
or, *prep.*, *conj.*, *adv.*, before, ere, 237 19;—? A.S. *ǽr*.
ordenaunce, *sb.*, order, command, array, provision, 51 24;—A.F. *ordinance*.
ore, *sb.*, oar, 708 4;—A.S. *ár*.
orgule, *sb.*, pride, 858* 1;—O.F. *orguel* (*compare* A.S. *orgel*).
orgulous, *adj.*, proud, 827 19; **moost orgulist**, *superl.*, 840 6;—O.F. *orgueilleus*.
orgulyte, *sb.*, pride, 413 9; 523 33.
ornemente, *sb.*, ornament; **ornementys**, *pl.*, 711 16;—O.F. *ornement*.
orphelyn, *sb.*, orphan; surname of Alysaunder;—O.F. *orpheline*.
oryent, *sb.*, the East, 654 32;—A.F. *orient*.
oryson, *sb.*, prayer, orison, 645 6;—A.F. *oreison*.
oth, *sb.*, oath, 52 1;—A.S. *áð*.
otys, *sb. pl.*, oats, 111 7;—A.S. *áte*.
ouche, *sb.*, clasp, socket of a precious stone; **ouches**, *pl.*, 822 2 (M.E. generally *nouche*);—O.F. *nouche*, *nosche*, *nusche*.
ought, *sb.*, aught, anything;—A.S. *á-wiht*.
oultraguously, *adv.*, excessively, 444 32.
oute excepte, excepted, 102 11.
outerage, *sb.*, outrage, insult, 472 24;—O.F. *oltrage*, *outrage*.
oute taken, *p.p.*, excepted, 540 26. *Compare* **oute cepte**, 539 23.
outher, *conj.*, either, 140 4; 470 21; 726 13; 772 13; **outher els** = otherwise, 812 26;—A.S. *á-hwæðer*.
outragyousyte, *sb.*, outrage, 118 4.
ouer, *prep.* and *adv.*, over, above, beyond;—A.S. *ofer*.
ouer gouerne, *v.*, to govern over; **ouer gouernyd**, *p.p.*, 43 2.
ouer hylle, *v.*, to cover; **ouer hylled**, *pt.*, 444 16.
ouer hyp, *v.*, pass over, omit; *inf.*, 796 3.
ouer moche, too much, 414 21; **ouermoche**, 193 36.
ouersee, *v.*, observe, survey, despise, overlook; *inf.*, 346 5;—A.S. *oferseón*.
ouerslyp, *v.*, pass over, omit; *inf.*, 295 26.
ouerthwart, *sb.*, adverse circumstance, 239 14.
ouerthwarte, *adj.*, across, over, against, 359 25; **ouerthwart**, 524 25; **ouerthwartly**, *adv.*, 338 25.
owe, *v.*, to have, possess, to have to be obliged to; **oughte**, *pt.*, 1 10; 44 9; **ouȝt**, *pt.*, 1 37; 188 3; **me oughte to doo**, 418 17; 557 12;—A.S. *ágan*.
owre, *sb.*, hour; **owrys**, *pl.*, 190 3; **houre**, 266 24; 463 22;—Lat. *hora*.
oynement, *sb.*, ointment, 255 14; **oyntement**, 248 31; **oynementes**, *pl.*, 836 15;—A.F. *oignement*.

paale, *adj.*, pale, discoloured, 468 25.
paas, *sb.*, pace, step, passage, 81 25; **a softe trottyng paas**, 564 38; **a grete paas**, 563 32; **more than a paas**, 89 37; **paas peryllous**;—A.F. *pas*.
pacyently, *adv.*, patiently, 13 7.
pagent, *sb.*, a pageant, scene, theatre; *sing.*, 544 24; **pagents**, *pl.*, 516 16; 553 26.
paleys, *sb.*, palace, 722 3; **palais**, 722 31; **palays**, 615 29;—O.F. *palais*.
palfray, *sb.*, saddle-horse, palfrey, 303 28; **palfrey**, 104 30; **palfroy**, 82 18;—A.F. *palefrei*.
palour, *sb.*, parlour, conversation-room in a nunnery, 452 21;—O.F. *parloir*.
paltocke, *sb.*, jacket, paletot, a loose garment; **paltockes**, *pl.*, 177 27;—O.F. *paletocque*.

pappe, *sb.*, breast, 39 11; **pappys**, *pl.*, 148 33;—from the first cries of an infant for food.

par, per, *prep.*, by, with; **par dy**, 401 30; **per dieu**, 492 15; **per de**, 242 19 (par Dieu); **paramour, peramour**, lover, applied to either sex, 92 4; 133 4; 407 30; **peramours**, *adv.*, 679 4; **peraduenture, perauenture, paraventure**, by chance, 81 32; 229 25; 540 34; 808 33.

parage, *sb.*, family, kindred, descent, birth, 220 5;—A.F. *parage*.

parel, *sb.*, word, word of honour, 119 29;—O.F. *parole*.

pareylle, *adj.*, like, similar, 161 25;—O.F. *pareil*.

parfyt, *adj.*, perfect, 592 20; 695 34; **parfytely**, *adv.*, 649 18;—O.F. *parfeit, parfit*.

parlement, *sb.*, parliament, conference, 829 29; **parlemente**, 839 5;—A.F. *parlement*.

parson, person, *sb.*, person, personage, 67 27; 541 35;—Lat. *persona*.

party, *sb.*, part, portion, side, 147 46; **partyes**, *pl.*, 291 26;—A.F. *partie*.

passage, *sb.*, passage, way, narrow path, 53 20; **passaye**, 53 20;—O.F. *passage*.

passe, *v. inf.*, 830 27; to pass, surpass; **paste**, *pt.*, 762 37; **past**, *pt.*, 781 2; **passed**, *pt.*, 830 32;—A.F. *passer*.

passyng, *p.prs.* of to pass, used as *adv.*, surpassing, very, 38 29; sometimes it has the adverbial termination **passyngly**, 53 25; 763 8.

pauyment, *sb.*, pavement, 190 6;—Lat. *pavimentum*.

payement, *sb.*, payment, reward, 197 23;—O.F. *paiement*.

paylet, *sb.*, pallet, paillasse, a small bed, 89 23; 110 27.

payne, *sb.*, pain, penalty; **do his payne**, do his utmost, 820 16;—A.F. *paine*.

paynture, *sb.*, picture, 190 25;—A.F. *painture*.

paynym, *sb.*, *originally* heathendom, paganism, *but incorrectly used in the sense of* a pagan, heathen, 400 27; **paynyms**, *pl.*, 1 13;—A.F. *paienisme*.

paytrelle, *sb.*, breast-plate of a horse in armour; **paytrellys**, *pl.*, 238 2;—A.F. *peitrel*.

pees, *sb.*, peace, silence, 37 25; 386 2; 581 18;—A.F. *pees*, O.F. *pais*.

pelour, *sb.*, pillar, column, 93 27;—A.F. *piler*.

penaunce, *sb.*, punishment, sufferance, penance, repentance, the punishment inflicted by a penitent on himself, 211 18;—O.F. *penance*.

pensel, *sb.*, pennon, little banner, 488 13; **pensell**, 489 19;—O.F. *penoncel*.

perce, *v.*, to pierce; **perced**, *pt.*, 675 15;—A.F. *percer*.

percloos, *sb.*, partition, enclosure; 644 33;—O.F. *parclos* (*p.p.*).

perdycyon, *sb.*, perdition, destruction, 648 24;—O.F. *perdition*.

pere, *sb.*, pear, 663 33;—A.S. *pera*.

pere, *adj.*, equal, 165 34; 177 20; **pyere**, 664 7;—A.F. *per*.

perfeccyon, perfectyon, *sb.*, perfection, 855* 5;—O.F. *perfection*.

peron, peroun, *sb.*, tombstone, platform, 414 28; 421 14; 568 16;—O.F. *peron*.

perpetuel, *adj.*, perpetual, 160 24;—O.F. *perpetuel*.

persecucyon, *sb.*, persecution; **persecucyons**, *pl.*, 645 14;—from Lat. *persecutus* (*persequi*).

perteyne, *v.*, to belong, appertain; **perteyneth**, *prs.*, 679 16;—Lat. *pertinere*.

perylle, *sb.*, peril, danger, 415 30; 548 36;—O.F. *peril*.

perysshe, *v.*, to perish; **perysshed**, *p.p.*, 703 10;—O.F. *periss-*, *p.prs.* of *perir*.

petycyon, *sb.*, petition, 214 5;—Lat. *petitionem*.

petyte, le, surname of syr Guyart; the short, or the small.

philosopher, *sb.*, a wise man, philosopher, 165 25;—Gr. φιλόσοφος.

pierles, *adj.*, without equal, 761 35; 500 2; **pyerles**, 322 15; 435 33;—A.F. *per* and A.S. *lǣs*.

plenour, *adj.*, plenary, full, complete, 213 1 (Wynkyn de Worde reads *plenare*);—Low Lat. *plenarius*.

plente, *sb.*, plenty, 586 24;—O.F. *plente, plentet*.

plesaunce, *sb.*, kindness, pleasure, 329 27;—O.F. *plaisance*.

plesaunt, playsaunt, *adj.*, agreeable, pleasant, 3 29, 35;—O.F. *plaisant*.

pleasyr, *sb.*, pleasure, 248 24; **plesyr**, 268 32;—A.F. *pleisir*.

plompe, *sb.*, knot, tuft, cluster, number joined in a mass, 60 19;—?

plonge, *v.*, to plunge; **plonged**, *pt.*, 243 30;—O.F. *plonger*.

plyte, *sb.*, state, condition, 152 5;—O.F. *plite*.

plyte, *v.*, to pledge, *inf.*, 148 31; **plyghte**, *pt.*, 149 21;—A.S. *plihtan*.

pomel, *sb.*, knob, a boss, 99 5; **pomell**, 82 22;—O.F. *pomel*.

ponting, *p.prs.*, panting, gasping, breathing quickly, 238 20.

portecolys, *sb.*, portcullis, a sliding door of cross timbers pointed with iron hung over a gateway to be let down in a moment to keep out an enemy, 91 9;—O.F. *porte coleïce* (Littré).

postel, *sb.*, apostle; **postels**, *pl.*, 720 10;—A.S. *apostol*, A.F. *apostle*.

posterne, *sb.*, postern, back gate, 289 13;—O.F. *posterne*.

potestate, *sb.*, ruler, governor, 174 30.

pounte, *sb.*, bridge, 571 20;—O.F. *ponte*.

poure, *adj.*, poor, 7 13; 8 23; 471 30;—O.F. *povre*.

pouse, *sb.*, pulse, 712 5;—O.F. *pouls, polz*.

pouerte, *sb.*, poverty, meanness, 84 34; 746 10;—O.F *poverte*.

powdre, *sb.*, powder, 165 22;—O.F. *poudre*.

poyntelynge, *p.prs.*, aiming at somebody, 578 2.

poyntement, poyntemente, *sb.*, appointment, agreement, 463 11; 845 29;—O.F. *apointement*.

poysond, *p.p.*, poisoned, 729 1;—from O.F. *poyson*, Lat. *potionem*.

pray, *sb.*, prey, 650 7; **praye**, 176 14;—O.F. *proie*, A.F. *praie*.

praye (?), *sb.*, prayer; **prayes**, *pl.*, 859* 22;—A.F. *preiere*.

praye, *v.*, to pray; **praide**, *pt.*, 240 2; **praid**, *pt.*, 401 16; 767 33;—A.F. *preier*.

preche, *v.*, to preach; *inf.*, 645 13;—O.F. *precher*.

prees, *sb.*, a press, throng, 60 37; 77 22;—A.F. *presse*.

prefyxt, *p.p.*, prefixed, 839 11.

preste, *sb.*, priest; **preest**, 634 10;—A.S. *préost*.

pretende, *v.*, belong to; **pretendith**, *prs.*, 64 30.

preue, *v.*, to prove, try, test, 66 15; 214 34; **preued**, *p.p.*, 353 5;—O.F. *prover*.

preuy, *adj.*, privy, secret, 53 17; **pryuyest**, *superl.*, 51 15;—A.F. *prive*.

preyse, *v.*, to praise; **preysed**, *pt.*, 19 11;—from O.F. *preis*.

procurour, *sb.*, procurator, a governor of a province under the Roman emperors, 160 9; 162 10.

profecye, *v.*, to prophesy; **profecyed**, *pt.*, 419 30;—O.F. *profecier*.

profer, *sb.*, offer, promise, proffer, 215 14.

proferre, *v.*, to proffer, offer; *inf.*, 210 37; **profryst**, *prs.*, 176 13; **proferre**, *inf.*, 134 31, means, evidently, advance, prefer; **proferd**, *p.p.*, 147 33; **profered**, *pt.*, 759 15;—Lat. *proferre*.

profetyly, *adj.*, accomplished; **profetylyest**, *superl.*, 733 22;—compound of the substantive *profit* and adverbial suffix *-ly*.

prowesse, *sb.*, prowess; **prowesses**, *pl.*, 173 14;—A.F. *pruesse*.

pryce, *sb.*, price, value, excellence, 555 25;—A.F. *pris*.

prycke, *v.*, to prick, hurt, spur, ride fast; **prycked**, *pt.*, 661 9; **pryckynge**, *p.prs.*, 647 10.

pryker, *sb.*, rider, horseman, 178 5.

prysonement, *sb.*, imprisonment, prison, 83 3.

prysonne, *v.*, to put into prison; *inf.*, 802 27;—from O.F. *prison, prisun*.

pryuete, *sb.*, privity, secret counsel, 456 19;—A.F. *privete*.

purfyl, *v.*, to embroider on an edge, 7 8;—O.F. *pourfiler*.

pursyewe, *v.*, to pursue, to follow after; **pursyewed**, *pt.*, 7 18;—O.F. *porsuir*.

purueye, *v.*, to provide; *inf.*, 38 26; 40 36; **purueyed**, *pt.*, 75 17; **purueyed**, *p.p.*, 51 23; 86 24;—A.F. *purveier*.

puyssaunce, *sb.*, might, power, 75 8; 413 38;—O.F. *puissance*.

pyctour, *sb.*, picture, 340 10;—Lat. *pictura*.

pyece, *sb.*, piece; **pyeces**, *pl.*, 71 32;—O.F. *piece*.

pyere, *adj.* *See* **pere**.

pyerles, *adj.* *See* **pierles**.

pyghe, *v.*, to pitch, fix, to pick; **pyght**, *pt.*, 84 3.

pyke, *v.*, to pick, to steal; **pyked**, *pt.*, 411 6.

pylgremage, *sb.*, pilgrimage, 166 35;—from O.F. *pelerinage*.

pyllar, *sb.*, plunderer; **pyllars**, *pl.*, 847 26;—from O.F. *piller*.

pylle, *v.*, to plunder; *inf.*, 847 27;—O.F. *piller*.

pyller, *sb.*, pillar, 589 11; **pelour**, 93 27;—A.F. *piler*.

pylowe, *sb.*, pillow; **pylowes**, *pl.*, 781 8;—A.S. *pyle*.

pynt, *sb.*, pinte, 746 1;—A.S. *pynt*.

pyte, *sb.*, pity, 711 4; 754 32;—O.F. *pite*.

pyteous, *adj.*, pitiful, 32; 435 7; **pyetous**, 5 16;—O.F. *piteus*.

pytte, *sb.*, pit, pool, ditch, 98 18; 664 2;—A.S. *pytt*.

quakynge, *p.prs.*, trembling, 136 7;—A.S. *cwacung*.

quere, *sb.*, choir, 859* 22; **quyre**, 859 31;—O.F. *choeur*.

queste, *sb.*, (1) an inquiry, jury, verdict, 109 1; (2) chase, search, enterprise, 109 11;—O.F. *enqueste*.

queste, *v.*, to bark, make a noise like a dog; **quested**, *pt.*, 371 5; **questynge**, *p.prs.*, 65 29.

questyon, *v.*, to question, examine, ask; **questyoned**, *pt.*, 254 24; 418 12;—Lat. *quaestionem*, *quaerere*.

quod, **quoth**, *pt. sing.*, said, told, 60 10; 61 34;—A.S. *cweðan*.

quyete, *sb.*, quietness, 829 2;—from Lat. *quietus*.

quylt, *sb.*, quilt, thick coverlet, 95 17;—O.F. *cuilte*.

quyte, *adj.*, quit, 455 13; 465 7;—from O.F. *quiter*.

quyte, *v.*, to requite, repay, settle; *inf.*, 92 1; *pt.*, 159 27;—O.F. *quiter*.

race, *v.*, to scrape, to tear off; **raced**, *pt.*, 72 1; **reaced**, *pt.*, 72 4; **rassyd**, *pt.*, 524 29;—O.F. *raser*.

race, **rase**, *v.*, to run, to race; **rasynge**, *p.prs.*, 217 33; 194 11; **rateynge**, ? *p.prs.*, 432 24;—A.S. *rǣsan*.

rak, *sb.*, rack, the grating above the manger, 668 28; 669 1; ? **rake**, 665 22;—from A.S. *rǣcan*.

ramme, *sb.*, ram; **rammes**, *pl.*, 71 29;—A.S. *ram*, *rom*.

rancour, *sb.*, old grudge, spite, violence, 313 24;—Lat. *rancor*.

ransake, *v.*, to search; *inf.*, 171 2; 174 11; **ransakyd**, *pt.*, 630 34;—A.S. *ræsn*. *See* Sievers' Gram.

raumpe, *v.*, ramp, to seize or scratch with the paws, to rage; **raumpynge**, *p.prs.*, 339 31;—A.F. *raumper*.

raundon, *sb.*, force, violence, impetuosity, 109 37; 142 10; 675 15;—O.F. *randon*.

raunge, *sb.*, range, space occupied by anything moving, 142 2; 481 10; 492 23; 573 34;—O.F. *range*.

raunson, *sb.*, ransom, 178 14;—A.F. *raunson*.

rauysshe, *v.*, to seize with violence, to be greatly delighted; **rauysshed**, *p.p.*, 527 4;—A.F. *ravir*.

rayment, *sb.*, raiment, clothing, dress, 331 25.

raynes, *sb.*, fine linen, so called from Rheims, 857* 26.

rechate,[1] *sb.*, the calling back of the

[1] In the alliterative romance-poem, "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight" (about 1360 A.D.), edited by Richard Morris for the E.-E. T. S., 1869, from MS. Cotton: Nero. A. x., forms of a verb "recheat" occur—viz., "rechatand" = blowing the recheat, line 1911;

hounds, originally the air which the hunters blow on their horns, when the hounds have lost their game to call them back from pursuing a counter-scent; *v.*, to blow the recheat, 500 11 (hunting term). Wynkyn de Worde and ed. 1634 have *rechace*.

reche, *v.*, to reach, attain; **raught**, 385 33; **raughte**, *pt.*, 265 16; **roughte**, *pt.*, 684 22; **retche**, *inf.*, 597 21;—A.S. *rǣcan*.

recke, *v.*, to care for, to regard; *prs.*, 221 1; **reke**, *prs.*, 684 14; **retchyd**, *pt.*, 319 17;—A.S. *reccan*.

recluse, **reecluse**, *sb.*, a female anchorite, 642 10, 15;—A.F. *recluse*.

recountre, *sb.*, encounter, fight, meeting, 213 20;—O.F. *rencountre*.

recreaunt, *adj.*, recreant, defeated, 71 37;—A.F. *recreaunt*.

recueylle, *v.*, to recoil; *inf.*, 180 3;—O.F. *reculer*.

rede, *sb.*, advice, 847 32;—A.S. *rǣd*.

rede, *v.*, to give advice, to take counsel, to advise; *prs.*, 70 33; 244 5; 783 4;—A.S. (*ge*)-*rǣdan*.

rede, *v.*, to read; *inf.*, 3 26; 4 9; **redde**, *pt.*, 3 9; 4 8; **redde**, *p.p.*, 762 1;—A.S. (*ge*)-*rǣdan*.

redoubte, *v.*, to fear; **redoubted**, 823 12;—A.F. *redouter*.

redresse, *v.*, restore, repair, to make up again; *inf.*, 398 28; 443 21;—O.F. *redresser*.

redy, *adj.*, ready, 35 31;—A.S. (*ge*)-*rǣde*.

reed, *adj.*, red, 514 1;—A.S. *rēad*.

reest, *sb.* *See* **reyste**.

rehersail, *sb.*, rehearsal, 322 25; **rehersal**, 611 34.

reherse, *v.*, to rehearse, enumerate; *inf.*, 45 27; 562 32; **reherceth**, *prs.*, 105 11; **it rehercyth**, *prs.*, 75 27;—A.F. *rehercer*.

reioyse, *v.*, to rejoice; *prs.*, 797 3;—O.F. *resjoir*.

rele, *v.*, to reel, roll about, stagger; **relyd**, *pt.*, 238 13;—from A.S. *reol*, *hreol*.

relece, *v.*, to release; *prs.*, 481 29; **releece**, *prs.*, 461 28;—A.F. *relesser*.

remenaunte, *sb.*, remnant, 9 20; 39 24;—A.F. *remenant*.

remeue, *v.*, to remove; *inf.*, 104 20;—O.F. *remuër*.

remyssyon, *sb.*, remission, forgiveness, 856* 28.

renne, *v.*, to run; **ranne**, *pt.*, 321 25; **ronne**, *pt.*, 368 34; **ronne**, *p.p.*, 407 33; 526 4;—A.S. *rinnan*.

renoume, *sb.*, renown, 57 37; **renommee**, 3 34; **renomme**, 4 2; **renome**, 187 27;—O.F. *renon*, *renom*.

renoumes, **le**, the renowned, the famous, surname of Hebes.

repayre, *v.*, to go to; **repayren**, *prs. pl.*, 643 22;—A.F. *repeirer*, *repairer*.

repreef, *sb.*, reproof, 324 33; 332 8.

repreue, *v.*, to reprove; **repreuyd**, *pt.*, 7 23;—O.F. *reprover*.

resemblaunt, *sb.*, countenance, appearance, 649 6;—from O.F. *resembler*. *See* **semblant**.

resonable, *adj.*, reasonable, 548 14;—A.F. *resonable*.

resorte, *v.*, to go frequently to a place; **resorted**, *pt.*, 725 24; **resortes**, *sb. pl.*, place much frequented, resource, 725 23;—O.F. *ressortir*.

reste, *sb.*, rest, repose, 461 15; 764 2;—A.S. *rest*, *ræst*.

retraye, *v.*, to retire, to draw back; **retrayed**, *pt.*, 230 29;—O.F. *retraire*.

restraynte, *sb.*, restraint, limitation, 567 6;—O.F. *restraint*.

reuful, *adj.*, piteous, compassionate; **reufullyr**, *comparat.*, 425 16;—A.S *hréow* and *ful*.

reule, *sb.*, rule, behaviour, 387 31;—A.F. *reule*.

"recheated" = blew the recheat, line 1466. The form "rechace," which Wynkyn de Worde has, occurs in "Three English Metrical Romances" edited by John Robson, 1842, for the Camden Society. There, on page 3, in the tenth stanza, we read, "The king blue a rechase."

reule, *v.*, to rule, to govern; **reulyd**, *p.p.*, 187 24;—A.F. *reuler*.

reuelacyon, *sb.*, revelation, 202 4; —O.F. *revelacion*.

rewe, *sb.*, row; **by rewe**, 77 6;—A.S. *ráwe*, *ræwe*.

reygne, *sb.*, rule, kingdom, 861* 8; —A.F. *regne*.

reygne, *v.*, to reign; **reygned**, *pt.*, 34 28; **reygneth**, *prs.*, 4 5; 83 14; **regne**, *inf.*, 133 8; **regned**, *pt.*, 35 2;—A.F. *regner*.

reyse, *v.*, to raise; **reysed**, *pt.*, 77 20;—Icel. *reisa*.

reyste, *sb.*, a support for the spear, 564 34; **reystys**, *pl.*, 237 6; **restys**, *pl.*, 194 1; **reest**, 430 37; —? O.F. *rester* or A.S. *rest*, *ræst*.

rodde, *sb.*, rod, staff, 162 33; **roddes**, *pl.*, 366 20;—A.S. *rôd*.

rok, *sb.*, rock, 330 2; **roche**, 410 25; —O.F. *roche*.

rome, *sb.*, space, room, 213 30;—A.S. *rúm*.

rome, *v.*, to roam, ramble, wander about; **romed**, *pt.*, 165 13; 289 23.—*Compare* O.H.G. *rámen*. *See* Skeat, Dict.

roofe, *sb.*, roof, 93 32;—A.S. *hrôf*.

rore, *v.*, to roar; **rorynge**, *p.prs.*, 396 8; **roryd**, *pt.*, 648 15;—A.S. *rárian*.

rote, *sb.*, root, 798 4;—Icel. *rôt*. *Compare* A.S. *wrôt*.

rote, *v.*, to rot; *inf.*, 698 13;—A.S. *rotian*.

roted, *p.p.*, practised, skilled, experienced, 472 9;—O.F. *route*, *rote*.

roten, *adj.*, rotten, 641 20;—Icel. *rotinn*.

rownsepyk, **rounsepyk**, *sb.*, a branch with others attached to it, 209 18, 23.

roy, *sb.*, king, le fyse roy Vreyne, epithet of Vwayne.

royal, *adj.*, royal, 401 4; 499 7; **moost royallest**, *superl.*, 215 29. *See* **ryal**.

royalte, *sb.*, royalty, royal state, 101 9; **ryalte**, 182 13;—O.F. *royalte*.

royame, *sb.*, kingdom, 1 5; 11 2; 72 29; **royalme**, 4 11; **royamme**, 160 15; **reaume**, 45 8; **reame**, 39 34; 40 3, 7; **realme**, 67 5;—A.F. *realme*, O.F. *reaume*.

rubrysshe, *sb.*, *literally*, red ochre, red earth for colouring; *later*, the portions of books in red ink, index, register, 6 1;—Lat. *rubrica*.

russet, *adj.*, russet, rusty, reddish-brown, coarse, rustic, 62 17;—A.F. *russet*, O.F. *rousset*.

russhe, *v.*, to rush; **russhed**, *pt.*, 60 35; 132 13; **rosshynge**, *p.prs.*, 195 8; **rasshed**, *pt.*, 217 32; 472 3.

ryal, *adj.*, royal, 2 38; 160 2; **ryallest**, *superl.*, 163 5;—A.F. *roial*, *reial*.

ryalte, *sb.* *See* **royalte**.

ryde, *v.*, to ride; **rode**, *pt.*, 106 19; 757 25; **roode**, *pt.*, 105 15; **ryde**, *p.p.*, 82 16; **ryden**, *p.p.*, 116 15; 151 7;—A.S. *rídan*.

rynde, *sb.*, rind, bark, the skin of fruit, 671 22;—A.S. *rind*.

ryse, *v.*, to rise; **rasyth**, *prs.*, 202 37; **rysen**, *p.p.*, 49 28;—A.S. *rísan*.

ryuage, *sb.*, bank of a river, 721 2; —O.F. *rivage*.

ryue, *v.*, to rive, to tear; **roofe**, *pt.*, 95 35; **roof**, *pt.*, 27 21; **rafe**, *pt.*, 596 18; **rofe**, *pt.*, 82 28; 654 23; **ryuen**, *p.p.*, 75 18;—Icel. *rífa*.

sabel, *sb.*, sable, animal of the weasel kind, 601 7; (?) **sable**, 176 9;—O.F. *sable*.

sadel, *sb.*, saddle, 403 18; **sadell**, 471 35;—A.S. *sadol*.

sak, *sb.*, sack, sackcloth, 437 19;—A.S. *sacc*.

sale, *sb.*, hall, 713 29;—A.S. *sæl*, Icel. *salr*, A.S. *sæl*.

salewe, *v.*, to salute; **salewed**, *pt.*, 215 35;—O.F. *saluer*.

samyte, *sb.*, a rich silk stuff, often interwoven with gold or silver threads, 73 1; 687 30; 760 30;—O.F. *samit*.

sarpe, *sb.*, girdle; **sarpys**, *pl.*, 822 30.—*Compare* O.H.G. *scharpe*, O.F. *escharpe*.

saterday, *sb.*, Saturday, 665 13;—A.S. *Sæter-dæg*.

sauf, *adj.*, safe, healed, made whole, 316 31; 584 21; **sauf gard**, *sb.*,

561 28; safe-keeping;—A.F. *sauf*, O.F. *salf*.

saufte, *sb.*, safety, security, 290 33; 623 13;—A.F. *saufte*.

saulter, *sb.*, psalter, musical instrument; **saulters**, *pl.*, 859* 1;—O.F. *sautier*.

saunce, *prep.*, without; **saunce pyte**, surname of Breuse, without pity; **saunce velany**, without villany.

saueage, *adj.*, savage, wild, impetuous; Lynet is called the **damoysel saueage**, and Balyn is surnamed **le saueage**.

saueour, *sb.*, the Saviour, 592 3; 706 21;—O.F. *saveor*, *salveor*.

sauour, *sb.*, smell, savour, pleasantness, 592 17;—O.F. *saveur*.

sawe, *sb.*, a saw, saying, 519 8; **old sayd sawe**, 754 6;—A.S. *sagu*.

saye, *v.*, to say; **sayne**, *third pers. plur. pres.*, 187 30; **saist**, *prs.*, 67 28; **seith**, *prs.*, 138 25; **sayd**, **seid**, **said**, *pt.*, 41 37; **saiden**, **sayden**, *third pers. plur. pt.*, 40 25; 140 29; 202 10; 422 12;—A.S. *secgan*.

scalde, *v.*, to boil, to burn with hot liquid; **scaldynge**, *p.prs.*, 571 28;—O.F. *eschalder*.

scape, *v.* *See* **escape**.

scatere, *v.*, to scatter, disperse; **scateryd**, *pt.*, 206 21;—A.S. *scateran*.

scathe, *sb.*, hurt, harm; **scathes**, *pl.*, 464 13;—A.S. *sceaða*.

scathe, *v.*, to harm; *inf.*, 90 3;—A.S. *sceaðan*.

scaubart, *sb.*, scabbard, 73 17; **scauberd**, 89 7; **scaubard**, 135 26;—M.E. *scaubert*. *See* Skeat, Dict.

schaffoldes, *sb. pl.*, 834 21. *See* **skaffolde**.

scoffer, *sb.*, mocker, 488 28;—cognate with O.Fries. *schof*, a scoff.

scole, *sb.*, school, 38 4;—Lat. *schola*.

scomfyte, *v.* *See* **discomfyte**.

scoute, *sb.*, spy, scout; **scoute watche**, 53 5;—O.F. *escoute*.

scrypture, *sb.*, Holy Scripture, 721 22;—Lat. *scriptura*.

sease, **seace**, *v.*, to cease, discontinue; **sease**, *inf.*, 836 38; **seaced**, *pt.*, 475 10; **seasse**, **seace**, *imperat.*, 155 3; 179 4;—O.F. *cesser*.

seate, *sb.*, seat, 424 4;—A.S. *seto*, *seotu*.

seculer, *adj.*, secular, 724 4;—Lat. *secularis*.

sedyl, *sb.* *See* **cedle**.

see, *v.*, to see; *inf.*, 3 26; **seeth**, *prs.*, 60 7; **sawe**, *pt.*, 761 17; **sene**, *p.p.*, 206 13; **seen**, *p.p.*, 3 9; **sawest**, *second p.pt.*, 113 31;—A.S. *séon*.

seekne, *v.*, to become sick, to get weak; **seekened**, *pt.*, 858* 7; **sekene**, *inf.*, 34 25;—from A.S. *séoc*.

sege, *sb.*—(1) seat, (2) siege, 439 7; **siege**, 422 28; **seges**, *pl.*, 235 19; 532 3; **syegyng**, 237 20; **syege**, 64 14;—A.F. *sege*, O.F. *siege*.

seke, *adj.*, sick, 36 8, 11; 493 30;—A.S. *séoc*.

sekenesse, *sb.*, sickness, 406 9;—A.S. *séocnes*.

selar, *sb.*, ceiling, canopy of a bed, 698 24 (edit. of 1634 has *seeler*);—? deriv. from *ciel*.

semblable, *adj.*, like, 177 20;—O.F. *semblable*.

semblaunt, *sb.*, countenance, appearance, 224 25; 710 25;—A.F. *semblant*.

semely, *adj.*, seemly, 205 10;—A.S. **sémelic*.

senate, *sb.*, senate, assembly of the senators, 174 35; **senatours**, 175 5.

senceall, **sencial**, *sb.* *See* **seneshall**.

sendale, *sb.*, a fine cloth, 174 23; **sendel**, 202 5; 616 4;—O.F. *cendal*.

seneshall, *sb.*, seneschal, steward; **sencyall**, 86 34; **senceall**, 42 30; **sencial**, 55 13; **senescha**, 123 38;—O.F. *seneschal*.

senser, *sb* *See* **censer**.

serche, *v.*, to search; *inf.*, 64 3; 135 19; **sarche**, *inf.*, 351 7; **serched**, *pt.*, 461 17; *p.p.*, 464 15;—O.F. *cercher*, Mod.F. *chercher*.

serkelet, *sb.*, a wreath, or band for the head, 144 13; 147 16;—O.F. *cerclet*, dim. of *cercle*.

seruage, *sb.*, thraldom, servitude, 372 31; 408 31;—O.F. *servage*.

serue, *v.*, to serve; **seruedest**, *prs.*, 671 20;—O.F. *servir.*

seruyse, *sb.*, service, 251 3;—O.F. *servise.*

seruytour, *sb.*, servant, 457 25;—Lat. *servitor.*

seson, *sb.*, season, 858* 33;—A.F. *seson.*

sette, *v.*, to set, place, appoint; **sette**, *pt.*, 62 34; 65 24; **sette**, *p.p.*, 3 19; —A.S. *settan.*

seurte, *sb.*, surety, 241 10; 617 31; 657 6;—A.F. *seürte.*

seueratly, *adv.*, separately, 127 12; —deriv. from *seuer*, to separate;—O.F. *sevrer.*

sewayr, *sb.*, bearer of dishes, 271 3; —A.F. (*as*)*sëour.*

sewe, *v.*, to follow, attend on, persecute; *inf.*, 641 38; 647 19; **sewed**, *p.p.*, 630 23;—O.F. *suir* (*porsuir*).

seye, *v.* *See* **saye.**

seynt, *adj.*, saint, holy, 413 11;—O.F. *saint*, *seint.*

shaftmon, *sb.*, a measure from the top of the extended thumb to the other end of the fist or palm, about six inches, 248 8;—A.S. *sceaft-mund.*

shape, *v.*, to shape, form; **shope**, *pt.*, 138 2; **shapen**, *pl. prs.*, 698 24; **shapen**, *p.p.*, 102 31; 341 10;—A.S. *sceapan.*

shelde, *sb.*, shield, 266 26; **shild**, 98 5; **sheltes**, *pl.*, 687 11; **shylde**, 69 18; **sheld**, 69 20;—A.S. *scyld*, *scield.*

shelded, *adj.*, provided with a shield, 333 25.

shende, *v.*, to harm, damage; *inf.*, 831 14; **shente**, *pt.*, 235 27; **shente**, *p.p.*, 432 29;—A.S. *scendan.*

shenship, *sb.*, disgrace, hurt, 235 33;—from A.S. *scendan* and *scipe.*

sherte, *sb.*, shirt, 210 38; 452 30; 634 31;—Icel. *skyrta.*

sherthursdaye, *sb.*, the Thursday before Easter, so called from the custom of shearing or shaving the beard on that day, 719 32.

shete, *sb.*, sheet, 200 18;—A.S. *scête*, *scýte.*

shethe, *sb.*, sheath, 76 26; 695 13; A.S. *scéaþ.*

shette, *v.*, to shut; **shitte**, *pt.*, 713 33; **shytte**, *pt.*, 414 8; **shytte**, *p.p.*, 9 15; 443 8; 710 30; **shette**, *p.p.*, 319 13;—A.S. *scyttan.*

sheue, **shewe**, *v.*, to show; **sheuyng**, *p.prs.*, 666 21; **shewed**, *pt.*, 46 4; 762 12; **shewed**, *p.p.*, 762 12;—A.S. *scéawian.*

sheuere, *v.*, to break into shivers; **sheuered**, 110 2;—? Icel. *skifa.*

shoke, *pt.*, shook, 321 30;—A.S. *scóc*, from *sceacan*, *scacan.*

sholder, **sholdre**, *sb.*, shoulder, 176 6; 281 33;—A.S. *soulder*, *souldor.*

shote, *v.*, to shoot, rush; **shotynge**, *p.prs.*, 102 23; **shote**, *pt.*, 770 13; **shot**, *pt.*, 764 29; **shotte**, *pt.*, 327 12;—A.S. *scéotan.*

shoure, *sb.*, shower, hard attack, 822 3;—A.S. *scúr.*

shoue, *v.*, to shove; **shouen**, 699 10; —A.S. *scofian.*

showte, *v.*, to shout; **showted**, 173 12;—?

shrede, *v.*, to cut; *inf.*, 831 11;—A.S. *scréadian.*

shrewde, *adj.*, wicked, malicious, 365 7.

shryche, *sb.*, a cry, shriek, 745 34.

shryche, *v.*, to shriek, screech; **shryched**, *pt.*, 850 5; **shryked**, *pt.*, 752 14;—? Icel. *skrækja.*

shryue, *v.*, to confess, prescribe penance; **shryuen**, *p.p.*, 26 28, 36; **shryued**, *pl.*, 759 37;—A.S. *scrífan.*

shyne, *v.*, to shine; **shone**, *pt.*, 403 13; 710 10;—A.S. *scínan.*

shyrly, *adv.*, clearly, brightly, 759 3; —A.S. *scírlic.*

sister, *sb.*, the sister, 139 30; **suster**, 101 37;—A.S. *swuster*, *sweoster.*

sith, *adv.* and *conj.* *See* **sythen.**

skaffolde, *sb.*, stage, an elevated platform, scaffold, engine of war for besieging a town; **skaffoldes**, *pl.*, 766 7; **skaffoldis**, *pl.*, 191 7; **schaffoldes**, *pl.*, 484 21; —O.F. *escafaut.*

skarmusshe, *v.*, to skirmish, to fight slightly and irregularly; **skarmusshed**, *pt.*, 181 21;—O.F. *escarmoucher.*

sklaunder, *sb.*, scandal, slander, 726 1; 731 2; 779 28; **sklaundre**, 321 20;—A.F. *esclaundre.*

skumme, *v.*, to skim, to sweep, to examine the position and strength of the enemy; *inf.*, 52 30;—from Icel. *skuma.*

skyfte, *sb.*, shift, change, 211 16; 499 31.

skyfte, *v.*, to shift, to part asunder, to change, to remove; *inf.*, 405 25; **skyfte**, *pt.*, 405 31;—A.S. *sciftan.*

skynne, *sb.*, skin, 657 24;—A.S. *scinn*, Icel. *skinn.*

slade, *sb.*, a valley, 188 26; 203 28;—A.S. *slæd.*

slake, *sb.*, a little valley, hollow, gap or pass between two hills, 189 6.

slake, *v.*, to become slack, cease; *inf.*, 726 4;—A.S. *slacian.*

slee, *v.*, to slay; *inf.*, 831 21; *prs.*, 132 15; **slough**, *pt.*, 65 11; 165 31; **slewe**, *pt.*, 468 29; **slayne**, *p.p.*, 754 3;—A.S. *slêan.*

sleer, *sb.*, murderer, he who kills somebody, 679 13.

slente, *v.*, to slant, to slope; **slented**, *pt.*, 689 24;—Swedish *slinta*, *slenta.*

sleyghte, *sb.*, skill, cunning, trick, falsehood, 788 7;—Icel. *slægd.*

slommer, *v.*, to slumber; **slomeryngе**, *p.prs.*, 165 2; **slommeryd**, *pt.*, 364 23;—A.S. *sluma*, the slumber.

slough, *pt.* *See* **slee.**

slyde, *v.*, to slide; **slode**, *pt.*, 58 21; 365 2; 463 33;—A.S. *slídan.*

slyppe, *v.*, to slip; *inf.*, 106 26; **slypped**, *pt.*, 404 33;—A.S. *slípan.*

smyte, *v.*, to smite; **smote**, *pt.*, 757 25; **smyten**, *p.p.*, 471 13; **clok smyte**, 644 21; 681 14;—A.S. *smítan.*

sobbe, *v.*, to sigh convulsively, to weep; **sobbed**, *pt.*, 726 36;—? A.S. *seofian.*

socoure, *v.*, to come to one's assistance, to help; *inf.*, 413 38;—O.F. *sucurre*, *soscorre.*

soden, sodayne, *adj.*, 83 3; **sodenly**, *adv.*, 82 7;—A.F. *sodeyne.*

soiourne, *v.*, to stay, sojourn, abide; **soiourned**, *pt*, 143 35; **sudgerned**, *pt.*, 182 14;—O.F. *sojorner*, *sojourner.*

solace, *sb.*, solace, rest, pleasure, 623 24;—A.F. *solas.*

solemnacyon, *sb.*, the act of solemnising, 270 22.

solempnly, *adv.*, solemnly, magnificently, 328 30;—A.F. *solempne.*

solempnyte, *sb.*, festivity, 270 18;—A.F. *sollempnitee.*

somette, *sb.*, summit, 174 2;—O.F. *som* and dim. suff. *-et*, or *sommite.*

somme, *pron.*, some, 323 2;—A.S. *sum.*

sonde, *sb.*, a sending, gift, message; **sondes**, *pl.*, 840 13.

sonder, *adj.*, apart, separate, sonding, 406 36; **in sondyr**, 195 19; **a sondre**, 199 5; **in sonder**, asunder, 116 38; 725 1;—A.S. *onsundran.*

sonne, *sb.*, sun, 370 30;—A.S. *sunne.*

soppe, *sb.*, a sop; **soppes**, *pl.*, 673 7;—Icel. *soppa.*

sorceresse, *sb.* and *adj.*, sorceress, 143 19; 207 27; **queens sorceresses**, 187 27;—O.F. *sorceresse.*

sore, *adj.* and *adv.*, sore, painful, greatly, violently, 38 11;—A.S. *sár.*

sorssery, *sb.*, sorcery, 79 34;—O.F. *sorcerie.*

sote, *v.*, to be deeply enamoured of somebody; **soted**, *p.p.*, 508 30. *See* **assote.**

sothe, *sb.* and *adj.*, truth, sooth, true, 712 34;—A.S. *sôð.*

soude, *v.*, to pay, strengthen; **souded**, *p.p.*, 717 20;—O.F. *souder.*

souder, *v.*, to solder; **soudered**, *pt.*, 695 12;—O.F. *souder.*

soune, *v.*, to sound; **souned**, *pt.*, 209 20;—A.F. *soner*, *suner.*

soupe, *v.*, to sup, drink gradually; **souped**, *pt.*, 126 10;—O.F. *souper.*

souper, *sb.*, supper, 126 9;—A.F. *soper*, O.F. *souper.*

souse, *v.*, to plunge into the water; **sowsyd**, *pt.*, 366 28; **soused**, *pt.*, 17 33;—from O.F. *sause*, *sauce.*

southard, *adj.*, southward, 153 8.

sowdan, *sb.*, sultan, 174 17;—O.F. *souldan*, *soudan.*

sowle, *sb.*, soul, 681 35;—A.S. *sáwel*, *sáwle*.

spaynysshe, *adj.*, Spanish, 2 35.

spaynyardys, *sb. pl.*, Spaniards, 163 27.

spede, *v.*, to speed, prosper, succeed; *inf.*, 51 18; 74 34; **spedde**, *p.p.*, 123 5; 466 10; **sped**, *p.p.*, 111 8; —A.S. *spédan*.

spede, *sb.*, success, speed, 289 15;—A.S. *spéd*.

speke, *v.*, to speak; *inf.*, 761 11; **spack**, *pt.*, 20 23; **speken**, *pl. prs.*, 425 27; 726 19; **spak**, *pt.*, 48 35; **spake**, *pt.*, 68 3; 466 20; **spoken**, *p.p.*, 2 33; **spoken**, *pl. pt.*, 700 26; —A.S. *specan*.

spende, *v.*, to spend, use; **spendynge**, *p.prs.*, 587 13;—A.S. *spendan*.

spere, *sb.*, spear, 585 28;—A.S. *spere*.

sperhauk, *sb.*, a sparrowhawk, 601 34;—A.S. *heafoc* and *spearwa*.

spore, *v.*, to spur; **spored**, *pt.*, 71 7; —A.S. *sporan*.

sprenge, *v.*, to sprinkle, to diffuse; **sprente**, *pt.*, 699 3;—A.S. *sprengan*.

sprynge, *v.*, to spring; **spronge**, *p.p.*, 436 27;—A.S. *springan*.

spyecery, *sb.*, spices, 573 6;—A.F. *spicerie*.

spyrre, *v.*, to inquire, ask; **spyrred**, *pt.*, 852 36;—A.S. *spyrian*.

spyrytueltees, *sb. pl.*, acts independent of the body, pure acts of the soul, things belonging to the church, 724 9;—from Lat. *spiritualis*.

stablysshe, *v.*, to establish; **stablisshed**, *p.p.*, 44 10; **stablysshed**, *pt.*, 118 12; **stablysshed**, *p.p.*, 860* 35;—O.F. *establiss-* (*establissant*), from *establir*.

stabylyte, *sb.*, stability, 829 9;—from Lat. *stabilitatem*.

staf, *sb.*, a staff, stick, 109 23; **stauys**, *pl.*, 47 1;—A.S. *stæf*.

stakker, *v.*, to stagger, to reel from side to side; **stakkerynge**, *p.prs.*, 464 6;—Icel. *stakra*.

stale, *sb.*, stall, state, station, prison, 179 3;—A.S. *steal*.

stale, *pt.* *See* **stele**.

stande, *v.*, to stand; *inf.*, 44 2; 472 13; **stode**, *pt.*, 381 22; **stondynge**, *prs.*, 58 31; **standeth**, *prs.*, 80 36; —A.S. *standan*.

stark, *adj.* and *adv.*, strong, firm, severe, thoroughly; **stark dede**, 141 26; **a stark coward**, 143 21; **starke deed**, 847 15;—A.S. *stearc*.

staunche, *v.*, to make stagnant, to stop the flowing blood; *inf.*, 176 34; **staunched**, *p.p.*, 177 1; **staunched**, *pt.*, 706 7;—O.F. *estancher*.

stede, *sb.*, place; **in my stede**, 375 10; **stedys**, *pl.*, 230 27;—A.S. *stede*.

stede, *sb.*, steed, horse, 236 35;—A.S. *stéda*.

stele, *v.*, to steal; *inf.*, 137 9; **stale**, *pt.*, 369 11; 457 19;—A.S. *stelan*.

stere, *v.*, to stir, to move; *inf.*, 40 33; 630 3; **stered**, *pt.*, 755 19;—A.S. *styrian*.

stere, *v.*, to steer, lead, direct; *inf.*, 760 29; **stered**, *pt.*, 56 12; **styred**, *pt.*, 760 37;—A.S. *stýran*, *stéoran*.

sterre, *sb.*, star; **sterres**, *pl.*, 658 32; —A.S. *steorra*.

sterte, *v.*, to start; **sterte**, *pt.*, 66 12; 94 36; **starte**, *pt.*, 168 6; 382 19;—? Icel. *sterta* and A.S. *steortan*.

steuen, *sb.*, voice, command, time of performing an action, 92 35; 858* 19;—A.S. *stefn*.

steyer, *sb.*, stair, ladder, 736 23;—A.S. *stǽger*.

stole, *sb.*, a robe, stole, 656 16;—Lat. *stola*.

stonien, *v.*, to stun, to amaze with a blow; **stonyed**, *pt.*, 58 17; *p.p.*, 107 22; **stoned**, *pt.*, 107 9;—from O.F. *estoner*. *Compare* **astonye**.

stoupe, *v.*, to stoop; **stouped**, *pt*, 206 26; 391 22;—A.S. *stúpian*.

stoure, *sb.*, conflict, agitation, commotion, 180 15; 675 25;—O.F. *estour*.

strake, *v.*, to give a quick blow, to dash, to hit; *inf.*, 500 11; **straked**, *pt.*, 370 14;—from A.S. *strícan*.

straungenes, *sb.*, strangeness, 242 9; —O.F. *estraunge*.

strayte, *adj.* *See* **streyte.**

streme, *sb.*, stream, river, 144 7;—A.S. *strēam.*

strene, *sb.*, race, progeny, 622 8;—A.S. *strēon.*

stretche, *v.* to stretche; **stratched,** 836 1; **stretched,** *pt.*, 213 26;—A.S. *streccan.*

streyte, streyghte, *adj.* and *adv.*, straight, strict, narrow, 79 26; 457 38; **strayte,** 327 18; 435 14;—A.F. *estreit.*

strond, *sb.*, strand, bank, shore, 687 19; **stronde,** 708 3;—A.S. *strand.*

stryde, *sb.*, a long step; **strydes,** *pl.*, 131 30; **strydys,** *pl.*, 238 14;—from A.S. *strīdan.*

stryffe, *sb.*, strife, fight, 840 23;—A.F. *estrif.*

stryue, *v.*, to striue; **stroof,** *pt.*, 10 17;—O.F. *estriver.*

stryke, *v.* to strike, rub, to move quickly; *inf.*, 84 32; **strake,** *pt.*, 122 3; **stryken,** *p.p.*, 122 12; 133 34; 607 21; 842 36;—A.S. *strīcan.*

stycke, *v.*, to stick; **stycketh,** *prs.*, 93 9; **stack,** *pt.*, 248 33; **stack,** *pt.*, 40 23; 69 29;—A.S. *stīcian.*

stynge, *v.*, to sting; **stonge,** *pt.*, 845 32; **stongen,** *p.p.*, 845 33;—A.S. *stingan.*

stynte, *sb.*, stint, portion allotted to somebody; **stynte of my land,** 72 18; **stynte of my crowne,** 269 21;—? A.S. *styntan.*

stynte, *v.*, to stint, to cease, pause; **stynteth,** *prs.*, 205 28; **stynte,** *pt.*, 56 13;—A.S. *styntan.*

styrope, *sb.*, stirrup, 304 36; **styropes,** *pl.*, 481 14; **steroppes,** *pl.*, 487 17;—A.S. *stīg-rāp.*

subgette, *sb.*, subject; **subgettys,** *pl.*, 163 17.

subgette, *adj.* or *p.p.*, subject, dependent, 163 25;—Lat. *subjectus.*

substance, *sb.*, substance, contents, 762 1;—Lat. *substantia.*

sudgerne, *v.* *See* **soiourne.**

sufferaunce, *sb.*, patience, endurance, 539 26;—A.F. *suffraunce.*

suffrecan, *sb.*, assistant, deputy of a bishop, 611 16, 19;—Late Lat. *suffraganeus.*

suffycyaunt, *adj.*, sufficient, 828 35;—A.F. *suffisant.*

suppynge, *sb.*, little draughts; **suppynges,** *pl.*, 370 19;—from A.S. *sūpan.*

suraunce, *sb.*, assurance, 45 32;—O.F. *seurance.*

surgeon, *sb.*, surgeon, physician, 285 28; **surgens,** *pl.*, 284 32; **surgyens,** *pl.*, 174 14.

surmyse, *v.*, surmise; **surmysed,** *pt.*, 821 34;—from O.F. *p.p. surmise.*

sursengle, *sb.*, girth, belly-band of a saddle, surcingle; **sursenglys,** *pl.*, 238 2;—O.F. *sursangle.*

suspecyon, *sb.*, suspicion, 287 24; 729 18;—O.F. *suspezion, souspeçon.*

sustene, *v.*, to sustain; *inf.*, 667 25;—A.F. *sustener.*

swalowe, *sb.*, a whirlpool, gulf, 691 27;—Icel. *svelgja.*

swappe, *v.*, to strike, to fall suddenly; **swapped,** *pt.*, 210 29.

swerded, *adj.*, having a sword, 333 25.

swere, *v.*, to swear; **sware,** *pt.*, 275 31; **sworne,** *p.p.*, 9 12;—A.S. *swerian.*

swerue, *v.*, to swerve; **swarued,** *pt.*, 636 30;—A.S. *sweorfan.*

sweuen, *sb.*, dream, 53 1; 859* 7;—A.S. *swefen.*

swough, *sb.*, sound of the wind, sighing, swoon, 165 20;—from A.S. *swōgan.*

swoun, *sb.*, swoon, 97 10; **swowne,** 93 32; *v.*, to faint, to swoon; **swouned,** *pt.*, 466 21.

syb, *sb.* and *adj.*, peace, relationship; related, 103 11;—A.S. *sibb.*

sydelyng, *adj.*, from the side, sideways, 524 10;—A.S. *sīde* and ? *gelang.*

syege, *sb.* *See* **sege.**

sygne, *sb.*, sign, 127 36;—A.F. *signe.*

sygnefye, *v.*, to mean, signify, to compare; **sygnefyeth,** *prs.*, 408 17; **sygnefyen,** *pl. prs.*, 631 23; 682 36; **sygnefyed,** 703 19; 715* 30;—A.F. *signefier.*

sygnette, *sb.*, mark, the privy seal, a seal; **sygnettys,** *pl.*;—dimin. of O.F. *signe.*

sygnyfycacion, *sb.*, signification, meaning, 165 25;—O.F. *signification.*

syker, *adj.*, trusty, sure, secure, 240 34; 621 10. *Compare* O.S. *sikor*, O.H.G. *sichor.*

sykernesse, *sb.*, security, 157 28.

synge, *v.*, to sing; **songen**, *p.p.*, 579 14; **songe**, *p.p.*, 464 35; **songe**, *sb.*, the song, 464 35; 465 5;—A.S. *singan.*

synke, *v.*, to sink; **sanke**, *pt.*, 59 2; 858* 4; **synked**, *pt.*, 838 18;—A.S. *sincan.*

synne, *sb.*, sin, 711 27; **syns**, *pl.* 407 6;—A.S. *syn, sinn.*

synner, *sb.*, sinner; **synnar**, 712 22.

syse, *sb.*, size, 173 21; **syses**, *pl.*, 500 6;—from O.F. (*as*)*sis*, (*as*)*sise.*

sythen, *adv.* and *conj.*, since, afterwards, 69 6; 430 9; 644 2; **syn** (contracted form), 96 21; 98 10; **sith**, 715 25; **sythe**, 1 24;—A.S. *síððan.*

sytte, *v.*, to sit, befit; *inf.*, 103 37; 717 12; **sat**, *pt.*, 104 27; **satte**, *pt.*, 65 25; **sytten**, *p.p.*, 103 31;—A.S. *sittan.*

taccomplysshe, *v.* *See* **accomplysshe.**

take, *v.*, to take; **toke**, *pt.*, 69 22; **take**, *p.p.*, 715* 32; **taken**, *p.p.*, 78 12;—Icel. *taka.*

tale, *sb.*, account, narration, tale, reckoning, 623 1;—A.S. *talu.*

talent, *sb.*, desire, appetite, inclination, 446 9;—O.F. *talent.*

talowe, *sb.*, tallow, 219 1;—M.E. *talgh.*

tame, *v.*, to conquer, crush, subdue; **tamyd**, *pt.*, 97 16; 111 23; 657 24;—A.S. *tamian.*

tapre, *sb.*, taper; **tapres**, *pl.*, 579 21;—A.S. *tapor, taper.*

tatche, *sb.*, quality, mark, sign, fault; **tatches**, *pl.*, 77 36; 103 20;—O.F. *tache.*

taylle, *sb.*, tail, 165 21;—A.S. *tægl.*

taylle, *sb.*, tax, tallage; **taylles**, *pl.*, 161 25;—O.F. *taille.*

teche, *v.*, to teach; *prs.*, 142 26; *inf.*, 645 13;—A.S. *tǣcan.*

tempils, *sb. pl.*, the temples, 55 26;—O.F. *temples.*

temptacyon, *sb.*, temptation, 648 26;—O.F. *temptation.*

tene, *sb.*, grief, vexation, injury, 94 14; 177 3;—A.S. *téona.*

tere, *sb.*, tear; **teres**, *pl.*, 621 10;—A.S. *téar.*

the, th, *definite article;* **thabyte**, 34 21; **thachyeuement**, 30 11; **thaduenture**, 7 17; **tharchebysshop**, 34 20; **thappoynte, ment**, 14 20; **thassumpcion**, 254 27; **thavys**, 18 3; **thadvyse**, 377 35; **theffecte**, 160 26; **thembassatours**, 162 7; **themperour**, 4 27; 70 7; **thermytage**, 34 20; **therth**, 857* 28; **thescape**, 16 9; **thexcellent**, 1 32; **thexposycion**, 11 4; **thold**, 91 16; **thoryent**, 165 10; **thother**, 177 18; 721 15; **thystorye**, 1 34, 37; 699 15;—A.S. *ðe*, earlier form *ða.*

thenne, *adv.*, then, than, 395 7;—A.S. *þænne.*

theym, *pron.*, *dat.* and *acc.*, them, 8 14;—A.S. *þeim.*

thise, *pron. pl.*, these, 494 5;—from A.S. *þes, pl., þás, þǣs.*

tho, *pron. dem.* and *def. art. pl.*, those, 49 12; 59 26;—A.S. *þá.*

thonder, *sb.*, thunder, 409 21;—A.S. *þunor.*

threde, *sb.*, thread, 657 18; **thredys**, *pl.*, 699 28;—A.S. *þrǣd.*

threnge, *v.*, to press; **thrange**, *pt.*, 479 29;—A.S. *þringan.*

threste, *v.*, to thrust; **threst**, *third pers. prs. sing.*, 58 15; **threstyd**, *pt.*, 180 1;—Icel. *þrýsta.*

threte, *sb.*, threat, menace; **thretys**, *pl.*, 457 31;—A.S. *þréat.*

threte, *v.*, to threaten, to menace; **threted**, *p.p.*, 520 31;—A.S. *þréatian.*

throte, *sb.*, throat, 482 13; **throtes**, *pl.*, 151 13;—A.S. *þrote, þrotu.*

thrulle, *v.*, to pierce, traverse; **thrulled**, *pt.*, 343 28;—A.S. *þyrlian.*

thryes, *adv.*, thrice, three times, threefold, 142 34; **the thryes myghte**, 143 26;—A.S. *þriwa.*

thurgh, *prep.*, through, 59 12

thorugh, 1 12; **thorowe**, 37 16; **thorou**, 235 16;—A.S. *þurh*.

thwart, *adv.*, thwart, through, across, 173 37;—Icel. *þvert*. *Compare* Skeat, Dict. error

thyder, *adv.*, thither, 62 33; [redacted]; error **thydder**, [redacted];—A.S. *þider*.

thyghe, *sb.*, thigh, 13 33; **thyes**, *pl.*, 29 8; 60 33;—A.S. *þéoh*, *þéo*.

thylk, *adj.*, that, such, 181 29;—A.S. *þylc*.

to, (1) *prep.*, to, at, in, upon, into, against, as, until; **temprynte**, 1 34; **tenprynte**, 1 37; 4 13; **texersyse**, 4 1; **tespye**, 171 17; (2) *prefix*, asunder, in twain, to pieces;—A.S. *tó*, *tó-*.

to breste, *v.*, to burst asunder; **to brast**, *pt.*, 204 20; 482 15;—A.S. *to-berstan*.

to cratche, *v.*, to scratch, to tear to pieces; **to cratched**, 583 14.

to forne, *adv.* and *prep.*, before, 247 20; 507 33; **to fore**, 1 11, 14;—A.S. *tó-foran*.

to gyder, to gyders, *adv.*, together, 397 30; 471 33;—A.S. *tó-gœdere*, *tó-gœdre*.

to hewe, *v.*, to hew in pieces; *inf.*, 513 9; **to hewe**, *pt.*, 338 31;—A.S. *to-héawan*.

tokenynge, *sb.*, signification, 663 6;—A.S. *tácnung*.

tomble, *v.*, to tumble, leap; **tombled**, *pt.*, 507 26;—A.S. *tumbian*.

tornoye, *v.*, to make a tournament, 6 18; **tornoyeng**, *p.prs.*, 10 30; 23 3;—O.F. *tournoier*.

to ryue, *v.*, to tear, to rend to pieces; **to rofe**, *pt.*, 330 29;—Icel. *rífa*.

to sheuer, *v.*, to smash, to reduce to shivers; **to sheuered**, *pt.*, 69 27; 71 15; 87 28; *p.p.*, 481 12;—Icel. *skífa*.

tournement, *sb.*, tournament, 22 38; **turnement**, 494 13; **turnementys**, *pl.*, 763 25;—O.F. *tornoiement*.

towel, *sb.*, towel, 719 2; **tuell**, 404 32;—A.F. *towaille*, O.F. *touaile*.

towre, *sb.*, tower, 45 11; **toure**, 256 17; **tour**, 46 1; **towres**, 97 20;—O.F. *tur*, *tour*.

traine, *sb.*, train, treachery, stratagem, deceit; **trainys**, *pl.*, 378 22;—O.F. *trahin*, *traïn*.

traitourly, *adv.*, treacherously, like a traitor, 402 10;—A.F. *traitur* and A.S. *líc*.

trak, *sb.*, track, trace, 435 15.

trappe, *sb.*, trap, 32 10;—A.S. *treppe*.

trapped, *adj.*, adorned with trappings, 97 3;—from O.F. **trap*, cognate with Mod.F. *drap*.

trappere, *sb.*, trappings, ornaments, 58 22; **trappours**, *pl.*, 371 16.

trase, trace, *v.*, to trace, to trace one's way, to rush along; **tracyd**, *pt.*, 463 18; **tracynge**, *p.prs.*, 217 33; **trasynge**, *p.prs.*, 194 11;—O.F. *tracer*.

trauaille, *sb.*, work, labour, toil, trouble, 97 12; **trauaill**, 599 33;—A.F. *travail*, *travaille*.

trauaille, *v.*, to work, torment, toil; *inf.*, 273 33;—A.F. *travailer*.

trauerse, *adv.*, in twain, across, 526 5;—O.F. *traverse*.

trauerse, *v.*, to run across; **trauercyd**, *pt.*, 463 18;—O.F. *traverser*.

tray, *sb.*, grief, affliction, 94 14;—A.S. *trega*.

traytour, *sb.* and *adj.*, traitor, 321 28; 849 6; **traitour knyght**, 289 34;—O.F. *traïtor*.

treason, *sb.*, treason, 729 25; **treson**, 76 24 (Malory says: "For the custom was such at that time that all maner of shameful death was called treason," 729 26, 27);—A.F. *treson*, *traïson*.

trecherye, *sb.*, treachery, trickery, 76 24;—A.F. *tricherie*.

trede, *v.*, to tread; **trade**, *pt.*, 778 13; 784 10;—A.S. *tredan*.

trenchaunt, *adj.*, cutting, 792 23;—O.F. *trencher*.

trespas, *sb.*, trespass, 79 32;—O.F. *trespas*.

trest,[1] *sb.*, ? (hunting term), 764 14; Wynkyn de Worde reads *treste*.

[1] I have tried to find the exact meaning of the word "trest;" it seems to be "a station appointed in hunting." Wright says it must be found in some treatise on

tretabyl, *adj.*, treatable, 308 14.

tretyce, tretys, *sb.*, treaty, 153 12; 207 3; 861 36;—A.F. *tretiz.*

troncheon, *sb.*, truncheon, broken piece of a spear-shaft, 69 29; **truncheon**, 93 6;—O.F. *tronçon, tronchon.*

trouthe, *sb.*, truth, 38 13;—A.S. *trēowð.*

trouthplyte, *v.*, to engage seriously, to promise; *inf.*, 247 13;—A.S. *trēowð* and *plihtan.*

trowe, *v.*, to believe; **trowed**, *pt.*, 666 13; **trowe**, *prs.*, 331 38; 432 14;—A.S. *trēowan.*

truage, *sb.*, tribute, 7 1; 70 4;—O.F. *treüage.*

trusse, *v.*, to pack, pack off; **trussed**, *pt.*, 649 16; 829 16;—O.F. *trusser.*

tuell, *sb.* *See* **towel.**

turnement, *sb.* *See* **tornement.**

turret, *sb.*, small tower, 140 23; 141 17;—O.F. *tourette.*

tweyne, *num.*, twain, two, 87 20; 166 34; 483 6;—A.S. *twégen.*

twyes, *adv.*, twice, 91 37; 516 9;—A.S. *twíges, twíwa.*

tyde, *v.*, to happen; *prs.*, 847 1;—A.S. *tídan.* *Compare* **betyde.**

tydynges, *sb. pl.*, tidings, news, 699 36;—from Icel. *tíðindi.* *Compare* A.S. *tídan.*

tye, *v.*, to tie; **tayed**, *pt.*, 41 20; 73 18; **teyed**, *pt.*, 198 29; 806 9;—A.S. *tígan.*

tyere, *v.*, to tire, exhaust; *inf.*, 661 32;—A.S. *teorian.*

tylle, *conj.* and *prep.*, till, to, against, 690 26; **tyl**, 757 31; **til a tree**, 380 10; 389 18; 610 3; **til a frende**, 385 28;—Icel. *til.*

vbblye, *sb.*, wafer, sacramental bread, 719 6;—M.E. *oblé, oveléte*, O.F. *oublee*, A.S. *oflǣte*, Late Lat. *oblāta.*

vmbecast, *v.*, to cast about, consider, ponder; *pt.*, 764 25.

vmbre, *sb.*, shade, umbrage, 274 18; 281 32;—Lat. *umbra.*

vnbockel, *v.*, to take off, unbuckle; *inf.*, 516 38.

vncoupele, *v.* (hunting term), to uncouple, loose dogs from their couples, set loose, disjoin (*compare* Shakspere, "Tit. Andron." ii. 2); **vncoupelynge**, *p.prs.*, 500 10.

vncouth, *adj.*, strange, unknown, 105 31;—A.S. *un-cúð.*

vncurteis, *adj.*, not polite, rough, unrefined, 151 30; **vncurtois**, 541 7.

vnderne, *sb.*, the time between sunrise and noon, or between noon and sunset, a meal-time, 242 29; **vndern**, 835 18; **vndorn**, 613 28; **vndorne**, 574 21;—A.S. *undern*, O.S. *undorn.*

vndernethe, *prep.*, underneath, below, 362 6; **vnder nethe**, 548 27;—A.S. *under* and *neoð-an.*

vnderstande, *v.*, to understand; **vnderstanden**, *p.p.*, 166 31; **vnderstonde**, *inf.*, 4 16; **vnderstood**, *pt.*, 348 11; **vnderstode**, *pl.*, 461 21;—A.S. *understandan.*

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hunting; I have not, however, come across it in any of the treatises on the subject (compare my note to "Trystram"). Sir E. Strachey says "trest" is the participle of trere (tirer).—In "The Story of England," by Robert Manning of Brunne, A.D. 1338, ed., from MSS. in the Lambeth and Inner Temple libraries, by F. J. Furnivall, the word occurs, page 30, line 856, evidently in the same sense: "att a triste to schete, Brutus was set." The Glossary, page 836, explains triste as tryste, trysting-place, appointed station, and quotes as etymons O.Icel. *traust*, O.Fries. *trast, trust*, most likely on Prof. Skeat's authority. In R. Morris's ed. of "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight," verses 1146, 1170, 1712, tryster, trysteres, the stations allotted to different persons in hunting, occur.—Mr. Henry Bradley has endeavoured to explain the origin of the word "trest." In a letter to the *Academy* of January 18, 1890, he says: "I do not know whether Romanic philologists will entertain the suggestion that *terra* may, in Gaul, have given rise to a derivative of the form **terristrum, *terristra*, with the accent fluctuating between the first and second syllable. If this hypothesis be admissible, it will, I suppose, account for the forms *tristre, terstre, tertre*, and also for the twofold sense in which *tertre* occurs; and the original English meaning of *tristre, tryst*, would be a 'portion of ground' assigned to each person in certain modes of hunting. The wider sense 'rendez-vous,' might easily have been developed from this, and it is very likely that the word would be at an early period confused with *trist* = *trust*."

vngladde, *adj.*, unhappy, 499 27.
vnhelmed, *adj.*, without a helmet, 565 27.
vnmaymed, *p.p.*, not wounded, sound, 515 8.
vnmesurably oute of mesure, *tautol. phrase*, greatly out of measure, exceedingly, 640 22.
vnnailled, *p.p.*, broken, unriveted, 97 29.
vnnethe, *adv.*, scarcely, 127 18; **vnnethes**, 143 1;—A.S. *uneáðe*.
vnslayne, *adj.* or *p.p.*, alive, not slain, 515 8.
vnstabylnesse, *sb.*, unstableness, 671 11.
vnsyker, *adj.*, uncertain, 724 30.
vntrouthe, *sb.*, falsehood, lie, untruth, 702 1.
vnwympeled, *p.p.*, unveiled, 476 7.
vp, *prep.* and *adv.*, up; **vp so doune**, upside down, 206 12; 654 13; 706 32;—A.S. *up*, *upp*.
vtas, *sb.*, the octave of a festival, 164 8;—A.F. *utaves*, O.F. *oitauves*.
vtteraunce, *sb.*, extremity, the uttermost, 218 9;—O.F. *oultrance*.
vttermest, *adj. superl.*, the extreme, the utmost, 128 2; 567 34;—A.S. *útor*, *uttor*, and *meste*.

valewe, *sb.*, value, 78 37;—O.F. *valu*, *valuë*.
valyaunce, *sb. pl.*, valiant deeds, 173 14;—O.F. *valance*, *vaillance*.
valyaunt, *adj.*, brave, valiant, 297 26; 482 18; **valyaunts men**, 83 31; **valyaunter**, *comp.*, 447 17; **valyauntest**, *superl.*, 454 21;—O.F. *vaillant*, *valant*.
valyauntnesse, *sb.*, brave behaviour, valour, 608 14.
vanysshe, *v.*, to vanish; **vanysshed**, *pt.*, 85 1; 627 23;—O.F. **vaniss-*, from **vanir*.
vanytee, *sb.*, vanity; **vanytees**, *pl.*, 855* 1;—Lat. *vanitatem*.
varlet, *sb.*, servant, squire, young vassal, 187 4; 403 10; **varlette**, 434 5;—O.F. *varlet*, *vaslet*.
varyaunt, *adj.*, changeable, fickle, 827 1;—Lat. *variant-*, from *variare*.
vaute, *sb.*, vault; **vautes**, *pl.*, 2 38;—O.F. *vault*, *volte*, *voute*.
vaward, *sb.*, vanguard, 86 31;—A.F. *avaunt garde*.
vayshere, **vaysshoure**, *sb.*, the cowherd, father of syr Tor;—O.F. *vachere*, *vachier*.
velowet, *sb.*, velvet, 822 24;—O.F. *velu*.
venery, *sb.*, hunting, 568 27;—O.F. *venerie*.
venetrete,[1] *v.*, ?; **venetreted**, *p.p.*, 604 32;—? Wynkyn de Worde has also *venetreted*; ed. 1634 has *euill intreated*; Sir E. Strachey reads *so entreated*. The meaning is evidently "badly treated."
vengeable, *adj.*, revengeful, full of vengeance, 834 19.
vengeaunce, *sb.*, vengeance, 367 20; 466 34;—O.F. *venjance*.
ventayls, *sb. pl.*, the movable front of a helmet, covering the face, through which the wearer breathes; sometimes it means the whole front of a helmet, 516 15;—M.E. generally *aventayle* (*compare* Shakspere, "Troilus and Creseide," line 1557);—A.F. *aventaille*.
venym, *sb.*, poison, 285 2;—O.F. *venin*.
veray, *adj.*, true, 4 15; 565 33; 592 15;—A.F. *verai*.
vermyn, *sb.*, a worm, vermin; **vermyns**, *pl.*, 500 9;—O.F. *vermine*.

vessel, *sb.*, vessel, ship, 284 16; **vessaile**, 282 1;—O.F. *vaissel*, *veissel*, *vessel*.
veyne, *adj.*, vain, 679 10;—Fr. *vain*, Lat. *vanus*.
vouchesaufe, *v.*, to sanction, vouchsafe; *inf.*, 720 25;—O.F. *voucher* and *sauf*.
voyce, *sb.*, voice, 695 21; 707 13; **voys**, 580 6; 840 22;—O.F. *vois*.
vygyl, *sb.*, vigil, eve of a feast or fast day, 612 1;—Lat. *vigilia*.

[1] The form "venetreted" is evidently a misprint, though I cannot explain it. The M.E. verb "entreten" is used for "to treat," in the good as well as in the bad sense; therefore Sir E. Strachey's reading "so entreated" is satisfactory.

vylayn, *adj.* and *sb.*, villain, ugly, detestable; **vylaynst,** *superl.*, 450 18;—O.F. *vilain, vilein.*

vylony, *sb.*, villany, 832 18;—O.F. *vilenie.*

vyloynsly, *adv.*, villanously, 503 8.

vyolle, *sb.*, vial, small bottle, 178 27; —O.F. *viole*, A.F. *fyole.*

vysaged, *adj.*, having a face, 213 26; —from A.F. *visage.*

vyser, *sb.*, visor, the perforated part of the helmet in front of the face, 181 6; **vysure,** 289 8;—O.F. *visiere.*

vytaille, *sb.*, provision, 64 29; **vytilled,** *p.p.*, provisioned, 45 13;—A.F. *vitaille.*

wade, *v.*, to wade; **wade,** *pt.*, 156 4;—A.S. *wadan.*

wagge, *v.*, to shake to and fro, to nod; **waggynge,** *p.prs.*, 787 20; **wagged,** *pt.*, 787 18.—*Compare* Icel. *vagga*, a cradle.

wallop, wallope, *sb.*, gallop, pace of a horse while lifting the fore and hind feet together, 69 14; 114 9.

wallope, *v.*, to gallop, to leap in running, to ride at a galloping pace; *inf.*, 179 33; **wallopped,** *pt.*, 415 30; **wallopt,** *pt.*, 202 17; **wallopte,** *pt.*, 204 6;—O.F. *galoper.*

walowe, *v.*, wallow, to roll about; **walowynge,** *p.prs.*, 168 16; **walowed,** *pt.*, 242 27;—A.S. *wealwian.*

walsshe, *adj.* and *sb.*, Welsh, Welshman, foreign, foreigner, 3 10; **walysshe,** 767 30;—A.S. *wælisc.*

wanhope, *sb.*, despair, 678 12.—*Compare* M.Du. *wanhope.*

wanne, *v.*, to wane, to grow less, to ebb; *inf.*, 849 5;—A.S. *wanian.*

wappe, *v.*, to wap, to lap; *inf.*, 849 5 (probably from the sound of the sea).

ward, *sb.*, care, heed, regard, keeping, 285 27;—A.S. *weard.*

ward, *sb.*, ward, one under the care of a guardian, 180 15;—A.S. *weard.*

wardeyn, *sb.*, warden, 44 14;—A.F. *wardein.*

warison, *sb.*, reward, property, 372 35;—O.F. *warison.*

wasshe, *v.*, to wash; **wesshe,** *pt.*, 178 29; **wasshed,** *pt.*, 380 11; **wasshen,** *p.p.*, 49 28;—A.S. *wascan.*

wast, *sb.*, waist, the middle part of a human body, 589 11; **waste,** 295 7;—M.E. *wast*, O.H.G. *wahst.*

waxe, *v.*, to wax, grow; **waxt,** *pt.*, 130 31; **waxte,** *pt.*, 463 23; **waxed,** *pt.*, 856* 26;—A.S. *weaxan.*

wayte, *sb.*, watch, guard, 726 10; 761 24;—from A.F. *wayter.*

webbe, *sb.*, sheet of thin plate of lead, 857* 27;—? A.S. *webb* or *web.*

wede, *sb.*, weed, garment, 702 33; **wedys,** *pl.*, 539 11;—A.S. *wǽde.*

wede, *sb.*, weed, wild herb, 224 1;—A.S. *wéod, wíod.*

weder, *sb.*, weather, 587 2; **wheder,** 653 15; **whether,** 366 25;—A.S. *weder.*

wedlok, *sb.*, marriage, 451 4;—A.S. *wedlac.*

welde, *v.*, to govern, possess, have power over; *inf.*, 172 2; **weldeth,** *prs.*, 168 2; **welde hymself,** 294 1;—A.S. *wealdan.*

wele, *sb.*, weal, prosperity, 310 2; 804 15;—A.S. *wela, weola.*

welthe, *sb.*, wealth, 400 8;—from A.S. *wela* with the suff. *-th.*

weltre, *v.*, to welter, to roll about; **weltred,** *pt.*, 168 14; **weltryng,** *p.prs.*, 168 15.—*Compare* A.S. *wealtan.*

wende, *v.*, to go, to turn; **wente.** *pt.*, 6 19; 136 2; 761 9;—A.S, *wendan.*

wene, *v.*, to ween, suppose; **wene,** *prs.*, 163 2; **weneth,** *prs.*, 81 33; **wende,** *pt.*, 40 5; 404 21;—A.S. *wénan.*

wepen, *sb.*, weapon, 92 24;—A.S. *wǽpen.*

wepenles, *adj.*, without arms, 93 20.

werche, *v.*, to work; **werches,** *prs.*, 848 1; **worcheth,** *prs.*, 643 17; **wroughte,** *pt.*, 120 3; 378 28; **worche,** *inf.*, 135 10; **worched,** *p.p.*, 199 13; **wrouȝt,** *p.p.*, 403 31; **wyrchynge,** *p.prs.*, 120 2;—A.S. *wyrcan, wercan.*

werke, *sb.*, work, 3 27;—A.S. (*ge*)-*weorc*, *worc*.

werre, *sb.*, war; **werrys**, *pl.*, 198 9; **werres**, *pl.*, 659 10;—O.F. *werre*.

werre, *v.*, to make war; *inf.*, 673 20; **werrith**, *prs.*, 682 13;—A.S. *werrian*. *Compare* O.F. *werreier*, *guerroier*.

wers, *adj. comp.*, worse, 46 22; **werse**, 47 34; **worse**, 297 4;—A.S. *wyrs*.

werst, *adj. superl.*, worst, utmost, 839 37;—A.S. *wyrst*.

werwolf, *sb.*, man-wolf, 793 17;—A.S. *wer* (man, husband) and *wulf*.

wery, *adj.*, weary, 664 29;—A.S. *wérig*.

wesshe, *pt.* *See* **wasshe**.

wete, *v.*, to know, to observe, to keep, guard; *inf.*, 1 13; 433 26; **wiste**, *pt.*, 402 9; **wist**, *pt.*, 373 14; **wetest**, *prs.*, 379 14; **wyste**, *pt.*, 82 13; 205 14; **we wote**, *prs.*, 59 30; **I wote**, *prs.*, 110 19; 422 3; **thou wotest**, *prs.*, 72 10;—A.S. *witan*.

wey, *sb.*, way, 36 25; 51 15;—A.S. *weg*.

weyke, *adj.*, weak; **weykely**, *adv.*, 794 21; **wayke**, 857* 2; **weykest**, *superl.*, 144 29;—Icel. *veikr*, A.S. *wac*.

wheder, *sb.* *See* **weder**.

wheder, *adv.*, whither, 297 21; **whyder ward**, 438 17; **wheder ward**, whitherward, 341 6; **whether**, 219 15; **whyder**, 378 10; **whyther**, 297 21; **whydder**, 702 28;—A.S. *hwider*.

whele, *sb.*, wheel, 827 1;—A.S. *hwéol*.

whelp, *sb.*, young of a dog and of beasts of prey, puppy, 694 4;—A.S. *hwelp*.

whether, *sb.* *See* **weder**.

whether, *pron.*, which of the two, 238 28; *conj.*, whether, if, 244 1;—A.S. *hwæðer*.

whyder, whydder. *See* **wheder**.

whylest, *adv.* and *conj.*, while, whilst, 725 1;—from A.S. *hwíl*.

withinforth, *adv.*, inwardly, inside, 836 28.

withoutforth, *adv.*, outside, 836 28.

withsay, *v.*, to contradict, to renounce; *inf.*, 615 17;—A.S. *wið* and *secgan*.

withstande, *v.*, to resist; *inf.*, 760 16; **withstand**, *p.p.*, 76 6;—A.S. *wið* and *standan*.

woful, *adj.*, sorrowful; **wofullest**, *superl.*, 407 3;—A.S. *wéa* and *ful*.

wol, *prs.* *See* **wylle**.

wolde, *pt.* *See* **wylle**.

wonder, *adj.* and *adv.*, fearful, wonderful, 689 8; 837 35. *Compare* A.S. *wundor*, *wundrian*.

wonderly, *adv.*, wonderfully, 300 23.

wonne, *pt.* *See* **wynne**.

wonte, *adj.*, accustomed, 831 27.

wood, *sb.*, wood, tree, forest, 56 2; **wode**, 85 19;—A.S. *wudu*, *widu*.

wood, woode, *adj.* and *adv.*, mad, raging, 58 32; 401 8;—A.S. *wód*.

woodenes, *sb.*, madness, 55 36; 396 2;—A.S. *wódnyss*.

worcheth, *prs.* *See* **werche**.

worte, *sb.*, plant, herb, vegetable; **wortes**, *pl.*, 668 18;—A.S. *wyrt*.

wote, *prs.* *See* **wete**.

wowe, *v.*, to woo, to request; **wowed**, *pt.*, 784 36;—A.S. *wógian*.

wrake, *sb.*, destruction, misery, mischief, 797 35; 854 22;—A.S. *wracu*.

wrathe, *v.*, to become or to make angry; *inf.*, 374 18;—from A.S. *wráð*.

wreke, *v.*, to wreak, to urge, punish, avenge; **wrackyd**, *p.p.*, 531 17; **wroken**, *p.p.*, 107 5;—A.S. *wrecan*.

wroth, wrothe, *adj.*, wroth, fearful, angry, 401 8, 14;—A.S. *wráð*.

wrouȝt, *p.p.* *See* **werche**.

wrynge, *v.*, to wring, press; **wryngynge**, *p.prs.*, 167 8; **wrange**, *pt.*, 389 36; **wrong**, *pt.*, 168 14;—A.S. *wringan*.

wrythe, *v.*, to writhe, to twist; **wrythed**, *pt.*, 242 27; 582 23; **wrothe**, *pt.*, 595 27;—A.S. *wríðan*.

wyde where, *adv.*, far and wide, 340 29.

wyght, *adj.*, active, swift, strong, 344 30; 467 34; 799 22;—A.S.

wyle, *sb.*, guile, trick, a sly artifice; **wyles**, *pl.*, 424 11;—A.S. *wíl*, *wíle*.

wyllar, *sb.*, one who wills, or wishes; **well wyllars**, *pl.*, 465 11;—from A.S. *willan.*

wylsome, *adj.*, dreary, doubtful, 247 11.

wyl, wylle, *prs.*, will, 402 12; 719 22; **I wol**, *prs.*, 59 8; **thou wolt**, *prs.*, 38 27; **he wol**, 70 36; **wylt thow**, 102 5; **woll ye**, 42 22; **wold**, *pt.*, 39 28; 402 26; **thou woldest**, 48 28;—A.S. *wille, wolde.*

wyly, *adj.*, wily, full of tricks, 135 38; 238 32.

wymmen, *sb. pl.*, women, 83 28; 407 10;—A.S. *wífmen.*

wympeld, *p.p.*, veiled, 531 59.

wyn, *sb.*, wine, 275 22;—A.S. *wín.*

wynded, *p.p.*, having much breath, 512 8;—from A.S. *wind.*

wynne, wyn, *v.*, to win; *inf.*, 80 15; 148 19; 312 20; **wan**, *pt.*, 44 16; **wonne**, *pt.*, 134 13; **wonne**, *p.p.*, 105 77; 388 27; 513 32;—A.S. (*ge*)*winnan.*

wyrchynge, *p.prs.* *See* **werche.**

wyt, *sb.*, wisdom, intelligence, wit, reason, 50 20; **wytte**, 99 3;—A.S. (*ge*)*witt.*

wyte, *sb.*, blame, 75 24; 88 11.

wyte, *v.*, to blame; *prs.*, 133 32; 556 14; *inf.*, 575 9;—A.S. *wítan.*

wytted, *adj.* or *p.p.*, clever, having wit, 253 27.

wyttely, *adv.*, cleverly, 472 15.

y, (1) I, *pron. pers.*; **y gaf**, 46 36;—A.S. *ic;* (2) **y-**, *prefix* = *ge;* **y barryd**, 780 27; **y fonde**, 699 35; **ynombred**, 178 7; **y sette**, 822 32; **y sought**, 754 1;—A.S. *ge-.*

yate, *sb.*, the gate, 39 7; 91 9;—A.S. *geat.*

ye, *adv.*, yes, 100 14; **yis**, 93 16;—A.S. *gese* (*géa* and *-se*).

yede, *pt.*, went, 97 36; 110 30; 150 33; **yode**, *pt.*, 185 31;—A.S. *ge-éode.*

yefte, *sb.*, gift, 481 24; **yeftes**, *pl.*, 453 5;—A.S. *gift*, Icel. *gipt.*

yelde, *v.*, to pay, yield; *inf.*, 15 31; 24 13; *prs.*, 71 34; **yelded (hym)**, *pt.*, 13 23; 16 3; **yelden**, *p.p.*, 13 1; **yolde**, *pt.*, 189 23; **yolden**, *p.p.*, 180 29;—A.S. *geldan.*

yelle, *v.*, to yell; **yellynge**, *p.prs.*, 654 20;—A.S. *gellan.*

yeue, *v.*, to give; *inf.*, 38 11; **yeuen**, *p.p.*, 44 9; 61 36; 412 4; 518 6; **foryaf**, *pt.*, 43 32;—A.S. *gifan.* *Compare* **gyue.**

yland, *sb.*, island, 422 34;—A.S. *ígland.*

ylle, *sb.* and *adj.*, bad, ill, 208 27; 648 1;—Icel. *illr.*

ynde, *sb.*, dark-blue colour;—O.F. *inde*, Lat. *India.*

ynowe, *adj.* and *adv.*, enough, 101 1; **ynow**, 71 6;—A.S. *genóh.*

yole, *sb.*, Yule, Christmas, 177 25;—A.S. *géola.*

yoman, *sb.*, youth, servant, 646 36; **yemen**, *pl.*, 845 2.—*See* Skeat, Dict.

yongthe, *sb.*, youth, 276 31;—from A.S. *géoguð, giógud.*

yre, *sb.*, anger, spite, 58 28; 391 22; 418 22;—Lat. *ira.* *See* **ire.**

yssue, *sb.*, issue; **yssues**, *pl.*, 36 3;—A.F. *issue.*

yssue, *v.*, to issue; **yssued**, *pt.*, 403 10.

ytalyen, *adj.*, Italian, 2 35.

ȝere, *sb.*, ear, 778 30 (Wynkyn de Worde has *ere;* ed. 1634, *eare;* Sir E. Strachey reads *ear*);—A.S. *éare.*

I. THE "MERLIN," OR THE EARLY HISTORY OF KING ARTHUR.

A. THE "MERLIN" BY ROBERT DE BORON.

BOOK I. CHAPTER I.–VII.: THE HUTH MS.

THE "Merlin" by Robert de Boron has to be considered as the source of the first seven chapters[1] of the first book of "Le Morte Darthur." From the remark page 40, 11, "the Frensshe booke maketh no mencyon," we may presume that Malory used a French MS., though, as we shall see later on, he cannot always be trusted; where he speaks of the "Frenssche booke," he has sometimes availed himself of an English one. His MS. was evidently much like ff. 19b–75 of the Huth MS., Add. 10292, and Harl. 6340 of the British Museum, or MS. No. 747 of the Bibliothèque Nationale. As Robert de Boron's Merlin is accessible to all readers in the fine edition of MM. G. Paris and J. Ulrich, I have based my remarks upon their text (pp. 98–146), though the Huth MS. does not represent this text in its best form.[2] This portion is also

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[1] Sir E. Strachey in his Globe edition altered the division of the chapters in book i. As M. G. Paris has quoted from the Globe edition, I must state that chapters i.–vii. of my edition correspond to chapters i.–iv. of the Globe edition.

[2] "Le deuxième morceau (fol. 19b–75a) est également (comme le 'Joseph d'Arimathie') la mise en prose d'un poème de Robert de Boron, du *Merlin*, dont nous ne possédons que 504 vers sous leur forme originale. Cette mise en prose se retrouve dans un grand nombre de manuscrits; mais elle n'a pas encore été imprimée, si ce n'est dans les éditions des XVe et XVIe siècles. C'est ce qui nous a engagés à publier la leçon du manuscrit Huth, bien qu'elle soit loin d'être bonne." A brief abstract of the contents of the "Merlin" is printed in the first volume of July 1775 of the "Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans," pp. 109–140. I intend to publish "Le Roman de Merlin," in an autotype facsimile (two-thirds of the original size) of Add. MS. 10292, as the basis for my forthcoming "History of the Merlin-Legend in England and France."

accessible in Mr. H. B. Wheatley's edition of the MS.[1] in the Cambridge University Library, and in the rare impressions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Finally, I must mention the version of "Arthour and Merlin," an English metrical romance from the first quarter of the fourteenth century, No. 27 of the Auchinleck MS., Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.[2]

The library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, contains in MS. No. 80 the "Merlin" by Henry Lonelich the Skynner,[3] which I understand is going to be edited for the Early English Text Society by Miss Mary Bateson and Prof. E. Koelbing. This version, though of importance for the study of the Merlin-Legend in England, does not concern us here. (Compare the chapter on "The Ordinary Merlin.")

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[1] Though the subject-matter of the MSS. is exactly the same, they do not always agree literally, not to speak of the different periods of the language they represent. The English translation, though closely following the French original on the whole, occasionally omits or adds small passages. It is impossible to say whether these alterations were introduced by the translator, or were present in the copy from which he translated. As an example, I have printed a small portion side by side of—

HUTH MS. FOL. 57a.	CAMBRIDGE MS. FOL. 21b.
Ensi departi la cours, et ains qu'elle fust departie pria li rois a tous ses barons que il fuissent arriere a la Penthecouste si comme il avoient esté a cele feste, et aussi a toutes les dames. Et chascuns l'otroie moult volentiers. Et quant li dus de Tintaguel se departi de la court, li rois le convoia et hounera moult. Au departir si dist li rois a Ygerne tant seulement que il voloit bien que elle seust que elle emportoit son cuer avoec lui. Et elle n'en fist anis samblant que elle l'entendist. &c.	Thus hilde the kynge that feeste that yet is with-outen wif and was so supprised with the love of ygerne that he wiste not how to do / and thus departed the court / but firste the kynge praide alle the barons to be at Cardoel at Pasch and so he prayed alle the ladies, and thei graunted to be ther / Whan the Duke of Tintagel departed fro [the] courte the kynge hym conveyed and gretly hym honoured at theyr departynge / and whan he hadde hym a while conveied he toke leve, and yede thourgh the courte in his othir necessitees &c.

Compare further my notes in the "Ordinary Merlin." I may here at once state that, while comparing the French MS. texts with Mr. Wheatley's, I repeatedly noticed trifles which appear to be mistakes on the part of the editor; in addition to these cases, I came across several passages where the inter-punctuation distinctly shows that the editor misunderstood his text. I am afraid a minute collation of the text with the MS. would confirm my fears that this text is not absolutely reliable, as the texts of the E.E.T.S. generally are. I am inclined to think Mr. Wheatley entrusted somebody who was no expert with the supervision of the press-work. For my purpose, and with the French MSS. at my side, the text was sufficient, but whoever supplies the critical apparatus to The English Prose-Merlin must collate it again with the original.

[2] The English metrical romance in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, Auchinleck MS. No. 27, was edited as "Arthour and Merlin" in 1837 for the Abbotsford Club by W. B. D. D. Turnbull. An analysis communicated by Sir Walter Scott to G. Ellis is to be found in the latter's Early English Metrical Romances, 3 vols., 1805, vol. i. pp. 233–307. Part of a MS. similar to the Auchinleck MS. No. 27 is also in the library of Lincoln's Inn, No. 150. The first eighteen chapters of Malory correspond to ll. 2249–4394 of "Arthour and Merlin." Professor Koelbing has promised a critical edition of this romance.

[3] From this MS. Dr. Furnivall edited Lonelich's History of the Holy Grail. London, 1874–78. E.E.T.S. Extra Series, Nos. xx., xxiv., xxviii., and xxx.

It is at once noticeable that Malory has considerably condensed the narrative of his source. This part of his work is not merely translated, but re-told and in the strict sense of the word "reduced." The following observation shows to what extent this "reduction" is carried. The first seven chapters of the first book fill nine pages (35–44) of my edition; this portion answers to forty-eight pages (98–146) of MM. G. Paris and J. Ulrich's edition; a page of the former contains a little less than a page of the latter. Malory's account is thus "reduced" to about a fifth of the original. The portion of the Huth MS. corresponding to the first chapter of "Le Morte Darthur"[1] begins fol. 56[c] thus:—

"Chi endroit dist li contes que Merlins s'em parti d'Uter Pandragon et vint en Norhomberlande a Blaise, se li dist ces choses et ces establissemens de cele table et maintes autres choses que vous orrés en son livre. Et ensi demoura Merlins plus de deus ans qu'il ne vint nient a court. Et ensi fu un grant tans que li rois tint acoustumeement sa court a Carduel, tant que une fois (56[d]) avint un jour que il prist talent le roi que il semonroit tous ses barons, et i amenaissent tout lor femes et un et autre. Ensi les fist li rois semonre al Noel. Et envoia par tout ses lettres. Ensi comme li rois l'ot commandé si le firent. Et bien sachiés que il i vint grant plenté de damoisieles, de pucieles et de chevaliers. Je ne puis ne ne doi tous chiaus dire qui a cele court furent mais vous conterai chiaus et celes dont mes contes parole. Tant voel je bien que vos [tu] sach(i)és que li dus de Teintaguel i fu, et si i amena sa feme Ygerne."

Malory modifies this story considerably. In order to have a beginning, he speaks of great wars which the king has made against the mighty duke of Cornwall, and of a peace arranged "by the meanes of grete lordes." The visit of the duke and his wife to the court as related by Malory gives the impression of a festival of reconciliation. In the "Ordinary Merlin" both the duke and his wife are introduced into the story here for the first time. To facilitate the understanding of the narrative, and to throw light on various incidents not intelligible in Malory, I here give a brief *résumé* of the "Merlin" up to the point where Malory takes it up.

When[2] Our Lord had descended to Hell and rescued Adam, Eve and many others with them, the fiends, alarmed, assemble and consult how they can get mankind into their power again. After debating a long time, they arrive at

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[1] MS. Add. 10292, ff. 92[b]–94[d]; Harl. MS., 42[b]–47[b]; Cambridge MS., ff. 21[a]–25[a] ed. H. B. Wheatley, pp. 62–74; Auchinleck MS. No. 27, ed. 1837, lines 2249–2504.

[2] This is a synopsis of Huth MS., ff. 19[b]–56[d]; Add. MS., ff. 76[a]–92[a] (ff. 1–75[c] being occupied by "li comencemens de lestoire del sainc graal"); Harl. MS. ff. 1–42[a]; Cambridge MS., ff. 1[a]–21[a], print. text, pp. 1–64; Auchinleck MS., ll. 1–2248 (in this version the sequence of events is greatly altered. The council of the devils, &c., occurs l. 639 ff.).

Compare, further—1. The above-mentioned "Merlin" by Lonelich (Corpus Christi

the conclusion that they must have a man endowed with their powers, and ready to beguile his fellow-creatures. One of them, who has great power over a woman, declares himself ready to beget a child which shall become the obedient instrument of their will. This fiend, with the woman's connivance, ruins her husband, kills his cattle and horses, slays his son, drives the woman to hang herself, and finally causes the husband's death through all these misfortunes. The man leaves three daughters, whom the fiend now endeavours to ensnare. The youngest is seduced by a young man, and becomes pregnant. As, according to the law of the time, every woman who falls has either to become a prostitute or to die, the unfortunate girl is brought before the judges; they condemn her, and secretly bury her alive. A holy man, later on described as Blaise, goes to the two surviving sisters, consoles and advises them. The elder sister lends him an open ear; not so the younger. The fiend, dissatisfied with the intervention of Blaise, now sends a woman to the younger sister. This woman describes to the girl all the pleasures that are waiting for her, and persuades her to leave her sister, who would only try to prevent her from partaking of them. The girl follows her advice, and abandons herself to all men. The elder sister tells Blaise what has happened, he cautions her against the fiend, advises her to be good, always to make the sign of the cross before going to sleep, and never to stay in the dark. On a Saturday, the fiend induces the younger sister to go with some young men to see the elder one; all are in an excited state, they quarrel, the elder reproaches the younger sister with her conduct, and is beaten. In her indignation she throws herself dressed on her bed, forgetting all Blaise has advised her. The devil profits by this moment and renders her pregnant. Awaking, she perceives her misfortune, but is unable to explain it. She goes again to Blaise and tells him what has happened. He refuses at first to believe her, but soon finds out that she tells the truth. He cautions her to be chaste for all her future life, and promises her absolution. Her state soon becomes publicly known; she must acknowledge that she is pregnant, but she cannot tell who is her child's father. Nobody believes her statement; Blaise consoles her and promises to assist her. She is summoned before the judges. Blaise persuades them to lock her up till after her delivery. She is put into a tower and watched by two women. After some time the child is born. As the offspring of the devil, he knows the past, and receives from God, for his mother's sake, knowledge of the future. The child's body is covered with hair, a fact which frightens both the mother and the two women. He is christened, and called "Merlin," after his mother's father. When he is eighteen months old, the women declare they will stay no longer. The

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College, Cambridge, MS. No. 80); 2. (*a*) Harl. MS. No. 6223, British Museum; (*b*) MS. No. 150, library of Lincoln's Inn, London; (*c*) The "Merlin" in Bishop Percy's Folio MS. (edited by J. W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall, London, 1867–68, 3 vols., Merlin, vol. i. 417–496); and (*d*) Douce MS. No. 236, Bodleian Library, Oxford. A critical examination of the relationship of these four English metrical versions to one another and to the English prose-version would be an interesting and meritorious task. Of course I cannot attempt to enter upon it here, but I believe, as concerns the latter question, that both the English metrical and prose-versions go back directly to the French prose-version, of course to various and slightly different MSS.

mother weeps and implores them, and is fearful on account of her impending judgment. But the child suddenly opens his lips and tells his mother to fear nothing. She is so terrified that she drops the child on the ground, but he is not hurt, and goes on speaking to her. The two women are much frightened, and tell other people the wonder they have witnessed. The time of the trial approaches. The mother laments and cries, but the child smiles and comforts her. Both mother and child are brought before the judges. Blaise also appears. Again examined, she persists in her first declaration: she does not know the father of her child. The judges refuse to believe her. The child now declares that his mother is innocent, and requests Blaise to give evidence in favour of his mother and to fix the date of her conception. One of the judges declares that all this will be useless; she must by all means give the name of the father of her child. "I know my father better," suddenly says Merlin to the judge, "than you yours; not my mother, but yours, ought to be burnt."—"If you can prove what you say," replies the judge, "your mother shall be released." The mother of the judge is subsequently sent for, and soon confesses that Merlin is right, for indeed a priest is the judge's father. To spare his own mother, the judge now acquits Merlin's mother; he questions the child about many things, and learns from him that a fiend has engendered him, that he has a knowledge of the past from the devil, and the power of discerning future things from God. Merlin's mother is set free; the priest, on hearing of his disgrace, drowns himself. This chapter finishes with conversation between Blaise and Merlin. The latter asks the former to write a book of all he will tell him; Blaise agrees, on condition that Merlin shall never beguile him. Merlin then gives him the details for the history of Joseph, of Alain, and of the holy vessel, and finally of his birth.

Merlin tells Blaise that he will be sought by some men from the west who have promised to kill him, but, when they find him, they will have no power to carry their promise out. He will go with them, but Blaise will go to those who keep the holy vessel.[1]

King Constance of Bretayne has three sons: Moyne, Pendragon, and Vther;

The Huth MS. and the Cambridge MS. differ in this passage considerably. The former, fol. 31b: "Et quant je m'en irai avoec iaus, tu t'en iras en ces parties ou les gens sont qui ont che saint graal, et tous jours mais sera ta painne et tes livres retrais et volentiers ois de toutes gens. Mais il ne sera pas en auctorité, pour chou que tu n'es pas ne ne pues estre des apostles. Ne li apostle ne misent vnques riens en escrit de nostre signeur que il n'eussent veu et oi, et tu n'i mès riens que tu aies [n'aies] veu et oi d'autrui que de moi.

"Et ensi comme je sui oscurs et serai enviers chiaus ou je ne me vaurrai esclairier, ensi sera tous li livres celês, et peu avenra que ja nus en face bonté. Et tu l'en porteras quant je m'en irai avoec chiaus qui me verront querre. Si sera Joseph [et li livres des lignies que je t'ai amenteues] avec le tien et le mien; et tu avras ta painne finee et tu seras teuls comme tu dois estre en lour compaignie; lors si assamblera tes livres au sien, si sera bien la [ma] chose prouvée de ma painne et de la toie. Ensi en avront mierchi, se iaus plaist. Et il proieront nostre signour por nous. Et quant li doi livre seront assamblé, si i avra un biel livre. Et li doi seront une meesme chose fors tant que je ne puis dire, ne drois n'est, les privees paroles de Joseph et de Jesucrist. 'Et Engletere

he dies, and Moyne, his eldest son, becomes his successor; he is young and has no energy, and soon Vortiger his seneschal has all the power in his hands. The heathen make war against the king; Vortiger declines to lead the army, and the king is entirely defeated. Vortiger is requested by the barons to become their king; he does not refuse, but declares he could not do so as long as the king lives. Moyne is now murdered by twelve of the barons, and the crown is offered to Vortiger, who, whilst severely blaming the murderers, accepts it. The two younger brothers, Pendragon and Vther, are led abroad by their guardians. When the murderers ask for their reward, Vortiger orders them to be torn by horses. Through this cruel act Vortiger loses his popularity, and the relations of the murdered barons commence to rebel against him. He overcomes them all, and expels them from the country. His people begin to hate Vortiger. To consolidate his position he makes an alliance with the Saisnes (Cambridge MS. has Danes or Saisnes), and marries one of Hangus' [Aungier's] daughters, though she is a heathen. For his personal safety he intends to build a strong tower. The work is begun, but three times the ground-walls break down as soon as they are erected. Nobody can account for this strange occurrence. The king asks his wise men. They are unable to answer his question, but read in the stars that a fatherless child would cause them all to die. They agree to tell the king his tower would never be finished unless the mortar be mixed with the blood of the fatherless child; this child must be killed as soon as he is found, and before he has a chance of saying a single word to the king.

To get this child into his power, Vortiger sends out twelve messengers, after making them swear that they would kill the child as soon as they found him. Four of them soon come to a town and pass by a group of children playing. Merlin is among these children, and, knowing that the messengers are looking for him, he hits one of his playmates very hard with his stick, so that he swears at him and calls him fatherless boy. Having thus attracted the messengers' attention, he tells them, he is the child they are seeking. On condition that they save his life, he agrees to accompany them. He takes leave of his mother, who goes into a convent. He bids good-bye to Blaise, and advises him to go to Northumberland, where he promises to come to him now and then and to give him information about all that has to be put into the book. He prophesies Arthur's future glory, which shall also form a subject of the book.

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n'avoit adont eut encore roi crestiien; ne des rois qu'i avoient esté ne me tient a retraire fors tant que a cist conte monte.'

"Ore dist li contes que un roi avait en Engletere qui avoit non Constans. Et icil" &c.

The corresponding passage in the English text, fol. 8ᵃ, is much shorter; it runs thus: "And I shall go with hem; and thow shalt go in to that p*ar*tyes, where they be that haue the holy vessell. And euer here-after shall thy boke gladly be herde, and he that will knowe the lyf of kynges whiche were in the grete Bretayne be-fore that cristendom come, be-holde the story of Bretons. That is a boke that *maister Martyn* tr*a*unslated *oute of latyn*, but here rested this matere. And turneth to the storye of *Loth* a crysten kynge in Bretayn whos name was *Constance*."

My endeavours to find a clue to the History of the Britons which is said to be translated by Master Martin proved fruitless.

While passing through a town with the messengers, they meet a fellow who carries some leather, which he has just bought to mend his shoes with. Merlin begins to smile, and, being asked the reason, declares the man shall die before he reaches his house. Two of the messengers, who follow him, see him indeed fall dead on the road. In another town they see the burial of a child; the father follows, crying. Merlin laughs again, and declares, not this man, but the priest who chants, ought to cry, because he is really the child's father. They go to ask the mother of the deceased child, and find out that Merlin has said the truth.

Finally they arrive at Vortiger's residence; fearing punishment because they have spared Merlin, the messengers request him to help them. He tells them to relate to the king all the wonders they witnessed on the road, and also that Merlin would tell him why the tower broke down. Merlin is brought before Vortiger. All the wise men who have advised his death are present. He tells them that they wished to kill him because they knew well that he had power to kill them. Below the tower, he explains, is a great water, and below this water are two dragons, one red and one white. These two dragons upset the walls by stretching their limbs. As soon as the dragons come to daylight, the white would kill the red one, and then die. The king at once gives orders to dig out the foundation, and they find everything as Merlin said. Soon after, the tower is finished. Being asked about the signification of the dragons, Merlin wishes first to see all the wise clerks; he declares to them he will spare their lives if they will do as he wishes; as soon as they promise that, he asks them to give up their art. The white dragon signifies the two sons of King Constance, the red one is Vortiger. These two sons will come back, and land near Winchester, and destroy him. Then Merlin goes to Blaise.

Vortiger summons his people to assist him, and proceeds to Winchester to await the arrival of Pendragon and Vter. On the day named by Merlin, the two brothers arrive in a vessel. Vortiger is abandoned by all his people, who go over to the side of their legitimate Sovereign. He retreats to his strong castle, is besieged, and finally burnt in it. Pendragon is made king. He first directs his arms against Aungier. He besieges him more than six months in a castle called Vysee. The five barons who had formerly found Merlin declare that nobody but he would be able to advise how to take the castle. Pendragon despatches messengers to seek Merlin. He appears to them, and tells them the castle can only be taken after Aungier's death; they will find three barons dead when they return to the king; further, they cannot find Merlin unless he wishes to be found, and that will happen when the king goes personally to speak to him in the forest of Northumberland. On their return, the messengers find that three barons have died. They begin to think that the man they met was Merlin himself. When Pendragon hears the news of the messengers, he entrusts the command to his brother Vter, and goes to seek Merlin. One of his men meets an ugly fellow, who keeps wild beasts. This fellow declares he could tell where Merlin is if he liked. The king is told he shall meet Merlin at the next town. Upon his arrival there a messenger from Merlin tells him that his brother Vter has killed Hangus

[Aungier]. The king sends messengers to Vter to inquire if this news be true. On the way the messengers meet Vter, who comes to announce the death of Aungier to Pendragon. One day a man comes to the king, requesting him to assemble all the people who pretend to know Merlin. He privately discloses to Pendragon that he himself is Merlin, and that he is going to make himself known to all people. He further explains that he had warned Vter to be on his guard against Hangus [Aungier], and how the latter had been killed. He promises to speak to Vter in eleven days. He then goes to Blaise, whilst Pendragon returns to his brother, who confirms all that he tells him, and adds that the man who warned him had promised to come to him in eleven days. On the day in question, the two brothers wait anxiously; a messenger comes to Vter from his mistress with a letter. Then Merlin appears under different disguises to Vter, and finally discloses himself. The two brothers entreat Merlin to remain with them and to become their adviser. He promises to be always at their disposal when they are in need of his service. By Merlin's advice, Pendragon makes peace with the Sarazins, who leave the country.

One of the barons, jealous of Merlin, declares that all the wonders he does are nonsense, mocks at him, and says he does not believe in him. Three times, differently disguised, he asks Merlin about his death. The first time Merlin tells him he would break his neck in falling from his horse, the second time he would be hanged, and lastly he would be drowned. The baron exults over this contradiction, but before long the threefold prophecy is fulfilled. In future Merlin will only tell things of which the truth shall be known after they have happened. Merlin's book of prophecies is commenced.

After some time Merlin announces to Pendragon that the Saracens will return with a strong army to revenge Hangus' [Aungier's] death; he then points out to him the means by which he can defeat them, and declares one of the brothers shall die in the battle, and the survivor shall erect him a great monument with his help. As he says, so it happens. The Saracens arrive; a great battle takes place near Salisbury. A red dragon appears on the sky, the Britons are victorious, but Pendragon is killed. Vter is made king. He buries the fallen Christians, and by Merlin's advice adopts the name Vterpendragon. Merlin, to honour the memory of Pendragon, transports great stones from Ireland to his tomb, and erects an everlasting monument.

Later on he reveals to Vterpendragon the great secret of the two sacred tables of Christ and Joseph of Arimathea, and induces him to make a third one. Vterpendragon is ready to carry out this advice, and commissions Merlin to erect the round table at Carduel in Wales.

On Whitsuntide next the king comes to Carduel, and Merlin erects the round table. He has selected fifty of the best knights of the country. One seat, however, is left vacant, to be occupied after Vterpendragon's days by a man who shall also accomplish the adventure of the void place at Joseph's table. Then Merlin declares he has to leave the king for a long while. He goes to Blaise. In his absence some of his enemies ask about the void seat, and request permission to try it. They say Merlin is dead, and the king grants them their desire. A knight tries the seat, but disappears into the ground. Merlin returns and reproaches the king. He advises him that to honour the table he

ought to keep all his great feasts at Carduel. The king promises to do so, and calls all his barons with their wives, daughters, sisters, or nieces, to Carduel for the next Christmas. Among the guests are the duke of Tintaguel and his wife Ygerne.

Thus the duke and Ygerne come, like all other invited guests to the court, to assist at the festivities. Malory does not mention "Carduel," where the festival takes place.

Both Ordinary Merlin and Malory agree, then, in stating that Vther, as soon as he sees Ygerne, is smitten with her charms, and endeavours to gain her favours "car ele estoit moult preudefeme et moult biele." In the Ordinary Merlin follows a detailed account of the various means employed by Vther to reach his end; this is much shortened by Malory, and told in ten lines (p. 35, 10-20). In Malory all takes place on the first and only visit. The Ordinary Merlin speaks of three visits, and tells the episode thus:—

Vther sends valuable presents to all ladies, so that Ygerne cannot refuse the most precious one. When the festival is over, all barons and ladies return home, after having promised to return "a la Penthecouste."[1] On parting with the duke and Ygerne, Vther does them great honour, and tells Ygerne that she carries his heart away with her. At the next festival Vther pays the duke and his wife still greater honour, "si fist le duc et Ygerne seoir decouste lui," and makes them great presents. They go home again. Vther feels wretched, and suffers greatly. He can only think of Ygerne. At last he complains of his pains to "deus des ses privés." They advise him to announce another great festival which shall last fifteen days. Vther follows this advice. All his guests return to "Carduel,"[2] and among them the duke and fair Ygerne. Vther now confides all his sorrows to his "consillier" Vrfins,[3] and asks him what to do, as he feels he must die if he cannot have Ygerne. Vrfins replies: "Vous estes moult mauvais, qui pour le desir d'une feme cuidiés morir. Qui oi ains parler de feme qui bien fust priie et requise et (la) on peust donner a li et a cheus qui sont entour li, que elle ne fesist sa volenté?" He advises the king to make her great presents, and promises to help him with all his power. If the king takes care of the duke, he will speak to Ygerne. He then speaks to her, and offers her great jewels; she refuses to accept them. *Ygerne:* "Pour coi me veuls tu douner ces jouaus et ces biaus dons?" *Vrfins:* "Pour vostre sens et por vostre grand biauté. Ie ne vous puis riens douner, que tout li avoir le roi sont vostre, et tous ses cors a vostre plaisir et a vostre volenté faire." *I.* "Comment?" *V.* "Pour chou

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[1] The Cambridge MS., in contradiction to Huth and Add. MS., reads here "Pash."

[2] All MSS. agree in stating that this visit (which is to last fifteen days) takes place at "Pentecouste," therefore the Huth and Add. MSS. are wrong in stating that the first visit took place at Whitsuntide, and they contain a contradiction.

[3] The Huth MS. reads, on pp. 100–119 and 164–65, "Urfin" and "Urfins," on pp. 166–68, "Ulfins." Add. MS. has always "Vlfins."

que vous avés le cuer de lui tout entirement, et est vostres et obeist a vous." *I.* "Dou quel cuer dites vous?" *V.* "Dou roi." *I.* "Dieus! conme est li rois traitres, qui fait samblant del duc amer et (de) moi [veut] honnir! Vrfins, gardés que ja mais n'en parlés," &c. She threatens to tell her husband. Then Vrfin tells the king what has happened. Another day Vrfin advises the king, when they are at table, to send a beautiful golden cup to Ygerne, requesting her to drink out of it for his love. Vther gives the cup to the duke, requesting him to send it to his wife. The duke feels greatly flattered by this honour, and sends the cup by a knight named Bretel to Ygerne. When she receives the cup she is very angry, but she cannot, before her ladies, refuse to comply with the king's wish, as her husband sends the cup. She blames Vrfin severely for this new "traison." After dinner the king comes with the duke to Ygerne's chamber. She suffers much all day. At night she reveals all to her husband, adding, "Et je vous pri que vous m'en menés, car je ne voel plus estre en ceste ville." The duke is very much surprised at his wife's disclosures. He shares her indignation, and resolves to carry her wish out without any delay. He calls his knights together, bids them to be ready at nightfall, declaring that he will later explain all. During the night the duke, his wife and suite leave the court and return home.

When the rumour of the duke's sudden departure reaches the king in the morning, he complains to his barons that the duke has offended him by going away without giving notice or taking leave. They are all ignorant of what has happened, and advise Vther to send messengers to the duke, bidding him to return and to justify his conduct. The duke plainly refuses to obey the king's orders; when the messengers are gone, he tells his people the cause of his departure from the court, requesting them to help him with all their power against Vther. They promise to do so. Upon the receipt of a negative answer, Vther applies again to his barons for advice. They tell him "que il le fache desfier auant a quarante iours." Their advice is acted upon, and the king asks them, "que au chief de quarante iours fuissent a Tintageul comme pour hostoyer." Both parties prepare for war. Vther enters with his army into the duke's country, and burns and ravages it. He soon hears that "li dus estoit a une part en un de ses chastiaus, et sa femme en lautre." He besieges the duke in "en son chastiel," but he cannot conquer this castle. Vrfin finds him one day crying, and, when told the reason, advises him to send for Merlin. Vther is afraid that he has offended Merlin, for he knows, without telling, that he is in need of his help. Vrfin comforts the king. One day, when Vrfin rides through the host, an old man wishes to speak to him; he tells him that the king's troubles are well known to him, and for a fair reward he would point out the man who alone could help Vther. Vrfin tells the king. Both go the next day to the appointed place where Vrfin is to find the old man. On their way thither they find a cripple, who accosts them. Vther bids Vrfin to speak to the cripple. The latter says he is sent by the old man, and bids Vrfin ask Vther who he is. Vther guesses at once that the old man and the cripple are one and the same person, namely, Merlin.

This detailed narrative is thrown by Malory into the first chapter. All the main features of it are to be recognised in Malory's account. Comp. 35, 32, "within forty dayes," with "quarante iours." Malory gives to the castle in which Igrayne is the name Tyntagil, and "Terrabyl" to the one in which the duke is besieged. This name does not occur in the corresponding passage of the "Merlin," but later on, as I shall state (see edition of the Huth MS. vol. i. 241; 252; 261) Malory omits the appearance of Merlin as cripple.

II. (Huth MS., folios 60^{d}–65^{a}.[1]) Returning to the camp, Vther and Vrfin find Merlin in his true shape at the royal tent. The king is delighted at his coming, "car il n'est nus hom qui mieus or vous puist aidier de l'amour d'Ygerne." Merlin will help the king to realise his wish, provided he engages himself by oath to grant whatever gift he will ask "sauve s'ounour"; Vrfin has to swear likewise. Vther assents to that: "Lors fist li rois aporter les sains, et illuecques jura li rois et Vrfins que Merlins lour devise que li rois li donra che que Merlins li demandera." Merlin then explains to them how he intends to carry out his covenant. He will give Vther the semblance of the duke, to Vrfin that of Bretiaus, to himself that of Iourdains, the latter being two of the duke's knights. They will all three go to Tintageul, but they must leave the castle again early in the morning. The king bids his barons to be on their guard, but, by Merlin's advice, tells nobody whither he goes. When Vther, Vrfin, and Merlin are near Tintageul, the latter rubs their bodies and his own with an herb, and are immediately transformed into the shapes of the duke, Bretiaus, and Iourdains. They pass the castle door without any difficulty, as the people think the duke has come to see his wife. Vther goes to Ygerne's chamber, passes the night with her, and begets Arthur. In the morning the rumour spreads in the town "que li dus estoit mors et ses chastiaus pris." Vrfin and Merlin come, in their disguise, and tell the duke [*i.e.* Vther] his people believe he is dead. He declares: "Che n'est pas merveille se il le cuident, car jou issi en tel maniere dou chastiel que nus n'en sot mot." He takes leave of Ygerne, and all three leave the castle hastily. Now Merlin asks his gift: he wishes as soon as he is born to have the son whom Vther has begotten on Ygerne the previous night. Vther grants it. Merlin then washes them with the water of a river, and gives them their natural semblance back. Upon his return to the host Vther finds the rumour confirmed; the duke was really killed during a sortie which he made during the king's absence. Vther feigns sorrow for what has happened, and declares he will make amends to Igerne to the best of his power. Vrfin then acts very ingeniously: he tells the barons the king needs their advice; they ask him for his opinion; he gives it reluctantly, lest they should think he is false. They assure him of their high opinion of him. Vrfin says: "I would advise the king to make peace, and reconcile Ygerne and the duke's relations by all

[1] MS. Add., ff. 94^{d}–96^{f}; Harl. MS., ff. 47^{b}–51^{d}; Cambridge MS., ff. 25^{a}–28^{b}, ed. pp. 74–86; Auchinleck MS., ed. 1837, ll. 2205–2636.

means." His advice is adopted and communicated to the king, who gladly accepts it, and acts accordingly. He sends for Ygerne and all her relations. Merlin comes to Vther and tells him that Vrfin gave this counsel; he is a wise and true knight; he himself could no better advise him. He reminds Vther of his promise; the child's mother might not like it, but it must be done; he would not come again to him till after the child's birth; in the meantime, he would only speak to Vrfin. Vther will soon marry Ygerne, but he must not tell her that he slept with her. Then Merlin goes to Blaise. The king is advised by his council to make peace with Ygerne. He praises Vrfin for having suggested the peace. The same advice is given to Ygerne and her friends. She agrees to make peace. One of her friends asks the king's messengers what amends his lord intends to make. They cannot yet say, but advise the lady and her friends to come to Vther. They all come to Carduel. Vther asks his barons what amends he should make. They declare they dare not tell what they think, and request the king to give them Vrfin as their adviser. Vrfin is of opinion the king should marry Ygerne, and Lot of Orkanie her daughter. Vther's and Ygerne's councils consider the matter and agree there is no better way out of the difficulty. Being asked for their opinions, Vther and Lot agree, and so does Ygerne. All are pleased with the results, and convinced that never did king make such amends to his vassal. Thus Vther marries Ygerne, Lot d'Orkanie her daughter. Lot has five sons, Mordrès, Gauvains, Agrauain, Guerrehes and Gaharies. The second daughter of the duke, Morgans, marries king Nentres of Sorhaut; a third daughter, named Morgue, is put into a convent, "et elle aprist tant et si bien que aprist les set ars, et si sot mierveilles d'un art que on apiele astrenomie, et elle en ouvra moult tost et tous jours, et moult sot de fisike, et par cele fisike fu elle apielee Morgue la fee. Les autres enfans adrecha li rois tous, et moult ama les parens le duc."

The second chapter of "Le Morte Darthur" is a simple abridgment of this. Besides one point of importance at the beginning, some slight variations are noticeable at the end. Malory states here, contrary to the version of the Huth, Add., Harl., and Cambridge MSS., that Ulfyns received the semblance of Brastias, and Merlin took that of Iordanus; those MSS. relate that Ulfyn became Iourdain, and Merlin took Bretel's semblance. Only the Auchinleck MS. agrees in this point with Malory. This fact shows that the MSS. which Malory and the poet of "Arthour and Merlin" had before them had a common descent.

Malory calls Lot king of "Lowthean and of Orkenay;" only mentions that Morgawse (Morgan) is Gawayn's mother, omitting the names of the other three sons, most likely for the reason that he wished later to refer specially to Mordred's birth. Nentres is called king of Garlot, a name "Elayne" is given to the second daughter, and it is stated that Morgan (Morgue) married king Vryence the father of Ewayne le blaunche maynys. The Cambridge MS. of Merlin

has Nentres of Garlot, Morgein, but does not mention the names of Elayne and Morgawse.[1] The modifications may therefore be either attributed to Malory or to the source from which he translated.

III.–V. (Huth MS., ff. 65^a–72^a.[2]) "Ensi ot li rois Ygerne et la tint tant que la grossece apparut, et tant que li rois gisoit une nuit avoec li, si mist sa main sour son ventre et demanda de qui elle estoit grosse." Ygerne tells her husband, with tears, how, the very night when the duke was killed, a man in the semblance of the duke came to her to Tyntagail, and begot the child on her. The king consoles her, bidding her not to tell this secret to anybody, and requesting her to deliver the child, as it is neither hers nor his, to the man he will point out to her. She consents. Vrfin, told about this, declares the queen is indeed "sage et loiaus," as she revealed to the king what so strongly compromises her; he praises Vther for having so well carried out Merlin's orders, "car il ne poroit en autre maniere avoir l'enfant."

After six months Merlin comes to Vrfin; both go to Vther. Merlin declares Vrfin has freed himself somewhat of the guilt towards Ygerne, but not he himself. Vther reassures him by saying he is so wise that he will surely find means to do so. Merlin says, to this Vther must help him; he knows a "preudomme" in this country, who has a good wife, just delivered of a boy; the man is not very rich. Vther should request him and his wife to swear that they would bring up the child he will send them, and to put their own child to another woman. Auctor, this is the man's name, is sent for; Vther tells him he was told in a dream that he is one of the best men in his kingdom, and then requests him to take the child he will send him instead of his own. It is only after long hesitation that Auctor and his wife agree; Vther richly rewards them. When the moment of Ygerne's delivery arrives, Merlin comes to Vrfin, bidding him to tell Vther to give orders that the child should be delivered immediately after its birth "au preudomme qui sera fors de la sale." All is done according to Merlin's advice. The child is born and delivered to a man at the door. Merlin takes the child to Auctor, and tells him to christen him "Artus."

"Lonc tans" after these events, Vther falls dangerously ill. His enemies, profiting by this opportunity, invade his country and defeat his army. Merlin comes to the king's assistance. He announces to him, if he wishes to conquer his enemies, he must make himself to be carried in a litter in front of his army. Soon after the victory he will die, and see him only once again. Vther acts upon Merlin's advice, and is victorious. He is a good and charitable king, and does a great deal of good. But he gradually becomes weaker

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[1] MS. Add., fol. 96^f, reads, "nextres de garloc"; Harl. MS., fol. 50^c, "nantres de garlot." Neither of the two MSS. gives the names of the other two daughters of the duke. The Auchinleck MS. reads, ll. 2611–2630, Nanters king of Garlot marries Blasine, Ygerne's daughter, and has by her a son named Galaas. Lot marries the second daughter, Belisent, and begets Wawein, Guerches, Agreuein, and Gaheriet upon her. The third took king Vriens of Schorham as husband; their son was Ywayns.

[2] MS. Add., ff. 96^f–100^a; Harl. MS., ff. 51^d–57^d; Cambridge MS., ff. 28^b–33^b, ed. pp. 86–101; Auchinleck MS., ed. 1838, ll. 2637–2928.

and weaker, and at last dies. The barons send for Merlin, telling him the king is dead. Merlin denies it. They insist on their statement, saying the king has not spoken for three days. Merlin approaches Vther's bed; the dying king shows by his looks that he recognises Merlin, who draws near him and tells him his son Artus shall be king after him. Vther replies: "Merlins, priiés li pour Dieu que il prit a Ihesucrist por moi," and gives up his ghost.

When the king is buried with all honours, the barons assemble to consult upon the succession to the throne. They have recourse to Merlin, and ask his help. Merlin declares himself unable to help them in such an important affair, but advises them to wait till Christmas. Being asked if he will come to Logres by that time, he tells them they will not see him before the election has taken place. Merlin, after parting with them, goes to Blaise "et se li dist ces choses que il savoit qui a venir estoient."

Artus grows up in the meantime, and loves Auctor well as his father; Auctor on his part hardly knows whether he loves Artus or Kay, his own child, better. At All Saints before the Christmas when the barons are to assemble at Logres, Kay is made knight. At Christmas Auctor leads Kay to Logres, where the clergy and all knights assemble; Artus accompanies them.

All pray ardently, many a man hoping that God would elect him to become king. After the mass, one of the holiest men of the country, the archbishop, tells them why they are assembled: "pour le sauvement de vos ames, et pour l'ounour de vos vie[s], et pour veoir le myracle que nostre sires fera hui, si li plaist, por nous douner roi pour maintenir sainte eglyse et pour desfendre le peuple et tout le roiaume."

On Christmas Day, leaving church, people find a square stone block before the church. An anvil is attached to it, and in it sticks a bright sword. They return and tell the archbishop. He comes and casts holy water on it, and recognises written in golden letters the following inscription: "cil qui osteroit cele espee, il seroit rois de la terre par election Ihesucrist."

Nine[1] worthy men and five[1] members of the clergy are charged to watch the stone. Great difficulties arise as to the succession in which the barons shall try the sword. The archbishop blames them greatly; after long hesitation and quarrelling, they accept the disposition of the archbishop. He then expounds the miracle to the people. All the barons assay to pull the sword out, but none succeeds. The miracle remains unachieved till New Year's Day. On this day a tournament is to take place; Kay, having no sword, sends Artus home to fetch it. Artus carries out his order, but can find no sword at home, and returns dismally. Passing the cathedral, he sees the sword in the stone; as the knights and priests have gone to assist at the tournament, he goes in, takes hold of the sword, pulls it out without difficulty, and brings it to Kay. Hearing that it is the sword from the stone, Kay takes it to his father, boasting that he has achieved the miracle, and must become king. Auctor, refusing to believe his son, bids him tell the truth. He then

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[1] The Cambridge MS., fol. 32[b], reads here: "Than was the ston deliu*e*red to x worthi men to kepe, and to *two* clerkes."

relates how Artus brought it to him. Turning round, Auctor finds Artus standing behind him. He requests him to put the sword back again. Artus does so. Now Kay is bidden to try. He pulls to the best of his power, but cannot move the sword.

Malory reproduces the main points of this account, but he varies now and then noticeably in details. According to him, Vther tells Igrayne, in the course of the conversation opening chapter iii., that he is the father of her child. Ulfyns is not, as in the source, the constant intermediator between the king and Merlin, who deal directly with one another. Contrary to the source, Malory describes (Auctor) Ector as a man of means: "he is a lord of fair lyuelode in many partyes in England & walys." Malory further deviates from the source by stating that the child, after its birth, was delivered to the man "at the posterne" by "two knights and two ladies;" the source relates that Igerne entrusted it to a maid in whom she had great confidence. According to Malory, there elapse but two years between Arthur's birth and Vther's illness, whereas the source states "lonc tans." This alteration makes it extraordinary that young Arthur should accompany Ector and Kay to London. St. Albons as the place where the battle between Vther and his enemies takes place is evidently Malory's invention. The archbishop is not surnamed "of Canterbury" in the source. Malory probably derived this addition from the English metrical romance (Harl. MS. 2252) "Le Morte Arthur." The source only speaks of the "monstier," the cathedral where the barons assemble previous to the election, not of "the grettest chirche of london."

According to Malory, the stone with the sword is entrusted to ten knights, whereas the source speaks of nine knights and five members of the clergy.

The oath which Ector bids Kay take before telling all he knows of the marvellous sword, and Ector's attempt to pull out the sword, are Malory's additions.

VI.–VII. (Huth MS., ff. 72^a–75^a.[1]) Young Artus, who is then asked to assay the sword, pulls it out for a second time. Embracing him, Auctor tells him that he will become king, and adds that he is not his real father. Artus, who loves Auctor well, is deeply grieved by this news. The latter then tells how he has taken care of him almost since the moment of his birth; how his wife had nourished him, and given her own son Kay to another woman. For all this kindness, "I request you now," says Auctor, "to promise me by a solemn oath: 'quant vous serés rois que vous faciés vostre frere senescal de vostre terre (en) en tel maniere que pour fourfait que il face

[1] Add. MS., ff. 100^a–101^d; Harl. MS., ff. 57^d–60^c; Auchinleck MS., ed. 1838, ll. 2929–3020; Cambridge MS., ff. 33^b–35^b, ed. pp. 102–107.

ne perde le senescauchie, que tous jours tant comme il vivra autres senescaus ne soit. Et se il est fel et faus et vilains, vous le devés bien sousfrir, que toutes les mauvaises choses qu'il a n'a il prises se par le norriche [norrechon] non qui l'alaita, et pour vous norrir est il si desnaturés.' " Artus complies with this request. Afterwards Auctor tells the archbishop and all people that the king is found, for Artus has achieved the miracle of the sword. Artus pulls the sword out for the third time, in the presence of all the clergy and the barons. The archbishop embraces him, and "commenche a chanter en haut: Te Deum laudamus." When Artus has replaced the sword, many barons try to pull it out, but none succeeds. The barons are very dissatisfied that a young man, of such low descent, should become their king; they demand that the election be adjourned till Candlemas. On Candlemas Artus withdraws the sword for the fourth time from the stone. Now the barons ask a further delay till Easter. On Easter Sunday Artus removes the sword for the fifth time. The barons demand again postponement of the election till Whitsuntide, stating that they wish to test Artus. They speak to him, and ask him to postpone the coronation till Whitsuntide. He readily consents, and speaks kindly to them. They are surprised to find him so wise and liberal. At Whitsuntide all the barons and dignitaries of the church return to Logres. On the eve of Whitsunday the archbishop, "par le comun conseil et par l'escort des plus des barons," makes Artus knight. Before all the people the archbishop then asks the barons if they will recognise Artus as their king. They answer: "Sire, nous nous i acordons bien, et volons de par Dieu que il soit rois sacrés, en tel maniere que se il i avoit nul de nous viers cui il enust nule male volenté de chou qu'il ont esté contre son sacre et contre s'election dusques a hui, que il lour pardoinst a tous communaument." They kneel down before Artus; he weeps from emotion, and forgives them. The archbishop then bids him fetch the sword, "et la justiche dont vous devés desfendre sainte eglise et la crestiienté garder." On Whitsunday he kneels down before the stone and pulls the sword for the sixth time; he carries it to the altar, and is crowned king.[1] When the people come out of the cathedral the stone has disappeared. The "Merlin" by Robert de Boron then ends: "Ensi fu Artus esleus a roi, et tint la terre et le regne de Logres lonc tans a pais."

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[1] At the request of Mr. A. Nutt, Mr. G. Hartwell Jones of University College, Cardiff, who wished for information on some points in the Arthurian romances, sent me the following reference from a Welsh account of "The History of the Blessed Oil," translated from the Latin original of Lucas. The following lines are Mr. Jones' literal translation of the Welsh text:

"This is the beginning of the account of the Blessed Oil turned out of Lucas' book from Latin into Welsh.

I. Nasciens, a cousin of Bredyr af Efrog, the chief of the knights of the Round Table, from the time that Merddin established it under Uthur Pendragon, until a part of Arthur's age. And then Nasciens went as a hermit to the Chapel Perilous in *Ynys Urydin* (=Glastonbury), and he so pleased God, that an angel used to come to minister his mass, as Arthur himself saw when Mary sent the golden cross to Arthur, which is in the Monastery of Glastonbury, where Arthur himself placed it. And for that reason he

In these two chapters Malory and R. de Boron agree in most points. In Malory's account, besides slight changes, there are some features noticeable which are not to be found in any of the MSS. I have seen. Malory changes Auctor's part somewhat. According to him, Auctor asks Arthur, only after the latter has declared, "And yf it euer be goddes will that I be kynge / ye shall desyre of me what I may do," that he should make Kay his seneschal. Malory relates that Arthur pulls the sword out of the stone for the first time before the archbishop and the barons on the "twelfth day," whereas R. de Boron says this took place on the same day that Arthur had achieved the sword feat for the first time, when he previously brought it to Kay.

Malory further says: "The archbishop of canterbury by the prouydence of Merlyn" selects the best knights to be with Arthur. R. de Boron does not mention Merlin here at all, nor does he quote the names of Bawdewyne of Bretayne, Ulfyns, and Brastias; he only relates that Kay is made seneschal. The former three knights are also mentioned by Malory at the end of chapter vii. As to Ulfyns and Brastias, as they are the two knights who were the confidants of the duke of Tyntagil, Malory may have anticipated them from the "Ordinary Merlin," but Bawdewyn is not mentioned in any of the

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carried a green buckler with a white cross, and Mary's image on its right arm, sitting in the upper part of the shield (*or*, with the right hand stretched to . . . .).

II. And that Nasciens by the command of the Holy Spirit, wrote the whole account of the Holy Grail, with whom Blaes (=Blaise) the hermit agrees, and that agrees with a book that Merddin brought to the Glass chapel, rehearsing the prowess of Arthur and his knights. And the book bears witness that Joseph as the son of Joseph of Arimathea, was consecrated Bishop in Dinas Farar and was ordained with Blessed Oil, which seven angels of heaven brought to Joseph and his son, and his twelve nephews, his sister's sons, and four hundred other people, the nearest to him in faith and creed and religion. And a command came from heaven to bid Joseph and all the multitude come to the island of Britain, and bring the oil with them, and so they did.

III. Koel was then king of Britain. And this oil Dyfrig (=Dubricues) the Archbishop received to consecrate Arthur as king, when he drew the sword from the stone in *Caer Fudei* (sic); and for that reason he overcame all inroads, and his crown and arms are the High Relics of the kingdom, for that he was consecrated with the Blessed Oil from heaven. And it was given to Arthur to destroy every unspiritual oppression from among the Saints and Christians. And then that oil was lost without any one knowing where it became until the time of Thomas of Caer Gaine (Canterbury) retired to escape from Henry, King of England.

IV. And Thomas went to Pope Alexander to the city of *Sange*, for there the Bishop of Rome was at that time," etc. etc.

This is a very curious text obviously connected with the "Queste del Saint Graal," but containing matter that may possibly be older than the version in the hitherto known texts of that romance. The account of Nasciens' (Seraphes') shield, is different from that in the Vulgate-Quest (compare the "Lancelot"), and seems influenced by the account Nennius gives of Arthur's shield. The text is either a Welsh adaptation of the Merlin, now lost, or of a now lost French version of that romance. The form Bredyr for Peredur is unusual; also Nasciens' relationship to Peredur. Nasciens in some versions of the Quest is Galahad's uncle.

romances I have seen, except in the Thornton MS. "La Morte Arthure."

Contrary to R. de Boron, Arthur is knighted by Malory on Whitsunday, shortly before the coronation.

The "comyns" which Malory mentioned do not occur in R. de Boron's Merlin, and must be anticipated from the "Ordinary Merlin"; Malory evidently omits intentionally the statement that the barons test Arthur, and, after finding him wise and liberal, no longer oppose his election.

Where Malory found the information for the last portion of chapter vii. (p. 44, ll. 3–20) I am unable to say. I am inclined to believe ll. 3–9 are his own invention; ll. 10–20, which form a prominent paragraph in Caxton's impression, are partly his own, partly derived from the "Ordinary Merlin." The offices of "constable," "chamberlain," "wardeyn," are mentioned nowhere else.

B. THE "ORDINARY MERLIN."

BOOK I. CHAPTERS VIII.–XVIII.: ADD. MS. No. 10292.

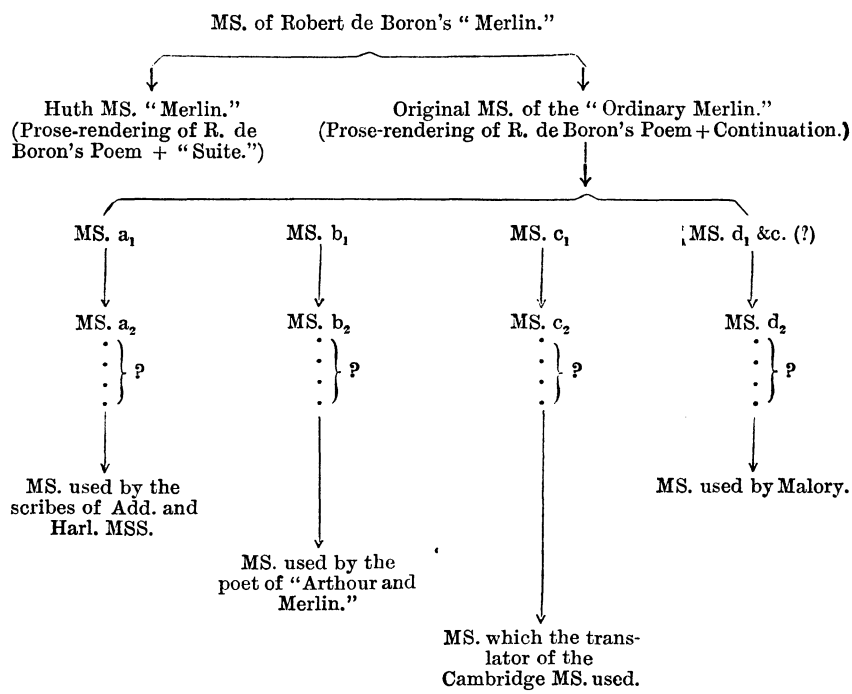
FROM the beginning of the eighth to the end of the eighteenth chapter[1] the "Ordinary Merlin" requires examination as Malory's source. As this portion is at times in contradiction with Robert de Boron's "Merlin," the pseudo-Boron, the writer of the "Suite," omitted it, so that it does not figure in the Huth MS., and we have to recur to the MSS. mentioned on page 7—viz., Add. No. 10292 and Harl. No. 6340 of the British Museum, MS. No. 747 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, the English translation of "Le Roman de Merlin," MS. of the Cambridge University Library,[2] and, finally, the English metrical romance, "Arthour and Merlin," Auchinleck MS. No. 27, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.[3]

[1] Chapters viii.–xviii. of my edition correspond to chapters v.–xvi. of the Globe edition.

[2] It would lead me too far from my path were I to undertake the interesting task of determining the relationship of the English translation to its French originals of the Merlin with regard to the additions in the former. Are these additions to be found in any other French MS. having another origin than the Harl. and Add. MSS., or are they the English translator's additions? Several passages reminded me greatly of Wace and Layamon, and the hypothesis that the English translator added to his original text such information as seemed good to him is not at all improbable. Perhaps Dr. W. E. Mead who is, I understand, to supply in a fourth part the critical apparatus to Mr. H. B Wheatley's text, will throw light upon this question.

[3] Harl. MS., ff. 60b–62d; Cambridge MS., ff. 35b–38a, ed. pp. 108–14; Auchinleck MS. ed. 1837, ll. 3070–3182.—Also the rare imprints of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries may be consulted.

Comparing these three versions—for Add. and Harl. MSS. and, I believe, also the MS. No. 747 of the Bibliothèque Nationale represent the same version as Malory's—I found that, although these MSS. have so many features in common that their descent from a common original is unquestionable, they all possess marked, though insignificant, variations, such as additions, omissions, or slight modifications of incidents. It is, of course, impossible to determine exactly their relationship to one common original and to one another; but I think the theory about to be set forth will be allowed to possess plausibility. Robert de Boron's poem was put into prose and continued in the "Ordinary Merlin." Various MSS. descended from the original MS. of the "Ordinary Merlin," copied either from the original or from one another. During this process the scribes, who either wished to add matter of their own to their copies or misunderstood their original, introduced variations. It can thus be explained that the four MSS. used by the scribes of Add. and Harl. MSS., by the poet of "Arthour and Merlin," by the translator of the Cambridge MS., and finally by Malory, all differed slightly, while the three latter at least present considerable additions. Graphically, this theory would be expressed thus:—



As I was unable to discover the MS. Malory used, I have taken

the earliest of the British Museum MSS., viz., Add. No. 10292, ff. 101d–113d, as a basis for my examination; but I have had all the other versions (except the Paris MS. No. 747) before me, and have noted any differences of importance.

The continuation of Robert de Boron's poem by the false R. de Boron begins in the middle of a chapter (as it also does in the other MSS., without any paragraph mark), thus, on folio 101d:—

"Ensi fu artus esleus a roy & tint la terre & le regne de logres lonc tans en pais. Et tant quil fist vn ior a savoir par toute la terre quil tenroit court enforcie. A cele cort quil tenoit vint li rois lot dorcanie qui tint la terre de loenois & vne partie de la terre dorcanie cil vint acourt atout . c v . cheualiers de plus. Et dautre part vint li rois vriens de la terre de gorre qui estoit iones cheualiers de pris atout . . Apres vint li rois nautes de garlot qui ot la seror artu a tout . c vij . cheualiers. Apres vint li rois carados brenbras qui fu vns des cheualiers de la table roonde cil amena . c vj . cheualiers. Apres vint li rois agustans moult bien a harnois qui estoit rois descoce si estoit iones cheualiers & preus as armes si amena . c v . cheualiers. Et quant il furent tout uenu si les rechut li rois artus moult bien & lor fist moult grant ioie. Et por ce quil estoient haut homme & poissant si lor presenta biaus dons & riches ioiaus comme cil qui bien sen estoit porueus deuant.

Qvant li baron virent les riches presens & les rices ioiaus que li rois artus lor offroit si le tindrent a moult grant desdaig . & distrent de tels i ot que moult estoit fol quant il dun homme de si bas lignage auoient fait roy & seignor deseure aus & de si riche terre," &c.

They cannot suffer this, and declare they refuse to accept the presents and to recognise him as their legal king. When Artus sees their threatening attitude, he fears treason and saves himself, "si issi hors de la maistre forterece & ce estoit a carlion." After fifteen days Merlin comes to the barons in town. They receive him well, and lead him to a palace from which one has a fine view on "le riuiere de thamise." There they ask Merlin how it is that the archbishop has crowned Artus without their consent. Merlin explains to them that the archbishop could not have done better, for none of them is of nobler birth or worthier to bear the crown than Artus; he is not, as they think, the son of Autor and brother of Keu. If they send for Autor and Vlfin, they will hear the truth from him; they ought also to speak to Artus. The barons follow Merlin's advice. [fol. 101e.] Bretel is subsequently despatched to Artus to ask him to come to meet the barons with the archbishop "de brite" and "de logres."[1] Bretel delivers his message to Artus, and also tells Vlfin that the barons wish to see him and Artus.

Malory anticipates the name of "Carlyon" as the locality where the festival takes place, from a later passage in his source describing Arthur's flight from the tower. As concerns the kings who are men-

[1] Harl. MS., fol. 61a, reads: "larceuesque de briste et larceuesque de longres;" Cambridge MS., fol. 36b, ed. p. 110, "the archebisshop̄ and the bisshop of logres."

tioned as coming to this feast, Malory and Add. MS. agree, save that Malory omits the name of the king of Scotland, Agustans—probably because he always calls him later on Agwysans king of Ireland—and adds that of the king with the hundred knights. In the numbers of knights which these kings bring with them variance only exists in the cases of Vriens, Carados, and Agustans; these have respectively, according to Add. MS., five, six, and five hundred knights; according to Malory, four, five, and six hundred. The "messagers" who, in Malory's account, take the presents to the kings and are "shamefully rebuked" by them, as well as the "beardless boy" as an epithet for Arthur, are not in Add. MS. Malory does not relate, like the "Ordinary Merlin," Arthur's flight from the city of Carlyon, but that he gathered his five hundred men (by-the-by, his own addition) and went with them into the tower. Both Malory and the "Ordinary Merlin" agree in stating that Merlin comes on the fifteenth day to the kings at Carlyon. Merlin's reference to Autor and Vlfin as witnesses, and Bretel's despatch to King Arthur, are omitted by Malory; he adds, however, the prophecy: "And who saith nay / he shal be kyng and overcome alle his enemyes / And or he deye / he shalle be long kynge of all Englond / and haue vnder his obeyssaunce Walys / yrland and Scotland / and moo reames than I will now reherce," and Lot's and the other barons' scorning of Merlin.

IX.[1] At the appointed time, Artus, without arms, but wearing a short "haberioun desous sa cote," the archbishop and Autor go to the palace. As anointed king, and for the sake of the archbishop, the barons, despite their animosity, receive him honourably. When all are seated, the archbishop addresses the barons, but they request him to let Merlin speak first. [fol. 102 recto.] Merlin rises and gives a short account of Artus' life from the moment of his conception to the day when he achieved the sword feat, winding up by bidding the barons ask Autor and Vlfin. On being asked, both confirm Merlin's statement; Vlfin presents the covenant between Merlin and Vtherpendragon, with the royal seal. The archbishop reads it to them. The people are astonished, and regret that they have refused to acknowledge Artus.

When the barons perceive that the people incline to Artus, they declare they will and cannot acknowledge a bastard as their king. The archbishop tries to appease them, but in vain. The barons depart in wrath, and prepare for war. The archbishop and the people are faithful to Artus. He returns to the castle, requesting his followers to prepare themselves as best they can; "et furent por tout $\overset{c}{\text{iij}}$ & l qui distrent quil li aideroient iusqua la mort." [fol. 102 verso.] The barons in the town consult whether they had better attack or besiege Artus in the castle. Merlin comes to them, and exhorts them to

[1] MS. Add., ff. 102^{e}–103^{f}; Harl. MS. ff. 62^{d}–64^{d}; Cambridge MS., ff. 38^{a}–40^{a}, ed. pp. 114–120; Auchinleck MS., ed. 1837, ll. 3070–3400.

leave off opposing Artus, who is their king by right; they will only get the worst of it. "Ore a bien li enchanteres parle," say the barons, and laugh at him. Returning to Artus, Merlin bids him not to be afraid, as he will assist him.

Artus consults with Merlin, the archbishop, Autor, Vlfin, Keus, and Bretel upon the situation. Addressing Merlin, Artus requests him, as he has been his father's friend, to be his adviser now. Merlin assents. He tells Artus how the knights of the Round Table, which was founded and established during his father's reign, have gone abroad, "por la desloialte quil virent naistre en cest pais." They abide now in the country of Carmalide. There reigns the old king Leodegan; his wife is dead; an only and beautiful daughter is his heiress. Leodegan has had long wars against Rion, a powerful and cruel king, who has already overcome twenty-five crowned kings. With their beards he has adorned a mantle, and this is held before him daily at mealtime and on state occasions. He has made a vow never to stop until he has conquered thirty kings. He still wars against Leodegan, and if it were not for the knights of the Round Table he would have overcome him. Artus ought to help Leodegan, who will give him his daughter to wife, "a qui li roialmes apeut & ele est moult bele & ione & vne des sages del monde." But before he goes to Carmelide he must garnish his towns and castles. The archbishop will excommunicate all who refuse to do him homage. Merlin will help him. The archbishop goes on the walls; Artus prepares his people. Merlin gives him a banner "ou il ot moult grant senefiance. Car il i auoit . i . dragon dedens si le fist fremer en vne lance & il ietoit por samblant fu & flambe par la bouce . si auoit vne keue tortice moult longue. Cil dragons [fol. 103 recto] dont ie vous di estoit darrain si ne sot onques nus ou merlins le prinst," &c. Artus entrusts the banner to his seneschal Keu. In the meantime the barons have pitched their tents before the castle. Merlin casts an enchantment upon them and sets all their tents on fire. He bids Artus sally out and fight against them. A great battle ensues. Many people are killed. Artus personally does great feats of arms, and routs his antagonists. The rebels collect themselves at some distance and hold counsel. Nantres of Garlot, a strong, but young and impetuous knight, is of opinion that the war would be ended immediately if they killed Artus. He is himself ready to achieve this task. He takes "vne lance courte & grosse al fer tranchant" and runs against Artus. They fight; after a short time Nantres is thrown out of the saddle. King Lot d'Orcanie rushes to Nantres' assistance. Artus also throws him down over his horse's crupper. Nantres' and Lot's knights come to their lords' rescue, and horse them again. Artus pulls out the sword which he took out of the stone, "qui ieta ausi grant clarte comme se doi[1] chierge i eussent este alumees. . . . . Et les lettres qui estoient escrites en lespee disoient quele auoit non escalibor & cest . i . non ebrieu qui dist en franchois trenche fer & achier." He hits a knight on the shoulder so hard that he cleaves off his whole left side. He deals on the right and on

[1] Harl. MS. agrees with this statement, but Cambridge MS., fol. 39ᵃ, ed. p. 118, reads: "that it glistred as it hadde be the brightnesse of xxᵗⁱ tapres brennynge."

the left terrible strokes; nobody can abide before him. [fol. 103 verso.] When the vi kings see so many of their people slain, they resolve to rush at Artus all at once. By this violent attack Artus is borne down from his horse. Keus, Bretel, Autor, Vlfin, "et lor lignage" hasten to his rescue. Keus strikes king "aguistant descoce qui estoit arrestes sor le roy artu," and king Karados. Vlfin fights against Nantres, Bretel against Ydres. Artus lies on the ground; several knights deal him violent strokes on the helmet. Keu finally fells king Lot, relieves Artus, and horses him again. Artus rides against Ydres and brings him down. The battle becomes furious. Artus kills with Escalibour many knights and horses, "si quil mismes en estoit tous sangleus & souillies si durement quil ne pairoit en ses armes ne taint ne vernis." Ydres is, however, horsed again, and the vi kings depart discomfited, "car de tout lauoir quil i aporterent ne reporterent il vaillant . ij . d⁹ . que tout ne fu ars & bruli del feu que merlins fist descendre sor les tentes." Artus returns to "Carduel en gales." He asks everywhere for the "soldoiers," and distributes horses and armours among them, and thus gains their love so much that they are ready to risk their lives for him. Then he fortifies his castles and towns.

Malory describes the short "haberioun" which Arthur wears when he comes to meet the barons as "a Jesseraunte of double maylle," and states that, besides the archbishop, not Autor, but Baudewyn of Bretayne, Kay, and Brastias accompany him. The meeting itself is greatly shortened, and the most prominent features, such as the archbishop's and Merlin's speeches, Ulfin's producing the covenant, &c., are omitted. The three hundred and fifty knights faithful to Arthur are only three hundred in Malory. The epithet "enchanteres" given by Lot to Merlin becomes in Malory's narrative "dreme reder." Lines 19–20 of page 46 are either Malory's addition or he found a remark of that sort in his MS. Malory omits Arthur's council with Merlin, Autor, Ulfin, and Bretel, Merlin's advice to go to king Leodegan, the banner, &c., and modifies the first fight between Arthur and the rebels by greatly abridging it, thus omitting Nantres' proposal to kill Arthur and his attempt to carry it out. Malory, who is generally inclined to see things through the magnifying glass, says the sword which Arthur pulled out of the stone, *i.e.*, Excalibor, "gaf light like xxx torches," whereas the Cambridge MS. has "twenti tapres," and Add. MS. "doi chierge." That Malory was not entirely master of his subject is shown by the fact that here, following the "Ordinary Merlin," he calls the sword which Arthur draws out of the anvil Excalibor, whereas, on page 79 (book ii. chap. iii.), forgetting this, and following the "Suite de Merlin," he declares the sword which the lady of the lake gives Arthur is called Excalibor.[1] Malory

[1] Compare later on my note to chapters xxv.-xxvii. of book i. chap. 3.

further omits the enchantment which Merlin casts upon the enemy, and the fire which he throws on their tents. He states that Merlin bids Arthur leave off fighting against them, contrary to the "Ordinary Merlin," and, on the other hand, he omits Arthur's distributing large gifts among the poor in order to gain the hearts of the people.

X.[1] "Si auint quil tint court a logres sa cite qui ore est appelee londres[2] en engleterre le iour de nostre dame en septembre." He dubs many knights, distributes lands and rich presents, and gains much love. Merlin comes to him. In Vlfin's presence, he tells Artus of a hermit who lives in a wild forest of "Norhomberlande;" this hermit has been his friend ever from his infancy; he saved his mother from death. Merlin then tells his mother's story, and many events that took place before Artus' birth. [fol. 104 recto.] King Loth has five sons, "dont tu engendras lun a londres quant tu estoiies escuiers," &c.[3]

"Et dautre part en la petite bertaigne a . ij . rois qui sont frere & ont a feme . ij . serors germaines." Ban "de benoyc" and Bohors "de gaunes," are their names. They are on a war footing with a powerful neighbour. Merlin advises Artus to send for them; they will readily do him homage. After making Artus swear never to disclose who he is, he retires to Northumberland. King Artus is much cheered by his people, and excites general admiration by his chivalry and strength. At Hallowmas he asks all his people to come and do him homage. Bretel and Vlfin are despatched as messengers to the kings Ban and Bohort, to request them to come at Hallowmas to Artus' court. They cross the sea, and arriving "en la petite bertaigne" find many towns pillaged and destroyed. [fol. 104 verso.] They come to the city of "benoyc apele ore borges en berri" belonging to king "Claudas de la deserte." This Claudas was warring with Ban for a castle. Without declaring war, Claudas had invaded Ban's country and ravaged many places. Ban defended himself in a great and strong castle, which Claudas could not conquer. Gracien, a brave and noble man, defends it, "si en ot fait son compere que li rois bans li auoit leue si apeloit on cel enfant banin[4] & cis

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[1] Add. MS., ff. 103^{f}–105^{f}; Harl. MS., ff. 64^{d}–66^{d}; Cambridge MS., ff. 40^{b}–44^{a}, ed. pp. 121–31; Auchinleck MS., ed. 1830, ll. 3400–3600.

[2] Compare my note and quotation of the Cambridge MS. (fol. 49), p. 44. London was first called "the newe troye," because its founder (Brutos) came from there.

[3] This passage on fol. 104^{a} of Add. MS. runs on thus: "& ils sont biau vallet si a non li aisnes gauains & li autres agrauains . & li tiers gerrehes . & li quars ghaheries & li plus iones mordres. Et saces bien que gauains sera li plus loiaus cheualiers qui onques nasquist enuiers son seignor si sera . i . des boins cheualiers del monde & qui plus vous amera & vous essauchera tant come il viura enuiers tout le monde nis enuiers son pere & ne doutes onques que ce sera cil pour qui vous raures toute uotre terre si seront tout uotre homme por doutance de lui viers vous humiliant & obeisant. Et li rois nantres a . i . fil qui moult est biaus ualles & a non galescins . & vriens en a . i . qui a non yuains li grans qui de toutes bontes de cuer sera plains & cil & gauains tameront & seruiront iusqua la mort . & saces bien quil ne seront adoube de nul homme deuant que tu les adouberas icil te feront maint fil de haut baron ueuir a toi por lamor daus & de lor compaignie te seruiront. Et dautre part en la petite bertaigne a . ij . rois," &c.

[4] Harl. MS. agrees with Add. MS., but Cambridge MS., fol. 41^{b}, ed. p. 124, reads:

banins fu perrenoumes de moult haute proece en la court le roy artu dont li contes ne parole mie cil endroit." Bretel and Vlfin continue their way till they come to the castle of "trebes," where they find king Ban's wife Helaine, a most beautiful woman. Bohort had married Helaine's sister. Asking for king Ban, they learn that he is with his brother Bohort. Departing from Trebes, the two messengers meet seven knights of Claudas scouring the country. These knights ask them to surrender themselves or pay toll-money. [fol. 105 recto.] Vlfin defies the knight who has asked them, and tells him it is very discourteous to ask travelling knights for money. Bretel, hearing this, runs against the knight and bears him to the ground, saying: "ore i chi logier tout por loisir & garder le chemin si que nus ni past dont vous naues le treu ou boin paage," and rides after Vlfin. When the seven knights see their leader slain, two of them pursue Vlfin and Bretel, who encounter and overthrow them. Two more meet the same fate; the others flee. At night the two messengers arrive at the "chastel de benoyc." They alight before the principal gate, leaving their horses in the care of a squire, enter, and ask for the two kings. Ban and Bohort are at council together. Pharien, a knight of Ban, comes, receives them politely, and leads them to the chamber where are Ban and Bohort, and with them "leonces of palerne."[1] When they are seated, Ban and Bohort ask them the reason of their visit. They tell how Merlin had advised king Artus to invite them to his court. The kings declare they cannot well leave their country, as they are at war with Claudas. Bretel and Vlfin bid them have no fear, but trust in Merlin's power and wisdom. The two kings finally declare themselves ready to go to Artus' court on the third day. They treat the messengers very hospitably. Bretel and Vlfin relate their adventure with the seven knights. Leonces of Palerne, who was in "la grant bertaigne" in the days of Vtherpandragon, is very kind to them. On the third day the two kings start with the messengers, leaving their treasures to the care of their cousin german Leonces and to Phariens "et li senescaus de benoic et cil de gaunes." In

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"and made his compere a godsone of hys, that he hadden houe fro the fontstone, and was cleped after the kynge ban Bawdewyn," &c.

N.B.—There occur in the Cambridge MS. four peculiarly marked letters, imitated in type in Mr. H. B. Wheatley's text—viz., ħ, ŧŧ, i), and n). I have not thought it necessary to reproduce these peculiarities in the few passages I quoted from that text.

[1] In the Cambridge MS., fol. 43ᵃ, ed. p. 129, several lines are intercalated here: "And thei a bode till that the two kynges hadde made ende of her counseile / And as they a bode so com to hem a knyght that highte leones, and brought with hym a knyght that he moche loed / and his name was Pharien / thise tweyne come to the messagers, and hem asked what thei were / and thei ansuerde that thei sholde sone knowe / yef it plesed hem to abyde so longe till thei hadde seide theire message to the two kynges / And when these other herde hem so sey thei a vised hem better and knewe hem wele / And than thei toke hem in armes and made hem grete ioye / as thei that longe tyme had to geder loved from theire childehode. And than thei asked yef thei hadde grete haste / and thei ansuerde Ye right grete."—All passages which I quoted from the "Merlin" ed. H. B. Wheatley, in this section, I have collated with the MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, and restored the original form of the MS.

case of need, they bid them send news at once to "bertaigne." "Si lor douna li rois bans son anel a ensenges."[1]

While Ban and Bohort are on their way to his court, Artus, by Merlin's advice, garnishes his towns and castles. Merlin tells him that Bretel and Vlfin have successfully delivered their message, after overcoming seven knights. They are now on their way back, and the two kings with them. Artus must receive Ban and Bohort with great honour; he ought to go and meet them, and have the streets of Logres, through which they pass, gaily decorated. Merlin continues: "si faites caroler toutes les puceles & les damoiseles de ceste ville & aler encontre aus chantant hors de la ville." Artus does as Merlin advises him.

When Ban and Bors approach, Artus, with his barons, and the archbishop "brete"[2] meet them with a procession. When they arrive at the palace, Artus honours them greatly, and gains the favour of their suite by large presents. It is a Sunday; after attending the mass, which archbishop "brete" in person sings, they go to dinner in the "maistre palais." Kex, Lucans, Vlfin, Bretel, and girflet serve at table. After dinner, a great tournament takes places. All the knights are divided into two parties of about seven hundred each; there are about "$\overset{c}{\text{iii}}$. del roialme de benoyc qui se tournerent a vne part." Ban, Bors, their brother a wise clerk, who knows more about astronomy than any clerk except Merlin, Artus, the archbishop, and Autor look at the tournament from a window of the castle.

Malory states that Arthur removes to London, in accordance with the "Ordinary Merlin," from which, however, he greatly varies afterwards. He replaces the dubbing of knights, the distribution of gifts, the information Merlin gives about Blaise, the allusion to Lot's sons and Mordred's birth (p. 47, ll. 7–25), by a council of the barons, in which Arthur tells them he heard from Merlin that the six kings will shortly renew hostilities, and requests them to speak to Merlin, after they have declared themselves strong enough to resist. Merlin tells them that the enemies have found four new allies, and Arthur cannot overcome them "onlesse he haue more chyualry with hym than he may make within the boundys of his own reame." For this reason Merlin advises him to send messengers to the two kings.

Bretel and Ulfyn's journey to Ban and Bors is summarily told by Malory. Contrary to all other versions, they fight against eight instead of seven knights. Malory skips the war between Claudas and the two kings entirely. In this paragraph occurs, in Add. and Harl. MS., the name "Banin," corresponding to "Bawdewyn." As both versions agree that this knight was afterwards renowned at Arthur's court, I

[1] This passage is unintelligible in the Add. and Harl. MSS. Ban, according to the Cambridge MS., did not give his ring; he only showed it to them, declaring they ought to believe whoever came to them; and, delivering this ring, gave them an order from him.

[2] Harl. MS. "briste"; Cambridge MS. "the archbisshop;" Auchinleck MS. "Brice."

cannot help thinking that there must be some relation between him and the "Bawdewyn of Bretayne" repeatedly mentioned in "Le Morte Darthur," but in none of the other versions. In the "Ordinary Merlin" the messengers deliver their message orally, not, as Malory states, by letter. Contrary to his source, Malory states that the messengers receive large presents, and return first to Logres, the kings following soon. Malory then skips the means by which the two kings protect their country in their absence, thus omitting the ring, though he mentions it later on in two passages, where it is entirely unintelligible. Malory only mentions Kay, Lucas, and Gryflet as serving at table, leaving out Ulfyns and Bretel.

Finally, the window from which Arthur and his guest look at the tournament is replaced by "a place couerd with clothe of gold lyke an halle with ladyes and gentilwymmen."

XI.[1] A fight between Gifles and Ladinas opens the tournament [fol. 106 recto]. Being both strong and valiant knights, they attack one another so violently that their spears break and both fall to the ground, so that all think them dead. The other knights now range themselves either on Gifles' or Ladinas' side, and a general jousting begins. Lucans, a cousin of Gifles, distinguishes himself greatly, and does so much "que nus ne pooit ses cops souffrir." Gifles and "the other knight" are horsed again. Through the united efforts of Gifles and Lucans, the knights of "benoyc" are driven back. Three hundred fresh knights come to their assistance, and the "estour" becomes very hot. Many a knightly deed is performed, but Gifles and Lucans surpass all the rest.

In the afternoon Keux appears on the scene from an ambush; he suddenly storms in with five hundred knights well horsed "ausi comme li faucons ou li ostoirs se fiert es estormeaus." Keux earns great worship on the one side, Gifles and Lucans on the other. After them the best knights are: "Maurut de la roche, Guinas li blois, Drians de la forest salvage, Belyas li amoureus del chastel as puceles, Flandrins li blans, Graciens li blans li chastelains, Drulios[2] de la Case, Bliobleheris de la deserte, Meliadus li blois, Mediaus li crespes, and Placides li gais."[3] Now Ban's knights exert themselves so much that they drive their adversaries back to the place where the tournament started. Artus' knights, perceiving this, redouble their efforts. Keux is the foremost of all; he would indeed be a first class knight, "se ne fust . i . poi de parole dont il auoit trop." Many people refuse to go with him "as auentures" in Logres, as the story will relate afterwards. This is not his

[1] Add. MS., ff. 105^{f}–108^{b}; Harl. MS., ff. 66^{d}–73^{d}; Cambridge MS., ff. 44^{a}–49^{a}, ed. pp. 131–146; Auchinleck MS., ed. 1830, ll. 3600–3735.

[2] Harl. MS., fol. 69^{c}, "Dulios."

[3] Cambridge MS., fol. 45^{a}, ed. p. 135, reads thus: "and the beste after hem was Marke de la roche / and Guynas le Bleys and drias de la foreste sauge / and Belyas the amerouse of maydens castell / and Blyos de la casse, and Madyens le crespes / and flaundryns le blanke, and Grassien the castelein / and placidas le gays."—Blioberis and Meliadus li

fault, but that of his nurse; his mother was a wise and good woman, &c. First Keux turns against Ladinas, who is foremost in striving to beat back the knights of Logres, throws both him and Gracien de Trebes to the ground with the same stroke, but his lance breaks in pieces. He pulls out his sword, and cries, "Clarence lensegne au roy artus." This encourages the knights of Logres to do better than ever. Keux distinguishes himself so much that Artus, [fol. 106 verso] Ban, and Bohort praise him unanimously. Keux' example spurs Lucans; he rides against Blioberis, and brings him down; he also breaks his lance, but dismounts, and continues to fight with his sword. Gifles then returns to the field, and seeing two fellows (the Cambridge MS. reads, page 136: "and saugh Blioberes and two of hys felowes that leyde on kay") attacking Keux, he rushes to his rescue. One of them, "Placides," has smitten Keu on the helmet "que tout lauoit enbronciet sour larchon de la sele." Gifles smites Blioberis so hard that he must fall from his horse; then turning against Placides, disables him too from fighting any more. This friendly aid is the cause of lasting friendship between Keux and Gifles. Soon after that Gifles perceives Gervas, who has done them great harm; he pulls out his sword, and strikes so violently at him, "que li fus en vole contre mont & se lespee ne li fust tornee el puig leust." Great noise and cries arise. Gervas' and Keux' fellows come to their assistance; the tournament receives a new impetus. Towards the evening the three kings descend from the palace to the field, and, seeing "quil se tenoient si par ingal," give the signal for leaving off fighting. At supper the tournament is discussed. The prize is given to Keux, Lucan, and Gifflet.

When the tables are taken away, Artus, Ban, and Bohort, with their brother Guinebans, retire to a chamber looking towards the garden on the river (Cambridge MS. p. 138 has "river of temse"). Noticing Vlfin and Bretel in the garden, Artus begins to laugh. The two knights are sent for, and the king asks them to tell him truly their adventure with the seven knights of Claudas. Both declare that Artus knows already as well as they how it happened. Ban, surprised, asks by whom Artus can have known it.

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blois are omitted; for Drulios or Dulios is written Blyos.—In the Auchinleck MS. ll. 3601-12, these names are thus forced into the necessities of the metre—

3601 The best was Lucan the boteler,
A yong knight of grete power,
With outen the steward Kay,
3604 He was a knight of gret noblay;
Grimfles, Maruc, and Gumas,
Ich of hem wel noble was;
Placides, and eke Driens,
3608 Holias and Graciens,
Marliaus and Flaundrins,
Sir Meliard and eke Drukins,
And al so Breoberuis,
3612 These born oway the priis.

[While reading the proofs of this portion of the present volume, Prof. E. Koelbing honoured me with a copy of his excellent edition of "Arthour and Merlin," herausgegeben nach der Auchinleck Hs. nebst zwei Beilagen, Leipzig, 1890, 8vo, as vol. iv. of "Altenglische Bibliothek." Prof. Koelbing's former splendid and learned editions are the best evidence of the thoroughness of this present work, and I am sorry that I could not avail myself of it sooner. Here, and again later on, I could collate my quotations from Turnbull's edition with it. These lines correspond to 3591-3602 of Prof. Koelbing's edition, and the following points are corrected:—3602, gret; 3603, withouten; 3611, also.]

They tell him through Merlin. Both Ban and Bohort now wish to see Merlin, about whom they have heard so many marvellous things. Merlin is sent for. A long conversation follows. Merlin tells a part of his life; [fol. 107 recto] closely examined by Guinebans, he answers all questions correctly. He then advises the two kings to become Artus' vassals. The two kings are ready to do so, provided Merlin vows he will be true to them. When the kings are gone to bed, Merlin and Guinebans talk long together; Merlin teaches the latter "maint biau ieu."

Next morning,[1] after mass, Merlin swears to Ban and Bohort to be faithful to them, and that Artus is indeed the son of Vther and Ygerne; in confirmation of Merlin's words, Vlfin also swears. Then the two kings do homage to Artus, "et li rois artus les rechut moult simplement en plorant." The joy is greater this day than before. After dinner they hold counsel: Artus, Ban, Bohort, Merlin, Vlfin, Bretel, and Kex. Merlin delivers a speech, saying all are worthy men, but he knows them better than they themselves; they all ought to help the worthy king Artus; he will advise them as well as he can. They know that Artus is not yet married; he (Merlin) knows a maiden of royal blood, Guenievre, the daughter of Leodegan of Carmelide. Her father is hard oppressed by Rion, "qui est del lignage as iaians," *i.e.*, giants. If this king Rion conquers Carmelide, he will not tarry to attack Logres. Thanks to the knights of the Table Round, Leodegan has thus far resisted all attacks. Therefore he advises them to go with Artus to Carmelide and abide a year or two with Leodegan; he will proffer Artus his daughter as a wife.

Ban and Bohort ask Merlin what will become of their country in their absence, as they have evil neighbours. Merlin tells them they need not fear; by following his advice they can but gain, for "il fait moult boin reculer por loing saillir & sacies que por . i . denar que vous perdres par decha vous en gaaigneres . C . par dela."[2] On this side they will lose neither castles nor towns, and on the other side they will gain a kingdom, which, as long as Artus lives, will be a strong protection for them. Ban declares Merlin wiser than any of them. [fol. 107 verso.] They must make preparations, and before they go to Camelide they have to fight a great battle against the rebels "en la forest de bedingran,"[3] but they need not be afraid. Ban asks Merlin if it be advisable to send for auxiliaries to Gaunes and Benoyc, and whether they would arrive in due time. Merlin declares he will go and fetch them, as he can do it quicker than any other man, and haste is necessary, as the battle against the rebels will take place at Candlemas "es pres de bedingran." They

[1] This passage is somewhat different in the Cambridge MS., fol. 47[a], ed. p. 149: "Whan these thre kynges weren a bedde and at her ese that nyght the storye seith that they lay till on the morn that thei ronge to messe right erly for it was a litill a fore halow messe / Than com Merlin and a woke hem and opened the two wyndowes towarde the gardyn / for he wolde that thei hadde lyght ther ynne and they hem clothed and a rayed and yede to the mynster / and the archebisshop sange the messe," &c.

[2] Cambridge MS., fol. 47[b], reads here, p. 142: "for a peny that ye lese on this side ye shall wynne *tweyn* on that side."

[3] Cambridge MS. "bredigan."

ought to hasten hither with their people, marching day and night. Merlin further declares he will be at Gaunes the next evening. All are amazed at this news. Artus ought to gather "chevaliers, serians & arbalestriers" as many as he can get, and also send great quantities of food to the part Merlin has pointed out. Every man should have food for forty days (Cambridge MS., "fifteen"). Then Merlin asks Ban for his ring that he may show it to Leonce of Palerne as a token that he comes from his lord. This brings the astonishment of the two kings to its climax; they find Merlin knows what they thought they and Leonce alone knew. They assure Merlin that they have full trust in him, and deliver the ring to him. Merlin then goes to Blaise, telling him all that has happened, and he writes it in his book. The next morning he arrives in Gaunes, shows Leonce the ring, and tells him what Ban and Bohort wish. Leonce assembles a great host at Benoyc as quickly as he can, thirteen days before Christmas. He places garrisons in those towns and castles most exposed to the attacks of Claudas. "Lambegues vns damoisiaus qui moult estoit loiaus, hons & preus de son cors," is put into the principal fort of Gaunes. Benoyc is defended by "le seignor de haut mur."[1] Trebes is entrusted to the care of Banin (Cambridge MS., Baudewyn) the son of Gracien, the godson of king Ban, and in this castle stay the two queens. "Amont loir" (Cambridge MS. has "At Mouloir") is given to the care of Placides. After making these arrangements, they convey the host secretly to the sea, where Merlin has indicated, and take ship for "la grant bertaigne." Artus in the meantime has carried out what Merlin had advised. He has gone as privily as possible with a great host to "bedigran," and also accumulated large store of provisions. To prevent spies from entering the land he stations many watches. No man who does not belong to Artus' party can cross this march until after Candlemas. "Les menues gens" marvel greatly at all these arrangements, which they cannot understand.

Malory and the "Ordinary Merlin" agree in the statement that seven hundred knights of Logres and three hundred of Gaunes take part in the tournament, and that it is opened by a fight between Gryflet and Ladinas. The appearance of Gryflet here is another proof how little Malory is aware that the "Ordinary Merlin" and the "Suite" contain contradictory accounts, for we shall find the same Gryflet, who fights here as a valiant knight, described later on, in the twenty-first chapter of the same book, as requesting knighthood at Arthur's hands that he may go and fight the knight of the fountain.

On the whole, the eleventh chapter corresponds with what is related above, save that many incidents are omitted, whole paragraphs skipped, and slight modifications introduced.

The small "hakeneis" on which the kings in Malory ride to the

[1] Harl. MS. agrees, but Cambridge MS. has "Rahier de haut mur."

field where the tournament takes place are not in the source; the chamber looking into a garden where Arthur, Ban, Bors, and Gwenbans, &c., sit in council becomes "a garden." All that happens during this council is skipped by Malory, as well as, later on, the distribution of the forces in Gaunes, when the host is sent to Logres. The river "trent" is not mentioned in the MSS., and the numbers of the forces of Logres and Gaunes, as well as Merlin's return with the auxiliaries from "gaunes" and "benoyc," are anticipated from a later period of the narrative. Dover as the port of arrival is only found in Malory; the MSS. simply state "tant quil vindrent en la grant bertaigne."

XII.–XVIII.[1] The vii kings [fol. 108 recto] are very sorrowful at their discomfiture, but, instead of acknowledging Artus, they swear to take revenge upon him. "En vne marche qui estoit entre le roialme de gorre & le roialme descoche" they hold a parliament. All incline to renew the war and destroy Artus. They agree to gather a great army "en la praerie de bedingran." Their forces are these: "Li dus escant de cambenic atout . $\overset{m}{v}$. hommes armes;" "li rois tradelmans de norgales atout . $\overset{m}{vj}$. hommes;" "li rois de norhomberlande qui auoit non clarions atout . $\overset{m}{iij}$. hommes;" "li rois des chent chevaliers qui moult estoit hardis et preus atout . $\overset{m}{iiij}$. hommes;" "le roy loth de leonois et dorcanie atout . $\overset{m}{vij}$. hommes"; "li rois karados b*en*bras de la terre destraigorre atout . $\overset{m}{vij}$. a armes"; "li roys nantres de garelot atout . $\overset{m}{vj}$. hommes"; "li rois vriens atout . $\overset{m}{vj}$. a armes." They all arrive gradually at the rendezvous; they send out spies and foragers, but they find nothing, and thus have to get provisions from their own countries. When they are all assembled they have more than . xlM . men.

Merlin with the knights of Gaunes crosses the sea, soon lands in Great Britain,[2] and hurries to Artus' host. On the fifth day they arrive "en la

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[1] Add. MS., ff. 108ᵃ–113ᵇ; Harl. MS., ff. 73ᵈ–83ᵈ; Cambridge MS., ff. 49ᵇ–60ᵇ, ed. pp. 146–177; Auchinleck MS., ed. 1838, ll. 3735–4394.

[2] The Cambridge MS., fol. 49ᵃ and ᵇ, ed. pp. 146–47, has a paragraph not to be found in the French originals: "And so thei sailed till thei com to the bloy bretaigne / and it is reson that the boke do yow to vndirstonde whi it is so cleped / this is the trouthe after that the distruxion of troye it fill so that two baroun*s* departed and fledde the contrey and oute of the londe for doute of the Grekes / of these two baroun*s* that fledde the londe come grete plente of peple and the name of that oon was Brutus / whiche dide a ryue in this countrey and did do make a Citee that / in his lyve was cleped the newe troye / for that he was come oute of troye / and the londe was cleped in worship of his name Bretaigne / for that his name was Brutus / and longe tyme aft*er* the dethe of this Brutus com anothir kynge in to this londe / that hight logryns / This logryn amended gretly the Citee / and made towres and stronge walles enbateiled and whan he hadde thus ame[n]ded it he chaunged the name and cleped it logres in breteigne for that his name was logryn and this name dured in to the deth of kynge Arthur / but after his deth and the deth of his baroun*s* that thourgh Mordred and Agrauayn eche slow other on the playn of Salisberi as the boke shall reherse her after the deth of launcelot that was the sone of kynge Ban of benoyk / And so it fill after that ther was a grete pestelence and

forest de bedingran." The men of both hosts are glad to see each other. They rest for eight days.

From fol. 108c, lines 16–35, the text of both Add. and Harl. MSS. must be corrupt; at least it is unintelligible. The following paragraph in the Cambridge MS., ff. 49b, 50a and b, ed. pp. 148–50, would fill up the gap, no outward traces of which are, however, apparent in either MS.:—

"And than come Merlin to the wardeyns of the hoste and seide I go to fetche the thre kynges for thei shull do beste at this nede than eny other / And thei seide to Merlin in game / loke ye bewar of the tother parti for we here sey that thei do manace yow sore / I knowe that well quod Merlin / but thei shall neuer haue ouer me no power / and I do yow to wete that thei haue reson to hate me / for thei haue no werse enmy / ne noon that may do hem so grete damage as I shall do as longe as thei be enmyes to the kynge Arthur / but I haue it not yet begonne / but be well ware that noon isse oute of this hoste / ffor than the harme myght neuer be restored / ffor alle Arthurs enmyes ben loigged here faste by vndir the castell of bredigan / And thei be acompted xl^{Ml} wele horsed men / And of oure party we be but xxv^{Ml} and therfore we moste be wisely gouerned / or elles we sholde alle lese / Sir quod Vlfin another ought rather to go on this massage than ye / Nay quod Merlin I can better lede hem in safte than eny other so that thei shall not be seyn ne knowe of no man / Now goth a godes name seide the barouns / and as hastely as ye may come to vs a geyn / And Merlin departed anoon fro hem so sodenly that thei knewe not where he was become / And than thei blissid hem for the grete merveyle that thei hadde therof / And than thei departed and yede a boute in the hoste and sette soche gou*ernaun*ce that noon was so hardy to meve ne to sette a fote oute of the hoste ne of her loiggynge / And thus thei a bode iiij dayes that thei ne herde no tydinges of the thre kynges ne of Merlin / And as the boke seith the same nyght that Merlin departed fro the hoste, he come to logres be fore euesonge where as he fonde the thre kynges full pensif and hevy for the contrey that was so wastid and distroyed / Than com Merlin so sodenly amonge hem that thei wiste not fro whens he com / And a noon thei hym clipt and made grete ioye / and after thei asked hym how he hadde spedde seth that he fro hem departed and he seide right wele and badde hem make redy to go into the oste ffor ther after the barouns dide a bide.

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slaughter of baroun*s* and of the mene peple / and for that the losse was so grete the mene peple cleped it the bloy bretaigne / ffor that her hertes and her thoughtes were so bloy and so blake for theire frendes that thei hade so loste for myschaunce of synne / Now haue ye herde the cause why this londe was cleped the bloy bretaigne / The tother baron that fledde oute of troye was cleped Corneus / This Corneus was of the lygnage of Geauntes and in that contree that marched to bretaigne and he was right a mervilouse knyght and was moche and stronge / and made townes and Castelles and men cleped the contrey Cornewaile in bretaigne / ne neuer after yet this name ne lefte / And of hym come the Geauntes as seith the frenshe book that moche harme haue don to the bretou*ns* wherof this book shall reherse yow here after and also of the merveiles that befill in their tyme / but now returneth the tale to Merlin that cometh in the see and with hym bryngeth the socour and helpe to kynge Arthur oute of the litill breteigne / "

How sir quod kynge ban is oure socour than Icomē Ye quod Merlin thei be loigged by Arthurs oste in the myddell of the launde, in the foreste of bredigan / and thei be xv^{Ml} horsemen / and also of Arthurs x^{Ml} / But on that other party is moche peple for ther be x kynges crowned and a Duke / and thei haue in theire companye l^{Ml} horsemen / Now god helpe vs quod Arthur for this is a grete peple / Ye quod Merlin yet is ther more with this myschef than all this ffor thei be gode knyghtes and of high prowesse but be the feith that I owe to kynge Arthur that is my lorde I hope with the helpe of god to do so moche thourgh the witte that he hath me sente that in euyll tyme come thei ther / for thei shall haue so moche to done that thei shall not a gein yow endure / But ther shall be a bateile and that shall be grete / and moche slaughter ther shall be of men and horse but on owre partye shull not be deed above $\frac{xx}{iiij}$ / but on their syde shall be deed thowsandes and that shall ye se / And therfore a noon aray yow for after soper we will ride / And also do lede with yow vitaile for iiij dayes / for it is not to a bide lenger / And whan that thei vndirstode that Merlin hadde seide / a noon thei made redy and araide hem of alle thynges that was nedefull and than yede to soper at gode leyser / And than the kynge asked Merlin yef thei sholde hem arme / And he seide nay for it sholde do hem to moche gref / ne thei sholde haue no drede of no ma*n* lyvinge be that wey as he wolde hem lede /

Whan thei hadde souped, thei cloded hem warme as thei myght for the froste was grete / and the mone shone clere / and they passed on her iourney / And ne were no mo than xxv^{Ml} what oon and other / Whan thei were alle on horse bakke M*er*lin rode before and the thre kynges and Autor that satte vpon a grete stede which the kynge made hym on to ryde / to be with hem in company / but he wolde haue abiden with gode chere yef the kynge wolde / In this manner thei rode all nyght / and Merlin was Guyde till thei com in a grete foreste where thei a lighte till her*e* mete was made redy / Than thei ete and dronke of soche as thei hadde brought with hem for thei hadde Inough / "

Merlin abides with the three kings, who make him good cheer. Then he draws them aside; he reminds Artus that, though he is still so young, he has already the responsibility of such a great realm upon himself; the barons do not think anything of him, and "les menus pueples" know but little of him; all this makes his position so much more difficult. He has already given them large presents, but he must do it again and again; thus only can he gain the hearts of the people. [fol. 108 verso.] Merlin further tells them that in the piece of land on which they stand a great treasure is hidden, but Artus must not raise it till he has delivered the battle, as he will have "asses a departir dautre cose." But he must take care of this plot of ground. Merlin leads them to a place where the three kings can see the treasure, pointing out a fountain to them, by which they may always find the place again. It is very cold, for it is January, eight days before Candlemas. Returning to their host, they rest two days. On the third day Merlin bids them attack the rebels. He tells them to divide their people, but the enemy must not know they are there till they see them, and this will take place "deuant le iour . ij . lieues"; for if the

enemies see them, they will be overcome without doubt, as the rebels are much more numerous, but they need not be afraid, the victory will be theirs. All is done as Merlin advises. Keu, as the leader of "la premiere eschiele," carries the king's banner; with him are "Gyfles, Lucans, Mauruc de la roche, Guinans li blois, Drians de la forest saluage, Belias li amoureus, Flandrins li bers;" altogether four thousand men. The second "eschiele," under the command of Lucans, consists of three thousand men; the third "eschiele" is led by Vlfin, and consists of four thousand men; with it rides king Artus; Merlin "va deuant sor . i . grant cheual noir & les conduist." Ban and Bors arrange their men thus:—The first "eschiele," led by Pharien, with Bohort's standard, consists of three thousand mounted knights; in it are Ladynas, Moret de la voie, Palet de Trebes, Gracien li blois, Blioberis, Meliadus li noirs. The four thousand men forming the second "eschiele" are conducted by Leonce de Paerne. King Bohors leads the third "eschiele," of four thousand men, and king Bans the fourth, also of four thousand men; his seneschal, Aleume (Cambridge MS., Aliaume), carries his standard. Under cover of darkness this host proceeds to its destination.

The story now speaks of the "sesnes dirlande et des y rois qui marchisoient a la terre des rois qui le roy artu guerroient." The kings Brangoyres, Margaris, and Hargodabrans, nephews of "Aminaduc le roy des sesne," who was an uncle of "Augis le sesne," slain by Artus' father, upon hearing of the war between the vii kings and Artus, invade the country of the former. They had for a long time ravaged "Cornuaille," but Artus drove them away.

While Artus' host approaches them, the xi kings are careless, unheeding impending danger. They go to bed at even, without placing sentinels. They all sleep together in the tent of the King of the Hundred Knights. [fol. 109 recto.] In the middle of the night Lot has a dreadful dream. "Car il li estoit auis quil ueoit vn uent leuer si grant & si fort quil abatoit tous lors maisons et le clochier del monstier. Et apres vint . i . tounoires & . i . espars si grans que tous li mondes trambloit de paor. Et apres ce venoit vne grant aigue si bruiant, quele amenoit toutes les maisons aual & vne grant partie de la gent & il meismes estoit en grant peril de noier en laigue." He rises, awakens his companions, and tells them the dream. The kings are of opinion that they will have to fight soon. They awaken their knights, and bid them search the country round, and ascertain if it be free from enemies. They then arm themselves in all haste. Merlin informs the other party; they attack the scouts, who flee. Merlin shouts to them that Artus has come to defend his country. The scouts return to the camp, crying, "Treason," "As armes." All rise in confusion; the disorder is indescribable. To complete their distress, Merlin sends them ". i . si fort vent & un si grant estorbillon" that their tents are blown up and many of their things carried away. Artus' men rush among them, and kill a great many. The x kings at last rally some way off, in a plain by the side of a little river, and summon their dispersed host by trumpet signals. They find that they have only twenty thousand men; the rest of their army are in flight or slain. Merlin advises Artus to attack at once, marching straight against them, whilst Ban and Bors attack the forest side. When Artus comes to the ford,

"keus mut si angoiseusement a toute lenseigne quil portoit que li sien furent outre passe." The rebels have twenty thousand men; Artus' division only consists of four thousand. Keux' "eschiele" is so hard set upon that, unless they get succour, they cannot sustain the onset. Vlfin crosses the ford, and comes to their help. A violent battle takes place; the clanging of the arms can be heard a mile off. [fol. 109 verso.] Bretel now arrives with the third "eschiele;" but no sooner has he passed the little river, than Vlfin is thrown down from his horse in the *mêlée*. Bretel rushes wildly into the field, throwing to the ground the first knight who comes in his way. King Clarion rides against him; they run so vehemently together that both break their spears, fall from their horses, and lie motionless on the field. Keu comes to Bretel's rescue, and three kings to Clarion's, so that now twelve of the rebel army fight against eight of Artus' men; a very hot fight follows. Gifles and Lucans on the one side, Brangoires, Yders, Aguiscans, and Vriens on the other, are overthrown. Keu greatly distinguishes himself; he succeeds in remounting Gifles, giving him Nantres' horse, and then grievously wounds king Loth. When the King of the Hundred Knights sees Keu doing so well, he rides with forty knights, who elected him their leader, so wildly against him that they throw him down from his horse and give it to king Loth. Lucans and Gifles mount Keu again, while the King of the Hundred Knights and king Loth procure horses for the three kings Brangoires, Yders, Aguiscans, and for the duke Esconde de Cambeninc. Artus has now crossed the ford, and hastens to the assistance of his knights. Finding Vlfin afoot, he drives violently against "Tradelmant le roy de norgales," throws him off his horse, and gives it to Vlfin, who again joyfully returns to the thick of the fight. Artus personally does marvellous feats of arms. When the King of the Hundred Knights sees Tradelmant on the ground, he furiously attacks Artus, smiting him very hard on the helmet; in his indignation, Artus returns him such a dreadful stroke that he destroys his shield and cuts his horse's head clean off at the ears. Kex gives a stray horse to Autor; Autor smites Marganor, the seneschal of the King of the Hundred Knights, down, and gives his horse, to Bretel. [fol. 110 recto.] Bretel, finding Lucans on foot, and Gifles hard pressed by fourteen knights, rides to their rescue. The first knight he meets, he cleaves to the teeth, he cuts the second's arm off, and the shoulders of a third. When Gifles perceives that he has help, he fells a knight and gives his horse to Lucans; the latter, in order to avenge his shame, rushes furiously back into the medley, meets Aguiscant, the king of Scotland, and throws him off his horse. When Mauruc (Cambridge MS., "Mares") sees himself free, he rises and returns to fight. He finds Flandrins and Belias struggling to remount two of their fellows, but they cannot succeed, on account of the violent battle, till Mauruc joins them. On the other side of the field Artus fights valiantly. By chance the cry arises that Artus and one of his antagonists are on the ground; both parties rush to the spot and rescue the two kings. Artus fights like a lion; nobody can resist him; he rescues Keu and Gifles, who are thrown down by Loth, Nantres, Brangoires, and Vriens. Keu and Gifles then attack the kings. On the other side, Vlfin, Bretel, and Autor fight against the duke of Cambeninc,

Tradelmant, and "le roy de norhomberlande," and drive them towards the spot where Artus is performing marvels of arms. Indeed, if it were not for Artus' personal valour and glorious deeds, the rebels, who are all strong and noble knights, would have been victorious. In the decisive moment Ban and Bohort break forth with their men from the wood. The kings consult what to do. Loth declares they must by all means be avenged upon Artus. The King of the Hundred Knights, Carados, Nantres, the duke of Cambeninc, Clarions king of Northumberland agree with Loth and praise his courage. Loth then develops his plan. Four of them must fight against Ban and Bors, coming out of the ambush; the other five must abide where they are, and resist Artus and his knights as long as they can. They must endeavour with all their power to hold the battle by the side of the river, so as not to be surrounded and prevented from retreating. Thus they would lose less by abiding than by giving way. [fol. 110 verso.] This plan is unanimously adopted as the best possible under the circumstances. Loth, Aguiscant, and the duke of Cambenyc advance with twelve thousand men, arranged in six "eschieles," towards the strait between the river and the wood. Brangoires, Vriens, Nantres, Clarions, and Tradelmans abide in the field with seven thousand men against Artus. The battle lasts till nightfall.

Ban and Bohort, with Leonce, Gracien, and Phariens, attack first Ydres' "eschiele," and drive it back upon that of Anguyscant. Leonce rushes to the assistance of Pharien's people. Both together drive the enemy back upon the division of "le roy (!) cambeninc;" all are inclined to flee, but the valiant duke encourages them to abide. King Bohors then enters the battle with his standard, "& lenseigne iert ynde a menues bendes dorfrois de belic si menuement, com pot faire a langhes dont li baligot li batoient dusqua sour le col del cheual." When king Yders sees him, he exclaims: "ha sire dus, deffendes vous pour si que diex nous deffenge hui tot de mort & de mahaig." The King of the Hundred Knights asks his companions, in astonishment, who this knight with the standard is. From his banner they think it must be Bohort, but they cannot explain how he comes there suddenly from Gaunes. Carados runs against Bohort, encounters him violently, and both break their spears. Declaring he wishes to find out "comment li breton seiuent armes porter a cheval," Bohors gives his standard to his godson Blaaris. After that he rushes among them, and does great deeds of arms. The King of the Hundred Knights comes with two thousand knights to the assistance of Carados, but, despite all that, they have a very hard time of it. Bohort surpasses all by his valour, and the battle lasts long.

[fol. 111 recto.] Then Ban enters the field, giving his banner to his seneschal. The banner is thus described: "a couronnes dor & darsur a bendes entravers de uert, comme herbe de pre, & les langues dont il en i auoit . vi . batoient a antiaume[1] le senescal iusquas poins & par desus les oreilles del cheual," &c. When they see Ban the kings are convinced they can resist no longer. Loth declares with tears in his eyes that all is lost. Ban is no less valiant than his brother. Loth, the King of

[1] Cambridge MS., fol. 55a, ed. p. 163, reads "Antony his stiwarde."

the Hundred Knights, and Marganor run all three against Ban; the King[1] of the Hundred Knights smites him so mightily on the shield that the cantels fly into the middle of the field. "& quant li rois bans le voit si li anuie moult. lors hauce courecouse sespee, & le lieue contre mont si enquide ferir le roy des . C . cheualiers parmi le hiaume. & cil qui se doute del colp senbronce & fiert le cheual des esperons. & li rois bans ataint le cheual sour la couuerture de fer dont il estoit couuers si le colpe tout outre & le cheual ausi iusquenterre si trebuche, tout en . i . mot." Brangoire, who now runs against Ban, is overcome as well. Ban defends himself successfully, but his horse is slain. In the critical moment, Artus arrives. He cleaves with a heavy stroke the first knight he can get hold of, and gives his horse to Ban. Now the kings can no longer sustain the attack; they begin to flee in all directions, pursued by Artus and his allies. When they arrive at a bridge, Morganore makes a last fruitless attempt to rally his men. While Artus is pursuing his enemies Merlin appears, and bids him leave off and be satisfied with what he has done to-day. He must now return to his country, and reward and honour his friends.

[fol. 111 verso.] Merlin tells them he must go to Blaise, who writes in his book all that happens. After Artus has defeated the ten kings and a duke, he orders his knights to pitch their tents on the meadow near the forest and take a rest, "& se firent escargater[2] si dormirent iusqual iour." After dinner Artus orders all the spoils to be put in a heap, and then the three kings distribute all among their knights, "a cels quil sorent qui enorent mestier as vns plus & as autres mains selont ce quil estoient," &c. Artus sends all his men home, save xl, whom he wishes to accompany him to Carmelide; Leonce and Pharien conduct the men of Ban and Bors home "por lor terres garder & que li rois Claudas ne lor forfesist riens." When the knights return to their homes, they buy "fiefs & rentes," and live on them honourably all their life.

Artus, Ban, and Bors abide for some time at "bedingran qui estoit la maistre cité de la grant bertaigne et de carmelide," waiting for Merlin. On the day after their arrival at Bedingran, the three kings are by the waterside after dinner, "por veor les pres & les gardins." Suddenly they notice how "un grant vilain" comes across the meadow by the side of the river. He carries a bow in his hand and arrows in his girdle. On the brook are "anetes salvages" bathing. The fellow kills one with an arrow, and by a second shot he kills "un malart." Both birds he attaches to his girdle. When he approaches the kings, Artus asks him if he sells the birds; he answers yes. When Artus asks him again how much they cost, the fellow remains silent, "& il ot chaucies vns grans solers de vache & ot uestu cote & surcot de burel & caperon si fu chains dune coroie neuee de mouton & sestoit gros & lons &

[1] Cambridge MS., p. 164, Loth strikes Ban's shield.

[2] Cambridge MS., fol. 56b, ed. p. 166, has here the following additional passage:—"And leonce and Pharien hadde the gouernaunce of the wacche and Gifflet and lucas the botiller / Pharien and leonces kepte towarde the wode and Gifflet and lucas towarde the medowes and alle the tother lay and rested hem till day / "

noirs & hirechies." He says to Artus, after a while, he will give him the birds as a present, though he has not the heart to give away the third part of his riches, rotting in the earth, and that is neither his "honour" nor his "preuche." When the three kings hear that speech they are greatly surprised; they ask the fellow who told him about the treasure; Merlin, says he. When Vlfin comes out of the chamber, he at once recognises Merlin, [fol. 112 recto] who addresses him as "Dans senescaus," and offers him the birds for his king's supper, though he had not the courage to give some part of his treasure to a poor man. Keu and Bretel also recognise Merlin at once, and begin to laugh. The kings ask them why they laugh, and when they are told the reason, cannot believe it, and are dismayed. Vlfin goes with Merlin into a chamber. When they come out again, Merlin has his ordinary semblance and the kings welcome him heartily. Artus says he will eat the birds for love of him. All stay together in joy and pleasure "juisquau miquaresme." Merlin makes Artus acquainted with a beautiful maiden named "Lisanor," the daughter of the late count "Seuain," the heir of the castle "Canparcorentin." She comes, with many barons of the neighbourhood, to do Artus homage. By Merlin's advice, Artus speaks privately with her, shares her bed, and begets "Lohot"[1] upon her. At Mid-Lent he parts with her, and goes with his knights to Carmelide.

The eleven kings, greatly downcast at their defeat, ride all night, and have to suffer much from hunger and cold. At Sarhaut, a city of king Vriens, they stop, attend to their wounded, and recover from the efforts of the last day. On the third day they receive from "Cornuaille" and from "Orcanie" news that "li sesne" have invaded their countries. [fol. 112 verso.] They have laid siege to the castle of "Vambieres" (Cambridge MS., p. 172, "Vandeberes"). This fills the measure of their misfortune.

At king Brangoire's request, they assemble in king Vriens' great hall. All are deeply depressed and discouraged. Clarion asks Brangoire what he can advise them. Brangoire first confirms the news of the siege of Vambieres, and then declares, if their countries are dear to them, they must at once act, and not pass the time in mourning over their fate. He then enumerates various sources to which they cannot apply for succour. Leodegan de Carmelide is powerless at present, being at war with Rion. "Peiles de Listinois" nurses his brother Pelinor, who suffers from an ailment "dont iamais naura garison tant que cil vendra laiens qui les auentures du saint graal metera a fin." King "Alain" is ill himself, and will only recover when the best knight of the world asks him, "dont cele maladie li vint & quel choses li gaaus est que len sert."[2] They must therefore only depend on themselves, and consider

[1] Cambridge MS., ed. p. 171, "Hoot."

[2] Cambridge MS., ff. 58[b] and 59[a], ed. p. 173, has here the following additional passage —"And of the kynge of Sorloys ne may we haue no socour / ffor Galehaut the sone of the Geaunte of the oute yles werreth vpon hym and will that that holde his londe of hym and he hym diffendeth as he may / ne of the kynge Berennain ne may we haue no socour / ne of the kynge Anadonain ne of the kynge Clamadas / for alle these werreth / and Calchous that is cosin to the kynge de Cent chiualers that now for vs hath traueyled god guyte it hym / And I knowe wele as soone as Galehaut may haue con-

what is best to be done. Merlin has greatly harmed them by advising Artus to send for Ban and Bohors; as long as Merlin is there they can never prosper. All their attention must now be concentrated upon saving their countries from "cel pueple mescreant." Tradelmant then rises and advises the two kings, in a speech, to collect their forces and to fight against "li sesne." All agree with him, and praise his courage. They ought to garnish the "cite de huidesanc" with a great many people and provisions. Loth declares he cannot see how this can be done, because Merlin knows all their plans; he will tell Artus, who will do them great harm. The King of the Hundred Knights says Artus is not thinking for the present of attacking them, as he has gone with his allies, Ban and Bohort, to stay with king Leodegan. He therefore favours Tradelmant's plan, but afterwards thinks they must conquer a strong castle called "la roche as sesnes" "dont une pucele est dame qui moult est gente & est seur au roy hargodabrant." They finally agree to garnish "les mares de galone," "gorre," "cornuaille," and several parts of "orcanie." They recruit their armies from all parts of the country, but they do not get a single man from Artus' land. The first city which they fortify is "Nantes en bertaigne;" King Ydres is placed there with three thousand men. He has frequent engagements with "li sesne," and guards the country well. The second city is "huidesant." This king Nantres of garlot occupies with three thousand men. He is received with great joy by the inhabitants. He fortifies the strong tower of the town, and gradually collects from the neighbouring country a host of about seven thousand men.

The twelfth to the eighteenth chapters recount the rather complicated events which make up the battle of Bedegrayne, and which are doubtless told with over-great length in the "Ordinary Merlin," requiring some reading to be thoroughly understood, but are nevertheless perfectly clear and intelligible. Malory's reproduction is, in many respects, a muddle. He discards the fine plan of the battle which the writer of the "Ordinary Merlin" carries out in detail; he never tells us how Arthur's, Ban's, and Bor's men are divided, nor how their enemies arrange their forces, and omits, in addition to these prominent features, many others of hardly less importance. Had I to give an opinion on this portion of Malory's work, in so far as the reproduction of the "Ordinary Merlin" is concerned, I should describe it as a poor specimen of re-telling a story. It is scarcely worth while to examine in detail the differences between the two accounts, and I shall only point out the most important points.

In Malory "six kings" find five more allies, whereas in the "Ordinary Merlin" the numbers are seven and four; both agree, of course, in stating that eleven kings go to war against Arthur, Ban, and Bors.

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quered these two remes / that than he will come renne vpon vs / for he desireth nothinge so moche as for to haue the reame that was Vtherpendragon / thus can we no counseile but god of his mercy vs helpe and rede" &c.

Though Malory relates that the eleven kings engage themselves to one another by oath to resist and if possible to destroy Arthur, he does not state that this council takes place in a marshland between Scotland and Gorre,. but gives us the impression that it took place at Bedegrayne.

Concerning the eleven kings, only eight are mentioned on the occasion of the parliament by Add. and Harl. MS., nine by the Cambridge MS., and eleven by Malory in accordance with the Auchinleck[1] MS. In the first two MSS. the rebels are—(1) The Duke of Cambenic $^{m}_{v}$ men, (2) Tradelmans (Cradelmans) of norgales $^{m}_{vi}$, (3) Clarion of norhomberland $^{m}_{iii}$, (4) the King of the Hundred Knights $^{m}_{iiii}$, (5) Loth vij, (6) Karados of Strangoire vij, (7) Nantres vj, (8) Vriens vj. Later on in the battle are further mentioned Brangoire, Idres, and Agusant. In the Cambridge MS.[2] the order and forces are as follows :—(1) Duke Escam of Cambenyk $^{m}_{v}$ men, (2) Tramelmens of Northwales $^{m}_{vj}$, (3) Clarion $^{m}_{iij}$, (4) the King with the Hundred Knights $^{m}_{iij}$, (5) Loth $^{m}_{vij}$, (6) Carados of Strangore $^{m}_{vij}$, (7) Ventres of Garlot vij, (8) Vrien of Gorre $^{m}_{vij}$, (9) Ydiers of Cornewaile $^{m}_{vj}$. The ninth king, as can be seen in the later part of the MS., is Brangore, and the tenth Aguysans.

Malory and the English metrical romance, Arthour and Merlin, name the following eleven kings, though in a somewhat altered order, probably due in the latter case to the metre :—

Malory.	Arthour and Merlin.
1. duke of Candebenet vM.	11. Erl Cambernic vM.
2. Brandegoris of stranggore vM.	2. Brangores of Strangore vM.
3. Claryuaus of Northumberland iiiM.	1. Clarion viiM.
4. kyng of the C. knyghtes iiiiM.	4. king of the 100 knights ivM.
5. Lott vM.	5. Lot viiM.
6. Vryence vjM.	8. Vriens viM.
7. Idres of Cornewaille vM.	9. Yder vM.
8. Cardelmans vM.	3. Cradelman viM.
9. Agwysaunce of Irelond vM.	10. Angvisaunt of Scotland viM.
10. Nentres vM.	7. Nanters viM.
11. Carados vM.	6. Carados viiM.

I have quoted these names in detail, to point out, what has already been mentioned on the occasion of the disguise of Vlfin and Merlin, that the Auchinleck MS. and Malory's MS. must have had the same archetype. Here is further proof, as the complete list of the names is

[1] Auchinleck MS., fol. 222b, c, d, ll. 3735–3794. [2] Cambridge MS., fol. 49a, ed. p. 146.

only in Malory and the Auchinleck MS., and King Brangore only occurs in these two versions with the epithet "of Strangore."

I might point out that Malory (anticipating, perhaps, from the Tristan), with one single exception, noted in my List of Names and Places, vol. ii., always calls Anguisaunce king of Ireland, whereas in the "Ordinary Merlin" he is king "of Scotland."

Malory estimates the forces of the rebels at sixty thousand men (fifty thousand foot and ten thousand horsemen), agreeing with the Cambridge MS., but differing from Add. and Harl. MSS., which have "forty thousand." None of the MSS. mentions a siege of the castle of Bedegrayne. Malory had already anticipated Merlin's return from Gaunes in the preceding chapter, but had much curtailed it, omitting the long conversation between him, the two kings, and Arthur, and all mention of the treasure and the division of the armies into smaller detachments under special commanders. Malory has only a hint of "li sesne," whom he calls Sarazens.

King Loth's dream in the tent of the King of the Hundred Knights, as told in the MSS., becomes in Malory "a dream of the King of the Hundred Knights," and is very imperfectly rendered.

When the kings collect their forces afresh after the first defeat, the MSS. state they have twenty thousand men, Malory fifty thousand. The elaborately described plan of the battle is hardly to be recognised in Malory's story. Here and there the repetition of an incident testifies to the relation between Malory and the MSS. in the shape of a common archetype of both.

It is worth noting that, on page 55, Malory, in accordance with the MSS., speaks of Morganore as the seneschal of the King of the Hundred Knights. This knight is quickly promoted; on page 58 he figures by the side of his former lord as King Morganore. I cannot identify the "lardans" mentioned by Malory on page 55, 15.

In the beginning of the fifteenth chapter the two knights "belias and flandrens" are rendered by Malory "bloyas de la flaundres" and "Gwynas." Having run two names into one with its epithet, Malory, in want of another, replaced the second knight by Gwynas, mentioned a short while before. Blaaris,[1] the godson of Bors, who carries the standard of the latter, is called "Bleoberys" by Malory. The detailed description of Bors' standard is missing, and that of Ban is referred to in the unintelligible words: "kynge Ban as fyers as a lyon with bandys of grene / & therupon gold." A curious sight indeed!

On page 58 of chapter xvi. occurs a passage almost literally trans-

[1] Blaaris may probably be an earlier form of Bleoberis.

lated by Malory. Compare ll. 14–25 with the passage I have quoted on page 50 from the Add. MS.

The description of Arthur's fighting and of his being covered with blood occurs in the "Ordinary Merlin," but much earlier, as will be seen from my quotation on page 36.

The end of the battle of Bedegrayne, in the first half of the seventeenth chapter, is Malory's own composition. Owing to the fact that I did not content myself with reading only the portion of the "Merlin" here concerned, but read the whole of it for the purpose of finding more material, I had the pleasure of discovering that the incident of the forty knights was suggested to Malory from a much later passage of the narrative, forming, as it does, a prominent feature of the expedition of Arthur, Ban, Bors, and Leodegan against Rion and his allies. These forty knights, or, more correctly, forty-two or forty-three, go to the rescue of Cleodalis, the seneschal of King Leodegan. The list of their names occurs in the Add., Auchinleck, Harl., and Cambridge MSS. As this passage affords an instructive instance, not only of the relationship of the MSS. to one another, but also of the way in which the scribes dealt with proper names, I have transcribed it from the four MSS., and exhibited the four paragraphs on the table facing this page. In the metrical version represented by the second and third columns,[1] the numbers of the knights only agree to a certain extent with those in the Add., Harl., and Cambridge MSS. The poet was evidently unable to adapt all the names to the exigencies of his metre.

I here subjoin the names in the four versions which disagree most; the fifth column gives such names as certainly or probably correspond to them in "Le Morte Darthur."

	I.	II.	III.	IV.	MALORY.
2.	Bohors	Bohort	Bohors	Boors	Bors
8.	Lucans	Lucan	Bricanc	Lucas	Lucas
9.	Gifles	Grifles	Gilles	Gifflet	Gryflett
10.	Mauruc	Marec	Moret	Maret	Melot, Mariet
11.	Drians de la forest, de la forest sauuaige				Briant de la foreyst saueage
12.	Belyas	Belias	Belizas	Belias	Bellaus, Bellyas

[1] The eighty-eight lines of the Auchinleck MS. forming the second and third columns of the plate were originally copied from the edition of the Abbotsford Club (ll. 5419–5506), but through the kindness of Prof. Koelbing I was enabled to collate them with the text of his forthcoming edition (ll. 5409–5496). Excepting that I have not restored the letters "þ," "ȝ," "&" of the MS., expanded into "th," "y" or "gh," "and," these lines faithfully represent Prof. Koelbing's text. The variants in the Abbotsford edition are these:—5410, aplight; 16, by; 20, afin; 27, Dors; 28, Ich; 33, forest; 37, Flaundin; 40, And hardi; 45, Bliovel; 51, Aladane; 53, Iglacides; 59, y-hote, Iervas; 92, Y wis; 94, he bar; 96, As y.

	I.	II.	III.	IV.	MALORY.
13.	Flandrins libres	Flaundrin	Flandrins le bret	Flaundryns le bret	Flaunedrens of the castel of ladyes
14.	Ladinas	Lamnas	Ladynas		Ladynas
16.	Aucales	Aucales	Aucalec	Anticolas	Anneciaus ?
17.	Blois	Bliovel	Bloys	Blios[1]	Bloyse
19.	Canode	Canode	Cariode	Canade	
20.	Meleaudan	?	Meleadan	Meliadus	
21.	Iesmeladant	Aladan le crispe	Iesme ladenc	Aladan the crespes	
22.	Placides	Islacides	Placides	Placidas	Placidas
23.	Lampades		Lampades	Lampadys[2]	
24.	Jervais lauches	Jerias	Jeruassantes	Jerohas lenches	
27.	Calogreuant	Calogreuand	Galogrenant	Calogreuaunt	Colgreuaunce
29.	Agraueil	Agrauel	Agrenoul	Agresianx	Annecians ?
30.	Cliacles	Cleades	Cliacles	Chalis	? Caulas
31.	Guinses	Gimires	Guirres	Grires	? Gwynas
33.	Merangis de port le gues	Merangis	Merangus du port les gines	Meranges de porlenges	
34.	Gornains cadrus	Goruain	Gornaulx criadus	Gosnayns cadrus	
36.	Lilais hardis	Blehartis	Luays hardiz	Lays hardy	
37.	Amadan lorguellous	Amandauorgulous	Amadam lorguilleux	Anmadius the proude	
38.	Osenains	Osoman	Osenains	Osenayn	
39.	Galesconde	Galescounde	Galesunde	Galescowde	
40.	Gales li chaus	? Craddoc	Galles le cheuaulx	Gales	
41.	Blaaris	Bleherris	Blarys	Bleoris	Bleoberys

Malory replaces Ban, Bors, and Arthur by Lyonses and Pharyaunce; then quotes Ulfyus, Brastias, Ector, Kaynes, Lucas the bottelere, Gryflett le fyse dieu (! do de carduel), and Mariet de la roche—all, with the exception of Ector (who in the MSS. precedes Ulfyn), in the same order as Add., Harl., Auchinleck, and Cambridge MSS. He then interpolates Gwynas de bloy, a corruption evidently of some other name. Hereafter follow, as in the MSS., Briant (for Driant) de la foreyst saueage and Bellaus. This latter knight is called in Add. MS. Belyas li amoureus, and in the Auchinleck MS. Belias the lord of Maiden castel; this suggests to Malory, or perhaps to the scribe of the MS. he used, to make two knights of him—*i.e.*, Bellaus and Moryaus of the castel of maydyns; I explain the form Moryaus as a corruption of Amoureus or Amourous. Of the remaining knights only Ladynas, Bloyse, and Calogreuaunce are to be identified. Probably Malory got tired of the enumeration, and satisfied himself with twenty-three names.

The black horse on which Merlin is said to appear in Malory is not

[1] The printed edition has "blois del casset," and [2] "leonpades."

mentioned on this occasion in the "Ordinary Merlin," but at a much earlier period, as I have stated on page 47.

"Li Sesne" (the sasne or the sarazyns in the English MS.) is rendered by Malory "the Sarazyns." The Castle of "Vambieres" in the French MSS., "Vandeberes" in the English MS., corresponds to Wandesborow or Wandisborow. The whole paragraph relating to the wars of "li sesne" is skipped by Malory. "Sherewood" is only to be met with in "Le Morte Darthur." The description of Merlin's disguise given by Malory closely follows that of all MSS.; on this occasion only does Malory refer to the treasure which is hidden under the ground where the battle has taken place. "Lysanor" is "Lyonor" in Malory; her father, "conte Seuain," becomes "Sanam," and the child Arthur begets on her, called "Borre," later on, page 792, "Bohart," is called "Lohot" in the French MSS. and "Hoot" in the English MS. The name of "Antemes" occurring at the end of the eighteenth chapter is a corruption of "Aleume" in the French MSS. and "Aliaume" in the English MS. The remarks which Malory makes on the visit of the three kings to Leodegan, and on their expedition against King Rions, are gleaned from the "Ordinary Merlin," but they are of so general a character that it is difficult to trace the original in them.

The words, "and there hadde Arthur the fyrst syght of gweneuer the kynges doughter of Camylyard / and euer after loued her / After they were weddyd as it telleth in the booke," are Malory's addition. He omits the version of Arthur's wedding to Gueneuer as told in the "Ordinary Merlin," in order to adopt, later on, the version of the "Suite de Merlin." The episode of the false Gueneuer which forms such a prominent feature of the "Ordinary Merlin" is passed over in silence.

Arthur's parting with Ban and Bors, and Merlin's remarks upon the situation of the eleven kings, are made up by Malory.

The passage, "For these xj kynges shal deye all in a day by the grete myghte and prowesse of armes of ij valyaunt knyghtes as it telleth after / her names ben Balyn le Saueage and Balan his broder that ben merueillous good knyghtes as ben ony lyuyng," is derived and anticipated from the "Suite."

The latter half of the eighteenth chapter, *i.e.*, the portion on page 64, closely follows, save for some considerable omissions, the "Ordinary Merlin." The "cyte of Sorhaut in the countrey of kynge Vriens" is mentioned as the resting-place of the eleven kings; but the council in the great hall of King Vriens, and the speeches by Brangoire, Loth, and Tradelmant, are not related in full, though a brief mention is made of them. The list of the kings who cannot come to their assistance is omitted, but hinted at by the passage: "as for kyng Lodegryaunce he loueth Arthur better than vs / And as for kyng

Ryence / he hath enough to do with Lodegreans / for he hath leyd syege vnto hym;" "cel pueple mescreant" corresponds apparently to "laules."

The castle "la roche as sesnes" is not mentioned by Malory. The "marches of Cornewayle / of walys and of the northe" correspond to "les mares de galone, gorre, cornuaille," and several parts of "orcanie." The cities fortified are the same in Malory and the MSS.: "Nantes en bertaigne" is the "cyte of Nauntys in Brytayn," and "huidesant" ("Wydesans" in the English MS.) is "Wyndesan" in Malory. The MSS. state that Idres and Nantres of garlot have each three thousand men; in "Le Morte Darthur" they have "four thousand."

The last seven lines of this chapter, referring to King Rion and his brother Nero, forming a sort of link between the "Ordinary Merlin" and the "Suite," are anticipated from the latter.

C. THE "SUITE DE MERLIN."

a. BOOK I. CHAPTERS XIX.—XXVIII.

FROM the nineteenth chapter of the first book to the end of his fourth book Malory follows what I have above described as the "Suite de Merlin," represented by the unique Huth MS. (ff. 75ᵃ–230ᵇ), and partly by a book printed (1498) at Burgos, Spain, entitled "El Baladro de sabio Merlin."[1] For the purpose of the following investigation I shall divide the contents of the "Suite de Merlin" into four parts, answering to the four books of "Le Morte Darthur." Firstly, book i., chapters xix. to xxviii., representing ff. 75ᵃ–98ᶜ of the Huth MS. (vol. i. pp. 147–211 of the printed text); secondly, book ii., ff. 98ᶜ–150ᶜ (vol. i. pp. 211 to vol. ii. 60); thirdly, book iii., ff. 150ᶜ–183ᶜ (vol. ii. pp. 60–139); and fourthly, book iv., ff. 183ᶜ to the end 230ᵇ (vol. ii. pp. 140–254). M. Gaston Paris has already outlined my task in his Introduction.[2]

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[1] See Introduction to the Huth MS., pp. lxxii.–lxxx.

[2] *Ibid.* pp. lxx.–lxxii. M. G. Paris says, after pointing out that Malory made use of the "suite de Merlin" for his first four books: "Les quatre premiers chapitres du livre i, sont tirés de Robert de Boron; puis, pour les ch. v–xvi, Malory s'adresse au Merlin ordinaire. Au ch. xvii, il commence à suivre notre texte (Déjà dans le ch. xvi, il y a un mélange de notre texte; mais nous nous bornons à des indications sommaires, laissant le soin d'une comparaison minutieuse au futur éditeur de Malory), et, sauf quelques modifications ou additions que nous ne relevons pas, et surtout sauf de fortes abréviations, il ne le quitte pas jusqu'à la fin du livre i. Il le prend au début, et termine

XIX.–XXI. p. 50, 21. A month after his coronation Artus holds a court royal at "Carduel en gales." The wife of King "Loth d'Orkanie," Artus' half-sister, comes, with many knights and ladies, to pay him a visit. She is accompanied by her four sons, Gavains, Gaharies, Aggravains, and Guerrehés; Gavains, her eldest boy, is only ten years old. The queen, a woman of marvellous beauty, impresses Artus deeply. He loves her passionately, and finds that his passion is returned. Neither being aware that any blood relation exists between them, they yield to their passion. "Mordrec" is conceived—the son who afterwards causes Artus' death, "dont vous porrés oir viers la fin du livre."[1] Shortly after the queen has returned to her country, Artus dreams one night a strange dream: "qu'il estoit assis en une kaiiere, si comme il l'avoit commandé, et deseur lui avoit si grant plenté d'oisiaus que il s'esmiervilloit dont il pooient tout estre venu. Et quant il ot veut celle samblance, se li fu avis que d'autre part revenoit avolant uns grans dragons et moult grans plenté de griffons avolant et alvient parmi le roiaume de Logres et a mont et a val. Et partout la ou il aloient argoient conque li encoutroient, et apries iaus ne demoroit chastiaus que tous ne fust ars et detruis, et ensi metoit a gast et a destruction trestout le roiaume de Logres. Et quant il avoit chou fait, il revenoit tantost et assailloit lui et tous chiaus qui avoec estoient, si que li serpens ochioit et metoit a mort tous chiaus qui avoec le roi estoient. Et quant il avoit chou fait, il couroit sus au roi trop vilainnement. Et lors commenchoit d'ans deus la bataille trop dure et trop felenesse, si avenoit que li rois tuoit le serpent, mais il remanoit trop durement navrés, si que a morir l'en convenoit." The king is uneasy about this dream; the next morning, to distract his thoughts, he rides out hunting with his knights. In the hot pursuit of a hart, he loses his suite. After a while, his horse, exhausted, breaks down. Tired and disappointed, Artus sits down by the side of a fountain. No sooner has he done so than he hears a noise like that caused by the barking of thirty or fourty hounds. Looking up, he perceives a "beste moult grant, ki estoit la plus diverse qui onques fust veue de sa figure quit tant estoit estraingne de cors et de faiture, et non mie tant

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son livre i, à la page 211 de notre édition, avec l'épisode des enfants exposés.—Le livre ii, dont le début est assez singulier et semble un commencement de toute l'œuvre, est consacré à l'histoire de Balaain (appelé Balin le Sauvage); il comprend dix-neuf chapitres, et se termine à la p. 60 de notre t. ii.—Le livre iii, comprenant quinze chapitres, raconte le mariage d'Arthur, le renouvellement de la Table Ronde et la triple aventure de Gauvain, Tor et Pellinor; il correspond à ce qui, dans notre t. ii, va de la p. 60 à la p. 139 environ, mais la fin est très abrégée d'une part et de l'autre contient quelques traits qui manquent dans notre manuscrit.—Le livre iv, divisé en 28 chapitres, comprend toute la fin du ms. Huth, et en plus, comme nous l'avons remarqué ci-dessus, p. xlix, n. 2, le dénouement de la triple aventure d'Ivain, Gauvain et le Morhout.—Avec le livre v, Malory reprend le *Merlin* ordinaire, et au livre vi, il est en plein dans le *Lancelot*, dont toute la première partie paraît lui avoir manqué."—M. G. Paris' indications are based upon Sir E. Strachey's Globe edition, in which the division of the chapters of book i. is altered. The above-mentioned i.–iv. correspond to i.–vi., and v.–xvi. to vii.–xviii., and book xvii. to book xix. of my edition.

[1] This remark shows that the author of the "Suite" intended to, and perhaps actually did, continue his account to Arthur's death.

defors comme dedens son cors."[1] The beast drinks out of the fountain; Arthur looks at it in amazement, as he has never seen anything like it. When the beast has quenched its thirst, it returns with great noise into the wood. Arthur follows it with his eyes as far as he can; he is so struck "que il ne savoit se il dormoit ou il se veilloit." When it disappears, he sits down again and is more pensive than before. The arrival of a knight startles him. The knight asks him if he has seen a strange beast pass by. Artus answers in the affirmative, declaring that the beast cannot have gone far. The knight sighs, and wishes he had a horse so that he might finish the quest. He tells Arthur that the adventure of this beast must be achieved by one of his family, and he has already followed it for more than a year. While they talk a squire arrives with a horse for Artus; he wishes to mount it and follow the beast, but the knight prevents him, declaring he would act meanly in depriving him of his quest. After a long discussion Artus yields the horse to him; they agree to meet one day at the fountain to fight each other.

When the knight is gone, Artus, bidding his squire go and fetch him another horse, sits down, and abandons himself again to his gloomy thoughts. He is a second time aroused, by the arrival of Merlin in the semblance of a child of four years old. The child says he comes from distant countries, and is astonished at finding a knight alone and pensive; "nus hom qui riens vaille doive penser a chose dont il puet bien trouver conseil." Artus is struck with the wise speech of the child, but declares God alone could advise him. "You cannot think nor do anything without my knowledge," continues the child. "'Sire que vous estes esbahis pour noient.' You ought not be frightened because you have seen your death in your sleep, for you have dreamt lately." Artus is greatly surprised at this knowledge of the child, who tells him his dream exactly. He thinks the fiend has come to him, and expresses his suspicion. "You are the fiend and the enemy of Christ," says the child, "for you have committed a great sin; you have lain with your sister." Artus denies this, declaring that he has no sister. "I know well who your father and mother are, and where your sisters live." However pleasant this news is for Artus, he still believes he has the fiend before him. "If you will believe me, I shall tell you all about them." Artus consents. "You are of royal blood, the son of a king and a queen. Your father was a brave and good knight." Artus answers: "If it be so as you say, I shall not rest until I have subjected the greater part of the world; but tell me who was my father." "Vters Pandragons," declares the child. "O that my people might know that," exclaims Artus, "how they would envy me." "Before six months pass," says the child, "I shall make it known to them that you are the son of Igerne and Vterpandragon."

In the course of conversation the child again mentions that Artus has carnally known his sister, but for the love of his father, who thought much of

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[1] M. G. Paris remarks: "Il manque ici quelque chose; *cf. Malory* i, 17" (chapter 19 of my edition): "and the noyse was in the bestes bely lyke vnto the questyng of xxx coupyl houndes."

him, he would not reveal the secret to any one. "How can you have known my father, being so young? Thou liest, child." Merlin then vanishes, and reappears shortly as an old man of eighty, so feeble that he can hardly move. Artus speaks to him, and tells him that he saw a little while before a child who told him things which were known to nobody but himself. The old man says, "Il n'est nule si celee chose que elle ne soit descouverte." Then he asks Artus, "What ails you?" Artus tells his dream again. The old man expounds it: There is a knight begotten, but not yet born. He will one day destroy the realm of Logres, and cause many a noble knight to die. Artus asks where the child will be born. The old man refuses to tell him. A long discussion follows on this point. At last the old man declares the child will see the light of day on the first of May. Artus tells of the beast he saw near the fountain. "Che est," says Merlin, "une des aventures dou graal; another man, better than I, who is not yet born, will tell you some day: Percheval li galois, the knight's son, who followes the strange beast." "Now pray tell me one thing which I long to know," says Artus. The old man answers: "I know what you wish to hear; you would like to know who your father was. I shall tell you and your people all about the circumstances accompanying your birth and childhood; 'je suis chius qui ne me celerai jamais viers toi. Saches que je suis Merlins li boins devins dont tu as toutes fois si parler.'" Afterwards Merlin tells Arthur about his conception, birth, and bringing up. When Artus asks for advice how to hide his sin, Merlin declares he cannot advise him without himself committing a great sin, but he will bear witness for Artus before his people.

The arrival of Artus' suite brings this conversation to an end. Artus returns with his knights to Carduel. According to Merlin's advice, he sends for all his barons, also for Igerne and her daughter, to come shortly to Carduel.

All assemble on the appointed day; Vlfin and Auctor are also present. Merlin speaks with the two latter secretly. Morgain is the most beautiful of all ladies, but, adds the writer, she became very ugly afterwards when she gave herself to the fiend.

In the evening, when the whole court is assembled, Vlfin rises and, according to Merlin's arrangement, declares that he is much surprised how Artus can allow a lady who committed a great crime, by suppressing a child of hers, to be at his court. Artus is angry with Vlfin, and bids him be careful in his statements. Vlfin insists on what he has said, declaring himself ready to prove it on the best knight of the court if he be inclined to back the lady. Artus commands him to name the lady. When Vlfin pronounces Igerne's name, Artus, turning to Igerne, declares she must, if Vlfin speaks the truth, either find a knight to prove her innocence or suffer the consequences of her conduct. "Car ciertes tel dame com il dist ne deveroit pas a mon regart remanoir ou siecle, mais estre condampnee pardurablement ou estre mise dedens terre toute vive." Igerne is terrified, but, though knowing well Vlfin's accusation is founded upon truth, she declares that she is sure somebody will defend her. Vlfin starts up again; addressing the barons of "logres," he repeats his accusation in strong terms, defying Igerne to deny it. Artus continues

to feign great surprise. Igerne is so frightened that she does not know what to say, and at last cries: "Ha! Merlins, maudis soies tu! En ceste doulour m'a[s] tu mise, car tu euus l'enfant et en fesis ta volenté." Merlin, who, to conclude from what is said later on, is present disguised, rises, and asks her why she accuses Merlin, who has done her and her husband so much good. "He may have done us good in the beginning, but later on he proved a scoundrel, because he carried off our child," replies Igerne; "nay, he would not even wait till the child was christened, because he wanted it for the fiend." Merlin says he could give a better account of this story, "car vous ne le porries mieus savoir que je fach," and asks Artus if he would allow him to do so. Igerne must take an oath to acknowledge what Merlin says, if it be true. She agrees, provided Merlin tells her who he is. Merlin wishes to begin his story, but Igerne advances towards him, declaring emphatically he must tell his name before he says a word. Merlin suddenly assumes his true shape, in which she had seen him many years before, and says that, if she now knows not his name, he will tell her; it is Merlin. Igerne continues, after recognising him, "I knew well that you have caused me all this trouble, but now tell the king what you have done with the child." Merlin smiles, and, turning to the king, declares he will comply with the lady's wish, but first he must tell why he carried the child off. Artus asks him if he is really Merlin; he answers that he is truly; the barons of "logres," who know Merlin, but are ignorant of Artus' knowledge of him, affirm it. Merlin then gives a faithful account of everything that happened from the moment when he was called to help Vther till he gave the child to Auctor. He now asks Auctor to give back the child. Auctor relates that he loved and nourished the child tenderly, and points out Artus as the man this child had grown into, calling all his neighbours to witness. Merlin then asks the barons if he has not done well, and exhorts them to love their king well, who descends legitimately from Vther. All are glad at this unexpected revelation. Artus embraces and welcomes his mother. A great festival is arranged, which lasts "quinze jours tous pleniers."

Malory follows this account very closely on the whole, though he shortens it greatly, and leaves out many important incidents. There are but few points to be registered where Malory alters the source. As we have seen, he already alluded, at the end of chapter xviii., to the "Suite de Merlin." In order to have the means of joining the two versions, he begins the nineteenth chapter with the statement: "After the departyng of kyng Ban and kyng Bors," and adds that Lot's wife comes, or is sent, "to aspye" Arthur's court. This is not in the Huth MS. His account of Arthur's dream is so much curtailed that it is difficult to recognise the original in it. Contrary to the Huth MS., Malory relates that Arthur falls asleep after the beast is gone; probably the passage which I have quoted above, that Arthur did not know, for amazement, whether he was asleep or awake, caused this alteration. The names of Pellinore and Palomydes, as followers of the

questing beast, are not named on this occasion in the Huth MS. Malory's statement, that the child was fourteen years old instead of four, is more probable; perhaps the copy of the MS. which he used contained "fourteen." The dialogues between Arthur and the child and the old man, and afterwards with Merlin, are greatly condensed, and various important incidents omitted. The line, "for I shalle dye a shameful deth / to be put in the erthe quyck / and ye shalle dye a worshipful deth," are an anticipation of a later passage of the "Suite de Merlin," as I shall point out.[1]

The latter part of this episode is much weakened through Malory's condensation, and deprived of its most prominent features. Ulfyn accuses Igrayne directly. Merlin's stratagem arranged with Ector and Ulfyn, Arthur's feigned ignorance of and surprise at the whole story, Merlin's disguise, and the final denouement of the situation when it has come to its climax through Merlin's story and his demanding the child from Ector, to whom he had given it, and Ector's pointing out Artus, are all points omitted by Malory. The festival arranged in the celebration of this joyful event, according to Malory, lasts, not fifteen, but only eight days.

XXI. p. 68, 22–XXIV.[2] One day during this festival, when Artus is at table, "et ot eut le premier mès," a squire arrives with a knight mortally wounded, and helmetless. The squire rides right up to the table, descends, puts his master "a la terre, qui estoit jonchie d'erbe verde," and says aloud, so that all can hear him: "King Artus, you are by God's grace the lord of this country; avenge my master, for he is killed by a proud knight abiding in the neighbouring wood. Artus is wroth at this news; but soon becomes pensive, "ne n'entent pas a chose qui li escuiers die." Merlin startles him by saying he must not be moved so deeply by an adventure of this kind; it would not do, as he will have many such adventures. "As this is the first adventure which happens at your court," "si me poise moult que li commenchemens en est teuls, car li signes en est malvais et anieus." He wishes Artus to have it put down in writing into a great book, and all later events also, and tells him after his death the adventures will make up a large volume. This, he says, he tells him that he may meet future adventures vigorously. Artus then asks the squire where the knight who has killed his master is to be found; he is told he has in the wood a "paveillons tendu d'encoste une fontainne," and compels all knights passing by to joust with him. Before his "paveillons" stands a tree all covered with "glaives et escus." Artus says he must be a very strong knight, and asks Merlin what to do. Merlin declares he can and will advise him, and will always do so as long as he is the lord of this country, but after him no man will be able to govern it, "car il ne varrant mie tant." The wrong that this knight has done must be

[1] Ed. G. Paris and J. Ulrich, p. 178. Huth MS. fol. 86[d]. [2] Huth MS. ed. pp. 174–196.

avenged by one of Artus' knights. Upon these words a young man steps forth, "Gifflès li fieus Dou," a great favourite of the king, and requests Artus to bestow on him as a gift the order of knighthood, and to trust him with this adventure. In vain does Artus try to dissuade Giffles, telling him he is too young to meet such a strong knight; Giffles prays so earnestly, reminding him of his faithful service, that he finally yields to his request, and promises to dub him on the next morning. The wounded knight is then brought into a chamber, and taken care of; but his wounds are incurable, and he dies on the third day. Merlin tells Artus, in the evening, that Giffles cannot sustain the knight of the fountain, who is no other than the one who follows "la miervilleuse beste." Artus must save him; he will afterwards become one of his best servants, and be the last man who sees him alive. The allusion to his death makes Artus again pensive; Merlin, noticing it, comforts the king, and declares he will not die as long as he (Merlin) is alive. "Tu mouras a honour, et jou a honte. Et seras richement ensevelis et je serai tous vis mis en terre. Et c'est bien honteuse mort." Artus then asks Merlin, if he cannot, through his great wisdom, prevent such death. Merlin does not answer this question, but says, "Ore laisson a parler de ceste chose," "let us rather speak of Giffles." Immediately after Giffles is dubbed, he will go to meet the knight, who will overcome him through his great strength. To save his life, Artus shall ask him, as a first gift, to return immediately after the combat. On the next morning Giffles is dubbed, receives a horse, and splendid armour and a sword. Artus says to him: "Je voel que si tost que vous averés jousté au chevalier, ou bien vous en kiece ou mal, que vous en repairiés sans plus faire, soit a pié ou a cheval." Giffles promises this, and starts.

When the king is at dinner, twelve very old men clad in "blanc samit" arrive, each an olive branch in his hand. After saluting Artus, one of them says: "Rois Artus, che te mande li empereres de Roume a qui tout li signeur teriien doivent obeir que tu envoies a Roume tés treus que tes roiames doit," &c. Artus boldly replies, he owes the Roman emperor nothing; he holds his kingdom from God. They may tell their emperor that he is unwise to send him such an order, "que je sui chius qui riens ne li renderoie, ne riens ne terroie de lui." If the emperor comes into his country, he may be sure he will never see Rome again. If they have to deliver another such message, they ought to take good care not to come into his country a second time. If they were not messengers, they would be differently dealt with. The messengers defy Artus, and bid him be aware of the consequences of his disobedience. "Ales vous ent 'fait li rois' car bien avés fait vos messager." When they are gone Artus speaks to his people about the strange message of the emperor.

When Giffles has left the court, he hastens to the fountain in the wood. He there perceives before the "paveillon" a great black horse, and a shield hanging on a little tree. Giffles throws the shield down. The knight comes out, and asks him why he has done that, and when he was made knight. When Giffles tells him that he was dubbed only that morning, the knight asks him to renounce the unequal fight, he himself being "uns des plus

renommés chevaliers." But Giffles insists and threatens. The knight laughs at him. They fight. Giffles is thrown down and severely wounded in the first bout, "le fiert si durement qu'il li perche l'escu et l'aubierc, se li met par mi le costé senestre le fer de la glave a tout grant partie del fust, si que li fers parut de l'autre part." The knight, sorry for the young fellow, whom he thinks he has killed, dismounts, looses Giffles' helmet, and puts the vizor up. Giffles soon recovers, arises, takes his shield, mounts his horse, and saying: "Certes, sire chevaliers je ne puis dire que vous ne soiiés preudom et boins chevaliers; assés savés mieus ferir de la lanche nue je ne cuidoie; mais se Dieus me consaut, se je eusse plus congiet de faire enviers vous [que] de lanche, ja pour chou que je sui navrés ne remansist que je ne vous essaaisse a l'espee." The knight replies: "Certes sire jovenes chevaliers vous avés assés cuer pour commenchier une grant chose. Nostre sires vous doinst le pooir de vous eslever, car ensi ser(i)és vous uns des boins chevaliers dou monde." Then Giffles returns to the court. Artus is glad to see him back alive, and orders his wounds to be dressed. He much admires the courteous behaviour of the knight at the fountain, and exclaims enthusiastically, "Pleust ore a Dieu que je le resamblaisse." He continually thinks of the knight, and cannot sleep. He gets up, and bids a squire prepare his arms and his horse secretly. The latter tries to dissuade the king, but Artus tells him he will be back "a eure de prime." Outside the town Artus mounts his steed and rides forth into the wood. At daybreak he sees, on his way, Merlin chased by "trois vilains." Artus threatens them, and, frightened by the appearance of an armed knight, they leave off and flee. Merlin tells him, he is wrong when he thinks he has saved him from death; Artus himself is in greater danger than he. He further tells Artus that he knows he has come out to fight with the knight of the fountain; he will not be able to resist him, for want of a good sword, and ought to return. But Artus is bent on fighting; he asks Merlin why the three men chased him. Merlin replies that he angered them by fore-telling their near death. One will be killed by his comrades, the other two hanged. Artus asks if this be true. Merlin tells him that, quarrelling about a horse which they have bought on the road, and of which each claims his share, two, who are brothers, will kill the third, their cousin. The justices of the next town they come to, will hang them "as chaisnes meismes que il averont aporte dou bos."

When they approach the "paveillons" Merlin suddenly vanishes. Artus provokes the knight. They fight. The first and second bout are without result. In the third attack Artus' horse is thrown down, but rises quickly and flees into the wood. The knight dismounts, and asks Artus if he will give up the battle; on his answering No, they continue to fight on foot with their swords. Each gains an advantage in turn. The king, being young, is more agile than the knight, already advanced in age. Soon Artus' sword breaks against the harder one of the knight; the knight, seeing it, "se [ne] pensa qu'il le metera jusques a paour de mort pour savoir s'il en porroist traire parole de couardise, car de tant set il bien qu'il est drois hardis." But Artus covers himself with his shield and endeavours to avoid the blows of the knight, who greatly admires his conduct. "You see how matters stand," he says to Artus; "surrender yourself to my mercy, or I shall cut off your head."

"Certes, dans chevaliers, 'fait li rois,' vous estes fols de ce requerre. Ia se Dieu plaist pour paour de mort ne dirai parole qui a honte me peust torner, car certes je donc plus honte que je ne faich le mort." Then, suddenly throwing his shield away, he runs up to the knight, grasps him round the hips, lifts him more than a foot from the ground, and throws him violently down, "et puis le rue a fine force desous lui, si qu'il le tient entre lui et la terre," and pulls off his helmet, but, in default of a weapon, he cannot kill him. In the agony of death, the knight presses Artus so tightly that the latter loses hold. Seizing the moment, the knight starts to his feet, brings Artus to the ground, and is about to cut his head off, when, at the supreme moment, Merlin appears, and cries: "Chevaliers ne le touchiés ne plus ne li faites de mal, car tu feroies le roiame de Logres orfenin de boin signour." "Is this Artus?" asks the knight; when Merlin says Yes, the knight still wishes to kill Artus, but Merlin throws an enchantment upon him, so that he falls asleep upon Artus. Then Merlin says to Artus, "Ore pues tu veoir que mieus te vaut mes sens que ta proueche." When Artus has recovered himself, he thinks Merlin has killed the knight, and reproaches him, for he was one of the best knights of the world. Merlin says the knight is only asleep. Artus now acknowledges how much he needs a good sword.

This account deviates from that in corresponding chapters of "Le Morte Darthur" in various, though insignificant, points. The name of the knight slain by the knight of the fountain whose servant comes complaining to Arthur, according to Malory "Mylis," is not mentioned nor does the name occur in any shape in the rest of the "Suite de Merlin." It is Malory's own, or he derived it from the MS. he had before him. Arthur's deep thought on receiving the news of the knight's misfortune, and the subsequent dialogue with Merlin, are omitted. Merlin's statement that Gryflet will be the last knight who shall see Arthur alive is alluded to by the words, "abydynge with yow the terme of your lyf," but Malory forgets that, in his twenty-first book, Bedewer is the knight who is with Arthur in the moment when he is received by the four queens to be taken to the ile of Avelion. In the prose-Lancelot Bedewer's part is acted by Gryflet. The passage referring to Arthur's and Merlin's different ways of dying occurs, as above mentioned, in Malory's twentieth chapter. Malory suppresses the dialogue between Arthur and Merlin on this occasion. The "dyuerse colours" of the shield and the spear of the knight of the fountain are Malory's additions. The incident of the arrival of the twelve ambassadors from the emperor of Rome is misplaced. In the Huth MS. it precedes Gryflet's fight with the knight, whilst Malory relates it after Gryflet's return from the fountain. Malory omits the description of the twelve ambassadors here, but makes use of it in the first chapter of book v., as I shall show later on. The reason why the three men pursue Merlin, their story, Merlin's attempt to dissuade Arthur from fighting until he gets a good sword, and his sudden disappearance upon their arrival at

the fountain are all omitted by Malory. Malory greatly modifies the meeting of Arthur with the knight at the fountain, and their subsequent fight. The squire who brings the spears, the rest the two fighters take, and the comparison of their fighting to that of "two rammes" are Malory's own. The passage of the Huth MS., "Si vausisse mieus, se Dieus me consaut, avoir pierdu le milleur chastiel que j'aie que tu l'eusses ensi ochis," corresponds to Malory's "I had leuer than the stynte of my land a yere that he were on lyue." The name of the knight of the fountain, Pellinore, his two sons "Persyual of walys" and "Lamerak of walis," and the remark that the latter is going to tell Arthur Mordred's name, are not mentioned upon this occasion in the Huth MS.

XXV.–XXVI.[1] Merlin takes Artus to a hermit, by whom his wounds are dressed. After two days he is healed. Merlin leaves with him. After a while they come to a lake. Merlin asks Artus what he thinks of the water; Artus declares it is so deep "que nus hom ne s'i meteroit qui ne fust peris." "In this lake," continues Merlin, "is the good sword of which I told you." Suddenly they see rising out of the water, in the middle of the lake, a hand with a beautiful sword; "et estoit viestus li bras d'un samit blanc, et tenoit la mains l'espee hors de l'iaue." Artus is anxious to get this sword, but he does not see how. Merlin bids him wait till God advises him. While they stand on the bank, a lady on a small black horse arrives in great haste. After saluting them, she says: "I know well you crave the sword, but it is folly; you cannot get it." Merlin speaks kindly to her, declaring he well knows that they can only get the sword through her, as she has enchanted the lake; he then requests her to give the sword to Artus. The damsel finally agrees, provided Artus promises to grant her the first gift she asks from him. She then walks over the water, fetches the sword, and gives it to Artus. Merlin thanks the damsel, recommends her to God, and she departs.

When Artus admires his sword, Merlin asks him what he thinks of it. Artus declares there is no costly thing in the world he would take in exchange for it. "Which do you value most," continues Merlin—"the sword or the sheath?" Artus answers, "The sword is worth a hundred sheaths to me." Merlin replies: "Certes, sire, or sai ge bien que vous estes povrement connissans de la bonté que la damoisiele vous a faite. Saichies vraiement que li fuerres vaut mieus que teuls dis espees ne font; car il est d'un cuir qui a tel viertu que ja hom qui sour lui le porte ne perdera sanc ne ne rechevra ja plaie mortel, pour quil soit armés a raison." "This," he continues, "will be stolen from you by Morgan, who will give it to her friend, that he may overcome you." This story will be told later on. "When you have lost it," says Merlin further, "you will then appreciate its value." After leaving the lake, they pass the knight's "paveillons," but he is not there. On being asked, Merlin tells Artus what has become of the knight: some time before,

[1] Huth MS., ed. vol. i. pp. 196–201.

another knight, Heglan, from the city of Camaloth, came into this country; the knight of the fountain fought and overcame him, and he fled towards Carduel, chased by his adversary. He will soon pass by us. Artus has a great mind to test his new sword, but Merlin dissuades him this time. When Artus asks Merlin how the damsel could walk over the water, the latter tells him: "Voirs est qu'il i a un lac grant et miervilleusement profont. Et en mi lieu de cel lac a une roche ou il a maisons biele et riche et palais gran et miervilleus; mais il sont si tout entour clos d'encantement que nus qui par dehors soit nel puet veoir, s'il n'est de laiens. Et la ou vous veistes que la damoisiele se mist n'avoit il point d'iaue, ains est uns pons de fust que chascuns ne puet pas aperchevoir. Et par illuec endroit passent cil qui laiens vont, car il voient le pont che que autre gent ne voit mie." Approaching the town, they pass the knight of the fountain returning to his "paveillons." "Il ne li disent riens ne autressi ne fist a eus, ains passent outre, si s'en entra li rois en la chité." All his people are delighted to see Artus back safe and sound. The same evening, Artus' sister Morgain is wooed by king Vrien. Artus gladly gives him his sister in marriage, and adds: "grand partie de son regne et li douna un chastiel que on apieloit Taruc," close by the sea, and very strong. Their wedding is celebrated soon afterwards with great splendour. The first son is Yvain. After the wedding, Artus goes to Carlion.

XXVII.–XXVIII.[1] When he is at table one day, a knight richly apparelled comes and demands, on behalf of king "Rion de Norgales," who has already conquered eleven kings and adorned a mantle with their beards, Artus' beard in token of submission. Artus laughs, and tells the messenger he must have made a mistake in coming to him, "car je n'euch onques barbe, trop suis encore jovenes, et se je encore bien l'avoie ne l'aroit il pas." He bids the messenger tell Rion, if he should venture to invade Logres, he will run the risk of never seeing his own country again. After his departure, Artus tells his people he never heard of such a proud and foolish demand; he then asks them if any one knows Rion. A knight named Narran declares him to be a very strong knight, who never began a war without terminating it victoriously.

One day, when the time is close at hand for the child to be born who should destroy him, Artus tells Merlin he has determined to lock up all the children born at that period in two or three strong towers until he finds out which of them he must kill. Merlin replies that all his efforts will be fruitless; he will never discover the child, as his fate is inevitable. Artus, in spite of Merlin's words, carries out his plan. He proclaims throughout Logres that all children born at a certain time should be delivered to him. More than "cinc cent et cinquante" children under three weeks old are brought to him.

King Loth's wife is also delivered of a son, christened Mordrec. According to Artus' instructions, Loth tells his wife the child must be sent to her brother. His wife agrees. "Lors fist li rois metre l'enfant en un berchuel qui molt

[1] Huth MS., ed., vol. i. pp. 202–212.

estoit biaus et riches. En che que la m[illegible] metoit l'enfant dedens le berchuel, il avint que il se hurta el chief desus, si qu'il ot une grant plaie en mi le front qui puis i parut tous les jours de sa vie." The king is angry. The cradle is then put into a ship, and many ladies and gentlemen accompany the child; they have orders to tell Artus that they bring his nephew. Thus they depart from "la chité d'Orkanie." The second night at sea a heavy storm arises, the ship is wrecked, and all are drowned except the child, who is carried ashore in his cradle by the waves. A fisher finds the cradle and carries it home to his wife. The wife is highly pleased, and declares they must nurse the child; the rich cradle is a gift of providence. But the husband thinks differently. The child, being of noble or royal birth, ought to be brought up better than they can possibly afford; he prefers, therefore, to carry what he has found to the lord of his country. To this the wife reluctantly agrees. So they take Mordrec to Nabur li Derrées, who has a little son only five weeks old, Sagremor, afterwards called Sagremor li Derr[e]és. The two children are brought up together. The wound which the child has on the head is cured. The name Mordrec was found on a slip of paper in the cradle, but no information whatever about his parents.

Artus intends at first to kill all the children gathered in the towers, but is advised in a dream rather to expose them to their fate in a ship without "pilot." "Et adont se il pue[en]t eschaper de tel peril, bien mousterra Jhesucris qu'il les aimme et qu'il ne veult pas la destruction des enfans." Artus ships the "set cent [MS. has "viint"] et douze"[1] children. But our Lord takes pity on the children, the ship is driven ashore near "Amalvi," where king Orians reigns, the father of Acanor, who was afterwards surnamed "Le lait Hardi." Oriant is greatly surprised to find so many children in the ship; an old knight suggests that they probably come from Logres. The children are carried to "le chastiel as Gen[v]res," which is built for them and thus called "pour l'amour d'eus." There they are nourished "comme il lour convint." The barons of Logres are very angry at the treatment of their children, and mourn for them "que nus plus." They ask Merlin what they can do "de ceste desloiauté que chis rois a faite." Merlin calms them, and persuades them that Artus has done that "pour le commun pourfit dou roiame de Logres." The false Robert de Boron adds: "Et sachiés que ceste chose n'est mie fable, ains est aussi verités comme vous vées vue je parole a vous." Merlin then comforts the barons by assuring them their children are not dead; they will see them return safe and sound after ten years. At last Merlin succeeds in reconciling the barons with Artus.

The twenty-fifth to the twenty-seventh chapter in Malory are an even more shortened reproduction of the source than before. As above stated, Merlin's suggestion that Arthur should postpone the fight with the knight of the fountain until he had a good sword, and Merlin's remark, when they approach the lake, that they will find a sword there, are omitted, but soon after Malory, forgetting this, makes Merlin say,

[1] Compare fol. 96ᵃ: "cinc cent et cinquante."

"yonder is that swerd that I spak of."[1] According to Malory the damsel is already upon the lake, and comes to Arthur, whereas in the "Suite" she arrives from afar on a small black horse at great speed. The description of the lady's walking on the water and fetching the sword, and Merlin's following explanation of the enchanted palace and the invisible bridge, were, it appears, too improbable for Malory; with him the damsel simply bids Arthur take "yonder barge," and row himself over the lake to get the sword, which Arthur, with Merlin's help, really carries out, himself receiving the sword from the hand which holds it above the water. Arthur's reflections on the sword are suppressed by Malory, but come in somewhat later in a different form. The knight who flees from the knight of the fountain towards Carduel is called Heglan in the Huth MS., Egglame in Malory, and Carduel becomes Carlion. Merlin's prophecy that Arthur shall lose the sword through his sister, &c., is omitted by Malory. The "crafte" which, according to Malory, Merlin employs to render the knight of the fountain invisible to Arthur and *vice versa,* is Malory's addition. The description of the enchanted lake, &c., is suppressed, as well as the wedding of Morgan and Vrien, and their rich endowment by Arthur.

Malory's abridging process in the three last chapters is carried to an extreme in the twenty-eighth chapter. Folios 96ᵃ–99ᵃ of the Huth MS., pp. 203–212 of the printed text, are represented by fifteen lines on p. 75. Malory omits almost all above stated as occupying these folios.

β. THE SECOND BOOK.[2]

I.–IX. When Artus is one day at dinner, a knight, exhausted and covered with blood, on a horse in the same state, enters the palace, and announces that King Rion has invaded the country, and burns and ravages towns and villages. Several castles are already in his possession. Asked where he saw Rion last, he says at the castle of Tarabel. The knight is properly looked after, and orders are sent to all barons to come "erramment" to Camaloth "sans nul autre delay." In spite of this urgent statement, the

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[1] It is somewhat surprising that in the "Suite de Merlin" the sword which Arthur withdrew from the stone previous to his coronation is never mentioned. Escalibor is, according to the "Suite," the sword which Arthur gets out of the lake, as stated in the Huth MS., fol. 101ᶜ: "'Or saicies,' fait elle, 'que l'espee est apielee par son droit non Escalibor.'" But according to the "Ordinary Merlin" the sword which Arthur withdraws from the stone is called Escalibor. Compare, *e.g.*, Cambridge MS., fol. 39ᵃ: "And it was the same swerde that he toke oute of the ston; and the lettres that were write on the swerde seide that the right name was cleped Escalibourc, whiche is a name in ebrewe, that is to sey in englissh, kyttynge, Iren, tymber, and steill," &c. Compare also my remarks, at p. 36, on the ninth chapter of book i.

[2] Huth MS., ff. 99a–150ᶜ; vol. i. p. 212 to vol. ii. p. 60 of the printed text.

barons only assemble in about three months, to the number of more than four thousand, "dont li plus couart quident estre preu et hardi."

One day, before Artus is starting on his expedition against Rion, a beautiful, richly dressed damsel arrives at the court and declares that her "dame de l'isle d'Avalon" sent her to ask Artus' assistance; unless she finds help at his court, she cannot find it anywhere else. "Lors oste de son col un mantiel dont elle estoit affablee," and shows Artus a sword, girt round her waist, and says to him: "saches que je n'en puis mie faire si ma volenté que je la puisse traire del fuerre ne desçaindre [descainbre] d'entour moi, car che n'est mie chose qui soit a feme otriee, ne a chevalier s'i(l) n'est li mieudres chevaliers de cest pais et li plus loiaus sans trecherie et sans boisdie et sans traison. Mais qui teus sera, si porra denoer le(s) renges [regnes] de l'espee et aporter avec soi l'espee et delivrer mo(i) de che dont je sui malement encombree; car tant que je l'eusse tout dis avoec moi ne porroie jou jamais avoir ne bien ne repos."

Artus marvels greatly; he thinks any one might withdraw the sword from the lady's girdle. The damsel tells him he is mistaken, and repeats her former declaration. Then Artus, saying that he will do it first, not because he thinks he is the best knight, but because he is king, and in order to give his barons a good example, endeavours to pull the sword out, but fails. All barons who attempt after him to draw the sword out have the same ill success; only one poor knight from Northumberland does not try. "Chis avoit esté desiretes de par le roi de Norhomberlande pour un parent le roi qu'il avoit ochis, et l'avoit [on] mis em [om] prison plus de demi an, si en iert de nouviel issus. Et pour chou estoit il si povres qu'il n'avoit si petit non. Mais s'il estoit povres d'avoir, il estoit riche(s) de cuer hardement et de proueche," &c. Artus tells the damsel she must try her fortune elsewhere. She begins to cry, declaring that she has already been at Rion's court, but no knight of his could free her from the sword. "'Ha! Dieus,' fait elle, 'si m'est ore avis qu'i(l) me converra dès ore mais souffrir ceste painne, cest martyre et ceste dolour, et si ne l'avoie je pas deservi.'" Then the poor knight steps forth, and asks the damsel to allow him, "par courtoisie," to attempt pulling out the sword. The damsel does not believe that he can do it, as she thinks he cannot be a better knight than all those in the hall who have failed. The knight replies, angrily, that one ought not to judge a person's quality by his poor appearance. He lays his hands on the sword and takes it out of the girdle without any difficulty, and says: "Or vous en poés aler toute delivree quant il vous plaira, mais l'espee me remanra, car il m'est avis que je l'ai gaaignie." He then pulls it out of the sheath and feasts his eyes on its splendid workmanship. When he has replaced it, the damsel tells him that he is evidently the best knight of all, but that it would be unwise of him to keep the sword. The knight declines to give it back. The damsel then tells him, if he keeps it, he will kill with it the man whom he loves most in the world. She adds another marvel that will happen: "anchois que chis ans soit passés vous combateres vous a un chevalier qui vous occirra de l'espee et vous lui. . . . . Ore le portes, se il vous plaist, que bien sachiés que vous em portés vostre mort avoecques vous." The knight nevertheless keeps the sword, but he will no longer stay at the

court, where they have shown him "que povretés fait tenir mains preudoumes vil." He bids his squire get ready his arms and his horse.

On hearing this, Artus is ashamed, and, requesting the knight to stay, promises him large amends, bidding him ask whatever gift he chooses, and he will grant it; but the knight declares he cannot stay this time. While the other knights are still conversing upon the adventure that has happened, a lady on horseback arrives and declares that Artus owes her a gift. When the king recognises her as the lady who gave him the sword at the lake, he acknowledges the fairness of her claim. She tells him "que l'espee est apielee par son droit non Escalibor;" then she asks as her gift the head of the poor knight who has just achieved the sword. Artus is quite "esbahis" and does not know what to do; he cannot comply with her request. The lady tells him the knight has killed her brother. The poor knight, hearing the damsel demand his head, steps forth, declaring he has for three years sought her, who had poisoned his brother, follows her, and strikes her head off with one blow. Taking up the head, he goes to Artus, and tells him that it belonged to the most disloyal damsel "qui onques entrast en votre court." Artus is very angry at the knight's conduct: he would never have thought any knight would dare to do that before him. "Car certes gringnour honte ne me peust nus faire que d'ochirre damoisiele devant moi qui estoit en mon conduit, que je devoie garandir," &c. The knight kneels down and implores Artus' pardon, but he refuses, and bids him leave the court.

The knight then takes the lady's head and goes to his "ostel." He tells his squire that he has found and killed the damsel whom he has sought so long, but also that by his "fourfait" he has lost "le compaignie de la court et l'acointance del roi." The squire is sad, and cries, but the knight consoles him, saying that he will soon regain the king's favour, for he will bring him the head of his worst enemy, King Rions. He then bids his squire go to Northumberland and show the damsel's head to all his friends. The squire asks him where he can find him upon his return; the knight answers: "Je cuic que tu me troveras en la court le roi Artu(s). Car ains que tu reviengnes avrai jou, se Diu plaist, faite ma pais viers le roi." They both depart; the knight with his sword goes where he thinks to find King Rion, the squire on his errand to Northumberland. Folio 103 is missing here in the Huth MS.[1]

On folio 104 a speech of Merlin is continued. The damsel who had come to the court with the sword has a brother, a good and valiant knight, but she

[1] M. G. Paris adds here, in his edition, p. 223, the following note:—"Le fol. 103 manque dans le manuscrit. Voici en bref, d'après Malory (l. ii, c. 4) ce qui y était raconté: Un chevalier d'Irlande, appelé Lanceor, demande et obtient d'Artu la permission de suivre le chevalier exilé pour le punir de l'affront qu'il a fait au roi. Merlin arrive, et explique ce qui vient de se passer; la demoiselle qui a apporté l'épée attachée a sa ceinture (et qui est encore devant le roi) est la plus perfide qui ait jamais existé. Le discours de Merlin continue par les premiers mots du fol. 104, qui commencent cet alinéa."

loved a knight of Logres, one of the most wicked and disloyal men ever alive. Her brother and her lover met one day by chance; they fought together, and the brother happened to kill the lover. The damsel wished to punish her brother and kill him, and addressed herself to "la dame de l'isle d'Avalon" for assistance. This lady gave her the sword and told her: "Il convient que chis qui ceste espee deschaindra soit li mieudres chevaliers de sa contree et li plus loiaus et sans toute trecherie," but she added, he who would deliver her from the sword would kill her brother and thus revenge her lover. All this, continues Merlin, will really happen, but unfortunately the two best knights of Logres will die. "Certes il me samble et si est voirs que elle euust mieus deservi mort que cele qui orendroit morut ichi." When the damsel[1] hears that "li rois s'acorde a Merlin," she leaves the court.

Then Artus asks Merlin how he can punish the knight who has disgraced him by killing the damsel before him. Merlin replies: "Ha! sire, ne parlés ja de sa mort. Certes c'est damage qu'il ne doit durer longuement, car a merveilles est preudom et boins chevaliers." In the next ten years no knight will die whose death will be so lamentable as this knight's. Merlin prays Artus and the barons to pardon him his "mesfait;" he deserves pardon, as is proved by his achieving the feat of the sword. He will shortly make large amends for the wrong he has done. Artus wishes to know who he is. Merlin says: "Je vous [di] qu'il a a non Balaain[s] li sauvages, et est, che sai ge bien, li millours chevaliers du monde, par coi je le plaing." Artus and his barons believe what Merlin says, and forgive Balaains. Then Artus asks Merlin about King Rion: "Me porra il nuire de noient?" Merlin replies: "Chevauche, roi, asseur, que nostre sires te fera assés gringnour honnour que tu ne cuides, ne il ne t'a pas mis en la hauteche ou tu iés pour si tost faire tresbuchier. Pour chou ne t'esmaiier car il te secourra en tous lieus, se che n'est par vo defaute [defaite]. Ensi parole Merlins au roi et le chastie del chevalier." In the meantime the "chevalier d'Irlande" starts from his "ostel" and nearly reaches Balaains at the foot of a mountain. He does not know him very well. When he has so far approached him that his voice can be heard, he cries out to him: "Dans chevaliers, tornés cha cestui escu, u je vous ferrai derriere, si arois gringnour honte." When Balaains understands the knight's desire, he stops and asks him "a cui tu ies?" When the knight tells him he comes from Artus to revenge upon him the "fourfait" which he has done to the court by striking the damsel's head off, Balaains tries to dissuade him from his intention, but in vain; the Irish knight insists. So they fight. Balaains receives first a heavy stroke by the knight. "Et cil (the Irish knight) li vint de si grant oirre comme il pooit de cheval traire, se li perce l'escu et brise li la glaive en mié le pis, mais de la sele ne le remue. Et li chevaliers (from the context, and according to Malory, this refers to Balaains) le fiert si durement qu'il li perce l'escu et li ront les mailles dou hauberc et li met parmi le cors la glave si que li fers a tout grant partie del

[1] The damsel who came with the sword to the court is meant. It is somewhat puzzling that, after all the other events have been told, she is mentioned again here. I am inclined to believe this passage is out of place.

fust apparut de l'autre part. Il vint de grant forche, si l'empaint a terre par desus la crupe dou cheval. Et au retraire qu'il fait de la glaive se taist cil qui sent la destrece de la mort." Balaains, not thinking he has killed his adversary, prepares for another bout, but soon perceives that he does not stir, and that the ground is covered with blood. He is sorry for the knight's death, and because he has added to his former "fourfait" another cause for Artus to dislike him. He is thus reflecting, when a damsel on horseback arrives at great speed. She dismounts immediately, throws herself on the corpse on the ground, and, finding that life has already departed from the body, breaks out in loud cries and laments. "Cele se pasme et repasme. Et quant elle est a chief de pieche revenue de pasmison et elle a pooir de parler, elle dist a Balaain: 'Ha! sire, deus cuers avés ochis en un et deus cors en un, et deus ames ferés perdre pour une.' Lors prent l'espee au chevalier (the Irish knight's) et le traist dou fuerre et dist: 'Amis, après vous me convient aler. Car il me samble bien que j'aie trop demouré de la mort; se elle fust aussi douce conme ceste me samble, onques gens ne morussent si a aise conme nous fesissons.' Lors se fiert de l'espee par mi le pis si durement qu'elle se met la pointe par mi le cuer. Et lors se tient pres dou chevalier, ne onques Balaains, qui l'espee voloit oster des mains quant il vit que elle se voloit occhirre, ne se puet si haster que elle ne s'en fust ferue [furue] anchois." This unexpected event astonishes Balaains so much that he does not know whether he is awake or asleep; "si dist que loiaument amoit la damoisiele et que il ne cuidoit pas que en cuer de feme peust entrer amour si vraie." While still meditating upon what he can do with the bodies, he perceives his brother Balaa(i)n[1] coming fully armed out of the near forest. He has only one squire with him. They recognise each other "par les armes." When Balaains comes near his brother "il gieta son hyaume fors de sa teste, et lors le veissiés plourer de joie et de pitie, et li dist: 'Ha! frere, je ne vous cuidai ja mais veoir. Par quel aventure estes vous delivrés de la dolereuse prison ou vous estiés?' Et il[1] (*i.e.*, Balaan) respont que la fille le roi meismes l'en delivra, et se elle ne fust, encore i demourast il. 'Mais quel aventure,' fait il (*i.e.*, Balaains), 'vous amenoit cha?' 'Certes, Balaains [balaam], on me dist au chastiel de[s] quatre perrieres que vous estiés delivrés, et que on vous avoit veut a la cour le roi Artus. Et pour chou venoie je cha si grant oirre que je vous i cuidoie trouver.'" Balaain then tells his brother all that has happened: "tout qu'il a veu et de le court et de l'espee et de la damoisiele qu'il ochist, pour coi il s'est si tost partis de court;" how he killed the Irish knight, and how the damsel slew herself before he could prevent her. Balaan admires her great love, and declares, for the sake of her faithfulness unto death, his brother ought in future never to refuse a lady who craves his help.[2] "'Et de ces cors, frere

[1] On account of the identity of the names of the two brothers in the MS., one has to be very careful in distinguishing between them, especially if they are referred to by "il."

[2] This is a trait which Balaain has in common with Gawayne; compare my analysis of the "Suite" later at p. 105.

Balaain, qu'en porrons nous faire?' Et il dist que il n'i set metre conseil, se Dieus li ait."

While they are still consulting, a dwarf arrives riding as fast as his horse can go. When he sees and recognises the two bodies, "il commenche a faire trop grant duel et detirer ses cheviaus et debatre ses paumes ensamble." He first asks the two brothers which of them killed the knight. "Et Balaains respont: 'Por coi le demandes tu?' 'Pour che,' fait, 'que je le voel savoir.' 'Et je te di,' fait il, 'que je l'ochis, mais che fu sour moi desfendant, ne onques ne m'en fu biel,'" &c. The dwarf then asks who killed the damsel. Balaain explains that she killed herself "pour l'amour del chevalier." The dwarf then tells him that the Irish knight was "uns des vaillans chevaliers del monde, et estoit fieus de roi;" by killing him Balaain has "pourcachie" his own death. His relations will seek him wherever he goes. "'Or ne sai,' fait li chevaliers (*i.e.*, Balaain), 'qu'il en averra, mais il m'en poise, non mie pour doutance des ces parens, mais pour l'amour le roi Artu(s) qui chevaliers il estoit.'"

While they speak thus there comes out of the forest "li rois Mars qui puis ot a feme Yseut la blonde, si comme chis contes meismes devisera apertement pour chou que conter i convient pour une aventure dont li Graa[u]s parole." Mars was but lately crowned, and is only seventeen years old. He goes to Artus to help him in his wars, "car toute sa terre estoit sougite au roiame de Logres." He also inquires about the two bodies, and resolves, when he has heard the sad story, to honour them "pour l'amour et pour la loiauté." He orders all his suite to dismount, and search the country round to find the most beautiful and the richest "tombe," "car bien saciés que je sui cil qui ja mais ne me remuerai de ceste place devant qu'il soient enterré ensamble en tel lieu meisme ou il rechurent mort." In a church a tomb having been found such as the king desires, the Irish knight and his lady are put into it, and Mars has letters engraved on the stone: "*Chi gist Lancer* [this is the first and only passage where the name occurs in the "Suite"] *fius au roi d'Irlande, et dalés li gist Lione s'amie, qui pour le duel de li s'ochist si tost conme elle le vit mort.*" Mars orders "une crois de fust biele et riche" to be erected at the head of the tomb, on which was plenty of gold, silver, and stone "de deverses manieres." As Mars is about going on, Merlin arrives "en samblance d'un fort vilain, et commencha a escrire au cief de la tombe lettres d'or qui disoient: '*En ceste place assambleront a bataille li dui plus loial amant que a lour tans soient. Et sera cele bataille la plus miervilleuse qui devant eus ait esté ne qui après cele soit sans mort d'oume.*'" Then he looks at his writing and "commencha a escrire en mi lieu de la tombe et escrit deus nons, et estoit li uns des nons *Lanscelot dou lac* et li autres *Tristrans.*" Mars is greatly surprised that "uns vilains si rudes put che faire," and asks him who he is. Merlin replies he will not now say, but Mars shall know it "a icel jour que Tristrans li loiaus sera pris avoec s'amie," and then he will hear such news about him (*i.e.*, Merlin) as will greatly displease him. Turning to Balaain, Merlin asks him why he allowed this damsel to kill herself. Balaains answers: "Je ne me poc si haster que ele ne se fust ochise ains que je li peusse oster l'espee de la main." Merlin says: "Tu ne seras mie si lens,

comme tu fus chi, quant tu ferras le dolereus cop par coi troi roiame en seront a povreté et en essil vint et deus ans."[1] Balaains also asks him who he is, but Merlin says he must not know his name for the present. Then Balaain says: "May God forbid that what you say be true, for if I were sure that your prophecies are to be relied upon, I should kill myself 'que ne t'en fesisse menteour,' for then my death would be worth more than my life." Merlin disappears after this; neither Mars nor the two knights know what has become of him. He soon meets Blaise, and has a conversation with him.[2] Mars and the two brothers then part; the former takes his way towards Camalaoth and the latter two "pour aler a l'ost le roi Rion." In the last moment Mars asks Balaain for their names. Balaan, who does not wish his brother's name to be known, answers for him: "Saichiés que quant vous orrés parler du chevalier as deus espees,[3] che ert de lui." Mars is well satisfied with this answer, for he deserves this name well, "puis que il porte les deus espees."

The two brothers, on their way towards the host of Rion, soon meet Merlin on foot, and "en autre samblance." He addresses them, and asks them whither they go. Balaains replies, "Que nous porroit il valoir que se nous le te disons?" Merlin says he could certainly be of such use to them that the next night they could bring to an end the plan they had conceived. To test him, Balaain asks him what they were about doing. Merlin answers, "'Je sai que vous alés querant le damage au roi Rion de tous vos pooirs.' You

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[1] The passage goes on:—"Et saces que onques si doulereus ne si lais ne fu fais par un homme ne n'iert comme chis cops sera, car toutes dolours et toutes miseres en averront; si m'est avis que nous avons recouvré en toi Evain notre mere: car tout aussi conme par ses oevres avint la grant dolour et la grant misere que nous tout comparons et es painnes sommes de jour en jour, aussi seront [c]il de trois roiames en povreté et en escil par le cop que tu ferras. Et tout aussi comme il avoit desfens (desfendu les—) del dolereus fruit a mengier, et ensi a il desfens (desfendu) del haut maistre meismes de che faire que tu feras. Si n'averra mie ceste dolour pour chou que tous ne soies li mieudres chevaliers qui orendroit soit el monde, mais por chou que tu trespasseras le commandement que nus ne doit trespasser, et mehaingneras (menchongneras) le plus preudomme viers nostre Signeur qui orendroit soit el monde. Et se tu savoies comme cest[e] dolours sera grans et comme elle sera chierement comparee, tu diroies que uns seuls hom ne fist onques si grant dolour en terre comme tu meteras, si sera encore tele eure que tu vaurroies mieus estre mors que tu eusses cel cop feru."

[2] "N'il n'ot mie granment alé quant il encontra Blaise. Il li vient a l'encontre et li fait joie grant et miervilleuse et li dist: 'Blaises, bien soiéis vous venus. Ore m'acquiterai jou que je vous ai pramis en Norhomberlande; car j'ai assés pensé comment vous peussiés mener vo livre a fin. Alés vous ent en Camalahot et illuec m'atendés. Et quant je revenrai de la honte le roi Rion et de (ve) veoir le mescheant chevalier comment il se provera en ceste grant bataille. . . . .' Lors li demande Blaises quant il cuide revenir. 'Dedens un mois,' fait il, 'm'avras tu. Et sés tu ou tu me trouveras? Dedens Camalaoth meismes.' Et Blaises se part maintenant de Merlin, si que li uns s'en va d'une part et li autres d'autre, Mais ore laisse li contes a parler de Merlin et de Blaise et retorne a Balaa[i]n et a son frere."

[3] The French metrical romance "Li chevaliers as devs espees" [Meriadues], edited by Prof. W. Foerster, Halle, 1877, 8vo, though it begins with the episode of the demanding of Artus' beard by King Ris, differs altogether in its contents from the adventures of the "chevalier as deus espees" in the "Suite de Merlin."

cannot carry out your intention in the way you think, but you will reach your aim if you adopt my advice, 'se cuers ne vous faut.'"

Both Balaain and his brother are greatly surprised at the man's knowledge, and ask him what he advises.

"So know, then," says Merlin, "'que li rois Rions, qui chi près est herbegiés a tout son ost, a pris un parlement de venir a nuit gesir avoec la feme le duc des Vaus; si saichiés qu'il s'en partira de son ost pour venir au chastiel ou la dame demeure. Si tost comme il sera anuitié verra, en sa compaignie quarante chevaliers, dont li un serout armé et li autre desarmé. Et par mi celle terre verra il armés d'unes armes vermeilles et montés seur le gringneur cheval de toute sa compaignie: a ches ensegnes le porrés vous connoistre,'" &c. The brothers are astonished and glad to hear the news, but do not yet believe all Merlin tells them. To disperse their doubts, Merlin offers to go with them, and abide by them until he points out King Rion. All three then continue their way until they come "en une grant montaigne ou il avoit grant plenté d'arbres." Thither Merlin leads them, bidding them make themselves and their horses easy, and wait until Rion arrives. Merlin remains with them and they converse together. Balaain tries to find out Merlin's name, but in vain. The enchanter only replies: "je vous di qu'il sera plus parlé de mon sens apriès ma mort qu'il ne sera de vostre prouece."

When the moon "fu levee biele et clere," Merlin bids the brothers prepare themselves, for the king approaches. They see first a squire on a great horse pass at full speed. Merlin explains to them that this squire is a messenger to the duke's wife to tell her that Rion is coming to her castle, and encourages them to do their best: "A ceste fois vous di jou, biau signour, pour chou que vous poés a che point d'ore metre pais ou roiame de Logres et vengier le roi Artu(s) del homme dou siecle qui plus le puet nuire." The two brothers mount their horses and take their swords and shields and wait in the shade of the trees. They can from their resting-place overlook a great plain, which "duroit bien uit liues englesques de lé et tant de lonc," but they are invisible. After a little while they hear King Rion's suite approach; the hilly, narrow path only allows "que il n'i pooit aler fors que uns seus chevaliers." The two brothers are inclined to rush at once at them, but Merlin holds them back, telling them he knows the right moment. When twenty-two knights are visible, Merlin asks the two brothers if they remember by what signs they can recognise Rion. At these words the knight "a deus espees" can no longer be kept back, rushes against Rion as fast as his horse can run, "Et le fiert si qu'il durement li perche le hauberc, car escu n'avoit il point, et li met par mi le costé destre le fer de la glaive, qu'il apert de l'autre part; mais il ne la prist mie si parfont que la plaie fust morteuls," and bears him to the ground. Balaans turns against the others, and first kills the nephew of Rion. Then the two brothers advance together against the knights, and "commenchent a departir grand caus et d'une part et d'autre, et abatent chevaliers et font trebuchier des chevaus." The knights who follow the king, as they gradually ascend the mountain, thinking King Artus' whole army is there to meet them, take to flight, but the path is so narrow that twenty-eight are killed and twelve taken prisoners. The two brothers return to Rion and loose his helmet, to give him

air. When he opens his eyes again, they tell him he must die, and lift up their swords. Rion, seeing that, cries for the fear of death: "Ha! franc chevalier, ne m'ochiés mie; vous poés plus gaaignier en ma vie que en ma mort; car de ma mort ne vous puet il nul preu venir, mais de ma vie si fait, ne il n'est riens que je ne faiche pour ma vie sauver." The brothers recognise the truth of the king's words, and, after making him promise to do what they bid him, agree to spare his life. The remainder of the knights must make the same promise, or be killed.

Merlin then comes to them, takes them apart, and says to them: "Through God's grace you have performed to-day a great deed; now, if you wish to 'acquerre l'amour et l'acordance dou roi Artu[s],' I advise you to conduct your prisoners to the castle of Tarabel, where you will find him if you hasten 'vous trouverés qu'il ne sera pas encore couchiés quant vous verrés la,'" and disappears again. Balaain bids Rion and his fellows go at once to Tarabel, and surrender themselves to Artus, "de par nous deus." Balaans, however, says: "Je ne voel mie de par nous deus, mais de par le chevalier as deus espees." Rion declares he is so weak that he cannot ride thither, and is put upon "une biere chevaucherece." The two brothers conduct the king and his knights to Tarabel. When they arrive before the gate, they say to the porter: "Take these prisoners before King Artus, and watch them well that they do not escape." Merlin had come before the two brothers to Artus, and found him still awake, speaking, "en sa cambre au roi Marc et a quatre autres barons," about the war. He announces the defeat and capture of King Rion. Artus cannot believe this wonderful news, but Merlin assures him that he will soon see Rion in his hall. Then Artus exclaims: "Ha! Dieus, beneois soiies vous, quant vous (a) si grant hounour me faites sans ma deserte!"

Rion and his twelve knights are soon introduced. The king lifts himself up as well as his grievous wounds allow, and says to Artus: "Rois Artus, a toi m'envoie(i) en ta prison li chevaliers a deus espees, qui [m'a conquis] par le grignour mierveille que je onques veisse, a l'aide d'un seul homme, et si avoie avoec moi chevaliers quarante armés." The twelve knights also surrender themselves. Artus orders physicians to attend to their wounds; then he asks Merlin who has done this valiant deed. Merlin tells him: "The knight who killed the damsel, and whom you sent away, has achieved the wonderful feat of arms." Artus declares that is amends enough for the "fourfait;" no mortal knight ever did anything equal to this deed. Merlin bids Artus prepare himself for war; on the next day he must meet Nero, the brother of King Rion, and his brother-in-law, King "Loth d'Orcanie," who is angry with Artus, as he thinks his son Mordrec has been drowned with the other children in the ship. He should send messengers to Loth and try to appease him and gain his friendship. Loth, who is already "a deus lieues englesques a tout son ost," receives the messengers unkindly, and bids them tell Artus: "que a m'aide a il failli et a tous les biens que je li porroie faire, se li mousterrai au plus tost que je porrai(et) que je ne li doi pas aidier, mais nuire a men pooir de tant comme je li porrai." The messengers try in vain to dissuade Loth from this dangerous resolution. On receiving the reply, Artus is very sad, but Merlin comforts and encourages him, declaring that God will

give him this very day great honour. He ought to confess all his sins against God.

The introductory lines of the second book (p. 75, 30–34) are Malory's addition; they form a sort of link between the first and second books. On the whole, Malory faithfully reproduces the account given in the "Suite." Now and then he alters slightly, and frequently shortens the French text. The knight who delivers the damsel from the sword is called Balyn by Malory from the moment when first mentioned, whereas in the source the name is only disclosed to Arthur by Merlin after he has left the court. Malory makes out of the French "la dame de l'yle d'avalon" a proper name, viz., "lady lylle of auelion"—a mistake pointed out, as I have mentioned in my List of Names and Places (vol. ii. p. 153), by Mr. Wright in his edition. Sometimes, but comparatively rarely, the English is a literal translation of the French text. In the detailed analysis of the "Suite" I have always quoted such passages, and need not, therefore, repeat them here. Malory dealt with his text more freely than sagaciously, often reproducing incidents of secondary importance, and, on the other hand, omitting important facts, thereby often rendering his text obscure. The reference to King Ryons, p. 76, 27, does not occur in the "Suite" in the corresponding place, but much later.

In the beginning of the third chapter Malory, contradicting what he has said in chapter ix. of book i., calls the sword which Arthur received from the lady of the lake "Excalibor," and thus shows he was unaware that the "Ordinary Merlin" and the "Suite" are at times contradictory.[1] On page 79, 23–24, Malory states that the lady of the lake, who asked Arthur for the head of Balyn, "had slayne Balyns *moder* by her menes," whereas the "Suite" states she is "cele qui arsistes de venin mon *frere*." The reference on the same page, ll. 34–36, "for this same lady was the vntruest lady lyuynge . . . . and she was causer that my *moder* was brente thorow her falshede and trechery," is not to be traced in the "Suite" in any form.

Malory does not mention that the lady who brought the sword leaves the court when Merlin tells Arthur of her wickedness.

The sweetheart of the Irish knight, "Lancer," is called "Lione" by the Huth MS., "Colombe" by Malory.

The prophecies of Merlin, forming the chief contents of chapter viii., are faithfully reproduced by Malory. Compare, *e.g.*—

Huth MS., fol. 107[a]: "'Rois,' fait Merlins, 'che ne te dirai je pas, mais tu le savras encore icel jour que Tristans li loiaus sera pris avoec s'amie, et dont te dira on teuls nouvielles de moi qui te desplairont.'"

[1] Compare my remarks at page 36.

Malory, p. 84, 22-25: "at this tyme said Merlyn I will not telle / but at that tyme whan syr Trystram is taken with his souerayne lady / thenne ye shalle here and knowe my name / and at that tyme ye shal here tydynges that shal not please yow /"

The contents of chapter ix. are considerably abridged from the corresponding portion of the "Suite." "La femme le duc de Vaus" is, in Malory, "lady de Vance."

In the "Suite" King Ryons is accompanied by forty knights, and a squire is sent in advance to inform the lady of the king's arrival. In Malory King Ryons is accompanied by "three score of knightes," and twenty knights are sent in advance to the "lady de Vance."

The details of the fight of the two brothers against King Ryons and his knights are skipped by Malory.

The passage of the "Suite" where Arthur, by Merlin's advice, sends messengers to King Lot, who had allied himself with King Ryons because he was angry at Arthur for the supposed death of Mordrec, &c., is not reproduced by Malory.

X.–XI. Artus does all Merlin tells him. He has "bien mil chevaliers sans les serjans a piet et a cheval. Et establi errant dis batailles." He awaits with them in a plain the arrival of the enemy, and admonishes them "de bien faire, si que l'onnour dou roiame de Logres ne fust le jour perie par defaute d'eus."

Balaains and Balaans, after delivering their prisoners to the porter at the castle of Tarabel, go to an "hermitage qui près d'illuec estoit a une liue englesque." Balaains knows the hermit well, and for this reason they are well received. In the morning the hermit tells them that the armies of Artus and Rion are to meet shortly "en bataille campel en une plainne cha devant." The two brothers resolve to go thither and help Artus. They soon perceive the host of Nero. The latter had received the news of his brother's capture, but carefully concealed it from his barons, who would not fight without their king.

The battle soon begins. Artus and his knights have a difficult task, their enemies being more numerous. The two brothers take part in the battle and do wonderful feats of arms. "Il metent les mains as espees et commenchent a departir as uns et as autres grans caus, si abatent chevaliers et ochient, et esrachent hyaumes de testes et escus de cols, et font ambedui grant mierveilles d'armes, voiant leur anemis, que nus nes voit qui n'en soit esbahis. Et se auchuns me demandoit de la quele espee c'estoit qui li chevaliers a deus espees [que il se c.] se combatoit, je respondroie que che estoit de la soie et ne mie de l'espee qui fu a la damoisiele; car de cele espee ne se combati il onques devant le jour que il fu mis ou camp contre Balaan, son frere, si qu'ill ocist par mesconnissance son frere de cele espee, et ses freres le rochist de cele meismes, si comme Robers de Borron le contera ja avant a la seconde partie de son livre."

Great was the battle on that day "en la plainne de Tharabel," and Artus personally did great feats of arms, and acquainted his enemies with the goodness of the sword "Escalibor," "car il en ochist de sa main de la propre espee, ains que la bataille fust finee, plus de vint chevaliers et en mehaigna plus de quarante." Kés the seneschal and a young knight, "Hernil de Rivel," also greatly distinguish themselves. But nobody surpasses the "chevaliers a deus espees." Artus, seeing his deeds, says to Gifflet, "che n'estoit pas chevaliers conme autres, mais hom nés sour terre pour destruction de gent."

While the battle is going on Merlin goes to Loth, and reproaches him that he, who was always loyal to his lord in his youth, "de devenir desloiaus et monstrer tout apertement ta desloiauté au peuple" now he is getting old. Loth declares he cannot act differently; although he was always his friend, and even his brother-in-law, Artus has destroyed his son. Merlin says this is not true, and is ready to show him his son Mordrec "tout sain et tout vif dedens deus mois." Loth does not believe it. Merlin prophesies he will gain no honour if he goes to battle. Several of his barons endeavour to persuade Loth to act according to Merlin's advice, but in vain; he declares "toutes voies que ja n'en fera riens." When Merlin sees that he cannot persuade Loth, he puts an enchantment upon him and delays him "dusques a eure de tierce," when the news arrives that Artus has completely defeated King Rion's army under the command of Nero. Now Loth is angered, "et regarde tout entour lui pour savoir se il veist Merlin; car il li voloit coper la teste, pour chou qu'il estoit ore bien apercheus que Merlins l'avoit enchanté et fait atargier tout de gré." After hesitating a while, Loth decides upon attacking Artus.

In the meantime Merlin has gone to Artus and told him of Loth's arrival. Artus is dismayed, but his barons encourage him: "Rois ne t'esmaie mie, mais chevauce tout asseur, que nostre Sires te conduira et te metera au dessus de tes anemis en tel maniere que tu averas victoire la ou il avront toute deshounour."

One of the knights of Artus, the one who had long chased the "diverse beste," "chis qui puis meismes engenra Parcheval, si comme chis contes le devisera apertement," comforts Artus most of all, and tells him "je sui li chevaliers a qui vous veistes siure la diverse beste. Et par la bonté que je savoie en vous vous sui ge venus aidier, ne mie por chou que je regne tiegne de vous, che savés vous bien." Then the two hostile armies encounter each other, and a cruel battle follows. Owing to Loth's personal courage, his men hold their ground, but he sees well how strong and brave his adversaries are. Directing himself straight against Artus, he deals him such a heavy stroke with the sword "si fiert le cheval si durement qu'il le trenche tout par mi les espaules, si que li chevaus chiet mors a la terre et li rois si tresbuce par dessus le col." The knight "a la diverse beste" comes to Artus' assistance, and strikes Loth so hard "que li hyaumes ne la coife de fer nel garandist qu'il nel pourfende tout jusques ens espaulles. Il estoit son cop, si fait voler le roi Loth a terre." This event is the signal for Loth's men to flee; many are killed, and the battle

ends with a complete victory for Artus.[1] Artus orders all slain knights to be buried "en une roche qui moult estoit profonde et dessus fist faire une eglyze." Not so much care is taken with the other bodies, "K'en terre furent mis et par bos et par plaingnes." Twelve kings are killed in the battle; these Artus "fist metre ensamble en l'eglise saint Estevene de Camalaoth, et fist escrire chascun dessus son nom." King Loth is especially honoured: in the very place where he was killed is erected a church "apielee l'iglise de saint Jehan."

His wife and his four sons, "qui moult estoient biel enfant," come to the burial. King Uriens and Morgue his wife, "si enchainte que elle estoit toute preste d'avoir enfant," also come thither. Gavains, the eldest son of Loth, mourns the loss of his father most, and declares: "Ha! sire, tant m'a endamagiet dolereusement li rois Pellinor qui vous a occhis, et tant a nostre lignage abaissiet et apovri par la vostre mort! Et li roiames de Logres meismes certes en sera plus apovris qu'il ne fust a set millours rois qui i soient. Ja Dieus ne place, sire, que je face chevalerie qui soit loee dusques que j'en aie prise tele venjance que on en doit prendre, c'est ochirre roi pour roi." All are surprised at the boy's words.

Artus, fully enjoying his great victory over thirteen kings, declares he will celebrate his last success "as octaves."

"Lors fist faire douze rois de metal seurargentés et dorés richement, et avoit chascun en son chief une couronne d'or, et avoit chascuns escrit son non en son pis devant. Et avoec chou fist faire un roi en samblance dou roi Loth, au plus samblant que on le pot faire. Apriès ces rois fist faire un autre roi plus dis tans riche que tuit li autre n'estoient, et fu fais en samblance dou roi Artu(s). Et quant toutes ces ymages furent parfaites, li treize furent fait en tel maniere que chascuns tenoit en sa main un candeler, mais li autres, cil qui estoit fais en la samblance dou roi Artu(s), tenoit en sa main une espee toute nue en samblance qu'il manechast les gens. Quant toute cele oevre fu accomplie, li rois fist metre les ymages en la maistre forterece de la tour en haut dessus les creniaus, si que tout cil de la chité le v[e]oient apertement, et tint chascuns des rois un gros chierge alumé. Et en mi lui des douze estoit l'image le roi Artu(s), assés plus haut qu'il n'estoient tint, et tenoit s'espee en sa main et faisoit samblant qu'il manechast cheus qui entour lui estoient. Et cil toutes voies li estoient enclin aussi conme il li criaissent merchi d'auchun mesfait."

When all is finished the feast begins at Camalaoth, and lasts eight days "tous pleniers." On the first day, when Artus looks at the burning tapers,

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[1] "En si furent desconfit cil d'Orkanie, si rechiurent chelui jour tel honte que lor fu reprochié longuement, et tout dis lour fu mise la traisons devant qu'il avoient fait en camp pour desloial et pour traitour et mauvais de lour lige signour. Et il furent discomfi, et ocist [li uns] Pellinor le roi Loth d'Orkanie. Et tout si fil quant il vinrent a chevalerie [voudrent vengier la] honte [de leur pere] et de tout lour parenté, dont Gavains [il; *tout ce passage est gravement altéré*] ochist puis [Pellinor et] Melodiam aisné fil, et Agloval ochist il en la queste del saint graal, si comme mes sire [meismes] Robiers de Borron le devisera apertement en son livre. Mais se Percheval li gentius chevaliers, qui freres estoit Agloval, seuust la mort Agloval a chelui point que elle avint, il eust Agloval vengiet sans faille, a che qu'il amoit Agloval plus que nus freres amast autres."

he says to Merlin: "I wish they would burn for ever 'en tel maniere que il n'estainsissent point de nuit et de jour ne par vent ne pour plueve.'" Merlin says he will make them burn longer than Artus thinks, and enchants them, declaring they will not be extinguished "devant que l'ame [me] departira du cors." On that day two wonders shall come to pass in this country: "car je serai livrés a mort par engin de feme" and the "chevaliers as deus espees" will deal the dolorous stroke against the will of Our Lord, thereby causing the adventures of the Holy Grail, "especiaument ou roiaume de Logres." And then will begin a terrible time for "toute la grant Bretaigne," which will last "sans doutance" for twenty-two years.

Artus wishes to know the details of these events, but Merlin only tells him that when the tapers cease burning a great darkness will come "ens en mi lieu du jour tout par mi ceste terre, si qu'il ne verront goute entour eure de miedi." On that day Artus will be hunting; he will have just dismounted by a fountain to kill the beast, when such darkness will come on that he will not know what has become of the beast, and will be in great fear. Merlin prevents further inquiries by declaring: "Ja nel savrés par moi, ne vous ne autres." Artus then asks after Pellinor and the two brothers. Merlin informs him he will not see the two brothers so soon as he imagines, and when he does see them at last he will not be pleased, "car il vous feront tout anui par mesconnissanche."

So they talk about various things. Merlin advises the king to take good care of the sheath, for he will never find such a wonderful thing again. On the same day Rion does homage to Artus and returns into his country. The tapers are the subject of conversation for a long time. When Morgain understands what wonders Merlin has done by magic, she resolves to gain his favours in order to learn from him the art of magic.

Merlin soon becomes enamoured of the beautiful woman, and confesses his love. Morgain demands of Merlin that he should teach her so much of his art that no woman on earth shall know more than she. Merlin agrees, and she is a docile pupil, "et moult li plot la scienche d'ingromanchie et l'art." She gives birth to a child, which receives the name of "Ywain." When she has reached her aim, she discards Merlin.[1]

She loves a handsome and valiant knight of Artus' court above all men. Artus, who has great faith in his sister because she is always with him (he ignores the reason why), one day gives her the sheath, and bids her keep it well, as nothing on earth is so dear to him. Morgain, surprised, tells her lover, and at his instigation asks Artus about the virtue of the sheath.[1] When she has learnt its marvellous property, she again tells her lover, who expresses the desire of possessing it. Morgain, to gratify his wish, orders a skilful man to come into her chamber and tells him to make a sheath exactly like the one she gives him. He succeeds; no one who does not know can distinguish the two sheaths. One day as she shows the two sheaths to her lover, they hear Artus entering the hall on his return from

[1] Morgain's *liaison* with Merlin, and her love for the knight, whose name is not mentioned in the "Suite," have later on two analogous episodes—that of Merlin's love for Niviene and that of Morgain's love for Accolon of Gaule.

hunting. Frightened, they conceal the two sheaths in a bed, "l'un dessus l'autre, et l'espee dessus un tapic," and run away. Morgain forestalls Artus, and welcomes him on his return. After a while she returns to the room, but is unable to recognise the genuine sheath. "Lors li avint, ensi conme a Dui plot, que elle prist le boin fuerre et mist dedens l'espee, mais elle le cuide faire autrement." The other sheath she gives to her lover, who takes it, and "bien cuida estre paiiés." The same week he fights against a knight in a forest, and finds that the sheath is of no use, for he receives grievous wounds and loses much blood. He thinks Morgain has deceived him, and wishes to take revenge upon her.

One day whilst out hunting Artus and this knight are separated from the other company and converse with one another. The knight then discloses to Artus what he knows: "'Voirs est que Morgne vostre serour vous het, et si ne sai por coi c'est; mais cele haine par est si grans que elle pourcache vostre mort toutes voies en toutes manieres que elle puet.' The other day she asked me to swear to her that I would kill you. When I replied that I was unable to do that without incurring certain death, she told me she would give me 'tel garnement' that I would neither lose a drop of blood nor receive mortal wounds. Then she gave me the sheath of a sword, promising that if I would carry out her desire she would make me rich 'a tous les jours' of my life. But as I am 'vostre hom liges,' I tell you all about it, and bid you to be careful."

Artus, dismayed at this revelation, resolves to punish his sister severely for "ceste desloiauté." He asks the knight to give him the sheath, and with it returns hastily to his castle. But Merlin, who knows all "par ses agais et par son enchantement," when he sees Artus returning, fearing he would kill his sister, whom he (Merlin) loves dearly, saves her. She asks him to stay in her chamber while she rides away, and to tell Artus that the sword and sheath had been stolen from her, and for fear of his wrath she ran away. Merlin agrees to this for her love; she at once orders her palfrey to be saddled "et repont laiens le fuerre que elle gardoit, pour chou que le roi ne le trouvast," and leaves the castle.

When Artus returns, Merlin meets him with the tale of Morgain's return to her country because by some misadventure the sheath has been stolen from her. Artus, now suspecting the knight of stealing the sheath and telling an untruth, pulls out his sword and strikes his head off with one blow. Then he asks Merlin to fetch back Morgain. He gives her the sheath the knight has given him, requesting her to guard it better in the future.

Uriens, Morgain's husband, often comes to Artus' court, because his wife is continually there, and also because he loves Artus well. They have a son, seventeen years of age "et biaus et preus et gracieus," who is on the point of being dubbed. He is called Baudemagus. This young man likes best to be in company of Loth's sons Gavain and Gahariet, though he is six years older than Gavain.

One day after dinner the three young men, Baudemagus in the middle, having on his right Gavain, on his left Gahariet, meet Merlin. "Et il les prist a regarder et commencha a airer de mal talent et de courouch," and says

aloud to them, so that several people can hear him: "Ha! Baudemagus, a ta destre est par cui tu periras, si est damages, car en cest pais ne morra en ton vivant ne a ton tans plas sages princhés de toi." These words are told to Artus, who has them written in a book, and, though he cannot at that time understand them, he afterwards finds out that Merlin's prophecy was true.

Thus Baudemagus is much spoken of. Saigremor, who brings up Mordrec, and who has just come to the court, tells Uriens that he may be proud of having such a son. "Sire, moult vous devés esgoir de si bonne norreture comme vous avés fait en Baudemagus." He does not know in the whole land a "damoisiel qui tant fache a prisier comme il fait," and he would thank God if he gave him such an heir. Uriens is highly pleased, and declares he loves his son well. Suddenly Merlin steps forth and says: "Li rois Uriens se puet plus esgoir de sa norreture que vous ne faites de la vostre, et esgoira; car il verra sa norreture venir a bien, et vous verrés que la vostre vous fera morir ains vo(u)s jours d'une glaive ague trenchant." The one of them will kill the other, and they can say that they have placed the lion by the side of the lamb. "Tout ensi s'esjoira li uns en la mort de l'autre. Et chelui jour averra que la bataille morteus sera faite en la plaingne de Salesbieres, quant li haute chevalerie del roiame de Logres sera tournee a mort et a destruction." All are astonished, but Artus says: "Che sont des prophesies Merlin. Mettés ceste en escrit avoec les autres."

The tenth and eleventh chapters of "Le Morte Darthur" are a much curtailed account of the corresponding section in the "Suite." One recognises in Malory's story the incidents of the source, though in many cases considerably altered, several important features being omitted. Merlin's statement that Nero has more than a thousand knights on horseback besides "les serjeans a piet" is rendered by "a grete host," and the "dis batailles" in which Arthur arranges his forces are attributed by Malory to Nero. The hermit to whom the two brothers repair after having delivered their prisoners to the porters at Tarabel, and who informs them of the impending battle between Arthur and Nero, is omitted by Malory. The description of the battle is much abridged; that Balyn does not use the enchanted sword upon this occasion and Arthur's use of Excalibor are omitted by Malory, though he agrees with the "Suite" in stating that on that day Arthur killed twenty knights and maimed forty.

"Hernil de Rivel" is "heruys de reuel" in Malory. Merlin's delaying Lot by enchantment and prophecy is only indicated.

Arthur's remark on the valour of the two brothers occurs in Malory, but Gifflet, to whom Arthur makes it in the "Suite," is not mentioned.

The name of "Pellinor" which Malory introduces is not mentioned here in the "Suite," this knight being only referred to as "li chevaliers a qui vous veistes siure la diverse beste."

"The chirche of seynt Stephen in Camelot," which Malory mentions, corresponds to "saint Estevene" in the "Suite;" but the "eglise de saint Jehan" erected where Lot is slain is not mentioned by Malory.

Gawayn's oath to avenge his father's death is also omitted, but, in anticipation of the passage on fol. 129c, it is stated that he avenged his father ten years after receiving knighthood.

In the "Suite" Arthur overcomes thirteen kings; in Malory, twelve. The eight-day festival in celebration of his victories does not occur in Malory, and Merlin's prophecies are only indicated.

The "liaison" of Morgain and Merlin, the episode of the sheath, the knight loved by Morgain, &c., are omitted. Malory, evidently confounding this knight, unnamed in the "Suite," with the "Accolon" mentioned later on in the "Suite" and also in the fourth book of "Le Morte Darthur," gives him the name "Accolon." The birth of "Ywain," who, to judge from the "Suite," is Merlin's offspring, is not mentioned by Malory.

The friendship between Baudemagus, the son of Vrience, and Gawayn and Gaheriet, King Lot's sons, and Merlin's prophecies regarding them, are partly omitted, partly told as if Merlin had addressed them to Arthur.

XII.–XVI. One day about dinner time the king, "se sentoit un poi pesant," has his tent pitched on a meadow before the castle, and sends away all his men except one chamberlain. He cannot sleep, as something disagreeable fills his mind. Suddenly hearing the noise and neighing of a horse, he gets up quickly and finds his people asleep. "Et il voit deviers le chastiel de Meliot venoit uns chevaliers armés de toutes armes, et faisoit le gringneur duel del monde." The knight laments aloud; he knows not what he has done to deserve such great pain. Artus speaks kindly to him and asks him why he is so sad, but the knight refuses to say; it is not in Arthur's power to help him. He rides away, and the "chevaliers as deus espees" soon after arrives. Artus, pleased to see him, bids him be welcome. In addition to the great service he has already done for him, he asks him to follow the knight who has just left, complaining and lamenting.

Balaains remounts his horse, rides as fast as he can after the knight, and soon overtakes him "au piet d'une montaigne." At the knight's side rides a damsel, who asks him why he laments so much; if he cannot achieve the quest, some one else will. The knight replies: "Je vausisse mieus estre mors passé a dis ans qu'il me convenist a suivre ceste aventure." In the meantime Balaains approaches, greets the knight, and requests him to return to Artus. At first the knight refuses, but, seeing that Balaain is resolved to take him back to Artus at all costs, yields on condition that Balaain binds himself by an oath, in case anything happens to him, to take up the quest in which he is engaged, also to take him under his "conduit." He bids Balaain ride in

front of him. They have almost reached Artus' tent, when the knight, struck by a spear directed by an invisible hand, suddenly cries out that his death has come. Balaain dismounts, and convinces himself of the sad truth. The dying knight bids him follow the quest on his horse, which is better than Balaain's, and go to the damsel whom he saw with him: "Cele vous merra la ou vous, devés aler, et vous mousterra en brief terme chelui qui m'a ochis."

Artus had been a witness of the last events. Balaain is grieved at such a good knight's death while under his safeguard. He draws the spear from the knight's wound, and, bidding Artus farewell, sets out to join the knight's lady, to bring his quest to an end and to revenge his death. Artus, greatly dismayed at this marvellous event, does not know what to do. People come and ask him who killed the knight. Artus answers, "Ne sai, se Dieus m'ait." Merlin joins them, and says Artus need not be surprised at this adventure; much stranger ones will happen in his time. He should bury the knight with due honour, and have written on his tomb: "*Chi gist li chevaliers mesconneus.*" Artus will have great joy on the day when he learns the name of the dead knight.

[The last paragraph of vol. i. of the edition of the Huth MS. speaks about the Book of Robert de Boron.][1]

The "chevaliers as deus espees" is badly received by the damsel, who tells him plainly he has caused the death of the best knight in the world, who had trusted himself to his safeguard. She does not think that Balaain is capable of bringing the dead knight's quest to an end, and, leaving him, she goes to a castle. He enters, sadly, into the wood. After a while he meets a knight with greyhounds returning from hunting. The knight, noticing his despondency, asks him the reason. He declares his readiness to help with all his power, but Balaain refuses. The knight, however, is not so easily satisfied; wishing to know what the matter is with Balaain, he seizes the horse's bridle. Balaain requests him to let go, unless he wishes him to commit a "velounie." The strange knight, seeing he cannot reach his aim by kindness, resolves to use force; he rides home quickly to fetch his arms, soon overtakes Balaain, and, after asking him again in vain, challenges him to fight. Balaain unhorses him in the first bout. The knight wishes to get up again and continue the fight, but Balaain now makes up his mind to yield to his request, and tells him the cause of his sadness.

Finishing his story, Balaain tells his companion that the death of the knight can only be avenged by means of the "tronchon meismes" by which he was slain, and which is in the possession of the damsel who accompanied him.

The knight now declares that he will become his companion in the quest.

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[1] "Or laisse li contes a parler dou roi et de Merlin et parole del chevalier as deus espees. . . . . Et sacent tuit (que tout) cil qui l'estoire mon signeur de Borron vauront oir comme il devise son livre en trois parties, l'une partie aussi grant comme l'autre, la premiere aussi grande comme la seconde, et la seconde aussi grant conme la tierche." The first part of Borron's book ends here, at the beginning of the quest; the second at the beginning of the grail, and the third at the death of Lancelot and King March, &c. —Compare the Introduction of the Huth "Merlin," and in the present volume, p. 147.

They soon after meet Merlin disguised "vestus d'une roube [roule] d'un conviers toute blanche." Balaain does not recognise him. Merlin first tells them that they will not long enjoy each other's company, and adds that the invisible knight's name is Gallan, who is brother of Pellehan. He advises Balaain to give up the quest on which he is engaged, as it will cause him to strike "un coup dont [averra] si grant duels el roiaume de Logres et si grans maleurtés que onques gringnor dolour n'avint ne gringnour pestilence par le cop de l'espee qui fu n'a gaires fais entre le roi Lambor et le roi Urien qui amendera [auerra] par le cop de la lanche vencheresse," &c. But Balaain's resolution is not to be shaken. Merlin then leaves them, but follows them "comme cil qui voloit veoir toutes voies coument il lour avenroit."

Their way leads the two knights to "une chimentiere." Balaain, though unaware that it was Merlin that spoke to him, rides on thoughtfully in front. Suddenly his companion, who rides behind him, is struck dead by an invisible lance. Balaain's efforts to bring him back to life are all in vain; he is dead, and Balaain abandons himself entirely to grief at this new misfortune.

A hermit who passes by finds him in that state, consoles him, and tells him that a valiant knight ought never to give way to grief as he has done. They bury the body of the slain knight; Balaain accompanies the hermit to his house, and stays the night with him. On the next morning they perceive the following inscription on the tomb: "*En ceste chimentiere vengera Gavains le roi Loth son père; car il tranchera le chief au roi Pellinor es premers dis ans qu'il avra recheu l'ordre de chevallerie.*" Balaains is amazed at this terrible prophecy, for he well knows that Pellinor is one of the best knights alive.

While they are still wondering, "un escuiier" sent by Merlin arrives, and tells them that the inscription was made by the latter, and will be faithfully fulfilled. Balaain takes leave of the hermit and rides after the damsel, whom he soon finds reposing "devant une crois." He relates his adventure, which reminds her of the death of her "amis." Both continue their way. "A eure de viespres" they arrive at a well-fortified castle. "Et li chevaliers aloit devant et la damoisiele après. Et si tost comme il se fu mis el chastiel, cil d'amont laissent avaler une porte couliche, si qui li chevaliers fu dedens et la damoisiele dehors. Quant il se vit enclos et il set bien que le damoisiele est remese la fors, il ne set que il puist faire; car retorner ne puet il ne cele venir avant."

The damsel outside cries aloud for his assistance. He jumps down from his horse, mounts a tower which he finds open, and sees how two knights have got hold of the damsel, and make her swear to fulfil the custom of the castle. Seeing no other way, Balaain leaps down from the tower, and arrives sword in hand; the two knights flee, but the damsel has already sworn.

While they explain matters, the gates of the castle are opened again, and out come ten well-armed knights. They bring Balaain's horse with them, and tell him he is free; but they ask the damsel to act according to the oath she has taken. A damsel issues from the castle bearing "entre ses mains une escuiiele d'argent assés grant par raison." She tells Balaain's damsel that she must comply with the custom of the castle and fill the dish with her blood: if she does it willingly, they will consider it "a grant cortoisie;" if she

refuses, she will be considered "desloiaus et a parjure," and be compelled to do it. Balaain's companion replies: "Before I make up my mind to risk my life I must know for what purpose you want my blood, 'car se preus en peust venir, je nel refuseroie pas; mais se il n'en devoit venir bien ne mal, je ne m'en mesaiseroie en nule maniere, a che que je voi tout apertement ma mort, che m'est avis.'" The damsel from the castle tells her that the lady of the castle has been long suffering from a terrible disease "comme est de liepre." All remedies have hitherto proved fruitless against this disease, but "un seul homme viel et anchiien" had told her she could get well again through the blood of "une pucielle vierge en volenté et en oevre, fille de roi et de roine."

For this reason they compelled every damsel approaching the castle to give a dishful of her blood. After this explanation the damsel who came with Balaain declares herself ready to do what others have done before her, but she fears the loss of so much blood will cause her death. Balaain in vain tries to dissuade her from giving the blood, for if she dies, nobody will lead him to the quest. The damsel reassures him, and expresses the hope that she will survive.

Led back into the castle, she is bled at both arms. She does not die; on the contrary, she is well enough on the following day to accompany Balaain. "This custom," adds the pseudo Robert de Boron, "will be continued unto the day when the lady of the castle is healed by the blood of 'la serour de Percheval le Galois,' as the story will relate 'en la grant queste dou graal.'"

Balaain and the damsel continue for four days without finding any adventures worth mentioning, and all subjects of conversation are exhausted. One evening they come to the castle of "un vavasour moult preudomme" at the edge of a wood, and are hospitably received. When at table, they hear "la vois d'un homme qui moult se plaignoit angoisseussement, et dura cele plainte tant comme il sirent au mengier." When the table is cleared, Balaain asks his host who complains so bitterly "en une des chambres de chaiens." The knight tells him that it is his son, who a little while before received a dangerous wound from an invisible lance. When Balaain tells his adventures with the invisible lance, and mentions that it belongs to a knight named Garlan, a brother of King Pellehan, the knight tells him that he can explain the mystery now. "About a year ago," relates the host, "I defeated this Garlan twice at a tournament, and, as he could not otherwise be revenged upon me, he declared he would hurt my 'millour ami,' and how well he carried out his threat is proved by my wounded son." "Would God," exclaims Balaain, "that I could find him!" The host then tells him: "Ore vous dirai comment vous en esploiterés. Voirs est que li rois Pellehans de Listinois tenra grant court et efforchie de diemenche en huit jours, au chastiel del (des) pallès perilleus. Et a cele feste doit servir chis Garlans et servira, je sai de voir, si seront illuecques tuit li preudomme de maint roiame." This is joyful news for Balaain. Asking his host how his son's wound might be healed, he learns that an old man, who stayed at his house some time ago, had told him his son could only be healed by the

blood of the knight who had wounded him, and he added that "Merlins li sages divineres" had bid him tell the knight so. Balaain declares that he will bring Garlan's blood, but the host wishes to accompany him.

On the next morning Balaain, his damsel, and his host start on their way. They ride for a whole week, and arrive, without any adventures, at the castle where "li rois Pellehans" holds his court. Only such knights are admitted as are accompanied by a "serour" or "amie;" Balaain's host must thus stay outside. Within, Balaain and his damsel find many knights and ladies "comme se tout cil dou roiame de Logres i fuissent assamblé." Balaain is led into a chamber, as is also the damsel, and they receive new dresses. When asked to leave his sword behind, Balaain refuses, declaring it to be against the custom of his country.

At table Balaain asks his neighbour to the left who Garlans is. The neighbour points him out, and adds that he is "le plus mervilleus chevalier dou siecle." Balaain then asks why he is so marvellous, and learns that, when he is armed, "nus le puet veoir tant come il se veult celer." "How would you punish him," continues Balaain, "if Garlans had wronged you?" "I would attack him where I could find him," replies the neighbour. Balaain then reflects a long while on what he has to do. He sees clearly, what a daring thing it is to attack Garlans at the open court. Abandoning himself to his thoughts, he forgets to eat and to drink. Garlans, who serves at table, notices it, comes close to him, and "li donne grant cop en la fache, qu'elle en devint toute vermeille," and insults him. This is too much for Balaain; he rises, reproaches him with all his treachery, strikes him dead, and exclaims: "Hostes, or poés prendre del sanc Garlan a la garison de vostre fil;" and "Damoisiele, bailliés moi le tronchon de quoi li chevaliers fu ferus devant les pavillons." When the damsel hands it to him, he strikes Garlan again with it, and exclaims: "Ore ne m'en chaut que on face de moi, car j'a[i] bien ma [que] queste achievee."

Great disorder follows, the king bidding them to seize Balain. But Balaain challenges the king himself. The king accepts, and gives the order that none of his knights should touch Balaain. He takes up "une grant perche de fust," and runs against "chelui qui tenoit l'espee traite, ne mie cele dont il ot la damoisiele livree a mort, mais une autre." When Balaain sees him come, "il ne le refuse pas, ains dreche l'espee. Et li rois le sousprent a une traverse, si fiert en l'espee si durement qu'il le brise par devant le heut, si que li brans en chiet a terre et li poins. . . . ."[1]

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[1] Here a gap occurs in the Huth MS. M. G. Paris gives the following note:—"Il y a ici dans le manuscrit une lacune de deux feuillets; on ne peut la combler qu'imparfaitement à l'aide du récit abrégé de Malory (l. ii, chaps. xv et xvi): Balaain, ayant eu son épée brisée, court dans une salle voisine puis de chambre en chambre, dans le palais, pour trouver une arme, et est poursuivi par le roi Pellehan. 'Enfin il entra dans une chambre qui était merveilleusement et richement tendue, et il y avait un lit couvert de drap d'or, le plus riche qu'on puisse imaginer, et quelqu'un couché dedans et auprès était une table d'or pur, portée sur quatre piliers d'argent, et sur la table était une lance merveilleuse, étrangement travaillée.' Balaain prend cette lance et en frappe Pellehan, qui tombe pâmé; mais aussitôt le château s'écroule avec fracas, et Balaain lui-même perd

In the twelfth chapter Malory again follows the original more closely, though shortening it considerably. In the "Suite" the knight who comes to Arthur's tent with Balyn is not named, but only referred to by the words, "li chevaliers mesconneus," and the name of the knight who rides invisible and kills him is only disclosed to Balyn by Merlin upon a later occasion. Malory inserts a name for the former knight, viz., "Herlews le berbeus," and on his first appearance states the invisible knight's name as Garlon.

Malory does not mention that Balyn follows the damsel and is badly received by her, nor that he leaves her, when she goes to a castle and he to a wood, where he meets another knight. This meeting is only outlined; Balyn's fight with that knight is not mentioned at all. Here again a name occurs in Malory which is absent from the "Suite," viz., "Peryn de mountebeliard." As long as the Huth MS. remains the unique French text of the "Suite," it is impossible to say whether Malory inserted these names, or whether he found them in the MS. he had before him. As to the surname "mountebeliard," it is found in Robert de Boron's "Merlin," where he speaks of "monseigneur Gautier, qui était de Monbéliard."[1]

Merlin's prophecy, that Balyn will not long enjoy the company of the knight, and the attempt to dissuade Balyn from continuing his quest, are not in Malory. In the "Suite" it is only here that Merlin discloses to Balyn the name, "Garlon," of the invisible knight, a brother of King "Pellehan." The statement that Gawayn will avenge his father's death ten years after receiving the order of knighthood occurs here in the "Suite," whereas Malory, as mentioned on a previous occasion, has already anticipated it, and repeats it here.

The "escuiier" who, in the "Suite," informs Balyn and the hermit that Merlin has made the inscription, and that it will be verified, is omitted by Malory. Malory places Balyn and the damsel together at the hermit's house, whereas in the "Suite" Balyn, after parting with the hermit, rides after the damsel and joins her at a cross.

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connaissance. Il reste ainsi trois jours au bout desquels Merlin vient le délivrer. Les explications que Malory donne sur ce 'douloureux coup' ne sont certainement pas celles qui étaient dans notre texte puisqu'il y est question de Galaad au lieu de Perceval; toutefois elles doivent être en partie identiques; et il est bon de les reproduire: 'Et le roi Pellehan (Pelleham) resta ainsi beaucoup d'années grièvement blessé, et n'aurait jamais été guéri, jusqu'à ce que Galaad, le haut prince, le guérit dans la quête de saint graal; car dans cet endroit il y avait une partie du sang de notre seigneur Jésus-Christ, que Joseph d'Arimathie apporta en ce pays, et c'était lui-même (Joseph) qui était couché dans ce riche lit. Et c'était la même lance dont Longin frappa notre seigneur au cœur. Et le roi Pellehan était du sang de Joseph, et c'était le plus prud'homme qui vécût alors, et ce fut grand pitié de sa blessure, car ce coup amena beaucoup de deuil, de trouble et de chagrin.'"

[1] Compare also Introduction to the Huth MS., p. ix., note.

The incidents relative to the arrival of Balyn and the damsel at the castle, and the damsel's compliance with the custom of the castle, are re-told by Malory in a slightly altered and considerably abridged form, as are also the events related in chapters xiv. to xvi. A portion of chapters xv. and xvi. (p. 93, 20, to 94, 14) of Malory's *rifacimento* are the only known version extant, as the Huth MS. has a gap of one folio in this part.[1]

XVI.–XIX. [Huth MS., fol. 138a.] . . . . "[ge] soit en pasmisons, si le baille a Merlin." Merlin calls him by his name, "Balaains, oevre les ieus." Balaain gradually comes back to himself, and wonders where he is. Merlin says to him: "Tu és encore, chiés le roi Pellehan, ou tu as tant fait que tous li siecles ki te connistera t'en harra dès ore mais et portera male voellanche." Balaain does not say a word in answer to this reproach; he only asks Merlin how he can go away, as his quest is fulfilled. Merlin consents to lead him out of the castle, telling him, if the people had the slightest idea that all this mischief was caused by him, "nus hom ne vous garandiroit qu'il ne vous detrenchaissent tout ains que vous fuissies venus as portes." Balaain then asks for the damsel who accompanied him, and learns that she lies dead "en mi che palais."

Balaain is greatly afflicted, but gets up and is led out of the castle by Merlin, who points out to him "de malades et d'enfers et de mors" in the court. Balaain has all his arms except the sword, "qu'il avoit perdue, si comme li contes l'a ja devisé." Merlin finds him a good and strong horse, and tells him that he is kind to him for the love of Artus, whose knight he is. Balaain is grateful to Merlin, and declares he will be his knight wherever he has need of him. Then they part from one another. Merlin returns into the castle. Balaains continues his way. He soon finds his host slain by "un creniel de mur," and all the land around in a state of great desolation and destruction: everywhere dead bodies lie about. "Il trova si dou tout destruit le roiame de Listinois qu'il fu puis de tous apielés li roiames de terre gastee et li roiames de terre forainne," &c. Wherever he comes Balaain is cursed by the people as the cause of their misfortune; he finds no place where he is welcomed.

One day he meets in the wood a knight who sits on the grass "et pensoit si durement que nus ne puet estre plus pensis." Balaain speaks to him, but, bidding him flee the spot and not disturb his reflections, the knight falls back into the same state of pensiveness. Balaain withdraws, but waits at a distance in order to see what the knight will do. "Entour eure de nonne," the knight sighs, and begins to complain of a lady, whom he has expected in vain. He can no longer wait for her and will commit suicide, for his pain is unbearable. Balaain, seeing that, comes forth and dissuades the knight, promising his help at the same time if he will reveal the cause of his grief. The knight, hearing this, asks who Balaain is. When Balaain tells his name, the knight knows him well. He then relates that he is the lover of the daughter of the "duc de Harniel." The lady has promised to come to him, that

[1] Compare M. G. Paris's remark, which I have reproduced at pp. 90–91.

he might carry her off into his country; but she has not kept her word Balaain offers to go and see why she has not come. The knight leads him to a ditch, which he must cross, but there is only a narrow "fus," which is very dangerous. The knight then points out the damsel's chamber, and Balaain makes himself ready to go thither. He crosses the ditch, passes the garden, and enters the house. He finds the chamber, the bed in it unoccupied, but he sees some warm garments.. He now returns into the garden, and finds there "dessous un pumier la damoisiele gisant sour une kieute pointe de samit moult vermeil. Et la tenoit uns chevaliers entres ses deus bras moult estroitement embrachie, et avoient mis a lour cheve(u)s moult grant plenté d'erbe qui lour valoit autant comme fesist uns oreilliers, et dormoient ambedui si fermement comme se il n'eussent dormi en un mois entier." Balaain looks at the knight, and finds him very ugly. Indignant, he returns to the other knight, and, bidding him follow, leads him to the place where the two are still asleep. The sight of his love in the arms of another overwhelms the knight, who swoons away. When he recovers, he reproaches Balaain severely for destroying the happiness of his life, and, cursing him, pulls out his sword and cuts the two lovers' heads off. When he has done this, he breaks out in lamentations, and at last slays himself. Balaain curses his fate, returns from the scene of this unhappy drama, and rides away. He soon meets a squire, who "s'en aloit son droit chemin viers la fortereche dont il venoit." Balaain stops him, and tells him what has happened, and that he will find there the three dead bodies. He adds that he has told him the sad adventure "pour che que je voel que elle soit mise en escrit. Car après nos mors quant elle sera ament(i)eue a nos hoirs, elle sera moult voulentiers escoutee et oie, car trop est mervilleuse," &c. The squire tells the people what Balaain has told him.

Balaain continues his way, and comes one day to a castle. Near it he finds "une grant chimentiere" and in it a new cross bearing the following inscription: "*Os tu, chevaliers errans qui vas querant aventures? Je te deffenc que tu n'ailles de chi pres dou chastiel. Et sache que elles ne sont mie legieres a vn chevalier.*" Balaain reflects a while, and then, despite the inscription, resolves upon going to the castle. When a little nearer, he meets "un vavasour viel et anchiien," who says to him: "Sire chevaliers, vous avés passé les bonnes, il n'i a mais riens del retorner." From the castle he hears a horn blowing, and says to himself, smilingly: "Qu'es che? Me tiennent il a pris, qui cornent de prise?" Then he sees more than a hundred damsels, "karolant et dansant et chantant," who come out of the principal gate of the castle and bid him welcome. The seneschal of the castle tells him that the damsels are so merry because they will see him joust with the "chevalier de la tour de l'isle," as it is the custom of the castle that any strange knight who comes thither must fight with the "signeur de ceste tour." Then he points out the tower to him in the middle of the island. By the riverside he finds a little ship ready to receive him. Before Balaain enters it, the seneschal advises him to take another shield, as his own does not seem in good condition. Balaain takes it, but a damsel steps forth and says to him: "Sire chevaliers, chou est tout de la mesqueance que vous avés vostre escu

cangié: se vous l'eussiés a vostre col, vous n'i morussiés hui, ains vous reconneust vostre amis et vous lui. Mais ceste mesqueance vous envoie Dieus pour le fait que vous fesistes chiés le roi Pellehan en lieu de venganche, si n'est mie la venganche si grans comme li fais le requesist. Che vous mande Merlins par moi."

Balaain is frightened for a moment by this announcement, especially as it comes from Merlin, but he soon regains heart, and continues his way courageously. He arrives at the island, is put ashore, and the "maronnier" ask him what he is thinking about. They tell him he has no more time for reflection; he must go to battle. He then prepares himself for the combat. Looking towards the castle he sees "les murs et les crenniaus tous vestus de dames et de damoisieles, qui estoient montees pour la bataille veoir." Balaain curses them and those who established the custom of the castle, and vows to himself, if Our Lady helps him to escape from the battle, to destroy the castle.

His adversary comes out of the tower, all armed in red,[1] on a horse as white as snow. When Balaain sees him, he cannot help thinking of his brother; his heart tells him that the knight is his brother, but the different arms lead him to think he is mistaken.

So the two brothers come face to face as mortal enemies. A terrible fight ensues, as both are wonderfully strong. In the first bout they throw each other from their horses, so that they lie some time on the ground as if dead. But they soon recover, and continue the terrible fight. The place where they fight is speedily covered with blood. They soon are so exhausted that they must rest for a while. Leaning on their shields, and looking at each other, they cannot help admiring each other. Then they renew the combat. The first who withdraws from the battle is the knight of the tower. He says to Balaain, "You have killed, but not overcome me." Balaain says the same to his brother, "car certes vous estes li mieudres chevaliers que je onques encontraisse, si en ai moult encontrés que j'ai trouvés et moult vaincus," &c. "Mais pour Dieus, ains que je soie a ma fin venus, me dites, se il vous plaist, vostre non, si que je sache qui m'a mort." Then his brother tells him his name, adding that he is the brother of the best knight in the world. When Balaain hears this, he swoons away. His brother creeps up to him, unlaces his helmet, and looks at his face for a long time, but cannot recognise him, so much have blood and wounds disfigured the face. When Balaains finally comes back to his senses he says: "Ha! biau frere, quele mesaventure chi a! Je sui cil as deus espees dont vous parlés, qui vous a occhis, et la mesqueanche i est si grans que vous me ravés mort. Maleoit[e] soit la coustume de cest chastiel et tout cil qui l'acoustumerent! Car il nous estuet morir devant nos jours." So the two brothers bewail their sad fate, but it is a consolation to them that they will be buried together.

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[1] It is not uninteresting to observe that, like Balaain, Perceval has to fight against a red knight (see Hucher's edition of the Didot MS. of "Perceval," pp. 415–505). Also Galahad, according to the "Queste of the Holy Grail," on his first appearance at Artus' court, is described as "un chivaler a unes armes uermeilles."

While they are thus lamenting, the lady of the castle and tower comes to them. The lady was living at the castle with only "sis serjans," "sis demoisieles," and "set chevaliers." Many years ago, a knight who did not trust her had made her promise him by an oath that she would never leave the place. The lady in return had made him swear the same. After a while, the knight, feeling the want of martial exercise, established the custom of the castle, that no knight should pass by without fighting with him; if he was overcome, the lady, the castle, the tower, and all the country became the property of the victorious knight, who had, however, to continue the custom; thus Balaan had become the proprietor of the castle.

The two brothers request the lady to let them be buried where they have slain each other, in the same "vaissiel." When the lady hears they are brothers, she is greatly surprised, and, promising that she will carry out their wish, begins to cry for pity. She calls her people, bids them disarm the knights and carry them into the tower. But Balaain requests her not to move him from the spot, but to send for the chaplain "et mon sauveur, car je me muir." His brother asks the same. The lady at once carries out their wishes; they both receive their Saviour; when they have repeated the request that the lady should be sure to bury them together, they can say no more. Towards the "eure de viespres" Balaans expires first, and then Balaain, who was the elder brother. The people of the castle are deeply grieved. They do as the lady commands them, put the two bodies into the same grave, and write Balaans' name on it, but they do not know his brother's. Merlin suddenly arrives and bids them trouble no more; they have done their duty, the rest they should leave to him. He then writes on the grave the following additional inscription: "*Chi gist Balaains li chevaliers a deus espees, qui fist de la lanche venceresse le cop dolereus par coi li roiames de Listinois est tornés a dolour et a essil.*" Then Merlin remains in the island "une lieue et plus, et fist illuec enchantemens assés diviers." On the tomb he establishes a bed so strange that whoever sleeps in it loses his senses and his memory. This enchantment lasted till "Lanscelos" the son of King "Ban de Benoic," came into the island; but not he himself, but "un anelet"[1] which he had, and which "descouvroit tous enchantemens," put an end to it. After Merlin had made the bed, and other wonderful things, "que je ne vous puis pas ichi deviser, car bien vous

[1] "et cel anelet li avoit douné la damoisiele del lac, si coume la grant hystore de Lanscelot le [de la] devise, cele meisme ystoire, qui doit estre departie de mon livre, ne mie pour chou qu'il n'i apartiegne et que elle n'en soit traite, mais pour chou qu'il couvient que les trois parties de mon livre soient ingaus, l'une aussi grant coume l'autre, et se je ajoustaisse cele grant ystore la moi[ene] partie de mon livre fust au treble plus grant que les autres deus. Pour chou me couvient il laissier celle grant ystoire qui devise les oevres de Lanscelot et la naissance, et voel deviser les neuf lignies des nacions, tout ensi coume il apartient a la haute escriture del saint graal, ne n'i conterai ja chose que je ne doie, ains dirai mains assés que je ne truis escrit en l'ystoire dou latin. Et je prie a mon signeur Helye, qui a esté mes companis a armes et en jovenche et en viellece, que il pour l'amour de moi et pour moi un poi allegier de cele grant painne prenge a translater, ensi comme je le deviserai une petite branke qui appartient a mon livre, et sera celle branke apielee li contes del brait, miervilleusement delitable [de la table] a oir et a raconter," &c.

seront rementeues el conte quant tant et lieus en sera," he takes the sword of Balaain, breaks off the handle, and puts another on. Then he asks a knight, "qui devant lui estoit," to essay the sword. But he tries in vain. Merlin tells him, smilingly, no knight in the world can handle the sword, but Lancelot will come into the island, carry off the sword, and kill with it whom he most loves. Then Merlin writes on the handle: "*De ceste espee morra Gavains.*" Gavain's brother Gahariès found this inscription afterwards, but he thought it was wrong; "mais puis en ochist Lanscelos Gavain apriès la mort Gahariet, si comme la vraie ystoire le devise vers la fin de nostre livre."

After this Merlin made an iron bridge, which can only be crossed by the best knights of the world. "Au cief del pont par deviers le chastiel, la ou li passages commenchoit, fist il metre un perron de marbre; dedens cel perron embati il une espee par enchantement, et de l'espee mist le fuerre en tel maniere qu'il vous fust avis qu'il ne tenist riens et que on le peuust avoir trop legierement; mais non peuust." On the handle of the sword he writes: "*Chis qui premiers essaiera ceste espee ostee de chi premiers en sera navrés.*" On the "perron" he writes: "*Ja ceste espee ne sera di chi ostee fors par la main le millour chevalier del monde, ne ja nus ne s'en haatisse d'oster, s'il ne se sent au millour chevalier de tous, car il li meskeroit.*" The stone was floating on the water the day when Galaas came to the court, "moult longement et fu veus en maint pais, et ala tant de lieus en lieus qu'il vint puis a Camalaoth." The island was afterwards called the island of Merlin, or the island of the marvels. Then Merlin goes to Carduel to the court of Artus, who has just knighted Baudemagus.

In the last chapters, though still considerably shortening and slightly altering his source, Malory follows it more closely than in the earlier chapters. Only few variants of importance have to be mentioned.

Malory, as on former occasions, inserts a name for the knight whom Balyn meets near the tower in the wood, viz., "Garnysshe of the mount" where the "Suite" mentions no name. "The duke Hermel" in Malory is "le duc de Hermiel" in the "Suite."

In the seventeenth chapter Malory omits the squire whom in the "Suite" Balyn meets returning to the castle when he leaves it, and to whom he tells how the two knights and the lady, whose bodies he will find in the garden, came by their death, so that he might explain it to the people of the castle. Malory evidently refers to this in the words "when Balyn sawe this he dressid hym thens ward / lest folke would say he had slayne them." The words of the old man who tells Balyn that he has passed the bounds, "il n'i a mais riens del retorner," are thus rendered: "therfore torne ageyne and it will availle the."

Towards the end of chapter xviii. Malory twice misunderstands the French text. He writes: "when this knyghte in the reed beheld Balyn / hem thought it shold bee his broder Balen by cause of his

two swerdys," whereas the "Suite" has "Et quant cil a deus espees le voit, il li souvient maintenant de son frere," &c. Further, Malory states: "Ryght so cam the lady of the Toure with iiij knyghtes and vj ladyes and vj yomen vnto them;" whereas the "Suite," relating how this lady came to the castle and why the strange custom was established, and how she stayed for many years there without leaving the place, says: "ne n'avoit en sa compaignie que sis serjans et sis demoisieles qui tous tans la servoient, et set chevaliers tant seulement."

In the nineteenth chapter Malory follows the "Suite," but adds the last eight lines (p. 99, 31–38), as the "Suite" does not say that Merlin told Arthur about the end of the two brothers.

γ. THE THIRD BOOK.[1]

I.–V. Upon his return to the court, Merlin is well received and greatly cheered. Artus tells him that of late his barons have often blamed him for not having as yet selected a wife, and asks his advice in the matter, as, like his father, Vtherpandragon, he will do nothing without him. Merlin declares the barons are quite right, for a powerful king like Artus ought to be married. He asks if Artus has not yet met a woman whom he likes better than any other. Artus declares that of all the women he ever saw Gennevre, the daughter of King Leodegan of Carmelide, has pleased him best; if he cannot get her, he does not care to marry at all. Merlin admits that Gennevre is certainly the most beautiful woman known to him, but such great beauty may easily become dangerous. But if Artus has set his heart upon her, he will help him as best he can. Gennevre's beauty, he adds, might eventually be useful to Artus: "Et che dist [fist] il por Ga(a)lehot, qui devint ses hom liges et li rendi sa terre la ou il l'avoit toute gaaingnie, et tout che fist il pour l'amour de Lanscelot." Artus does not understand these obscure words. At his request Artus gives Merlin a hundred chosen knights and many "escuiiers et valès," and sends him to King Leodegan to ask for his daughter's hand on Artus' behalf.

Leodegan receives Merlin well, and gladly accedes to Artus' request; in fact, he is proud to get such a noble king as son-in-law. He would readily give all he has to Artus if he would accept it, but, as Artus has enough, he will only send him the round table. At present this lacks fifty knights; he had wished to fill their places again, but a wise man told him that the table would soon pass into the hands of one who would be better able to make up the number of knights to the original hundred and fifty. Merlin tells Leodegan that the wise man has said the truth, for the table will come into the hands of one "qui la maintenra en gringnour pooir et en gringnour force que elle ne fu onques."

[1] Huth MS., ff. 150c–183c, ed. vol. ii. pp. 60–139.

Leodegan then assembles the hundred knights of the round table, and tells them that henceforward they will belong to another and more powerful master than himself. He admonishes them to do him honour; for their new lord will love them as a father. The knights are highly pleased with this news; they well know how valiant a knight Artus is. After three days Merlin starts with Gennevre and all the knights. Leodegan is more sorry for the loss of his knights than for that of his daughter: he kisses them first, his daughter last. When they are near London, where Artus resides at this time, Merlin sends and asks him to come with a splendid suite and meet Gennevre and the knights. Artus does as he is told, "si les rechuit tous a moult grant honnour." The wedding-day is fixed. Merlin asks Artus to select fifty worthy knights, but Artus declares Merlin knows better than he, and requests him to do it for him. All the "preudommes" of his kingdom are summoned to Camalaoth "a la feste de sa feme." When they are all assembled, Merlin selects forty-eight knights, and says to them: "Dès ore mais convient il que vous vous entramés et vous tenés chiers, car pour l'amour et pour la douchour de cele table on vous serés assis vous naistera es cuers une si grant joie et une si grant amistiés que vous en lairés vos femes et vos enfans pour estre l'un avoec l'autre, et pour user ensamble vos joveneches. Et nonpourquant ja vostre table ne sera a mon tans dou tout parfaite ne assoumee devant que a cest lieu se venra asseoir li boins chevaliers, li mieudres des boins, chis qui metera a fin les perilleuses aventures del roiame de Logres lau tout li autre faurront." Then he shows Artus and all knights their seats, and pointing to one says, "This is the perilous seat; remember it well when I am dead." When they ask Merlin why this seat is perilous, he tells them that no knight except the best of the world can sit in it, and he will not long occupy it. Artus wishes to know when this knight will come. Merlin gives an indirect answer, saying that the king will know great grief before he comes, and afterwards will not live much longer, for the dragon he saw in his dream will destroy him. Artus then reproaches Merlin for reminding him of this sad event in the midst of his joy, but Merlin declares he does it with intention; Artus ought to always think thereon; thereby he will appear humbler before his Creator, who has placed him in such a high position.

Merlin then tells the hundred knights that he has chosen forty-eight companions for them, and bids them live in peace and concord even as the apostles did. When all are seated, "li archevesques de Cantorbile fist sour eus maintenant la beneichon," and the other "clergiés" pray for them.

After this Merlin bids the knights do Artus homage, and swear that they will do him as much honour as they can. When they have done this and returned to their seats, each finds his name on his seat. Merlin tells them the letters are a token that God is pleased with them.

Afterwards Gavain asks his uncle Artus to bestow a gift on him. When it is granted, he asks Artus to dub him on his wedding-day. Artus consents. Gavains and seven other "damoisiaus" whom Artus dubs for the love of his nephew watch "a la maistre eglyse de saint Etevene de Camalaoth." The next day there arrives on a "maigre et las ronchin trotant un vilain qui amenoit un sien fil jovene enfant de l'aage de quinze ans sour une povre

jument." He enters the palace and asks for Artus. When he is brought before the king, he salutes Artus and says that his great renown has induced him to come before him, for he has heard "que nus n'est si hardis de toi demander auchun don que tu ne soies aussi hardis dou donner," and therefore he asks the king to bestow on him a gift that will not cost him anything. When the king declares he will grant what he asks, the man jumps down from his "ronchin," kisses his feet, and his son does the same. Then he requests Artus to make his son knight. Artus declares he will do what he has promised, but he would like to know who has advised the man, for he thinks he has asked too much. The father tells him that he felt that also, but his son urged him to do what he has done; he is "uns laborans de terre," and has thirteen children, of whom "onze" (!) work like himself, but the son whom he has brought with him refuses to do that, and declares his wish is to become knight. All the barons begin to laugh, but Artus remains serious and "ne tient mie ceste chose a gas." He asks the young man if he really wishes to become knight, and receives the answer: "Sire, il n'a riens el monde que je desire autant comme estre chevaliers de vostre main et estre compains de la table reonde." "Then may God grant that you become a good knight," replies Artus.

When Gavains and his companions enter, Artus bids them fetch "reubes et dras et armes et espees." And all are clad, according to "la coustume en la grant Bretaigne," in white velvet. "Et adont estoit li jors que li rois Artus devoit espouser sa feme," and on which the knights of the round table were to swear to one another the oath of fidelity. All repair "a la maistre eglyse." And the festival was so splendid that it baffles all description, for there were "rois et dus et contes" so many that it is impossible to name them. Artus and Gennevre wear crowns. After the mass Artus asks the names of the man and of his son. The father is "Arès li vachier(e)s" and the son's name is "Tor." "Then," says Artus, addressing himself to Tor, "you will henceforth be called 'Tor li fieus a Arès.'" Tor is the first knighted. Merlin steps forth and declares Tor will become a good knight, for he is of high birth. Arès is greatly mistaken if he thinks that Tor is his son; he ought to know better and tell the truth, or he (Merlin) will disclose it. Tor prays Merlin to be silent, and not dishonour his mother.

Then Gavain and the others receive the order of knighthood. The festival takes its course; the joy is great. All the seats of the round table are occupied except "li siege[s] perilleus et li daerrains sieges." Artus wishes to know why this "daerrains lieus est vius [viex]." Merlin replies, it will be filled when it pleases God; he could have easily filled it, as there are many good knights there. Artus must first sit in the "premier lieu," and Merlin will put a knight like him "el daerrain."

On the next morning, before mass, King Pellinor arrives; he dresses himself beautifully, and, kneeling down before Artus, tells him that he has come to see his feast, and that he holds him the worthiest of all kings, and therefore will do him homage. "Et maintenant li tent le penne de son mantiel." Merlin again steps forth, and asks Artus to thank and welcome Pellinor, for he is as worthy as Artus himself. When Artus does as Merlin advises him,

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the latter tells all the barons: "bien sachiés que en cest jour d'ui sera nostre table toute enterine, ne mais dou siege perilleus." But nobody understands the sense of his words until he leads him to the vacant seat of the round table. Artus and all rejoice and praise Merlin, except Gavain, who tells his brother Gahariet that this very Pellinor, who is so much honoured, killed their father. The two brothers agree to be revenged upon Pellinor, and swear that neither will act without the other.

When all are at table and have nearly finished their dinner, Merlin speaks, telling them they will soon see three marvellous adventures, of which Gavains will undertake the first, "Tor li fius a Arès" the second, and King Pellinor the third. All are much surprised at these words, but while they are still discussing Merlin's prophecies there arrives in the garden "un chierf les grans saus, et un braket apriès, et après venoit une demoisiele at tout trente muetes de chiens." "Li chiers" was quite white, but all the other dogs (!) were black. The damsel is very beautiful and dressed as a huntress. "Li chiers" enters the great hall where all the knights are. "Et lors li saut li brakès, et aert le cierf par derriere en la quisse et le tient si fort qu'il en porte la pieche." The "chiers" now saves itself by leaping over a table and running away. A knight who is one of the guests rises, seizes the "braket," mounts his horse "et s'en vait a tout le braket si grant oirre coume se tous li mons le (ca)cachast, et vait disant a soi meismes que bien a faite la besoigne pour coi il vint a court." When the damsel sees the knight carrying her "braket" off, she cries after him that he would do better not to carry the "braket" away. She then enters the hall, and, finding neither "li chiers" nor the "braket," complains to Artus and asks him for redress.

Merlin then comes forth, and bids her say no more; she is in a place where she will always get back what she has lost. "Why do none of the knights follow the 'chiers' and the 'braket'?" replies the lady. "Because it is the custom 'en ceste ostel' that no knight can take up a quest until the tables are cleared," explains Merlin, and requests Artus to observe this custom as long as he lives. Then Merlin tells Gavain that the adventure of the "chierf" is his—he has to bring its head to the court; and to Tor he assigns the adventure of the "braket"—he has to bring both knight and "braket," dead or alive, back to the court. The other knights blame Merlin that he exposes "ces deus enfants" to such great danger of death. But Merlin assures them that with God's help both will finish their adventures.

While these adventures are still being discussed, a knight, fully armed, enters the palace on a great white horse, rides up to the lady, lifts her up, seats her on the neck of his horse, in spite of her struggling, and makes off in great haste. The damsel cries for help to Artus, and requests him to deliver her. Merlin says to the barons, "Now ye see the three adventures which I announced;" then turning to Pellinor: "'Rois, qu'en dirés vous? Iceste daarrainne aventure est vostre a achiever,' for you must deliver the lady and bring her back to the court."

The opening lines of book iii. are, like the last lines of book ii., Malory's own composition; by these links he seemingly endeavours to

join the two portions of the narrative more closely than in the "Suite." The first five chapters represent summarily, and with many inaccuracies, modifications, and omissions, the corresponding section of the "Suite." The remarks Merlin makes with regard to Guenever (p. 100, 25-28) differ widely from those in the "Suite;" Malory evidently misunderstood his text. Merlin's demand for a company of knights for his expedition to Leodegan, and the fact that he went thither with forty knights and many squires, are entirely omitted. According to Malory, Merlin settles his affairs at Leodegan's court with great speed; it almost seems as if he returned immediately after his arrival.

In the next chapter, besides various omissions, Malory states that Merlin could find only "xx & xiij" good knights; and a little farther on he declares the "viij and xx" sat in their seats. These quotations are evidently based upon errors, for the number must be xxxxviij, as the "Suite" states, and as Malory himself admits l. 32 of the same page: "But two syeges were voyde." Merlin's prophecy regarding the perilous seat and his address to the knights of the round table are skipped.

As usual, Malory differs from the "Suite" in mentioning at once the names Aries and Tor, and further alters the source by stating that Artus demanded Aries to bring his other sons before him, and that he found a great difference in them from Tor. Merlin's disclosure that Tor is son of King Pellinor and Aries' wife before her marriage is here anticipated by Malory from two later passages; in the "Suite" it is made partly after Tor's return from his quest, partly after King Pellinor's. By this anticipation of events King Pellinor's arrival at Arthur's court is varied considerably from the account in the "Suite;" Arthur already knows that Tor is Pellinor's son. Forgetting that he has already described the dubbing of Tor in the third chapter, Malory follows the "Suite" in the fourth, and states: "but Tor was the fyrst (knight) he made at the feest."

The "Suite" only states that the wedding took place "a la maistre eglyse," having previously mentioned that Gawayn and his companions watched the knight before the wedding "a la maistre eglyse de saint Estevene de Camalaoth."

Malory's fifth chapter is a brief outline of this section in the "Suite," with several insignificant modifications.

VI.–VIII.[1] When the tables are cleared the knights start on their quests. Gavain takes leave of Artus and of his brothers, save Gaharies, who accompanies him as his squire. Tor and Pellinor also arm themselves, the former

[1] Huth MS., ff. 158d–167b, ed. vol. ii. pp. 80–101.

following the knight who carried off the brachet, the atter the knight who carried away the damsel. Gavain's adventures are told first.

When he has ridden some distance with his brother, they come to a castle called "Anbe," and, after passing it, to a meadow, where two knights fight, "et tant avoit ja duré la mellee qu'il avoient ansdeus lour chevaus occhis et estoient entrenavré si durement k'il avoient trop (tout) pierdu de sanc, et che n'estoit pas grant merveille, car il n'i avoit chelui qui(l) n'euust trois plaies u quatre, grans et parfondes." Gavain stops, salutes them, and asks them why they fight so vehemently. He learns from them that they are two brothers, who wished to decide which of them is the worthiest to take up a certain quest. To Gavain's inquiry concerning the quest, they answer, they come from Camalaoth, where they saw the king's festival. On their way they suddenly met "un chierf tout blanc, qui trente muetes de chiens cachoient, ne n'i avoit nului, ne chevalier ne veneor (venoit) ne sergant nul après, ne houme qui de la cache s'entremist fors les chiens." As they both wished to follow the stag, they began to quarrel, and finally fought. Gavain tells them he never met two more foolish knights, who nearly killed one another for nothing. He makes them promise never to fight each other again. They ask his name; he cannot tell them, but if they go to Artus' court, and ask for the knight to whom Merlin assigned the first adventure, they will hear who he is. After having inquired in which direction the stag went, Gavain continues his way. Towards the hour "de viespres" he comes to a valley, through which flows a river, broad, but not deep. Gavain wishes to cross, but from the other bank a knight cries out that if he comes over he must fight with him. Gavain proceeds, and is really attacked by the knight when approaching the opposite bank. Gavain receives a terrible blow, but succeeds in unhorsing the knight, who soon starts up again, and asks Gavain, who is going on, to fight with him on foot and with swords. Gavain says it disturbs his quest, but if he wishes he will fight. They again attack each other, but after a short time Gavain cleaves the knight to the teeth, and thus performs his first feat of arms after receiving knighthood. His brother Gahariès praises him greatly, and expresses the hope that if his brother always strikes so mightily he will soon revenge their father.

Gahariès finds the track of the stag again, and the brothers continue their way. The day is long and hot "coume le jour de la Magdalainne." They have not gone far when they hear "les brakés qui glatissoient apriès le chierf et estoient assés prè(u)s d'eus." They increase their speed, and soon get sight of the stag followed by the hounds. The hunt rushes through the forest with great noise, and soon leads to "une plaigne," where the brothers see a strong castle. The stag runs through the open gate, the hounds follow, and soon catch and kill it in a great hall of the castle. When the stag is dead the hounds "le laissierent devant eus gesir et se couchierent tout en tour aussi coume pour lui garder."

When Gavain and his brother reach the spot, they see a knight, fully armed except shield and sword, coming out of a chamber and making great lament at the death of the stag, of which his lady had requested him to take care. He

pulls out a sword, and begins to chase "les brakès" and to kill those he can get hold of. Gavain bids him, for God's sake, to leave off killing the hounds. The knight refuses, as the hounds have killed in his very house "la beste el monde que il plus amoit." Gavain replies that the hounds only did their duty, but he who kills them is a bad knight. The knight, angry at this provocation, declares he must punish Gavain. Gavain dismounts, cuts off the stag's head, and says he will take it with him to Artus' court. While doing this, he notices that the knight has already killed two of the "brakès;" this grieves him much, and he vows to avenge them. Turning round, he sees the knight to whom he spoke return fully armed, who defies him. They fight, but Gavain, quicker and lighter than his antagonist, soon overcomes him; the other implores mercy, but Gavain refuses it. While they are still talking, Gavain raises his sword to strike his head off; at the moment a damsel, "amie au chevalier," throws herself on him, and by mishap the sword strikes off the damsel's head, which rolls a long way off. Gahariès is terrified, and declares that this is a great "vilonnie."

When Gavain sees what he has done, he releases the knight, on condition that he goes to Artus, "et illuec te meteras en la prison me dame la reine Geneuvre de par chelui qui ot l'aventure dou [de] chierf en don." Gavain further commands him to take with him the two "levriers" which he has killed, one before him, one behind him, on his horse. The knight, seeing that he cannot refuse without risking his life, promises to carry out these orders. After mourning over the body of the damsel, he rides off with the two "brakès" to Artus' court.

When the knight is gone the two brothers consult together as to what is to be done. They decide to stay where they are for the night, and return early next morning to the court. While they are talking and wondering at the beautiful castle before them, four knights come out of it, reproach Gavain for the felonious murder of the damsel, and violently attack him. Though he is exhausted and his adversaries fresh, he bravely resists them, retreating to a wall so as to cover his back. He would no doubt have got out of the difficulty had not an archer, suddenly coming out of the castle, wounded him in the arm with a "saiete envenimee." His brother Gaharies strikes the archer dead. Gavain is so weakened through the shot that he can no longer hold himself up, but falls to the ground, and the four knights are already going to cut off his head when a damsel arrives and bids them not to kill but to imprison him, "Car teuls puet il estre que tous li ors dou monde ne le garandiroit que je ne le fesisse a duel morir." The four knights immediately obey, and put the two brothers into prison. Gavains feels wretched, and laments bitterly. At daybreak he finds that his arm is much swollen and "estoit assés plus gros que la cuisse d'un homme." He tells his brother, if help is not soon sent him, he must die. Both abandon themselves to their grief. The lady of the castle, who is at a window from which she can see the two brothers, hearing their complaints, takes pity on them, and tells them, though they have so outrageously acted in her house, she will release them if they take an oath to do what she asks them. They promise, and Gavain steps forth and "tent sa main et celle em prent la fianche." Gaharies would do the same, but the lady first asks him

if he is a knight; when he answers in the negative, she refuses to accept his word and hand. The two brothers are then allowed out of their prison. The lady looks at Gavain and asks him who he is; he replies that "li rois Loth d'Orkanie" is his father. The lady then says that the nephew of Artus ought not to have forgotten himself so much as to kill a lady, but for this ill deed she will inflict a punishment upon him. The two brothers are armed and mounted. Gavain receives the head of the stag, as it belongs to his quest, and hands it to Gaharies. Then the lady asks his name. When he tells her his name is Gavains, she continues: "Gavains il convient que vous le cors de ceste damoisiele que vous avés occhise portés devant vous seur le col de vostre cheval dusques a la court." Gavains consents. So the dead body is placed before him on his saddle, and the head of the damsel is attached, "par les treches," round his neck.

The lady then bids Gavains go thus to the court, summon all ladies, tell them how he slew the damsel, and submit to whatever punishment they will inflict upon him. The brachets are put "en laisses deus et deus," and the lady offers one of her "vallès," but Gaharies declares this is unnecessary, for if he leads the first couple, the others will fellow.

In this manner the two brothers ride back to Camalaoth, and do not stop until they have come to the palace. Gavain is unarmed and helped down from his horse. When his swollen arm is seen, there is great alarm; but Merlin says the wound is not dangerous, and Gavain will soon recover. "Et saichiés que ceste aventure poés vous bien tenir a une des aventures de[l] saint graal, si en verrés dès ore souvent avenir de plus crueus et de plus felonnes que ceste n'est." The queen and all ladies of the court are called together, and, when they are seated "entre les chevaliers," Merlin delivers a long speech.[1] At the end, he advises Artus, whenever a knight starts on a quest, to make him swear to faithfully relate it afterwards; if on his setting out this custom was neglected, he ought to swear upon his return. Artus promises to act upon this advice. Thus Merlin makes Gavain the first to subject himself to this custom. After he has sworn, he tells his quest from beginning to end as it happened, so that Merlin, who is supposed to know all things, declares he has told the truth. After this Merlin asks the queen and her ladies "que elles vous [to

[1] The contents of Merlin's speech are briefly these:—"'Rois Artus aventureus,' you were marvellously conceived and brought up, and when you came as a young man 'entre tes hommes liges' they did not know you, but God knew you, and through his grace you became lord of them all and occupy your high position; thus, as you were engendered by a wonder, you received your crown in a wonderful manner. You may well understand that so many wonders did not come about for nothing, 'ains sont senefiances et commenchement de cheus qui devoient avenir en ton ostel et en ta subjection et en maint autre lieu. Et pour chou di jou que tu dois estre apielés rois aventureus et tes roiaumes aventureus.' Also know that as adventure gave you the crown, adventure will take it from you. No living man knows better than I do all these things, and be sure all I ever told you will come to be fulfilled. Wherever you are, many adventures will come about; your knights will have to go through many hard battles, and they will often suffer 'hontes et laidures et vilonnies.' But as you cannot follow each knight of yours in his quests, you must, in order to know his value, make him swear, before starting, to tell you the truth," &c.

Gavain] en doinsent tel penitanche, de la dame que vous avés occhise, que vous la tiegniés et que vous en soiiés tenus pour cortois de tenir le." The ladies then withdraw to consider the case, and return after a while with the verdict. As a penance for his deed, Gavain must swear "sor sains" never in his life to lay his hand again on a damsel; to help any lady who will ask him for help, unless her request be against his honour. For this latter reason he was ever after called "li chevaliers as damoisieles."[1]

Merlin prophesies that Gavain will become one of the most renowned knights of the round table; only one knight will be able to overcome him, but "cele bataille dont je vous parole ne sera mie a mon tans." He then asks him to promise, by an oath, that he will never in future refuse to give mercy to any knight who asks it. This also Gavain swears to do.

Addressing himself to Artus, Merlin tells him that he will not live much longer,[2] and advises him to keep some clerks for the purpose of writing down all the adventures that happen in his time.

The adventure of Gawayne forming the contents of chapters vi.–viii. is, save considerable omissions and modifications and a few additions, faithfully retold from the French source. Malory does not mention the castle of "Anbe," to which, according to the "Suite," the two brothers first come.

The meeting with the two brothers who have fought against one another is much modified by Malory. In the "Suite" Gawayne speaks kindly to them, and requests them to promise him, as a gift, that they will never again act so foolishly and nearly kill one another for no cause. When they ask him for his name he says he cannot tell them, but if they go to Arthur's court and inquire about the knight who had the first adventure they will hear it. Malory, on the contrary, relates that Gawayne, after reproaching the brothers, wishes to fight with them unless they yield themselves to him and promise to go and do the same to Arthur. The names which Malory gives to the knights, "Sorlouse of the forest" and "Bryan of the forest," occur later on in the "Suite," as does the name "Alardyn of the Ilys."

In the next episode the "Suite" states that one lady, apparently

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[1] One cannot help noticing that the adventure of Balaain, who strikes a lady's head off when she demands his own from King Arthur as a gift, is very similar to this adventure of Gawayne. Compare p. 74.

[2] The passage in the Huth MS., fol. 167b, is this:—"'Sire rois,' fait Merlins, 'or diras que vous ferés. Saichiés que je ne serai pas dès or en avant gramment au siecle, et ne mie ou tans ou je mieus vausisse estre pour veoir les miervilleuses aventures qui avenrront espessement. Et pour chou que vous ne troverés pas gramment qui vous conseille se la grasce dou saint esprit nel fait voel jou que vous dès or en avant fachiés metre en escrit toutes les aventures dont on contera en vostre court la verité, pour chou que après nos mors sachent nostre hoir, li povre et li riche, les merveilles qui averront au tans le roi aventureus. Et aiiés chaiens cinquante clers qui ne fachent autre mestier fors que metre en escrit les aventures de la court ensi coume elles averront as estranges et as privés.'"

the lady of the castle, appears and requests the four knights to save Gawayne's life, and to put him into prison until they know who he is; Malory, probably for the sake of symmetry, has "four ladies," and omits all mention of the prison. The remainder of Gawayne's quest is much curtailed by Malory. The conversation between the lady of the castle (whom Malory again replaces by "four ladies") and Gawayne is likewise altered in parts. Merlin's remarks regarding Gawayne's wound, the advice to Arthur to assemble the ladies, his speech to the king before the open court, and the proposal relative to the swearing of knights starting on adventures; his prophecies that Gawayne will become one of the most renowned knights of the round table and not be overcome save by one knight; finally, the advice to Arthur to have all the adventures of his knights written down by fifty clerks, and the allusion to his (Merlin's) approaching death, will all be looked for in vain in "Le Morte Darthur."

IX.–XI.[1] "Tor li fius a Arès," after leaving Artus' court in pursuit of the knight who carried off the brachet, soon comes into a great wood. When he has advanced "une grant liue englesque" he finds on his right two tents pitched in a meadow. At the entrance of either tent hang a new shield and a lance. Recognising "les esclos" of the knight whom he seeks, he pays no attention to the tents, but continues his way. When he has gone about "une arbalestree" beyond he sees a dwarf, who approaches him, and strikes his horse with a stick so hard that it starts back a lance's length. Tor angrily asks the dwarf why he has struck his horse. The dwarf replies, he is a coward for passing the tents without jousting with their tenants. "I have no time," declares Tor, "as I am following a knight." The dwarf now tells him that before he can continue his way he must show them he knows how to handle the lance. When Tor understands that, he reluctantly makes up his mind to joust, though his need of continuing his way be so great. "'Ne t'esmaie pas,' fait li nains; 'preudom ne puet perdre par delai, et tu porras auques esprouver se tu vaurras nient.'" After saying this, he blows a horn, and immediately a knight rushes, fully armed, out of one of the pavilions, and rides against Tor, who meets him bravely. In the very first bout Tor unhorses the knight, so that he falls and breaks his arm. Then catching the knight's horse, he leads it by the bridle to the dwarf, declaring "c'est li commencemens de chevalerie que j'ai commenciet." No sooner has he said this than the second knight advances against him. Tor throws him, too, out of the saddle, so that in falling "brise li glaive si que li fers en remest a chelui ou costé seniestre." Seeing them both on the ground, Tor pulls out his sword and returns to the first, who is going to get up. Tor gives him a mighty stroke "par mi le hyaume," so that he falls down again, and rides over him "si que tout le debrise, et cil se pasme de l'angoisse qu'il sent." He then ties his horse to a tree, pulls off the knight's helmet, and is about to strike his

[1] Huth MS., ff. 167c–173c, ed. vol. ii. pp. 101–115.

head off, when the knight cries for mercy, which is granted to him on condition that he will go to whatever prison Tor directs. Tor then returns to the other knight, raises his sword with both "puins," and deals him such a terrible stroke "que il li fait les ieus estinceler en la teste," stunning him, so that he has no power to rise again. Taking hold of the helmet, he pulls with all his might, but the straps are too strong, he must first cut them with his sword. This knight surrenders on the same condition as his companion. Tor commands them to go to Camalaoth, and yield themselves on his behalf to Artus.

When Tor is mounted again, he asks the dwarf to give him another sword. The dwarf gives him a good and strong one, and requests him, as a gift, to allow him to become his servant, "en lieu d'escuiier." Tor grants the request, and bids him mount on the horse given him to hold. On the way Tor asks the dwarf if he knows who the knight is whom he saw, and is told that he is "uns des boins chevaliers de ceste terre," named "Abelin." The dwarf will lead Tor to the place where he can find him.

After crossing the wood for some time, they arrive at a meadow where they see several "pavillions." Before each hangs a "vermel" shield, but one shield is white. "This," declares the dwarf, pointing out the pavilion with the white shield, "belongs to the knight you seek; he is the master of the knights who occupy the others, and the 'braket' is also there." Tor rides up to the "pavillion," dismounts, and enters. Inside he finds a damsel sleeping on a bed, and the "braket"; when he will take it, it begins to bark, and awakes the damsel. Seeing an armed knight whom she does not know, the damsel quickly rises and flees to another pavilion. Tor takes the "braket," carries it to the dwarf, who is about to ride off with it when a damsel comes and asks Tor to give the "braket" back unless he wishes to fight with its owner. Tor tells the damsel that this dog was taken away from Artus' court, and thither he will carry it back; if any knight is offended, he may come after him. The damsel tells him he will not reach Camalaoth "sans contredit," but he rides away with the dwarf and the dog.

The night soon overtakes them, and they repair to the "ostel" of a hermit which the dwarf knows in the neighbourhood. They are as well received as the poor hermit can afford, and pass the night there. On the next morning after mass they continue their way. They have hardly gone half a mile when they hear the noise of horses behind them. On looking back, Tor recognises the knight who carried the "braket" off, and who now comes after him "comme se la mors le chacast." He makes himself ready to fight, and when the knight comes nearer he defies him, and reproaches him for having taken the "braket" from the damsel.[1] The other does not reply, but rides against Tor. A violent combat follows, many terrible blows are dealt on either side, and "dura la mellee cruele et felenesse dès devant eure de prime jusques a eure de tierche." Both are exhausted from their great efforts and the loss of blood. When Tor notices that his antagonist grows fainter, "se li commencha a donner grandismes [grandesimes] cols de s'espee trenchant," wounding him more than

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The damsel is meant who came on Arthur's wedding to Camalaoth.

ten times. He then says that, considering what a brave fighter the knight is, he shall be spared if he promises to go to whatever prison shall be assigned. The knight rejects this offer, declaring he would rather die a hundred times "que une seule fois dire et faire chose que tornast a recreandise." Tor then renews his blows, brings the knight to the ground, and, tearing off his helmet, bids him surrender or die. The knight does not answer, but a damsel suddenly arrives and asks Tor for a gift; as she is the first damsel who asks him such a favour, Tor assents, and hears now that she wishes to have the head of the conquered knight. Tor is reluctant to fulfil this demand, but the damsel tells him that the knight is one of the most disloyal "en la grant Bretaigne." The knight now implores Tor, first, not to believe what the damsel says, and, when this is of no avail, the damsel's forgiveness and intercession. But the damsel refuses, as he has killed her brother, and bids Tor do what he has promised her. Tor resolves to kill the knight. While he dresses himself to strike the final blow, the knight tries to escape, but Tor overtakes him, and strikes off his head, which flies away "plus d'une toise loing del bu." The damsel runs after the head, takes it up, and, thanking Tor greatly, invites him to rest at her castle. Tor consents, and is led by the damsel to a castle not far away. The inmates of the castle, seeing the head and hearing of Tor's victory, bless and thank him for freeing them from their mortal enemy. He is well entertained, passes the night there, and leaves the next morning for Camalaoth, accompanied by good wishes and thanks. He is requested whenever his way should bring him again into their neighbourhood, to call at the castle.

When he arrives at Camalaoth he finds Gavain already back, but not Pellinor; he is warmly welcomed and made much of. After having sworn by the saints to tell the truth, he relates his adventures. Artus is delighted. Pellinor is the only one missing, but Merlin says he will soon come back, and then asks Artus what he thinks of Tor, whom he deems the son of a "vakier." Artus replies he cannot be of such base descent or he would never have achieved what he has done. "You know him better," declares Merlin, "than he knows himself, for he does not know who his father is; when you see Pellinor by his side, you will soon know who his father is; know that 'Pellinor l'engenra en la feme d'un vakier, et ot le pucelage de li. Et ensi fu engenrés Tor. Mais pour chou que li vilains ot a feme la damoisiele cele semaine meismes que elle fu despucelee cuida il vraiement que Tor fust ses fieus, mais non est.'" Then Artus laughs, and asks if the damsel was a "gentius feme." Merlin replies she was only "une pastorele" whom the king found in a meadow, where she pastured her cattle; "mais ele ert de si grant biauté plainne qu'il em prist au roi envie; si geut a li et engenra Tor." Artus is much amused at this disclosure, and declares he wishes to see them all three together. When Merlin tells him that Pellinor will be back that very day, Artus asks him to send for the cowherd's wife.

Malory's account of Tor's quest is not only, as is usual with him, greatly abridged, but, especially in the latter portion, presents several features not to be found in the "Suite."

In the ninth chapter Malory adds on his own account that the first

of the two knights against whom Tor fights, when he is overcome, says: "But syr I have a felawe in yonder pauelione that wille have adoo with you;" also that Tor asks the two knights for their names. These names, viz., "Felot of Langduk" and "Petypase of wynchelse," as in similar cases, are not in the Huth MS. The name of the knight whom Tor follows is only mentioned once in the "Suite," viz., when Tor, having accepted the dwarf's services, and asked him if he knew the knight who carried off the brachet, the dwarf answers: "Sire, oil bien. Sire, il a non Abelin." Malory mentions the name repeatedly, though not on this particular occasion, in the forms "Abilleus" or "Abelleus." The "pluisours pavillons en une praerie" with the shields attached to them, which latter are all "vermel fors uns seuls qui estoit aussi blans comme nois," correspond to Malory's "two pauelions euen by a pryory with two sheldes / And the one shylde was enewed with whyte / and the other sheeld was reed."

In the beginning of Malory's tenth chapter the "pauelion with the white shield" becomes "a white pauelion." In opposition to the "Suite," Tor finds in the first pavilion "thre damoysels" sleeping "on a paylet," and only in the second, *i.e.*, in the "pavelion" with the red shield, "one damoysel" and "the whyte brachet." But, according to Malory, when this lady is awakened by the barking of the brachet and perceives Tor, she flees "with all her damoysels" (!) to the other "pauelion."

Later on in the same chapter, in the "Suite" Tor reproaches the knight, who says no word, whilst in Malory the knight Abilleus reproaches Tor.

Several passages in the eleventh chapter are Malory's own composition, viz., p. 112, ll. 10–12: "and he hadde had grace / and I kneled half an houre afore hym in the myre for to saue my broders lyf that had done hym no dammage," &c. On the same page (ll. 30–38), in the "Suite" the lady does not ask Tor for his name, nor is her "husband" mentioned, she being apparently unmarried.

The statement that Tor arrived on the "thyrdde" day after leaving the lady at the court is not to be found in the "Suite."

The passage (p. 113, 4–7) "for he wente from the Court with lytel socour / but as kyng Pellinore his fader gaf hym an old courser / and kyng Arthur gaf hym armour and a swerd / and els had he none other socour," is in contradiction both to the "Suite" and to Malory's previous statements.

Lines 10–17, forming the conclusion of the eleventh chapter, are Malory's composition, probably intended as a substitute for Arthur and Merlin's conversation regarding Tor, Merlin's disclosures about his birth, and his announcement that Pellinor will return from the quest the same evening, and, finally, Arthur's wish to see Pellinor, Tor, and the wife of

Aries side by side, and the order to Merlin to fetch this lady to the court—of which Malory, as I have mentioned at p. 101, anticipated the substance in the third chapter of the third book.

XII.-XV.[1] When King Pellinor leaves Camalaoth on the quest of the knight who carried the damsel off, he meets after a while "un varlet seur un ronchin maigre et las," and asks him if he has seen a knight carrying off a lady. The varlet did see the knight, and tells the king that the damsel cried much, and that the knight rode "droit viers Braait."

When he has gone "entour deus liues englesques" through a wood, Pellinor finds a beautiful damsel sitting by a fountain, and having before her a mortally wounded knight. The damsel cries and laments, and implores Pellinor's help, but he passes by her, eagerly following his quest. When the damsel sees that he does not return, she cries after him: "Ha! chevaliers mauvais et orgilleus, Dieus te doinst que tu aies aussi grant mestier d'aide que ge ai orendroit et que tu soies aussi esgarés coume je sui esgaree, et proiier puisse(s) tu par besoing, ne n'aies grignour aide ne gringnour secours que j'ai de toi!" Pellinor hears her complaint, but does not turn back. The damsel faints after speaking; when she recovers and finds her "ami" dead, she stabs herself with the dead knight's sword.

Pellinor comes "après eure de viespres" across "un vilain qui menoit busche," and asks him if he has seen a knight carrying off a lady. The man has seen them, and adds that when the knight passed the pavilion of a knight in a valley not far off, the knight stopped him, declaring the lady "estoit sa cousine germainne," and that after this both knights began to fight for the lady, and were probably still engaged. This news pleases Pellinor greatly. He quickens his horse's pace, and soon finds the truth of all the man has told him: the damsel is sitting "sour l'erbe verde toute esplouree avoec les damoisieles et avoec les escuiiers," and the two knights are still fighting desperately. Pellinor looks on at the fight, then rides up to the damsel, and, telling her that she was wrongfully carried away from the court, is about to take her with him, but the two squires "saillirent sus," bidding him not steal the lady from them, but ask the two knights who are fighting for her.

Pellinor then rides up to the two combatants, and bids them leave off for a moment. He tells them that he has come from Artus in order to take the damsel back to the court, and asks the knights why they claim her. The one declares she is his cousin german, whom he wishes to take back to her parents, who long to see her; the other claims her as the prize of his courage and prowess, shown in taking her away in the face of King Artus and all his knights and bringing her thus far. Pellinor says that neither of them can have her, as he must take her to Artus. When the two knights hear this, they make friends, and turn against Pellinor. The one who carried off the lady pierces Pellinor's horse in the left side with a spear, so that it falls down

[1] Huth MS., ff. 173c–181d, ed. vol. ii. pp. 115–135.

dead. To punish this bad deed, Pellinor cleaves him to the teeth with a mighty stroke. When the other knight sees his companion's fate, he says it would be foolish on his part to continue the fight against Pellinor, as he is greatly exhausted; moreover, he understands that Pellinor has no bad intentions towards his cousin, but that he came "por s'ounour et pour vengier le de chelui qui a forche l'en menoit." He further prays Pellinor to protect her well, as she is a king's daughter, whose delight is hunting. Pellinor promises to take good care of her; he asks the knight for another horse, which is readily given him, with the request, as it is now too late for returning, to come and stay with him.

The next morning Pellinor receives a good horse and starts with the damsel for Camalaoth; "a prime" they come through a deep valley "moult aineuse a chevauchier," as it is full of stones and rocks. The damsel's horse stumbles, and she falls so unhappily on the ground "seur le brach seniestre que elle cuida bien avoir l'espaulle desliuee," and suffers great pains. Pellinor dismounts and takes her in his arms, and is much frightened lest she die. After a while she feels better, for the fear of having broken her arm was more than the actual pain; but she cannot ride again yet awhile. Pellinor carries her to a tree, gathers grass as a pillow for her head, and requests her to try and sleep. He doffs his helmet and eases himself and his horses, then sits down by the side of the damsel, falls asleep, and does not awake until the evening.

The cold of night awakens the two sleepers. They have slept too long, and must now stay where they are until morning. The damsel has entirely recovered from her fall.

While they are talking to one another, two knights meet by chance exactly where they are, one coming from, the other going to, Camalaoth. The former tells the latter he has been at Artus' court and seen how powerful he is, how devoted his knights are to him, and he thinks that "se tout li roi de l'isle de mer veuvient seur lui a ost, il ne les douteroit pas une keneule;" he will therefore return to his "signeur" (?) and tell him to give up his hope of doing harm to Artus. The other now tells him that all this will not help Artus, for he is going to his court with a marvellous poison. One of Artus' knights has promised his "signeur" to give Artus the poison in his drink. After recommending one another to God, the two knights part, the one riding towards Camalaoth, the other through the wood.

When they are gone Pellinor declares to his damsel his pleasure at their having overslept themselves; the damsel agrees, and says: "'Sachiés que nostre sires nous fist chi endormir pour oir ches nouvieles pour garnir le roi Artus; car il ne li plaist mie qu'il miu(e)re encore par si grant desloiauté;' let us therefore hasten to the court without further delay." Pellinor reassures the damsel, saying, "We need not fear for him, because Merlin, who loves Artus well, is with him, and knows beforehand all that will happen." So they sleep again, and start at daybreak for Camalaoth.

They soon pass the fountain where the damsel implored Pellinor's help, and find her body and the knight's already devoured by wild beasts, save the bones

and heads. Pellinor is very sad at this sight, knowing himself to be in some measure the cause of the damsel's death; his companion wonders, and mocks him for mourning the damsel's death so much; she thinks Pellinor's sorrow is for the damsel. Pellinor then tells her the reason of his sadness. They bury the knight's body at a hermitage, and take the lady's head with them to Camalaoth. The hermit promises to sing a mass for the knight.

"Droit a eure de viespres" they arrive at Camalaoth. Artus welcomes Pellinor and congratulates him on the successful achieving of his quest, for he loves him well. When he has taken the oath, Pellinor faithfully relates his adventures and shows them the damsel's head, adding that he fears she, as well as the knight, died through him. Artus also thinks he might at least have saved the damsel's life by succouring her. Merlin then steps forth, and asks Pellinor if he knows who the damsel was. Pellinor does not know her, but would fain do so. Merlin cannot tell him at present, as he wishes, but will say so much that Pellinor, if wise, will understand.

Merlin then asks if Pellinor remembers how, two years ago, when bearing his crown at a festival "a Montor," a fool asked him to take it off, or "li fieus del roi ochis le t'ostera, et ensi [la] perdras. Et se tu la pers, che [ne] sera grant mierveille, car par ta mauvaisté et par ta negligence (en) lairas tu ta char devourer a lions chelui an mesmes que tu seras mis en autrui subjection." Pellinor well remembers the fool's words, and understands that, in so far as he has done homage to Artus, the first part of the prophecy has been fulfilled, but as to the second part, he cannot understand it. Merlin tells him, if he cannot understand it now, he soon will; if the son of the slain king does not deprive him of his crown, the fool has lied, but it will so befall, to the great sorrow of the "roiame de Logres." Pellinor again asks the damsel's name, but Merlin has disclosed all he can; the rest will be learnt soon enough; if he did not fear to anger Pellinor, he would tell him "une autre chose." Pellinor is anxious to know as much as possible, and promises Merlin that he will not be angry whatever is revealed to him. Merlin then asks him if he remembers the words of the damsel; on Pellinor saying Yes, Merlin continues: Because this damsel, was "aussi boine puciele et aussi boine vierge," Our Lord has heard her prayer, and Pellinor will also die "par defaute d'aide," and thus another prophecy made to him on the day of his coronation will be fulfilled, for, when he received the crown from the archbishop and bishop, he prayed to God that he might not die "par mesqueanche," and a voice from heaven spoke to him: "Rois Pellinor, tout aussi coume faudras a ta char te faurra ta char, et che sera 'pour coi tu morras plus tost.'" Pellinor acknowledges that Merlin is right in this; he has often thought over these mysterious words without being able to grasp their meaning, and he requests Merlin, for God's sake, to explain them to him if he can. But Merlin refuses, and says, in excuse, that he has no right to reveal the things "que li haus maistres a establies a sa volenté;" nobody in the world but himself knows it. Pellinor, hearing this, resigns himself to the will of God; Merlin declares he cannot do better, for no man can alter God's decrees. Artus interrupts them with the request to talk no more about death, "car par celle voie couvenra il passer et vieus et jovenes, ja nus n'échapera."

Tor's mother is then introduced. Artus takes her, Merlin, Tor, and "douze des plus haus barons" into a chamber. Merlin bids the woman tell, in the presence of her liege lord, King Artus, who is the father of Tor, for they know well from his appearance that he must be of noble birth, and not the son of a poor labourer. The woman is much surprised, and blushes, but soon recovers herself, and, turning to Merlin, asks him who he is that pretends to know more about her affairs than herself. Merlin tells her his name, and adds, to-day he is in this shape, but she may see him some day in another one. The woman replies, she has often heard that he is a devil's son, and is not surprised to hear that he can take various semblances, for devils have that power, and thus, may a man be ever so wise, they will sometimes succeed in deceiving him. Her shrewdness makes all the barons laugh. Merlin declares that, if she refuses to tell the truth, he will reveal it. This greatly irritates the woman, who abuses Merlin, and declares that he is much worse than other devils, for while they endeavour to hide men's sins, he wishes to make them known openly. He may be sure God will not be pleased with him, for he does not urge her to confession for the love of God, but only because he wants to show off his knowledge. The barons are greatly amused, and ask Merlin if he does not think the woman is very wise. Merlin replies that, were it not for her goodness, he would not let her talk to him in such wise. Then, turning to Artus, the woman says: "I will tell you the truth; Tor is not the son of my husband, 'ains l'engenra uns chevaliers cele semainne que je fui espousee meismes, si gut a moi u je vausisse ou non, che set bien Dieus.' I have never heard who he was. 'Et sachiés que il m'eut puciele, ne je n'avoie pas d'aage quinze ans quant il engenra Tor.'"

Merlin asks her if she would recognise the knight if she saw him; she thinks not, as she only saw him once. Merlin now takes Pellinor by the hand, and says, "See, this is the knight." Both blush. Merlin then tells Pellinor so many details [1] that he has no longer doubts, and acknowledges the truth. The woman also declares that all Merlin said is true; she recognises Pellinor by a wound on the left cheek, which at that time was quite fresh.

Turning to Tor, Merlin says, "Now you can see that you are a king's son, for, if it were otherwise, you would never have longed so much to become a knight, as you have done." To Pellinor he says: "Sire, or avés autant gaaignié coume perdu car vous avés gaaignié et recouvré l'un pour l'autre." [2] Neither Pellinor nor any one else understands these words, but Merlin refuses to say more, and only bids Pellinor love his son well, for he will turn out a good knight and do him great honour.

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[1] Merlin says briefly this to Pellinore: "You found her near a 'buisson' with 'un levrier et un mastin'; you had sent all your men away for a hermit to whom you had spoken about confession 'a trois archies d'un chastiel que on apieloit Amint.' When you saw the beautiful woman, you dismounted, asked her to hold your horse until you were disarmed, 'et geustes deus fois a li meismes, la ou elle faisoit trop grant duel.' When you had satisfied your desire you told her that she would have a child, and, mounting again, you intended to take her with you, but she fled and cursed you. Then you took her 'levrier' with you, declaring you would keep it for her love."

[2] Merlin indicates by this remark that Pellinor has lost a daughter (for the damsel, as is told later on, was his daughter) and found a son.

This news fills all present with great joy. Father and son embrace each other, saying how pleased and proud they are at having thus found out their near kinship. The mother takes leave of Artus and gives her son good advice.[1]

Artus afterwards asks "la damoisiele caceresse," when he has given her back the stag and hounds, if she is satisfied; she declares that she has got all she could ask, and will now return to her own country. Artus asks if she cannot make up her mind to remain at his court and with his queen; he will do her much honour. Merlin, greatly pleased, advises Artus to do all he can to keep her, for she is "vaillans," "sage," and of noble birth, being the daughter of a king and a queen. The queen joins her husband in entreating the damsel, who at last promises to remain with them for some time. She tells them her name is "Niviene," the daughter of a nobleman of "la petite Bretaigne," but she does not say that she is a king's daughter.[2]

On the morrow Merlin tells Artus, knowing he will keep it secret, that the damsel whose head Pellinor brought to the court was his daughter; the knight who was with her was her cousin german, who was charged to lead her to Artus' court. This was why he told Pellinor that he had lost as much as he had gained. Artus also wishes to know what Merlin meant by saying that Pellinor's flesh would fail him one day as he has failed his flesh. Merlin at first hesitates, fearing that Artus, though willing to keep the secret as long as he (Merlin) stays at the court, may disclose it when he has gone. He tells Artus that only when he has left him will he find out what a friend and adviser he was; nevertheless, Artus will soon forget him, though the time will come when he would willingly give half his kingdom to recall him. Artus admits this may be true, but again requests Merlin to tell him what he wishes to know. After making him swear to tell nobody, Merlin explains to him that, twelve years hence, King Pellinor, exhausted and wounded in a quest, will be found by the son of the slain king (*i.e.*, Gavain), who "le metera a outranche." Left half dead on the spot, he will lie in "pamisons" until the "eure de viespres." Then, opening his eyes, he will see two knights passing; one is Kex, the other his son Tor. Kex will flee; Pellinor will recognise Tor and implore his help, but Tor will not recognise his father, and will not listen to his words. At eve the son of the slain king, finding him, will recognise him, and strike his head off. Artus says it is a great pity that he cannot

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[1] The mother's words are briefly these:—"'Biaus fieus,' you were brought up in poverty, and Our Lord has so much loved you that he has raised you so high; do not forget your Creator, that he may not forget you. For as he is mighty to make you great and powerful, he is mighty to humble you and 'de (vous) metre a nient.' This remember well. God gave you one soul: if you render it to him, you will be a wise and true knight; if you give it up to the fiend, it would certainly have been better for you 'que vous fuissies laboreres de terre et povres aussi coume sont vo autre frere.'"

[2] "Et sachent vraiement (que) tout cil qui le conte mon signeur Robert de Borron escoutent que ceste damoisiele fu cele qui puis fu apielee la damoisiele dou lac, cele qui norrist grant tans en son ostel Lanscelot dou lac, ensi comme la grant ystoire de Lanscelot le devise. Mais ceste ystoire del saint graal n'en parole pas gramment, anchois tient une autre voie et dist."

prevent this. Merlin tells him he can no more alter that than he could prevent the child of Artus and his sister, who is to destroy the land, from living. Artus, terrified, asks if the child is not dead, and hears from Merlin that he is alive and brought up with another child of his age by a baron, who loves him well. And he will one day slay his half-brother. Artus makes the sign of the cross, and curses the hour of the child's birth. Merlin tells him, further, that all the other children whom Artus exposed in a ship are sound and well, for a rich man found them, and brings them up in a tower, but the unlucky child is not with them, but far away.

After talking long to Artus, Merlin retires and goes to Blaise, who "demouroit encore a Camalaoth," and tells him all the adventures which have happened and will come about in Logres, that he might have his book in good order when Merlin leaves "la grant Bretaigne."

Malory's account of Pellinor's quest in the last four chapters of book iii. is not only, as usual with him, much curtailed, but also presents in the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters traits in addition to those of the source.

Malory omits in the beginning of the twelfth chapter the "varlet" whom Pellinor meets not long after leaving Camalaoth, and who tells him that a knight and lady had ridden "droit viers Braait."

In the episodes of the lady imploring Pellinor's help, and of his meeting with the two knights who fight for the lady who was carried off, there are slight, though insignificant, changes. The name of the knight whom Pellinor pursues, "Hontzlake of wentland," is not to be found in the Huth MS.

As against the "Suite," in Malory Pellinor takes the horse of Hontzlake, whom he slew. The stay of Pellinor and the lady at the knight's house is told at greater length than in the "Suite."

The contents of p. 115, 24–35, and p. 116, 1–6, which relate how the knight asks Pellinor for his name, gives his own name, "Meliot de Logurs," that of his cousin, "Nymue,"[1] mentions the knight who occupies the other pavilion, "Bryan of the Ilys," and gives details about him, and finally promises to come some day with him to Arthur's court at Pellinor's request, are all absent from the "Suite."

In the fourteenth chapter Malory disagrees with the "Suite" in so far as he relates that the knight whom Arthur loves well has promised "our chyuetayns" to poison his lord, where the "Suite" in the corresponding passage has "mon signeur"; further, by attributing to the knight who comes from Camalaoth King Pellinor's words to his lady: "Il ne nous en couvient onques estre en esmai, car Merlins li sages prophetes est a court qui ne soufferroit en nule maniere que li rois

[1] This name corresponds to "Niuiene," occurring later on in the "Suite."

fust ensi trais," &c., in the form: "Beware of Merlyn for he knoweth all thynges by the devyls crafte."

The contents of the fifteenth chapter only slightly resemble the corresponding portion of the "Suite." Guenever's reproach to Pellinor: "ye were gretely to blame that ye saued not this ladyes lyf," and Pellinor's reply: "ye were gretely to blame and ye wold not save your owne lyf & ye myȝt / but sauf your pleasir I was so furyous in my quest that I wold not abyde," &c., are—the former, an adaptation of some similar remark of Arthur on the same occasion; the latter, Malory's invention.

The long conversation between Merlin and Pellinor, Merlin's prophecies to the king, his references to prophecies previously made to him, on the occasion of a festival at "Montor," by a fool, and on the day of his coronation by a voice from heaven, his final refusal to tell him any more for the present, as he has no right to reveal the will of God—all these points are missing in "Le Morte Darthur." Malory, on the contrary, anticipating the contents of the conversation between Arthur and Merlin about Pellinor, makes Merlin at once tell Pellinor that the damsel whom he did not succour was his daughter "Elayne," whom he begot on the "lady of the rule," and she was led to Arthur's court by her cousin "Myles of the landys," who was, however, slain by "Lorayne le saueage." Neither of the names occurs in the "Suite."

P. 118, ll. 1–6, are also anticipated, with considerable modification, from the conversation between Arthur and Merlin, whereas ll. 6–23, forming the conclusion of the third book, are evidently Malory's composition, being a brief recapitulation of what has already passed.

Finally, Malory omits the examination of Tor's mother by Merlin in the presence of Arthur, Pellinor, Tor, and twelve barons, and all details connected with Tor's birth, having, as already stated, summarily anticipated these points in the third chapter. Also Arthur's, Merlin's, and Guenever's invitation to the lady of the lake to stay at the court (in the "Suite" her name, "Niuiene," is first mentioned on this occasion), the long conversation between Arthur and Merlin about Pellinor, Mordred, and the children whom Arthur exposed on the sea, and finally the statement that Merlin, after leaving Arthur, went to Blaise (who was then still at Camalaoth) in order to give him an account of the past and future adventures in Logres, and thus complete his book previous to his departure from Great Britain, are all absent from Malory's account.

δ. THE FOURTH BOOK.[1]

I. Merlin soon becomes deeply smitten with the "damoisiele chaceresse," Niviene, who is only fifteen years old, and of great beauty and wisdom. She stays about four months at the court, where Merlin sees her every day and treats her with great respect. When Niviene perceives his love for her, she declares, one day, she will return his love if he promise to teach her such of his "enchantemens" as she would fain know, and swear by his "main nue" never to do aught "par enchantemens" that could displease her. Merlin then teaches her many things in the hope that the damsel will yield, but he hopes in vain.

About this time Artus receives a letter from "li rois de Norchomberlande, un roiame qui marcissoit a la petite Bretaigne," requesting him to send his daughter Nivienne, who stays at his court, back to him. Artus asks the damsel if she will go or stay; much as she likes staying, she will comply with her father's wish. Merlin offers to accompany her; the damsel is greatly displeased by this news, for she hates Merlin, but does not like to refuse him.

So on the morrow they depart together from Camalaoth, ride to the coast, cross the sea, and after some time arrive "sain et haitié" in the country of King "Ban de Benoic." The damsel's companions are in great fear, as King "Claudas de la Deserte" is at war with Ban. At night they arrive at the strong castle of "Trebe." King Ban is not there, only his wife, the queen "Helaine," the most beautiful woman of "toute la petite Bretaigne." She had at the time only one son, called "laiens par cierté Lanscelot, mais il avoit non en baptesme Galaas."

When Queen Helaine understands that the "damoisele de Norhomberlande"[2] has come, she is much pleased, and receives her hospitably. After dinner she orders her little son to be brought "pour chou que la damoisele le veist." After long admiring the beautiful child, she exclaims: "Certes, bele creature, se tu pues tant vivre que tu viegnes en l'aage de vint ans, tu seras li non pers de tous les biaus." Merlin and all present laugh at this remark, and the former tells Niviene that he will live more than fifty years, and will excel all knights before and after him. Then Niviene kisses the child repeatedly. When he is carried to his chamber, Helaine tells the damsel how much she wishes her Lancelot were already grown up, for their neighbour King "Claudas de la Deserte" gives them much trouble. Merlin says that Lancelot will one day punish Claudas for all his ill-deeds, and "you will live to see it, for I have but told you the truth."

On the next morning Niviene and Merlin leave "Trebe," and continue their way. They soon come into a fine wood called "En Val," because it

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[1] Huth MS., ff. 183c–230b, ed. vol. ii. pp. 139–254.

[2] Here the "Suite" has the following parenthesis:—"Ne ne cuidiés pas, entre vous qui oés ces contes, que chis [que chou est] Norhomberlande dont je parole soit li roiames de Norhomberhande qui estoit entre le roiaume de Logres et chelui de Gorre; che seroit folie a cuidier, car chis Norhomberlande estoit en la petite Bretaigne et [en] (li autres) Norhomberlande en la grant."

covered the greater part of a valley. Merlin asks the damsel if she would care to see "le lac Dyane," of which she heard speak so often. As she shares the tastes of "Diana," the damsel would like to see it. Merlin then leads her to the lake. By its side is a marble tomb; therein is buried "Faunus," whom "Dyane" loved much, but whom she killed by the greatest disloyalty of the world. Niviene desires Merlin to tell her how Diane killed Faunus.

Merlin consents, and tells her briefly this: "Dyane, as you well know, 'reigned' at the time of 'Vergille,' long before Christ's birth. She loved the woods above all. After having hunted in all the woods 'de Franche et de Bretaigne,' she settled by the side of this lake, and there erected 'son manoir.' So she lived for a long time in this wood. The son of the king to whom all this country belonged fell in love with her, left his home and his parents, and lived with her in the 'manoir.' Soon after Diane met, whilst hunting, another knight, 'Felix,' and became enamoured of him. Felix, though a brave knight, was poor, and feared the mighty Faunus; therefore he did not venture to return Diane's passion. To overcome this obstacle Diane resolved to destroy Faunus. Near the lake was a tomb filled with enchanted water, having the property of healing all sorts of wounds. One day Faunus, sorely wounded by a wild beast, repaired to the healing waters, but found them gone. Diane advised him to enter the grave undressed, when she would cover it over and put in wholesome herbs, which would soon heal him. Faunus, suspecting nothing wrong, did as she told him. When the lid was put on the tomb, Diane had melted lead poured into it, so that Faunus died a terrible death. Then Diane went to Felix and told him how she had rid herself of Faunus. The story of this unnatural cruelty so disgusted Felix that he pulled out his sword, seized hold of Diane's tresses, and with one stroke separated her head from her body. The body was thrown into the lake, and for this reason it was ever afterwards called the 'lac de Dyane.'"

Niviene now wishes to know what has become of Diane's "manoir," and learns that the father of Faunus had destroyed it, and all that belonged to Diane, after his son's death. The lake and its neighbourhood please her so much that she would fain pass her life there, and asks Merlin, if he loves her as much as he says, to erect a new "manoir" in the very place where Diane's stood. The knights who accompany her can do as they like—stay with her or return to her father; they make up their minds to stay. Merlin fetches "machons et carpentiers" and builds by the lake several houses so rich and beautiful that no king nor prince "en toute la petite Bretaigne" could boast of possessing aught like them. When all is finished, Merlin by enchantment renders the houses invisible, so that no one who does not belong to Niviene's "maisnie" can see them. Merlin stays with Niviene for a long time in this palace, and while he loves her best of all in the world, she hates him "pour chou que elle savoit bien que il baoit a son purcelage;" she would fain be rid of him, but knows not how, he is so wise. But she has already learned from him so much "d'ingromanchie" that she can by her enchantment prevent his reading her thoughts.

One day Merlin tells Niviene that Artus has escaped a great danger through the valour of Keu "qui a deus caus occhist deus rois." Niviene

reproaches him for abandoning Artus. Merlin explains to her that he is in "la petite Bretaigne" for two reasons—for her sake first, and then because he knows that he will be put to death, immediately he returns to "la grant Bretaigne," through "puison (prison) ou par autre chose." Niviene asks him why, if he foreknows, he does not prevent his death. He then tells her that he is so much enchanted that he does not know by whom he must die. He still knows much relating to others, but nothing concerning himself; he might destroy the enchantments, but would lose his soul, and he prefers the destruction of his body "par auchune traison" to that of his soul.

This revelation pleases Niviene greatly; she only wishes to be rid of Merlin. Shortly afterwards Merlin tells Niviene that Artus runs a new danger through his sister Morgain, to whom he has confided his good sword Escalibor; Morgain has given it to a knight whom she loves, and to Artus an imitation. On the next day he will have to fight against this knight, who has "Escalibor" and will not lose a drop of blood. Artus is thus in great danger of death, unless God takes pity on him. But God wishes to punish him because he has committed a great sin. Niviene wishes to know what this is, but Merlin does not tell her. She then implores Merlin to do all he can to preserve Artus; if he go to Great Britain, she will accompany him and protect him from the dangers he fears, she loves him so much. Merlin cannot resist Niviene's urgent entreaties, and starts with her for Great Britain. Niviene takes with her two knights and four valets. The knights are her cousins, and know how much she hates Merlin. Crossing the sea, they direct themselves towards Logres. On the first day they meet with no adventures worth mentioning; on the second day, starting from a beautiful castle, they come "a eure de tierche" to a great plain, treeless, "fors deus ourmes," which are marvellously great and "parcreu." Between the "ourmes" is a cross, "et dalés la crois avoit bien tombes cent et plus." By the sides of the cross stand two chairs as rich and beautiful as if they were made for an emperor; each of them is protected from the rain by an arch of ivory. On each sits a man holding a harp in his hands, while other instruments are round them. Merlin tells those who are with him that whoever hears the sound of the harps loses power over all his members, and falls to the ground dead. Many a valiant knight and many a beautiful damsel passing there had to succumb to the terrible spell. But now Merlin will destroy the enchanters for ever. He stuffs his ears as well as he can, that he may not hear the sound of the harps, "et fait aussi conme uns serpens qui repaire en Egypte que on apiele aspis, qui estoupe de sa keue l'une des ses oreilles et l'autre en terre bonte, pour chou qu'elle n'oie le conjurement de l'enchanteor." Niviene and her knights and valets fall down from their horses "en pasmisons." When Merlin sees that, he vows that he will so revenge the pains his "amie" has to suffer that it shall be spoken of for ever. Then he makes his "conjuremens" and attacks the enchanters, who lose their senses and the power of moving a limb, so that a child can kill them. When Niviene and her people come to their senses again, they tell Merlin that they have been in a most dreadful state; they felt as if "les princhés et les menistres de infier" had tied their limbs, and as if they were going to die.

Merlin bids them dig two holes in the ground. When finished, he puts each enchanter, with his chair, into a hole, throws in plenty of "souffre," lights it, and destroys the enchanters through "la calours del souffre." He then asks Niviene if she thinks he has taken sufficient revenge on them. She and her knights declare that he has earned the gratitude of all the world by destroying these fiends. But Merlin is not yet satisfied. "Lors vait il meismes prendre trois des lames qui estoient dessus les tombes des preudommes qui li enchanteour avaient fait morir, si en met deus dessus chascune des fosses, si k'il en avoit une entre deus entre chascune, par quoi on pooit bien veoir le feu qui dedens la fosse estoit." "This fire," says Merlin, "will last to the day when Artus dies, and till then the bodies of the enchanters and their chairs will remain untouched by the fire as they are now. This great marvel I have done that all people may have a proof that I was the greatest 'sages de nigromanchie' that ever lived in Logres; did I not know my end to be near I should not have taken this trouble 'car assés moustraisse de mon sens a mon vivant.'" All agree that Merlin has proved himself by this wonder "li plus sages des sages." The story now returns to Artus.

The first chapter of the fourth book of "Le Morte Darthur" corresponds to this detailed account of the "Suite." Malory links together the third and fourth books by the words: "After these questys of . . . . It felle so," &c. Merlin's love to Nivienne, called either "Nyneue" or "Nymue," is only briefly mentioned. Merlin's revelation to Arthur of his own approaching end, and warnings to the king to take good care of his sword and sheath, are partly additions, partly repetition, by Malory of an earlier passage of the "Suite;" *e.g.*, "Also he told kynge Arthur that he shold mysse hym / yet had ye leuer than al your landes to haue me ageyne," &c.

Merlin and Niviene's[1] journey to Brittany, and all that takes place there, is either unnoticed by Malory save the episode at Trebe, where they see young Lancelot and his mother Elayne, or just hinted at in the words: "Merlyn showed her many wonders."

Merlin's death as related in the seven last lines of the first chapter is anticipated by Malory from a much later portion[2] of the "Suite."

II.–V.[3] After the departure of Merlin and Niviene, Artus stays five days at Camalaoth, "a grant joie et a grant feste," and then removes to Carduel "une ville biele et riche et bien assise chité." There, one day, whilst with his barons, he receives news that "li rois de Danemarche et chis d'Irlande, qui estoient frere, et li rois del Val et li rois de Sorelois et li rois de l'Isle Lontaigne" have invaded his country with a great army; they are burning

[1] The original form of this name appears to have been Ninian, which was later transformed by the scribes to Niuian, Niuiene, and even Viuiene.

[2] Huth MS., ff. 204b–207a, ed. vol. ii. pp. 191–198.

[3] Huth MS., ff. 191a–197b, ed. vol. ii. pp. 159–173.

and ravaging towns and villages, and have already conquered three or four castles "par devers Sorelois." This news greatly angers Artus, who at once sends to all his vassals to follow him with their forces, whilst he himself decides to march against the enemy without delay and with such forces as he has. His barons try in vain to dissuade him, and to induce him to wait until his knights have gathered. As he loves Guennever much, he asks her to accompany him with her ladies. When the five kings hear that Artus approaches "Norgales," they hold a council of war. They do not venture to attack Artus in the open field, they know him and his knights too well. A knight, a brother of one of the kings, advises them. "Artus," he says, "has taken his quarters 'seur l'Ombre a l'entree d'une forest que on apiele (apieloit) Marsale,' in order to wait for King Pellinor. He has no idea that we know him to be there already. Let us hasten thither and surprise him; we can reach the place towards morning." This plan is unanimously adopted, and the kings, already sure of success, after eating and drinking well, start on the expedition. At daybreak they arrive near Artus' quarters. The king and the queen are already up and dressed; Gavains, Keu, Gifflès li fieus Do (dou), have come unarmed to the royal tent to hear mass. Suddenly the cries "Trahi!" "Trahi!" are heard and the five kings with their army attack Artus' men on all sides. Artus and his knights seize their arms as quick as they can. A badly wounded knight advises Artus to take the queen across a small stream where she may wait in safety till Pellinor's arrival. Artus, Gavains, Keus, and Gifflès lead the queen to the stream—*i.e.*, "le Hombre"—but find it too deep. While they are still debating what to do, the five kings arrive. The confusion is great, Gifflès and Gavains advise crossing over, Keu declares he must first fight; boasting he will kill two of the kings, he turns his horse and rides against them; he unhorses the first king whom he meets. Gavain follows, and with his sword fells a second king, mortally wounded, to the ground. Gifflès does the same with a third king, and Artus with a fourth. After Keu has broken his "glaive," he takes "l'espee" and strikes the fifth king so hard that the head and helmet fly far off. His companions praise Keu, and declare he has kept his promise well. The queen has passed the Humber in the meantime; the others are about to follow, but the queen shows them a "gué" which she has found. The enemy follow, but, not knowing the "gué," come to a passage where the river is deep, and thus more than two hundred are drowned.

Artus, hearing that the queen herself found the "gué," decides that henceforth it shall be called "li gués la roine." When the knights of the five kings find their lords slain, they stop "et commenchierent a faire le gringnour duel et le gringnour plourison que vous onques oissiés," and, thinking Artus' men are gone, disarm. But Artus' men, who had fled to a near wood when unexpectedly attacked in the early morning, have rallied. When told by a wounded knight that the five kings are slain, and their people are mourning them, they break forth from the wood and attack them. Another hot combat follows, with the result that the hostile army is almost entirely destroyed. When Artus on the other side of the Humber hears the noise of battle, he crosses over again and comes to the assistance of his men; but when he arrives all is over and the enemy defeated. "Et quant il (Artus) ot ceste nouviele,

il descent et oste son hyaume et tent ses mains viers le ciel el dist: 'Peres des chieus, beneois soies tu que ensi me mès au dessus de mes anemis, ne mie par ma proueche ne par ma valour, mais par t'aide et par ton secours.'" Artus then has his losses counted, and learns that more than five hundred of his knights and "serjans" are slain.

While this is being done a messenger from Pellinor announces that his lord and king is near at hand, and will shortly be with Artus. The messenger is sent back to bid Pellinor welcome, and tell him that the enemy is already defeated.

Thus the attack of the five kings is successfully frustrated. The remainder of their army when they learn their defeat and death, return to their countries. To perpetuate his gratitude to God for the success, Artus erects in the place where his knights were slain, "une abbeie biele et riche en l'ounour de nostre dame;" this abbey is after its completion called "la Biele Aventure." After this Artus returns to Camalaoth, his favourite residence. Morgain, his sister, always stays with Gueneuvre, as well as her son Yvains, but *he* has no love for his mother, as she does not love his father Urien. Indeed, Morgain hates her husband as much as her brother, but loves a knight of the name "Achalons," who is born in "Gaule que on apiele ore Franche."

Upon his return to Camalaoth, Artus finds that eight of the knights of the round table were killed in the battle. He asks Pellinor's advice as to filling up their places. Pellinor selects four old and four young knights. The four young knights are Gavains, Gifflès, Keus, and for the fourth place Pellinor recommends two knights, Baudemagus and his son Tor, leaving it to Artus to determine which of them he thinks worthier. Artus decides in favour of Tor. The four old knights are "li rois Uriiens, et li autres li roi Lach, li tiers Hervieus de Rinel, et li quars a a non Galligars li rous." Artus accepts Pellinor's suggestion. On the next day, when these knights are to be received as companions of the round table, each finds his name written on the chair he is to occupy, instead of the name of the late occupier.

When Baudemagus sees that Tor, who is younger than himself, is preferred to him, "il se commencha a blasmer et a hounir et a pourvillir et dire a soi meismes: 'Ha! Baudemagus biaus et malvais, jouvente perdue et gastee et santé et vertu mal assise et mal emploiie, membres fors et bien fais et pour noient,'" &c. On the next morning after mass, Baudemagus bids his squire bring his horse and arms to a place outside the town, which he indicates. When the squire finds his master there, he requests him to grant him a boon, and allow him to accompany him. Baudemagus grants this request. The squire arms him, he mounts his palfrey, the squire his "ronchin," leading "le destrier" and carrying his master's arms and sword. After a little while they pass by a cross; Baudemagus dismounts, kneels down, prays and "jura seur la crois, oiant le varlet, que ja mais en la court le roi(s) Artu(s) ne retournera devant qu'il ait conquis en bataille cors a cors auchun des compaignons de la table reonde et qu'il ait tant fait d'armes et prés et loing que on die communaument qu'il soit bien dignes de si haut siege comme li sieges de la table reonde." The squire, who hears this oath, understands his master's intentions, and tries to persuade him to return for his father's sake, but without success.

They then ride forth and have many adventures, but these are not told by the writer of this book, as "messires Helyes compains" has undertaken the translation of this portion, to "un poi alegier" his "painne," &c.[1] Artus and his knights are much grieved when they hear of Baudemagus' departure, for they loved him well. Pellinor declares he would rather see Baudemagus in the seat of the round table than Tor.

Arthur's successful war against the five kings, which forms the subject of the second, third, fourth, and fifth chapters of book iv., is a *résumé* of the corresponding portion of the "Suite," with comparatively few modifications and omissions.

"Carduel" is spelled "Cardoylle" in "Le Morte Darthur;" "Sorelois" of the Huth MS. corresponds to "Soleyse," and "l'Isle de Lontaigne" to "the yle of Longtaynse," in Malory.

The letter which Arthur, according to Malory, has written to Pellinor, praying him to come as quickly as he can, "with suche peple as he myght lyghtlyest rere," is not mentioned in the "Suite," nor is the circumstance that Arthur's barons are "pryuely wrothe."

In the beginning of the third chapter, Malory, contrary to the "Suite," states that Arthur and Guenever and the knights are asleep when the five kings make their unexpected attack, whereas in the "Suite" the king and the queen are already dressed, and some knights have come to their tents to hear mass.

The last part of this chapter varies still more from the "Suite." The queen crosses the river in a barge, her discovery of a ford, afterwards called in her honour "the queen's ford," being omitted.

Malory also omits that many enemies are drowned in the Humber, and further deviates from the source by relating that Arthur seeks his men who have fled, and that when he has gathered them defeats the remainder of the army of the five kings, and slays "xxx M" of them. The "Suite" mentions no number on this occasion.

In chapter iv. Arthur's loss is two hundred soldiers and eight knights of the round table; in the "Suite" more than five hundred.

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[1] "This part," continues the writer, "is not separated from my book, 'pour chou que elle n'en soit, mais pour chou que mes livres en soit mieudres et ma painne un peu allegie.' All those who wish to hear the history of the Holy Grail may know that unless they hear 'ceste branke la plus delitable a escouter qui soit en tout le livre,' they do not hear it completely. For there was no wiser and more courteous knight at Artus' court than Baudemagus, who was afterwards crowned king 'del roiaume de Gorre.' Helyes has already begun the translation of the 'branke,' which is one of 'les brankes del graal,' without which 'on ne porroit pas bien entendre la moiiene [partie] de mon livre ne la [tierche] partie. Mais ore en laisserons a parler, car mes livres n'a mestier d'amasser paroles wiseuses et retornerons au roi Artus.'"

As far as the eight knights are concerned whom Pellinor, at Arthur's request, selected to fill the places of the eight slain in battle, Malory reverses the order, naming first the old and then the young knights. The names: "Uriens; li rois Lach; Hervieus de Rinel; Galligars li rous," of the "Suite," are represented in "Le Morte Darthur" by "Vryence; the kynge of the lake; Heruyse de reuel; galagars." "Gifflès or Gifflet li fiex Do" appears in Malory as "Gryflet le fyse the dene."

In chapter v. Baudemagus' squire finds written on the cross that his master must not return to the court unless he has overcome a fellow of the round table, and rendered himself worthy to occupy a seat at the round table; whereas in the "Suite" this is Baudemagus' own vow, pronounced after saying his prayers in his squire's hearing. I am unable to say whence Malory drew the information for the line, "And ther by the way he founde a braūche of an holy herbe that was the sygne of the Sancgraill / and no knyght founde suche tokens but he were a good lyuer;" it is not in the Huth MS. A passage to this effect may have occurred in the copy of the "Suite" used by Malory, or he may have added it in imitation of analogous accounts in the Quest of the Holy Grail. Baudemagus' visit to the stone under which Niviene had placed Merlin by her enchantments, Merlin's great moan, and the fruitless endeavours to remove the stone are anticipated from a later part of the "Suite" (fol. 208^{b}), as I shall point out.

VI.–XI.[1] On the third day[2] after the departure of Baudemagus "au lundi matin," Artus summons his knights and "veneours" to go out hunting with him into the wood of Camalaoth. They soon find a stag and follow it, "si commenchierent en tel maniere la cache grant et pleniere." Artus, Uriens, and "Accalon(s) de Gaule li amis de Morgain" are much better mounted than the other knights. The stag is swift, and when they have followed it more than ten English miles, most of the knights have to stop, as their horses are exhausted. Artus, Uriens, and Accalons follow it until the afternoon; they too must then abandon the pursuit, as their horses "estoient mort sous (sour) eus."

When Artus turns round and looks for his people, he finds only Vrien and Accalon. Vrien advises the king to walk on, as he knows they must shortly reach a deep river "portant navie," where the stag will very probably be drowned: "Car a chou que li chiers a grant caut et grant soif, il buvera ja tant que li cors li partira, et ensi le couvenra a remanoir mort en la rive." Artus asks his two companions about his suite. Accalon says there is no chance of seeing them that day, as they were not so well mounted; they had to remain behind; he strongly advises going on, lest night overtake them.

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[1] Huth MS., ff. 197^{b}–212^{c}, ed. vol. ii. pp. 174–210.

[2] There is no paragraph mark here in the Huth MS.

Artus says: "Ne puet chaloir se la nuis nous sousprent. Nous irons gesir a un mien chastiel qui est près de chi a deus liues." After a while they reach the river and find the stag really as Vrien had anticipated. He lies on the river-bank, and, having drunk overmuch water, cannot stir a limb. One of the hounds "se tenoit a sa gorge si fierement qu'en [qui] ne li puet estordre." Artus kills the stag "et corne prise," hoping that the sound of the horn will bring his suite thither, but they are too far away for the sound to reach them. While they still busy themselves with the stag there arrives on the river "une nef couverte de drap de soie aussi vermeil coume une escrelate." All is covered; one can only see the twelve "navirons qui nageoient moult hastivement." The ship stops where they are; Artus, wishing to know what the ship contains, bids his companions go with him on board. Everything on the ship is fitted in the most sumptuous style. Twelve damsels come out of a chamber, kneel to Artus, bid him welcome, and request him to pass the night on board, as it is already late. They promise to do their best to make Artus comfortable. The king and his companions gladly accept their invitation. When the three knights have rested and refreshed themselves, they are led to a chamber, where a table is already dressed for them. They enjoy everything thoroughly, and indeed they could not have got anything better at Camalaoth. After dinner Artus is taken by the damsels to a chamber in the middle of the ship, where he finds a rich bed. After the exhausting day, the three knights sleep soundly.

When they awake on the morrow, all three are in different places. Vriens at Camalaoth, "couchié entre les bras Morgain sa feme;" Artus in a dark prison chamber, where he finds about twenty knights with him, who all complain that they are "tout au lit de la mort." "Accalon se trouva en un praiel plein d'erbes et d'envoiseures si près d'une fontainne, qu'il n'i avoit pas un piet entre lui et la fontainne," the water runs out of a little silver tube and a great marble-stone lies there, "si que cele iaue aloit par un conduit en une tour haute et miervilleuse qui dejouste le praiel estoit." When Accalon finds, on awaking, that he is still dressed in the gown the damsels gave him the night before, and that neither Artus nor Vrien is with him, he grieves, thinking that they must have been bespelled and betrayed by the damsels. Accalon curses "et le vregiet et la fontainne et les damoisieles et la tour canques il voit au monde," adding, if "biaus sire Dieus" would do his will, he would confound all the women of the world, by whom valiant knights are betrayed. He believes the damsels who served them last night were "fantosmes ou dyables."

While thus giving vent to his indignation, Accalon sees a dwarf "petit et gros, et ot les cheviaus noirs et la bouche grant et le nés petit et chaunis." The dwarf greets him from Morgain, requesting him to fight the next day, "a eure de tierche," against the knight whom she described to him some time ago, and, as a pledge, she sends him "Escalibor, la boine espee le roi Artu(s) a tout le fuerre." The sight of the sword fills Accalon with delight; he embraces the ugly dwarf, and overwhelms him with questions: "When did you see Morgain? Am I far from Camalaoth? How came I hither? Who is the knight I have to fight? When will the fight take place?" &c. The dwarf cannot

answer these questions to Accalon's satisfaction. Accalon is about two days' journey from Camalaoth, but the dwarf knows not how he came thither, unless through the adventures and enchantments "de Bretaigne." The fight will take place "après eure de prime" close by the place where they are.

While they are thus talking, knights and damsels come out of the tower, bid Accalon welcome, and express their delight at having found him, as he is the man to do them a great service.

Meanwhile Artus, as above mentioned, is in a dark prison. The twenty knights with him curse their fate continually, saying they are betrayed and delivered to a certain death. Artus asks them if they are far from Camalaoth, and tells them what extraordinary adventure brought him thither. All are indignant at this abominable treachery and magic, and would fain know who he is, but he only tells them he is from the court of King Artus. They then relate how they came into this prison. "We are here in a place 'a deus jornees de Camalaoth par deviers la terre au duc de la More,' in a tower called 'la tour de l'agait.' The lord of this tower, named Domas, is one of the most cruel and felonious knights living, for he captures knights passing by and imprisons them. He has a brother who is, on the contrary, one of the worthiest knights of the country; he lives 'de chi a une liue.' The brothers have each his share of their father's estate, but are at odds concerning a rich manor at the entrance of the wood, which both claim, the one because he has more riches than his brother, who is a better knight. Domas is told by his brother that if he wishes to have the manor he must conquer it from him personally, or through another knight. But being a coward and disinclined to meet his brother himself, he acts according to the advice of his cousin, captures knights who pass by, and imprisons them if they decline to take up his cause. Thus it is we are here, for we have refused to espouse a bad cause, and prefer to suffer the hardships of the prison."

Artus does not share their opinion; he would rather fight than remain in captivity. He adds that he is more anxious for his companions, Vrien and Accalon, who were bespelled with him, than for himself. His fellow-prisoners know Vrien well and pity him, but Accalon is unknown to them. About the "eure de prime" a damsel speaks to the prisoners through a window. She feigns ignorance of Artus, though she knows him well, being one of the instruments by which Morgain carries out her evil plans. Artus thinks he must have seen her before at the court, and tells her so, but she declares him mistaken, she never went there, being the daughter of the lord of the tower, and having always stayed at home. She further announces that the hour of Artus' death has come, unless he make up his mind to fight against a knight. Artus answers he is ready to fight if all his fellow-prisoners are freed. The damsel tells the lord of the tower, and Artus is delivered out of prison. All wonder at his strong and healthy appearance. As he does not wish to be recognised, he humbles himself much before the lord of the tower, "et s'assiet a ses piés." He then hears that he is to fight against one of the lord's enemies. Artus is ready to fight provided the lord promises, "sour sains," to release the prisoners. The lord of the tower swears this, and the knights are set free. Artus is told that he is to fight on the morrow.

The story now speaks of Morgain. She hates her brother Artus, not

because he has in any way wronged her, but "pour chou qu'il est us et coustume que les desloiaus gens et les mauvaises heent tout dis les preudomes et ont vers eus rancune qui tousjours dure," and because he is the most valiant and most "gracieus" of all her kindred. She hates her husband Vriens no less, and would, provided "que gent ne le seussent," have killed him long before. All her affections are concentrated on Accalon, and to give him renown, and, if possible, make him king, she has resolved to sacrifice her husband and her brother. When she hears of the quarrel of the two brothers, she is glad. She promises Domas, who comes to her for help, that by means of her enchantments she will soon put a knight in his power who will take up his cause.

When, shortly afterwards, Domas' brother, wounded in a combat, comes to her for help, she also promises it to him. As she likes this brother better than Domas, she resolves to send him Accalon, armed with Excalibor. To deceive Artus she sends him the forged sword, but Accalon does not know that Artus is to be his antagonist.

The story then returns to Merlin. After destroying the two enchanters, he rides with Niviene and her company to the castle of a "vavasseur," where they stay for a while and are most honourably received. Merlin loves Niviene so much that through her he dies. She knows what his intentions are with regard to her, and she hates him. She discloses to her cousin her wish to destroy Merlin as soon as she can, "Car je ne pourroie avoir cuer de lui amer, se il me faisoit dame de toutes les riqueches qui sont desous le throsne, pour chou que je connois qu'il fu fieus d'aneni et que il n'est pas coume autre homme."

One day, whilst crossing the "forest perilleuse," night overtakes them, and they have to stay where they are under the open sky. They make a big fire, and eat of the provisions which they have brought from the castle. After supper Merlin tells Niviene "chi prés entre ces roches vous pourroie jois moustrer la plus bièle petite chambre que je sache, et fu toute faite a chisel, et en sont li huis de fier, si fors que qui seroit dedens, je cuic que jamais n'en isteroit." Niviene thinks the chamber in the rocks is only occupied by "dyables et bestes sauvages," but Merlin says: "At present you are right, the chamber is not inhabited, but some hundred years ago there lived in this country a king named Assen, who had a son, Anasten. Both were good men and valiant knights. The son loved the daughter of a poor knight 'de si grant amour que morteus hom ne pooit plus feme amer." The father, hearing this, tried to persuade his son to give up his love, and, when his entreaties proved fruitless, threatened to slay his son's sweetheart before his eyes. To prevent this, Anasten, with his friend's help, had this dwelling cut out of the rock. Thither he retired with his love, and lived long and happily. They died the same day, and were buried together in the place where they spent their life of love."

Merlin's tale pleases Niviene much. Now, thinks she, the time has come to carry out her plan, and rid herself of Merlin. She is loud in admiration of the two lovers who forsook all for love's sake. Merlin declares he has done the same for her (Niviene); to be with her he has left Artus "et tous les haus houmes dou roiame de Logres" of whom he was "sires." She feigns to love

him much, and, giving him in ambiguous words to understand that she will at last yield to his entreaties, asks him to lead her to the chamber, where they may pass the night.

Merlin, delighted, orders two valets to take torches and lead Niviene to the place. They find a chamber "toute painte a or musique" (*sic*), and so beautiful that Niviene declares she has never seen its like. Merlin tells her this is only the place where they had their meals; he will now show her their bedroom. This, too, is much admired. Pointing to a tomb, Merlin declares that below it the two lovers rest in peace. He lifts a covering "d'un vermeil samit ouvret a or et as bestes moult cointement," and shows her a stone of red marble. He advises her not to see the bodies, as they do not look well, "mais lait et orible." But Niviene insists upon seeing them, and asks Merlin to lift up the stone. He cannot refuse her, removes the stone, which is so heavy that ten men would have had difficulty in removing it, "pour coi on doit croire que plus li valut illuec ses sens que sa forche."

Now they see the two bodies wrapped in white velvet, but they cannot distinguish faces or limbs. Niviene declares, if she had for "une eure de jour" God's power, she would put the souls of these two lovers "ensamble en la joie qui tousjours mais lour durast." She means to pass the night there, and Merlin expresses the wish to stay with her.

So they order their people to make their beds, "et elle se coucha erraument et aussi fist Merlins, mais che fu en un autre lit." When Merlin is asleep, Niviene rises and bespells him so that he can stir no limb; then she calls her people, and asks them if she has enchanted the enchanter well. They move him, and find him like a dead body. "Now tell me," says Niviene to them, "what I shall do to him who has followed me 'non mie pour m'ounour, mais pour moi despire et pour moi despuceler.'" One of her men would have her let him kill Merlin, but this proposal she rejects.

She then bids her men throw Merlin's body into the grave. They do so, and put the stone over it, and Niviene "commenche a faire ses conjuremens si joint si et seele la lame au sarcu et par conjuremens et par force de paroles," so that no one but herself may open it and see Merlin, dead or alive. She does so at the request of Tristram, as "la droite ystoire de Tristram le devise, et la branke meesmes del brait en parole, mais che n'est mie gramment." Baudemagus came on the fourth day to the place, when Merlin, still alive, could be heard lamenting, and, desirous to know who it was who thus lamented, tried in vain to remove the stone, but Merlin told him that only she who by her enchantments replaced the stone on the tomb could remove it. This adventure is told in "li contes del brait."[1]

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[1] "Et saichies que li brais dont maistre Helies fait son livre fu li daerrains brais que Merlins gieta en la fosse ou il estoit, del grant duel qu'il ot quant il aperchut toutes voies que il estoit livrés a mort par engien de feme et que sens de feme a le sien sens contrebatu. Et del brait dont je vous parole fu la vois oie par tout le roiaume de Logres si grans et si lon[s] coume il estoit, et en avinrent moult de mierveilles si coume la branke le devise mot a mot. Mais en cest livre n'en parlerons nous pas pour chou qu'il le devise la, ains vous conterai chou qui nous apartient."

When Niviene has shut up Merlin in the tomb, she closes the door of the bedroom as well as she can, but "d'enchantement ne fist elle riens," and passes the night with her suite in the first room. In the morning she starts, after closing the outer door, but in such wise that whoever is led thither by adventure can enter. She proceeds to the place where Merlin has told her the combat will take place, and arrives in time. The story returns to Artus.

After Domas has sworn to deliver the prisoners and Artus has engaged to fight, Domas sends to his brother to tell him he has found a knight, and is answered that his brother also has a champion. The combat is fixed for the morrow "sans faillir." Shortly before it takes place, a damsel comes to Artus, hands him a sword like Escalibor, and tells him that his sister Morgain sends him greeting and his sword, that he may be sure of success. Artus, who suspects no treachery, thanks the damsel and his sister.

On the morning, Artus, fully armed, "fors de hyaume et d'escu et de lanche," goes to mass. He then asks Domas to go with him to the meadow. But Domas bids him wait till the knight arrives. At the "eure de prime" a valet, "sour un grant ronchin," announces the arrival of Accalon.

Artus rides a palfrey, and orders his "destrier" to be taken to the meadow. When the two brothers have covenanted before all their knights "que chieus tenra la terre a qui Dieus en donra l'ounour de la bataille," and twelve knights have been selected "qui durent le camp garder," the combat begins.

Bearing in mind the issue of the fight, the two combatants do their utmost, and wound each other most grievously. Artus loses much blood, but Accalon, thanks to the sheath of Escalibor, loses not a drop. Had it not been for Artus' strength and great valour, he would have been overcome and slain. The people looking on are inclined to stop them, for they pity the two valiant fighters, but the two brothers are not to be reconciled.

"Après eure de miedi," when, after a short rest, Accalon has called Artus back to fight, the king deals such a violent blow on Accalon's helmet that his sword breaks, and he only keeps the handle in his hand. This unlucky accident saddens Artus greatly, but he preserves his composure of mind, and covers himself as well as he can with his shield. Accalon cannot but admire this valiant conduct. He says to Artus he sees well that he is one of the best knights he ever met, but requests him to yield, as he must see he cannot resist much longer without a sword. But Artus will not hear of surrender. Accalon then essays to strike him dead with a violent stroke; Artus meets it with his shield, but is thrown to the ground and touched by the sword so that the blood bursts in many places out of his body. The people looking on curse the hour in which this mortal combat "fu emprise," for they perceive that the best knight who ever carried arms will meet his death.

In the extreme of peril Niviene arrives. When she sees Artus in such danger she is frightened, fearing lest he be wounded to death. When Accalon raises Escalibor, she bespells him so that he can strike no blow, but drops the sword. Artus, profiting by the respite, springs up, seizes it, recognises his sword Escalibor, and is aware of his sister's treachery. He then rushes

upon Accalon and tears the sheath from him. Niviene takes off her spell. Accalon's wounds begin to bleed as soon as the sheath is taken from him. Now Artus bids him surrender, but Accalon refuses. Artus seizes him by the helm, throws him to the ground, cuts the straps of his helmet, and beats him on the head with the handle of his sword, so that the blood streams out through the mails of the hauberk; and declares if he does not yield he shall die. But Accalon would rather die than yield. Artus then asks his name, and hears to his great surprise that he is Accalon his knight, his companion in the hunt two days before. He further asks him who gave him the sword. Accalon, who has no idea that it is Artus who asks him, says: "Sire, mal la presisse je l'espee! Car la seurtés de li m'a fait morir." He will tell the truth on condition that all be related to Artus. He then tells how he got the sword from Morgain, and for what purpose.[1] He also mentions that he had received the sword more than a year ago. When he has finished, he asks Artus who he is. When Artus tells him that it is his king against whom he has fought, Accalon implores his pardon, assuring him he did not know him. Artus pardons him; on his return to Camalaoth he will take revenge on Morgain "si grande que onques de feme desloiaus ne fu si grande prise."

Turning to the witnesses of the combat, Artus bids them to make peace as they please; he and his adversary, having recognised one another as friends, will not renew the combat for the world. Accalon then tells the people what has happened—how he nearly slew his liege lord, the noble and valiant King Artus, whom they see before their eyes.

Malory's account of the hunt in chapter vi. agrees, save for considerable abridgment and some few omissions, with the "Suite." The passage: "By thenne it was derke nyghte / and there sodenly were aboute them an C torches sette upon alle the sydes of the shyp bordes and it gaf grete lyghte," is evidently the outcome of Malory's imagination, unwilling that Artus enter the ship in darkness.

In this portion of book iv. Malory alters the sequence of incidents. The "Suite," after mentioning how the three knights awake, one in his wife's arms, one in prison, the third near a well, deals first with Accalon, then with Artus, and lastly with Vriens, whilst Malory tells first of Arthur; had the "Suite" been followed, most of chapter viii. would precede chapter vii.

"Domas" in the "Suite" corresponds to "Damas" in Malory. The second brother, whom Malory calls "Ontzlake," is only referred to in the "Suite" as "li frere."

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[1] "si me fist cest don pour chou que elle m'amoit par amours tant comme pooit feme amer houme. Et pour la grant amour que ele avoit a moi pourcachast elle volentiers la mort de son frere, se elle en euust le loisir, et me fesist couronner dou roiame de Logres, se elle peuust en nule guise; mais elle ne le fera ja mais, car je sui venus a ma mort."

The names of "le duc de la More" and "la tour de l'agait," which occur in the "Suite," are not in Malory.

The statement on p. 127, 12–14, "& many good knyghtes haue dyed in this pryson for hongre to the nombre of xviij knyghtes," is not founded on anything in the "Suite." Contrary to the "Suite," where Arthur declares himself ready to fight as soon as his fellow-prisoners have told him about the quarrel between the two brothers, Malory relates how the damsel of Morgan le fay tells him he must either fight or die.

Malory passes over Arthur's humility in presence of Damas to avoid recognition. The paragraph which follows in the "Suite" and describes Morgan le fay's stratagems, having already, as mentioned at pp. 83–84, been anticipated by Malory in book ii. chapter xi., where he confounds some other knight with Accalon, is not repeated here. The account in the "Suite" how the two hostile brothers apply to Morgan for a champion, and the details connected with this episode, are omitted by Malory. Accalon's awakening is on the whole a *résumé* of the account in the "Suite," but his conversation with the dwarf is slightly modified; *e.g.*, there is nothing in the "Suite" answering to the following passages:—"And what damoysel that bryngeth her the knyghtes hede whiche ye shal fyghte with al / she wille make her a quene," nor, "Now I suppose said Accolon she hath made alle these craftes and enchauntement for this bataille," &c.

The "chevaliers et dames et damoisieles" who come from the tower to welcome Accalon, telling him they have long expected him as the man whose valour would deliver them from an enemy, are replaced in Malory by "a knyght and a lady with syxe squyers," and it is later on that Accolon offers Ontzlake to take up his quarrel and fight against the knight his brother is going to send.

The "fayre maner by a pryory" to which Accolon is taken is not in the "Suite." Merlin's last days, his crossing the perilous forest with Niviene, the lovers' story, the description of their dwelling and tomb in the rock, and the many details connected with this episode are not in Malory, who refers very briefly to Merlin's death at the end of book iv. chapter i.

Malory's account of the fight between Arthur and Accolon differs from that of the "Suite" in so far that Arthur very soon suspects that Accolon has Escalibor, because "at euery stroke that Accolon stroke he drewe blood on" him.

The appearance of Niviene, the lady of the lake, at the supreme moment, prepared for in the "Suite" by various references in previous chapters, stands entirely by itself, and is thereby unintelligible, in "Le Morte Darthur," Malory having previously omitted Merlin's

warning to Niviene about Arthur's danger, and the fact that Merlin returned with her to Great Britain at her request.

The "Suite" has nothing answering to Malory's words: "But syre Arthur pressed vnto Accolon with his sheld / and gaf hym with the pomel in his hand suche a buffet that he went thre strydes abak," &c.

Arthur's conversation with Accalon, ending with their mutual recognition, is slightly modified by Malory.

XII.–XIX.[1] When the people hear Accalon's words they are dismayed, and, kneeling, implore Artus' mercy. He pardons them if they will keep his name and presence secret until he is back at Camalaoth. The people lead Artus to the two brothers, and tell them: "'Entreclamés vous quite de ceste bataille, car ceste bataille ne puet plus estre ferue.' For if you continue your war, he who has fought this battle will destroy you and your heirs if God does not help you." The two brothers, surprised at these words, wish to know the names of the two champions, but are told: "'Vous le savrés, plus tost que mestiers ne vous seroit. Mais otroiiés vistement la pais d'une part et d'autre.' Et cil l'otroient, qui ont toute pauour de ceste nouviele, et s'entrebaisent et viennent maintenant au roi et a Accalon," and take them to a nunnery in the neighbourhood, where they have their wounds examined and dressed. Accalon's wounds are so sore that he dies on the fourth day. Artus remains a week, and is then so far recovered that he can ride again. Until Accalon's death nobody knows who Artus is. But on the fourth day, when Accalon has expired, Artus bids them put the body on a horse-litter and send it by four men to Camalaoth; these are bidden to greet Morgain his sister, and tell her that her brother Artus sends her the knight "que elle amoit de tout son cuer." They must further tell her that Artus has got back Escalibor and the sheath, and that on his return he will punish her for her treachery; if she flees, he will follow her whithersoever she goes.

The story now returns to Urien. The same hour Artus awakes in prison and Accalon in the meadow near the well, Urien awakes by his wife's side. He is surprised, but not "esbahi," for Morgain's spells have made him forget what happened on the day before. He soon falls asleep again.

When Morgain sees him sleeping, she calls a damsel, one of her confidants, and tells her they will never have a better opportunity of killing her husband. The damsel is quite ready to do anything for Morgain, but courage fails her to kill the king. Then Morgain determines to do it herself, sends the damsel to an adjoining room, and bids her fetch a sword. The damsel dares not refuse her.

But Yvains, Morgain's son, "qui se gisoit si près d'illuec qu'il n'avoit entr'eus deus fors une courtine," has heard all. He gets up quickly, dons his clothes, and watches his mother. When the damsel brings her the sword with trembling hand, Morgain says it can now be seen she knows how to

[1] Huth MS., ff. 212c–230b, ed. vol. ii. pp. 210–254.

strike. Just as Morgain nears her husband's bed, Yvains cries out: "Ha! feme maleuree et plainne de dyable et d'anemi, sueffre toi!" seizes his mother's arm, tears the sword from her hands, and says: "Were you not my mother I would strike you dead; you have well deserved death for planning to slay your lord and husband, the best man I know in Logres. People say you are in alliance with the fiend. I ought to be called 'fieus de dyable' rather than Merlin, 'car nus ne vit onques que li peres de Merlin fust dyables mais je vous ai veut et dyable et anemi droit.'"

When Morgain sees her son's wrath, she kneels and implores his forgiveness, pleading the fiend possessed her and she knew not what she did. "God has sent you to save your father," she continues, "for, had I killed him, I should have been condemned for ever. Therefore I implore you to keep secret what you saw." This Yvain promises.

When Vrien awakes, his memory has come back to him; he thinks of the marvel that befell him, and asks his people how he came hither. They know no more than he does. Morgain, entering the room, asks him what has become of Artus. Urien tells her about the beautiful ship and the damsels, and declares he does not know how all has happened. Morgain then advises him to go back to the wood and find Artus. He does so, comes to the river and finds stag and hound, but no trace of the ship. After searching the wood and the surrounding country without result, Urien and his people return to Camalaoth, where the news fills all with grief. Some believe Artus and Accalon have met an adventure which they wish to achieve, and will then return. On the seventh day after the hunt, Accalon's body arrives. When the four guardians say that King Artus sends the body of this knight, the queen is sent for, but the four declare they have orders to deliver their message to Morgain. Morgain being sent for, they say, so that all hear it: "King Artus, your brother, sends you greeting, and this body of Accalon, the knight whom you loved so much. He also informs you that he has Escalibor again, and that he will punish you for your treachery wherever you go."

Morgain at once recognises what has happened, but, to prevent suspicion, tells the messengers how foolish they are to bring her such news; her brother only bade them to do so "pour gap et pour envoiseure et pour savoir quele chiere je feroie de ceste chose." The others, having no notion of the real facts, believe Morgain. Accalon is buried "ou moustier saint Estevene, qui adont estoit la maistre eglyse de Camalaoth." Morgain secretly gives vent to her grief at her lover's death.

She calls the twelve of her damsels most devoted to her, and explains her situation, bidding them make themselves ready to fly with her. She then asks Gennevre's leave to go to her "roiame de Garlot" to settle important affairs which brook no delay. The queen, who likes Morgain little, is glad to be rid of her, and grants her the desired leave. Morgain starts with her twelve damsels and some knights—in all, some thirty people—on horseback. She rides straight to the place where Artus is, as she desires to take away from him Escalibor and the sheath. Near the abbey she leaves her suite behind, and goes thither alone. Arriving "a eure de miedi," she inquires how the king

is, and learns that he is asleep. She goes to his chamber and finds him alone, holding Escalibor in his hand, and the sheath at his feet. She takes the sheath, hides it under her cloak, and departs. Returning to her suite, she bids them mount quickly and ride to Garlot.

When Artus awakes and finds the sheath gone, he asks his knights if anybody was in his room while he slept. They tell him that a lady whom they did not know was there. From the description, Artus recognises his sister Morgain. He orders his best horse to be saddled at once, and starts in pursuit with one of his knights. After a while he meets a cowherd, and asks him if he has seen a lady pass on horseback. The cowherd tells him he saw a lady and a damsel join several other damsels and knights at a "bosquel" and then ride off together in the direction of a great tree, which he points out.

Artus rides on eagerly in the direction indicated, and soon perceives, "en une plaingne" at the entrance of a wood, a company of knights and ladies, whom he takes for his sister and her suite, and urges his horses to greater speed. Morgain, hearing riders behind her, turns round and recognises Artus. She cries to her suite that her brother follows them, and will kill them all without fail if he reach them. She knows full well that it is "pour cest fuerre que Dieus maudie." But he shall not have it; she will put it in such a place that it can never be of use again to either king or knight. When they come to a deep lake she throws the sheath into it, and, as it is heavy, it sinks immediately.[1] Her people anxiously consult her what to do. She tells them, if her spells had power over him, he should never see Camalaoth again, but, unfortunately, a damsel who came but lately to this country "l'a si garni por paour" of her that her spells are of no avail. But for herself and her suite she will work a marvel that shall be spoken of as long as there are Christians in Great Britain.

Then she works her charms, and transforms herself and all her people—damsels, knights, the valets 'a pied,' and horses—into stone. They can move no limb. When Artus comes to the place, he says to the knight who accompanies him, after making the sign of the cross: "Par foi, c'est Morgue ma serour et toute sa compaignie qui sont mué en pierre." Then he looks at them, and points out his sister and various knights whom he recognises. The knight asks him if he cannot find the sheath. He answers No, and adds that God has punished his sister and her people for all their wickedness by transforming them into stone. Then they return.

When Artus is gone, "Morgue redesfist son encantement," and all instantly recover their true semblance. She asks her people if they saw her brother. They tell her they did, and add, had they had power to move, they

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[1] "Et elle prent le fuerre et le gete dedens le lac tant loing coume elle puet, et il fu pesans, si afondra maintenant a tel eure qu'il ne fist puis bien a houme del monde fors a Gavain le neveu au roi Artus a une seule bataille qu'il fist puis encontre Naborn l'enchanteour pour la biele fee qui Marsique estoit apielee. Et celle Marsique li bailla chelui meisme fuerre, si (se) qu'il le porta en la bataille. Mais aprés che qu'il ot la bataille finee ne fu il onques saisis de fuerre, ne ne sot puis que il devint, si coume cis contes meismes le devisera apertement quant lius et tans en sera."

would have fled, so much they feared him. After this incident they start for Garlot, and they ride so fast that they reach it within a week. One day they find, at the entrance of a wood, a knight on the point of throwing a man, whom he holds in his arms naked and blindfolded, into a pond "plains de vermine anieuse." Morgain asks him who the naked man is. The knight tells her that he is a traitor who has dishonoured his wife; he means to throw him into the same pond into which he has thrown his wife. The other implores Morgain, for God's sake, not to believe the knight. Asked who he is, he tells her he is a knight of Artus, and his name is Manassés de Gaule. Morgain knows him well; he is a relation of Accalon de Gaule, whom she loved most in her life; she will deliver him for the love of Accalon. Saying this she enchants the knight who holds Manassés, so that he falls like a dead man. Then she cuts Manassés' fetters, and asks him if he recognises her. The knight says Yes; she is Morgain, Artus' sister. Morgain tells him she has delivered him, not for love of Artus, but for that of Accalon, and asks him what he wishes her to do with the other knight. Manassés would do to the knight as the knight intended to do to him. At Morgain's bidding, he undresses the other knight, throws him into the pond, and dons the other's dress. Morgain then asks him, in return for the service done him, to go to Artus, and say what he saw, and add how she transformed herself and her suite into stone, and, had it not been for the lady of the lake's protection, she would have killed him. But this lady of the lake knows most of "nigromanchie et des enchantemens" of all people in the world, for "li souverains des devineurs," whom she put alive into the earth, taught her. Thus they part.

When Morgain comes back to Garlot, she is well received by her people, and settles in a castle "que on apieloit Tugan." In this castle she establishes a custom "moult mauvaise et moult anieuse," but later,[1] not at this time.

Artus, after being deceived by Morgain, returns to the abbey, stays there a day, and then proceeds to Camalaoth with one knight. All are highly pleased to see him back; it was feared he was lost. When he is unarmed, he sends for Vrien, and asks him about the ship, telling him what things happened to him. Vrien tells him that he awoke on the morrow in his bed, by the side of Morgain. When Vrien asks him if he knows anything about Accalon, Artus reveals Morgain's treachery. Then, turning to Ywain, he bids him leave his court: the son of his sister (le dyable) cannot be a worthy knight; Artus will not act in the same way towards his father, who has proved a good and faithful knight up to now.

Yvain, ashamed and deeply grieved, knows not what to reply. Hiding his face in his "mantiel" to conceal his tears, he goes to his "ostel."

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[1] "Car elle mist en mi la maistre sale de laiens une tombe: dedens la tombe mist elle un escrit qui estoit en une boiste d'ivoire, et dedens l'escrit estoit devisee la mort le roi Artu(s) et chelui qui le devoit occire, et s'i estoit la mort de Gavain et le non de chelui qui a mort le devoit metre." Merlin gave her this writing, telling her never woman's eye should look at it, before the adventures came about, without dropping dead instantly. The story will show that this tomb causes much harm, as many a valiant knight has to pay for his curiosity with his life. Lancelos' encounter with Hestor des Marès and Gavains is told in "la vie de Percheval."

Gavains, who loves him, goes with him and comforts him, assuring him that he believes him to be innocent, and a valiant knight. Yvain requests his company, and Gavains consents. They order their squires to make ready at once their horses and arms, and start when all is prepared. Outside the town they pass a newly erected cross. There Yvains dismounts, kneels, and says: "se Dieus li ait et li saint, qu'il n'enterra mais en la court avant deus ans, se forche ne l'i amainne tele dont il ne se puist escondire." Gavains and the two squires hear this oath. They pass the first night in "une abbeie de moinnes," where they are well received.

After hearing mass on the next morning, they start, and ride for two days without adventures. On the fifth day "a eure de tierche," as they are talking to each other, and wondering that they have met with no adventures since their departure from Camalaoth, they find "damoisieles qui karolaient entour un arbre, et pooient bien estre a douze. Et devant elles avoit deus chevaliers tous armés montés seur deus grans chevaus, et estoient ambedui si apresté qu'il n'i failloit fors que del poindre. A l'arbre entour qui les damoisieles karolaient avoit pendu un escu tout blanc sans entresaingne nule, et ensi coume chascune passoit par devant l'escu, elle rakoit et escopissoit desus et disoit: 'Dieus doinst honte a chelui qui te suelt (qui tel set) porter, car il nous a mainte honte porcachie!'" Gavains and Yvains approach. Yvains makes out that they are defying "li Morhous," one of the best knights alive and brother to the queen of Ireland, because he hates the damsels of this country so much "quil lour fait toutes les hontes et toutes les laidures qu'il puet." Gavains is surprised that "le Morhout" suffers them to treat his shield thus if he is the good knight Yvains describes. Yvains tells him the damsels are so bold because they are protected by the two knights. Gavains thinks he could not love "le Morhout," who hates the damsels, but wishes he would come and prevent them insulting his shield.

While the two are speaking, a valet on the top of a tree cries out that "le Morhout" is coming. The damsels, hearing that, fly to a tower close at hand, so frightened are they as one never saw women. But the two knights abide and prepare to fight. In the meantime Le Morhout comes at great speed on a noble steed. When Gavains sees him, he says to Yvain: "Here is, certes, an excellent knight, to judge by his bearing; the more the pity is it that he is not courteous to the ladies." As Le Morhout approaches, one of the knights rides against him with such force that his sword breaks in pieces upon Le Morhout's shield. Le Morhout returns the stroke so vehemently that he dashes man and horse to the ground, and, in falling, the man breaks his neck. Without stopping, and passing over the first knight's body, Le Morhout turns against the second one, and with one terrible stroke kills him. Then riding up to his shield, and finding it "lait et vilain," he exclaims: "Ha! Dieus, tant me heent morteument les desloiaus, les larrenesses qui ensi ont mon escu avilleni et porvillié, l'escu que je tenoie si chier, pour l'amour de cele qui le me donna, que je ne l'osoie porter pour chou qu'il n'usast!" He throws away the shield he bears, takes down the white one from the tree, and begins to clean it. "Et quant il l'a bien ters, si le coumenche a baisier et sus et jus et a faire la gringnour feste del monde."

Hanging it round his neck, he declares he will kill every damsel he comes across, to avenge the disgrace they have done to the shield.

Noticing Gavains and Yvains, he asks them, without saluting them, where they come from, for he sees at once they are strangers. When they tell him they come from "Orkanie," and have seen, in passing by, how the damsels insulted his shield and how he overcame the two knights, and now intend to continue their way in search of "aventures et joustes et chevaleries," he tells them they need go no farther; he is quite ready to joust with them. Gavains, in reply, acknowledges his valour, but, as he offers them combat, he will not be let go as long as they are sound and well.

Thus saying, Gavains prepares himself for jousting, but Yvains entreats him to let him have the first bout; Gavains, says Yvains, is a stronger and a better knight than himself, and can avenge him if he is overcome, but he is not strong enough to do the same for his cousin Gavain. Yvains and Le Morhout begin to joust. Yvains deals the first stroke, but his sword breaks in pieces on his antagonist's shield. Le Morhout is more successful: he strikes Yvains so fiercely that the sword enters the left side, causing a great wound, though not mortal, and unhorsing him, when Le Morhout rides over him, so that he fears all his bones are crushed. Gavains cannot but admire the strength and valour of Le Morhout, and gives vent to his feelings in terms of surprise, such as: "Dieus, tant a grand chose en un preudomme! Dieus tant est cest homme poissans tant il vaut et tant il puet!" &c.

Having finished his reflections on Le Morhout's prowess, Gavains prepares to encounter him. In the first bout Le Morhout brings him to the ground with a violent stroke, but, fortunately for Gavains, does not wound him seriously. Gavains rises quickly, takes his "espee" in hand, and runs to meet Le Morhout, who spurs against him. Yvain, seeing his cousin on foot, is sad, and says: "Alas! we have ill-luck that one man should bring us both to the ground; we shall never have honour at court." Gavains tells Le Morhout he ought to dismount; it is not courteous for a horseman to fight against a man on foot; if he will not do so, he will kill his horse, and this will be his fault, but Le Morhout's shame. Le Morhout thanks Gavains for reminding him of this, dismounts, ties his horse to the tree where the white shield formerly hung, and, returning, protests he will fight "as brans" to the uttermost with Gavains. The latter says no word.

A long and violent fight follows. Le Morhout gives Gavains such a blow on the steel helmet that the sword enters into it more than a finger deep, but Gavains sustains the stroke bravely and returns it, but Le Morhout, stepping back, avoids the stroke. They fight long and desperately, and about the "eure de miedi" are both so tired and exhausted that they must repose "pour recouvrer forche et alainne."

"Quant heure de miedi fu venue et il se furent un poi reposé, Gavains, qui estoit de tel maniere que an [tou]tes saisons li doubloit sa force entour heure de miedi et croissoit et amendoit plus qu'a nul autre homme." Suddenly he feels light and strong again, and recalls Le Morhout to battle with a fierce blow on the helmet. The fight is renewed, and Le Morhout, who was never overcome by any knight, is highly surprised to see how fresh and lively

Gavains is after such a long and exhausting combat. He has to do his best to cover himself and to parry Gavains' strokes.

The fight lasts "jusques viers nonne," and then Gavains' strength begins to wane "car sans faille cele forche qui li venoit entour miedi acoustumeement ne li duroit pas trés bien jusques a nonne." But, nevertheless, this gift had helped him often before, and will help him again, so that he will overcome every knight who fights with him, "fors seulement sis": Lancelos; Hestor de[s] Marès; Booirs li essiliés; Gahariés; Tristrans li amoureus, "li niés le roi March;" and the sixth is Le Morhout. "And may all who read this story know," adds the writer, "que li Morhous dont je parole chi fu cil Morhous que Tristrans li niés le roi March occhist en l'isle saint Sanson pour le treuage qu'il demandoit de Cornuaille."

When Le Morhout perceives Gavains becoming weaker and weaker, he tells him they have fought long enough, and ought to cease. He will not praise either Gavains or himself, but he is sure such a battle as they have fought has not taken place in Great Britain for the last ten years. If they continue, they will kill each other, and that would be great pity.

Gavains accepts this noble offer, and, thanking Le Morhout, says he has done him great honour by asking what he should have asked, being "li plus jovenes" of them. "As you wish," continues Gavains; "our quarrel, too, has no meaning; we are not mortal enemies; let's cease fighting, and I leave you the honour of victory." But Le Morhout declares he will not accept it, as Gavains has deserved it. So they take off their helmets, kiss one another, and swear to be henceforth faithful companions and friends. When Yvain sees this unexpected end of the conflict, he thanks God.

After telling each other their names, Le Morhout praises Gavains highly, saying that he is one of the best knights he ever met. Gavains modestly declares that at the court of his uncle Artus he could find many better knights younger than himself. Le Morhout knows Gavains better than he himself does. He then invites the two cousins to stay with him, and leads them to a valley, where they find "un rechet moult bien fremet assés biel et assés cointe." Valets and squires take their horses, ladies unarm them and see to their wounds, and they are most hospitably received in every respect. Gavains recovers from his wounds after four days, and declares he will start on the morrow after mass. Le Morhout tries in vain to induce him to stay longer, and telling him: "Sire, vous avés fait [tant] pour moi et tant m'avés fait d'ounour que je nel porroie jamais desservir," declares he will accompany him some distance.

On the morrow they ride forth after mass. Le Morhout bids one of his squires accompany him on "le millour ronchin" he can find. After a while he asks Gavains whither he intends going. Gavains tells him he has no fixed destination; he seeks adventures. Then Le Morhout declares he loves Gavains so much for his valour that he will, for his sake, become an errant knight, so that he can have his company and see him oftener.

So these three knights form an alliance, vowing never to separate. The first day they find no adventures. On the second day, while riding towards

"Norgales," they arrive about the "eure de tierche" in the great forest "Aroie." Le Morhout tells the two cousins that he will lead them to a fountain in this wood where one always finds adventures.

Arrived at the fountain, he bids his companions dismount and go to the fountain's head. There they find three damsels of different ages seated beneath the trees; "car l'une ne pooit pas avoir plus de quinze ans, et l'autre en avoit bien trente, et la tierche en avoit bien setante."[1] When these damsels see the three knights, they rise and greet them, and the eldest asks what they seek. When they tell her adventures, the aged damsel rates them as foolish for leaving their own country. She does not think them hardy enough to achieve the adventures of this land; their bodies are too small. Gavains replies that, though not very tall, he undertakes to fight against any knight she will show him. "Well, then," says the aged damsel, "you can try. Each of you may choose one of us, and we will show you the adventures of this country." The three knights, glad to hear this, declare they are ready for any quest. The aged damsel cannot conceal from them that there is one among the three damsels who can only enter a quest when her companion knight engages himself to stay with her a whole year and protect her from all harm. Gavains and Le Morhout remain silent, but Yvains says, as he is the worst knight of the three, and his companions refuse to take this damsel, he will take her. The aged damsel thanks him much, and tells him he will have her for companion; she wished a knight who would remain with her a whole year. Gavains tells his cousin he has undertaken a difficult task; may God help him to achieve it. Le Morhout, says he, must choose one of the two remaining damsels, as he is the older. Le Morhout chooses the damsel of thirty, and thus Gavains gets the youngest, who is fifteen years old, "qui moult estoit plainne de grant biauté."

In answer to the knights' question if they have horses, one of the damsels goes off, and shortly returns with a squire leading the horses. When damsels, knights and their squires are mounted, the eldest damsel says that, as they know not what is to betide them, they should promise one another to be back in a year's time "a eure de miedi" at the fountain where they met; then they can recount their adventures, and depart whither they list, but she hopes they will go to Artus' court. Coming to the cross, where three ways branch off into the wood, they doff their helmets, kiss one another, and part with tears in their eyes. Le Morhout begs Gavains to be sure to come back at the appointed time; he will long for that day, as he loves no knight better than Gavains. Gavains thanks him, and, after giving good advice to his cousin Yvains, the three separate.

The story now returns to Artus. After the king's dismissal of Yvains, the knights, who love him well, are sad, and Artus has to use all his influence

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"Et cele de setante apiele li contes damoisiele non mie pour l'aage, mais pour chou que elle chevauchoit tousjours desliiee, ne ja fesist [si] grant yvier que elle euust el chief fors un chapiel d'or; et se vous di que elle astoit toute blanche de chainn(i)es, et pour chou que elle estoit si chanue et aloit toutes voies en guise de damoisele l'apieloit on communaument la damoisiele chenue."

to induce Vriens to stay after his son's departure. In the evening, Artus inquires after Gavains, as also the next day. Gaharies tells him that Gavains has gone with Yvains, news which saddens Artus much; he is sorry now that he banished Yvains, as through him he has lost Gavains; he would rather have let Yvains stay.

One day, as Artus sits at dinner in Carduel and listens to Lucan the bottler, Manassés, fully armed, enters the hall and takes off his helmet. He is bid welcome, and unarmed. When Manassés has eaten, Artus asks him if he has seen anything of Gavains and Yvains. Manassès answers No, but he has seen the king's sister Morgain, who saved his life. Artus, hearing his sister's name and not liking the others to hear, asks Manassès privately about her. Manassès tells him all he knows, and also mentions that, if "la damoisele cacheresse" had not protected Artus, Morgain would have killed him. Artus tells him that, although he has often seen the damsel huntress, he only knows of her that she is the daughter of the king of Little Britain.

On the morrow, "a eure de prime," the lady of the lake arrives with a large suite, but disguised as a lady of sixty, so that Artus does not recognise her. On her entry into the hall, Artus pays her honours as befits her age. She draws him aside, tells him she loves him well, and warns him that Morgain will again try to injure him. A damsel, "qui est menistre Morgain," will bring him a cloak, most beautiful, but of such a nature that whoever puts it on will fall down dead. When she comes with the cloak, he should bid her try it first herself, and then he will see the result. If this damsel dies, Morgain will be sad, for she loves her much. Artus thanks her greatly, declaring that no lady ever did greater service to a knight than she to him.

After supper, a richly dressed damsel enters the hall, and, going to Artus, says: "Rois Artus salus vous mande la plus vaillans damoisele et la plus biele que je sache orendroit el monde, chou est la damoisele de l'isle faee." Then opening "un escrin d'argent" which she carries, she says her lady has heard Artus praised as the best of all kings, and, to honour him, sends him here "un mantiel de drap de soie si biel et si riche" as there was never another in the world. Remembering the lady of the lake's instructions, Artus bids the damsel try it first. The damsel declares, being "feme et damoisiele," she is not worthy of wearing a king's garment. But Artus orders her to do so, and the damsel, "qui n'entendoit nul mal en cele chose ne ne connissoit mie de quel forche li mantiaus estoit, si le met a son col et l'affable." No sooner has she done so than she falls dead. All are terrified at the sight of this wonder, and make the sign of the cross. Artus tells them that this mantle was intended to cause his death.

He then orders a great fire to be lit, and the damsel's body and mantle to be burnt. He then thanks the damsel of the lake, who is still disguised, for the great service she has rendered him, and asks her to beg whatever boon she likes, and he will grant it. The damsel declares she wants nothing. She cares for Artus, and therefore protects him. When Artus says he does not know why she is so kind to him, as he has never done anything for her, she replies: "Moi ne chaut, se vous ne me servés, vous servés tant de preudomes que se vous moriés, il n'est pas el monde que s'empresist les fais a soustenir

coume vous faites." She will go to her country the next day, and requests Artus, in return for the service she has rendered him, to always think as highly of honour and chivalry as he has done hitherto. Artus promises this, but declares he would much rather see her stay and become "la dame de cest ostel;" but she cannot do so. On the morrow she starts with her suite, and Artus returns to Carlion.

"Si laisse ore a tant li contes a parler et de l[a] dame et del roi et de toute la vie Merlin, et devisera d'une autre matiere qui parole dou graal, pour chou que c'est li commenchemens de cest livre."

The last eighteen folios of the Huth MS. contain what Malory relates in chapters xii. to xix. and in a small portion of chapter xx. of the fourth book.

In addition to the characteristic features of Malory's work, as compared with the text of the Huth MS., which have been repeatedly noticed, such as abridgment, omissions, slight modifications, and the insertion of proper names where they are missing in the French text, this portion is peculiarly marked by additional incidents absent from the "Suite" as represented by the Huth MS., and by a different order of the events.

In the beginning of the twelfth chapter Malory and the "Suite" agree in stating that the people, on hearing from Accolon that Arthur himself was his antagonist and is at present before them, kneel down and ask his pardon; but whilst in the "Suite" Arthur pardons them on the condition that they keep his name and the fight secret until his return to Camalaoth, Malory simply lets him say, "mercy shalle ye haue," and adds that they can see the sad consequences of his fighting one of his own knights. The arrangement that Damas, for whom Accolon fought, shall yield to Ontzelake (a name not mentioned at all in the "Suite"), for whom Arthur did battle, "alle the hole manoir with the appertenaunce vnder thys fourme," that Ontzelake shall hold the manor from Damas, and yearly give him a palfrey to ride upon, and all the details connected with this episode, occupying p. 134, 11, to p. 135, 10, are not to be found in the "Suite."

The statement: "Syre said syre Ontzelake / here by is a ryche abbey of your elders foundacyon of Nonnes but thre myle thens," corresponds to the passage of the Huth MS.: "si les amainnent si comme a une abeie de nonnains qui assés estoit près d'illuec." In spite of the grievous wounds both Arthur and Accolon have received, they ride to the abbey. Both accounts state that Accolon dies on the fourth day, but while in the "Suite" his body is carried to Camalaoth by "four" men, in Malory "six" men have to perform this sad duty.

In the thirteenth chapter Malory says: "on a day she (Morgan) aspyed Vryens lay in his bedde sleeping," &c.; in the "Suite" this is

the day after the hunt, when Arthur awakes in prison, Accolon at the well, and Vriens by the side of his wife, as Malory also mentions at the end of the sixth chapter, but does not repeat it on this occasion, as the "Suite" does, but simply says "on a day," without determining the day of Morgan's attempt on her husband's life. Owing to this alteration, Malory also omits that, when Vriens awakes the first time, he has lost his memory through Morgan's enchantment, is therefore not surprised to find himself in his own bed, and soon falls asleep again.

In the "Suite" the damsel whom Morgan bids fetch the sword does so reluctantly and with great fear, not venturing to contradict her mistress, and Uwayne ("Yvains" in the "Suite"), who sleeps close by, separated only by a curtain, hears all his mother tells the damsel. In Malory the damsel goes to Uwayne's chamber and tells him what his mother intends doing.

The second awakening of Uriens, when he has recovered his memory, wonders at being at home, as he remembers going to bed on board ship the night before, inquires about Arthur and Accolon, and finally goes back to the river, by the advice of Morgan, to seek his companions, &c.—all this is omitted by Malory.

In the beginning of the fourteenth chapter Malory writes: "Thenne came tydynges vnto Morgan le fay that Accolon was dede / and his body brought vnto the chirche," &c., whereas, according to the "Suite," Accolon's body is brought to the court. Guenever comes first and questions the porters, who tell her they can only deliver their message in Morgan's presence. Morgan is only then sent for, and she explains to the assembled court that this must be a "gas" of her brother Arthur. Malory passes this over in silence, thus leaving it unintelligible why the knights and Guenever do not imprison her at once. Malory omits the church of St. Stephen at Camalaoth as Accolon's burial-place, but this probably induced his statement that the body was brought to the church.

In the "Suite," Guenever (who dislikes her) grants Morgan, at once and willingly, the leave of absence she desires; in Malory, only after asking her if she cannot wait until Arthur's return, and being told that her business is urgent.

The company of thirty, viz., twelve damsels and knights and squires, whom Morgan takes with her, are not mentioned by Malory.

In the "Suite," Arthur, when, on awaking, he finds the sheath of Excalibor gone, asks his people if any one was in his room while he was sleeping, and is told that a lady whom they do not know, but whom he at once, from their description, recognises as his sister Morgain, came to his room and probably carried off the sheath.

In Malory, Arthur is told that "his sister Morgan" came and took the sheath away under her cloak (!); no one dared refuse her, being his sister.

According to Malory, Arthur bids Ontzelake accompany him, whilst the "Suite" simply states that he asked a knight to ride with him, but gives no name, nor does it even specify, as already noticed, that this knight is one of the brothers.

In the description of the sheath, the words "for it was heuy of gold and precious stones" have no equivalent in the "Suite."

The marble statues into which, according to the "Suite," Morgan transforms herself and her company by enchantment, correspond to Malory's "grete marbyl stone;" nevertheless, Malory, following the account of the "Suite," relates that when Arthur comes to the place he recognises various knights and his sister.

The passage, "for by his armyuestal contenaunce he wold haue caused vs to haue fled," corresponds in the "Suite" to the words: "car nous nel doutons pas petit," so that the French text affords no clue to the curious word "armyuestal."

In the "Suite," the knight who would drown Manassès (Manassen in "Le Morte Darthur") has already drowned his wife, whilst in Malory, to judge from the words "and she shalle haue the same dethe anone," he means to drown her after he has killed Manassen; yet Malory, here agreeing with the "Suite," has no mention of the wife's presence.

Malory also omits the enchantment which Morgan throws on the knight to make him release Manassen.

It is evidently through inadvertence that Malory makes Morgan le fay then ride on to the country "of Gorre" instead of to "Garlot," as in the "Suite."

The fact that Morgan bids Manassen tell Arthur, besides some other details, that she would have killed him had not the damsel of the lake, who knows more about enchantments than any being alive, protected him, is not mentioned by Malory. In the "Suite," Morgan adds that this damsel, who came but lately from Little Britain, has learnt her crafts from Merlin, the enchanter of enchanters, whom she has buried alive.

In the following section Malory does not observe the same sequence of incidents as the "Suite." In the latter, Arthur sends for Urien on his return to Camalaoth, tells him of Morgan's treachery, banishes Uwayne (Yvain) from the court, and Gawayne accompanies Uwayne. They meet the damsels who insult Marhaus' shield; after witnessing Marhaus' (in the "Suite," "Le Morhout") strength and chivalry in the fight with the two knights who protect the

damsels, they fight with him, become friends, stay with him, and set out together on adventures. They find the three damsels. Then Manassen's return and the episode of the mantle are related.

Malory states that, after his return, Arthur is welcomed by his people, who declare Morgan ought to be burnt; then follow Manassen's return and the episode of the mantle; and finally Uwayne's banishment, Uwayne's and Gawayne's departure from the court, their encounter with Marhaus, &c., are told.

The episode of the enchanted mantle, as Malory tells it, differs in various points from the account given in the "Suite."

In the French text the lady of the lake comes to Arthur, with a large suite, in the semblance of a lady of sixty years of age, and tells him that a damsel will shortly bring him a royal mantle, warning him at the same time not to put it on before seeing it on the bearer. According to Malory, the lady of the lake is in her right semblance, and the damsel with the mantle is already before Arthur. Malory skips the statement that this damsel pretends to be the messenger of "la damoisele de l'isle faee," but adds a minute description of the mantle not given in the French version.

Malory's statement, "and neuer more spake word after and brente to coles," is either a misunderstanding or an intentional modification of the source. In the "Suite," the damsel drops down dead immediately after putting the mantle on, but the mantle is not the cause of her being burnt to coal, as both her body and the mantle are burnt in a great fire at Arthur's command.

The conversation between Arthur and the damsel of the lake which follows in the "Suite," the reason she gives him for loving him, her refusal to stay at his court and become "dame de cest ostel," and her subsequent departure with all her suite are absent from Malory's account. This version of the episode is peculiar to the Huth MS., for, as will be shown later on, Malory brings the lady again, and repeatedly, on the scene in the rest of the fourth book.

The description of Uwayne's banishment also slightly varies from the account given in the "Suite," in which Arthur does not tell Uriens that Accolon mentioned Morgan's intention to kill him also, whilst various details in the "Suite" are not in "Le Morte Darthur."

In the "Suite," Gawayne and Uwayne learn from the damsels' song that the white shield belongs to Marhaus, and why they dishonour it. According to Malory, Gawayne asks the damsels, and they tell him.

In the "Suite," Gawayne does not reproach the damsels for dishonouring the shield, as he does in Malory's account.

Malory skips the passage in which the "Suite" describes how Marhaus, after cleaning the shield, kisses it, and gives loud vent to his joy.

Uwayne's, and more especially Gawayne's, fight with Marhaus are related by Malory in much the same way as in the "Suite," but it is worth notice that Malory by no means distinguishes exactly between "glaive" and "espee," as does the French text.

Gawayne's question, p. 143, 12-23, why Marhaus hates the damsels, and Marhaus' answer, are absent from the "Suite." The latter makes Gawayne and Uwayne stay four days with Marhaus; Malory, "seven days."

In the description of the damsels whom the three knights meet, Malory deviates from the "Suite" in stating that the eldest has a garland of gold round her head, the second a "serkelet" of gold, and the youngest a garland of flowers.

The reason why Uwayne gets the eldest of the three damsels, Marhaus the one of thirty, and Gawayne the youngest differs in the "Suite" and in Malory. In the "Suite," Uwayne selects the damsel of seventy because his two companions demur to staying a whole year with her; in Malory, because, as the eldest, she has the most experience. In the "Suite," the damsels have horses and the knights are accompanied by their squires; in Malory, "eueryche knyghte sette behynd his lady hym."

The "Suite de Merlin" as represented by the Huth MS. reaches to this point. The adventures of the three knights with the damsels, which form, with some other incidents, the ten last chapters of Malory's fourth book, are not in the Huth MS., and Malory's account is, up to the present day, the only extant version for this portion of the "Suite." The Huth MS. is not only imperfect, but from the remark quoted above in the analysis, that the quest of the Holy Grail now begins, as well as from the statement that the lady took leave of Arthur and returned to her country, we may infer that, for some reason unknown to us, the scribe of the Huth MS. broke off here, and, in order to make his work look complete, quoted a later passage from his original.[1]

Having now completed the critical examination of the "Suite de Merlin," as represented by the Huth MS., in its relation to Malory's "Le Morte Darthur," it is natural to ask if the MS. Malory used was a faithful copy of the Huth MS., and if we can attribute to the compiler all the variants between the English and French versions.

As long as the Huth MS. is the only known French text of this romance, it is obviously impossible to answer this question with abso-

[1] Compare also M. G. Paris' remarks on the lengths of the three parts of the false Robert de Boron's work in the Introduction to the Huth MS.

lute certainty; but even at present I am disinclined, after considering all the circumstances of the case, to ascribe all the variants to Malory, but rather hold that many were already present in the MS. of the "Suite" which he used, especially the great number of proper names. I would explain the relations between the Huth MS. and Malory's prototype in much the same way as I explained the relationship of the various MSS. of the Vulgate-Merlin (p. 32)—viz., that various MSS. descended from the original MS. of the "Suite de Merlin" as combined with Robert de Boron's "Joseph" and "Merlin." These were copied in their turn, and during this process special features were introduced by different scribes. The Huth MS. and the one Malory used thus belong evidently to different stages in the development of the MSS., the Huth MS. being, I believe, of earlier date than that used by Malory.

Reserving reflections on Malory's workmanship for a later chapter, it only remains for me here to describe briefly the place of the Huth MS. in the history of the Arthurian romances. This has already been done in the most ingenious manner by M. G. Paris in his Introduction to the Huth "Merlin," and I cannot do better than summarily indicate the conclusions at which he has arrived.

After pointing out that the romance of Merlin as contained in the Huth MS. consists, like the Vulgate-Merlin, of a prose-rendering of Robert de Boron's poem, a "Continuation" of the same, and a "Suite," and that in both cases there is nothing in the French MSS. to indicate where the work of the genuine Robert ends and that of the continuator begins, M. Gaston Paris conclusively shows, by internal evidence, that the author of the "Suite" cannot possibly be Robert de Boron. Further, the writer of the "Suite" must have been acquainted with various romances which we can safely affirm were unknown to Robert de Boron. Thirdly, the "messire Helie," repeatedly mentioned by the false Robert de Boron as his "companion of arms," was in reality a man who lived before him, and the author of a "Conte du brait" now lost.

The "Suite," like the Vulgate-Merlin, was intended to form a link between Robert de Boron's "Merlin" and the "Lancelot" and other romances. Various passages and references in the "Suite" prove that its writer was acquainted with the "Conte du brait," the "Lancelot," "La Mort au roi Artus," and the "Tristan."

As far as the contents of the "Suite" are concerned, it consists of two groups of elements—viz., developments of indications contained in the romances known to the writer, and stories either borrowed from elsewhere or invented by the writer.[1]

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[1] Compare Introduction to the Huth MS., vol. i. pp. xl–l.

The writer of the "Suite" mentions, on fol. 125[d] (ed. p. 212), that his book was to consist of three parts—the first from an undetermined point to where Balaain finds the damsel (fol. 125[d]), the second from fol. 125[d] to the beginning of the quest of the Holy Grail, and the third from the beginning of this quest to the death of Lancelot and King Mark.

The writer does not state where his first part, which terminates on fol. 125[d], begins, but we can safely say at the beginning of the Huth MS. It thus comprised:—(1) the "Joseph of Arimathea;" (2) the "Merlin" by Robert de Boron; and (3) the writer's own work, occupying 125 folios. Bearing in mind that the second and third parts equalled the first in length, the second would have finished on fol. 250 and the third on fol. 375. As the Huth MS. finishes on fol. 230, we may conclude that part ii. wants about twenty folios, which probably contained the events related in the last ten chapters of Malory's fourth book. The Huth MS. is thus abridged as well as imperfect, and the paragraph relating to the beginning of the Grail quest is anticipated from a later folio (probably fol. 225) of the original MS.

Bearing in mind the indications contained in parts i. and ii. as we have them, M. Gaston Paris concludes that this third part, which likewise comprised some 125 folios, contained a Grail quest, which probably served as a basis to the quest we now possess, and which is incorporated in the "Lancelot," and attributed to "Gautier Map," and also other adventures of Arthur, Lancelot, and Tristan. It by no means necessarily follows that this third part is due to the writer of the first and second parts.[1]

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[1] Huth MS., Introd. pp. lxii–lxiii. M. Gaston Paris says: "Voici au contraire comment nous nous représentons les choses: le *Perceval* de Robert de Boron avait été remplacé par une *Queste du saint graal* où le héros privilégié était non plus Perceval, mais Galaad; ce Roman était mis sous le nom de Robert de Boron, par une supercherie qui se comprend sans peine, puisqu'il était destiné à prendre la place du *Perceval* de [illegible]bert. D'autre part le *Joseph* et le *Merlin* de Robert, réduits en prose, continuaient à [illegible]son nom. Notre compilateur a fabriqué avec les éléments que nous avons cherché à [illegible]tre, sa continuation du *Merlin* pour rattacher le *Joseph* et le *Merlin* à cette *Ques*[illegible] s'est donné tout naturellement lui-même pour Robert de Boron, auteur réel des deu[illegible] premiers, auteur prétendu du troisième de ces romans. Comme d'autre part il connaissait les romans de *Lancelot*, de la *Mort Arthur*, de *Tristran* et du *Brait Merlin*, il [illegible]emé son œuvre d'annonces et d'allusions relatives à leur récits, et il a complété, p[illegible]ques emprunts qu'il leur a faits, la *Queste* qu'il comptait annexer à sa compi[illegible] Il a divisé son œuvre en trois parties dont la troisième seule a un commenc[illegible] une fin donnés par le récit lui-même: elle était consacrée presque en entier au [illegible]raal, c'est-à-dire à la *Queste*, sauf des renvois aux autres romans pour la fir[illegible]rinci-paux personnages. La longueur de cette troisième partie l'a seule gu[illegible]ns la division en deux parties du reste de son œuvre: pour que les trois parties [illegible]t une dimension égale, il a mis dans la première le *Joseph*, le *Merlin* et un fragi[illegible] de sa

The author of the "Suite" evidently knew still less of England than did Robert de Boron, and the whole bears the unmistakable stamp of French workmanship. According to all probability, it was composed between 1225 and 1230. In comparison with other romances of the same kind, the "Suite" is certainly inferior, from the author's undue tendency to introduce mystical and supernatural elements.

D. "LA MORTE ARTHURE": THORNTON MS.

BOOK V.

FOR the fifth book of "Le Morte Darthur" in Caxton's edition Malory principally used the "La Morte Arthure" by the Scotch poet Huchown as we possess it in the MS. of Robert Thornton in the Lincoln Cathedral Library.[1] Now and then, however, Malory embodies facts into his narrative, in contradiction to Huchown, which he can only have found either in Wace's Brut, in Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, in Layamon's Brut, or in the "Suite

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continuation coupée à l'endroit voulu, dans la seconde le reste de sa continuation. Aussi s'est formée la compilation que nous ne possédons plus telle quelle, et qui a dû d'ailleurs comme nous le verrons, être réduite de bonne heure à une forme à peu de chose près aussi imparfaite que celle où elle nous est parvenue. La troisième partie a été négligée du moment où la *Queste* qu'elle contenait, remaniée en plusieurs points, a été incorporée au *Lancelot*. Quant à la seconde, celle qui nous est arrivée dans le seul manuscrit Huth, elle fut plus tard également delaissée par suite de la concurrence victorieuse qui lui fit l'autre continuation du *Merlin*, celle que nous avons appelée la vulgate," &c.

I cannot help thinking that the attribution of the authorship of the Prose-*Perceval* to Robert de Boron, and the substitution of Galahad for Perceval in the "Queste," are rather problematical arguments. On what grounds can we affirm that Robert, of whom we only possess poetry, has also written prose? And how very unlikely is it that a writer or scribe of a "Queste" should substitute Galahad for Perceval without most serious reasons. I think it is more probable that there existed from the outset two [illegible]ns of the "Queste del Saint Graal," and that these two versions were late. [illegible]ufounded and mixed up in the "Queste" when it was embodied into the "La[illegible] —H.O.S.

[1] T[illegible] lationship of the "La Morte Arthure" of the Thornton MS. to the Historia Britonum [illegible] of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Wace's Brut, Layamon's Brut, and Robert of Gloucester[illegible]s and Peter Langtoft's Chronicles has been investigated by P. Branscheid, Anglia, [illegible] pp. 179–236, 1885 (Hallens. dissert. 1885). In order to facilitate the comparis[illegible]'s results and my own, I have adopted the same abbreviations as he so th[illegible]lerstand by:

"[illegible] Thomas Malory's Le Morte Darthur.

"[illegible]lfredi Monumetensis Historia Britonum. Nunc primum in Anglia novem codd. [illegible]ollatis edidit J. A. Giles; Londini 1844. 8vo. Translated by the same in "Six [illegible]glish Chronicles." London, 1848. 8vo.

"W[illegible]Vace's Le Roman de Brut (xiie siècle), publié pour la première fois d'après

de Merlin." Malory has suppressed Huchown's ending, as it did not suit his purpose.

MA. begins with the poet's invocation of God's grace, praying that he may be enabled to write words

"Plesande *and* profitabille to the popule *that* theme heres."

Hereafter the readers are requested to listen attentively to the adventures

"Off the ryealle renkys of the Rownnde Table."

These knights are noble, wise, "doughty in theire doynges," courteous, and worshipful; they have achieved many marvellous feats of arms; they have overcome the Roman Emperor Lucius. Their expedition against Lucius forms the subject of the romance.

When King Arthur had finished his glorious wars, and conquered many kingdoms and countries, and regained all that King Vther once had in his possession, as "Orgayle," "Orkenay," "alle this owte-isles," "Irelande," "Occyane," "Scottlande," "Wales," "Flaundrez," "Fraunce," "Holaund," "Henawde," "Burgoyne," "Brabane," "Bretayne the lesse," "Gyane," "Gothelande," "Grece," "Bayone," "Burdeux," "Turoyne," "Tholus," "Peyters," "Prouynce," "Valence," "Vyenne," "Eruge," "Anyone," "Nauerne," "Norwaye," "Normaundye," "Almayne," "Estriche," "Danmarke," "Swynne," and "Swetherwyke," he dubs his knights and richly rewards them. He appoints his cousins kings of various conquered countries. He then rests, and holds in all royal splendour his Round Table. After spending some time in Britain he goes to Wales "for to hunt at the hartes;" by the consent of his lords he founds "Caerlyone,"

"On the riche reuare *that* rynnys so faire,"

i.e., the Usk.

At "Carlelele" he gathers all his knights at Christmas for a great

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les Manuscrits des Bibliothèques de Paris, avec un commentaire et des notes par Le Roux de Lincy. Rouen, 1836–38. 3 vols. 8vo.

"L."—Layamon's Brut or Chronicle of Britain; a poetical semi-Saxon paraphrase of the Brut of Wace. Now first published from the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, accompanied by a literal translation, notes, and a Grammatical Glossary by Sir Frederic Madden. London, 1847. 3 vols. 8vo.

"R."—The Metrical Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, edited by W. Aldis Wrig. London, 1887. 2 vols. 8vo.

"P."—The Chronicle of Pierre de Langtoft in French Verse. From the earliest period to the death of King Edward I. By Th. Wright. London, 1866-68. 2 vols. 8vo.

"MA."—Morte Arthure or The Death of Arthur. Ed. from R. Thornton's MS., Lincoln Cathedral Library, by E. Brock. London, 1871. 8vo. E.-E.T.S.

I have also looked through "The Cronycles of England," by Douglas, a monk of Glastonbury, and continued by W. Caxton, London, 1480, fol., and afterwards several times reprinted, also once in 1497 at "Andewarpe," by Gerard de leew, but they follow the versions of the earlier Chronicles, and differ in the main points from MA. and M.

festival. A stately assembly of dukes, peers, earls, bishops, &c., surrounds the great conqueror; indeed, there was never so noble a feast seen. Nobody is allowed to depart till ten days have expired. On New Year's Day, when all are feasting, there suddenly appears a senator from Rome with sixteen knights.

M. condenses into three the contents of the first eighty lines of MA. MA. places the great festival at Christmas and the following New Year's Day; W., L., R., and P. at Arthur's coronation at Whitsuntide; in all four it takes place at Carleon; M. specifies neither time nor place. M. also omits the catalogue of the various countries conquered by Arthur, simply stating: "after longe werre" Arthur "rested and helde a Ryal feeste." As against MA., but in accordance with W., L., R., and P., M. speaks of twelve "auncyen men berynge eche of them a braunche of Olyue in token that they cam as Embassatours," &c. G.: "ecce duodecim viri maturæ ætatis reverendi vultus, ramos, olivæ in signum legationis in dextris ferentes."

Compare W. "Es vous douse homes blans, quenus
D'olive portent en lor mains."
R. "þer come in twelf olde men. wiþ euene pas þere.
Of oliue as in signe. þat hii aȝen pays nere."
L. "þar comen twealf cnihtes,
ohte men and wihte."
P. "U xij. gentils chuvalers venent de meure age."

It is, however, more probable that Malory derived this information from the "Suite de Merlin," as I have pointed out in a former chapter (*supra*, p. 66). The passage in the Huth MS., fol. 85[a], runs thus: "Et en che que li rois mengoit, es vous par laiens entrer douze hommes qui tout estoient vestu de blanc samit. Et estoient tout li honme viel et auchien et tout blanc de kenissure(s), et portoit chascuns en sa main un rain d'olive par senefiance."

When the ambassadors have come into the king's presence they greet him from Sir Lucius Iberius, Emperor of Rome, who considers Arthur as his vassal, and desires him to appear at Lammas next before him at Rome with all his knights of the Round Table, in order to explain why, instead of doing him homage and recognising him as sovereign lord, Arthur rebels against him, and withholds the tribute due from him. In case Arthur disobeys this order, Lucius will invade England and imprison the king. Moreover, the rolls and register of Rome state that Arthur's father paid tribute:

"That Iulius Cesar wane wyth his ientille knyghttes."

Hearing these bold words, Arthur becomes very angry, and looks so fierce that the messengers are frightened, and one of them cries for

mercy, declaring that it was not their fault: they had but to fulfil the orders of him who had sent them.

"Haa! crauaunde knyghte! a cowarde *the* semez!"

is Arthur's reply. The senator excuses himself, saying Arthur's face is too dreadful to look at: he resembles a furious lion.

M., following MA., as against G., W., L., R., and P., makes the Roman ambassadors deliver an oral message instead of a letter. The contents of the letter or speech are nearly the same in all versions, only more or less detailed. M. speaks of "Emperour Lucius," with the anomalous addition "whiche was called at that tyme Dictatour or procurour of the publyke wele of Rome." G. calls him at first only "Lucius Tiberius," and in the letter to Arthur "Reipublicæ procurator" (p. 174), and later on "imperator" (p. 196), but evidently in the sense of "chief of the army," as he speaks of the Emperor Leo in other passages. In W. the name is here "Luces," later on "Licius Yber," once describing his dignity as:

"Luces qui Rome em baillie
Et de Rome la signorie,"

but he generally calls him "emperere." In L., "Luces" alone occurs, with the title "kaysere." M. evidently noticed the contradiction in the sources, and tried to avoid it by giving to his "Lucius" all three titles.

In M. and MA., Arthur bids the ambassadors wait for an answer till he has consulted with his dukes, barons, doctors, peers, and knights. M., as well as W. and L., as against MA. and G., relates that several of the knights are so indignant at the Roman message that they start up and wish to punish the ambassadors. But Arthur prevents this, and commands them to conduct the ambassadors to their chambers and provide them with all necessaries. He wishes them to be treated as well as possible.

In MA. follows an elaborate description of the gorgeous entertainment of the Romans (ll. 176–242) not to be found in the other sources, including M.

Compare M. 161, 5. "and that noo deyntee be spared /" and MA. 162. "Spare for no spycerye."

M. 161, 5. "/ For the Romayns ben grete lordes /" MA. 175. "As of *the* realste blode *that* reynede in erthe."

With line 7, p. 161, M. takes up the account as given in MA., but considerably condenses it. The remainder of chapter i. relates how Arthur takes counsel with his lords and barons as to what answer he should give to Lucius. MA. and G. describe the council as taking place in the "geauntes toure," "in giganteam turrim;" W. speaks of

"tor perrine, Que lon apeloit Gingantine;" L. only mentions a tower of stone; M. does not give any specification of the place at all.[1] According to all the versions, Cador speaks first, and much to the same effect. M. (161, 10–14) agrees as closely as his conciseness permits with MA. 247–257. Compare especially the following lines of MA. with M.:—

MA. "*The* letters of *sir* Luci*us* lyghttys myne herte!"
M. "Syre this message lykes me wel."

MA. "We hafe as losels liffyde many longe daye."
M. "for we haue many dayes rested vs and haue ben ydle." &c.

Arthur's reply in M. follows G., W., L., and R. more closely than MA. and P. The names Bellinus and Brenius occur in G.; Constantyn is called the son of "Heleyne" by G., W., L., and R., but not by MA. Bawdewyne as one of the kings of Britain occurs only in MA. G., W., L., and R. also mention "Maximian," omitted by M. and MA.

The second and third chapters of the fourth book of M. correspond to ll. 288–750 of MA. MA., M., and P. omit Howel as the second speaker, as against G., W., L., and R. M., which previously has always styled "Anguysshe" King of Ireland, makes him here King of Scotland, in accordance with the other versions. For this speech M. follows MA. very closely, repeating to a great extent the very terms and phrases, as is seen in the following passages:—

MA. p. 10.	M. chap. ii. p. 161.
288 *Th*an answarde kyng Aungers to Arthure hym seluyne, "Thow aughte to be ou*er*lynge ou*er* alle o*ther* kynges,	Thenne ansuerd kynge Anguysshe of Scotland / Syr ye oughte of right to be above al other kynges /
290 ffore wyseste, and worthyeste, and wyghteste of haundes, The knyghtlyeste of counsaile *th*at euer corone bare;	for vnto yow is none lyke ne pareylle in Crystendome/of kny3hode ne of dygnyte /
I dare saye fore Scottlande, *th*at we theme schathe lympyde, Whene *the* Romaynes regnede, *th*ay raunsounde oure eldyrs, And rade in theire ryotte, and rauyschett oure wyfes, 295 W*ith*-owttyne resone or ryghte refte vs oure gudes; And I salle make myne avowe deuotly to Criste, And to *the* haly v*er*nacle, vertuus and noble, Of this grett velany I salle be venged ones On 3one venemus mene, wyth valiant knyghtes!	& I counceylle you neuer to obey the Romayns / for whan they regned on vs / they destressyd oure elders / and putte this land to grete extorcions & taylles / wherfore I make here myn auowe to auenge me on them / and for to strengthe
300 I salle the forthire of defence fosterde ynewe, ffifty thowsande mene, wyth-in two eldes,	youre quarel I shal furnysshe xx M good

[1] R. has: "E se mette al chastel de geaunterye."

Of my wage for to wende, whare so the lykes,
To fyghte wyth thy ffaamene, *that* vs unfaire ledes."

men of warre and wage them on my costes / whiche shal awayte on yow with myself whan it shal please yow /

In MA. follow speeches by the King of Little Britain, "the Walsche kynge," "syr Ewayne," and "Launcelot" which do not occur in any of the other versions. M. and MA. alone speak of "the kyng of lytil Brytayne;" in G. and W. he is named "Hoel," in R. "Howel." The further names in M. of the kings and lords who promise Arthur their assistance are drawn from MA., but the number of soldiers which each pledges himself to send are probably invented by M., as they do not occur in any other version.

M. 162, 2. "the lord of westwalis." MA. 319. "'A! A!' sais the Walsche kynge," &c. 322. "In West Walys i-wysse," &c.

M. 162, 3. "syr Vwayne." MA. 337. "Syre Ewayne fytz Vryence."

"Syre Ider his sone," *i.e.*, Vwayne's, M. 162, 3, is not mentioned in MA. at the place in question, but later on, l. 1490: "Sir Idrus fitz Ewayne thane 'Arthure!' ascryez."

M. 162, 4. "syre launcelot." MA. 368–381. "'By oure Lorde,' quod sir Launcelot," &c.

M. 162, 5-7, represent ll. 395–406 of MA., Arthur's speech, in which he thanks his knights for their readiness and courage, winding up with the words:

"I acounte no kynge *th*at vndyr Criste lyffes
Whill*es* I see 3owe all*e* sounde, I sette be no more."

MA. 407–418 tells how, after the council, all are merry: music, dancing, and feasting follow each other. On the seventh day the senator asks for the reply, and receives it from Arthur, "after the Epiphanye," surrounded by all his dignitaries. M. suppresses this passage entirely. The reply given to the ambassadors, M. 162, 9-23, corresponds briefly to MA. 419–482, but is more like W. and L. M. and all other versions omit Arthur's order to the Romans to leave the country within seven days, reaching "Sandwyche" on the seventh day, and passing by "Watling Street." He adds that if one of them is found on the eighth day in England, he shall be torn by horses or hanged up for the dogs to gnaw. Differing from MA. 476–478, but agreeing with W. and L., M. relates that Arthur gives large presents to the ambassadors.

M. 162, 25, and MA. 481 agree in stating that Sir Cador is selected by the king to convey the Romans safely to Sandwich; no other version mentions this incident.

According to M. 162, 27 and 28, the ambassadors pass by "Sandwyche," "flaundres," "Almayn," "the montayns," and "all ytalye"; in

MA. 490–91, "Sandwyche"; 493–94, "Flaundrez"; 496, "Almayne"; 497, "Mount Godarde"; 498–99, "Lumbardy" and "Tuskayne."

Upon their return to Lucius they tell him all they heard and saw at Arthur's court: MA. 504–53; M. 162, 29, to 163, 12. The detailed account given in MA. is considerably shortened by M., and again is more like the corresponding passage in W. and L. Here M., forgetting the previous deviation from MA., suddenly speaks of "one of the senatours," and mentions that he and his companions were frightened when they "beholde his countenaunce," *i.e.*, Arthur's, evidently alluding to the incident already mentioned as occurring in MA., but omitted in M.

Compare, more particularly, M. 163, 4-8, with MA. 522–24:

> "Thy nedes this new ȝere, I notifiede my selfene
> Be-fore *th*at noble of name *and* neynsom*e* of kynges;
> In the moste reale place of *th*e Rounde Table," &c.

Further, M. 163, 9-12, with MA. 534–36:

> "The knyghtlyeste creato*ur*e in Cristyndome haldene,
> Of kynge or of conquer*our*, crownede in erthe,
> Of countenaunce, of corage, of crewelle lates," &c.

The reply of Lucius on hearing Arthur's message, MA. 554–569, corresponds in part only to M. 163, 14-17, but is not to be found in any of the other versions. "Ianeweyes"[1] and "myghty warryours of Tuskane and lombardye" must be M.'s invention.

MA. 570–613 is closely followed by M. 163, 16-32, though much compressed:—

570	Thane *sir* Luci*us* lordlyche l*ett*res he sendys Onone in-to *th*e Oryente, with austeryne knyghtez, Tille Ambyganye and Orcage, and Alysaundyre eke, To Inde and to Ermonye, as Ewfrates rynnys, To Asye, and to Affrike, and Ewrope *th*e large,	and forthwith sente old wyse knyghtes vnto these countrayes folowynge / fyrste to ambage and arrage / to Alysaundrye / to ynde . to hermonye / where as the ryuer of Eufrates renneth in to Asye / to Auffryke / and Europe the large /
575	To Irritayne, and Elamet, and alle *th*ase owte ilez; To Arraby and Egipt, tille erles and o*ther*, That any erthe occupyes in *th*ase este marches Of Damaske and Damyat, and dukes and erles;	to ertayne and Elamye to Arabye / Egypte and to damaske / to damyete

[1] The form "Ianeweyes" occurs, I think, in MA. 374: "Emange alle his geauntez genyuers and other." E. Brock quotes in his Glossary, p. 163, "genyuers" as a form unknown to him. I do not know it either, but I think it is a mis-spelling of "genyuees." This is very probable when we read l. 559, "Many geaunte of geene"; 2890, "Iolyan of Iene, a geante."

ffor drede of his daungere they dresside *the*me sone;
580 Of Crete and of Capados the hono*u*rable kyngys

and Cayer (?) / to Capadoce /

Come at his co*m*maundmente, clenly at ones;
To Tartary *and* Turky, whe*n*e tythynngez es come*n*e,
They t*ur*ne in by Thebay, terauntez full*e* hugge,
The flo*ur* of *the* faire folke, of Amazonnes landes;
585 All*e* thate ffaillez on *the* felde be forfette fore eu*er*e!
Of Babyloyne and Baldake the burlyche knyghtes,
Bayo*us* w*ith* *th*eire baronage bydez no langere;
Of P*er*ce, and of Pamphile, and Prete*r* Iohne landes,

to tarce / Turkye

pounce (?) / and pampoylle /

Iche prynce w*ith* his powere appertlyche graythede;
590 The Sowdane of Surrye assemblez his knyghtes,
ffra Nylus to Nazarethe, nommers full*e* huge;
To Garyere *and* Galelé *th*ey gedyre all*e* at ones;
The Sowdanes that ware sekyre sowdeours to Rome

to Surrye

and gallacye / And alle these were subgette to Rome and many moo /

They gadyrede ou*er*e *th*e Grekkes See w*ith* greuo*us* wapyns,
595 In theire grete galays, wyth glete*r*ande scheldez;
The kynge of Cyprys on*e* *th*e see *th*e Sowdane habydes,
W*ith* all*e* *th*e reall*e*s of Roodes, arayede w*ith* hym*e* one;
They sailede w*ith* a syde wynde oure *th*e salte strandez:
Sodanly *th*e Sarezenes, as them*e* selfe lykede,
600 Craftyly at Cornett the kynges are aryefede,
ffra *th*e cetē of Rome sexti myle large.
Be that the Grekes ware graythede, a full*e* gret nombyre,
The myghtyeste of Macedone, w*ith* men*e* of *th*a marches,
Pull*e* and Pruyslande presses w*ith* *other*,
605 The lege-mene of Lettow w*ith* legyons ynewe:

as Grece /

Cypres /

Macydone/(Calabre/ Cateland / portyngale with many thousandes of spaynyardys)

Thus they semble in sortes, su*m*mes fulle huge,
Sowdanes and Sarazenes, owt of sere landes,
The Sowdane of Surry and sextene kynges,
At the cetee of Rome assemblede at ones.

Thus alle these kynges / dukes / and admyrals assembled aboute Rome with xvj kynges attones with grete multytude of peple /

610 Thane yschewes *the* emp*er*o*ur* armede at ryghtys,
Arayede w*ith* his Romaynes appon*e* ryche stedys;

whan themperour vnderstood their comyng / he made redy his Romayns / and alle the people bytwene him & Flaundres / Also he hadde goten wyth hym fyfty Geaunts whiche had ben engendered of fendys

Sexty geauntes be-fore, engenderide w*ith* fendez,

/ And they were ordeyned to garde his persone / and to breke the frounte of the bataylle of kynge Arthur /

A comparison of these two passages with one another and with the account given in the other versions shows beyond doubt that M. follows or copies MA. Certain variations are, however, noticeable, which it is difficult to explain.

Did M. intentionally alter MA., or did the copy of MA. he saw differ from the Thornton MS.? The sequence of the names of countries, with the exception of a few omissions, being the same in both versions, how can it be explained that M. writes "Cayer" for "Crete," "Turce" for "Tartary," "Pounce" for "Perce," "Gallacye" for "Garyere" or "Galele"? M. omits several places, and adds Calabre, Cateland, portyngale. All other versions vary in this account considerably; if MA. had no other source, unknown to us, Branscheid is right in attributing this enumeration of various countries to Huchown.

The remaining nine lines of the second chapter of book iv. in M. only very slightly resemble the corresponding lines in MA., 613–24. As none of the other versions contains any facts like those in M., I am inclined to ascribe this conclusion to M. There is one line which, to a certain extent, suggests that here also M. had MA. before him, if it be admissible to suppose his copy of MA. read "Colone" for "Colome," viz.:

MA. "In the contré of Colome castelles enseggez"
M. "vnto Coleyne / and byseged a castel there by."

M. inserts the names of "Burgoyne" and "the Royame of lytyl Bretayne" from a later portion of the narrative.

The third chapter of book iv. of M. varies considerably from MA. and from all other versions, but MA. has certainly furnished many details.

Compare MA. 624. "At the vtas of Hillary"
636. "In the palez of ȝorke a parlement he haldez"
633–635. "He sendez furthe sodaynly *ser*geantes of armes,
To all*e* hys mariners on rawe, to areste hym schippys;
At Sandwyche on *the* see, saile whene hym lykes."
640–643. "I am in p*ur*pos to passe p*er*ilous wayes,
To kaire w*ith* my kene mene, to conquere ȝone landes,
To owttraye myne enmy, ȝif auenture it schewe,
That ocupyes myne heritage, *the* empyre of Rome,"

with M. 164, 7–12: "kynge Arthur / that commaunded all them of his retenue to to be redy atte vtas of hyllary for to holde a parlement at yorke / And at that parlement was concluded to areste alle the nauye of the lond and to be redy within xv dayes at sandwyche," &c.

M. then goes on to state that Arthur leaves his kingdom and his wife, Gueneuer, to the care of "Syre Bawdewyn of Bretayne" and "syr Constantyn sone to syre Cador of Cornewaylle," "wherfore syre

launcelot was wrothe"; but the reason M. adduces, "for he lefte syre Trystram with kynge Marke for the loue of beal Isoulde," is unintelligible. The incident of Gueneuer's fainting, upon taking leave of Arthur, is again drawn from MA., as well as the words, "I wyl that syre Constantyn be myn heyer and kyng crowned of this royame as next to my blood," though in MA. they occur only when Arthur is dying.

ll. 4316–17. "Constantyne my cosyne he salle the corowne bere,
Alls be-commys hym of kynde, ȝife Criste wille hym thole!"

It is remarkable that MA. and M. mention "Sandwich" as the place where Arthur's armies gather and set out to sea. The other versions name: G., "Hamo"; W., L., and R., Suthantone, Southamptone, and Suhamptoun. Considering that Arthur planned to, and really did, cross over to Normandy, it is more natural that Southampton should be the port chosen than Sandwich in Kent, a fact which, as Branscheid justly remarks, misled M., whose geographical knowledge is not his strong point, to suppose (166, 4) that Barflete, *i.e.*, Barfleur, was in Flaundres, whereas it is in Normandy.

The fourth chapter of book iv. in M. is, throughout, a prose-rendering of MA. 756–839. None of the other versions contains such a detailed description of the dream and its interpretation. In order to show as clearly as possible to what extent M. follows MA., I have printed the two texts side by side. The passages in brackets are M.'s additions. M., ignoring perhaps the northern dialect, reads, in line 775 of MA., "bore" for "bere."

MA. 756–839.	M. v. chap. iv.
The kynge was in a gret cogge, *with* knyghtez fulle many,	And as the kynge laye in his caban in the shyp / he fyll in a slomerynge and dremed a meruayllous dreme / hym semed that a dredeful dragon dyd drowne moche of his peple / and he cam fleynge oute of the west /
In a cabane enclosede, clenlyche arayede;	
With-in on a ryche bedde rystys a littylle,	
And *with the* swoghe of *the* see in swefnynge he felle.	
760 Hym dremyd of a dragone, dredfulle to be-holde,	
Come dryfande ou*er the* depe to drenschene hys pople,	
Ewene walkande owte of the weste landez,	
Wanderande vnworthyly ouere the wale ythez;	
Bothe his hede and hys hals ware halely alle ou*er*	and his hede was enameled with asure / and his shoulders shone as gold / (his taylle ful of tatters)
765 Oundyde of azure, enamelde fulle faire:	
His scoulders ware schalyde alle in clene sylu*ere*	
Schreede ou*er* alle *the* schry*m*pe w*ith* schrinkande poyntez;	
Hys wombe and hys wenges of wondyrfulle hewes,	his bely lyke maylles of a meruey-llous hewe /
In m*er*uaylo*us* maylys he mou*n*tede fulle hye	

770 Whayme *that* he towchede he was tynt for eu*er*!
Hys feete ware floreschede alle in fyne sabylle,
And syche a ven*n*ymo*us* flayre flowe fro his lyppez;
That the flode of *the* flawez alle one fyre semyde!

his feet ful of fyne sable / (and his clawes lyke fyne gold) And an hydous flamme of fyre flewe oute of his mouthe / lyke as the lande and water had flammed all of fyre /

Thane come of *the* Oryente ewyne hyme agaynez,
775 A blake busto*us* bere abwene in the clowdes,
W*ith* yche a pawe as a poste, and paumes fulle huge,
W*ith* pykes fulle p*er*ilo*us*, alle plyande *th*ame semyde,

After hym semed there came oute of thoryent / a grymly bore al blak in a c*l*owde / and his pawes as bygge as a post

Lothene and lothely, lokkes and o*ther*,
Alle w*ith* lutterde legges, lokerde vnfaire,
780 ffiltyrde vnfrely, wyth fomannde lyppez,
The foulleste of fegure that fo*ur*mede was eu*er*!
He baltyrde, he bleryde, he b*r*aundyschte *ther*-after;
To bataile he bou*n*nez hym w*ith* busto*us* clowez:
He romede, he rarede, that roggede alle the erthe!

he was rugged lokynge roughly /

he was the foulest beest that euer man sawe / he rored and romed so hydously that it were merueill to here /

785 So ruydly he rappyd at to ryot hym seluene!
Thane the dragone on dreghe dressede hyme-a-ȝaynez
And w*ith* hys duttez hym drafe one dreghe by *the* walkyne:

Then the dredeful dragon avaunced hym and cam in the wynde

He fares as a fawcone, frekly he strykez;
Bothe w*ith* feete and w*ith* fyre he feghttys at ones!

lyke a fawcon gyuynge grete strokes on the bore /

790 The bere in the bataile *the* bygger hym semyde,
And byttes hyme boldlye wyth balefulle tuskez;

and the bore hytte hym ageyne with his grysly tuskes /

Syche buffetez he hym rechez w*ith* hys brode klokes
Hys brest and his bra*th*elle whas blodye alle ou*er*!
He rawmpyde so ruydly that alle *the* erthe ryfez,
795 Rynnande one reede blode as rayne of the heuene!

that his brest was al blody / and that the hote blood made alle the see reed of his blood /

He hade weryede the worme by wyghtnesse of strengthe,
Ne ware it fore *the* wylde fyre *that* he hyme wyth defendez.
Thane wandrys *the* worme awaye to hys heghttez,
Commes glydande fro *the* clowddez, and cowpez fulle euene;
800 Towchez hym wyth his talounez, and terez hys rigge,
Betwyx *the* taile and the toppe tene fote large!
Thus he brittenyde the bere, and broghte hyme olyfe,
Lette hyme falle in the flode, fleete whare hyme lykes:
So they brynge *the* bolde kyng bynne *the* schippe-burde,
805 *Th*at nere he bristez for bale, one bede whare he lyggez.

Thenne the dragon flewe awey al on a heyȝte / and come doune with suche a swough and smote the bore on the rydge whiche was x foote large fro the hede to the taylle / and smote the bore all to powdre bothe flesshe and bonys / that it flutteryd al abrode on the see

Thane waknez *the* wyese kynge, wery fore-trauaillede,
Takes hyme two phylozophirs, that folowede hyme euer,
In the seuyne scyence the suteleste fondene,
The cony[n]geste of clergye vndyre Criste knowene;
810 He tolde *the*me of hys tourmente, *that* tyme *that* he slepede,

And therwith the kynge awoke anone / and was sore abasshed of this dreme / And sente anone for a wyse philosopher / commaundynge to telle hym the sygnyfycacion of his dreme /

"Drechede w*ith* a dragone, and syche a derfe beste,
Has mad me fulle wery; ȝe telle me my swefene,
Ore I mone swelte as swythe, as wysse me oure Lorde!"
"Sir," saide *the*y sone thane, thies sagge philosopherse,
815 "The dragone *that th*ow dremyde of, so dredfulle to schewe,

Syre sayd the philosopher / the dragon that thow dremedest of /

That come dryfande ou*er the* deepe, to drynchene thy pople,
Sothely and certayne thy seluene it es,
That thus saillez ou*er the* see w*ith* thy sekyre knyghtez:
The colurez *that* ware castyne appone his clere wengez
820 May be thy kyngrykez alle, that thow has ryghte wonnyne;
And the tachesesede taile, w*ith* tonges so huge,
Be-takyns *this* faire folke, that in thy fleet wendez.
The bere that bryttenede was abowene in *the* clowdez,
Be-takyns the tyrauntez *that* to*ur*mentez thy pople;
825 Or elle*s* w*ith* som*me* gyaunt some jo*ur*nee salle happyne,
In syngulere batelle by ȝoure selfe one;
And *th*ow salle hafe *the* victorye thurghe helpe of oure Lorde,
As *th*ow in thy visione was opynly schewede!
Of this dredfulle dreme ne drede the no more,
830 Ne kare noghte, s*ir* conquero*ur*, bot comforth thy seluene;

betokeneth thyn owne persone that sayllest here / & the colours of his wynges ben thy Royames that thow haste wonne / And his taylle whiche is al to tatterd sygnefyeth the noble knyghtes of the round table / And the bore that the dragon slough comyng fro the clowdes / betokeneth some tyraunt that tormenteth the peple / or else thow arte lyke to fyghte with somme Geaunt thy self / (beynge horryble and abhomynable whoos pere ye sawe neuer in your dayes) wherfore of this dredeful dreme doubte the no thynge / but as a Conquerour come forth thy self /

And thise *that* saillez ou*er* the see, w*ith* thy sekyre knyghtez."
W*ith* trumppez thene trystly, they trisene vpe *th*aire saillez,
And rowes ou*er* the ryche see, this rowtte alle at onez;
The comely coste of Normandye they cachene fulle euene,
835 And blythely at Barflete theis bolde are arryfede,
And fyndys a flete there of frendez ynewe,
The floure and *the* faire folke of fyftene rewmez;
ffore kyngez and capytaynez kepyde hyme fayre,
839 As he at Carelele co*mm*aundyde at Cristymesse hym seluene.

Thenne after this soone they had syghte of londe and saylled tyl they arryued atte Barflete in Flaundres / and whanne they were there he fond many of his grete lordes redy / as they had ben commaunded to awayte vpon hym.

The fifth chapter in M. follows still more servilely, if that be possible, the contents of MA. ll. 841–1262; indeed, almost every word of M. can be traced in MA. It is of course impossible for me to print side by side the whole of the two versions; I therefore give here only the corresponding passages of MA. in the same sequence as they occur in M.

841. Comez a templere tyte, and towchide to the kynge. 842. Here es . . . . besyde. 848. In the contree of Constantyne. 843. A grett geaunte. 844. has fretyne of folke mo thane fyfe hondrethe. 846. This has bene his sustynaunce alle this seuene wyntteres. 845. And als fele fawntekyns of freeborne childyre.

Why M. makes a "husband man" of the "templere" is not quite clear. The translation of "freeborne" by "of the comyns" can hardly be considered satisfactory.

852–56. The duchez of Bretayne to daye has he takyne,—. . . . as scho rade with hire ryche knyghttes.—Ledd hyre to the mountayne, thare that lede lengez.—To lye by that lady, aye whyls hir lyfe lastez. —We folowede o ferrome moo thene fyfe hundrethe.

M. 166, 17-20, correspond to ll. 858–865, but not so literally as the preceding; M. suppresses the eulogy of the duchess in MA.

866–67. As thow arte ryghtwise kynge rewe on thy pople, And fande for to venge theme.—868. "Allas!" sais sir Arthure,—872–73. "I had leuere thane alle Fraunce,—I hade bene be-fore thate freke, a furlange of waye, Whene he that ladye had laghte and ledde to the montez: 876. Bot walde thow kene me to the crage, thare that kene lengez," 880–81. "Sire, see ȝe ȝone farlande, with ȝone two fyrez, Thar filsnez that fende, 886. And more tresour 887. Thane in Troye was, as I trowe," 888–89. Thane romyez the ryche kynge for rewthe of the pople, Raykez ryghte to a tente, 892–93. He calles sir Cayous . . . . And sir Bedvere . . . . 894. "Luke ȝe aftyre euensange be armyde at ryghttez, 896–97. ffore I wille passe in pilgremage preuely here-aftyre, In the tyme of suppere . . . . 899. In seynt Mighelle mount, ..."

Lines 900–920 of MA. are devoted to an elaborate description of Arthur's accoutrements. After having mounted his steed, he rides to the place where the two knights wait for him. With them he then proceeds to the foot of the mountain. The ride to it suggests to MA. 921–932 a description of the grove through which they pass; it is covered with many a flower, game and birds are plentiful in it, nightingales sing sweetly. M. skips this paragraph, rendering its contents by ll. 1–4 of p. 167.

From l. 5, p. 167, M. follows MA. again.

933. . . . . and one fotte lyghttez 935–37. And thenne the kynge kenely comandyde hys knyghtez ffor to byde with theire blonkez, and bowne no forthyre,—"ffore I wille seke this seynte by my selfe one,"—

941–42. The kyng coueris the cragge wyth cloughes fulle hye, To the creste of the clyffe he clymbez one lofte; 949. . . . . and euene there he fyndez 950. A wery wafulle wedowe, wryngande hire handez, 953. He saluȝede that sorowfulle with sittande wordez, 957–58. thow carpez to lowde! May ȝone warlawe wyt, he worows vs alle! 962. Whedyre buskes thou berne? vnblysside thow semes! 972–73. Ware syche fyfty one a felde, ... The freke walde with hys fyste felle ȝow at ones! 974–75. . . here the duchez dere . . . . . Depe doluene and dede. 861. And one of the fayreste that was fourmede euer. 976. He hade morthirede . . . . 978. He has forsede hir . . . . 979. and slitt hir to the nauylle! 987. I am comyne fra the conquerour, curtaise and gentille, 991. To trete with this tyraunt . . . . 989. for mendemente of the pople, 993–94. "ȝa, thire wordis are bot waste" quod this wif thane, "ffor bothe landes and lythes ffulle lyttille he settes.

M. then adds ll. 23 and 24 of p. 167 on his own account. Lines 998–1042 of MA. are rendered briefly, and partly misinterpreted, by M. in ll. 25–31. MA. describes how the giant possesses a kirtle, all covered with hair and bordered with the beards of mighty kings. Each Easter Eve he receives the tribute of fifteen realms. He has long since desired to have Arthur's beard. He has many more treasures than Arthur or any of his ancestors possessed. If Arthur has brought the beard, he may find the monster reasonable; he has, however, to be careful in approaching him. The giant sups at this season on seven male children, &c. Arthur then declares that he has indeed brought the beard, and is directed to the place where the giant dwells.

1046. The thee of a manns lymme . . . . 1047–48. and his brode lendez. He bekesz by the bale-fyre and breklesse hyme semede; 1049–52. Thare ware rostez fulle ruyde, and rewfulle bredez, Beerynes and bestaile brochede to-geders; Cowlefulle cramede of crysmede childyre, Sum as brede brochede, and bierdez thame tournede. 1054. His herte bledez for bale, 1058–59. And hyely hailsez that hulke with hawtayne wordez —"Now, alle-weldand Gode . . . . 1060. Giff the sorowe and syte . . . . 1062. . . . . the fende haue thi saule!—1065. Be-cause that thow killide has thise cresmede childyre, 1070. And for this faire ladye. . . . . 1072–73. Dresse the now, dogge-sone, ... ffor thow salle dye this day, thurghe dynt of my handez!"

Lines 1074–1103 of MA. describe the terrible giant: Smoke arises from his mouth, his forehead is like the skin of a frog, his nose like a hawk's beak, his face is covered with hair, his skin hard as that of a "hundefisch," his eyes dreadful and like fire, &c. M. omits this description.

1104–5. Thane stertez he vp . . . . And sone he caughte hyme a clubb . . . . 1108. The creest and the coronalle . . . . 1109. . . . . he

crasschede doune at onez! 1122–23. Ewyne in-to jumette the gyaunt he hyttez, Iust to the genitales, ... 1129. Bothe the guttez and the gorre guschez owte at ones, 1132–34. Thane he castez the clubb . . . . he caughte hyme in armez, ... to cruschene hys rybbez; 1136–38. Thane the balefulle bierdez bownez to the erthe, Kneland and cryande . . . . "Criste comforte 3one knyghte, and kepe hym fro sorowe. 1142. Welters and walowes, ..." 1145–46. Whilome Arthure ouer and other-while vndyre, ffro the heghe of the hylle vn-to the harde roche; 1148–49. But Arthur with ane anlace egerly smyttez, And hittez euer in the hulke vp to the hiltez.

In MA., l. 1152, Kay then rushes to the king's assistance; in M., Arthur and the giant roll together to the very spot where the knights wait for the king.

1178. Onone stryke of his heuede, and stake it there-aftyre, 1180–81. Bere it to sir Howelle . . . . And byd hyme herte hym wele, his enmy es destruede! 1183. And sett it on the barbycane, biernes to schewe. 1184–86. My brande and my brode schelde apone the bent lyggez, On the creeste of the cragge, ... And the clubb thar-by, alle of clene irene, 1190–91. If thow wylle any tresour, take whate the lykez! Haue I the kyrtylle and the clubb, I coueite noghte elles! 1174–76. I faghte noghte wyth syche a freke . . . . Bot in the montez of Araby, I mett syche another; He was the forcyere be ferre . . . . 1192–94. Now they caire to the cragge, ... And broghte hyme the brade schelde, and his bryghte wapene, The clubb and the cotte alls . . . . 1198–99. Be that to courte was comene clamour fulle huge, ... they knelyd alle at ones, ...

Lines 1200–7 express the people's welcome to, and admiration of, the noble king and conqueror.

1209. "Thankes Gode" quod he, ... 1212–13. He somond than the schippemene scharpely ther-aftyre, To schake furthe with the schyre mene to schifte the gudez; 1218–21. He comande hys cosyne with knyghtlyche wordez, To make a kyrke on the cragg . . . . And a couent there-in, ... In mynde of that martyre, that in the monte rystez. 1223–24. Than blythely fro Bareflete he buskes on the morne, With his batelle one brede . . . . 1226. Thurghe a faire champayne.

M. omits "Barflete" and misunderstands "champayne" (field, meadow) for "Champagne," a late province of France, thus again exhibiting his geographical ignorance.

1229. and strekez his tentes 1231–33. Onone aftyre myddaye, ... Thare comez two messangers . . . . ffra the marschalle of Fraunce.

M. states that one of the messengers was marshal of France.

1239. I witter the the emperour es entirde in-to Fraunce, 1241. Brynnez in Burgoyne thy burghes so ryche;

MA. then continues, to line 1262, the description of the damage done by Lucius and his army: castles are seized, forests felled, goods taken, dukes and douze-peers killed; Arthur's help is urgently needed.

The sixth chapter of M. represents the contents of MA. ll. 1263–1616, with some changes, especially in the proper names. M. reads "Borce" for "Boice;" "Lyonell" for "Berille;" and omits "sir Gryme."

1263–65. The kynge biddis sir Boice, "buske the be-lyfe! Take with the sir Berille, and Bedwere . . . . Sir Gawayne and sir Gryme . . . . 1267. Saise to syr Lucius . . . . 1272–74. Cayre owte of my kyngryke. . . . , In caase that he wille noghte . . . . Come for his curtaisie, and countere me ones!" 1279–80. Now thei gray the theme to goo . . . . appone grete stedes, Towarde the grene wode. 1284. Behelde . . . . 1287. Palaisez proudliche pyghte. 1291–94. . . . . arayede their tentez, On rawe by the ryuere, ... The emperour for honour ewyne in the myddes, Wyth egles al ouer ennelled so faire:

In MA. the emperor and the sultan are going to banquet with sixteen kings, when Gawayne and his companions arrive. M. omits these details, but states "they ordeyned" Gawayne and Bors "to doo the message," and left Lionel and Bedwere in an ambush to wait for them. In MA. all the four knights go to the emperor, where he sits at table; Gawayne is the speaker. Gawayne's speech occupies ll. 1305–1325 in MA., whereas M. condenses it into two lines: 1319–20. "Comandez the kenely to kaire of his landes, Or elles for thy knyghthede encontre hyme ones." The emperor's reply to Gawayne, MA. ll. 1343–44, is represented in M. by ll. 26–27 of p. 161. Gawayne is indignant at the emperor's insolent words. MA. 1344–45. "I had leuer thene alle Fraunce . . . . ffyghte with the" . . . . The remark of Borce, "leuer than alle Bretayne or burgoyne," is M.'s addition.

MA. 1346–47, "sir Gayous . . . . eme to the emperour," . . . . becomes in M., "Gaynus nyghe cosyn to the emperor." 1348–51. Euere ware thes Bretouns braggers of olde, &c. 1352. Thane greuede sir Gawayne at his grett wordes. 1354. With his stelyne brande he strykes of hys heuede.—In M. the messengers then ride off as quick as possible to the ambush where Lionel and Bedwere wait for them. The ambush is, as above stated, not mentioned in MA. on this occasion, but later on.

1361–63. And of the Romayns . . . . Chasede thurghe a champayne oure cheualrous knyghtez, Tille a cheefe forest.—In MA. 1364 to 1370 Gawayne kills the foremost of the pursuers; in M. this deed is attributed to Borce. In MA. and in M., Borce is then said to kill another knight, described in MA. as "a paynyme of Perse," by M. as "Callyburne." King Arthur's sword is thus styled in MA. 4193, 4230,

4242; M. utilised the name, as he generally calls Arthur's sword "Excalybor."

1382. Thanne sir Feltemour. . . . . 1384. . . graythes to sir Gawayne . . . . 1385. ffor grefe of Sir Gayous, ... 1386–88. Thane sir Gawayne was glade; agayne hyme he rydez, Wyth Galuth his gude swerde graythely hyme hyttez;

M. reads "Feldenak" for "Feltemour," and does not mention Gawayne's good sword, which he afterwards calls, l. 26, "galatyn."

The Romans then resolve to retreat, continues MA. 1399. Bot thare chasez one oure mene . . . . 1400. ffyfe thosande folke appone faire stedes. But, says MA. 1403. Thare ware Bretons enbuschide . . . . This statement has evidently misled M. into supposing that the ambassadors left the ambush when going to the Roman camp. 1407. Thane the enbuschement of Bretons brake owte at ones, 1417–18. The Romaynes owte of araye remouede at ones, And rydes awaye in a rowtte, for reddoure it semys! In MA. the "senatour Petyr" stops them and sends them ten thousand men. 1427–28. The Romaynes redyes thane, arrayez thame better, And al to-ruscheez oure mene . . . . 1433. Sir Berylle es borne downe and sir Boice takene.—In M. both Berel and Borce are captured. M., evidently forgetting that he has replaced "Berylle" by Lionel, here follows MA.

1439. Than commez sir Idrus . . . . 1443. . . . . sir Gawayne . . . . 1447. I luke neuer one my lorde the dayes of my lyfe; 1470. Wyth Galuth . . . . . 1483. . . he broghte forthe sir Borce . . . .

Encouraged by this success, MA. continues, the British knights grow bolder. Lines 1490–1516 record the fight of sir Idrus with the senator Peter, how he takes him prisoner, and gives him into the charge of Lionel and Lowell, but not, as M. states, that he "in lyke wyse rescowed syre Berel."

In the remainder of the sixth chapter M. deviates considerably from MA. He does not tell how the knights send a message to Arthur informing him that they have slain 50,000 Romans and taken the senator Peter prisoner. Arthur may ask sixty cart-loads of silver for this distinguished prisoner, &c. Arthur is highly pleased with his knights, and declares that the senator shall not be set free before Ewayne, the only one of the British knights who is wounded, has recovered. In MA. this wounded knight is "Gawayne." M. mentions that the number of Romans slain in that fight is "ten thousand."

MA. 1602–8. Bot in the clere daweyng, the dere kynge hym selfene Comaundyd sir Cadore with his dere knyghttes, Sir Cleremus, sir Cleremonde, ... Sir Clowdmur, sir Clegis, to conuaye theis lordez; Sir Boyce, ... sir Berelle . . . . Sir Bawdwyne, sir Bryane, and sir

Bedwere the ryche, Sir Raynalde, ... sir Richere, Rawlaunde childyre, To ryde with the Romaynes in rowtte wyth theire feres.

M. states, "vnder the garde of syre launcelot with many knyghtes & of syr Cador." In MA., as I shall show below, Lancelot is on this occasion with Arthur.

The seventh chapter, consisting of 40 lines, corresponds to MA. ll. 1621–1945—*i.e.*, 325 lines. These figures at once show to what extent M. has cut down MA.

MA. and M. state that the emperor wishes to prevent the British conducting their prisoners to Paris. In MA. he sends Vtolfe, Ewanydyre, Sextynour of Lyby, and the kynge of Surrye, with many knights and Sarazens, into a wood, on the way which the British have to pass with the prisoners. M. omits the names, and puts instead "certayne knyghtes and prynces;" on his own account he adds with "syxty thousand men." In MA., Cador, the leader of the detachment conducting the prisoners, despatches Clegis, Cleremus, and Cleremownde to examine the country in advance. M. says, "Launcelot sente certayne knyghtes," &c. In MA., Clegis and his companions soon discover the Roman ambush, and see the enemies, l. 1648:

> "Houande in the hye by the holte hemmes."

Clegis cries out to them; they answer. A sort of dialogue ensues (1649–1703) between the two parties. The leaders defy and challenge each other. M. omits this incident entirely. Lancelot is told of the ambush, and resolves, with his ten thousand men, to attack the Romans. In MA., Clegis returns to Cador, tells him what he has seen, and advises him not to attack the Romans, but to retreat, as they are too numerous. Cador scorns the idea, and says, among other things, ll. 1719–1723:

> "Sir Launcelott salle neuer laughe, that with the kyng lengez,
> That I sulde lette my waye for lede appone erthe,
> I salle be dede and vndone ar I here dreche,
> ffor drede of any doggesone in ȝone dyme schawes!"

MA. thus expressly declares that Lancelot is not with Cador. Cador addresses his men, exhorts them, and bids them to take noble Arthur as their example. He dubs Ioneke, Askanere, Aladuke, Howelle, Hardelfe, Herylle, and Herygalle knights, and orders Wawayne, Vryelle, Bedwere, Raynallde, Richeere, and Rowlandez childyre to wait at a place, which he indicates to them, till their assistance is needed. The British then make themselves ready for battle. The signal is given, and a hard and long combat follows (ll. 1756–1880). The British knights are finally victorious; the Romans are utterly defeated and driven back. M. omits most of these incidents, declaring that Lancelot attacks the Romans, fights manfully with them, and kills "many knyghtes and

admyrals of the party of the Romans and sarasyns;" "there was slayne," he continues, "the kynge of lylye," "Aladuke," "herawde," and "heryngdale." It is not quite clear from his statement whether these knights are British or Roman. He evidently formed the names from those above quoted as dubbed by Cador before the battle—*i.e.*, Aladuke, Howelle or Hardelfe (?), and Herygalle.

According to MA., Cador gives orders after the battle to look for the dead knights, and send them to Arthur. He himself leads his prisoners to Paris without further obstacles, and quickly returns to Arthur. He tells the king what has happened. Arthur is very sad, and reproaches him, at first, that he has recklessly endangered the lives of his valiant knights, for many of them are killed, as Berelle, Alidoyke of Towelle, Mawrelle of Mauncez and Mawrene, and Meneduke of Mentoche. Cador, however, convinces the king that he could not do otherwise, as the prisoners could not well have been led to Paris without a fight. Arthur, at the end, entertains his victorious knights most splendidly in his own tent.

M. modifies this account. Arthur, on receiving news of the battle, hastens to the spot, and, seeing his knights so bravely fighting, embraces them, and declares that there was never any king who possessed such noble knights as he. Sir Cador then explains how the engagement came about, and mentions that several of his knights, as Beriel, Morys, and Maurel, have been slain. These names are variations of the abovementioned ones in MA. King Arthur, on hearing this doleful news, weeps, and declares they would not have lost their worship if they had avoided this battle—a fact which "Launcelot and the other" deny, declaring, "For ones shamed maye neuer be recouered."

The 110 lines of which chapter viii. consists correspond to ll. 1950–2360 of MA.—*i.e.*, 411 lines. It is obvious that here also M. had MA. before him, though he treats his subject very freely, and alters greatly.

The "senator whiche escaped fro the bataille" in M. is not mentioned in MA., where, ll. 1949–50, the senators of Rome, when they hear what has happened, communicate the bad news to the emperor and express their fear lest, l. 1956,

> "That schalle turne the to tene and torfere for euer;"

but they do not, as M. states, try to dissuade the emperor from any further operations. P. 171, 20–23, are Malory's own invention. Whereas, in M., Lucius calls "the senator" a great coward, in MA. he gets very angry and "With kynge and with kaysere to consayle they wende, Soueraynge of Sarazenez, and senatours manye;" this council of war is omitted in M., who proceeds, "and anone he sende forth a kynge

whiche hyghte syr leomye." This name "leomye" can only refer to MA. 1971, "To sir Leo be comene," &c. Branscheid[1] plausibly conjectures that when the romance was dictated to the scribe, he misunderstood "to sir Leomie come" for "Leo be comene."

Further traces of M.'s account in MA. are ll. 1973–74, Bot owre wyese kyng es warre to wayttene his renkes, And wysely by the woddez voydez his oste. M. omits ll. 1976–2001 of MA. entirely, where the arrangements of Arthur are fully described. In MA. the command of the rearguard is not entrusted, as in M., to Cador. The combination of the names Lancelot, Bors, Kay, Marrok, and Marhaus must be attributed to M., as well as the remark "shalle wayte on our persone."

MA. 2006–8. Bot the emperor onone . . . . enteres the vale . . . . And fyndez sir Arthure with hostez arayede 2011. . . . . and baners displayede. 2014–15. The mosse and the marrasse, the mounttez so hye, With gret multytude of mene, to marre hym in the wayes. 2020–21. Here es no waye i-wys, ne no wytt elles, Bot feghte with oure foo-mene, for flee may we neuer! The address of Lucius to his soldiers, MA. 2032–43, is considerably modified in M. 173, 5–10. The battle which is then fully described in MA. is shortly dismissed by M. 173, 11–19, "For they shold conteyne an hole volume." Branscheid describes MA. ll. 2044–94 as an intercalation not to be found in the Chronicles, but adapted from some French "gas" by Huchown. M. omits this paragraph entirely, though whether the copy of MA. he had did not contain these lines, or whether he acted intentionally, is impossible to say.

With l. 17 of p. 173 the agreement of M. with MA. again becomes close.

MA. 2119–29. Tille the conquerour come . . . . he cryede fulle lowde, "I wende no Bretones walde bee basschede for so lytille, ..." He clekys owtte Collbrande . . . . Graythes hyme to Golapas, that greuyde moste; Kuttes hyme euene by the knees clenly in sondyre. "Come downe," quod the kynge, "and karpe to thy ferys! Thowe arte to hye by the halfe, I hete the in trouthe! Thow salle be handsomere in hye, with the helpe of my Lorde!" With that stelene brande he strake ofe his hede.

P. 173, ll. 27–34, are M.'s own version of the battle between the British and the Romans described in MA. ll. 2130–2241. The fight between Lucius and Arthur is related in ll. 2242–2256 of MA., where Arthur rushes to the assistance of his hard-pressed knights.

MA. 2257–58. Now they ferke to the fyrthe . . . . ffor ferdnesse

[1] Anglia, viii. p. 198. Compare, *ibidem*, the occurrence of the name of the emperor "Leo" in the Chronicles, &c.

of oure folke . . . . 2259. The floure of oure ferse mene one fferant stedez followes frekly on the frekes, ... 2268–69. Thare myghte mene see chiftaynes, on chalke whitte stedez, Choppe doune in the chaas cheualrye noble; 2273–74. They hewede doune haythene mene with hiltede swerdez, Be hole hundrethez on hye, ...

P. 174, ll. 9–15, of M. are again M.'s own version (compare MA. 2377–2385), by which he replaces the account given in MA. of the conquest of the Roman camp, with rich stores and treasure, by Arthur's knights.

MA. 2290–91. Bot sir Arthure onone ayeres ther-aftyre Ewyne to the emperour . . . . 2296. The Sowdane of Surry, and certayne kynges. M. expands the "certayne kynges" by stating "the kynge of Egypte and of Ethyope / whiche were two noble kynges with xvij other kynges of dyuerse regyons."

MA. 2297–2305. Sexty of the cheefe senatours of Rome. Thane they bussches and bawmede thaire honourliche kyngis, Sewed theme in sendelle sexti-faulde aftire Lappede them in lede, lesse that they schulde Chawnge or chawffe, ȝif thay myghte escheffe; Closed in kystys clene vn-to Rome, With theire baners a-bowne, theire bagis there-vndyre, In whate countre thay kaire that knyghttes myghte knawe Iche kynge be his colours, ...

MA. then tells, l. 2306, &c., how on the second day two senators and certain knights come barefoot to the king and deliver themselves to his mercy. In M. "two" senators "are found."

MA. 2321. I giffe ȝowe lyffe and lyme, and leue for to passe, So ȝe doo my message menskefully at Rome. 2342. "Here are the kystis" quod the kynge "kaire ouer the mownttez; 2344. The taxe and the trebute . . . . 2348–51. Bott byde theme neuere be so bolde, whylles my blode regnes, Efte for to brawlle theme for my brode landez, Ne to aske trybut ne taxe be nakyne tytle, Bott syche tresoure as this, whilles my tyme lastez." 2359. Of Inglande, of Irelande and alle thir owtt iles;

The remainder of the eighth chapter, p. 175, ll. 5–17, in M. is made up from ll. 2336–39 and 2352–70 of MA. with considerable modifications.

Chapters ix. and x. of M. represent ll. 2387–2751 of MA. Branscheid pronounces ll. 2385–3205 an intercalation by Huchown from other sources than the Chronicles, a statement in harmony with Professor Trautmann's observation (Anglia, i. 146) that Huchown's poem, Morte Arthure, contains, ll. 2371–3083, a section which might appropriately be called "Awyntyre of Gawayne." This part of MA., which almost exclusively treats of Gawayne's adventures, is worked by M. into his *rifacimento*. The first eight lines of chapter ix. are supposed to give the

matter of MA. 2387–2482, but, except some of the names, it is difficult to find in MA. what M. tells, except the account of a siege. From l. 26 of p. 175 M. again begins to copy MA. faithfully.

MA. 2483. The kynge calles one Florente . . . . 2486–88. ffor theme wantes the flesche and fude that theme lykes. Here are fforestez faire appone fele halues, And thedyre feemene are flede with freliche bestes! Thow salle foonde to the felle, and forraye the mountes; 2493. Thare salle weende to this viage sir Gawayne hymselfene, 2495. Sir Wecharde 2497. Sir Clegis, (sir Clarybalde) sir Clarymownde.

2498–99. The capytayne of Cardyfe . . . . and other. 2501. Now ferkes to the fyrthe thees fresche mene of armes, 2503. hillys . . . . 2504. Holtis and hare woddes. 2506. on a mede. 2508–10. fulle of swete floures. Thare vnbrydilles theis blode, and baytes theire horses, To the grygynge of the daye, that byrdez gane synge, 2513–16. Thane weendes owtt the wardayne, sir Gawayne hyme selfene . . . . wondyrs to seke, Thane was he warre of a wye, wondyre wele armyde, Baytand one a wattire banke by the woode eynis, 2518–20. Enbrassede a brode schelde on a blonke ryche, With birenne ony borne, bot a boye one, Houes by hym on a blonke, and his spere holdes.

M. somewhat modifies ll. 2520–23 of MA.: He bare gessenande in golde, thre grayhondes (M., "gryffons") of sable, With chapes a cheynes of chalke whytte syluer, A charebocle in the cheefe, chawngawnde of hewes, 2525–28. Sir Gawayne glyftes on the gome with a glade wille! A grete spere fro his grome he grypes in hondes, Gyrdes ewene ouere the streme one a stede ryche, To that steryne in stour, one strenghe thare he houys! 2529–40, the conversation between the two knights, is shortened by M. MA. has "Lorrayne" for "Tuskane."

The fight between Gawayne and Priamus, MA. ll. 2541–80, is almost literally reproduced by M.

MA. 2541–46. Thane theire launces they lachene . . . . Laggene with longe speres one lyarde stedes; Cowpene at awntere be kraftes of armes, Tille bothe the crowelle speres broustene att ones! Thorowe scheldys they shotte, and scherde thorowe mailes, Bothe schere thorowe schoulders a schaft-monde large! 2550–51. . . . . rusches owtte swerdez, Hittes one hellmes fulle hertelyche dynttys, 2556–64. Tille the flawes of fyre flawmes one theire helmes. Thane sir Gawayne was greuede, and grychgide fulle sore; With Galuthe his gude swerde grymlye he strykes! Clefe the knyghttes schelde clenliche in sondre! Who lukes to the lefte syde . . . . myghte see his lyuere! Thane granes the gome fore greefe of his wondys, And gyrdis at sir Gawayne, as he by glentis And awkewarde egerly sore he hym smyttes; 2570. With the venymous swerde a vayne has he towchede! 2575–85. . . . . "thow arte towchede! Vs bus haue a blode-bande, or thi ble change,

ffor all the barbours of Bretayne salle noghte thy blode stawnche! ffor he that es blemeste with this brade brande, blyne schalle he neuer." "ȝa," quod sir Gawayne, "thow greues me bot lyttille! Thowe wenys to glopyne me with thy gret wordez! Thow trowes with thy talkynge that my harte talmes! Thow be-tydes tourfere or thowe hyene turne, Bot thow telle me tytte, and tarye no lengere, What may staunche this blode that thus faste rynnes." "ȝise, I say the sothely, and sekire the my trowthe, 2587–95. With-thy that thowe suffre me, for sake of thy Cryste, To schewe schortly my schrifte," . . . . "ȝis," quod sir Gawayne, ". . . . I gyfe the grace and graunt, thofe thou hafe grefe seruede, With-thy thowe say me sothe what thowe here sekes, Thus sengilly and sulayne alle thi selfe one; And whate laye thow leues one, layne noghte the sothe, And whate legyaunce, and whare thow arte lorde." "My name es sir Priamus; a prynce es my fadyre 2598–99. He has bene rebelle to Rome, and redene theire landes, Werreyand . . . . 2602–7. He es of Alexandire blode, ouerlynge of kynges, The vncle of his ayele, sir Ector of Troye; And here es the kynredene that I of come; And Iudas (M. has "Machabeus") and Iosue, ... I ame apparaunt his ayere, ... Of Alexandere (MA. evidently means Alexandria, the city; M. has Alysaunder) and Aufrike, and alle tha owte landes;" Lines 2608–10 are not exactly rendered by M., who evidently misunderstood them.

2612–22. "I was so hawtayne of herte . . . . I helde nane my hippe heghte vndire heuene ryche; ffor-thy was I sente hedire with seuene score knyghttez, To a-saye of this werre . . . . And I am . . . . schamely supprisede, And be awntire of armes owtrayede for euere! Wille thow for knyghthede kene me thy name?" . . . . quod sir Gawayne, "knyghte was I neuer! With the kydde conquerour a knafe of his chambyre Has wroghte in his wardrope wynters and ȝeres, One his longe armour . . . . 2628–32. He made me ȝomane at ȝole, and gafe me gret gyftes, And c. pounde, and a horse, and harnayse fulle ryche; Gife I happe to my hele that hende for to serue, I be holpene in haste, I hette the for-sothe!" "Giffe his knafes be syche, his knyghttez are noble! 2636–42. Now fore the krisome that thou kaghte that day thou was crystenede, Whethire thowe be knyghte or knaffe, knawe now the sothe." "My name es sir Gawayne, I graunt the for sothe, Cosyne to the conquerour, he knawes it hym selfene; Kydd in his kalander a knyghte of his chambyre, And rollede the richeste of all the Rounde Table! I ame the dussepere and duke he dubbede with his hondes, 2644–55. Gruche noghte, gude sir, thofe me this grace happene; It es the gifte of Gode, the gree es hys awene!" "Petire!" sais Priamus, "now payes me bettire Thane I of Prouynce warre prynce, and of Paresche ryche! ffore me ware leuer preuely be prykkyd to the harte

(M. alters: "I had leuer to haue ben torn with wylde horses") Thane euer any prikkere, had siche a pryse wonnyne! Bot here es herberde at hande, ... Halle bataile one heyghe, take hede ȝif the lyke! The duke of Lorrayne, ... The doughtyest of Dolfinede, ... The lordes of Lumbardye . . . . The garnysone of Godarde . . . . 2657–59. Of Sessoyne and Surylande Sarazenes (M. reads "of Southland") They are nowmerde fulle neghe, ... Sexty thowsande and tene for-sothe of sekyre mene of armez; 2660–71. Bot ȝif thow hye fro this hethe, it harmes vs bothe, And bot my hurtes be sone holpene, hole be I neuer! Tak heede to this hansemane, that he no horne blawe, Are thowe heyly in haste, beese hewene al to peces; ffor they are my retenuz to ryde whare I wylle, Es none redyare renkes regnande in erthe; Be thow raghte with that rowtt, thow rydes no forther, Ne thow bees neuer rawnsonede for reches in erthe!" Sir Gawayne wente or the wathe come, ... With this wortheliche wye, that wondyd was sore; Merkes to the mountayne there oure mene lenges, Baytaynde theire blonkes ther on the brode mede; 2678–79. Thane sir Whycher whas warre thaire wardayne was wondyde, And went to hym wepand, and wryngande his handes; (M. omits Wychard's reflections, and modifies Gawayne's reply.) 2691. "Sais that he has saluez salle softene vs bothene." M. states that both alighted from their horses; in MA. they are gently taken down by Gawayne's companions. 2704–9. A ffoyle of fyne golde they fande at his gyrdille, That es fulle of the flour of the fouur welle, That flowes owte of Paradice . . . . Bet it frette on his flesche, thare synues are entamede, The freke schalle be fische halle with-in fowre howres. (M. reads "within an houre after.") 2710–16. Then their wounds are cleaned and dressed, and they refresh themselves with wine and provisions, and afterwards put on their armour again. 2717–19. Thane tha awntrende men "*as armes!*" askryes, With a claryoune clere, thire knyghtez to-gedyre, Callys to concelle, and of this case tellys:

The remainder of chapter x. in M. varies considerably from MA. ll. 2720–51. A great number of "clene men of armes" is near at hand concealed in an oak wood. Gawayne advises fighting them, and refers to Florent, the leader of the expedition. Florent on his part thinks them too many, and advises a careful retreat. Gawayne insists, and his advice is carried out. 2751. "We salle proue to-daye who salle the prys wyne."

The eleventh and twelfth chapters of M., except the twenty last lines of chapter xii., represent what is related in ll. 2755–3215 of MA. In this last part of his account of Arthur's war against Lucius, M., though still following MA., condenses more than before, modifies the narrative, and repeatedly intercalates episodes of his own devising.

M. chapter xi. corresponds to MA. 2755–57: fflorent and Floridas, with

fyve score knyghttez, ffolowede in the foreste, and on the way fowndys, fflyngande a faste trott, and on the folke dryffes. M. mentions here a "herde of beestes" which these knights drove before them. He probably did not understand the dialect. 2758–60. Than felewes fast to oure folke wele a fyve hundreth, Of freke mene to the fyrthe, appone fresche horses; One sir Feraunt be-fore, apone a fayre stede. M. calls him "syr Feraunt of spayne." As he is never thus called in MA., M. must have added this on his own account, perhaps induced by "Famacoste" (MA. 2761) in Cyprus, which, as he thought, belonged to Spain.

2762–65. He flenges to sir Florent, and pristly he kryes,—"Why flees thow, falls knyghte?" . . . . Thane sir fflorent was fayne, and in fewter castys; . . . . to fferaunt he rydys, 2768. ffulle butt in the frounte he flysches hyme euene, 2771. And brustene his neke-bone . . . . 2772–2810 are condensed by M. into four lines, p. 179, 18–21. 2811. When sir Priamous, that prince, persayuede theire gamene, 2813. He wente to sir Gawayne, and sais hym these wordes, 2815. "They are with Sarazenes ouer-sette, mo thane seuene hundreth, 2818. With a soppe of thi mene suppowelle theym ones." 2819. "I grouche noghte," quod Gawayne, "the gree es thaire awene! 2823–24. I wille noghte stire with my stale halfe a stede lenghe, Bot they be stedde with more stuffe thane one ȝone stede houys." 2825. Thane sir Gawayne was warre, with-owttyne the wode . . . . 2829. The erle Antele the olde . . . . M. has here "Ethelwold;" it is probable that he, or the scribe of his copy of Huchown's poem before him, read "Antele the olde" as "Ethelwolde." 2833. Than the duke of Lorrayne . . . . With dowbille of the Duche-mene . . . . M. contracts these two proper names into one, and writes, "the duk of duchemen." 2836. Come prekkande be-fore with Priamous knyghttez. 2837–2850 are omitted by M. 2851. Thane gud Gawayne, ... Alle with glorious gle he gladdis his knyghtes; 2856. Bees noghte baiste of ȝone boyes. . . . . 2859. . . . . the felde schalle be owrs. 2860–82 are condensed by M. into five lines. 2883. "Peter!" sais Gawayne, "this gladdez myne herte! 2887–88. Thay are fewere one ffelde than thay were fyrste nombirde, Be fourtty thousande in faythe, for alle theyre faire hostes." M.'s statement about "Iubaunce the geaunt" and "syre Gherard a knyght of walys" is not to be traced in MA. There is, 2890, a "Iolyan of Iene, a geante fulle howge" mentioned, who is said to be killed by "one sir Ierante,[1] a justis of Walis." Also the name of "Gerarde" occurs, but under other circum-stances—2896. "And Gerarde es jocunde, and joyes hym the more." 2897–2915 are related by M. in one line, p. 180, 9.—2915–19. Thane

[1] Branscheid's remark, Append. III., that Ierante, l. 2890, and Gerarde, l. 2896, are the same person, seems to me very doubtful.

sir Priamous . . . . presez to his penowne, ... Reuertede it redily, and a-waye rydys To the ryalle rowte of the Rownde Table. 2920–47 are omitted in M. 2948. Thane sir Gawayne was grefede, and grypys his spere, 2950. Metes the maches of Mees, and melles hym thorowe. M. makes out of "maches of Mees" the "Marquys of Moyses land," killed, according to him, by Priamus. 2952–53. Bot on Chastelayne, a childe . . . . warde to sir Wawayne . . . . (is slain). The remaining nine lines of chapter xi. and the first line of chapter xii. represent, with considerable alterations and contractions, ll. 2962–3031 of MA. The episode of the christening of Priamus and his enrolment among the knights of the Round Table, p. 180, 27-35, is Malory's own invention, and is not recorded in MA.

3032. The kynge than to assawte he sembles his knyghtez. 3034. . . . . and skayles the wallis. 3044–46. Thane the duchez hire dyghte with damesels ryche, The cowntas of Crasyne with hire clere maydyns (M. writes "Clarysyn the countesse") Knelis downe . . . . thare the kyng houede, 3050–58. "We be-seke yow . . . . That ȝe safe vs to-daye, for sake of ȝoure Criste! Send vs some socoure, and saughte with the pople, Or the cete be sodaynly with assawte wonnene!" He weres his vesere with vowt noble; With vesage vertouous, ... Meles to hir myldly with fulle meke wordes,—"Salle no mysse do ȝow, ma dame, that to me lenges; I gyf ȝow chartire of pes, and ȝoure cheefe maydens, 3060–65. The duke is in dawngere . . . . He salle idene the fulle wele, dout ȝow noghte elles." Thane sent he one iche a syde to certayne lordez, ffor to leue the assawte, the cete was ȝoldene; With the erle (M. has "duke") eldeste sone he sent hym the kayes, And seside the same nyghte, be sent of the lordes. 3066–67. The duke to Douere es dyghte, ... To duelle in dawngere and dole the dayes of hys lyue. 3068–3083 are told later on by M. 3088–91. He deuysede and delte to dyuerse lordez, A dowere for the duchez and hir dere childire. Wroghte wardaynes by wytte to welde alle the londez, That he had wonnene of werre, thorowe his weise knyghtez; Thus in Lorayne he lenges as lordes in his awene, Settes lawes in the lande, as hym leefe thoghte. 3094–3111 are compressed by M. into one sentence: "& after he took his iourney toward Rome." 3112–14. Sir fflorent and sir ffloridas than fowndes before, With ffreke mene of ffraunce welle a fyve hundreth; To the cete vn-sene thay soghte the gayneste. M. writes "to the cyte of vrbyne;" the proper name is most probably a misreading of "vn-sene," as no name of that description occurs in MA., but it is just as likely that the scribe of MA. misread "unseene" for Vrbine, as Vrbino is a city in central Italy, capital of Pesaro and Urbino. 3115–17. And sett an enbuschement, als theme selfe lykys. Thane ischewis owt of that cete, fulle sone be the morne Slale discouerours, skyftes theire

horses. 3124–25. Thane brekes oure bushement, and the brigge wynnes, Brayedez in-to the burghe with baners displayede.—M. hereafter relates the contents of MA. ll. 3067–83, which in his copy of MA. very likely followed here.—3074–75. The knyghte houys on a hylle, be-helde to the wallys, And saide, "I see be ȝone syngne the cyte es oures!" M., confounding l. 3125 with these two lines, misunderstansd them entirely. The "syngne" is a banner hoisted by the inhabitants as a token of their readiness to surrender the town, and Florent, not Arthur, notices it from a hill. (Comp. also ll. 3072–73.) 3076–83. Sir Arthure enters anone with hostes arayede, Euene at the vndrone etles to lenge. In iche leuere on lowde the kynge did crye, Of payne of lyf and lym and lesynge of londes, That no lele ligemane, that to hym lonngede, Sulde lye be no ladysse, ne be no lele maydyns, Ne be no burgesse, wyffe, better ne werse; Ne no biernez myse-bide, that to the burghe longede.—3128–29. Now es the conquerour in Combe, and his courte holdes With-in the kyde castelle, ... (M. omits "Combe" = Como.) 3131–32. Comfourthes the carefulle with knyghtly wordez; Made a captayne kene a knyghte of hys awene; 3134–3141. The syre of Melane herde saye the cete was wonnene, And send to Arthure sertayne lordes, Grete sommes of golde, ... Be-soghte hyme as souerayne to socoure the pople, And saide he wolde sothely be sugette for euer, And make hyme seruece and suytte for his sere londes, ffor plesaunce of Pawnce, and of Pawnte Tremble,[1] ffor Pyse, and for Pauy he profers fulle large; M. omits Pyse, writes (here and ll. 327, 352, MA. has the same spelling) "port of tremble;" and finally reads for "of Pawnce"[2] petersaynt. Comp. l. 352: "Bathe of Petyrsande,[3] and of Pys, and of the Pounte Tremble."[1]

3144. And ilke a ȝere for Melane a melione of golde 3147. . . . . whilles his lyffe lastis. 3150–51. In-to Tuskane he tournez . . . . akes townnes fulle tyte . . . . 3161. . . . . Spolett. . . . . 3164. . . . . Viterbe . . . . 3165. Avissely in that vale he vetailles his biernez 3167. And one the vicounte londez he visez louge. M. makes of "the vale of Viterbe" the vale of "vyceconte;" it is, however, also possible that l. 3169, "In the Vertennone vale, the vines i-mangez," of which he uses the latter half, "emong the vynes," suggested to him "vycecounte." MA. does not state, as does M., that Arthur sent to the senators "to wete whether they wold knowe hym for theyr lord." 3176–77. Bot one

[1] M. reads "Porte Tremble," MA. "Pawnte Tremble." The latter spelling is the more likely; the town in question is Pontremoli, in the province of Massa e Carrara, on the slope of the Apennines.

[2] Pawnce may probably be written for "Ponte," a town in Italy near Turin, at the confluence of the rivers Orca and Saona.

MA. reads "Petyrsande"; M., more correctly, "petersaynt." Pietrasanta, a town in Tuscany, is meant.

a Seterdaye at none, as seuenyghte thare-aftyre, The konyngeste cardynalle . . . . 3179. Prayes hym for the pes, and profyrs fulle large, 3181–85. Be-soghte hym of surrawns . . . . Bot a seuenyghte daye to thay ware alle assemblede, And they schulde sekerly hym see the Sonondaye ther-aftyre, In the cete of Rome, as souerayngе and lorde; And crowne hyme kyndly with krysomede hondes,—M. then profits by Arthur's statement, ll. 3213–15, And at the Crystynmesse daye be crowned ther-aftyre; . . . . and holde my Rownde Table . . . . as me beste lykes.

The end of the fifth book (M. p. 182, ll. 10–38) is Malory's own invention. He states that the "Romaunce telleth" that King Arthur was on a certain day crowned at Rome, but the romance tells nothing of the sort,[1] nor does it record the fact that "the duchye of Lorrayne" is given to Pryamous as reward for his assistance. M. suppresses the last part of MA., ll. 3216–4346, in order to replace it in his twenty-first book by the version of Harl. MS. 2252, "Le Mort Arthur."

Having thus discussed at full length the relationship of the five first books of "Le Morte Darthur" (*i.e.*, that portion of the compilation which is drawn from various stages of the romance of Merlin) to their French and English sources, I think I have shown with sufficient clearness the style of Sir Thomas Malory's workmanship. I have worked through the remaining books of "Le Morte Darthur" in the same minute manner, but, in view of the necessity of placing some limit upon my work, which already exceeds, by the whole of this present volume, the size originally estimated, I shall only state the result of my investigations in the sections which deal with the "Lancelot," the "Tristan," and the "Prophecies of Merlin."

[1] Unless we assume that Malory, besides a copy of "La Morte Arthure," had a French source, which is by no means impossible.

II. THE "LANCELOT" OR THE LATER HISTORY OF KING ARTHUR.

THE second branch of Arthurian romance represented in Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte Darthur" is the "Lancelot." This romance in its vulgate form is generally, though most probably wrongly, attributed to Gautier Map, and consists of four various parts united in a whole—namely, (1) The "Lancelot" proper, dealing not only with the life and adventures of Sir Lancelot, but embodying the adventures of Gawayne, Agravayne, and various other knights of the Round Table, and forming the first and second parts; (2) The Quest of the Holy Grail; and (3) La Mort au roi Artus. The whole is sometimes also called "Le livre d'Artus."

As I have already mentioned in the Introduction (p. 8), there are no less than twelve MSS. and three printed editions of this romance at the British Museum, and at least as many in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In the MSS. the whole matter is generally divided into the four above-mentioned parts; sometimes only into three, which unite the first and second parts, as, *e.g.*, MS. Add. 10293. The text of these MSS., which belong partly to the thirteenth, partly to the fourteenth centuries, varies considerably in details of style and phraseology, but all relate the same adventures.

The text of the three editions printed at Rouen and Paris 1488, at Paris 1494 and 1513, is, save for orthographical differences, identical, and varies from the text of the MSS., though relating the same adventures, in the same way as the MSS. vary from one other.

As the MSS. are not all complete—in fact, only two, Royal 19 C xiii. (thirteenth century) and Add. 10293–94 (fourteenth century), contain the whole of the four parts, whereas all the rest only give portions—it is difficult to find in any of them a decisive passage for collation. I

have overcome this difficulty by constructing the table[1] facing this page, which at a glance informs the reader of everything he needs to know.

The edition of 1513 in three volumes is the basis. As these three volumes contain together 592 folios, the ground-line of the large rectangle forming the frame of the table is divided into 592 equal parts, each representing one folio, and indicated through the numbers 50, 100, 150, &c.

The first volume contains 208 folios, the second 162, and the third 202, a division indicated by the dotted perpendiculars, which reach from bottom to top of the rectangle. If now we compare with the printed edition the earliest complete MS., Royal 19 C xiii., we see that in it the first part of the "Lancelot" occupies 275 folios of the edition of 1513, the first and second 450, the three first parts 520, and all four the 592 folios. These divisions of the Royal are indicated by the solid perpendiculars which reach from top to bottom of the rectangle. The large rectangle itself comprises 17 smaller horizontal ones. The first shows the folios of the edition of 1513, the second the parts of the "Lancelot," and the third the titles of these parts. The fourth one indicates the size in folios of the edition of 1513. Rectangles 5–16 show the portions of the "Lancelot" contained in the twelve MSS. of the British Museum, marked by rectangles with thicker lines, the position of which is regulated by the edition of 1513. The perpendicular lines crossing the large rectangle thus indicate in each case, not only what portion of the edition of 1513 is represented by each of the MSS., but also what portion of the four parts of the "Lancelot," and, as the whole is exactly proportionate to the size, gives an exact idea of the size of each MS. as compared with the whole of the "Lancelot;" for convenience' sake, the numbers of each column on the left-hand side are repeated on the right.

The seventeenth or uppermost column shows, by four rectangles of very different size, such portions of the "Lancelot" as are found in Malory. Though it is almost certain that Malory did not make actual use of the Vulgate-Lancelot, save where, in his thirteenth to seventeenth chapters, he relates the Quest of the Holy Grail, the shaded portions contain incidents common to the "Lancelot" and "Le Morte Darthur."

After having satisfied myself, by carefully collating many passages, chosen at random, with the text of the edition of 1513, that the adventures are the same in all the MSS., I based my critical examination, except for the thirteenth to the seventeenth books, on this edition, as

[1] The table is set up in type from the original drawn up by myself.

being the handiest and most accessible. The portions of "Le Morte Darthur" to be compared with the 1513 edition are these :—

A. Malory, Book vi.: (*a*) chapters i.–vii.; Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. ii. ff. 98–ca. 103;—(β) chapters vii.–xi.;[1] ed. vol. ii. ff. 146–ca. 150;—(γ) chapters xi.–xvii. ? .

B. Book xi.: (*a*) chapters i.–iii.; ed. vol. ii. ff. 105–107;—(β) chapters iv.–vi.; ed. vol. iii. ff. 24–35;—(γ) chapters vii.–xiii.; ed. ff. 67–80.

C. Book xii.: ed. vol. iii. ff. 80.

D. Books xiii.–xvii.: ed. vol. iii. ff. 81–143.

E. Books xviii.–xxi.—a. Book xviii.: (*a*) chapters i.–viii.; ed. vol. iii. ff. 143–59;—(β) chapters ix.–xx.; ed. vol. iii. 159–64;—(γ) chapters xxi.–xxv.; ? b. Book xix.: (*a*) chapters i.–v.; ed. vol. ii. ff. 1–16;—(β) chapters vi.–ix.; ibid., ff. 17–23;—(γ) chapters x.–xii.; ? c. Le Mort Arthur, Harl. MS. 2252: (*a*) book xx.; ed. vol. iii. ff. 164–189;—(β) Book xxi.; ed. vol. iii. ff. 190–202.

A. THE "LANCELOT" PROPER.

a. THE SIXTH BOOK.

a. CHAPTERS I.–VII.[2]

AFTER mentioning (book iv. chapter i.), in accordance with the "Suite de Merlin," that, when Merlin and Niviene visit Benoyc, Queen Elayne, the wife of King Ban, showed them the young Lancelot, whose "fyrst name was Galahad," and after the reference to him, in accordance with the English metrical romance "La Morte Arthure," in chapter vii. of book v., Malory entirely skips his early life, and, without even mentioning his coming to Arthur's court, introduces him in the beginning of the sixth book with a few phrases of a very general character, not only as a knight of the Round Table, but as the knight who—

"in al turnementys and Iustes and dedes of armes for lyf and deth passed al other knyghtes / and at no tyme he was neuer ouercome / but yf it were by treson or enchauntement / so syr Launcelot encreaced soo merueyllously in worship and in honour / therfor is he the fyrst knyght that the frensshe book maketh mencyon of after kynge Arthur come fro rome / wherfore quene

[1] In order to avoid any misunderstanding, I might point out that Caxton misprints, on p. 199, chapter "xii." for "xi."

[2] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. ii. ff. 98–ca. 103.

gweneuer had hym in grete favour aboue al other knyghtes . and in certayne he loued the quene ageyne aboue al other ladyes & damoysels of his lyf /"

Though it cannot be denied that these few lines remind the reader versed in the early part of Lancelot's life of much therein, they convey hardly anything to the reader unacquainted with the events they hint at; and the supposition that Malory possessed no source for the early life of this most famous of all Arthur's knights can alone account for his not giving, at least summarily, some indications about him, and relating his arrival at Arthur's court.

I fail to see what Malory means by the French book which mentions Lancelot first after Arthur's return from his Roman expedition; it cannot be the "Lancelot," nor is it the "Merlin," in which Lancelot only plays a secondary part; the phrase seems introduced in order to make the abrupt introduction less noticeable.

I shall now proceed to compare the adventures as told in "Le Morte Darthur" with the corresponding portions in the Prose-Lancelot. For reasons already stated at the end of the Merlin section, I abstain from an abstract of the contents, and refer the reader to the detailed analysis of this romance by M. Paulin Paris in his work on the romances of the Round Table.[1]

I.[2] After these general remarks, Malory relates how Lancelot, after having "rested hym longe with play and game," decides upon starting in search of adventures, and requests his "neuewe" (!) Lionel to accompany him. The portion of the Prose-Lancelot[4] in which these incidents are told differs much, and appears in quite another connection; it forms part of the second part of the "Lancelot" proper, and occurs on fol. 98, &c., of the edition of 1513.

In the P.L., Lancelot and Lionel do not start from Arthur's court after a period of repose, nor does Lancelot request his cousin to go with him in search of adventures. Lancelot has just overcome "le duc Karles" and after having passed a pleasant day with the duke's five sons, and induced them to set free their prisoners, Gaheriet, Guerescheſ, and Agrauan, he continues his way with Lionel. After riding several days without finding any adventures, they at last come to a great wood. P.L. and M.[3] agree in stating that one day, when the heat is very great and they are exhausted, they resolve to rest—in P.L. "desoubz l'ombre dung perron,"[4] in M. in the shadow of "a grete Appyl tree." The apple-tree is evidently the older of the two versions, for, later on, in

[1] Paulin Paris, "Les Romans de la Table ronde," Paris, 1868-77, 5 vols.

[2] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. ii. ff. 98, &c.

[3] M. is henceforth substituted for Malory.

[4] MS. Royal 19 C xiii. f. 187[d]: "sur lumbre dun pomer"; MSS. Add. 10293, f. 280[c]: "desoz lombre dun pomier."

reference to this fact, P.L. gives Lancelot's words "ie me couchay soubz lombre dung pommier." Evidently the source from which were derived P.L. and the MS. from which M. drew had "pommier," which was altered by the scribe or printer into "perron."

In P.L., when Lancelot is asleep, Lionel sees two knights pass at great speed with a damsel; in M., three knights. In both versions a very strong knight follows in pursuit. In P.L. he overcomes the two knights and carries off the damsel; in M. he overcomes the three knights, ties them, with their bridles, to their horses, and thus carries them off with him. In P.L. the damsel cries for help, and thus induces Lionel to follow the strong knight, without awaking Lancelot; in M., the shameful treatment of the three knights is his motive. M. simply states: "& thoughte not to awake syr launcelot;" P.L. reads: "si ne ose lancelot esueillir pour ce quil ne tenist pour couard & riens ne doubtoit autant comme luy."

When the strong knight has overcome Lionel, in P.L. he mounts the damsel on Lionel's horse, throwing Lionel before him over the neck of his own horse; in M., Lionel is tied to his own horse in the same manner as the three knights, and all four are led away by the strong knight to his castle, where, according to M., they are undressed and beaten with thorns, an incident only told later on in P.L.

II. The second chapter in M. and the following paragraph in P.L. speak of Ector de marys (ed. 1513: hector des mares); whilst in P.L., in continuation of events previously told, Ector sets out from the castle "de radigel," where he has overcome "marigart le roux," and delivered a cousin-german (damsel) from some lions, and comes into the forest "que len appelloit terriquen;" in M., in accordance with the modifications of chapter i., Ector, on hearing that Lancelot has started in search of adventures, is angry, and, resolving to follow him, starts from Arthur's court. In M., Ector meets "a man was lyke a foster," of whom he asks if any adventures are to be found in the neighbourhood. The man tells him there is near by a strong castle near a ford. Before the castle stands a fine tree, on which hang many shields and a "bacyn of coper and latoen." He has but to strike the basin and he will hear wonderful tidings. In P.L., Lancelot meets a damsel crying, who tells him, on being asked the reason of her lament, that she saw a little while before a good knight, Lionel, tied under his horse's belly and led away by a most disloyal and felon knight, Terriquen, who is lord of the strong castle close by. Terriquen had Lionel stripped at his castle and beaten with "espines poingnans." In spite of the damsel's warning, Ector determines to fight Terriquen. He soon comes to a strong and lofty tower, before which is a fountain, consisting of a basin of red marble and a vessel "de plombs," into which a silver pipe throws water.

Three pine-trees almost overshade the fountain with their branches. On them hang forty "glaives," forty-five shields, and five spears. Ector recognises the shields of "aggraual, Sagremors, Keux, gossentin d'estrangort, and brandelis." Behind the fountain he sees a little table with the names of the bearers of these shields, and the mention that Terriquen conquered them in the twenty-fourth year of Arthur's reign. All these details are either omitted by, or strongly modified in, M. Common to both M. and P.L. is the incident that Ector waters his horse—in the former at the river, in the latter at the fountain. In M., in order to see Terriquen, he strikes the basin; in P.L. this incident is not mentioned, but I am inclined to see some connection between the vessel "de plombs" at the fountain and the "bacyn of coper and latoen." Both versions, then, agree that Terriquen, whose name as "Turquyne" is mentioned in M. for the first time on this occasion, overcomes Ector, carries him off to his castle, and only consents to spare his life if he vow to remain his life-long prisoner. Ector refuses, and here M. has the incident, mentioned on a former occasion by P.L., of Terriquen's ordering his people to strip Ector and beat him with thorns. The conversation of Ector with his fellow-prisoners differs save in two points—the inquiry after Lancelot, and the knight's declaration that Lancelot alone can deliver them—in the two versions, being much more detailed in P.L.

III. In the next chapter in M., and in the following paragraph in P.L., Lancelot is spoken of after Lionel had left him sleeping under the apple-tree. (In P.L. neither "pommier" nor "perron" is mentioned.) In P.L. "une belle dame qui estoyt royne de la terre de sorestan" passes by him on her way to "norgales" through "sorelois." Four knights carry "vng drap dessus elle sur quatre lances pour le chault que mal ne luy fist." Seeing a horse grazing, this queen conjectures the presence of some errant knight, and calls her "deux dames morgain la fee et sibil le enchanteresse." (The three ladies are said to be, after "la dame du lac," the greatest sorceresses alive, and therefore always keep company together.) In M. four queens pass by, whose names are disclosed later on. The canopy carried by four knights to protect the ladies from the scorching sun is also mentioned, but their attention is attracted by the "neighing" of a great horse. In P.L. the queen and her ladies, seeing the sleeping Lancelot, whom they evidently do not recognise, are so much struck by his beauty that they think he is no earthly being, "mais chose fee," and each wishes to obtain him as "peramour." In M. the four queens recognise Lancelot at once, and each of them declares she must have his love. The contest which follows between the queen and her ladies in P.L., between the four queens in M., is somewhat different, but in both versions Morgain's advice at last

prevails, to enchant Lancelot, and carry him on a horse-litter to the castle "de la charette" (M., du charyot).[1]

On arriving at the castle Lancelot is put, according to P.L., "en vne belle chambre et forte," and there the enchantment is taken off him. In M. he is put into a cold chamber, where after some time the spell passes of itself; on awaking, Lancelot remembers in P.L. that he slept under a tree, and exclaims: "Saincte marie ou suis ie / ie me couchay soubz lombre dung pommier."

Both in P.L. and M. a damsel brings him some food, specified in the latter as "souper." The reflections which Lancelot makes in P.L. on awaking from his spell occur in M., though somewhat modified, during the conversation with the damsel.

On the next morning the queen and her two ladies according to P.L., according to M. the four queens (who are named on this occasion, Morgan le fay of the land of Gorre, the quene of Northgalys, the quene of Eestland, and the quene of the oute yles), come to Lancelot, telling him where he is, and that he will remain their prisoner unless he makes up his mind to select one of them as his paramour. In M., as above mentioned, Lancelot is known, and his love to Queen Gueneuer is referred to, but not so in P.L. The answer of Lancelot to the women's proposal, though negative in both versions, differs with the circumstances.

IV.–VI. The fourth and following chapters afford one of the most instructive examples of the way in which the text of these romances was modified in the course of reproduction.

In P.L. the damsel who daily supplies Lancelot with food finds that he grows sadder and sadder, and hardly touches anything. On the fourth day some knights return to the castle from a tournament, and speak about it so loud that Lancelot can hear their conversation from his prison; this increases his sadness still further. The damsel, finding him in this state, is overcome by compassion, and asks his name. He tells her his name, and adds that he is the most unfortunate knight living; misfortune had followed him since he was in his cradle. When the damsel hears that the prisoner is Lancelot, she is highly pleased, and declares, if he will do her a service, she will deliver him out of prison.

In M. the damsel comes to him "at the noone" of the same day on which Lancelot refused the four queens, and, as in accord with former events she knows who he is, at once offers to release him, on condition he is ready to do her a service. The knights returning from the tournament and some other details are not mentioned.

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[1] In P.L. the "chasteau de la charrette" is specified by the sentence "qui fut ainsi appele pource qui Lancelot y passa en la charrette celluy iour que meleagāt emmenoit la roine genieure au Royaulme de gorre," for the incidents which in M. are only told in the nineteenth book occur in P.L. at a much earlier period.

In both versions Lancelot is ready to do the service the damsel requires, but service and damsel are different in the two versions.

In P.L. the damsel tells Lancelot that her father, "le duc de rochedon," many years ago made war against the king of "sorestan," the husband of the queen in whose castle they are at present. After a long struggle peace was at last arranged between the two antagonists on condition that the damsel, who was then fifteen, should marry a grandson of the "duc" (evidently a mistake for "king"), six years old. Her parents died soon after this treaty, and the king of "sorestan" seized all her land. Her intended husband, who had gone a week before Christmas to Arthur's court, was slain in a forest. She then asked the queen to restore her her land, but was refused. The day before yesterday a brother of the queen asked for her hand, and obtained it and all her lands from the queen against her will. The wedding is to take place next Sunday week. The damsel detests the queen's brother, and refuses to marry him. The favour she asks from Lancelot is to appear on the wedding day, and prevent the ceremony from taking place.[1] At night, when all are asleep, the damsel gives him a horse and arms and lets him out of the castle. When departing, he asks her if she knows about what tournament the knights were talking. She tells him it is one between King Baudemagus and the King of "norgalles," which took place near by in a meadow. King Baudamagus had the worst at the last meeting, having too few knights; but they re-assemble on Thursday "et il ny auoyt que vng iour entre deux," from which remark it is evident that the first meeting took place on a "Tewesday," a fact, though in itself of little importance, of some significance in the present case, as we shall soon see.

In M., the damsel, who is the daughter of King Baudemagus, tells Lancelot that "the last tewesdaye past" (compare P.L.) her father was defeated at a tournament against the King of Northgales, owing to the presence of the knights of Arthur's court; the fight is to be renewed on "tewesday next coming," and the service the damsel requires from Lancelot is to help her father on this occasion against the King of Northgales. They agree to meet at an "Abbey of whyte monkes" ten miles distant.

In P.L., King Baudemagus' daughter plays a part in the episode (referred to in the note at p. 182) of Gueneuer's abduction by Meleagant, for she it is who delivers Lancelot out of the prison in the strong tower where her brother Meleagant has put him. M. on this occasion, in the nineteenth book, as I shall point out, does not state that the damsel who then delivers Lancelot out of Meleagant's prison is the latter's sister; but here he omits the daughter of the "duc de rochedon,"

[1] The end of this episode is told in P.L. at a very much later part of the romance.

giving her part to the daughter of Baudemagus, mentioned a little farther on in P.L., as we shall see directly.

When, according to P.L., Lancelot has left the damsel, he rides for some time, until he comes to a pavilion. Finding nobody in it, he pastures his horse, enters, blows out the candles, and goes to bed. After a while the owner of the pavilion returns. Finding his pavilion dark, he thinks his sweetheart has returned in his absence, and goes to bed without more ado. Under the impression that his sweetheart is in the bed, he begins to embrace and kiss Lancelot, but soon perceiving his mistake, and thinking that Lancelot has dishonoured his sweetheart, he throws him out of bed and bitterly reproaches him. When Lancelot realises his situation, he seizes the knight by the throat and shakes him off, gets up, and takes hold of his sword. The knight, seeing this, flees out of the pavilion; Lancelot follows him, overtakes and kills him, and then returns to the pavilion, and sleeps until the birds awake him on the next morning. He rides away without knowing what knight he has slain.

The same incident occurs in M., but the *dénouement* is different. Lancelot does not kill the knight, who surrenders himself, seriously wounded, to Lancelot's mercy, tells him that the pavilion belonged to him, and that he was wont to await his sweetheart there. Lancelot then takes him back to the pavilion, stanches his blood, and dresses his wounds. While this is going on a lady arrives, who begins to lament on seeing "her lord Belleus" grievously wounded. All is explained to her; she asks who Lancelot is, and, on being told, declares she has often seen him, and requests him, in atonement of the wrong he has done to her love, to "cause hym to be made knyght of the round table" on his return to King Arthur. Lancelot consents, and bids them come "vnto the courte the next hyhe feest."

In P.L., Lancelot after riding some time meets four squires leading four white coursers, whilst others follow with a knight's accoutrements. On being asked whose outfit they carry, the squires tell him that all belongs to "gallehodin filz gallehault le seigneur des loingtaines isles," who is going on the morrow to help his "ayeul," the King of "norgalles," in a tournament. When Lancelot has left the squires, he hears a bell ring, follows its sound, and comes to an "abbaye de moynes blancz." He dismounts, enters, and finds there the sister of Meleagant, the same who delivered him out of "la douloureuse prison." Both are highly pleased. The damsel tells Lancelot she has come to this abbey because she wishes to see a tournament which is going to take place on the next day between her father King Baudemagus and the King of Northgales. When Lancelot tells her that he also came for this tournament, she requests him to help her father. M., as I have already mentioned, having attributed the part of the daughter of the duke "de rochedon"

to Meleagant's sister, and having substituted, for the service the former damsel required from him, that of Baudemagus' daughter, now makes Lancelot arrive at the Abbey of White Monks, not by chance, but by appointment.

In P.L. the damsel then invites Lancelot to stay with her, and sends a valet to her father, who stays at some distance "au chasteau de la herpe." When Baudemagus hears that Lancelot has come to his daughter he is delighted. With a view of hiding Lancelot's presence as much as possible, he resolves to go secretly to the abbey, and chooses only four of his best knights to accompany him. When Baudemagus and Lancelot meet, they are greatly pleased, and try to outdo each other in courtesy. Baudemagus repeats his daughter's request that Lancelot should help him in the morrow's tournament, and Lancelot is ready, provided his name be disclosed to nobody. The next afternoon Baudemagus returns to his quarters, leaving three of his knights with Lancelot, to be his companions at the tournament.

The three knights are also mentioned in M., but many details told in P.L. are altered—*e.g.*, Lancelot tells Baudemagus of his imprisonment by the four queens, his deliverance by the king's daughter, his setting out with Lionel; Baudemagus tells Lancelot he had the worst at the last tournament, thanks to Mador de la porte, Mordred, and Gahalantyne. The meeting of the daughter of Baudemagus with the daughter of the King of Northgalis and their conversation in P.L. do not occur in M. Both P.L. and M. state that Lancelot and his three knights have white shields, and go to a wood. The number of knights present at the tournament differ widely in the two versions: in P.L., "Si estoient assemblez que dune part que d'aultre plus de dix mille;" in M., "eyght score helmes" of the King of Northgales and "four score" of Baudemagus.

The three knights of King Arthur previously mentioned by M. are now also named in P.L.; but while M. says twelve knights of Baudemagus and six of the other party are killed in the first attack, P.L. only states that Baudemagus' party is driven back. The conversation between the daughters of the two kings who witness the tournament from "scaffoldis" as it occurs in P.L. is not mentioned in M.

VII. pp. 191–192, 25. The doings of Lancelot at the tournament are the same in both versions, save for slight modifications, the most prominent feature being the overcoming of Mordred [Mordrec], Gahalantyne [Gallehodin], and Mador de la porte by Lancelot. But while in P.L. the King of Northgales, utterly defeated, takes to flight, and the fight has apparently a serious character, in M. the jousting is at last abandoned, and the "gree" given to Baudemagus. In P.L., Lancelot does not go with Baudemagus to his castle, but rides straight away

from the tournament in the pursuit of adventures. In M. he goes to Baudemagus' castle, stays the night there, is well entertained, and starts in the morning with the object of finding his "broder" Lyonel. M. is not very particular as to the different degrees of parentage: Lionel is sometimes Lancelot's nephew, sometimes his cousin, and sometimes his brother. Before starting, Lancelot assures the king's daughter that he will be always at her service as a true knight should.

β. CHAPTERS VII.–XI.[1]

In P.L., after Lancelot's departure from the tournament, which occurs in the edition of 1513 on fol. 103 verso, there follow over forty folios before M. takes up the narrative again on fol. 146 verso. It is by no means impossible that Lancelot's passing the night with Baudemagus is a simple addition either by M. or by the compiler of the source whence he drew his information, intended to link together the two sets of adventures, which belong to quite different portions of the original.

VII. p. 192, 26–IX. p. 195, 19. In P.L., Lancelot, in search of Hector and Lionel, has met with Boors and Ywain and four other knights at the "chastel du trespas." Lancelot proposes that each of the six knights should ride forth by himself, and all should be back to the castle "a la feste de toussainz." His proposal is accepted, and the knights depart in different directions. Lancelot rides many days "sans nulle aduenture trouuer qui a compter face," arrives on the fifteenth day in the forest where he had lost Lionel, and there meets a damsel.

At this point M. takes the narrative up again, and adds that the damsel's palfrey is white; whereas, in P.L., Lancelot at once asks the damsel if she knows anything about Lionel, according to M., he asks her if she knows of any adventures. The answer the damsel gives is in both cases in accordance with the question: in P.L. she has heard of Lionel, and knows him to be prisoner of a knight in the forest; in M., Lionel's name is mentioned neither by Lancelot nor by the damsel, but the latter, after hearing Lancelot's name, tells him of a very strong knight near by in the forest. In both versions this knight is Turquyne or Terriquant,[2] and P.L. adds (what in M. occurs only on a later occasion) that he is the brother of "karados le grant le seigneur de la douloureuse tour," whom Lancelot has killed for the sake of Gawayne. The damsel leads Lancelot to the seat of Turquyne.

The descriptions of this place, being a repetition of the former ones,

[1] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. ii. ff. 146–ca. 150.

[2] On the previous occasion the name is spelled "terriquen" in P.L.

deviate again in M. and P.L. in the points mentioned at p. 180, save that P.L. on this occasion, instead of three pine-trees, only mentions one—viz., "Car moult lui sembloit belle pour ce quelle estoit couuerte de branches / & de fueilles de vng pin verdoyant." P.L. also adds the names of several knights whose shields hang on the tree, and some remarks are made upon Lionel's shield.

While Lancelot and the damsel are talking, Turquyne arrives, leading, according to P.L., a grievously wounded knight on a horse with him. "There," says the damsel to Lancelot, "you can see 'quel dyable il est,' and how he puts the knights into his prison."

In M., Lancelot first waters his horse, as Ector had done previously, then strikes the basin furiously, and rides for some time to and fro before the manor gates. At length Turquyne arrives, also with a fettered and wounded knight, who is at once described as Gaheryse, the brother of Gawayn. The words Lancelot and Turquyne interchange and the details of the battle between them agree closely in the two versions, and end in both with the defeat and death of Turquyne.

IX. p. 195, 20, to XII. p. 199, 35. In P.L. the damsel says to Lancelot: "Sire cheuallier suyuez moy si comme vous mauez promys;" in M., Lancelot says to the damsel: "damoysel I am redy to goo with yow where ye wylle haue me." In both versions Lancelot has no horse, and wishes first to deliver the prisoners, but the damsel bids him take Gaheryse's horse and tell him to set the knights free. The dialogue between Lancelot and Gaheryse in P.L. is omitted by M., nor are the names of the various knights quoted by M. mentioned in P.L. The remainder of the ninth chapter agrees in both versions, save that in P.L. "trois varletz amenoient trois sommiers chargez de venoison," whereas in M. there comes "a foster with foure horses lade with fatte veneson." The long discussion between Gaheryse and the other knights in P.L. is not in M. In the former version the delivered knights stay one week; in the latter, only one day. M. does not mention, as does P.L., that at length, when Gaheryse is healed, the knights exchange Terriquen's castle for horses, though not very good ones. In P.L., Gaheryse tells them, on parting, they shall find Lancelot at All Saints at the "chastel de trespas," whereas in M. he bids them await Lancelot at the court of King Arthur. In the tenth chapter M., in accordance with P.L., describes Lancelot's adventures when he follows the damsel who had led him to the castle of Turquyne. M. and P.L., whilst both telling how Lancelot kills a knight to whom he is shown, and who steals horses, vary considerably in details. In M. the knight, whose name is disclosed later on (p. 197, 27) as "Perys de foreyst saueage," is not only a thief, but also a "ravyssher of women." In P.L. his name is not mentioned at all, and, though he

is expressly called a horse thief, the other quality attributed to him is only indicated by the sentence: "Et puis si me voulut faire grant villonie pource que ien parloye." In both versions Lancelot bids the damsel ride some distance in front of him. She does so, the knight attacks her, throws her off her palfrey, and, on the damsel's cries for help, Lancelot appears and kills the knight.

From p. 197, 27, to p. 198, 14, M. has nothing in common with P.L. This passage, in which the damsel advises Lancelot to marry, and Lancelot endeavours to explain to her the reasons why he can and will not do so, are probably Malory's invention, an hypothesis strengthened by the moralising tendency exhibited in other similar intercalations. In M., Lancelot and the damsel part after this dialogue. In P.L., Lancelot, at the damsel's request, goes with her and stays at her castle for a whole week, leaving it only, when his wounds are healed, for the purpose of seeking Ector, for he "ne cuydoit point quil (Ector) fust en forteresse terriquant." After wandering for nearly a month, he comes one day to a house in a meadow. Hard by he meets a man clad in white. Lancelot asks this man about Ector, and is told that on the preceding day Ector killed a knight near the house, but afterwards disappeared, leaving no trace, and that he had "vnes armes blanches et vng cheual noir."

"A heure de vespres" Lancelot reaches a hill, where he meets a damsel riding on a white palfrey and carrying "vng espreuier sur son poing;" on hearing that Lancelot wishes to go to the castle, this damsel tries to dissuade him, but fails. Lancelot continues his way until he comes to a bridge.

At this point M. again takes up the narrative. Both in P.L. and M., Lancelot is stopped by a fellow watching on the bridge, whom he kills, but the details attached to this incident vary slightly in the two accounts.

In P.L., Lancelot now enters the castle, hears the noise of a horn, and meets an old man, who tells him that he has done a great wrong in killing the castle porter, and that he will have to pay dearly for it. As he passes on, Lancelot is told by people standing at the roadside that he is approaching his death. Arriving at the principal tower, Lancelot dismounts, ties his horse to a tree, opens "le guichet," and enters. No sooner has he done this than "vne porte coulice" descends between him and the guichet, but Lancelot is not in the least frightened. A valet now steps forth and asks why he has killed the porter; Lancelot gives no answer. At this moment two terrible giants, the lords of the castle, appear, and wish to slay Lancelot, but he overcomes and slays them both after a short combat. An aged lady now brings him the keys of the castle. He opens it, and many

knights, ladies, and damsels advance and do him homage as their new liege, because he has overcome their former lords, the two giants, who had received the castle of Tintaguel three years before from "le duc Corains." When Lancelot tells them who he is, they are highly pleased, and applaud him greatly. He stays at the castle until the next morning.

M.'s account of this last adventure, though it has the same basis, varies in many points from P.L. The damsel who warns Lancelot before going into the castle, and the old man who reproaches him with the death of the porter when he has passed the bridge, are not mentioned by M., their *rôle* being attributed to "al the peple men and wymmen." In M., Lancelot ties his horse "to a rynge on the walle," whereas in P.L. he ties it to a tree. The "moche peple in dores and wyndowes" are not mentioned in P.L. In M., Lancelot cleaves the second knight to his "nauel;" in P.L., only to the "teeth."

The old lady who brings Lancelot the keys of the castle in P.L. is not mentioned in M. The "thre score ladyes and damoysels" and their story, how they have been prisoners at the castle for seven years and had to do "al maner of sylke werkes for" their "mete," are not in P.L. While adding such details, M., on the other hand, skips various others in P.L.

The "duc de corain" is evidently replaced in M. by "a duke oughte it somtyme that had wedded fair Igrayn / and after wedded Vtherpendragon / & gate on her Arthur." While in P.L. Lancelot stays until the next morning at the castle of Tintaguel, in M. he leaves it immediately.

The adventures which follow after this in M. are not to be found anywhere in P.L., even in a modified form.

γ. CHAPTERS XI.–XVIII.

Two-thirds of the eleventh chapter—*i.e.*, from p. 199, 35, to p. 201, 35—and chapters xii.–xviii., or the whole of the remainder of the sixth book of M. relating Lancelot's adventures, such as the rescue of Kay, his riding off in Kay's armour and leaving his own behind, his fight against the three brothers, Gauntere, Gylmere, and Raynold, who mistake him for Kay; his overthrow of Sagramour le desyrus, Ector de marys, Gawayn, and Uwayne; his following the brachet and going to the perilous chapel, his dangerous position on the tree after assisting a lady in regaining a falcon and his being attacked by her husband; his meeting with Pedyuere, his return to Arthur's court, and at last the rehearsal of all his valiant deeds and feats of arms, must have been derived by Malory from another source

than the Prose-Lancelot, in common, as I shall attempt later on to show, with all that relates to Lancelot in "Le Morte Darthur."

On p. 199, l. 35, a paragraph mark and the general character of the contents of the then following lines—"And thenne he mounted vpon his hors & rode in to many straunge & wyld countreyes and thorou many waters and valeyes and euyl was he lodged / And at laste by fortune hym happend," &c.—clearly indicate that the events which follow do not immediately join on to those told before the paragraph mark, but that either Malory, or the writer of the source whence he drew his information, broke away here from the thread of the Prose-Lancelot, and either inserted adventures from another source or invented them himself in imitation of the many similar episodes in other romances. Here I will only mention that I incline to think that, beside the Vulgate-Lancelot, there existed another version of the Lancelot, modified and enlarged, in the same manner as beside the Vulgate-Merlin there exists a "Suite de Merlin," or an enlarged Tristan by the side of the original Tristan, and that Malory knew this version, which we no longer possess. I reserve my conjectures as to the structure of this "Suite de Lancelot," as I might call it, until the end of the section on the Lancelot or the later history of King Arthur.

b. THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

a. CHAPTERS I.–III.[1]

M. departs from the narrative of P.L. in book vi. chapter vii. (p. 192, 12), and takes it up again at the beginning of the eleventh book, connecting what is to come with the preceding adventures of Tristram by the lines: "Now leue we syr Trystram de lyones / & speke we of syr Galahalt . . . . as the Frensshe booke reherceth;" he then narrates Lancelot's adventure with fair Elayne, the daughter of King Pelles, and the subsequent birth of Galahad.

I. In P.L., as we have seen at p. 185, Lancelot rides off into the forest after the tournament, in which he fought for Baudemagus against the King of Northgales, whereas in M. he stays for some time with Baudemagus. In P.L., Lancelot meets, while riding through the forest, a most beautiful lady and a knight. The lady invites Lancelot to come and stay at her castle, and promises him, if he accepts her invitation, to show him on the morrow "la plus belle chose" which he ever saw in his life. Lancelot accepts, is led to the castle, and received with great honour. Whilst he is at table, the lord of the

[1] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. ii. ff. 105–107.

castle returns from the tournament with his knights, and cannot praise highly enough the knight who fought so valiantly for King Baudemagus (*i.e.*, Lancelot). The lady then tells him that the very knight is staying under his roof. When the lord of the castle has satisfied himself that this is so by examining Lancelot's shield, he is highly pleased, and pays great honour to his guest.[1]

On the morrow Lancelot reminds the lady of her promise. They have their horses saddled, and ride off. After a long while they meet a damsel, who asks the lady whither she leads the knight. When the lady tells her to the castle of Corbenic, the damsel declares she cannot possibly love that knight, for otherwise she would not take him to such a dangerous place.

The lady and Lancelot go on nevertheless, and enter the castle. As they are passing through the principal street, some people say to Lancelot: "sire cheuallier la charrette vous attend: & il leur respondit tout bas que se il luy conuenoit entrer en charrette ce ne seroit pas la premiere fois." When they arrive before the chief tower, Lancelot declares he has never seen a more beautiful one. Whilst he is still admiring the structure, he hears a woman's voice. He approaches, and finds that she is the "pucelle que messire gauuain voulut getter hors de la cuue," but failed to do so. The damsel implores him to throw her "hors de ceste cuue qui me brusle." Lancelot complies with her request, seizes her by the arms, and lifts her out of the "cuue." The damsel, seeing herself delivered from her pains, kneels to Lancelot and kisses his feet. "Cela fait," continues P.L., "toute la salle fut remplie de dames, damoyselles et cheualiers," though this "salle" is not previously mentioned. They clothe the damsel, though there is no previous mention of her being undressed, lead her to a chapel, and render thanks to God for her salvation. Then they take Lancelot to "vng cymetiere lequel estoit dessoubz la tour," and show him a tomb, on which the following inscription is visible:—"*Ia ceste tumbe ne sera leuee deuant que celluy y mettra la main duquel le lyon royal doit yssir / & celluy leuera legierement / et dicelluy sera engendre le grant lyon royal en la belle fille au roy de la terre foraine.*" Lancelot does not grasp the meaning of these words. The people tell him that, as he has delivered the damsel, he is evidently the man who will also bring to an end the adventure of the tomb; he should therefore open it and see what it contains. Lancelot does what he is bid. When the tomb is opened, a terrible fire-spitting "serpent" comes out. The heat becomes intolerable; all the people flee, and look on from the windows. Lancelot alone stays, covers himself with his shield, and succeeds in

[1] Here occurs a sort of paragraph mark in the printed edition of 1513.

killing the "serpent" after a long combat. This causes great joy; the people cheer him loudly, the bells are rung, he is taken to the palace and unarmed, King Pelles comes to salute and thank him, and tells him that his arrival is a long-waited-for blessing to his country. He then asks Lancelot's name.

M.'s account varies often. Firstly, the incident of a hermit's coming on a Whitsunday to Arthur, and telling him about the knight, yet "vnborne and vngoten," who is to occupy the void seat, is not in P.L. I believe it was added, either by M. or by the writer of his source, in imitation of the incident on Galahad's arrival at the court (compare book xiii. chapter iv.). Without any connection with former incidents, M. then states that after this feast Lancelot came by chance to the "pounte of Corbyn." Whether there was any river and a bridge near Corbyn I am unable to say; I think the "pounte" means, in the original text, the bridge of the castle of Corbenic. M. omits what is told of the damsel who warns Lancelot against the lady who leads him thither, and of the people who tell him that a cart is ready for him. M. then relates the deliverance of the lady out of the boiling water, and the adventure of the tomb, and is here more detailed than P.L.; *e.g.*, the latter does not mention that Morgan and the Queen of Northgales put the damsel to such torture because they were jealous of her beauty. In M. the damsel, in P.L. the people, lead Lancelot to the tomb. Inconsistencies in both M. and P.L. indicate that both descend from a common source, P.L. directly, M. indirectly; *e.g.*, in P.L., in the first instance it seems that the damsel is outside the tower in the boiling water, whereas afterwards she is clearly stated to be in the tower; in M., in both cases in the tower. Further: M. speaks first, in accordance with P.L., of a "serpent" coming out of the tomb, and afterwards he calls it a "dragon."

II.–III. p. 575, 23. The incidents told in M.'s second and in the greater part of his third chapter are the same as in P.L. with some modifications, additions, and omissions. In M., when Pelles tells Lancelot his name, he adds, "and cosyn nyghe vnto Ioseph of Armathye;" this is not in P.L. Some passages agree almost literally in the French and English texts, such as:

M.: "such a sauour as alle the spycery of the world had ben there."

P.L.: "de si bonnes odeurs comme se toutes les espices dy monde y eussent este respandues."

In P.L., Brisanne, the maid of King Pelles' daughter, is already introduced before the appearance of the Holy Grail; in M., only afterwards. In P.L., Galahad's name is not mentioned on this occasion, as in M.

In P.L. twenty knights lead Elayne to the "chastel de la quase," in M. "xxv" to the castle "of Case."

In M., Brisen gives the magic drink personally to Lancelot; in P.L. she bids a maiden do so.

The description of Lancelot's deception with regard to Elayne, whom he takes for Gueneuer, is related at greater detail in P.L., and some reflections are added on the motives of Elayne and Lancelot in desiring carnal intercourse—Elayne to fulfil a divine calling and that she may conceive the best knight of the world, who is to achieve the Holy Grail; Lancelot, because he loves Gueneuer.

P.L. does not mention, as does M., that, after sparing Elayne, Lancelot declares he will be revenged on Brisen, nor that Elayne entreats Lancelot to come and see her as soon as possible. The remark in M.: "for I haue obeyed me vnto the prophecy that my fader teld me / And by his commaundement to fulfille this prophecy I haue gyuen the grettest rychesse and the fayrest floure that euer I had / and that is my maydenhode that I shalle neuer haue ageyne," are probably suggested by the above-mentioned reflections. The events which follow Lancelot's departure from the castle of Case in the last portion of the third and in the following chapters are derived from a much later portion of P.L.

β. CHAPTERS III.–VI.[1]

III. p. 575, 25, to IV. p. 576, 24. The birth and christening of Galahad, as told by M., p. 575, ll. 25–30, are not to be met with anywhere in P.L.; these incidents are most likely the conclusion of what is told and the anticipation of what follows. On the occasion of Boors' first visit to Corbenic, when he fights for "la dame de galuoye" and is heartily welcomed by King Pelles as the cousin of Lancelot, one reference is made to Galahad, though an indirect one—viz., Boors sits at table between Pelles and his beautiful daughter, "car elle ne portoit plus le sainct graal par deuant les tables / parce quelle estoit defflouree de sa virginite."

Omitting eighty folios of the edition of 1513, M. again takes up the narrative of P.L. in vol. iii. fol. 24.

All M. relates concerning "Bromel de la pleche," who is no other than the "Brunet du plaissis" of P.L., is strongly modified, and the sequence of incidents is altered. In his search for Lancelot, Boors again comes by chance to the "*chastel* de Corbenic." At the gate he finds a knight, who forbids his entry, declaring that he has allowed

[1] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. iii. ff. 24–35.

U of M

no one to enter for the last six months, from his dislike to all who love Lancelot, whom he hates most of all men. When Boors tells him that he is cousin and friend of Lancelot, a long and hard fight ensues. At last Boors gets the better of his antagonist and brings him to the ground, so that he gives up his sword and asks for mercy. In the description of the combat two passages deserve attention—why, I shall state later on: "Et celluy (the adversary of Boors) alla reculant iusques au *pont*" and "et tant lauoit mene quil estoit sur le bort du *pont*." The knight tells Boors that his name is Brunet du plaissis, and that he hates Lancelot because a beautiful damsel in the castle still loves him. Some time before, he (Brunet) asked this damsel for her love, but she refused, declaring that she loved the best knight of the world, Lancelot du lac. He then resolved to convince her that he was as good or even a better knight than Lancelot, of whom he went in search to Arthur's court. Being told there that Lancelot had been absent from court for the last six months, he returned to Corbenic and took up his station at the gate in order to fight Arthur's knights. Boors grants Brunet his life on condition that he go next Whitsuntide to court, and yield himself to Lancelot's mercy. When Brunet has promised this, "boort remonta sur son cheual, puis sen alla au chastel par dessus le *pont*."

M. begins with the statement that Bromel de la pleche is in love with fair Helayne, and vows to keep the "pounte de Corbyn" for twelve months.

In the fourth chapter M. then simply goes on to say that one day, by chance, Boors came to the "pounte de Corbyn" and found there Bromel, who prevented him from passing. Here, as on the occasion of Lancelot's coming to Corbyn, told in chapter i. of this book, where P.L. generally has "chastel de Corbenic," except in the three passages which I have above quoted, M. uses the term "pounte." A comparison of these passages with M. at once furnishes the key to this anomaly. The archetype of P.L. always had "pont de Corbenic;" the scribe of the MS. from which the printed text descends changed "pont" into "chastel" in the first instance, but afterwards forgot this alteration and wrote "pont" in the three I have cited. The fight between Boors and Bromel is told by M. much as in P.L.; in both versions Bromel is overcome, and receives mercy on condition that he goes to King Arthur's court and yields himself to Lancelot.

IV. p. 576, 25–VI. In the remainder of the fourth chapter and in the two following ones M. follows, with but slight differences, the thread of the narrative in P.L., and, though he condenses greatly, he omits hardly anything of importance. Whilst, in M., Galahad's name is already mentioned in chapter iii., in P.L. it first appears in this place.

P.L. contains no passage to the effect of M. p. 576, 30-32: "Meruelle not said sir bors / for this half yere he hath ben in pryson with Morgan le fay kyng Arthurs syster."

The son of Boors and the daughter of King Brangore, called "Elayne" in M., is called "Helyas" in P.L.

The name of "Pedyuere of the strayte marches," which M. gives in the fifth chapter as that of the knight whom Boors overcame and sent to Arthur's court, is not mentioned in P.L., where, indeed, this knight is not named at all.

In P.L. the old man who comes to Boors, besides referring to Joseph of Arimathea, mentions also a certain "orpheus lenchanteur qui a fondu le chasteau des enchanteurs en la marche descosse."

Instead of twelve damsels as in P.L., M. only speaks of four in chapter vi.

The last fourteen lines of chapter vi. are a sort of *résumé* of some twenty-eight folios in the edition of 1513, which relate, *inter alia*, the war between Arthur and Claudas.

γ. CHAPTERS VII.-XIV.[1]

The eight last chapters of book xi. follow, with such differences as I shall point out, the thread of the narrative of P.L.

Upon his return from "Gaulle" (relates P.L. vol. ii. fol. 67) King Arthur resolves to hold a more splendid court on the next Whitsunday at Cameloth than ever took place before, in celebration of his victorious expedition. The news spreads over "escosse," "irlande," and "toutes les isles de mer qui pres dillec estoient," and from all parts of the country knights and ladies come in throngs; it also reaches fair Elayne, the daughter of King Pelles, at Corbenic. At this point M. again takes up the narrative of P.L.

VII. M. says that Elayne took with her to Arthur's court, "xx" knights and "x" ladies and gentlewomen, "to the nombre of an hondred horses" (!), where P.L. states that she took ladies and damsels with her to the number of eighty.

M. does not mention Elayne's taking with her her child, little Galahad, "dessus le col de son palefroy qui estoit for et puissant."

M. states that Trystram, Bleoberys, and Gawayne greet Elayne on her arrival, which is not in P.L.; on the other hand, P.L. states later that three cousins, Boort, Lionel, and Hector, honour Elayne much, for they know her relation to Lancelot "ne ilz ne veoient nulle chose

[1] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. iii. ff. 67-72.

si voulentiers comme ilz faisoyent leur cousin le petit enfant que len appelloit galaad," which M. omits.

P.L. specifies, contrary to M., that the queen bids Lancelot come to her chamber "le mardy apres la pentecouste."

Some slight, though utterly insignificant, differences are noticeable in all that relates to "dame Brysen" and her machinations.

VIII. The eighth chapter is as nearly as possible, save for considerable condensation, a faithful reproduction of the corresponding portion of P.L.

IX. The beginning of chapter ix. is slightly different in M. from P.L. The statement in M. that Gueneuer banishes Elayne from her court is not in P.L., where she leaves the court of her own free will.

In P.L. and in M., Arthur, with a suite, personally accompanies Elayne for some distance on her way home. In P.L., Elayne speaks privily to Boors after Arthur has taken leave of her; in M., before Arthur is gone far, Boors expressly says to Elayne: "and hold my lord Arthur with a tale as longe as you can / for I wylle torne ageyne to Quene Gueneuer and geue her a hete," &c.

X.–XI. The knight whom Boors encounters, after riding for a long time without finding any adventures or trace of Lancelot, is called in M. "Melyon de Tartare," in P.L. "mellic du tertre;" in the latter, a fact omitted by M., he is accompanied by a damsel and two squires.

The knights of the Round Table who, on Mellic's arrival at the court with Boors' message, declare themselves ready, and afterwards set out in search of Lancelot, are, in P.L., twenty-two, of whom the following are named:—Sagremors, Ywain, Agrual, Gaheriet, Gueresches, and Mordrec. M. mentions the names of Gawayne, Uwayne, Sagremors, Aglouale, and *Percyuale*, and adds that with them "rode eyghten knyghtes . . . . and soo were they thre and twenty knyghtes." Insignificant as this passage may appear to the general reader, it is most important for the critic. If we look at P.L., we find that Percyuale is introduced and taken away from his mother by his brother Agrual to become one of the knights of King Arthur after this event. In M., on the contrary, Percyual, in accordance with the Roman de Tristan,[1] is already a knight of King Arthur (comp. book x. chapter xxiii.); therefore, by adding Percyual, the number of knights, instead of twenty-two, as in P.L., becomes twenty-three, as in M. And the lesson is, that the original versions whence M.'s source and the P.L. were derived stood in a certain relation to each other.

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[1] This is one of the few passages which the "Lancelot" and "Tristan" have in common; see my remarks farther on at p. 199.

The short paragraph of three lines concerning Lancelot, p. 586, 22-24, in M. occurs much earlier in P.L., and is evidently misplaced in M. From p. 586, 24, on we must examine M.'s relation to P.L. more minutely to show how M. has met the difficulty that Percival's arrival with Agloual at Arthur's court has already been related in the tenth book. P.L.'s account runs thus:—

When the twenty-two knights who start in search of Lancelot have gone off in various directions, Agrual rides long without finding any adventures, and comes at last by chance to the house of his mother, who is mourning the death of her husband [*i.e.*, Pellinor, whose name, however, is not mentioned] and of her eldest son [*i.e.*, Lamorak, not mentioned in P.L.]. She is pleased to see her son Agrual, whom she has not seen for five years. She introduces to Agrual a youth, handsome, well built, and strong, fifteen years old, and tells him he is her youngest child, and his brother Perceval. The youth pleases Agrual immensely, and he at once declares he will take him to Arthur's court and have him knighted. This grieves the mother, who urges that, as she has already lost *four* of her *six* sons, he ought to leave her Perceval, the only joy she has in the world. At supper Agrual continually looks at the beautiful youth, and thinks what a pity it would be to let him pass away his life in inactivity with his mother. Later on he retires into a garden behind the house. His mother sends Perceval to keep him company. Perceval finds Agrual pensive under an apple-tree. The two brothers talk together. Agrual asks Perceval if he would like to become one of King Arthur's knights. With all his heart, says the youth. Agrual promises him to take him to Arthur's court as soon as he leaves home, bids him tell no one about it, and most carefully to conceal it from their mother. On the fifteenth day Agrual announces his intention of starting on the next morning. He secretly arranges that Perceval shall ask their mother's permission to accompany him for some distance. On the morrow, after mass, Agrual takes leave of his mother, and starts. Perceval, as agreed, asks if he may go some distance with Agrual. The mother consents, but, to his displeasure, sends a squire with him. At a "bosquet" Perceval joins Agrual. They ride together for a long time pleasantly conversing. The squire, who has several times reminded Perceval that they have to return, is at last told the truth. He is very sad, but asks to remain Perceval's servant as a knight, as he was when the latter was "damoiseau." Perceval grants this, provided the squire first go to his mother, tell her about him, and then join him at Arthur's court. When the squire returns to Perceval's mother, "qui tant aymoit perceual que nul plus si manda le chappelain & se fist confesser / si receut le corpus domini & trespassa le soir / & lendemain elle fut enterree." The squire starts for Arthur's court. On the way he comes to a castle, and begs quarters for the night. When he says that he is a squire of Agrual, the lord of the castle kills him, and has his body thrown into a ditch. The day after, Agrual and Perceval, who have stayed at an abbey for two days, pass by the castle, and find the squire's body in the ditch. On asking a damsel and a varlet, who come out of the castle, who has killed the squire, they

learn it is the lord of the castle, in hate of Agrual. Agrual at once makes himself ready to fight, enters the castle, and asks the knight why he has killed *his* squire. The knight, understanding he has before him Agrual, who slew his brother, defies him. They fight. Agrual slays the knight and throws his body into the same ditch as his squire's, which latter he takes, with Perceval's help, to a neighbouring abbey, and buries it.

In M., Percyual, who is already a knight of Arthur's, as stated in book x. in accordance with "le Roman de Tristan," starts with his brother Agloual in the search of Lancelot. The two brothers come to their mother's house. The words in M., "who was in tho dayes a quene," may well correspond to those in P.L., "qui moult estoit de grant lignaige." As in P.L., the mother tells her sons of their father, Pellinor's, death, and of that of two brothers, but of these only Lamorak's name is mentioned. In M. the mother, in accordance with the passage in book x. chapter xxiii., states that she has four sons—viz., Agloual, Lamorak, Dornar, and Percyual (Tor being an illegitimate child of King Pellinor); it is evidently by mistake that in P.L. she states she has had six sons, four of whom are slain. According to M., Agloual, according to P.L., Lamorak, is the first-born. The mother implores her two sons to stay with her, but they declare they cannot. When the sons take leave of her, she falls down in a swoon. Coming to herself, she sends a squire after them "with spendynge ynough." I am much inclined to ascribe the alterations in this portion to Malory, and not to his source.

The remainder of chapter xi. agrees with the corresponding portion of P.L., save that exceptionally M. has more detail than P.L.—*e.g.*, the name of the knight who slew Agloual's squire is given as "Goodewyn," that of his brother as "Gawdelyn"—a circumstance which seems to indicate that the original source of P.L. and of the MS. Malory used contained more detail than P.L., as I have already mentioned on former occasions.

After this there follows in P.L. the passage which the "Lancelot" and the "Tristan" have in common, and which occurs in M., book x. chapter xxiii., with very slight variations.

Agrual and Perceval continue their way, and arrive at Carduel, at Arthur's court. Arthur and all his knights are very sad; twenty-five knights are in search of Lancelot, yet nobody has heard aught about him. Most depressed of all is queen Gueneuer, "car elle scauoit bien que tout le mal estoit venu par elle." On the next day Arthur notices Perceval, and thinks him a fine fellow. After dinner Agrual asks the king to dub his brother Perceval on the next morning; to this Arthur agrees. Perceval watches all night in the principal church of Carduel, and is made knight on the morrow.

Whilst Perceval sits at dinner among the "moins renommez" knights, one of the queen's maids, "de son aage le plus subtille ouuriere du monde," who has never said a word, and for this reason was called "the damsel who has never told a lie," suddenly begins to cry out, and says to Perceval: "sergent de notre seigneur ihesucrist vierge et net viens te seoir au siege de la table ronde empres le siege perilleux." All are "esbahys;" the maid leads Perceval to the seat, and tells him that the perilous seat will be occupied by the good knight whom Perceval will resemble "de virginite," and to the left of the good knight Galahad, Boors will be seated. After asking Perceval to think of her in the quest of the Holy Grail, the damsel retires to the queen's chamber and lies down on a bed. On the fourth day she receives the Lord's body, dies, and is buried with great honours in the principal church of "Cardueil."

M. relates this episode with some slight variations necessitated by the different circumstances of the "Tristan" version, in which, *e.g.*, Lamorak is still alive, and Agrual and Perceval are not, as in the "Lancelot," in search of their cousin Lancelot. M. also mentions the incident of the dumb maiden, and, as this is absent from the "Tristan," he must have drawn it from the "Lancelot."[1]

XII.–XIV. At the beginning of the twelfth chapter M., or rather the writer of the source he used, returns to the narrative of P.L., but adapts it boldly to his needs. P.L. relates:

One day in winter King Arthur sits in his castle "caradigant" at dinner, surrounded by knights of various ages. Among the youngest knights is Perceval. Keux, who is Mordrec's table neighbour, after looking for some time at Perceval, says, in his cynical manner, he does not think that Perceval will ever do much; he seems to prefer peace and rest to feats of arms. A fool of the court, who hears this remark, tells Perceval about it, and, without naming them, points out Keux and Mordrec as those who have said it. Perceval is so deeply offended that he resolves to leave the court secretly.

At night, when his brother Agrual and all the other knights are asleep, he gets up and bids one of his [own] squires, in whom he has confidence, get him a horse and arms ready at once. The squire is reluctant, fearing lest Agrual should kill him, but at last does as he is bid when Perceval promises to take him with him. So they ride off. After a time they come to some old ruins. Perceval is tired, and wishes to rest. The squire offers to hold the horses and watch, but Perceval persuades him to tie them to a tree, and to sleep. When the squire has yielded at last and is asleep, Perceval, who wishes to be rid of him, takes his horse and rides off. After wandering about for a long time, he gets out of the forest, and comes to a castle by the side of a great river.

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[1] If M. had anywhere drawn from the "Perceval," we might suppose that he got this incident from that romance, for it occurs in Chrétien de Troyes and in all the Perceval stories.

In M. this narrative, though strongly modified, is recognisable. Agrual and Perceval, immediately after burying the squire in the abbey, come, in search of Lancelot, to the castle "Cardycan," evidently the "caradigant" of P.L., and stay there. At night Perceval comes to a squire of Agrual[1] (not of his own) and asks him to ride away with him. The squire's reply is the same as in P.L., and only when Perceval warrants his safety does he obey. As M. does not state that Perceval wishes to get rid of the squire, he omits their stay at the ruins.

In both M. and P.L. Perceval then comes to a bridge near a castle, and finds a knight chained to a stone pillar. This knight, Percydes in M., is called Patrides in P.L. The whole episode is, save some alterations in the sequence of incidents, the same in both versions. At the end P.L. does not mention, as M. does, that Perceval rides with Percydes to the castle and bids the lady give up the servants of the latter, nor that Perceval afterwards stays at Percydes' castle.

The contents of M. p. 590, 18–35, and 591, 1–5, are one of the strongest proofs I can adduce in support of my hypothesis that P.L. and the MS. used by M. go back to a common source. These lines are not intelligible in M. without P.L. Why does Perceval wish Percydes to tell Mordrec and Kay that "or euer he come to the courte ageyne to be of as grete noblesse as euer were ye bothe and mo men to speke of his noblesse than euer they did yow." From P.L. we know the reason—viz., that Keux had, in his conversation with Mordrec, said he did not think much of Perceval, and, through this remark, had caused Perceval's departure from the court. The writer of M.'s source, who altered the narrative in the beginning, forgot to alter it in the second place, and has thus furnished us a clue to his workmanship.

From p. 591, 5, to p. 593, 3, or in the remainder of book xi., M., whilst abridging, follows P.L. closely in describing the mortal fight of Boors and Perceval and their being healed by the Holy Grail.

c. THE TWELFTH BOOK.[2]

CHAPTERS I.–X.

With comparatively few and slight differences the twelfth book is a reproduction of the contents of the next seven folios of P.L. save for considerable condensation; all variations between the two versions are enumerated in the following pages.

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[1] Evidently the writer was led to think, by the squire's being afraid of Agrual, that he was Agrual's squire.

[2] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. iii. ff. 74–80.

I. In M., Lancelot is said to strike the shield hanging at the pavilion "as if x knyghtes" did it; in P.L. the passage runs: "puis commenca a frapper sur lescu & fist aussi grant noise comme se . xii . cheualiers se combatissent ensemble." The passage in P.L., "et elle saillit incontinent hors du lict tout en chemise et yssit hors du pauillion," was evidently too realistic for M., as he adds: "and she gat her smock / and ranne oute of the pauilion;" in P.L. the knight fetches it later on out of the pavilion. In P.L. the dwarf does not state, as in M., that he had formerly seen Lancelot at the tournament of Lonezep. The knight whom Lancelot stuns by the violence of his stroke is called "blians" in P.L., "Blyaunt" in M.; his brother, "celinans" in P.L., "Selynaunt" in M. Probably M. did not recognise that, in "blanc chasteau," "blanc" is an adjective meaning white, perhaps owing to the difference of the masculine and feminine genders, for he renders it by "the Castel blank," whereas on other occasions, when the adjective is used in connection with a feminine noun, he correctly renders it by "white"—*e.g.*, "abbaye blanche" = white abbey.

II. It would seem to be inadvertence or misunderstanding on M.'s part that Lancelot was fettered when they wanted to give him food at the castle of Blyaunt. In P.L. he was chained and corded to his bed before being carried thither, and loosened when he got his food. In describing Lancelot's treatment at the castle P.L. adds: "& le laisserent aller entreulx en telle maniere quil nestoit empesche sinon de vngs petis anneletz quilz luy misrent es poings et es piedz / affin quil nallast pas trop loing." M. omits this, but afterwards refers to Lancelot's breaking his chain. The names of the two knights in M., "Breuse saunce pyte" and his brother "Bertolet," who follow Blyaunt, are not mentioned in P.L. Whilst, in M., Lancelot sees Blyaunt's need from a window, and runs out "at a posterne" to his assistance after hurting his wrists and ankles in breaking his chains, P.L. states that the two knights follow Blyaunt right into his castle, and, pursuing him from chamber to chamber, they come by chance into the room "ou lancelot estoit gisant tout vestu / et les aultres vont apres en frappant sur luy [*i.e.*, blians] et quant il vit," &c.; then Lancelot "se leua pour luy aller ayder mais les aneaulx quil auoit es piedz blessoient et il se arresta tout quoy si print les aneaulx aux deux mains & les tira de telle force quil les rompit / mais il en eut les mains toutes sanglantes et le cuyr des doys tout derompu."

III. The adventure with the boar, which happens during Lancelot's madness, is told alike in both versions; also his arrival at the castle of Corbenic. P.L. does not state, as does M., that Lancelot, when on entering the town and being molested by children, to frighten them away, "he brake the legges and armes" of some of them, nor that he is at

last saved from the children's attacks by some knights from the castle.

IV. Castor, the name of King Pelles' cousin in M., is not found in P.L. M.'s fourth chapter only differs from P.L. in so far as it states that "dame Brysen" accompanies King Pelles and fair Elayne into the garden where Lancelot sleeps, recognises him at once, and, casting a spell upon him, enables the people to carry him into the tower; in P.L., dame Brysen is not mentioned on this occasion.

V.–VI. These two chapters likewise correspond fairly well, on the whole, to the account in P.L., but some slight confusion seems to have arisen. While, in M., Pelles and his daughter come to Lancelot when he awakes after being healed by the Holy Grail, Elayne is not even present on this occasion in P.L., and only learns Lancelot's recovery through her father. Here again M. mentions dame Brysen in contradiction to P.L. According to P.L., the contents of M. p. 600, ll. 25–37, ought to precede ll. 1–24 of the same page. In P.L., Lancelot only speaks with King Pelles, and arranges with regard to his future with him. Pelles afterwards goes to his daughter and tells her about Lancelot's intentions, and she then proposes to take him to the "chasteau que len appelle bliant," "en une ysle." To this castle Lancelot goes secretly, accompanied only by Pelles, and only upon his arrival at the castle does he see Elayne and have a conversation with her to nearly the same effect as in M. All this is upset in M., where Pelles decides upon castle Blyaunt as Lancelot's abode, when Elayne, having spoken with Lancelot, comes to her father, and communicates to him Lancelot's wish to stay in one of his castles so that nobody may recognise him. In M., Elayne offers to stay with Lancelot; in P.L., Lancelot asks her as a favour to stay with him. To this modification, or rather confusion, it is also evidently due that M. says: "And thenne after this kynge Pelles with x knyghtes / and dame Elayne / and twenty ladyes rode vnto the castel of Blyaunt," &c. The ten knights and the twenty damsels are actually mentioned in P.L., but under very different circumstances. When Lancelot, after his arrival, has spoken to Elayne and requested her to stay with him, she tells her father, and, by his advice, consents to comply with Lancelot's desire. "Et le roy luy dist quil manderoit parmy son royaulme vingt des plus belles damoiselles pour luy faire compaignie . . . . lancelot eut auec luy dix cheualiers qui tous estoyent preux & hardis."

The early part of M.'s chapter vi., p. 600, 22–37, corresponds fairly accurately to P.L., which is, however, more detailed, and in which Lancelot tells the knight Castor (whose name is again not mentioned in P.L.) his name straightforwardly, whereas in M. he only says: "I put caas my name were syr launcelot."

The later portion of chapter vi., p. 601, 1-20, is a much abridged and considerably modified reproduction of P.L. M. makes Lancelot call the island "the Ioyous yle." P.L. has no remark to this effect, but speaks several times of "lisle de ioye" without commentary, and later on says that the island was called thus from the joyous damsels whom Pelles sent thither.[1]

In accordance with M., Lancelot is said to call himself "le cheualier mesfait" in P.L.

In P.L., Lancelot asks King Pelles to get him a shield such as he describes to him. When the shield is brought, it is such a strange one that all are surprised, no one having ever seen such a shield: "et sans faulte il estoit le plus diuers que on sceut pour lors en tout le monde car au meillieu estoit plus noir que meure / et de coste la bouche auoit paincte vne royne dargent / et deuant elle vng cheuallier a genoulx comme sil cryast mercy." Only Pelles and his daughter understand the meaning of this picture. Lancelot hangs this shield on a pine-tree, and goes every day to lament before it.

The passage in M., "and euery day ones for ony myrthes . . . . he wold ones euery day loke toward the realm of Logrys," occurs in P.L. a little earlier in a but slightly different form. In P.L., Lancelot one day asks a dwarf if he knows of any tournament about to take place near the castle of Blyaunt. When the dwarf informs him there will be one in four days' time at a castle only half a mile distant, he bids him go thither and cry out:

"Le cheualier mesfait mande a tous ceulx qui vont querant los et pris de cheualerie que ia nul ne viendra en lysle de ioye pour querre iouste que il ne la trouue tant comme le cheualier mesfait y soit. Et se il y a nul qui bataille vueille viengne hardyement, car il ny fauldra ia."

Many knights come to the island in consequence of this challenge, but Lancelot overcomes them all. The "fayr mayde and a Ierfaucon" which M. mentions as the price to be given to any knight defeating Lancelot is not in P.L.

VII.–VIII. P.L. does not state, as does M., that Lancelot overcomes five hundred knights. M., forgetting that, in accordance with P.L., he has just said that the castle in the "Ioyous yle" is called "Blyaunt," now says: "vnder that Castel / that was called the Ioyous yle." The remainder of chapters vii. and viii. are a *résumé* of P.L., with very small and insignificant variations.

IX. The first part of the ninth chapter, p. 604, ll. 1–27, offers a

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"En telle maniere demoura lancelot en lisle de ioye mais lisle nestoit pas ainsi appelle fors seulement pour les damoyselles qui estoyent auec la fille au rois perles qui faisoient la plus grande ioyeusete que jamais homme voit faire a damoyselle," &c.

fresh point of interest. In none of the MSS. of P.L. is there anything to the effect of these twenty lines, unless in the remark, later on, that when Lancelot and Ector and Perceval return to the court, "Si y trouuerent le roy artus lyon et boort qui eurent amene auec eulx Elayn le blanc qui estoit dune des plus nobles lignes."[1]

This incident requires explanation. If we examine P.L., we find that in the second part (ff. 37–38 of the ed. Paris, 1513) is told, in imitation of Lancelot's deception by Brysen, how Boors, staying at King Brangore's court, and deceived by the duenna of the princess, is induced, by means of an enchanted ring, to have carnal connection with the latter. As both are absolutely innocent in this, continues P.L., the fruit of their intercourse is chosen by God as a being of special goodness, is called Elayn le blanc, and becomes afterwards Emperor of Constantinople.

Save in the Quest of the Holy Grail, when Boors confesses to the hermit, and on the occasion I have just cited, P.L. makes no mention of Boors' son. This the writer of M.'s source evidently wished to remedy, by adding how Boors returned to the court of Brangore, and took his son to King Arthur in order to make him a knight of the Round Table.

The last portion of the twelfth chapter is an imperfect and much curtailed account of the matter found in P.L. As some of the incidents of the Quest of the Holy Grail are not intelligible in M. as they stand, I here give a brief account of the last folio of this portion in P.L.:

After Lancelot and Perceval have given up fighting, and Lancelot has embraced his brother Ector, all three go into the castle, where they are received by fair Elayne. Boors at once asks for Galahad, and is told that the child is staying at Corbyn with King Pelles. He further asks Elayne for the details of Lancelot's coming to this place, and is told by her all about his madness and his being healed by the Holy Grail. All pass the evening together in great pleasantness.

On the morrow, Hector asks Lancelot to return with him to Arthur's court. Lancelot at first most emphatically refuses to do so, but when Hector mentions that Gueneuer is longing to see him, he soon declares his readiness to go. He sends to King Pelles, and informs him of his intention to return on the third day to Arthur's court. When Pelles tells young Galahad of his father's intention, the child replies: "My father can do as he pleases, but I wish to be always near him, that he may see me often." An old knight suggests to Pelles that he could well send the child to his (Pelles') sister, who is the abbess of a nunnery in the forest of Camalaoth; and his advice is followed.

[1] Compare MS. Royal 19 C xiii. fol. 280[a], and MS. Add. 10293, fol. 383[b].

Elayne is sad when she hears that both Lancelot and Galahad are going to leave her, but she resigns herself to her father's will. On the third day, when Lancelot rides off with Ector and Perceval, Pelles reminds him that Galahad is his son. The three knights ride straight to Carlyon, where Arthur is residing at the time, and meet there Lionel and Boors with Elayne le blank. All three, more especially Lancelot, are received with great joy, and of all the people Gueneuer is the happiest, in that she has Lancelot again.

In the meantime Pelles has sent Galahad to the abbey of nuns, where he remains "tant quil fut grant damoyseau de laage de quinze ans. Lors deuint tant beau et tant grant que ie ne croy pas que on trouuast son pareil au monde." Not far from the abbey dwells a hermit, who knows through God's grace "la bonte de lenfant." He comes a day after Easter to Galahad, and tells him the time is now come for him to be made knight, and he should enter this high order shriven and clean of all sin. "Long temps parlerent celluy iour ensemble et lendemain a leure de prime aduint que le roy artus qui chassoit au bois vint illec cuyr messe," &c.

The old romance writers were apparently not very particular as regards time. According to "Le Roman de Lancelot" as a whole, it seems as if the knights set out on the quest of the Holy Grail on the Whitsunday after Lancelot's return from the joyous island. According to the account, reproduced above, how Galahad remained at the abbey of nuns until his fifteenth year, we have to suppose that several years elapsed between Lancelot's return and the Whitsunday on which Galahad comes to Arthur's court.

The hermit tells Arthur that on the next feast of Whitsun the knight will come to his court who is to sit in the perilous seat, and who will bring to an end the Quest of the Holy Grail; therefore Arthur should be sure to assemble all his knights at that feast. On his return to court, Arthur at once takes the necessary measures to ensure the next feast of Whitsun being one of the finest, in every respect, ever held.

M. omits most of these details—*e.g.*, Galahad's being taken to the nunnery—so that, at the opening of his thirteenth book, one cannot understand how Galahad came to the abbey.

A point which is also contradictory in P.L. is that when Lancelot is taken on the eve of Pentecost to the abbey, he there finds Boort and Lionel. How these two came thither, and for what purpose, is not quite clear, for in P.L., as already stated, Lancelot is said to find these two knights with Elayne le blank at Carlyon when he returns from the joyous island.

B. THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.[1]

BOOKS XIII.-XVII.

THE thirteenth to the seventeenth books of "Le Morte Darthur" are devoted to the adventures of the knights of the Round Table in the search of the Holy Grail, and it may not be uninteresting to remark that Sir Thomas Malory's is the only known English prose account. As Dr. F. J. Furnivall's edition—"La Queste del Saint Graal,"[2] from the Royal MS. 14 E iii. in the British Museum, with occasional reference to MS. Add. 10294, to which is prefixed a detailed abstract, page by page, of the contents—is within the reach of every scholar, and as I have convinced myself, by a collation of various portions of his text with the MSS. Royal 19 C xiii., Add. 17443, Royal 20 C vi., and Add. 10294,[3] which also contain the Quest, that they only vary in details of style, but not in the adventures told, I have based my critical examination on this edition, having by my side the Rev. R. Williams' edition of the Welsh "Y Seint Greal,"[4] which possibly represents an earlier stage of the French romance than that represented by any existing French MS.

Malory has shortened his original in this portion of his *rifacimento* less than in any other, and has in many cases limited himself to translating it.

a. BOOK XIII.[5]

In order to show how closely the French text and Malory occasionally agree, I print a portion of the first chapter of the thirteenth book by the side of the French text.

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[1] For the history of the various theories concerning the origin of the legend of the Holy Grail, see Alfred Nutt's "Studies," &c. London, 1888. 8vo.

[2] La Queste del Saint Graal: In the French Prose of (as is supposed) Maistres Gautiers Map, or Walter Map. Written by him for the love of King Henry his lord. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., for the Roxburghe Club. London, 1864. 4to.—The "Hystoire du sainct greaal . . . . ensemble la queste dudict saint graal" was twice printed at Paris, in 1516 and 1523, folio.

[3] The twelve MSS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale, from which the beginnings of the Quest were supplied to Dr. Furnivall by M. B. Michelant, also vary only in details of style.

[4] Y Seint Greal, &c. Edited, with a translation and Glossary, by the Rev. Robert Williams, M.A. London, 1876. 8vo.

[5] La Queste, &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall, pp. 1-62.

A la ueille de la pentecouste, quant tout li compaignon de la table reonde furent uenu a camelot,
et il orent oi le seruice
il fisent mettre les tables.

At the vygyl of Pentecost whan alle the felauship of the round table were comen vnto Camelot /
and there herd their seruyse
And the tables were set redy to the mete /

a eure de nonne entra en la sale a cheual une damoisiele . et fu uenue si grant oirre que bien le pooit on ueoir. Car ses cheuaus en fu encore tressuans.
Elle descent, et uient deuant le roy, et le salue.
Et il li dist "que dieus te beneie."
"Sire" fait elle, "dites moi se lancelot du lac est chaiens."
"Oil, uoir" fait li rois, "en celle sale" si li moustre.
Et ele ala ou il estoit, si lui dist. "Lancelot, ie vous di de par le roy pelles, que uous o moi ueignies en chele forest."
et lancelot li demande "a qui ele est."
"ie sui," fait elle, "a celui dont ie uous parole."
"et quel besoingne," fait il, "aues uous de moi."
"Che uerres vous bien," fait ele. "che soit de par dieu," fail il, "iou yrai uolenters."
Lors dist a un escuier "qu'il li meche la sele de son cheual . et qu'il li aporche ses armes." Et il si fait maintenant.
et quant li rois et li autre baron qui estoient ou palais uoient chou . si leur empoise mout. Mais nepourquant il uoient quil ne peut remanoir, si le laissent est[re].

Ryȝte so entryd in to the halle a ful fayre gentlywoman on horsbak that had ryden ful fast / for her hors was all besuette /
Thenne she there alyght / and came before the kynge & salewed hym /
and he said damoysel god the blysse /
Sire said she for goddes sake saye me where syr launcelot is /
yonder ye may see hym said the kynge /
Thenne she wente vnto Launcelot and said syr launcelot I salewe yow on kyng Pelles be/and half I requyre yow come with me here by into a forest
thenne syr launcelot asked her with whome she dwelled / I dwelle said she with kynge Pelles /
what wille ye with me said Launcelot /
ye shal knowe said she whanne ye come thyder / wel sayd he I wille gladly goo with yow /
So syr launcelot badde his squyer sadel his hors / and brynge his armes / and in all hast he dyd his commaundement /

Et la roine dist, "que esse lancelot, nous laires uous a chest iour qui si haus est."
"Dame," fait la damoisele, "sachies que uous le rares ains demain eure de disner."
"Ore y uoist dont," fait la roine, "que se demain ne deuist reuenir . il n'i alast huy par mon congiet."

Thenne came the quene vnto laūcelot / and said wille ye leue vs at this hyhe feest /
Madame said the gentlywoman wete ye wel he shal be with yow to morn by dyner tyme
Yf I wyst said the Quene that he shold not be with vs to morne he shold not goo with you by my good wyll

M. omits the squire who, according to R.,[1] came with the damsel, and who also accompanies her and Lancelot back to the abbey. M. often adds epithets to words; *e.g.*, "grete" to "valey" (p. 612, 25) where R. only has "une ualee." The squire who, according to M., is ready to open the door is not mentioned in R., where the passage runs thus: "Et quant il sont uenu a la porte, si a parle li escuiers, et on li ouure." R. does not, as does M., state that Lancelot is taken into the chamber of the abbess, but only "en une cambre." In R. "boorth et lionel" lie, not on "a," but on ". ij. beds." The twelve nuns who bring Galahad are only three in R. The conversation between the abbess as to the knighting of Galahad in M. is slightly different and shorter than in R. Nothing equivalent to the words "for of a more worthyer mans hande may he not receive the ordre of knyghthode" occurs in R. In M., Lancelot declares he will dub Galahad "as to morne atte reverence of the hyghe feeste;" in R. the nuns say: "nous uoulous que che soit a nuit ou demain." M. neither mentions, as does R., that Lancelot "fist toute la nuit ueillir l'enfant en l'eglize," nor the details of the dubbing on the next day—*e.g.*, that Lancelot puts on one of his spurs, Bohors the other.

II. When Galahad has refused to go with Lancelot to Arthur's court, the latter applies in R. to the abbess, and receives the answer: "il n'ira pas ore, mais si tost que nous quiderons qu'il en soit poins et lieus et mestiers, nous li enuoierons." In M., Lancelot and his cousins return to Camaloth "by the houre of vndorn," in R. "a eure de terche." M. omits that Lancelot and his cousins go up "en la sale" and talk about Galahad. Bors declares the young knight must be Galahad, whom Lancelot begot on King Pelles' daughter. Lyonel (R. has "lyoniaus") thinks this very probable. Lancelot does not say a word; try as they may, they get no information from him. In R. the three knights are welcomed by Arthur and Guenever after they have found the inscription on the perilous seat. M. writes "wynters" for "ans." M. omits that Gawayn asks Bors and Lionel how they got on since they left the court. To show the close relation of M. to R., I print the inscription on the handle of the sword:

R. "ia nus ne m'ostera, fors chiex a qui coste iou penderai, et chiex sera le mieudres chiualers del monde."

M. "Neuer shalle man take me hens / but only he by whos syde I ought to hange / and he shalle be the best knyght of the world."

The words "et il respont tous courechies" are translated in M. by "ansuerd ful soberly."

III. In R., Arthur, the moment Gawayn offers to him obey and touch the sword, says, "biaus nies laissies ester," so that Gawayn does not

[1] R. = Royal MS. 14 E iii. as represented by Dr. F. J. Furnivall's edition.

actually make the trial as M. relates. M.'s "a good old man and an auncyent" is in R. "uns anchiens homs uiex." R. and M. have the form "*aba*rimathie." M. does not state, as does R., that the old man declares he brings "le chiualer desire," nor does he add "du haut lignage *le roi dauid*."

IV. R. has only "li sieges galaad," and not, as M., the epithet "the haute prynce." M. translates literally "chil s'asiet tout seurement" by "he sett hym doune *surely*." M. has, instead of "mon oncle le roi Pelles," "my graunt sir kynge P.," and instead of "mon aioul le riche pescheoure," "my lord Petchere," evidently taking "pescheoure" for a proper name, and not for the word "fisher." In R. the old man is met by "xv" squires, not by "xx," as in M.

The contents of M. p. 617, ll. 1–5, are slightly different from R. In the latter Bors declares Galahad to be Lancelot's son and "la fille le *roy pescheoure*." A few lines later on, when the queen's ladies have said that Galahad, having achieved the adventure of the perilous seat, may well be supposed to be "chil qui mettra les meruelles de la grant bertaigne a fin, et par qui li rois mehaignies recheuera garison," the queen herself asks a valet about Galahad's features, and declares, on hearing that they resemble those of the "parentei au roy ban," that he is very likely the child "que lancelot auoit engenrei en la fille au roi *pelles*." Comparing these two latter allusions to Galahad's mother, one would suppose "Pescheoure" and "Pelles" to be one and the same person, a fact in contradiction to the passage in which Galahad asks the old man to greet "mon oncle le roy Pelles" and "mon aieul le riche pescheoure."[1]

V.–VI. These two chapters, except a few additions, agree almost literally in M. and R. In M.'s fifth chapter Galahad adds, after saying he was sure of finding a sword, and therefore brought none with him: "For here by my syde hangeth the scauberd." Farther on occurs a passage relating to the sword attributed to Galahad:

"that somtyme was the good knyghtes Balyn le saueage / and he was a passynge good man of his handes / And with this suerd he slewe his broder Balan and that was grete pyte for he was a good knyghte / and eyther slewe other thorou a dolorous stroke that Balyn gaf vnto my graũte fader / kynge Pelles / the whiche is not yet hole / nor not shal be tyl I hele hym"

It is impossible to say whether M. added this passage on his own account, as recapitulating Merlin's prophecy in the "Suite de Merlin," or whether the MS. he possessed contained it. The latter seems to me the more probable; I think it will be found one day that the Balyn story and the "Queste," in which Galahad is the hero, hang together.

[1] Compare Alfred Nutt's "Studies," &c., pp. 83–86.

The words which the lady of the lake addresses to Lancelot, "yesterday" and "to-day," form an antithesis: "yesterday you were the best knight, to-day you are no longer so." In the sixth chapter, where M. has Gawayne and other knights, R. has "Gauain, yuwains et behors de gamies." In R. the queen looks on the tournament from the "murs;" in M., from a tower.

VII. M. omits "et le fist porter par mi la maistre rue dela uile . le uisaige descouuert" that all might see him, whereas M. says that the queen might see him, but then M. again agrees literally with R. The passage,

"for sir launcelot is come but of the / viij / degre from our lord Ihesu Cryst / and syre Galahalt is of the nynthe degree from oure lord Ihesu Cryst / therfor I dar saye they be the grettest gentilmen in the world"

has no corresponding passage in R.

M. translates the passage in R., "plus clers a chent doubles qu'il n'i ait deuant," "clerer by seven tymes than euer they sawe daye."

When the odours are mentioned which fill the hall on the appearance of the Holy Grail, R. has the passage, which occurs in M. on an earlier occasion (comp. book xi. chapter ii., p. 573, 6) in accordance with the Prose-Lancelot: "que se toutes les espices del monde i fussent entrees et repandues."[1] M. omits some lines referring to Arthur and to his knights when they speak about the wonderful appearance of the holy vessel. In the passage where Gawayne says, if he cannot get sight of the Holy Grail, he will return again, M. adds: "as he that maye not be ageynst the wil of our lord Ihesu Cryste." In M., Arthur declares that he loves his knights as his "life;" in R., as "mi fil ou mi frere."

VIII. In the eighth chapter M. follows R. very closely, and, save some slight differences towards the end, his account is a faithful rendering of his source. On p. 622, 36, M. says, as Arthur wishes to know how many of his knights set out in the quest, he orders them to be counted. In R., Baudemagus suggests that each of the questing knights shall swear to follow it. Arthur accepts this proposal. Baudemagus swears first, then Galahad, Lancelot, Gawayne, Perceval, &c., and thus they find out that they are 150 "et preudomme, que ou n'i sauoit nul couart." M. further omits that Arthur tries in vain to persuade Galahad to take a shield with him, and that he accompanies the questers for a long distance. The old knight whose castle they make their first resting-point is called "Vagan" in R.

IX. In R., Galahad, Baudemagus, and Uwayne go after supper into a "vergier," and under a tree Galahad asks them how they came to this place.

[1] Compare *supra*, p. 192.

In R., Galahad at once declares that his two fellows cannot achieve the adventure of the shield, for it belongs to him, as he has no shield, but, that they may convince themselves, they may essay it.

In R., Uwayne says, "Certes ie ne sui mie si vaillans ne si disnes que iou li doie prendre," and these words are attributed in M. to Baudemagus in the form: "I wote wel I am not the lest[1] knyghte of the world," and Uwayne is not mentioned at all. While in M. the white knight strikes Baudemagus on the right shoulder, R. states on the "senestre" shoulder. M. omits what the white knight says to Baudemagus in R.: "Et pour le pechiet que vous y aues, m'enuoia chi nostres sires / pour prendre eut la venianche selonc le mesfait." M. makes the white knight tell the squire at once that the shield belongs to Galahad; in R. he promises to tell him when he brings Galahad to him. R. does not mention at all that Baudemagus "laye there longe / & escaped hard with the lyf."

X.–XIIII. In the tenth and in the three following chapters M. relates with fair accuracy, though greatly abridging them, the contents of pp. 27–40 of the printed "Queste." In M. the squire does not, as in R., tell Galahad that the white knight wishes to see him; M., however, in harmony with a later passage of R., states that Galahad, after refusing Uwayne's offer to go with him, says the squire shall accompany him. For "il auint apres la passion nostre signour . xlii . ans" in R., M. has "xxxii" years; and for "li rois euelac gerroia . i . sien *voisin* riche homme . Tholomes ot non," M. has "the whyche was king Euelaks cosyn / a ryche kynge and a myghty . . . . Tolleme la feyntes."

The "mordains" in R. is "Mondrames" in M. The "fayr lodge of bowes," and "the clothes couerd upon the erthe," in M., are not mentioned in R. While, in R., Galahad strikes off the knight's "poing senestre," in M. he shears off the whole left arm. The passage in M., "and sire Galahad had sewed fast after him," corresponds in R. to the words: "Et Galaad ne l'encauche plus, comme chil qui plus ne li a talent de faire mal."

In R., Melians is said to recover in ". i . mois;" in M. it takes him "seven weeks."

The greater part of the fourteenth chapter, in which one of the monks expounds Melians' adventure to Galahad, is much shortened. The place or castle "the whiche was named Abblasoure" in M. is not mentioned in R., which only has: ". i . iour auint qu'il se parti de chies . i . vauasseure;" it is, however, not impossible that, by some extraordinary misreading (as, indeed, is not uncommon with Malory),

[1] Caxton has "lest," but it seems to me more probable that Malory's MS. had "best."

"Abblasoure" is a corruption of "vauassoure," a form which frequently occurs in the French MSS.

XV. The river "Syuarne" in M. is "seuerne" in R. The words which the old man says to Galahad, in R., concerning the "castiaus as puceles," are in M. attributed to Galahad himself by inadvertence. While, in R., Galahad meets but one damsel, M. speaks of seven. The description of Galahad's approaching the castle of maidens reminds one of the very similar description of Balyn's approaching the castle where he fights against his own brother. He also meets several people who warn him, and an old man says to him almost the very words which on this occasion the damsel says to Galahad.

R., speaking of Galahad after he has put the knights to flight, says: "Et quant il voit chou, si ne les encaucha point, ains vont al pont la ou par eut passoit." The "moche peple," which are numberless in M., are in R. "puceles." In R., Galahad does not blow the horn himself, but asks a knight to do so; nor does he sit down afterwards, as M. states, "on a bedde." The "preest" who in M. comes to Galahad is in R. the same old man who delivered the keys of the castle to him. While in M. "hit is past a seuen yere," it is only ". ii . ans passes" in R.

The "Duke Lyanowre" in M. is "duch linoy" in R.

The passages in M., "Thus she prophecyed seuen yeres agone" and "for they haue deuoured many maidens," have no equivalents in R.

It is interesting to observe that the name of Gareth, which is generally spelled Guereshes in French texts, occurs in R. in the form "gheroit," and soon afterwards "Gheheries."

XVI. The sixteenth chapter is a summary of pp. 45–48, with slight insignificant modifications. R. has "Agleual," M. "Agloual."

XVII. In R., Lancelot asks Perceval, when they have in vain endeavoured to overtake Galahad, what is to be done. Perceval advises returning to the high road; Lancelot objects to this, and continues his way by himself through the wood until he comes to a chapel. What M. says about Perceval's return to the recluse is anticipated from a later portion of R., which, on this occasion, does not mention what becomes of Perceval. M. forgets to state that Lancelot cannot enter the chapel, but only sees what it contains through the grilled door. In R. the candelabrum has seven candles, in M. only six.

XVIII. Here M. again speaks of "kynge Pescheours" as if he is identical with King Pelles; but he seemingly does not realise that "Pescheours" means "fisher," and treats it as a proper name. Farther on, at the end of this chapter, M. entirely omits the following passage in R. when the knight rides away from the cross: "si tent sa main vers le chiel, et iure que se diex donne, et tout li saint, il ne finera mais

d'esrer deuant che qu'il sache comment ch'est que li sains graaus s'apart en tout [en tant de] lieus el roiaume de Logres. Et par qui il fu aportes en engletere, et, pour quel besoigne, autres de lui n'en seit vraies nouueles," &c.

XIX. In the nineteenth chapter M., besides several other unimportant points, omits the hermit's comparison of Lancelot to the bad servant in the parable of the talents.

XX. The twentieth chapter is a much condensed abstract of pp. 56–62 of the printed "Queste," &c.

β. BOOK XIV.[1]

I. According to R., Perceval does not kneel down before the window of the recluse but, "il hurta a la petite fenestre a la recluse."

In the vulgate version of the "Quest of the Holy Grail," Perceval is the son of king Pellehem, as is clear by the remark at p. 182, where his sister is styled "la fille au roi pellehem." M., in accordance with the "Suite de Merlin," calls Perceval the son of King Pellinor, and, wherever he mentions him, either makes no reference to his descent or speaks in the sense indicated (comp., *e.g.*, pp. 232, 451, 692 of M.). Premising this, we understand why the passage in R.: "aues uous talent de morir ausi coume votre frere qui sont mort et ochis par lour outrage . chertes si vous mores en tel maniere, che sera damaiges grans, et votres parentes en abaissera mult," is rendered by M.: "I see wel ye haue grete wylle to be slayne as your fader was thorugh oultrageousnes."

While the reference in M. to King Pellinor is quite clear, I do not understand that in R. to Perceval's brothers, and consequently to Pellehem's sons.

M. omits that the recluse tells Perceval that he will have greater honour in abstaining from fighting with Galahad, for the latter, Boors, and he himself are the three knights destined to achieve the quest of Holy Grail. While in R. the recluse asks Perceval about "sa mere et ses parens," M. states the contrary, but both versions agree in so far as the recluse tells Perceval that his mother is dead.

II. M. omits the long description in R. of the three chief tables which were to come after Christ's birth—first, the table at which Christ often had his meals with the disciples; secondly, the table of the Holy Grail which Joseph brought to England; and, thirdly, the Round Table, which Merlin constructed in imitation of the second table. All this is related with great detail in R., M. only mentions the Round Table, and of this also he omits many particulars.

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[1] Queste de Saint Graal, ed. Furnivall, pp. 63–101.

The castle of "Goothe," where, in M., Perceval is to find a cousin german (man), is in R. ". i . chastel que leu apiele *gher* v il a vne siewe cousine germaine." The castle where he is to find the maimed king is, in M., Carbonek (*also* Carboneck), in R., "Corbenic." From the accompanying circumstances we can glean that this is the same castle which M. calls on former occasions (pp. 571, 575–76, 597, and 603) "Corbyn," and which in the corresponding passages of the Prose-Lancelot is called "corbenyc." When I compiled my List of Names and Places I had not noticed this, and Malory himself was evidently unaware of this identity. But this simple fact clearly shows that for books xiii.–xvii. M. had another MS. than for books xi.–xii., a fact we shall find useful later on.

III.–IV. M. omits that Perceval, wishing to start at once, is persuaded by his aunt to stay until the morning; further, that she exhorts him to lead a sober life, and not to imitate Lancelot, that he may approach the holy vessel a clean and blameless virgin. In R., Perceval also asks his aunt why she became a recluse, and what has become of her son.

All that relates to King Euelac is told with far greater detail in R. than by M., who entirely omits several points.

While M. states, at the end of chapter iv., that Perceval "sette hym doun," in R. he is nearly out of his senses, "ains chiet sous . i . arbre, et li cuers lui faut." M. further omits that Perceval asks a valet to kill him, and that he abuses himself as a miserable wretch when the valet refuses to carry out his wish.

V.–X. The remainder of book xiv., devoted to the adventures of Perceval, is summarily reproduced by M. Now and then passages show that the MS. M. used must have been related to Royal 14 E iii.: *e.g.*, in the eighth chapter R. has "che est vns drois enchanteres vns multeplieres de paroles;" M., "an enchanter and multiplier of wordes."

The water called "mortayse" in M. is "apiele marcoise" in R.

γ. BOOK XV.[1]

In the fifteenth book the adventures of Lancelot are continued. M. here attains his purpose of "reducing" his source more by omission than by condensation, as is shown by the fact that eight pages and a half of the Caxton correspond to twenty-eight pages of the printed "Queste."

I.–II. In R., Lancelot leaves the hermit only on the fifth day, after

[1] Queste del Saint Graal, ed. Furnivall, pp. 102–130.

the latter has exhorted him to lead a pious life. He tells Lancelot his chivalry will not help him in the pursuit of the Holy Grail. Merlin was right when he prophesied that only the best knight of the world, he who occupied the perilous seat and surpassed all other knights in goodness, would achieve the Holy Grail and acquire heavenly knighthood. As the quest is devoted to heavenly and not to earthly matters, any knight who wishes to be in it must be free from sin. On the fourth day the hermit gets, from a brother of his, a horse and armour for Lancelot. Requesting the hermit to pray for him, Lancelot leaves him on the fifth day. After a while Lancelot meets a valet who, on hearing Lancelot's name, declares him to be one of the most wretched people alive, for while the holy vessel was by his side, he did not leave his place to take it; therefore he will have nothing but shame and disgrace in the quest. Lancelot answers nothing, but is greatly downcast, weeps, and prays to God to help him return to the right path.

At noon he arrives at a hermitage. Here M. again takes up the narrative of R., but while in R. he finds at the hermitage an old man who laments his sufferings, M. says nothing about this, nor that Lancelot pities the old man.

The story of Agraus (M. reads "Aguarus") and "le conte del val" (M., "erle de Vale") is told with far more detail in R. than in M. In R. the hermit asks Lancelot to watch the body with him until they bury it. When the hermit learns that his guest is Lancelot, he talks to him long, saying that he was once the best knight of the world, possessing virginity, humility, long-suffering, justice, and charity; but he could not resist the fiend, and fell a victim to him through entering into sinful relation with Guenever. As long as he remains in this condition and does not cry, "God, mercy," with a truly repentant heart, he can only have disgrace and shame. Then the hermit tells him the parable of the wedding. In this quest, likewise, only the virtuous shall eat; the haughty and sinful shall be cast out to destruction. All this M. entirely omits.

III. M. omits in this portion that the old man whom Lancelot in his vision sees descending from heaven, and blessing the knights, gives to the youngest of them the shape of a lion with wings, so that he rises up and flies away towards the clouds, wherein he disappears; further, that Lancelot starts in the morning, after ardently praying for God's guidance.

M. declares that Lancelot meets the knight who took his horse away; in R. the horse is not mentioned, but the knight is said to have taken away Lancelot's arms. Farther on, Lancelot's exchange of the horse on which he then rides for the one the knight had taken from him is not in R.

IV. The hermit's speech to Lancelot in R. is only outlined in M. The name "Nappus" in M. is "Warpus" in R. The second knight, whom M. calls "Nasciens," is called "Chrestiens" in R.;[1] both M. and R. add "en remembranche de son aioul." M.'s "Hellyas le grose" is in R. "Alain li gros," and, finally, M.'s "Lysays" is in R. "Elias." "Ionas" in M. is "Ionaaus" in R., and "Manuel's doughter" is "la fille au roi moreneus." M. also omits the hermit's likening the seven kings to seven streams from the lake "Celidoyne."

V. M. only just mentions the tournament between the black and the white knights. The passage, p. 662, 6-8: "Thenne they sayd alle vnto syr launcelot blessid be god / that ye be now of oure felaushyp / for we shalle holde yow in oure pryson / and so they lefte hym with fewe wordes /" is not intelligible; in R. it runs thus: "'lancelot, nous avons tant fait que vous estes des notres, et que vous estes en notre prison. Se vous en uoles issir, il couuient ke vous fachies notre volentei,' et il lor creante, si s'en part maintenant, et les laisse en la forest." In R., Lancelot laments that through his sinful life he has lost his eyesight and his strength. The apple-tree under which Lancelot reposes in M. is a "grant poupelier" in R. M. omits that Lancelot finds at the chapel an old man serving mass.

VI. The sixth chapter in M. is a brief abstract of the contents of pp. 126–130 of the printed text of R. The names occurring are, in M., Clyazar, Argustus, Harlon; in R., "eliezer, Argustes, helain."

δ. BOOK XVI.[2]

M.'s sixteenth book is a very faithful reproduction of the corresponding part of R.; though a little "reduced," no incident of importance is omitted, nor are modifications noticeable.

The first five chapters tell the adventures of Gawayne and Ector, the remainder of the book, or chapters vi.–xvii., being entirely devoted to Boors.

The names which occur in this section in M. chapter xii., "Prydam le noyre" and "Anyause," correspond to "Priadan le noir" and "Amans" of R. In chapter xiv. M. omits the name of the castle ("Cubele" in R.) to which Boors is shown by the yeoman.

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[1] I thought at first that M. wrote "Nasciens" by inadvertence for the second knight "Chrestiens" in R., but, on investigating the matter, I found that the "Grand St. Graal"—*i.e.*, the history of the Holy Grail as it is to be found in the French MSS. in connection with the "Merlin"—agrees with M., and gives the list of Nasciens' descendants thus: Celidoine, Marpus, *Nasciens*, Alain li Gros, Ysaies, Ionaaus, Lancelot, Bans, Lancelot, and Galahad.

[2] Queste del Saint Graal, ed. Furnivall, pp. 131–175

An interesting passage occurs in the same chapter. When Boors asks the people who is going to fight on the two sides at the tournament, he is told, according to R., "del conte des plains et de la veue dame de chaieans." The corresponding passage in M. runs thus: "The erle of playns shal be in the one party / & the ladyes neuew of Heruyn on the other party." I collated this passage with various other MSS. of the "Queste," and found in the earliest MS., Royal 19 C xiii., "le conte de pleins & de la vedue dame de leanz," and very similar passages in the others. I am inclined to think that M.'s "ladyes neuew of Heruyn" is some extraordinary corruption of "de la veue dame."

The name "Calogreuaunce," which occurs in chapters xv. and xvi. of M., corresponds to "calogreuant" in R.

ε. BOOK XVII.[1]

In the seventeenth book M.'s account of the incidents of the quest presents more variants from R. than in the preceding one, and the process of abridging the source is carried to a greater extent. This book shows clearly how little consistent is the division of the matter in "Le Morte Darthur" which Caxton[2] in his Preface owns to having introduced. If the same principle were observed in this book as in the former ones which relate the Grail quest, it ought to have been divided into at least three sub-divisions, which are, to a certain extent, marked in the Caxton —viz., (1) chapters i.–xii., (2) chapters xiii.–xvii., and (3) chapters xviii.–xxiii. As my space becomes more and more limited, I must be satisfied to notice only the most important variants between M. and R. which occur in this portion.

I. The epithet "the haute prynce" which is frequently given to Galahad by M. is found in R. neither here nor on any other occasion, as far as I remember.

While Ector says to Gawayne in M. "your" quest is now ended, the passage in R. runs, "ore m'est il auis que *notre* queste soit remese, puis que vous estes si durement blechies."

The name in M. of the hermit, "Vlfyn," to whom Galahad comes does not occur in R. Whether M. added this name on his own account, remembering that Ulfyn figures in the "Merlin" as a brave knight and councillor of Utherpendragon, and that knights often turned hermits towards the close of their lives, or whether his source contained it, we cannot ascertain. It is, however, by no means impossible that

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[1] Queste del Saint Graal, ed. Furnivall, pp. 176–247.

[2] I do not believe that Caxton actually introduced the division, but that the various paragraphs where he inserted the titles of "books" were already marked in Malory's MS.

the name occurred in a version of the "Queste" older than the one represented by MS. Royal 14 E iii.

II. While M. says, "she came to the see / the whiche was called *Collybe*," R. reads, "si entrerent en vne forest qui duroit iusc' a la mer, et estoit chele forest apielee *chelibe*."

The passage in M., p. 691, 1-3: "And whan the mayde was horsed and he bothe the lady took Galahad a fayr child and ryche / and so they departed from the Castel tyl they came to the see syde / " is not at all clear. There is no difference in R. between the "lady" and her "mayde;" the lady who leads Galahad to the castle is the owner of it. Then R. does not mention a child at all, but a "coffre," and the whole passage runs thus: "il monte en son cheual . et la dame prent . i . coffre trop biele, et le met deuant li . et quant ele fu montee, si s'empart del chastiel, et s'en vont mult grant aleure, et cheuauchent chele nuit mult grant oirre, et errerent tant qu'il vinrent a la mer."

M. omits that they come, as R. states, on the fourteenth day after they have left the realm of Logrys, "en une ille sauuaige" between two rocks.

The passage in R., "car la nef ot toute iour tourne," corresponds apparently to M.'s "for there was a swalowe of the see."

In M. the lady says to Perceval: "Wete you wel that I am thy syster / whiche am doughter of kynge *Pellenore;*" in R., however, "que ie sui uotre seur, et fille au roi *pellehem*." Whether M., in order to be consistent with his previous statements in the "Merlin" and in the "Tristan," changed "Pellehem" to "Pellenore," or whether his source already contained this alteration, it is impossible to say.

III. The "crowne of sylke" in M. is in R. "vne couronne d'or," M. being evidently led to this mistake by the "mult riche drap en guise de courtine."

In M. the description of the sword is much curtailed. Where, *e.g.*, M. says: "the one was a serpent whiche was conuersaunt in Calydone," R. reads: "La premiere estoit d'une maniere de serpent qui conuerse en calidoine plus ke en autre terre, si est apieles chis serpens papagastes." M.'s "Ertanax" is in R. "orteniaus."—The remainder of chapter iii. is very much abridged in M. The "kynge Harlame" and the "kynge Labor" correspond to the "roi vrlain" and the "roi lambar" in R.

IV. Where M. has "oughte to be more harder," R. reads "doit estre plus preus;" the adjective "hard" is therefore used in the sense of the French "hardi." While on p. 626 M. reads "Mondrames," he has in this chapter the more correct form, "Mordrayns." The "yle of Turnaunce" in M. is "l'ille tournoiant" in R.; and the "fende in the porte of peryllous roche" is in R. the "anemi en la roche del port perilleus."

V. The fifth chapter in M. is marked by more omissions than any other, for the contents of about ten pages in the printed edition of R. (pp. 188–197) are condensed to two pages in M. (pp. 695–697).

VI.–XI. Though still "reducing" considerably, M. follows the thread of R.'s narrative more closely in these chapters. The passage in M. chapter vi., "she made them fastned upon the selar of the bedde," corresponds in R. to "et soit uns d'en coste de chest lit, et li autres del autre part . et li tiers si vait par desous."

Whether, in M. p. 699, "a ryche purse by semynge" is a better translation of "vne aumousniere mult riche par semblant" than the editor's "chest" (marginal note) I shall leave the reader to judge.

Through some extraordinary mistake, M. has, on p. 700, "the shethe" was called "meuer of blood," where R. reads "et li fuerres a a non *memoire de sens.*"

The castle "that men calle Carteloyse / that was in the marches of Scotland" is, in R., ". i . chastel que on apeloit carchelois et si estoit en la marche d'escoche."

The "erle Hernox" occurring on p. 707 in M. is, in R., "li quens ernous."

An example of M.'s way of occasionally strangely translating the French text is afforded in the opening lines of chapter xi., p. 705: "Ther is in this Castel a gentylwoman whiche we and this castel is hers and many other /"; in R. the passage runs: "Voirs fu, et est, qu'il a chaiens vne dame a qui nous sommes et tint chil de chest pais, et chis chaistiaus est siens, et maint autre."

XII.–XVII. The "water of Mortoyse" occurring in M. on p. 707 is, in R., "l'euue de marcoise."

On p. 712 M. has: "and at the xxv daye befelle hym after myddaye," where R. reads: "et au quinsime iour, entour midi, ouuri les iex."

The contents of the concluding lines of chapter xvii., p. 715*, 5–16, are not so detailed in R., where the corresponding passage runs: "puis erra tant par ses iournees qu'il vint a la court le roi artu, v li un et li autre li fisent mult grant feste . car mout desiroient sa venue, et la venue des autres compaignons, dont il auoit mout pau reuenus . et chil ki reuenu estoient, n'auoient nule riens fait en la queste, dont il ont mult grant honte." As M. adds nothing which he might not have gleaned from former incidents, I think we may safely attribute the last lines of chapter xvii. to him.

XVIII.–XXIII. "Symeu" in R. is "Symyan" in M.

On p. 717 M. writes "fyue days" where R. reads ". v . ans." M.'s reading in this case is evidently the correct one.

The passage in M., p. 720, 28–29, is not very clear: "But the thre

knyghtes of Gaule one of them hyghte Claudyne kynge Claudas sone / and the other two were grete gentylmen / " &c. In R. it runs thus: "et tant qu'il trouuerent estrois de gariles, que claudins [MS. Add. reads: "ortois de gaule, et claudin"], li fieus le roi claudas, en ert li vns, et li autre, de quel terre qu'il fuissent, erent asses gentile homme et de haut lignage." The "kynge of the Cyte whiche was cleped Estorause" is, in R., "li rois de la chite, qui auoit a non escorant."

The "almeryes at Salysbury" in M. are not mentioned in R., the passage running thus: "si furent mises en escrit et gardees en l'abeie de salebieres" and continues: "dont maistres gautiers map traist faire son luire del saint graal pour l'amour del roi henri son seigneur, qui fist l'estoire translater de latin en franchois."

The concluding twelve lines of the twenty-third and last chapter of this book, and of the "Quest of the Holy Grail," are M.'s own composition.

C. "LA MORT AU ROI ARTUS."

THE last books of "Le Morte Darthur," excepting the nineteenth book, relate the events which take place after the return of the knights of the Round Table from the quest of the Holy Grail until the deaths of King Arthur, Queen Guenever, and Lancelot, and correspond to the fourth part of the Prose-Lancelot, entitled "La Mort au roi Artus," a name very inappropriately given either by Malory himself or by Caxton to the whole compilation. The nineteenth book relates an episode which forms the subject of Chrétien de Troyes' "Roman de la Charrette," and is told in the first part of the Prose-Lancelot (in the second volume of the edition of 1513).

A close examination of the last portion of Malory's compilation shows that he cannot have derived his account from the Prose-Lancelot, to which, however, it is equally certain that his source was intimately related. Malory's source is thus either derived from the Prose-Lancelot, or both come from a common original. In the English metrical romance "Le Mort Arthur," as preserved in the unique Harl. MS. 2252, we possess a version which stands in the same relation to Malory's source as that does to the Prose-Lancelot; and of this Malory was aware, for, in his last two books, he often makes free use of the very words of the English poem. But Malory, or rather the author of his source, has altered the sequence of events in this section; whilst, in the Prose-Lancelot and in the English poem, the tournament at Winchester and

Lancelot's meeting the fair maiden of Astolat precede the queen's dinner, the incident of the poisoned apple, Mador's accusation of Guenever, and Lancelot's fighting for the queen, Malory in his eighteenth book observes the reversed order. Owing to this alteration of the sequence of incidents, many modifications became necessary; and there are, besides, feats described in Malory's account which are entirely absent from the Prose-Lancelot. The twentieth and twenty-first books follow the "Lancelot" on the whole; but, whilst many incidents are added, others are omitted. I have treated the nineteenth book in this section on account of its relation to the eighteenth and twentieth books, though I should have treated it more properly in the beginning of the section entitled "Lancelot, or the Later History of King Arthur," as its contents are told in a portion of the "Lancelot" which precedes all that Malory relates of him. In order to give the reader at a glance an idea what portions of Malory (M.) correspond to portions of the Prose-Lancelot (P.L.) and to the English metrical romance, "Le Mort Arthur," Harl. MS. 2252 (MH.), I subjoin the following table:—

M.		P.L.	MH.
Book xviii.	chaps. i.–viii.	vol. iii. ff. 143^{v}; 144^{r}; 160–66^{r}	ll. 1–1671[1]
	chaps. ix.–xx.	vol. iii. ff. 144^{v}–160^{r}	
	chaps. xxi.–xxv.	?	?
[Book xix.]		[vol. ii. ff. 1–23]	—
Book xx.		vol. iii. ff. 166–190^{r}	ll. 1672–2951
Book xxi.		vol. iii. ff. 190^{v}–202	ll. 2952–3969

a. THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

Of all the books of "Le Morte Darthur," book xviii. is at once the most interesting and the most difficult for a critical examination, as the alteration in the sequence of incidents has caused many complicated modifications. To thread the labyrinth, I think it absolutely necessary to give a short abstract of the contents of ff. 143–160 of P.L.; at the head of each section of this abstract I place the number of the chapter of M. to which it corresponds.

I. [P.L. ff. 143^{v} and 144^{r}]. On his return to Artus' court from his pilgrimage to Iherusalem, Boors is received with great joy. His story of Galahad's last adventures and death, and all he knows of the "quest of the Holy Grail," Artus orders to be written down. Twenty-two knights of the Round Table are missing, of whom one only is not slain in combat. Gawayn

[1] Compare the emendations I propose as to the arrangement of ll. 1–1671 of "Le Mort Arthur," Introduction, p. 11.

owns to Artus that he alone killed eighteen, and among them Baudemagus. As the adventures of Logres are achieved, Artus, in order to keep up the spirit of his knights, announces a great tournament at Winchester. Lancelot, who led a pious life for some time in obedience to the hermit, again returns to his sin when he comes in contact with Guenever; but, whilst formerly he cautiously concealed his relations with her, he now recklessly neglects all precaution. Agravayn, who greatly dislikes Lancelot because he is a better knight than himself, soon notices the love of Lancelot and Guenever, watches them, and resolves to revenge the wrong which Lancelot does to Artus. Lancelot, wishing to assist, unknown, at the tournament of Winchester, pretends indisposition, and declares he will not go at all. When Boors and Lionel hear this, they offer to stay at home also, but Lancelot insists on their going, assuring them he will be well by their return. Boors and his companions start on the morrow for Winchester. Agravayn, ignorant of Lancelot's intentions, and suspecting he only stays at home for Guenever's sake, goes to Artus and tells him all. Artus does not believe him, but, when Agravayn proposes to watch Lancelot, tells him to do what he likes. He cannot, however, help thinking over the matter, and for this reason refuses the queen's wish to accompany him to Winchester "pour approuuer le dit de aggavain."

VIII. p. 738, 12, to XX. [P.L. ff. 144^{r}–160^{r}]. When Artus has left for Winchester, Lancelot goes to the queen and tells her his intent; he will go to the tournament in disguise unless she wishes him to do otherwise. Guenever consents. He then leaves Kamalot at night, so that nobody sees him starting. On the next day he comes to a castle where Artus has passed the night. Artus at once recognises, from a window, Lancelot's horse, which he formerly gave him, and a little later, "au saillir dune rue," Lancelot also, and, pointing him out to Girflet, asks him if he recognises Lancelot, who feigned to be ill. Girflet explains Lancelot's reasons for so doing. Both agree to keep their discovery secret.

Lancelot is lodged near the castle at the house of a rich man who has two sons. When Lancelot notices the shields of the two sons—which, according to the custom of the time, were, like those belonging to new-made knights, of one colour (red) without any mark—he asks his host for the loan of one. The host the more willingly grants his request as one of his sons is prevented, by a recent wound, from attending the tournament. When the other son of the host sees Lancelot, he wishes to know who he is, but cannot find out. He offers Lancelot his company to the tournament; Lancelot accepts, if he will wait until dark.

The host has also a beautiful daughter. This young lady asks Lancelot's squire concerning his master, and the squire, who cannot resist her beauty, tells her that his master is the best knight of the world. When the damsel hears this, she goes to Lancelot, kneels to him, and requests him to grant her a boon. When Lancelot has lifted her up, she prays him to bear her right sleeve at the tournament. Thinking nobody will know him, and that Guenever will not hear of it, Lancelot grants the damsel's request. He then attaches the sleeve *to his lance*. At nightfall Lancelot and the son of his host start.

They stay near Winchester at the house of an aunt of the young knight, as Lancelot wishes to be as far as possible from the other knights. They are hospitably received. On the morrow after mass they make themselves ready. Lancelot sends his squire to find out to what party Boors, Lionel, and Hector belong, and learns that they fight for the Winchester party against the kings of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The squire is told to stay at home whilst Lancelot and his companion go to the field. Artus with many knights looks on from a high tower. Lancelot joins the party which fights against Winchester, and fights valiantly. His companion breaks his lance against Hector's shield, and Hector in return strikes him so fiercely that he overthrows him and his horse. The people think the two knights cannot be the sons of the lord of the castle of "escalot" (by this name they were known), especially not the one who has the red sleeve at *his helmet*, for neither of the brothers can strike as Lancelot struck Hector before Gallegantius le gallois and Gawayn. Lancelot then mounts his companion again. Boors unhorses Lancelot, wounding him seriously, but the latter rises and strikes Boors to the ground with a fierce blow.

Gawayn, who is with Artus, seeing all this, says to the king, if Lancelot were there, matters would be different. Artus only smiles. Boors and Ector are mounted again and give Lancelot a deal of trouble, but at last the party to which Lancelot belongs is victorious, and Lancelot carries off the prize. Gawayn expresses his wish to know who the knight in red is. Gaheriet declares he never saw a better knight after Lancelot.

Meanwhile, Lancelot rides off with his companion right across the wood, to find a place where he can heal his wound. They return to the young knight's aunt. There Lancelot's wound is examined; an old knight of the neighbourhood, who knows much about surgery, is sent for, and declares Lancelot must remain there seven weeks. The story then returns to Artus and Gawayn.

Gawayn and Gaheriet follow Lancelot. They soon meet two squires carrying a wounded knight. They hear that a boar has wounded the knight; but the squires have seen no knight with a lady's sleeve at his helmet. They tell Gawayn that the wood is of great extent. When Gawayn and his brother return to Artus, the king smiles again, and says to Gawayn it was not the first time he took trouble without result, nor will it be the last. Gawayn now suspects that Artus knows who the knight is, but Artus tells him nothing. Gallegantin le gallois says, whoever the knight was, he left the tournament severely wounded by Boors. Artus then says, if that be so, Boors will never be sorrier for a wound in all his life than for this one, for he fears it may be mortal. On the morrow the king leaves Winchester, after announcing another tournament "a tanebor du lundi dapres en vng moys."

When Artus is again at the castle of Escalot, Gawayn comes by chance to the house where Lancelot had been quartered, and into the room where hangs Lancelot's shield. Gawayn does not go to the king in the evening, but passes the night with his host and his brothers. After supper the host's daughter asks Gawayn about the tournament. The damsel is greatly pleased to hear that the knight who wore her sleeve on his helmet was the best.

While the damsel, according to the custom of that time, serves at table, Gawayn looks at her and is struck by her beauty, so that he envies the knight with the red sleeve. In the evening Gaheriet speaks to the father, and Gawayn to the daughter. He tells her his name, and offers her his service. But she refuses, as she loves a knight, and has never loved but him. Gawayn offers to fight her knight and to convince her that he is as good as he. The damsel rejects this proposal, as she will not cause the death of two of the best knights of the world. On Gawayn's inquiry after the knight's name, the damsel tells him she does not know it, but she shows him a shield he left with her. This shield Gawayn at once recognises for Lancelot's, and now requests the damsel not to say a word of their conversation to Lancelot. The damsel then tells Gawayn that Lancelot had red armour at the tournament of Winchester, and this dissipates Gawayn's last doubt as to the identity of the victor in the tournament.

Gawayn sleeps but little that night. On the morrow he takes leave of his host and his daughter, the latter requesting him to greet Lancelot. On the road Gawayn tells Artus that Lancelot was the knight in the red armour. "You are right," replies Artus, "and I am glad that I did not trust Agravayn's statements; now you may clearly see they were wrong, for Lancelot is too good a knight to deceive me." Gawayn agrees, and tells Artus that Lancelot, as he once loved Pelles' daughter, now loves a beautiful maiden. Gawayn praises Lancelot much, and advises Artus to retain his good opinion of him, and not to believe anything against him. When Gawayn tells Guenever that the knight with the red sleeve was Lancelot, she refuses to believe it, but Girflet tells her he saw Lancelot's face. Then Guenever urges Gawayn to tell her all, after which she retires to her room in great sadness, and resolves to take revenge on Lancelot and on the damsel.

On the following day Hector, Boors, and Lionel return to court. They inquire at once for Lancelot, but in vain. The queen sends for Boors, and tells him what she has heard, adding that she wished Boors had killed Lancelot. Boors refuses to believe it, and tries to appease Guenever, but without result, as she banishes Lancelot from her court. Boors and his companions stop a week at Kamalot.

One day Artus wonders that Lancelot does not return. Gawayn replies, smilingly, that he thinks Lancelot feels very comfortable where he is. This remark excites Artus' curiosity, and he insists on Gawayn's telling him all he knows about the maiden of Escalot.

This apparent confirmation of Lancelot's disloyalty increases Guenever's anger. She again sends for Boors. The result of their interview is that Boors and his companions leave the court. Guenever had not expected this, and endeavours to dissuade Boors, but in vain. Boors, Hector, and Lionel start with Artus' leave in search of Lancelot; they go to Escalot, but can get no information there about him. After fifteen days' fruitless search, they stop at the castle of "athean," a mile from "tanebor," where a tournament is to take place in three days. The King of Northgales, who is staying at a castle of "plaisance" in the neighbourhood, is glad to hear of the arrival of "la parente au roy ban." He induces the knights to take his side in the

tournament. While all this is going on, Lancelot lies in the house of his young companion's aunt. The young knight loves Lancelot well. After a month, his sister comes and asks him about Lancelot. When she hears of his dangerous wound, she goes nearly out of her mind, and tells her brother who Lancelot is. She stays with Lancelot until he gets better, and her love for him grows from day to day. One day she comes to him in her best apparel, and avows her love. Lancelot is kind to her, but explains that he cannot dispose of his heart. This saddens the damsel greatly; she tells her brother, who endeavours to console her, but without result, as she at once declares her love will cause her death. From a squire of the King of Northumberland who comes to the castle Lancelot hears of the tournament of Tanebor, and that Artus and Guenever will be there. The mention of Guenever's name, and the idea that he cannot be present, excite Lancelot so much that his wound bursts and the blood streams forth. The "maistre chirurgien" tells the squire he has almost killed Lancelot. Lancelot is put to bed, and he does not open his eyes all day long. On the morrow, however, he feigns to be quite well, and announces his intention of going to the tournament of Tanebor. The physician only dissuades him with difficulty from such a foolish and dangerous plan. Lancelot then bids the squire go alone to Tanebor, and remember to Gawayn and Guenever the knight with the red armour and the sleeve, but on no account tell them about his condition.

When the squire comes to the hostel of the King of Northgales, Gawayn also comes to see Boors and his companions. At table, the squire, seeing Gawayn, and remembering Lancelot's folly in desiring to go to the tournament, begins to smile. Gawayn notices this, and asks the reason. When the squire tells him of the foolish knight whom he found at a castle, Gawayn is convinced that the squire has seen Lancelot, and promises him, should he happen to see the queen first, to give her the love of the knight who wore the sleeve on his helmet. Boors and his companions, on hearing this news, are greatly alarmed, and try to learn from the squire where he saw Lancelot. To get rid of them, the squire directs them to a wrong place.

The tournament takes place on the morrow. The knights of four kingdoms fight against the knights of the Round Table. Gawayn and the kindred of Ban gain the victory. Artus is much grieved at Lancelot's absence, and, in order to give him another chance, at once announces another tournament in a month's time in the meadow of Kamalot. Boors refuses to comply with Artus' request to return with him to court. When Gawayn gives Lancelot's message to Guenever, she does not believe it, and declares that not illness, but the fair maiden holds him back, wherefore she hates him. She also tries in vain to induce Boors to return to Kamalot.

On the next day Artus and his suite leave Tanebor. Gawayn, Boors, and his companions go to seek Lancelot. They first go to where the squire directed them, and find that he deceived them, then, by Gawayn's advice, to Escalot. There they still find Lancelot's shield, which Boors at once recognises, but no Lancelot. They ask the old knight where he is. He at first refuses to tell them, but at last, when they assure him they are his

friends and anxious to know how he is, promises to send them on the next day where Lancelot is, and keeps his word. His son who was ill when Lancelot came to the house leads them on the morrow to the aunt's house, where they find Lancelot and their guide's brother in the garden. They are as pleased to see Lancelot as Lancelot is to see them. He tells how sorely he was wounded, but that now he is better and hopes to return to Kamalot shortly. At dinner Gawayn asks Lancelot if he knows who wounded him. Lancelot does not know, but declares, wherever he meets him, he will pay him out. On hearing this Gawayn claps his hands, and tells Boors he will not have a bad antagonist. Boors dares not reply a word. When Lancelot understands, from Gawayn's remark and from Boors' silence, that the latter gave him the wound, he pardons him, as he knew not who he was. All stay together for a week. Boors says nothing he knows about Guenever.

[Then follows a visit of King Artus to his sister Morgain, where he sees pictures which Lancelot painted during his imprisonment there, and also hears about Lancelot's relation to Guenever.]

When Lancelot's wound is healed, the physician tells him he can return to Kamalot. He resolves to do so on the following day. The two sons of his host request Lancelot to allow them to be his knights. He consents. The damsel makes a fresh, but unsuccessful, attempt to gain his love by telling him that she loves him above all the knights of the world and that she will die for him. Indeed, soon after Lancelot is gone she retires to her bed, never leaves it again, and dies. Boors sends the knight who healed Lancelot to the King of Northgales with a recommendation. After a short time Lancelot and his companions reach Kamalot. When Guenever sees him from a window she retires to her chamber. Gawayn goes to see her, but she refuses to hear of Lancelot, feigning indisposition. Artus is absent from the court.

At night Boors goes to Guenever and tries to persuade her to come to the hall, but she persists in refusing. He tells her how often women have caused great mischief, mentioning Dauid, Absalon, Salomon, Sanson, Hector, Achilles, Paris, and Tristan. But all is in vain. When Lancelot hears that Guenever hates him, he decides on leaving the court before Artus' return, and commissions Gawayn to remember him to the king. When they are in the wood, Boors tells Lancelot how angry the queen is with him on account of his wearing the damsel's sleeve. Lancelot is greatly disheartened; Boors endeavours to console him, saying he may be sure that Guenever will soon recall him when she finds out her mistake. He would therefore advise Lancelot to keep with his company in the country, going from one tournament to the other. Lancelot accepts this advice, but will have no company, save one squire. Boors dislikes this idea at first, but gives in when Lancelot remains firm. So they return to their companions, and Lancelot, telling them he has some private affairs to settle, leaves them, allowing but his squire Hagius to accompany him. Before leaving Boors, Lancelot mentions that, in case he comes to the next tournament, he will be in white armour.

II.-VIII., p. 738, 11 [P.L. ff. 160–166r]. When Artus returns from his visit to Morgain and hears that Lancelot only stopped one day at the court, he thinks all Morgain has told him cannot be true, for if such love as she described really existed between Lancelot and Guenever, the former would not have left the court so quickly.

On the following day, when the queen dines with Gawayn and other knights, a strange incident happens. A certain knight "auarlons," who hates Gawayn mortally, resolves to kill him through poisoned *fruit*. At table the queen presents the fruit to a knight named "gaheris de Karehan," who, feeling greatly honoured, at once eats of it. But after a few seconds he falls dead. All rise in great amazement. Artus is told of the fatal incident, and Guenever is accused of murder. Artus acknowledges that, if the queen did the deed, she deserves severe punishment. The knight is sumptuously buried, and an inscription put on his tomb: "Cy gist le vaillant gaheris le blanc de kaherin le frere de mador de la porte que royne genieure fist mourir par venin." On the third day after the burial the brother of the dead knight, Mador de la porte, returns; nobody dares tell him. On the following day he finds his brother's tomb in the "eglise Sainct estie*nne*," and accuses the queen of murder. Artus tells Guenever of the accusation. She asks a respite of forty days, to find a champion to prove her innocence. To this Mador agrees.

When Lancelot has left Boors and his company, he goes to a hermit and passes the night there. He sends his squire to Kamalot for an "escu blanc a troys bendes de bellif vermeilles et couertures toutes blanches," which he intends to wear at the tournament so that Boors may recognise him. Lancelot goes, armed with a spear only, into the forest. When it becomes very hot, he dismounts and lays himself down to rest by a fountain. While he is asleep a stag whom Artus' hunters follow comes by chance to the fountain to quench his thirst. An archer, profiting by this moment, shoots at the stag, but misses, and, instead, wounds Lancelot in the thigh. Lancelot starts up to punish the archer, but the latter flees, and, telling his companions what has happened, bids them not to go near the place, as he has hit Lancelot with an arrow. Lancelot tears off a piece of his shirt to stanch the flow of blood, and returns to the hermit, sorry only that for a second time he is prevented by a wound from going to a tournament. He has to remain fifteen days with the hermit. About a month after the incident of the poisoned fruit, the tournament of Kamalot takes place. Many knights take part in it. Artus is sad at Lancelot's absence. So is Boors. After the tournament Artus again asks Boors to return with him to Kamalot and there wait for Lancelot, but Boors refuses, as he wishes to go to the King of Northgales. When Artus returns to Kamalot, Gawayn tells him Lancelot must be either ill or in prison.

On the morrow a richly decorated boat arrives at Kamalot before the tower where Artus is staying. Artus sees it first, and points it out to Gawayn. They go down, enter the ship, and find therein the body of a beautiful maiden; in her hand she holds a letter addressed to the knights of the Round Table, in which it is said that she is the maiden of Escalot, who died

for love of Lancelot, because he refused to return her love. Artus is grieved for this. Gawayn acknowledges his mistake in thinking that Lancelot loved the damsel. Artus tells Ywain and Gaheriet, and the news comes to Guenever. Gawayn explains to her his mistake in stating that Lancelot loved the maiden. Guenever is the more wretched; she feels she has done wrong to her best friend, whom she misses the more as the day for the appointment with Mador draws nearer. The maiden is buried with great honours in the principal church of Kamalot, and her tomb is inscribed: "Cy gist la damoyselle descalot qui pour lamour de Lancelot mourut."

Lancelot, while still convalescent at the hermit's, meets one day in the wood a knight from Kamalot, and learns from him the accusation against Guenever. Greatly surprised to hear that none of his friends had taken up the queen's cause, he resolves to rescue her himself. He asks the knight the exact date of Mador's return to court, declaring he knows a knight who would not wish to see Guenever disgraced. The knight says no one will win honour, as the queen is guilty. A day after this conversation Lancelot meets Hector by chance, and reveals his intention of going to Kamalot. Both meet Boors a few days after, and he at once asks Lancelot if he knows of the accusation against the queen. Lancelot tells him also of his purpose. They go together to a castle called "alfain." Lancelot requests Ector and Boors to return to Kamalot, inquire Guenever's disposition towards him, and let him know when he has overcome Mador; that they may recognise him, he will wear the shield with four "bendes de belif."

Artus and all knights are pleased to see Boors and Ector back, but Guenever is the most delighted, as she hopes that one of them will fight for her. Boors goes to her, and reproaches her bitterly for her bad treatment of Lancelot, who was innocent, as she saw by the arrival of the maiden's body and her letter.

The day appointed with Mador approaches. Artus no less than Guenever feels uneasy, as no knight has declared his intention of fighting for the queen. Artus in vain asks his nephew Gawayn to defend Guenever. The queen kneels to Boors and Ector, imploring them to be her champions. Boors, touched at last, promises her that, in case no better knight takes up her cause on the appointed day, he will do so to the best of his power.

When Mador arrives, the king tells him that, if at the hour "de viespre" nobody has decided to fight for the queen, she will have to suffer the due punishment for her crime. At the "eure de tierce" Lancelot arrives. Except Boors and Ector, nobody knows him. He dismounts, goes straight to King Artus, and tells him he has heard of the charge against the queen, and wishes to save her honour. The fight takes place. Mador, overcome, asks Lancelot's pardon, and receives mercy. Artus and Guenever receive Lancelot with open arms and thanks.

Before comparing in detail the various episodes of book xviii. in M. with the corresponding ones in P.L., it will be necessary to look at the whole structure of the section. The first question which naturally

offers itself, is: Why has the writer of M.'s source not preserved the same sequence of incidents as in P.L.? The eighteenth book in itself contains no clue to this enigma, but, if we consider books xviii. and xix. together, I think it is not difficult to find an answer. The subject of book xix., though different in many points, agrees with the episode of Guenever and Mador de la porte in two characteristic points: Guenever's danger, and her rescue by Lancelot as her champion. Had the writer of M.'s source—who intercalated the contents of book xix. from a much earlier portion of P.L.—preserved the sequence of incidents in P.L., the two episodes would have immediately followed one another, and the one would have thus weakened the effect of the other.

In M., London and its neighbourhood, in P.L., Kamalot and the surrounding places, are the scenes of books xviii. and xx.

Though M. and P.L. vary in numberless points, the critic's eye cannot fail to distinctly recognise in P.L. the basis of M.'s account. The following points are common to both versions:—

1. Lancelot's relapse into his sinful life after his return from the quest.

2. Lancelot's riding, disguised, to Winchester, and his being wounded there by Boors.

3. The episode of the fair maiden of Astolat.

4. The episode of the dinner and Mador's accusation of Guenever.

5. Three tournaments. The first is placed at Winchester in both M. and P.L., and Lancelot is present and seriously wounded by Boors. The second is at Tanebor in P.L., in M. "besyde wynchester;" Lancelot is unable to be present, owing to the bursting of his wound. The third, finally, is in the meadow of Kamalot in P.L., in M. "besyde westmestre," and Lancelot is kept away by the arrow wound. M. omits Artus' visit to Morgain, which would contradict what he told in the fourth book, where he follows the "Suite de Merlin."

Whether chapter xxv. was part of M.'s source, or whether he added it himself, is difficult to say; it is not in P.L. I incline to believe the reflections on love are Malory's own.

We may now begin with chapter i. Only a few things are noticeable which agree with P.L. One is the welcome of the knights on their return from the quest, but M. omits that twenty-two are dead, eighteen of whom, including Baudemagus, were killed by Gawayn. As M. had already mentioned, at the end of book xvii., that Arthur had the adventures written down, he does not repeat this statement here. M. and P.L. agree, as I have stated, that Lancelot returns to his sinful life and his relations to Guenever, but while P.L. says that, instead of hiding it, as formerly, he now takes no precaution, M. states just the contrary—that Lancelot is careful to avoid slander. This modification of the facts was

necessary to furnish a motive for Lancelot's banishment from the court, which, in P.L., where the episode of the poisoned apple, &c., follows later on, is owing to his wearing the sleeve of the fair maiden at the tournament. According to P.L., the contents of chapters viii.–xx. would precede those of chapters ii.–viii. When Lancelot has left the court, M. and P.L. agree in stating that Boors consoles him, and tells him that, as women are very changeable, he should remain in the country, as probably Guenever would soon see that she had wronged him, and recall him. Brasias, who lives in a hermitage near Windsor, to whom Lancelot goes in M., is not mentioned in P.L., though there also he comes eventually to a hermit's. The remainder of chapter ii. is not in P.L.; it contains such changes as were rendered necessary by the altered sequence of incidents.

We now come to the episode of Guenever and Mador de la porte: M. speaks of a "preuy dyner" Guenever gives to twenty-four knights. Neither the private character of the occasion nor the number of knights is mentioned in P.L., but only the *dramatis personæ*. In M. several names, such as Persaunt and Ironsyde, occur in this list which I feel sure M. added on his own account, indulging his taste for such catalogues of names.

Owing to Mador de la porte's presence, several points of P.L.'s narrative drop out in M.—*e.g.*, Mador's return three days after the death of the knight, and his finding the tomb in the church. The knight who dislikes Gawayn so much that he resolves to poison him is named "auarlons" in P.L., Pyonel or Pynel in M. Gawayn's fondness for fruit, which is so much emphasised in M., and which causes people to think the queen wished to kill *him*, is not mentioned in P.L., nor is the suspicion of the people. M. does not mention, as does P.L., that Guenever herself handed the fruit to the knight, who felt himself greatly honoured thereby. In P.L. only "fruit" is mentioned; in M., "an apple." The knight who dies through the poisoned fruit is, in M., Patryce, a *cousin* of Mador; in P.L., "gaheris de kaheran," a *brother* of Mador.

In M., Mador accuses the queen at once; in P.L., only three days after the incident, when he finds the tomb in the church.

While in P.L. the respite accorded to Guenever is "forty days," it is only "xv" in M. The fifth chapter, though considerably modified in accordance with the altered circumstances, contains several points in common with P.L. The queen, when no knight has declared his intention to fight for her, implores and kneels to Boors, but while in P.L. this humiliation is sufficient to touch Boors' heart, M. makes Arthur join his wife before Boors declares his readiness to fight unless a better knight than himself comes forward. The *dénouement* of the episode agrees in the two versions in some points only. In both, Lancelot arrives at the place from a hermitage. But while, in M.,

Boors makes himself ready to fight, and Lancelot only comes at the supreme moment; in P.L., Boors does not prepare himself at all, but waits, trusting to Lancelot's arrival. In both versions the fight ends with the defeat and surrender of Mador. But the details respecting the queen's name on the tomb, and the disclosure of the real murderer by the lady of the lake, are not in P.L.[1] M. relates the tournament of Winchester, in continuation of this episode, at p. 738, 12. There is, of course, nothing in P.L. that justifies M.'s remark that Winchester is Kamalot; on the contrary, as Arthur goes from Kamalot to Winchester, the two are distinctly differentiated. In this, as in the two following tournaments, M.'s account is marked by a profusion of knights' names and details not found in P.L. While, in M., Arthur wishes the queen to accompany him, and is much disappointed when she declares herself unable to comply with his wish, in P.L., in order to test her, he expressly forbids her to go to the tournament.

Whilst, in P.L., Lancelot goes to the queen and tells her of his intention to go to the tournament disguised, in M. he makes up his mind to go only when Guenever tells him how unwise of him it is to stay at home. P.L. does not mention that Lancelot reveals at once to Guenever his intention to fight at the tournament against Arthur, though also in P.L. that is, later on, the case.

M. and P.L. agree in stating that Arthur recognises Lancelot when passing the castle of Ascalot, and that Lancelot is lodged near the castle with an old knight, but P.L. does not mention that the knight is also a hermit, nor his name, Bernar or Barnard, nor the names of his two sons, Tyrre and Lauayne, nor that of his daughter, "Elayne le blank."

M. omits that the damsel asks Lancelot's squire for information about his master. Whilst, in P.L., Lancelot and his companion are armed in red and the colour of the sleeve is not mentioned, in M. the sleeve is red and the colour of the armour is not mentioned. The "perlys" with which the sleeve is embroidered in M. do not appear in P.L. The aunt of Lancelot's companion, at whose house, in P.L., Lancelot stays near Winchester, is "a ryche burgeis" in M.

The description of the tournament, which occupies pp. 742–45, has only one principal point in common with P.L.—namely, the wounding of Lancelot by Boors, but while, in P.L., Lancelot does not know who has wounded him, he knows it in M. P.L. does not state that the truncheon

[1] The English metrical romance "Le Mort Arthur," Harl. MS. 2252, ll. 1648–1664, relates that, after Lancelot has overcome Mador de la porte, the "squeers" who have served at table when the knight died are cross-examined, and at last one of them confesses that he has poisoned an apple to kill Gawayne. The squire is then "drawen and hongyd, and for-brende, Be-fore syr mador the noble knyghte."

of the spear remains in the wound and is afterwards pulled out by Lauayne.

The statement that the King of the Hundred Knights, the King of Northgales, the King of Northumberland, and Galahaut the haute prynce try to induce Lancelot to stay with them is also absent from P.L.

Whilst, in P.L., Lancelot and his companion return to the latter's aunt, and a physician is summoned thither, in M. they at once go to a hermit, Baudewyn of Bretayne, the same mysterious personage whose name occurs several times in the first books in harmony with the "Merlin." The long conversation between Lancelot and the hermit, and the remark that it was a custom of the time for knights to often become hermits in their old age, are not in P.L.

M. and P.L. state that Gawayn tries in vain to find Lancelot, and is afterwards lodged, by chance, in the place where Lancelot left his shield. M. omits Gawayn's proffer of his love to the fair maiden, and greatly modifies the remainder of this episode by adding some details and omitting others.

Whilst, in M., Lancelot's wound bursts open afresh when he recklessly attempts to ride, in P.L. his emotion on hearing that Guenever will be at the tournament, while he must stay away, causes the accident.

The commission to go to the tournament and greet Guenever which Lancelot gives to Boors in M., is not in P.L.

The parting of Lancelot and the maiden, her death, and the arrival of her body at London are much spun out in M. by many details absent from P.L.

The fact that Lancelot is to wear a golden sleeve in honour of Guenever at the third tournament is not in P.L.

In M. the wound which prevents Lancelot from going to this tournament is inflicted by a lady huntress; in P.L., by one of Arthur's huntsmen.

The details respecting the last tournament mentioned by M. are not all to be found in P.L.

b. BOOK XIX.: "LE ROMAN DE LA CHARRETTE" AND THE PROSE-LANCELOT.

a. CHAPTERS I.-VI.

The nineteenth book of "Le Morte Darthur" consists, as one cannot help noticing at once, of three distinct parts, drawn from at least two different sources: the first part comprises chapters i. to v.; the second, chapters vi. to ix.; and the third, chapters x. to xiii.

The adventure of the carrying away of Queen Guenever by Meleagaunt

also forms the subject of the poem "Le Conte de la Charete," by Chrétien de Troyes and Godefroi de Lagni,[1] and is likewise told in the second part of the Prose-Lancelot, though very differently. The relationship of these two versions to one another is a point of great interest and importance in the study of the Round Table Romances, this being, with the possible exception of the "Tristan" and the poems of Robert de Boron, the only case in which "original and imitation can be compared." The satisfactory determination of this point cannot but greatly facilitate the solution of the problem of the priority in date of the prose or the metrical versions.

The Abbé de la Rue and MM. Paulin Paris, Hoffmann, and others held that the prose account existed before Chrétien's poem.[2] MM. V. Schmidt, Fauriel, Wolf, Grimm, Gervinus, and H. de La Villemarqué are in favour of the contrary theory. M. P. Maertens finally rejects both theories, and holds the two forms to be independent of each other. M. Gaston Paris, in his learned treatise "Le Conte de la Charrette," Romania, xii. pp. 459–534, has conclusively shown that Chrétien's poem is the direct source of the episode corresponding to it in the Prose-Lancelot. The source which Malory (or the writer of his source) used for the five first chapters of book xix. must have been independent from either Chrétien's poem or the Prose-Lancelot. M. G. Paris has also treated this question, and thrown upon it as much light as is possible with the present Welsh sources at the disposal of scholars who are not "celtisants." I have carefully gone through his account, and, instead of giving a *résumé* of it, I have, in honour of the great French scholar, translated the portion of his article on "Le Conte de la Charrette" entitled "Le sujet du poème de Chrétien," Romania, xii. pp. 498–508.

"Besides *Chrétien's* poem, which is, as we have seen, the direct source of the episode corresponding to it in the Prose-*Lancelot*, we possess an entirely independent account of the carrying off and the deliverance of *Guenièvre* in a well-known English compilation, which has been hitherto too little utilised for studies of this kind, the *Book of Arthur*, inappropriately styled *Le Morte Darthur*, composed by Sir Thomas Malory (or Malorye, or Maleore) in 1469 or 1470, and printed for the

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[1] Le Roman du Chevalier de la Charrette, par Chrétien de Troyes et Godefroy de Laigny. With an Introduction by P. Tardé. Reims, 1849. 8vo.—See also: G. Ellis, Specimens of English Metrical Romances, &c. London, 1805. 3 vols. Vol. i. pp. 311–327; and Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans, Avril 1777, i. pp. 67–94.—Roman van Lancelot door W. J. A. Jonckbloet. 2 vols. 4to. The Hague, 1846. "Li Romans de la Charrete," printed from MS. Cangé 73, occupies in this edition pp. 1–49 of vol. ii.

[2] I may add that Prof. W. Foerster, in his Introduction to "Erec und Enide" (Christian von Troyes, Sämtliche Werke III., Halle, 1890, 8vo), pp. xxxvii, &c., pronounces himself in favour of the theory that the prose-romances represent an earlier stage of the Arthur-saga than Chrétien's poems.—H. O. S.

first time by Caxton in 1485, and often afterwards.[1] In Malory's book, which requires a special study, two elements can at once be distinguished: incidents more or less identical with those found in the known French romances, and others not to be found in these. It would be premature to look upon these latter as the outcome of the English compiler's imagination; many stories, formerly attributed to this origin, can now be identified with French episodes, unknown at the time, and it is highly probable that Malory has throughout confined himself to translating, abridging, and now and then modifying his source, or sources. Such is also the case with the nine first chapters of the nineteenth[2] book, where he relates with considerable variations the adventure forming the subject of the *Conte de la Charete*. Here follows a *résumé* of these chapters.[3]

. . . . . .

"The author himself seems to divide his story into two distinct parts when he tells us, after having mentioned the surname of Lancelot, Chevalier du Chariot: 'and so leve we of this tale le Chevalier du charyot and torne we to this tale.'[4] It seems, indeed, to me that he has drawn from two distinct sources: the second part, in despite of the differences which separate it from the second part of *Chrétien's* poem, may, after all, derive its origin more or less directly from it,[5] and I shall not occupy myself with it any longer. But such is by no means the case with the first part. Here we find particular facts, drawn most probably from a source independent from *Chrétien's*.

"Certain, indeed, of these traits are authenticated by various Welsh texts as having belonged to old Celtic stories. It requires no long argumentation to establish that Méléaguant, who carries off Guenièvre in the two French poems, *Chrétien's* and the one Malory followed in his

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[1] "I use the edition of Macmillan, 1868, though it is 'revised for modern use;' this is of no importance here."

[2] "The division into books and chapters is made by Caxton."

[3] I have not thought it necessary to give a translation of this synopsis.—H. O. S.

[4] Le Morte Darthur, p. 780, ll. 21–22, book xix. chap. v.—H. O. S.

[5] "The differences are great, but may nevertheless be the work of a skilful abbreviator and arranger. Thus the trap which Méléaguant uses is happily substituted for the obscure story of the dwarf; the stake on which Guenièvre is to be burnt, which makes the conclusion more tragical, is met with in several analogous stories; Lancelot's generosity towards Méléaguant in the final combat (no less than Guenièvre's nodding to him) is already in the Prose-Charete, though without the strange addition of the English romance, a fact which proves that this portion of Malory's story has passed through the Prose-Lancelot; moreover, this generosity is an imitation of that which he shows in *Chrétien* towards the knight who has insulted him, and which the prose-writer has repeated. But it is not quite clear why Méléaguant, once delivered from Lancelot, sends Guenièvre back. The compiler, not having at his disposal Bademagu, who was unknown to the poem which furnished his first part, did not know how to overcome the difficulty.'

first part, is no other than the Maelwas or Melwas[1] of the Breton[2] tradition, to which I have already alluded in my first article on Lancelot,[3] who also carries off Arthur's wife. This carrying off is celebrated in Welsh poesy, and the allusions to it there show that in its primitive form it resembled Malory's much more than Chrétien's account of it.

"A note to a curious fragment, the Dialogue of Arthur and his wife, states, in speaking of Gwenhwyvar, that she was Arthur's second wife, and the one whom Melwas, prince of Albany (Scotland), carried off.[4] —A poet of the fourteenth century, David ab Gwilym,[5] has thrice alluded to this story. But none of these allusions is very clear. The first (p. 220, 153) consists of but one word, and opinions differ as to the sense of this word: the poet, speaking of a sweet sleep which he has had, says that it was sweeter than that of Paul the apostle, sweeter than that of the Seven Sleepers, sweeter than that of Melwas *y glas glog*. 'Sous la grotte verte,' translates M. de La Villemarqué in a letter which he kindly wrote to me on this subject;[6] Williams, in his *Eminent Welshmen*, translates 'under the green cloak,' and sees in this an allusion to the history of the carrying off. The ordinary sense of *clog* is 'stone;' now, there is an undoubted reference here to some legendary trait unknown to us.—The second passage (p. 106, 73) is longer and more interesting; but its interpretation is difficult. Two English Celtic scholars, Mr. Jenner, of the British Museum, and Mr. Cowell, professor of Sanscrit in the University of Cambridge,[7] consulted by my learned friend Mr. Ward, have translated the eight lines of which this passage consists in almost the same terms. I give here in French the sense of these lines by the side of the Welsh text.

Och! nad gwiw-uchenaid gwas,	Hélas![8] il ne sert de rien de pousser un soupir d'amant malheureux,

[1] "The *w* had to pass through *gu* to arrive at *g*; that is why I have preferred the spelling *Meleaguant*."

[2] "Breton" means here *Welsh*, M. G. Paris using "Breton" indifferently of Wales and modern Brittany, a usage to which exception is taken by Prof. H. Zimmer. See Introduction, p. 6, note.—H. O. S.

[3] M. G. Paris refers to his article "Lancelot," in Romania, vol. x. pp. 465–96.—H. O. S.

[4] "Myvyrian Archaiology, i. 175; *cf.* La Villemarqué, *les Romans de la Table Ronde*, p. 10, 59."

[5] "This poetry has twice been published—in 1759, London, by Jones and Owen, and recently at Liverpool. I owe to Mr. Ward the information which follows." (The first edition appeared, London, 1789, not "1759."—H. O. S.)

[6] "M. de La Villemarqué, who was the first to refer to this passage of David, did not point out the two others."

[7] M. G. Paris writes "d'Oxford" by mistake.—H. O. S.

[8] In order to retain the essence of M. G. Paris' discussion, I have reprinted the French translation. The first passage runs in English thus: Alas! It boots not to give up the sigh of an unhappy lover,—And in vain I would crave for Melwas' cunning:—The thief

I mi alw am grefft Melwas;	Et je souhaiterais en vain la ruse de Melwas:
Y lleidr, drwy hud a lledryd,	Le voleur, par illusion et jonglerie,
Aeth a bun i eitha' byd;	Emporta la belle au bout du monde.
I'r coed îr ai 'r hocedydd,	Au vert bois alla le trompeur,
I furiau caingc o frig gwydd:	Aux murailles de branches des cimes des arbres.
A dringo heno, fal hwn,	Et cette nuit, comme lui,
Yn uchel a chwenychwn.	Je voudrais bien grimper en haut.

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by illusion and jugglery,—Carried off the fair one to the end of the world.—To the green wood went the deceiver,—To the walls of branches on the top of the trees,—And to climb this night—Up high I would desire. The translation of the second passage is: The window devouring the life, was a cause of torment,—There, where she was placed to bring the light of the sun: Can I not become old! but there was by sorcery—A window of the same shape as mine;—That was a strange journey, a marvellous adventure,—When once upon a time from Caerléon,—Melwas, by excessive passion went,—Through it (the window) without any fears of love,—In the anxiety of the sufferings of his great love,—Once upon a time, near the dwelling of the daughter of Gogfran Gawr.—H. O. S.

This portion of the present volume was already in the printers' hands when I received a copy of Prof. J. Rhys' "Studies in the Arthurian Legend," Oxford, 1891, 8vo.—In the third chapter of his volume, Prof. Rhys speaks of Melwas referring to Malory and Chrestien de Troyes, without, however, throwing more light on the question. But his translation of the passages from David ab Gwilym differs considerably from the one furnished to Prof. Gaston Paris. Of the first passage two readings are given—viz.:

"Him Melwas 'dan' *or* 'yn' y glas glog."
"The sleep of Melwas 'beneath' *or* 'in' the green cloak."

The Welsh text shows in the second passage the variants: "gwiw ochenaid" in l. 1 and "cainc" in l. 6. The translation runs thus:

"*Alas that a bachelor's sigh avails not*
For me to invoke the art of Melwas!
The thief that, by magic and illusion,
Took a fair one to the world's end:
To the green wood that juggler went,
To the leafy rampart of a bough—
And to climb to-night aloft like him,
That is what I could wish to do."

The third passage has the following variants in the Welsh text: l. 1, "Astrus, oesdraul;" l. 6, "Gaerlleon;" and is thus translated:

"*Troublesome has been the life-wasting window*
Where it was placed to let the sunlight in.
May I die! if it was not of magic make,
A window of this the very counterpart—
Except the course of the wondrous adventure—
That was the one at Caerleon of yore,
Which entrance gave of old to Melwas—
Driven by over-love without love's fears,
The dire plague and pain of mighty passion—
At the house of Giant Ogurvan's daughter."

These words, *hud a lledryd*, translated here by 'illusion et jonglerie,' may, as Mr. Ward remarks, have a somewhat different sense. If one admits with Stephens that *hud a lledryd*[1] means 'masque, divertissement, jeu théâtral,' one may believe that Melwas disguised himself to carry off the queen. The sixth line at any rate, though by no means clear, indicates that the scene happened in a wood.—The third passage (p. 326, 229) pointed out and translated by Mr. Cowell runs thus:—

Astrur fu 'r ffenestr oefdraul,	La[2] fenêtre dévorant la vie a été une cause de tourment,
Lle rhoed; ddwyn lleufer haul:	Là où elle était placée pour amener la lumière du soleil:
Na bwy' hen a bu o hud	Puissé-je ne pas vieillir! mais il y a peu par magie.[3]
Ffenestr a hon unffunud;	Une fenêtre de même façon que la mienne;[4]
Dieithr hwyl, da uthyr helynt,	Ce fut un étrange voyage, une merveilleuse aventure,
Yr hon o Gaelleon gynt,	Quand jadis, de Caerléon,
Y doe Felwas a draserch	Melwas alla, par une passion excessive
Drwyddi, heb arswydi serch,	Au travers [de cette fenêtre], sans aucunes craintes d'amour,
Cur trymhaint cariad tramawr	Dans l'angoisse de la souffrance de son grand amour,
Gynt ger ty ferch Gogfran Gawr.	Jadis, près de la demeure de la fille de Gogfran Gawr.

This daughter of Gogyrfan or Gogfran Gawr is, indeed, the wife of Arthur according to Welsh records, but instead of being the second, Gwenhwyvar, as stated by the annotator of the Dialogue [of Arthur and his wife], she would be the third.—Finally, William Owen, in his *Cambrian Biography* (London, 1803 (not 1813)), says in the article *Melwas*,[5] 'He arrayed himself in leaves, to lie in wait for Gwenhwyvar and her attendants, who, according to custom, were out on May morning

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[1] "I make use of the German translation by Schulz, *Geschichte der wœlschen Literatur*, p. 62 ff."

[2] See *ante*, note 8, pp. 235–236.

[3] "This is the word *hud*, already mentioned, which properly means 'illusion.'"

[4] "The piece from which these lines are quoted is entitled: *On an oaken window*."

[5] "M. de La Villemarqué (p. 59) mistakenly attributed this little story to David ab Gwilym; he himself, replying to a question I had asked him, pointed out this confusion in his notes, and directed me to the passage in the *Cambrian Biography*. I have moreover to remark, that the translation he gives of this little story contains several additions, suppressions, and modifications."

to gather birch for garlands to welcome the summer, and by means of that disguise he carried her away.'[1]

"It is difficult to decide the exact value of this passage. Owen does not indicate his authorities; he may well have guessed, without saying it, the identity of Melwas and Méléaguant, and simply taken from Malory the incident of the maying. But the passages of David ab Gwilym, however obscure they may be, leave no doubt upon one point: Melwas, according to the old Welsh stories, carried the wife of Arthur away into a wood, disguised, as it would appear, in a garment of leaves. The lost French poem followed by Malory represents the carrying off in the same way; Méléaguant's disguise is not mentioned, but this trait seems to have disappeared by inadvertence, as the reader is prepared for it by the queen's order that all her companions should be arrayed in green; on their return they are completely covered with herbs and leaves, as is also the ravisher, doubtless in order that he might be taken for one of the maidens, and thus more easily carry off the queen. The fight which in Malory replaces this stratagem does not, therefore, belong to the primitive story, and was perhaps only inserted by the compiler to join (by the story of the wounds) the second part of the episode to the first.

"The French poem of which I postulate the existence as the source of the first part of this episode has perhaps left traces elsewhere than in Malory. The *Crone* of Heinrich von dem Türlin alludes to an adventure of Guenièvre with Méléaguant which I had at first, without more closely examining it, connected with Chrétien's poem, but which now seems to me to have relations with a story differing in some respects from and similar in others to that of Malory. Mr. Warnatsch, in the interesting work[2] of which I spoke in the beginning of this article, was the first to point out the peculiar features of these allusions in the German poet.

"The first occurs ll. 2098 ff. There is question of a cup out of which only knights without blame may drink:[3] Lanzelet does not stand this test because, 'contrary to what is becoming a knight, he had entered into a cart,[4] in pursuance of his vengeance, when Milianz carried the queen off against her will; he had lost his horse, and could not for this reason cross on foot the wood full of thickets and briars, nor was he

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[1] "It is strange that the author of this short notice does not state how the queen was taken away from Melwas."

[2] Otto Warnatsch, *Der Mantel*, Bruchstück eines Lanzelet-romans des Heinrich von dem Türlin, nebst einer Abhandlung über die Sage vom Trinkhorn und Mantel und die Quelle der Krone in part ii of Germanistische Abhandlungen ed. M. K. Weinhold, Breslau, 1883.—H. O. S.

[3] "Heinrich has invented this to match the chastity test imposed upon the ladies; see Warnatsch, p. 114."

[4] "*Uf einen karren:* charette or chariot"—(cart—H. O. S.).

willing to turn back before he had found out in what situation[1] the queen was.'—Farther on (l. 5990) the poet, speaking of the vicissitudes of fate, after having quoted different cases, says: 'And thus it was with Milianz, when, through his presumption, he fought Lanzelet for Ginover, near the river, after he had carried her off into his country.'—Finally, after telling us about the test of the enchanted glove (see *Romania*, x. 486), Heinrich (ll. 24496 ff.) again mentions Lanzelet's failure; Keü says to him: 'Sir Lanzelet, you were not pleased when Milianz killed your horse and mine, what time we pursued him, and you had needs enter a cart,[2] forced thereto by weariness, and I was carried away[3] with the queen.'[4]

"The story to which these allusions seem to refer differs both from Malory's and from Chrétien's—from the former, in so far as it mentions, as does Chrétien, a fight near the river between Lancelot and Méléaguant,[5] and in representing Ké alone as carried off with the queen; from the latter, in so far as it represents, as does Malory, Lancelot

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[1] "*In welhem urkünde:* I do not understand this usage of the word."

I have read "*Diu Crône*" by Heinrich von dem Türlin, edited (for the first time) by G. H. F. Scholl from MS. No. 2779, ff. 131ᵃ–170ᵇ, of the "Wiener Hof-Bibliothek" (V), with variants from Cod. pal. 374 (paper), 495 leaves, Heidelberg (P), vol. xxvii. of the "Bibliothek des Literarischen Vereins," Stuttgart, 1852, 8vo. The passage M. G. Paris alludes to runs, according to V ll. 107–110, thus:

2107 "*Ouch wolt er wider wîchen*
Nicht, unz er ervûnde,
2109 *In welhem urkünde*
Diu kûnegîn bestûnde."

I understand this passage: "Nor did he like to give it up, until he had found out in which state [*urkünde* in Middle High German means, originally, "document," "token," "sign," "mark"] the queen was."—H. O. S.

[2] "*Uf einen wagen:* chariot or charrette."

[3] "*Und ich wunders wart hin gevüeret:* I do not understand what *wunders* can mean here; one would rather expect *gewunt*, 'wounded.'"

The passage in question, ll. 1505–1513 according to V, runs thus:

"*Keiî sprach: Mit sorgen*
Her Lanzelet, vuoret ir,
Dô Milianz in unde mir
Diu ors an dem nâchjagen
Sluoc, und ir ûf einen wagen
Muostet sitzen durch die nôt,
Die iu diu müede gebôt,
Und ich wunders wart hin
Gevüeret mit der künigin."

P has (as the "Anmerkung" to l. 24512, p. 482, states) *wonder* for *wunders*.—As I cannot remember to have come across *wunders* in the sense of "by a wonder," "wonderfully," in connection with a verb in any Middle High German text, I am inclined to think the passage is corrupted. Ké was sorely wounded in the combat; one would thus expect a word like *rêwunt* or *totwunt*="wounded to death," if this did not interfere with the metre. *Wunder* in Middle High German means "the man who wounds."—H. O. S.

[4] "Keü adds that Lanzelet's error is but a slight one—there must be some other reason for his failure to stand the test, doubtless because he disdained the love of the goddess (gotinne) who reared him. 'I could say more on this point; you know full well the meaning of my speech.'"

[5] "The form *Milianz* differs greatly from the French, but probably Heinrich had before him another form of the name than that of Méléaguant."

mounting on a cart through fatigue,[1] and not, as in Chrétien, in order to get information as to the way the queen was taken. A trait strange to both known versions is the killing of Ké's horse: in Chrétien he flees after his master is unhorsed, in Malory he is not mentioned. What is said about Milianz might make us believe that the poem known to Heinrich finished with the fight between Méléaguant and Lancelot, in which the former was definitively overcome;[2] such may have been the original *dénouement* of the poem followed by Malory, altered by the compiler because he wished to weld to this poem the second part of Chrétien's poem.

"Mr. Warnatsch makes an ingenious observation to establish the fact that Chrétien's poem is not the one to which Heinrich von dem Türlin goes back.[3] He says: 'Nirgends berührt Heinrich das Liebesverhältniss zwischen Ginover und Lanzelet. In der Becher und Handschuhprobe sucht er (oft mit grosser Mühe) als Grund des Misslingens meist ein sittliches Vergehen der betheiligten Personen ausfindig zu machen. Das sträfliche Verhältniss Ginovers zu Lanzelet hätte sich Heinrich bei dieser Gelegenheit gewiss nicht entgehen lassen, um bei beiden, wenigstens bei Ginover, dem Seneschal Stoff zu seinen alle Schuld unbarmherzig enthüllenden Spottreden zu leihen. Statt dessen sehen wir, von Lanzelet zu schweigen, in der Becherprobe der Königin überhaupt kein bestimmtes Vergehen vorgeworfen (1282 ff.) und in der Handschuhprobe (ll. 23645 ff.) das Attentat des Gawein ohne eigentlichen Grund als Schuld angerechnet. Heinrich war offenbar in Verlegenheit das Misslingen der Probe bei Ginover (das übrigens, wie schon Romania x. p. 486 gezeigt ist, so gering als möglich dargestellt wird) zu erklären ein sicheres Zeichen, dass ihm von dem Liebesverhältniss mit Lanzelet, welches doch (wenigstens in den Augen des bei den Proben anwesenden Artus) als die grösste Schuld erscheinen musste, nichts bekannt war.

"'Es ergiebt sich somit, das Heinrich zwar die Abenteuer Lanzelets zur Befreiung der Königin, die Fahrt auf dem Karren und anderes,

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[1] "In the same way as in Heinrich a wood full of thickets and briars (*gedrenge*) is mentioned which Lancelot cannot cross; so in Malory, when his horse is slain, he cannot get at the archers on account of the hedges and ditches which detain him."

[2] "In Chrétien, thanks to the intervention of Bademagu and Guenièvre, the combat between Lancelot and Méléaguant does indeed remain undecided; so that as an instance in Méléaguant's case of adverse fortune, like that of other warriors really overthrown by their adversaries, the example is ill chosen."

[3] "Pp. 131–32. On the other hand, I do not understand why Mr. Warnatsch will have it (p. 108, n. 3) that Wolfram of Eschenbach alludes in the *Parzival* to the same poem which Heinrich knew. Wolfram's allusions accord perfectly with Chrétien's. The names are *Lanzilot* and *Meljakanz*. As to the latter's father, Wolfram gives him the strange name of *Poydiconjunz*, which should come from the *Badegamus* one occasionally finds in the MSS. for *Bademagus*.'

beinahe der Erzählung Chrestien's und des Prosaromans entsprechend kannte, doch ohne dass mit dieser Unternehmung die sträfliche Liebe beider in Verbindung war. Erst durch Chrestien oder den Prosaroman oder deren gemeinsame Quelle [1] ist dieses Motiv hineingetragen worden.' [2]

"The poem which Heinrich von dem Türlin knew narrates, according to this, the carrying away of Guenièvre by Méléaguant. Lanzelet, doubtless informed in the same way as in Malory, followed her; his horse was killed, and he advanced with great difficulty among the bushes and thickets surrounding the ravisher's castle. Disabled by fatigue, he resigned himself to entering a cart in order to continue his way. He crossed a river to enter Méléaguant's land, and found him without doubt at the river-side; he gave him battle, and overcame him, took back the queen and Ké the seneschal, who also intended to deliver her, but was thrown out of the saddle, wounded, and carried off as prisoner. Lanzelet accomplished this feat in his quality of faithful servant to Arthur and of valiant knight; there existed no intimate relation between him and Guenièvre.

"Such too, I hold, was Lancelot's part in the poem which served Malory as source for the first part of his account. This compiler [3] has suppressed the combat of Lancelot with Méléaguant, thinking it enough to bring them face to face once; and this took place in the second part; he also suppressed the river crossed by Lancelot, and did away with Ké's special part, joining to Lancelot nine other knights; we may well believe that, in his source, prowess and fidelity were the sole motives of Lancelot's [4] enterprise, and that, in representing the facts otherwise, he was influenced by the Prose-Lancelot, from which he borrowed so much of his compilation."

β. CHAPTERS VI.–IX.

The second part of Malory's account of this episode, *i.e.*, chapters vi. to ix., is not to be found, as it here stands, in any French or English romance known up to the present time. M. Gaston Paris suggests, as we have

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[1] "Mr. Warnatsch, when writing his dissertation, had no fixed opinion as to the relation of the two texts."

[2] "Mr. Warnatsch concludes, from this, that these allusions refer to the supposed *Lanzelet* of *Heinrich*, in which he would have told this story. I have pointed out above how improbable it is that this *Lanzelet* ever existed."

[3] "In thus expressing myself, I do not intend to especially refer to Malory; we do not know what is his own in his work, and what that of his original or of his French originals."

[4] "It is thus, as we have already remarked, that in the poem of Ulrich of Zatzikhoven he aids in the deliverance of Guenièvre, carried off by Falerin; it is thus that Durmart, in the poem devoted to him, takes her from Brun de Morois, and that Gauvain, in the *Crone*, releases her out of the hands of Gasozein."

seen, that, though Malory's account differs considerably from the version of the Prose-Lancelot, it is not impossible that he adapted the corresponding portion of the latter to his purposes. But, be this as it may, we can fairly assert that the source he really used, if not the Prose-Lancelot itself, must stand in some relation to it, and therefore to the poem of Chrétien as well. I shall endeavour here to compare the two versions. The portion of the Lancelot concerned here occupies vol. ii. feuillets 16–23 of the Paris edition of 1513.[1] I give a short *résumé*, quoting such passages of the French text as are either interesting as examples of style, or from their correspondence with Malory's account. I subjoin the summaries of contents of feuillets 1–15[2] to enable the reader to follow the narrative.

Feuillets 16–23:—

Lancelot leaves king Baudemagus with the intention of going to "le pont sur ene." He is, however, captured by some knights of B. and taken back to the court. Before he arrives there again, the news of his death has been

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[1] I have explained, at the beginning of the sections concerning book vi. pp. 177–78, why I have availed myself of this edition, and also that I consulted the MSS. of the "Lancelot" at the same time.

[2] Feuillets 1–15:—1. Comment tous ceulx de la maison du roi artus furent troublez pour Lancelot cuydans que il fust mort. Et comment la dame du lac le alla querir en cornouaille et lemmena en son pays & le guarit dune forcennerie dont il estoit malade.—Comment lancelot par le conseil de sa dame sen alla embuscher en la forest de kamalot. Et comment meleagant filz du roy de Gorre vint a la court du roy artus pour combatre lãcelot ou vng aultre cheualier. 2. Cõment keux le seneschal sen alla en la forest de kamalot pour combatre contre meleagant & mena la royne auec luy . et commẽt meleagant le vainquit & gaigna la royne. 3. Comment lancelot se combatit contre meleagant / et comment son cheual luy fut occis. Et comment meleagant emmena la royne et keux le seneschal.—Commẽt lancelot alla apres meleagant & monta en la charrette dont il fut laidange de plusieurs / et comment le charrettier luy monstra la royne & meleagant. 5. Comment lancelot & messire yuain se partirent du chasteau ou le nayn luy auoit monstre la royne. Et comment lancelot coucha auec son hostesse. 7. Cõment lancelot conquist ung chevalier q̃ gardoit la chaussee q̃ nul ny passast sãs payer tribut Et comment il mist a fin laduenture de la tũbe de galehault de galles. 8. Comment lancelot descendit en la caue ou estoit la tumbe ardant. Et comment par vne voix luy fut dit qu'il ne mettroit point celle aduenture a fin. 9. Comment lancelot occist les deux cheualiers qui gardoyent le pas de la forest. Et comment il occist les sergens & le cheualier qui gardoyent le maupas. 11. Comment Lancelot secourut les exillez que ceulx du pays combatoyent au pas de la petite forest pour les garder quilz nallassent au deuant de lãcelot. Et comment il occist vng cheualier qui le redarguoit de couardise. Et de ce que il auoit este en la charrette. 12. Comment lancelot vaincquit quarante cheualiers qui lassaillirent au pas de la forest du plessis dont il en occist sept & les autres sen fouyrent. 13. Comment lancelot passa le pont de lespee et combatit les lyons / et comment le roy baudemagus luy donna vng cheual et le mena loger en son chasteau ouquel la royne genieure estoit en prison. 14. Comment lancelot & meleagãt se combatirent longuement en la presence du Roy baudemagus et de la royne genieure. 15. Comment le roy baudemagus par le conge de la royne departit la bataille de lancelot & de meleagant . Et comment la royne ne tint pas grant compte de lancelot & sen entra en sa chambre sans parler a luy.

spread. Gueneuer is nearly out of her mind; firmly believing that her indifference has driven Lancelot to his death, she declines all food. B. tries in vain to console her. The counterpart of this soon happens, as Lancelot hears on the road that Gueneuer is dead. He is greatly distressed, and wishes to do away with himself. He is closely watched by the knights. One night, imagining that all are asleep, he tries to strangle himself, but is at the last moment prevented. From "Gabion," about ten miles distant from the court, the knights send messengers to Baudemagus, informing him of L.'s capture. Baudemagus is sorry that, without his authority and against his will, his knights have treated Lancelot so badly. He goes to meet him. The knights are all put into prison; Lancelot intercedes for them. On his return, L. goes to Gueneuer and has a long conversation with her; they are reconciled. "Beau doulx amy fait elle ie le vous pardonne tout. Et il luy demande se il pourroyt ennuyt parler a elle / car mōlt a grāt piece quil ny parla priueement / et elle dit quelle en est plus desirante que il nest / mais allōs veoir keux le seneschal: si verrons vne fenestre pres de ma chambre par ou vous pourrez bien parler a moy. Car dedans ne serez vo⁷ pas. Mais vous entrerez en ce iardin par ca derriere et ie vous monstreray vng mur par ou vo⁷ entrerez mieulx." When all are asleep, Lancelot rises and goes to the window. They talk a long while together; at last L. asks if he may come in. When the queen declares "Ie le vueil bien," he endeavours to overcome the obstacles: "Et il tire hors les fers de la fenestre qui estoyent attachez au mur. Il les osta si doulcement que nul nen brisa ne nulle noyse ny eut." He at once enters the queen's bed; "si sent le sang qui de luy descendoyt et cestoyt de ses mains dont il auoyt le cuyr rompu au trenchant des fers / mais elle cuyde que ce soit sueur ne nul deulx ne sē prēt garde." At dawn they separate. Lancelot returns through the window, puts the bars back as well as he can, and goes to sleep in his own room.

In the morning, Meleagant, who generally calls on the queen every day, finds her still in bed. He notices that her sheets are covered with blood. Suspecting that Keux has been there, he goes to his bed to see "sil estoit ainsi aduenu que ses playes feussent acreuees a saigner si auoient assez rendu sang / car ce luy aduenoit le plus souuēt des nuyctz." After that he returns to G. and accuses her of adultery. His father has prevented him from doing what she herself allowed Keux to do. Keux, on hearing this terrible charge, is deeply grieved; he is ready to prove by his hands that he is innocent. The queen declares Keux is not guilty, nor in fact is anybody, as her nose bled during the night, as it often does. M. then tells his father about it. Baudemagus awakes Lancelot and asks him to go with him. Getting up, L. sees that he has cut his hands. B. reproaches the queen bitterly. Gueneuer appeals to Lancelot, who is ready to prove her innocence. In vain Baudemagus endeavours to dissuade Meleagant from fighting with Lancelot. The fight takes place and Meleagant is thoroughly defeated; at the queen's desire, his life is spared.

Meleagant is not yet satisfied; he tells his father that he will kill L. before he leaves the country. B. declares if he does anything felonious he will disinherit him. M. leaves the town in the evening. L. starts the next

morning to meet Gawayn. Near the "pont sur ene," a dwarf on a big white horse comes to salute him, and ask him to come to Gawayn, who has bid him say: "quil est au lieu du monde qui plus luy plaist et a tout ce quil desire." He must come alone. L. trusts the dwarf, leaves his companions behind, and goes with the dwarf. They soon come to a small but strong castle. They enter. Lancelot, led into a hall covered all over the floor with rushes and leaves, is impatient to see Gawayn. He advances quickly, but the floor gives away "et il cheut en vne fosse qui auoyt pl' de troys toyses de profond / mais il ne se blessa point / Car len luy auoyt assez mys dherbes." After a while, knights disarm him, draw him out of the trap, and put him as prisoner into a strong tower.

When his companions find that L. does not return by nightfall, they go to a castle near by, and pass the night there.

There they hear that Gawayn has crossed "le pont sur ene;" he has fought against the knight who watches the bridge, and received many grievous wounds. In the morning they meet him. Told that L. has been led away by a dwarf, he goes to Baudemagus' court. All are deeply concerned with Lancelot's disappearance. Baudemagus orders his country to be searched in all directions, but in vain. To deceive his father, Meleagant sends him a forged letter with Arthur's seal, in which he asks him to send Gueneuer back with Gawayn.

Gueneuer and Gawayn return and discover the forgery. All mourn, thinking L. is dead. The court is removed to Kamalot; the queen grieves greatly.

At Pentecost, after mass, the king stands by a window and "il veit venir vng cheualier sur une charrette et auoit aux lymons vng cheual lequel auoit la queue couppee et les deux oreilles: et dessus seoit vng nayn gros & court. Sy auoit la teste grosse & entremeslee de chaines . si estoit le cheualier en la charrette les mains lyees derriere le dos en vne chemise salle & despiecee: & auoit les deux piedz lyez es lymons de la charrette: et son escu pendoit etc." The dwarf, asked by the king what the knight has done, answers twice: "Autant cōme les aultres." The knight, on being asked how he might be delivered, declares: "se aulcun cheualier vouloit monter la ou ie suis ien seroie deliure." Arthur declares none of his knights would do that. Soon after comes Gawayn, and, hearing what has happened, begins to weep, remembering how Lancelot had been on a cart. When they sit down to dinner, the dwarf returns with the cart, the knight descends and advances towards the table. All are indignant at such conduct. He must have his meals with the knaves. When Gawayn sees this, he goes to the knight and eats with him. Arthur is angry with this, but Gawayn says, if that knight is dishonoured through riding on the cart, Lancelot must equally have lost his worship.

After dinner the knight of the "charrette" thanks Gawayn, retires to a little thicket near the town, and returns from there soon, splendidly arrayed and armed, with a squire. He seizes some of Arthur's best horses, and declares that he would fight against any knight who would dishonour Gawayn. He again thanks Gawayn and departs. Arthur is deeply offended. "Sagremor," "lucan," "bediger," "girflet," and "keux" follow the knight, but

he overcomes them all. When the king speaks to Gawayn, the cart arrives again, containing a lady, who tells Arthur that he did wrong to ill-treat the knight, who had voluntarily entered the cart for love of Lancelot "du bon cheualier qui y monta;" he is a brave knight, knighted just after Easter, his name is "boort lexille," and he is "cousin germain a lancelot et frere a lyonel." The lady then disappears. When the knight returns, Arthur expresses his regret at having ill-judged him. The knight tells him that the lady of the lake had come in the cart. The queen now wishes to get news about Lancelot. She follows the lady of the lake with Gawayn and others. They find her in a wood. The lady of the lake tells her that L. is in prison, but in good health. She will see him at the first tournament which takes place in the "royaulme de logres." Highly pleased, Guenever returns to Arthur, tells him that L. is alive, but does not mention that he will come to the next tournament. A tournament is soon announced.

In the meantime L. passes a pleasant time in the prison of the "seneschal de gorre." The seneschal is rarely there; his wife honours L. greatly, and soon loves him for all that she has heard about him.

When the time fixed for the tournament approaches, L. becomes pensive and sorrowful. The lady, noticing it, asks him the cause, and is ready, if he promise to love her, to let him go to the meeting. Lancelot goes to the tournament in the seneschal's armour, and does great feats of arms. The queen, who looks on from a scaffold, is highly pleased. At the end he departs suddenly. Nobody can explain this strange behaviour. He comes a second time to the tournament and returns to his prison. It soon becomes known that Lancelot has been at the tournament; and Meleagant, to prevent further attempts of this kind, puts him into a strong tower. After that he goes to Arthur's court and declares: "Roy artus il est vray que ie cōquis celle dame la vers keux le seneschal & lancelot la vint conquerre / mais la bataille fut telle entre nous en la fin que ie luy laissay emmener la royne par tel conuenāt que dedans lan se combatroit a moy quant ie len viendroye semondre." Arthur replies to him: "Vous debuez ceans attendre . xl . cours et . xl . nuytz et sil ne reuient ce terme si retournez en vostre pays & au chief de lan reuenez & ce lors a vous ne se combat ou aultre pour luy la royne en emmenerez tout quittement."

In the meanwhile Lancelot is in prison. Melegant's sister takes care of him; but she hates her brother, and wishes to deliver Lancelot. She contrives to do so by means of a strong cord. They both flee together to the country of the lady's mother. From thence they send to Arthur's court to inquire about Melegant, and hear that he is waiting for L.'s return.

The day fixed for the combat arrives; Lancelot does not appear, and Gawayn offers to fight for the queen against Meleagant. Then of a sudden Lancelot arrives. He fights with Meleagant, is soon victorious, and M. cries for mercy "mais lācelot ne le veult ouyr Lors vint le roy auant et luy prie et requiert quil ne loccye pas / mais la royne luy fait semblant quil luy couppe la teste / si que lancelot sen appercoyt bien." Lancelot then kills Meleagant, the queen welcomes him, and he is more honoured and thought of at the court than he ever was before.

Comparing Malory's version of the same episode with this one, we cannot help noticing how many points they have in common. Both the Prose-Lancelot and Malory relate that:

1. Lancelot and Gueneuer have a long conversation, and resolve to see one another at night at an iron barred window of the queen's chamber looking out into the garden.

2. When Lancelot arrives before the window, they converse first a while through it; then Lancelot expresses his wish to enter the queen's room, whereupon she declares that she wishes it as much as he; he breaks the iron bars, cuts his hands, enters the room, and shares the queen's bed.

3. Lancelot leaves the queen at dawn by the window through which he came, replaces the bars as well as he can, and returns to his own chamber.

4. In the morning the queen sleeps later than usual. Meleagant enters her room to inquire after her. He finds her still in bed, and notices the soiled sheets. He accuses the queen of adultery.

5. Lancelot is sent for, comes, declares the queen innocent, and is ready to prove it by his hands.

6. Lancelot is caught by Meleagant in a trap, and imprisoned.

7. A lady who attends on him daily in prison helps him out of it and enables him to be at the right moment on the spot where the battle is to take place for the queen.

8. Lancelot fights with Meleagant, overcomes him, and, noticing the queen nodding her head, cuts off his head.

9. Lancelot is welcomed by the queen, and more thought of at Arthur's court than ever before.

Malory's account differs from that of the prose-Lancelot in the following points:—

1. Malory introduces Lauayne. Lancelot communicates to Lauayne his intention of going at night to the window of the queen's chamber. Lauayne tries to dissuade him from so doing, or to allow him to be his companion.—Upon his return in the morning Lancelot is received by Lauayne, who staunches his blood and dresses his wounds.—Lauayne finally declares himself ready to fight for the queen when Lancelot does not appear.

2. In Malory, Lancelot finds a ladder and carries it through the garden to the queen's window.

3. To conceal his wounds he puts a glove on the hurt hand.

4. Malory does not state that the lady who delivers him out of prison is Meleagant's sister.

5. The queen is to be burnt, unless a knight proves by his valour that she is innocent. Malory omits the following incidents:—

1. Sir Kay, and the bleeding of his wounds.

2. The queen's excuse, that the sheets are soiled through the bleeding of her nose.

3. The intercession of king Bagdemagus.

4. The first battle between Lancelot and Meleagant.

5. Lancelot's imprisonment at the castle of Meleagant's seneschal, and presence at the tournament by help of the seneschal's wife.

6. The story of the dwarf with the knight on the chariot, and the appearance of the lady of the lake.

Are these differences and changes made by Malory or the writer of his source in the version of the Prose-Lancelot?

The introduction of Lauayne need not surprise; he replaces Gawayne, who was not mentioned in the source whence Malory (or the writer of his source) drew the first part of his account. Lauayne's part, in so far as he tries to dissuade Lancelot from going to the queen's window, or to allow his company, Lancelot's refusal, and finally Lauayne's reception of him upon his return, may well be an imitation of Bors' rôle in the second chapter of book xx.; the two incidents are exactly alike.

The introduction of the ladder and the putting on of the glove may easily be explained as Malory's additions.

The stake at which Gueneuer is to be burnt may be in imitation of the similar incident in the eighteenth and twentieth books.

Malory had to omit Kay, his place being taken, in the source whence he derived his first part, by the twelve knights, including himself.

The bleeding of the queen's nose may have been omitted intentionally or by inadvertence.

Bagdemagus could not be introduced here, as he did not figure in the first part.

For the same reason, and because Bagdemagus' daughter has already, in the sixth book, delivered Lancelot out of the castle "du charyot," Malory here does not state who the damsel delivering Lancelot is.

The first battle was unnecessary, and its omission increases the importance of the second.

The imprisonment at the castle of Meleagant's seneschal, and the going to the tournament, as well as the episode of the dwarf with the knight on the chariot and the appearance of the lady of the lake, lengthen the story unnecessarily, and may well have been regarded by Malory as superfluous.

I thus think M. Gaston Paris' suggestion, that Malory, or, rather, the writer of the source he used, may well have adapted the Prose-Lancelot version for his account, more than probable; the only point which is unintelligible in Malory's account, Meleagant's sending Guenever back after having got rid of Lancelot, indicates, as M. G. Paris remarks, "that the compiler, not having at his disposal Bagdemagus, who was unknown to the poem which

furnished his first part, did not know how otherwise to overcome the difficulty." I hold the opinion that Malory found the account he sets forth in his xixth book ready made in a French source, which was derived from the Prose-Lancelot + a lost French or Welsh poem.

γ. CHAPTERS X.-XII.

The incidents related in the third part of book xix., *i.e.*, chapters x.-xii., which relate the arrival of a wounded knight, syr Vrre of Hongry, at Arthur's court, the handling of his wounds by all the knights of the court, his final healing by Lancelot, and the festival given in celebration of it, are not to be met with in any known French or English romance. I incline to believe that Malory adapted to his purpose some lost poem, most likely a French one.

The catalogue of names in chapter xi. is evidently Malory's own; one can trace almost all the groups of names in previous chapters. Thus, on page 52, one finds in the same order: Claryaunce of Northumberland, the kyng of the hondred knyghtes; Vryence that was Vwayns fader of the lond of gore, Agwysaunce of Irelond; Carados of Scotlond. On pages 491-92, Challeyn of Claraunce, Vlbaws, Lambaile, Aryslaunce. Page 728, Agrawayn, Gaherys, Gareth, Mordred, Lyonel, Ector de marys, Bors, Blamor and Bleoberis de ganys, Galyhodyn. 804, Gahalantyne, Menadeuke, Vyllyars le valyaunt, Hebes le renoumes; 742 and 799, Sagramor le desyrus, Dodgaas le saueage, Melyot de logrys, Petypase of wynchelsee, Galleron of Galway, Melyan de la mantayne, Astamore; 256-57, Uwayne, Aglouale, Tor, Percyuale; 287, Gawayn, Gaherys, Agrauayn, Bagdemagus, Kay, Dodyus le saueage, Sagramor le desyrus, Gumret le petyte, Gryflet le fyse dieu; 767, Lucan the butteler, Bedeuer; 172, Marok; 451, Tor, Aglouale, Lamorak, Dornar, Percyuale sons of king Pellinore. 810-11, Bellyas le orgulous, Segwarydes, Gryflet, Brandyles, Agloual, Tor, Gauter, Gyllymer, Reynolds, Damas, Pyramus, Kay the straunger, Dryaunt, Lambegus, Hermynyde, Pertylope, Perymones. 196, Bryan de lystynoyse; 202-3, Gaunter, Raynold, Gylmere; 534, Eward of Orkeney, Epynogrys, Pelleas; 270-71, Ironsyde, Pertylope, Perymones, Persaut of Inde; 804, Bors, Lyonel, Ector de marys, Bleoberis de ganys, Gahalantyne, Galyhodyn, Galyhud, Menadeuke, Vyllyers the valyaunt, Hebes le renoumes (Lauayne, Vrre of Hongry), Nerouens, Plenorius; Harre le fyse du lake, Selyses of the dolorous Toure, Melyas de lyle, Bellangere le beuse, son of Alysauder le orphelyn.

A few names occur in this catalogue for the first time, such as: Crosselme, Cloddrus, Seruause le beuse, Hectymere and Edward of Carnaruan. Three knights are twice mentioned, viz., Constantyn syr Cadors son, 790, 29; 792, 8; Dynas, 792, 10 and 13; Hebes, 791, 12;

792, 34. Pryamus is said to have been christened by Trystram, whereas we read, in the fifth book, that Gawayne caused him to be baptized.

c. "LE MORT ARTHUR": HARL. MS. 2252 AND THE PROSE-LANCELOT.

The English metrical romance "Le Mort Arthur"[1] is of greater importance for the critic of the Arthurian romance than has hitherto been supposed, based, as it is, on two French sources, which in some points contradict each other. On p. 11 of this volume I have repeated some emendations which, in a letter to *The Academy* (November 15, 1890), I proposed for the Harl. MS. 2252 as it stands at present. There I had already noticed that ll. 1467–1503[2] were apparently in contradiction to ll. 928–951, and that several other lines before the gap were repeated after it. I then explained these contradictions by assuming that the poet, while transcribing the French prose into English verse, had so far abandoned his source that, being unable to connect his narrative with the ensuing events of his source, he rewrote a certain portion of his poem, &c. I am now able to substantiate this conjecture; the contradictions are due to the fact that the poet used two different sources for his poem. The Vulgate-Lancelot (P.L.) is the source for the first part, ll. 1–1181, up to the gap, whereas for the remainder of the poem, ll. 1318–3969, from the gap to the end, the poet used the same source as did M. for the two last books of his *rifacimento*. It would far exceed the limits of my present work were I to adduce here all the reasons[3] upon which I base this statement, but I may mention a few important points. The first part, ll. 1–1181, of MH. agrees with P.L. against M.

1. The sequence of incidents, different in M., is the same in P.L. and MH.

2. When Arthur has left for Winchester, Lancelot comes, in P.L. and in MH., to Guenever with the intention of taking leave and going to the tournament, whereas, in M., Guenever suggests to him to go.

3. The armour of Lancelot and of his host's son is red and the

[1] An analysis of this romance is to be found in G. Ellis' Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances. London, 1805. 8vo. Vol. iii. pp. 308–387.

[2] I have for convenience' sake adopted the numbers Dr. Furnivall has given to the lines in his edition, though, according to the emendations I have proposed, these numbers would be different for the second part, there being only three lines lacking instead of 135.

[3] I hope to publish the materials I have collected, as soon as my time permits, in the form of an essay, "On the Relation of the Metrical Romance 'Le Mort Arthur' to the Prose-Lancelot," in "Englische Studien," edited by Prof. Koelbing.

colour of the sleeve is not mentioned in P.L. and MH., whereas in M. the sleeve is red and the colour of the armour is not specified.

4. Lancelot stays, before and after the tournament, at the house of his host's sister in P.L. and MH., whereas in M. he stays, before the tournament, at the house of a rich "burgeis," and, after it, at a hermitage.

5. When Lancelot hears of the new tournament, to which he cannot go, his wound breaks open through emotion in P.L. and MH.; in M. he overstrains himself by attempting to ride.

6. The maiden's letter, which, in P.L. and MH., reproaches Lancelot with cruelty, does not do so in M.

7. Whilst, in P.L. and MH., Lancelot is absent from court when the maiden's body arrives, he is present in M., &c.

I may now add some of the contradictions between the first and second parts of MH., ll. 944–948. MH. (in harmony with P.L.) tells how the news of the queen's misfortune comes to Lancelot where he is ill; later on, ll. 1484–1495, MH. (in harmony with M.) says that Boors tells Lancelot of the queen's dangerous position. Line 844, MH. (like P.L.) speaks of "frute;" later on, l. 1653, the fruit is specified as an "appele" (as in M.).

A minute examination of the first part of MH. discloses several points which do not agree with P.L., but they are of very secondary importance, and can be explained, without exception, as the poet's modifications of the source[1] in order to adapt his material to the exigences of his metre; thus, in his tendency to avoid proper names, he gives no names for the localities where the events he relates take place.

The second part of MH., ll. 1318–3969, has now to be compared with M.; both M. and MH. vary from P.L. in the same points, but M. has more detail than MH.[2]

a. THE TWENTIETH BOOK.[3]

The source which M. used, and which also forms the basis of the English metrical romance "Le Mort Arthur" (Harl. MS. 2252), stands

[1] Such, *e.g.*, as the statement, in ll. 408–419, that the second tournament does not take place when Arthur finds that Lancelot has not come.

[2] Folios 54–84[a] of the Harl. MS. are occupied by a metrical life of "Ipomedon (edited by Professor Koelbing, together with two other English versions of the life of Ipomedon; Breslau, 1889). Considering that in the Harl. MS. the "Ipomedon" is written in the same hand as the first part of "Le Mort Arthur" (the handwriting being of the same date as the poem itself), and comparing Prof. Koelbing's remarks on the relationship of the English romance to its French original with the facts disclosed by an examination of "Le Mort Arthur" and the Prose-Lancelot, it is highly probable that both romances are by the same author; at any rate, the subject deserves examination.

[3] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. iii. ff. 166–202; Le Mort Arthur, ed. 1864, ll. 1318–2952.

in close relation to P.L., or, rather, was derived from it, with additions and modifications. To get a clear idea of the structure of the common source of M. and ll. 1318–3969 of MH., we must thus compare M., which as a prose-account is richer in details than MH., with P.L., and then state what facts are either common to or different in M. and MH.

I.–II. The opening lines of M.'s book xx. are his own composition. Neither MH. nor P.L. contains anything similar to these few general phrases, which introduce the subsequent events.

In the conversation between Arthur and his five nephews which leads to Lancelot's and Arthur's enmity, P.L. differs greatly from M. Whilst, in M., Arthur only joins Agravayn and Mordred after Gawayne, Gareth, and Gaheris are gone, in P.L. he comes at the beginning of the conversation, all the five nephews being present. When they refuse to tell him what they are talking about, and when Arthur insists, Gawayne and Gueresches[1] go away. Arthur follows and recalls them, but without result. Returning, Arthur summons the other three brothers to a private chamber, locks the door, and again entreats them to tell him. When they still refuse, Arthur gets so angry that he draws his sword and, running against Agravayn, declares he must reveal the truth or die. Then at last Agravayn tells Arthur how Lancelot and Guenever deceive him, and have long done so. Thus P.L. omits the long conversation between the five brothers and Gawayne's enumeration of all the good services Lancelot has rendered them. Whilst in M. two of the brothers, Gareth and Gaheris, hold with Gawayne, in P.L. only one, Gueresches, follows him. In M., Arthur is sorry at what he hears, but wishes to conceal matters as much as possible; in P.L., on the contrary, he is wroth, and eager for revenge upon Lancelot. Both M. and P.L. agree that Agravayn suggests that Arthur should go to the wood on the following day, though in both this suggestion takes place under different circumstances. The twelve knights (and their names) whom Agravayn and Mordred select according to M. are entirely absent from P.L. But, on the other hand, the following circumstances which occur in P.L. are absent from M. When Arthur, after having left the three brothers, appears later on at court, Gawayne and Gueresches notice by his downcast look that he knows what they had tried to hide from him. A messenger brings Arthur the news of Lancelot's victory at the tournament of Caheres over the people of Sorelois and Caheres, but this fails to cheer Arthur; he only thinks what a pity it is such a valiant knight should be a traitor. He then summons the three brothers to council,

[1] There is some confusion here in P.L. between Gueresches corresponding to Gareth, and Gaheriet corresponding to Gaheris.

asking them what he must do to Lancelot, when he returns, in order to be revenged upon him. On this occasion Agravayn suggests the hunting on the following day. Gawayne and Gueresches, seeing that Arthur is consulting with their brothers, the former warns Arthur again to beware the consequences. Arthur tells Gawayne that he is not to be relied upon, and bids him leave them. Gawayne and Gueresches return to their house, and on the way meet Lancelot, with Boors and Ector, and with a great company, returning from the tournament. Gueresches requests Lancelot as a favour to descend at his house. In the evening, at supper-time, all go together to court. Lancelot is greatly surprised that Arthur does not look at him, but receives him coldly. After supper Arthur goes round and invites the knights for the chase on the following day. Lancelot offers to accompany the king, but is refused. At night Lancelot asks Boors if he noticed how Arthur had treated him. Boors answers Yes, and believes that only Agravayn or Morgan can have told Arthur aught unfavourable about Lancelot; all the others love him too well.

On the morrow Gawayne and Gueresches try to induce Lancelot to go with them, but he refuses, feigning indisposition. When Arthur is gone, Guenever sends a messenger to Lancelot, asking him to come to her chamber. Boors, after in vain attempting to dissuade Lancelot from going, advises him to take a secret path through the garden, and not to forget his "espee."

M. omits Guenever's message to Lancelot, but afterwards makes Lancelot say: "sythen the quene has sente for me."

The passage corresponding in MH. to the two first chapters of M. agrees with the latter, but M. has more detail—*e.g.*, the enumeration of all Lancelot's deeds, and, as I have already mentioned, the names of the twelve knights chosen by Agravayn and Mordred. On the other hand, M. repeats several passages from MH.—viz.:

MH.	M.
1695. Than werre and wrake thus to be-gynne.	797, 35. warre and wrake.
1747. For to take w*yth* the dede?	799, 6. I wold he were taken with the dede.
1753. . . . . to morowe on huntynge.	799, 12. to morne on huntynge.
1754. And sythen send word to the quene 1755. That ye wille dwelle w*yth*-oute All*e* nyght.	799, 14-15. ye may sende the quene word that ye wil lye oute alle that nyghte.
1780. Off Alle that ye haue gonne hyr tylle, Ne greuyd me neuyr yit no wight, Ne neuyr yit gaffe myn herte to ille 1783. So mykelle as it dothe to nyght.	800, 2-3. and neuer gaf my herte ageynst no goynge that euer ye wente to the Quene soo moche as now.

III.–VI. In these chapters M. has much more detail than P.L., though the incidents are practically the same in both. In P.L.,

Lancelot, when he passes through the garden, is spied by a boy, who informs Agravayn. The latter and his company watch from a window how Lancelot goes to the queen's chamber. When he has entered, they rush to the door, and, to their disgust, find it locked. The conversation which Lancelot and Guenever have when they find themselves betrayed is essentially the same in M. and P.L., but M. is more detailed—*e.g.*, he introduces, from the eighteenth book, the knights Urre and Lauayne, who are absent from P.L. Both M. and P.L. agree that Lancelot, finding no armour in the queen's chamber, opens the door, strikes down the first knight who comes in his way, pulls his body into the room, and, with Guenever's help, dons his armour. But this knight is called Calogrevaunce in M., Tamagius in P.L. In P.L., Lancelot only kills one other knight, and then returns to his rooms, whereas in M., besides killing Agravayn and twelve knights, he wounds Mordred. The contents of chapter v. differ much from the narrative in P.L. Lancelot, returning to Boors, tells him what has happened, and is advised to save the queen and retire with her and his faithful knights to his own country; Boors suggests concealment in the forest of Kamalot. The latter advice Lancelot accepts, and orders one of his squires to remain and watch all goings on, and to immediately inform them if anything happens to the queen. The names of the knights who hold with Lancelot in M. are not mentioned in P.L., and while the latter states that "enuiron vingt et huyt" go with Lancelot, M. has "a four score."

The contents of chapter vi., the allusions to syr Trystram and to his murder by King Mark, are not in P.L.

MH. agrees in this portion with M., except that the former omits the long conversations, first between Guenever and Lancelot, and later on between Lancelot and his companions, as well as the enumeration of knights.

Several passages of MH. are again literally reproduced by M., such as:

MH.	M.
1852. Now, know thou wele, syr Agrawayne, Thow presons me no more to Nyght.	802, 24-25. For wete yow wel sir Agrauayne ye shall not prysone me this nyghte.
1876. Owre knyght*is* haue bedrechyd to nyght, 1877. That som nakyd oute of bed spronge.	803, 31-32. . . . . were soo dretched that somme of vs lepte oute of oure beddes naked.
1890. We shalle be of hert*is* good Aftyr the wele to take the wo.	804, 5-6. and we haue had moche wele with yow and moche worshyp / and therfor we wille take the wo with yow as we haue taken the wele.[1]

[1] Compare also p. 805, 32-33, "ye shalle take the wo with the wele."

VII.–X. Whilst in M. all the knights, except Mordred, who brings the news to Arthur, are slain, in P.L. only two knights are slain, and the others, as soon as they, from their hiding-place, have seen Lancelot returning to his room, go to the queen's chamber, and seize her in a very disgraceful manner. The remainder of chapters vii.–x. in M. only agrees with P.L. in so far as the queen, condemned to the stake, is delivered by Lancelot, and finally taken to the castle of Ioyous garde. In P.L., Arthur returns about the "eure de none" from hunting; hearing what has happened, he orders Lancelot's capture at his residence, but the knights sent thither soon return with the news of his absence. Arthur decides to punish Guenever with death. He will have her tried at once. P.L. introduces here, and a little later, a certain "roy yon," who advises moderation. The trial takes place; Arthur, with Gaheriet, Mordred, and Agravayn, dooms the queen to the stake. Guenever is immediately led to the place where a great fire is kindled; she looks more beautiful than ever, and people mourn and lament for her. Arthur bids Agravayn guard the place with forty (!) armed knights. Gueresches (P.L. has Gaheriet) goes to the place at Arthur's request, but declares to Agravayn he will not fight against Lancelot, whom he loves well. About eighty (!) knights are present. Lancelot, informed of the proceedings by a spy, arrives at the decisive moment, rushes first against Agravayn, and strikes him dead with one blow. Boors slays Gaheriet. Gueresches, seeing his brothers dead, kills Meliadus le noir and another knight, but Lancelot, who does not recognise Gueresches, strikes him also dead. Arthur's men are all killed, except three, amongst whom is Mordred. Guenever requests Lancelot to put her where she will be safe from Arthur's wrath. Lancelot leads her into the forest. He has also lost three of his knights. When he hears that he has killed Gueresches, he knows that Gawayne will never forgive him. Boors suggests that the queen should be taken for the moment to a strong castle, called "Scalee," which belongs to Keux. His advice is accepted; they go there, and are well received. Keux gives Lancelot, on the morrow, forty knights, who must swear faithfulness unto death to Lancelot, and with them Lancelot goes to Ioyous garde.

When Mordred has fled to Arthur and told him that Lancelot has rescued the queen and killed all the guard, Arthur orders the wood to be searched; this is done, but without result. Carados advises Arthur to send messengers to all ports, forbidding sailors from shipping Lancelot to Benoyc; this is done forthwith. Going to the place of combat, Arthur finds the dead bodies of Agravayn, Gueresches, and Gaheriet, and orders their removal to Kamalot. All who hear the woful tidings are sorely grieved. Gawayne, coming out, thinks the

mourning is for Guenever until he sees the bodies of his brothers. Grieved beyond measure, he vows to revenge them, and swoons on their bodies. All are buried with great honours. The "roy yon" dissuades Arthur from war against Lancelot, who is clearly the best knight of this world. This counsel displeases many, who hate the "roy yon." Mordred is for attacking Lancelot at once, even in his own country. Mador informs Arthur that Lancelot has gone to Ioyous garde, and adds, he would not advise Arthur to attempt to conquer this castle, which is very strong. But Arthur says so long as he has been crowned king he has been successful in his enterprises, and he will not give up the idea of conquering Ioyous garde. He bids his knights make themselves ready for starting on the next day. Lancelot receives news of Arthur's intentions through a servant of Hector, who has remained at the court. He at once prepares to resist Arthur, and sends messengers to King Ban of Benoyc requesting him to prepare and fortify his castles in case he be compelled by the circumstances to return to his own country. He also sends messengers for the same purpose to Sorelois and to "la terre foraine."

This short summary will show the great difference between this portion of P.L. and M. When Gawayne, after a few days, has recovered from the shock of his brothers' deaths, he advises Arthur, before warring against Lancelot, to complete the number of the knights of the Round Table. Arthur accordingly assembles the knights, and no less than seventy-two are ascertained to be lacking. Their places are speedily filled up. Herliaus of Ireland gets Lancelot's seat; Heliuor, the son of the king "des ysles estranges," Boort's; Oadans le noir replaces Hector; and the nephew of the "roy de norgalles," Gaheriet. When this is done, the knights have a grand feast. On the morrow, at dawn, the king and all his knights start, and ride all day until they come to the castle "lambort" near Ioyous garde.

In MH., ll. 1904–2112 correspond to chapters vii.–x. of M., and both versions tally closely, with the exception of some passages where the poet of MH. has modified his source, and others where he omits and shortens incidents reproduced by M. The catalogues of names which occur in M. on several occasions are not in MH. At the end of chapter viii. M. states that Arthur lay fifteen weeks before Ioyous garde; in MH. we read "Seuentene wokys." In this section M. does not forget himself so far as to copy the very words of MH., though his phraseology often unmistakably suggests his use of that poem.

XI.–XVIII.[1] The long conversation which, according to M., Lancelot has from the wall of Ioyous garde with King Arthur and

[1] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. iii. ff. 173–179; "Le Mort Arthur," ll. 2112–2449.

Gawayne, and which fills almost the whole of chapters xi. and xii., is not in P.L., though something similar occurs there. When Lancelot has heard of Arthur's intention to besiege him, and of his approach, he puts Boors and Hector in ambush with forty chosen knights, who are to attack Arthur's host from behind on a sign, in the shape of a red flag at the chief tower of the castle, being given them. But when Arthur arrives before the castle, Lancelot cannot make up his mind to carry out his plan, and decides upon allowing his enemies a day's rest. In the meantime he secretly sends a damsel to Arthur, asking for peace, and assuring him that what had happened was not Lancelot's fault. Arthur is inclined to yield, but Gawayne objects. The damsel is grieved that Arthur will not be reconciled with Lancelot; he should remember that "les saiges deuineurs" have told him that "la parente de ban" will always have the better of him. To Gawayne the damsel says he is most unwise in preventing an understanding, for he will but gain death in the war. He should remember what the hermit told him when he failed to achieve the adventures of the "serpent" and the "lyepart" in the house of "le roy Pescheur," and he will one day bitterly repent of his obstinacy.

The damsel secretly returns to Lancelot, who is very sad on hearing the result of her errand. Guenever finds him in this dreary mood, and asks him what he intends doing. He declares that, much as he dislikes it, he will fight on the following day, but will spare Arthur himself. On returning to his companions, Lancelot shows a cheerful face, so that they suspect nothing. He tells them they will fight on the morrow. This news is welcome to them; they burn to ride against Arthur's men.

Whilst M., in the thirteenth chapter, only speaks of one battle, P.L. describes two. Some features are common to both versions—*e.g.*, that Boors overthrows Arthur, whom Lancelot remounts; that Lionel is wounded by Gawayne, upon whom Boors endeavours to take revenge. P.L. relates these incidents thus:—When Lancelot has arranged his knights in six "battailles" the next morning, he gives to Boors and Hector the signal of the red flag from the tower top. Arthur is then attacked in front and rear. The battle lasts all day. Gawayne fights like a madman, and with his own hand kills thirty of Lancelot's men, not to mention the many he wounds, among the latter Lionel. On the following day Lancelot sallies afresh out of the castle, and another violent battle ensues, in which Arthur's overthrow by Boors and his being remounted by Lancelot occur. But P.L. mentions that Boors is induced to strike Arthur because the latter had killed Lancelot's horse. The bishop who is employed by the Pope is, in P.L., "leuesque de glouceste" (Gloucester).

In the following chapters (xiv.–xix.) M. and P.L. disagree in many points. Whilst in M. the bishop goes to Lancelot and bids him, in the Pope's name, return Guenever to her husband, according to P.L. the bishop goes to Guenever. When Guenever understands what the Pope and her husband desire, she bids the bishop wait a while, asks Lancelot, Boors, Ector and Lionel into a private chamber, and tells them the bishop's errand. She offers, if Lancelot is willing, to return to Arthur on condition he allow Lancelot to return to Benoyc with all his company, so that Lancelot shall not lose "la vallue de vng esperon." Lancelot's heart is against this arrangement, but the wish to see the queen's honour re-established wrings consent from him. Boors tells Lancelot he does not know what he is doing, and that he will bitterly repent this step. Ector and Lionel share Boors' opinion. The queen tells the bishop she will come back if Arthur lets Lancelot and his comrades return to their country. Arthur agrees, and the return of Guenever is fixed for the morrow. Lancelot and Guenever take leave of each other for ever, and Lancelot gives her back a ring she had given him when she first knew him, requesting her to wear it henceforth in remembrance of him. On the morrow, Lancelot, accompanied by five hundred knights all dressed in silk, restores the queen to Arthur. The latter would have forgiven him had not Gawayne scouted the idea, and declared he would not rest until he had revenged his brothers' deaths. Ector at once offers to fight with Gawayne, to prove him wrong in charging Lancelot with having slain his brothers intentionally, but Arthur prevents the combat. So Lancelot returns to the castle, and makes ready to start for Benoyc. Before doing so he sends his squire Gaudin to Kamalot with rich presents to the clergy, requesting them to hang up his shield in the principal church, in token of his great love for the town where he received knighthood. His wish is readily complied with by the clergy.

On their return to Benoyc they are joyfully received. Lancelot asks Boors and Lionel to grant him a boon; they assent, and he requests Boors to take "la couronne de benoic," Lionel "celle de gannes," he himself takes the crown of "gaule." At All Saints' the coronation is solemnly performed; when they are all assembled, the news arrives that Arthur, at Gawayne's instigation, has planned to cross the channel and attack Lancelot in his own country.

In MH., ll. 2112–2449 correspond to the contents of M.'s chapters xi.–xviii. Both versions tally closely in this part, except that M. is richer in detail than MH., as is also the French source, especially with regard to proper names. The poet of MH. does not mention the names of Lauayne and Vrre, as, in accordance with P.L., he had not introduced these two knights in his first part. On

the whole, he seems to carefully avoid all proper names as inconvenient for his metre, a reason which may account for his omitting to describe the second tournament in part i., as it would have necessitated the insertion of several names. Many passages of M. suggest that, while writing his account, he had a copy of MH. before him. I only mention a few where the evidence is clear:—

MH.	M.
2198. Whan the kynge was horsyd there, launcelot lokys he vppon, How corteisè was in hym more Than euyr was in Any man. 2202. He thought on thyngis that had bene ore, The terès from hys y3en Ranne, He Sayde, "Allas," w*yth* syghynge sore, "That euyr yit thys werre be-gan." The parties arne w*yth*-drawen A-waye, &c.	819, 29-35. Thenne whan kyng Arthur was on horsbak / he loked vpon syr launcelot / & thēne the teres brast out of his eyen / thynkyng on the grete curtosy that was in syr laūcelot more than in ony other man / & therwith the Kynge rode his wey / & myghte no lenger beholde hym / & sayd Allas that euer this werre began / & thēne eyther partyes of the batails withdrewe them, &c.
2214. (Bors was) breme as Any bore.	820, 4. (Gawayne as) brym as ony bore.
2254. Then was A bishope at Rome Off Rowchester, w*yth*-outen lese;	821, 2-3. the pope called vnto hym a noble Clerke that att that tyme was there presente / the *Frensshe book sayth* / hit was the Bisshop of Rochestre /
2353. An hundreth knyghtis, for sothe to saye, ... 2364. The other knyght*is* euerychone In Samyte grene of heythen lande And in there kyrtelles Ryde Allone, And Iche knyght a grene garlande, Sadillis sette w*yth* Ryche stone, Ichone A braunche of olyffe in hande;	822, 23-30. . . . . an honderd knyghtes / and alle were clothed in grene velowet / and theyr horses trapped to their heles / and euery knyghte helde a braunche of olyue in his hande . . . . with sarpys of gold round their quarters, &c.
2356. Launcelot and the quene were cledde In Robes of a Riche wede Off Samyte white w*yth* syluer shredde.	822, 33-34. and she and sir Launcelot were clothed in whyte clothe of gold tyssew /

The long enumeration of the various parts of his kingdom which Lancelot (M.'s chapter xviii.) gives to his faithful knights is not in

MH., but three passages distinctly show that M. and MH. had a common source:

MH.	M.
2484. Bors made he kynge of gawnes,	Bors . . . . kynge of al Claudas landes.
2486. lyonelle made kynge of fraunce,	he crowned syr Lyonelle kynge of Fraunce.
2492. Estor he crownys . . . . hym kynge of hys fadyr lande, And prynce of All the Ryche prese;	Ector de marys / he crouned hym Kynge of Benwyk and kynge of alle Gyan that was sir launcelot owne land / and he made sir Ector prynce of them alle (!).

The other names mentioned by M. make in MH. one line—viz., 2489:

"And landys gaffe to Iche A knyghte."

XIX.–XXII.[1] The portion of P.L. which corresponds to the last chapters of M.'s book xx. is one of the weakest parts of the whole romance. Dialogue, which plays an important part in all the French prose-romances, and is the cause of their inordinate length, is extremely prevalent; episodes which are absolutely out of place, and only produce a ridiculous effect, such as Arthur's defeat of the Roman emperor after being himself defeated at the siege of Gannes, produce the impression that the writer simply wished to fill a given number of pages.

M. and P.L. have features in common in this portion, which form, as it were, the framework upon which the episodes are built, but they often differ widely. Whilst, in M., Arthur seems to start for France immediately after leaving "Ioyous garde," he is said in P.L. to pass the winter agreeably by going from castle to castle and giving feasts. Gawayne alone cannot forget his brothers' deaths, and continually urges war against Lancelot; at last he wrings from his uncle a promise to cross the channel with an army after Easter. Both versions then agree that Arthur appoints Mordred chief ruler of England during his absence. P.L. adds that Guenever is displeased with this arrangement; she accompanies Arthur to the sea, and, at parting, has a presentiment that they shall never see each other again. The place, "Cardyf" in M., whence Arthur crosses over to France is not mentioned in P.L.

The "thre score thousand" are in P.L. "forty thousand."

According to P.L., Arthur passes the first night in a camp near

[1] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. iii. ff. 180–190; "Le Mort Arthur," ed. Furnivall, ll. 2499–2951.

the sea-shore, and only, after counting his forces, on the next morning marches inland, where he finds all castles fortified and on a war footing. Gawayne advises the king to march at once against Gannes, where are Kings Lionel and Boors. Though Ywayne[1] opposes this advice, Arthur marches towards Gannes. Near the town, a damsel comes to Arthur and Gawayne, tells the former he will have no honour at Gannes, and bids Gawayne beware, as the time is fast approaching of which he was told when he left the house of "le roy pescheur" covered with shame. After leaving Arthur, the damsel quickly returns to Boors and Lionel, and informs them of Arthur's approach. They send to Lancelot. A sally against the besiegers is decided upon for early next morning. P.L. does not set forth the different opinions of Lancelot's companions as to the measures to be adopted with regard to their enemies. Lancelot's sending a damsel to Arthur to solicit peace, which occurs in P.L. during Arthur's siege of Ioyous garde, is only mentioned in M. on this occasion.

According to P.L., a battle takes place before Gannes on the next morning, which lasts until the evening; many feats of arms are performed by the knights of both parties, and many are slain. Gawayne fights against Lancelot, and Boors against Ywayne (!).[1] In the following week, the armies of besiegers and besieged fight four times, and many knights are killed.

In P.L., after these events, the story returns to Mordred. Some time after Arthur's departure, Mordred conceives the plan of usurping the royal dignity. Aided by one of his faithful squires, he forges and produces a letter from Arthur in which the latter declares himself wounded to death, and requests his barons to elect Mordred his successor, and to give him Guenever to wife. The news produces great mourning, which lasts a whole week. Several barons believe the story; others are won by Mordred's liberal gifts. After a week, Mordred assembles the barons, and is elected by them King of England. The queen, informed of her late husband's decisions, asks a week's respite for consideration. Having fully realised her position, Guenever summons a faithful knight, Labor, and with him conceives the plan of deceiving Mordred and fortifying the Tower of London. This plan is carried out. Labor provisions the Tower secretly, and wins over many knights for Guenever. When the respite has expired, the bridge is drawn up and Mordred shut out. Guenever sends a squire to Gaule to inquire whether Arthur is really dead, and, if so, to make known her situation to Lancelot.

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[1] In the Quest of the Holy Grail, M. and P.L. relate that Ywayne is killed by Gawayne. M. therefore, does not mention his name on this occasion, but P.L. raises him from the dead.

In the last two chapters of book xx. M. speaks of two battles between Gawayne and Lancelot; P.L. only mentions one. P.L. presents other features absent from M.

When Arthur has long besieged Gannes in vain, he reproaches Gawayne for persuading him to undertake this hopeless war. Gawayne knows not what to reply, but resolves to ask Lancelot to decide the war by a combat between them. He first bids a squire go to Lancelot and defy him on his behalf, but when the squire, fearing Lancelot's wrath, refuses, he gets him to ask Lancelot why he avoids fighting with Gawayne. Lancelot answers he has spared Gawayne, not for fear, but for love. One day Gawayne asks a boon of Arthur, and, when it is granted, declares he will fight Lancelot, body to body, and bring the war to an end. Arthur tries to dissuade Gawayne, but in vain. A squire is sent to Lancelot, asking him to meet Arthur and Gawayne. Councils are held; on the one side Arthur, Gawayne, and King Karados,[1] on the other Lancelot, Boors, and Ector, meet. Gawayne then proposes single combat, and requests Arthur, if Lancelot is victorious, to leave the country and return to England. Lancelot replies that, if the matter cannot be otherwise arranged, he will fight, but he would rather have peace, even on humiliating terms. He never slew Gawayne's brothers knowingly. He and Ector offer to become Arthur's subjects, and he personally offers to go into exile on the morrow and remain away for ten years. (M. has a similar incident when Lancelot brings Guenever back to Arthur.) Arthur is moved by these proffers, and inclined to forgive Lancelot, but Gawayne's obstinacy prevents a reconciliation. The combat between Lancelot and Gawayne, being fixed for the next day, Arthur, Gawayne, and King Karados return to their tents; Lancelot, with his companions, to Gannes. Lancelot passes the night in prayer and shrift in the principal church of Gannes.

On the morrow the fight takes place, and lasts for long. We again learn that Gawayne has received from a holy man the gift of triple increase of strength during a certain portion of the day, and all the circumstances connected with this gift are recapitulated. M. and P.L. agree that Lancelot overcomes Gawayne, who receives a mortal wound in the head, and retreats. Lancelot, too, is grievously wounded, and tells Boors he never feared knight in his life, but this day, when Gawayne's strength increased so much, he trembled lest dishonour should befall him.

When Lancelot has left the battle-field, Gawayne is carried on his shield to Arthur. His wounds are at once examined and dressed; the

[1] King Karados, according to former statements of both P.L. and M., had been killed by Lancelot when he rescued Gawayne.

surgeons pronounce none dangerous, save the wound in the head. Gawayne can say no word, and all fear he is going to die. Arthur resolves to abandon the siege. The next day he goes to the city of "meaux," in "gaulle," there to rest until Gawayne's wound be healed.

One day, when Gawayne is already convalescent, Arthur is informed that the Roman emperor has entered Burgundy with a great army, and is advancing against him. Arthur bids the messenger to tell nobody, fearing lest his people depart, when they hear this news. He goes to Gawayne, and, after hearing he is all right again save for the wound in his head, tells him of the impending danger. Gawayne is ready to fight against the Romans, and Arthur declares he would rather die than hold his land of the Roman emperor. By Gawayne's advice, Arthur sends seven knights to the emperor, asking him why he has entered the country. The messengers are told by the emperor that he has come to his own country; there is none in the world that does not belong to him. He has come to revenge the death of the prince "forles dalemaigne," whom Arthur has slain. Arthur must do him homage, and pay tribute, if he wishes to avoid the war.

Arthur then prepares for battle; he arranges his people in ten "batailles." The battle rages furiously, but Arthur's men have a great advantage over the Romans, who are not so well disciplined. Arthur, leading the last "bataille," personally does great deeds of arms, and Gawayne, Keux, and Girflet follow his example. The Roman emperor and a nephew of his distinguish themselves on the hostile side. Gawayne kills the nephew, is violently attacked by the Romans in consequence, receives many wounds, and is injured afresh where Lancelot had wounded him. The emperor, to revenge his nephew, unhorses Girflet, and strikes down Keux, wounding him so grievously that he can live but three days more. At last Arthur kills the Roman emperor, and the Romans are soon after totally defeated. The last hundred are taken prisoners. Arthur bids them carry the emperor's body to Rome, and tell the senate this is Arthur's tribute; other he will not pay.[1]

After the battle, Arthur has tidings, by the queen's messenger, of what has happened in his country during his absence, and exclaims:

"Haa mordrec or me faiz tu congnoistre que tu es le serpent que ie veis iadis yssir de mon ventre qui ma terre ardoit & a moy se prenoit / mais oncques pere ne fist a filz ce que ie feray de toy car ie te occiray a mes deux mains ne ia dieu ne plaise que tu meurs par autres que les miennes."

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[1] Though but very short, this account contains several points also noticeable in the description of Arthur's war against the Roman emperor, as it is given in the fifth book of "Le Morte Darthur," according to the English metrical romance, "La Morte Arthure" (Thornton MS.).

He at once prepares for starting on the morrow. Gawayne is carried by his side in a litter, so that in the event of his death he might be near him. When they are on the sea-shore waiting for the ships, Gawayne asks the knights near him where he is. When they tell him, and also mention that they are going to return to Britain, he prays to God that he may die in the country he loves so well. He tells the knights he will not live another fifteen days, and that he much regrets that death will prevent him from asking Lancelot's forgiveness; Lancelot is the best and kindest man in the world. Arthur, overhearing the last part of the conversation, tells Gawayne his obstinacy has caused all this woe. Gawayne advises Arthur to send for Lancelot, who loves him well, and will help him against his (*i.e.*, Gawayne's) disloyal brother, Mordred; but Arthur says they have done Lancelot too great wrong; he cannot apply to him. Then they take ship and return to Britain.

Having related Arthur's war against the Roman emperor at full length in book vii., M. does not mention it here. Gawayne's repentance is differently told by M. in book xx. It is only there that M. cursorily mentions what has happened in Arthur's absence in England.

In MH., ll. 2500–2951 correspond to M.'s chapters xix.–xxii., and both versions agree, not only in all incidents, but M., on various occasions, incorporates words, phrases, and even whole lines of MH. into his own text, whilst generally, as if to conceal the fact and mislead the reader, adding that the "Frensshe book" says so. The following are the most prominent examples:—

MH.	M.
2556. Lyonelle spekys in that tyde That was of warrè wyse And bolde, "Lordyngis, yit I rede we byde, And oure worthy wallès holde; 2560. Le[t] them pryke wyth Alle ther pryde, Tylle they haue Caught bothe hungre and colde Than shalle we oute vppon them Ryde, And shredde them downe as shepe in folde.	831, 7–13. Thenne said sir Lyonel that was ware (!) and wyse My lord syr Launcelot I wyll gyue this counseylle / lete vs kepe our stronge walled Townes vntyl they haue hungre and cold / and blowe on their nayles / and thenne lette vs fresshely sette vpon hym / And shrede hem doune as shepe in a felde (!) / that Alyaunts may take ensample for euer how they lande upon oure landes /
2564. Syr baundemorgew, that bolde kynge To launcelot spekys in that tyde, "Syr, cortessye And youre sufferynge Has wakend vs wo fulle wyde; 2568. Awise you welle vppon thys thynge, Yiff that they ouer oure landys Ryde, Alle to noght they myght vs brynge Whyle we in holys here vs hyde."	831, 13–17. Thenne spak kynge Bagdemagus to syre Launcelot / syre your curtosy wyll shende vs alle / and thy curtosy waked alle this sorowe / for and they thus ouer our landes ryde they shalle by processe brynge vs alle to noughte whyles we thus in holes vs hyde /

2572. Galyhud, that Ay was goode, To launcelot he spekys thare, "Syr, here ar knyghtis of kynges blode That longè wylle not droupe And dare; Gyffe me leue, for crosse on Rode Withe my men to them to fare, Thoughe they be wers than outlawes wode, I shalle them sle and make fulle bare.	831, 17–22. Thenne sayd syre Galihud (!) vnto sir Launcelot / syre here ben knyghtes come of kynges blood / that wyl not longe droupe / and they gyue vs leue lyke as we ben knyhtes to mete them in the feld and we shalle slee them / that they shal curse the tyme that euer they came in to this country /
2580. Off northe gales were bretherne seuen, Ferly mekelle of streng[t]he and pryde, Not fulle fele that men coude neuyne Better dorste in bataile byde; Alle they sayd wyth one steuen,	831, 22–28. Thenne spak seven bretheren of northwalys / and they were seven noble knyghtes / a man myghte seke in seuen kynges landes or he myghte fynde suche seven Knyghtes /
2585. "Lordyngis, how longe wolle ye chyde? Launcelot, for goddys loue in heuen, Wyth galehud forthe lette vs Ryde."	Thenne they all said at ones / syr launcelot for crystes sake lete vs oute ryde with sir Galyhud, for we be neuer wonte to coure in castels nor in noble Townes /
2767. Suche grace had sir gawayne.	833, 29. sir Gawayne had suche grace / &c.
2762. And so more than halfe a yere	833, 33. halfe a yere.
2802. Than had syr gawayne suche grace,— An holy man had boddyn that bone,— Whan he were in any place There he shuld batayle done; Hys strength shulld wex in suche A space From the vndyr tyme tylle none;	835, 11–14. Thenne had Syr Gawayne suche grace and gyfte that an holy man had gyuen to hym That euery day in the yere from vnderne tyl hyhe none hys myght encreaced tho three houres as moche as thryse hys strengthe /
2817. And he felle downe vpon hys syde;	836, 7. he fyl doun on his syde /
2830. Whan I Am hole, And goynge on hye.	836, 10. thus whan I am hole.
2842. But have good day, my lord the kynge, And your doughty knyghtis Alle, Wendyth home, & leue youre werryeng; ye wynne no worshyp at thys walle. And I wold my knyghtis oute brynge, &c.	836, 26. haue good day my lord the kynge for wyt you wel ye wynne no worshyp at this wallys / & yf I wold my knyghtes oute brynge, &c.

β. THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.[1]

A minute examination of M.'s twenty-first book compared with the last ten folios of P.L. discloses many and great differences, but also here the ground-plan of the two accounts is the same, and the incidents common to both establish beyond doubt an intimate, though indirect, relation between the two versions; this fact points out either that the sources of both are derived from a common source, or that P.L. itself is the source of the French romance used by M.

I.–VII. The events which happened in England during Arthur's absence in France, told at an earlier period in P.L., as we have seen, are mentioned summarily and with slight modifications by M. in his first chapter. The intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury, his curse upon Mordred, Mordred's threat to kill him, and finally the archbishop's turning a hermit are absent from P.L. Both versions agree that, on receiving the news of Arthur's return, Mordred gives up the siege of the Tower of London, and collects his forces, to enable him to resist his father. The reflections on the fickleness of Englishmen, p. 840, 27–35, are apparently M.'s own.

The statement in M.'s second chapter that Mordred marches to Dover, waits there until the arrival of Arthur's ships, then endeavours to prevent a landing, and is finally beaten and thrown back by Arthur and his men, is against P.L., where Arthur meets no resistance on landing, as Mordred is not near Dover at all. Gawayne's last moments, death, and burial are differently told in P.L. and M. In M., after Mordred's defeat Gawayne is found in a boat, half dead. In P.L. the account is as follows:—

When Arthur, after crossing the channel, arrives at Dover, the people willingly open the gates to him, and gladly receive him. Towards the evening of that day, Gawayne sends for Arthur, as he feels his last moment has come. When Arthur arrives, he says briefly this to him: "I am dying. Avoid, if possible, fighting with Mordred, for it will cause your death. If you or any one see Lancelot, tell him that I cry him mercy, and pray to God for his prosperity; also that I request him to come and visit my tomb. Let me be buried at Kamalot, in the same tomb where my brother Gaheriet lies, and have written on the grave: '*Cy gisent les deux freres gaheriet et gauuain que lancelot occist par loultraige de gauuain,*' so that all may know the mischief was caused by my obstinacy, for I, too, have died through Lancelot; the wound he gave me was opened again by the Romans." After this Gawayne expires. Arthur, nearly out of his mind for grief, faints several times over

[1] Lancelot, ed. 1513, vol. iii. ff. 190–202; "Le Mort Arthur," ed. Furnivall, ll. 2952–3969.

the body, and is finally carried away from it. On the next day, agreeably to Gawayne's last wish, he sends his body by a hundred knights to Kamalot.[1]

M. varies this account in several points. First he states [adding "the Frensshe book makes mention"] that Gawayne, shortly before his death, writes a letter to Lancelot asking his pardon, and requesting him to come to Arthur's assistance; and, secondly, that Gawayne is buried at the castle of Dover, "and there yet alle men maye see the sculle of hym / and the same wound is sene that syr Launcelot gaf hym in bataill."

In the following four chapters M. and P.L. have but few incidents in common. M. states that Arthur received news of Mordred's collecting his forces upon "Baramdoune;" this is not mentioned at all in P.L., but "the doune besyde Salysbury" where Arthur and Mordred determine to fight is common to both versions. The appearance of Gawayne's ghost to Arthur and the vision of the wheel also occur in P.L., though under different circumstances; but the truce for "a moneth day" and all the details connected with it in M. are absent from P.L., where the incidents are briefly these:—

The day after the departure of the knights with Gawayne's body for Kamalot, Arthur starts with his host in search of Mordred. He pitches his camp at night in a great forest. There, as he sleeps, Gawayne's ghost appears to him surrounded by many poor people, who tell Arthur they have helped Gawayne to conquer the heavenly kingdom. Gawayne requests Arthur to avoid fighting with Mordred until he has asked and received Lancelot's aid. Arthur says this cannot be. The ghost leaves him mourning. On the morrow Arthur continues his way, and makes halt at night in "la praerie de lonedon." There he has, whilst asleep, another vision. A beautiful lady approaches, who takes him up and carries him to the highest mountain, and sets him down upon a wheel; on this wheel are several seats,

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[1] The conveyance of Gawayne's body to Kamalot by the hundred knights in P.L. presents some features, absent from M., which deserve mentioning. When Arthur, who accompanied the body for some distance, had returned, the knights continue their way, and come by chance to a castle "belloe," the proprietor of which was one of the bitterest enemies of Gawayne, but his wife loved and admired Gawayne. When the lady learns that the body the knights carry is Gawayne's, she bursts out in loud lamentation, declaring she loved Gawayne best of all knights, and his death is the greatest loss to all dames and damsels they ever experienced. While she is kneeling by the side of the body, her husband rushes out and strikes her with his sword. For this shameful deed the knights who conduct the body kill him, and have, in consequence, to fight with his retainers. After a long battle they are victorious, continue their way to Kamalot, taking with them the body of "la dame de belloe," who, previous to her death, had requested them to bury her by the side of Gawayne, and mention on her tomb that she suffered death for his love. The knights reach Kamalot without further adventures, and carry out their instructions. The people of Kamalot mourn deeply the death of the noble knight Gawayne.

and whilst one mounts, the other descends. Arthur sees that his seat is higher and fairer than the others. The lady tells him he is on the wheel of fortune. He has been the most powerful of kings, but it is the course of this world that they who fill the highest seats must fall. This he will soon prove. After this, the lady turns the wheel, and Arthur falls and hurts himself. In the morning Arthur tells his vision to the archbishop, who endeavours to dissuade him from fighting against Mordred without Lancelot's help, but in vain. Arthur has sworn by the body of his father, Utherpendragon, to fight and punish the traitor Mordred. He continues his way, and arrives on the "champs de sallebries," the place which Merlin and the other "devins" have prophesied will be the scene of a terrible battle. When Arthur, in the company of the archbishop, has a look round after supper, he finds a high rock, and upon it an inscription, which the archbishop reads to him: "*En ceste plaine doit estre la bataille mortelle / par quoy le royaume de logres demourera orphelin.*" The archbishop tries again to dissuade Arthur from fighting with Mordred, but again without result.

Returning to his tent, Arthur finds a messenger from Mordred, who sends him word that, if he will leave the country on the next day, Mordred will spare him; otherwise, he must give battle. Arthur sends word back he is ready for battle, and will punish Mordred's insolence. The battle takes place on the morrow. P.L. describes it with much detail, but very differently from M., the two versions only agreeing in the statement that one hundred thousand (!) people are killed in the battle. "Vn peu apres heure de none" of all the fighters only three hundred knights of both parties remain. But four knights of the Round Table survive, viz., "Artus, Lucans le bouteillier, Girflet and Sagremors le desree," and yet the fight is not finished. Mordred kills Sagremors, whom Arthur revenges with such a violent blow that Mordred's armour breaks, "et dit lhistoire que apres louuerture de la lance passa parmy la plaie vng ray de soleil si cuidamment que girflet le veit bien dont ceux du pays dirent que ce auoit este signe de courroux a nostre seigneur." When Mordred feels himself thus wounded, he "frappa le roy artus sur le heaulme tellement que nulle chose ne le puet garentir quil ne luy fist lespee sentir iusques au test et du test abbatit il vne piece." Both Arthur and Mordred fall to the ground. The fight continues until only Lucans and Girflet are left besides Arthur, who is mortally wounded.

In M. the battle comes about quite differently. Whilst Arthur and Mordred, accompanied by their knights, are treating for a month's truce, a knight, stung by an adder, pulls out his sword, and this incident is the signal for the battle. The battle itself and Arthur's and Mordred's wounding each other to death vary considerably. P.L. then continues thus:—

When all his people are killed, Arthur, helped by Lucans and Girflet, mounts his horse again (!). All three ride to "la chappelle noire," where Arthur dismounts (!), goes into the chapel, and prays there. Lucans kneels

behind him, and expresses his pity. Arthur stretches his arms towards him, embraces him, "et estraingnit si durement encontre soy qui luy creua le cueur au ventre tellement quoncques puis ne parla." Girflet, seeing that Arthur has killed Lucans, reproaches him, and gives vent to his grief. They then take horse again (!) and ride until they come, about the middle of the day, to the sea-shore. There Arthur dismounts, unbuckles his sword, and asks Girflet to go to a hill, which he points out to him, and throw the sword into a lake he will find behind the hill. Girflet would like to have the sword, but Arthur refuses him.

M. deviates from this most extraordinary account in several points. First of all Arthur does not, as in P.L., remount his horse after being mortally wounded, ride a considerable distance, stay a long time in a chapel praying, and then still retain so much force as to kill Lucans in his embrace. In M., Arthur is able to walk no more, and the death of the grievously wounded Lucans is caused by carrying his king. The part of Girflet is taken in M. by Bedwere, the former's name not being even mentioned. Both M. and P.L. agree that Arthur asks Bedwere (Girflet) to throw his sword into a lake, that Bedwere (Girflet) deceives Arthur twice before carrying out this wish, and then sees a hand rise out of the water, receive the sword, brandish and disappear with it. In P.L., Girflet first throws his own sword into the lake, then the sheath[1] of Excalibor. P.L. then continues :—

When Girflet returns to Arthur and tells him what he has seen at the lake, Arthur thanks him and bids him go away. Girflet refuses to do this for a while, but at last yields. No sooner has he gone than heavy rain begins to pour, and he takes shelter beneath a tree. While there, a boat full of ladies arrives; they land, go ashore, put Arthur, his horse, and armour into the boat, and row off. Girflet speeds to the spot as fast as his horse can go, but the boat is already fast disappearing, so that he can only recognise Arthur's sister, Morgan. He stays two days near the place, at a hermit's, and then returns to the "chappelle noire" to bury Lucans. Arriving there, he ties his horse to a tree, and enters. Before the altar he finds two tombs, one far surpassing the other in beauty. On the one is written: "*Cy geist lucans le bouteiller que le roy artus estaingnit desoubz luy*," and on the other: "*Cy gist le roy artus qui par sa valeur mist en sa subiection douze royaulmes.*" Girflet, overpowered by emotion, swoons away. When he recovers himself, he asks the hermit if Arthur is really buried here. The hermit tells him yes, for some damsels unknown to him have brought the body to the chapel.

When Mordred's two sons receive the news that their father is slain they take possession of the kingdom. Guenever, learning Arthur's death, and fearing the vengeance of Mordred's sons, cuts her hair and takes the veil.

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[1] M., in accordance with the statement he made in book iv., that Morgan threw the sheath into a lake, does not mention it here at all.

In M., Bedwere carries Arthur to "the water syde," where a little "barge" with "many fayr ladyes" already awaits them. The remarks of "a quene," Arthur's sister, later on described as Morgan, Arthur's desire to go to the "vale of auylyon," and some other details are absent from P.L.[1] M. also mentions that Bedwere comes to a chapel, but not a "black chapel;" P.L. does not mention that the hermit of this chapel is the late Bishop of Canterbury. M. omits Lucans' tomb and the inscriptions. The remainder of chapter vi. (from p. 850, 34, to the end) is apparently M.'s composition, the mention of the names of Morgan, the Queen of Northgalys, the Queen of the "waste landes," and "Nynyue" being another example of his repeatedly noticed predilection for such lists. The opening lines of chapter vii. are also M.'s addition; the line: "*Hic iacet Arthurus Rex quondam Rex que futurus*," occurs at the end of the Thornton MS. "La Morte Arthure." Guenever's entering the convent is differently told in M.; P.L. does not mention "Almesburye."

Comparing M. with MH., we find that both versions agree very closely in this portion, save for such insignificant variations as: The feast which Mordred gives lasts in M. "xv dayes;" in MH., "a Fourtenyght." In M., Guenever is styled his (Mordred's) "vnkyls wyfe;" in MH., "hys faders wyfe." Further, MH. omits the letter which, according to M., Gawayne writes to Lancelot before his death, and states that Gawayne was found dead in the boat. M.'s text suggests throughout that MH. was before him during the compilation of it, but in this part he comparatively rarely forgets himself so far as to reproduce the very words of MH., but passages of the latter sort occur—*e.g.*:

MH.	M.
3216. A monthe day of trewse moste ye take.	844, 34. ye take a treatyce for a moneth day.
3184. he was wondyr ferd to falle A-monge the fendys ther that faught, The whele ou*er*-tornyd ther w*yth* Alle, And eueryche by A lymme hym caught.	844, 7-9. and sodenly the kynge thoughte the whele torned vp soo doune / and he felle amonge the serpentys / & euery beest took hym by a lymme /
3515. "I wylle wende A lytelle stownde In to the vale of Avelovne A whyle to hele me of my wounde."	850, 2-3. For I wyl in to the vale of auylyon to heles me of my greuous wounde /

[1] The ballad "Kinge Arthurs Death" in Bishop Percy's Folio MS. (ed. J. W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall, vol. i. pp. 501-7) contains an account of Arthur's death, which seems to go back to the same source as the accounts of Malory and of the poet of "Le Mort Arthur," (Harl. MS. 2252), though some facts are different. The parts of Lucans (called Lukin, the Duke of Gloster) and Bedever (called Arthur's buttler) are interchanged. Lukin throws the sword into the lake and Bedever dies the same death as Lucans in Malory, compare l. 180, "his bowells gushed to his knee."

3525. A chapelle by-twene ij holtes hore.	850, 8-9. betwyxte two holtes hore af a chapel, &c.
3568. A-way she went, wyth ladys fyve, To Avmysbery, A nonne hyr for to make ;	851, 29-31. Than the quene stale aweye & v ladyes wyth hyr / and soo she wente to almesburye / & there she let make hir self a Nonne / & ware whyte clothes and blacke
3573. There weryd she clothys whyte And blake.	

VIII.-XIII. The last six chapters of M. have but few points in common with the last folios of P.L. The former contains many incidents entirely absent from the latter. While, in M., Lancelot is quite naturally informed about the events in Logres through the messenger who brings him Gawayne's letter, it is somewhat surprising that in P.L. also he receives information by "vng messaiger du royaulme de logres," though it is not said who sent this messenger. In both versions Lancelot returns with his faithful knights to England. Save some points in the description of Lancelot's death M. and P.L. have nothing more in common after this. P.L. relates briefly as follows :

When Lancelot has landed in England with his knights, he marches against the two sons of Mordred, defeats and kills them in a battle near Winchester, where his cousin Lionel is slain. Full of grief at all his misfortunes, Lancelot forsakes his people, enters the wood, and comes by chance to a hermitage, where he finds staying with the hermit his cousin Bliomberis, and the former archbishop of Canterbury. They tell him of Arthur's death, and how they came to the hermit after the last battle, to lead a religious life. Lancelot resolves to do the same, and remains with them.

After the battle, Boors and Ector enter the city of Winchester and bury Lionel there with great honour. After having long searched the country for Lancelot, without success, Boors returns with his people to France, Ector remains in Logres, and chances one day upon the hermitage where Lancelot, Bliomberis and the archbishop of Canterbury stay. They all live together for some time, serving God day and night. In the fourth year Ector dies. Soon after his death, Lancelot falls ill. He requests his companions to bury him, if he die, in the tomb of Gallehault at the castle of Ioyous garde. He dies on the "cinquiesme iour doaust." At the time, Bliomberis and the archbishop are not with him, but asleep beneath a tree. Bliomberis suddenly notices the archbishop laugh in his sleep, and fearing lest some demon has taken hold of him, awakes him. The archbishop tells him he has seen a most fair sight, Lancelot surrounded by many angels. They seek him, and find him dead. In accordance with his last wish, they both carry him to Ioyous garde. When the people hear of Lancelot's death, they lament loudly. On the day the body is to be buried, Boors arrives. Gallehault's grave is opened, Lancelot's body is placed therein, and the following inscription is afterwards written on the grave : "*Cy gist Gallehault qui fut Roy des loingtaines ysles & auec luy*

repose Lancelot du lac le miel cheualier qui oncques entrat au Royaume de logres fors seullement Galaad son fils." After the burial Boors tells them, how a hermit of "Gausle" told him that if he were on this day at Ioyous garde, he would find Lancelot either dead or alive. When Boors has heard how piously Lancelot had spent the end of his life, he resigns his royal estate, and stays with Bliomberis and the archbishop, in imitation of his brother Lancelot.

Comparing this last section of M. with the conclusion of MH. we find many incidents common to both, but also some in M. absent from MH.—*e.g.*, Lancelot's going to Gawayne's tomb and the offering he makes there. Further, whilst in M. Lancelot buries Guenever himself at Glastonbury, in MH. she is only buried there after his death. But on the whole both versions tally closely, nay M. in many cases servilely copies the words and phrases of MH. as in the following instances:

MH.	M.
3626. Thryse she swownyd swyftely there,	854, 4. she swouned thryse.
3654. I-sette I am In suche A place, my sowle hele I wylle A-byde Telle god send me som grace, 3658. That I may do so in thys place my synnys to A-mende thys ilke tyde, After to haue a syght of hys face At Domys Day on hys Ryght syde;	854, 14-17. I am sette in suche a plyte to gete my soule hele / & yet I truste thorugh goddes grace that after my deth to haue a syght of the bless d face of cryst / and at domes day to sytte on his ryght syde
3661. There-fore, syr lancelot du lake, For my loue now I the pray my company thow Aye for-sake, And to thy kyngdome thow take thy way, And kepe thy Reme from werre And wrake,	854, 18-22. Therfore syr Launcelot I requyre the & beseche the hertelye for al the loue that euer was betwyxte vs that thou neuer see me more in the vysage / & I comande the on goddes behalfe that thou forsake my companye & to thy kyngdom thou torne ageyn & kepe wel thy royame from warre and wrake.
3667. And take a wyffe	there take the a wyf.
3671. . . . . Ioye And blysse	. . . . . Ioye & blysse
3687. "The same desteny that yow is dyghte I wille Resseyve in som house bolde To plese here-After god All-myght;	854, 31- . but the same deystenye that ye haue taken you to I wyl take me vnto
3690. To please god Alle that I maye I shalle here-After do myne entente, And euyr for yow specyAlly pray, While god wylle me lyffe lente."	for to plese Ihesu / & euer for you I cast me specially to praye / &c.

There are more such passages in M. which are hardly anything

else but mere transcripts from MH., but I cannot reproduce them all, and must limit myself to the most important ones:

MH.	M.
3714. "nay," sayd the quene, "that wylle I not."	855*, 13. Nay sayd the quene that shal I neuer do
3853. hyt ys bot hevynesse of yower blode;	858*, 21. It is but heuynesse of your blood.
3879. A-gaynste hym openyd the gatys of hevyn;	859*, 6. & the yates of heuen opened ayenst hym
3884. Syr lancelot eylythe no thynge but gode.	859*, 8. syr Launcelot ayleth no thynge but good.

The last part of the final chapter of book xxi. contains I think incidents of three different kinds; those invented by M., as Ector's praise of Lancelot and the enumeration of the knights who return to their own land; those which M. has in common with the Thornton MS. "La Morte Arthure," such as the succession to the throne of England by "Constantyn that was syr Cadores sone of Cornwayl"; lastly those M. must have borrowed from some French source we no longer possess, such as the statement, that Bors, Ector, Blamour, and Bleoberis undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

MALORY'S COMPILATION REPRESENTS A LOST "SUITE DE LANCELOT."

IF, at the end of the critical examination of all that concerns Lancelot in Malory's *rifacimento*, we cast a retrospective glance at the results arrived at, and bear clearly in mind how Sir Thomas Malory dealt with the English metrical romances, or with the "Quest of the Holy Grail," or with the "Merlin," we can have little or no doubt as to one point: The differences, the altered sequence of incidents, and the additions revealed by a comparison of Malory with the Prose-Lancelot, cannot be attributed to the Englishman, but must have been present in his sources. Malory must thus have derived his information from one or several sources; these were nearly related to, or perhaps based upon, the Vulgate-Lancelot, and already contained those features noticeable in "Le Morte Darthur" which are at variance with the Vulgate-Lancelot.

What hinders us from assuming only one source for Malory's account of Lancelot? Contradictions in various portions of the "Lancelot" section would demonstrate the use of several sources, but

none such have been revealed by our close examination of Malory's text. We may thus confidently advance the hypothesis that Malory knew but one source for his "Lancelot" section, and we may explain the existence of this source by analogy from the "Suite de Merlin" and from the so-called enlarged "Tristan." Both these romances, the "Merlin" and the "Tristan," exist in a Vulgate and a modified version; is it not more than likely that such was the case with the most popular of all the Arthurian romances, that of "Lancelot of the Lake"? Just as the modified versions of the "Merlin" and the "Tristan" were intended to replace the infinitely long Vulgate-versions of these two romances, so it was with our hypothetical "Lancelot." Let us call this version, which we assume was used by Malory, the "Suite de Lancelot."

This "Suite de Lancelot" apparently met with no more success than the "Suite de Merlin," though both have the decided advantage over the Vulgate-versions of greater precision and of dealing more exclusively with their heroes. Strange to say, both the "Suite de Merlin" and the "Suite de Lancelot" had well-nigh the same fate, both being rescued from oblivion by Sir Thomas Malory, whose compilation was the only authority for the "Suite de Merlin" until the discovery of the Huth MS. some fifteen years ago, and still continues to occupy this position for the "Suite de Lancelot." We may hope, however, that one of these days, either in France or in England, the confirmation of the hypothesis now urged will turn up.

Assuming, for argument's sake, the existence of such a "Suite de Lancelot," it remains for us to reconstruct its form from the materials furnished us by Sir Thomas Malory's *rifacimento*.

We must first ask ourselves, what portion of the Vulgate-Lancelot this "Suite" was intended to replace. If we glance on the table which faces page 177, and sets forth the relationship of the various MSS. of the "Lancelot" at the British Museum to the printed edition of Paris, 1513, and to "Le Morte Darthur," and if we follow the solid and dotted perpendiculars which traverse the large rectangle forming the frame of the table, we find that all the portions which Malory has in common with the "Lancelot" belong—save a fragment of part i.—to the second, third, and fourth parts. The "Suite de Lancelot" was thus evidently intended to replace a small portion of the first and the three last parts, or, to put the matter more concisely, the contents of vols. ii. and iii. of the edition printed at Paris in 1513.

To get an idea of the structure of the "Suite de Lancelot" we have but to examine the various books of "Le Morte Darthur" dealing with Lancelot. These are:—

1. Book vi. We have seen (*supra*, pp. 178–190) that chapters i.–xi. are derived from the Vulgate-Lancelot, whereas chapters xii.–xviii. contain matter not to be identified therein. These we must, therefore, attribute to the writer of the "Suite."

2. Book xi.

3. Book xii. chapters i.–x.

4. Books xiii.–xvii., or "The Quest of the Holy Grail."

For these five books Malory must have had recourse to the Vulgate-version of the "Queste," &c., which is evident from his contradicting himself several times in the twelfth and thirteenth books, as I have shown, page 214. Whether the "Queste" was originally included in the "Suite de Lancelot," whether it was intercalated therein from the Vulgate, or whether, finally, it occurred there in a condensed form, is of course impossible to say; but I think the latter most likely, and that the writer of the "Suite" arranged the Vulgate-Queste in the same way as he did the remainder of the Vulgate-Lancelot—*i.e.*, he excluded all that did not concern Lancelot or his son Galahad, perhaps even the Boors section. Malory may have substituted the Vulgate-Queste for this curtailed account.

5. Books xviii.–xxi.

It must be left uncertain whether the "Suite de Lancelot" began with the events told at the beginning of Malory's sixth book, or whether other incidents preceded these events; it is, however, very probable, though by no means certain, that the "Suite" began with Arthur's expedition against the Roman emperor Lucius; at least the following facts are suggestive in this connection: Malory remarks, at the opening of book vi., that Lancelot is the first knight whom the "frensshe book" mentions after Arthur's return from Rome. The Roman expedition is found in the Vulgate-Lancelot, briefly told, but resembling Malory's account in its main features—*e.g.*, the imperial embassy to Arthur, the Roman invasion of Burgundy, Gawayne's valour, Arthur's sending the emperor's body to the Senate at Rome, as the tribute claimed from him, &c.—but it occurs in the fourth part, after the fruitless siege of Gannes and Gawayne's being seriously wounded by Lancelot, where it is evidently entirely out of place. Further, by supposing that the "Suite" began with the Roman expedition, we have at once a source for the first part of the English metrical romance "La Morte Arthure" (Thornton MS.)[1] which Malory copies so servilely in his fifth book, and which is devoted to Arthur's Roman war.

[1] Branscheid has succeeded in pointing out (Anglia, viii. pp. 179–236) various points which this romance has in common with the old English Chronicles, but I do not think it at all likely that the poet took the trouble to combine his information from so many sources, but rather that he had only one.

The fact that in the two last books, where Malory, besides his French source, had a doublet in the English metrical romance "Le Mort Arthur" (Harl. MS. 2252) he freely used, as we have seen, its very words and phrases, also points in this direction.

From the beginning of book vi.—leaving aside book vii., which is most probably a prose-rendering of a lost French romance of "Syr Gareth"; books viii.–x., which are devoted to the life and adventures of "Syr Trystram;" and books xiii.–xvii., which faithfully reproduce the Vulgate "Queste del Saint Graal"—to the end of book xxi., what Malory relates of Lancelot may reasonably be looked upon as parts of one complete whole, a "Suite de Lancelot."

The existence of such a "Suite de Lancelot" at once explains the numerous difficulties which Malory's text affords to the critic. The last portion (ll. 1318–3969) of the English metrical romance "Le Mort Arthur" (Harl. MS. 2252) represents the conclusion of the "Suite de Lancelot," and thus we have, besides the Prose-Lancelot, which the writer of this romance used for his first part (ll. 1–1181), a second source, which, as we have seen, contradicts the Prose-Lancelot in various points, and which the poet used for his second part (ll. 1318–3969).

As far as Malory's account of Lancelot is concerned, we attribute all modifications, omissions, and additions to the writer of the "Suite de Lancelot," and we can further explain the following points:

Malory, possessing only a "Suite de Lancelot," lacked, was even perhaps altogether ignorant of, the first part of the Vulgate-Lancelot; hence the extraordinary fact that he says nothing of Lancelot's birth and early life, nor even of his arrival at Arthur's court, but abruptly introduces him with a few vague phrases.

Finding Guenever's abduction by Meleagaunt of interest, the writer of the "Suite" embodied this episode, which occurs in the first part of the Vulgate-Lancelot at a later stage, and using partly the account found in the Vulgate-Lancelot, partly some other French, or perhaps even Welsh, source, gave it the form it assumes in Malory's book xix., and then, to avoid the immediate sequence of two such similar episodes as that of Guenever, Mador, and Lancelot, and that of Guenever, Meleagaunt, and Lancelot, altered the sequence of incidents in book xviii. Thus is confirmed[1] the theory of M. Gaston Paris concerning Malory's

[1] M. Gaston Paris arrived at the result that *Malory* must have derived his information for his book xix. from two different sources—viz., the first part from some lost French or Welsh poem, the second from the Prose-Lancelot. In the above-named chapter, I have shown the correctness of M. G. Paris' theory, but I have added: The contamination of the two sources may be attributed either to Malory or to *the writer of his source*, and the latter seems to me the more probable. Considering now the nineteenth book

book xix., which I have reproduced and completed in the chapter headed "Le Roman de la Charrette and the Prose-Lancelot" (*supra*, pp. 232–249).

The writer of the "Suite" further added the three last chapters of book xix., in which the superiority of Lancelot over all the other knights of the Round Table is shown by his alone being able to heal the wounds of "Syr Vrre." He here shows great ingenuity in presenting his hero Lancelot at the climax of his fame and glory, previous to his disgrace and distress.

All the additions in the eighteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first books, such as the greater detail in all that concerns Lancelot and the enumeration of the various parts of his kingdom which he distributes among his faithful companions (book xx. chapter xviii.), were added by the writer of the "Suite" with a view to justifying the title of his romance more than in the case of the Vulgate-Lancelot, in which very much of the narrative has nothing whatever to do with Lancelot.

. . . . . .

When I expressed the hope in the foregoing pages that some day a French MS. might be discovered confirming my theory respecting the lost "Suite de Lancelot," I little thought that I was myself destined to discover a part at least of such a MS. While studying the romance of "Tristan" for the third section of my "Studies on Syr Thomas Malory's Le Morte Darthur," I was led to pay special attention to the British Museum MS. Add. 5474, which contains the so-called enlarged "Tristan," wrongly attributed to Hélie de Boron. Though Malory has not used this version, but only the Vulgate of the "Tristan," for his account of the life and adventures of Syr Trystram, I undertook the drudgery of reading through the entire MS., in the hope of finding some clue to the three last chapters of Malory's book xii., which are not to be traced in the Vulgate "Tristan." And richly were my endeavours rewarded! Besides other interesting points,[1] I found that this MS. (Add. 5474) contains, from fol. 144 recto, col. i. line 2 from the bottom, to fol. 162 recto, col. ii. line 19

in its relation to the other books, and Malory's capacities as a writer, I decidedly transfer to the *writer* of the "Suite de Lancelot" the part provisionally attributed by M. G. Paris to Malory, and assume that Malory found his information for book xix. ready in his French source—*i.e.*, the "Suite de Lancelot."

Considering, further, the fact that M. G. Paris evidently proved that the poem of Chrétien, "Le Roman de la Charrette," is the direct source of the corresponding section in the Prose-Lancelot, that Robert de Boron's poem is the source of the Prose-Merlin, and that the same is the case as regards the "Roman de Tristan," I pronounce decidedly in favour of the theory according to which the poetical preceded the prose-versions.

[1] Discussed later on in the section on the "Tristan," p. 284, &c.

from the bottom, eighteen folios relating to adventures of Lancelot, inserted in the romance, though having no apparent connection with either the preceding or the following incidents,[1] unless it be to the latter, in so far as they relate the conception and birth of Galahad. Subjecting these eighteen folios to a minute critical examination, I found, to my great surprise, that their contents are exactly those of Malory's books xi. and xii., and that their relation to the Prose-Lancelot is the same as Malory's. We have seen (*supra*, pp. 190–205) that—

1. Chapters i.–iii. of book xi. correspond to ff. 105–107 of the Paris (1513) edition of the "Lancelot."

2. Between chapters iii. and iv. Malory omits fifty-five folios of vol. ii. and twenty-three folios of vol. iii., or seventy-eight folios of the narrative of the Prose-Lancelot, and relates:

3. In chapters iii.–vi. of book xi., the contents of ff. 24–35 of vol. iii. (ed. 1513).

4. Again omitting thirty-two folios, Malory relates:

5. In chapters vii.–xiv. of book xi., and in chapters i.–x. of book xii., the contents of ff. 67–80 of vol. iii. (ed. 1513).

A comparison of this fragment of a lost "Suite de Lancelot" with Malory shows that they agree in this arrangement, and, besides, in the following points:—

The last sentences of Malory's book x., referring to the people of Lyonas, and the opening lines of book xi., speaking of a holy hermit who comes to Arthur's court and predicts the arrival of Galahad, who is to fill the perilous seat (which, as I have stated, *supra*, p. 192, is absent from the Prose-Lancelot), at the next feast of Whitsun, occur on fol. 142 recto[2] of MS. Add. 5474. But while in that MS. Arthur at once makes preparations that the next feast may be as splendid as possible, Malory avoids this anomaly, remembering that he has still to tell the birth of Galahad, who must naturally first grow up before he can fulfil the prophecy of the hermit.

At the top of fol. 142 verso begins a paragraph occupying two folios, and relating to Trystram and Palomydes, which is out of place

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[1] The only other MS. at the British Museum, Royal 20 D iii., of this part of the so-called enlarged "Tristan" does not contain these adventures of Lancelot; compare *infra*, p. 285.

[2] In fol. 142 recto, col. ii., occur two passages which may be useful some day: (1) "et sachent tuit ueraiement que le latin de lestoire du s? greal nous deuise tout apertement," &c.; (2) "cil sieges auoit este ordenes par le sens merlin si uoie le liure de mon seigneur *robiert de boron* . car il le deuise moult clerement & le moustre tout apertement en si con la haute estoire du saint graal uous fait entendant." The latter passage may well be explained as a reference to the "Suite de Merlin;" compare Messrs. G. Paris and J. Ulrich, vol. i. pp. 65–66.

here, and is repeated later on (compare *infra*, p. 284). It does not interest us here.

On fol. 144 recto, col. i. line 2 from the bottom, the adventures of Lancelot follow exactly in the same succession as in Malory's eleventh and twelfth books.

The eleventh book corresponds to ff. 144 recto to 150 verso, col. ii. line 15 from the bottom. As a characteristic common feature, I may point out that the cursory mention of Arthur's war against King Claudas at the end of chapter vi. of this book occurs under the same circumstances at fol. 149 verso.

Book xii. chapters i.–x. correspond to ff. 150 verso, col. ii. line 15, to 162 verso, col. ii. line 18 from the bottom.

Up to fol. 164 recto, col. ii. line 25 from the top, the incidents above referred to relating to Trystram and Palomydes are repeated, and strongly resemble the contents of Malory's three last chapters of book xii.

The fragment of eighteen folios of the lost "Suite de Lancelot" bears the same relation to Malory's text as we have already found obtaining between the Huth MS. and Malory; whilst there is substantial agreement, the two are not exactly alike. I have hopes that the remainder may some day be discovered.

III. THE "TRISTAN," OR THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SYR TRYSTRAM.

O less than two hundred and seventy-four pages[1] of Caxton's volume—or almost one-third—are devoted to the life and adventures of Syr Trystram. The romance of "Tristan" exists, besides various metrical versions,[2] in two prose-forms—a Vulgate, consisting of two parts, and the so-called enlarged "Tristan," in reality an enlargement of the second part of the Vulgate. Whilst the Vulgate is generally attributed in the MSS. to a certain "Luces de Gast," "Hélie de Boron" is named as the writer of the enlarged "Tristan." I have already stated in my Introduction (*supra*, p. 9) that, as M. G. Paris has conclusively shown in his Introduction to the Huth "Merlin" (pp. xxiii–xxvi), these two names are fictitious.

The Vulgate "Tristan" exists at the British Museum in three fragmentary MSS.—viz., Harl. 4398, Add. 23929, and Harl. 49, and in no less than seven printed editions, which I have already enumerated at page 9.

The text of the three MSS., in so far as we possess it, varies greatly in details of phraseology, much in the same way as we have noticed in the MSS. of the "Merlin" and "Lancelot." The text of the printed editions is identical, save for insignificant orthographical and formal differences. Although these editions contain, on the whole, the same adventures as the MSS., there is considerable variation between the texts of the former and the latter. M. Paulin Paris[3] has already stated

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[1] (1) Pp. 273–465, or books viii., ix., and x. chapters i.–xxxi. (2) Book x. chapters li.–lxxxvi. (3) Book xii. chapters xi.–xiii.

[2] Compare Prof. Koelbing's Introduction to his edition, "Die Nordische und die Englische Version der Tristan-Sage." 2 parts. Heilbronn, 1878 and 1882.

[3] Paulin Paris, "Les Manuscrits François." Paris, 1836. Vol. i. p. 135.

that there exists at the Bibliothèque Nationale only one MS.—viz., No. 103 (formerly No. 6776), which agrees fairly, but not exactly, with the printed text—a fact which need excite no wonder. We have already seen that these romances exist originally in an archetype, from which various MSS. are derived, each in turn giving rise to other MSS., and that successive generations of scribes persistently altered their copies, either by inadvertence or from the wish to make them more complete. So it is with the "Tristan" MSS.; they belong to various stages of MS. development, and naturally differ both from one another and from the MS. which was used for the first printed edition. As a rule, when a romance was printed, the MS. itself disappeared, probably owing to the fact that it was generally much soiled and mutilated during the process of printing.

The Vulgate "Tristan" has furnished Malory with the materials for his eighth, ninth, and tenth books. To give the reader, as I have done before, a graphic idea of the extent of the MSS. and their relation to Malory and to the printed text, I have constructed the table facing this page. Let us first consider the lower part of the table. The first column, a long rectangle, represents the 1520 edition of the "Tristan."[1] This edition consists of one volume of two parts: the first containing 154, the second 126 folios; therefore, the long side of the rectangle is divided into 154 + 126, or 280 equal parts, each representing one folio, the division in parts being indicated by the dotted perpendicular after 154. Columns 2, 3, 4 contain smaller rectangles, each representing one MS., the position of each rectangle being determined by the contents of the MS. as compared with the edition of 1520. The fifth column shows what parts of the edition of 1520 correspond to the eighth, ninth, and tenth books of Malory.

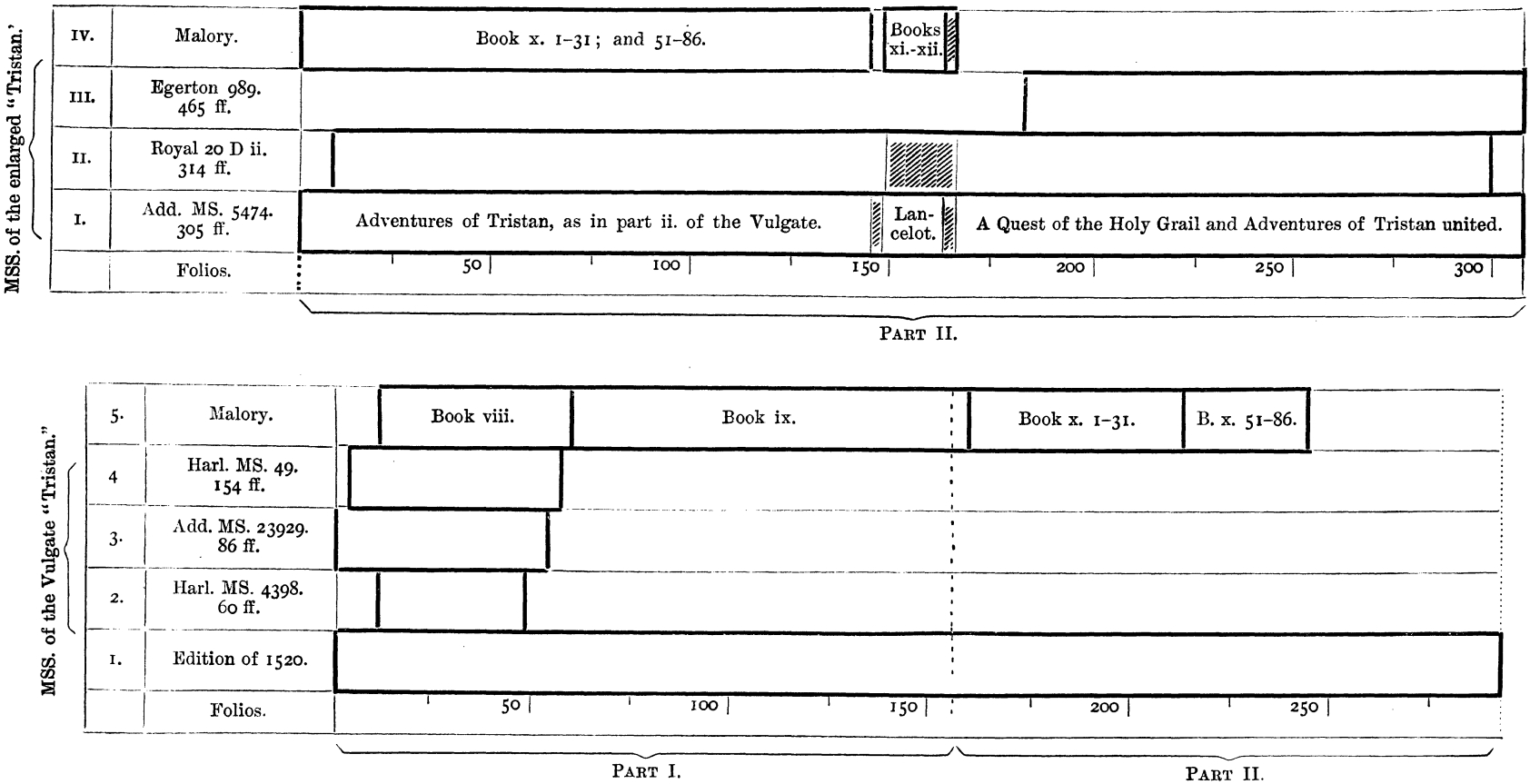
The so-called enlarged "Tristan"—*i.e.*, the enlarged second part of the Vulgate "Tristan"—is also represented by three MSS. at the British Museum, viz., Add. 5474, Royal 20 D ii., and Egerton 989,[2] but it was never printed[3] as a whole, though by far the greater part is printed either in the Vulgate "Tristan" or in the "Lancelot." It would seem that hitherto no one had closely examined the enlarged "Tristan;" I have now done so, and the drudgery of reading through the whole of MS. Add. 5474 has been repaid by some very interesting results. First, the enlarged "Tristan" consists of three parts—(*a*) Adventures

[1] I have selected this edition in preference to those of 1484 and 1505 (?), because in the former the folios are not marked at all, and in the latter there occur many misprints in the numbers indicating the folios.

[2] For all particulars as to age and completeness, &c., of these MSS. compare H. L. D. Ward's "Catalogue of Romances" in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum, vol. i. 1883, pp. 359–364.

[3] The account of Trystram's death according to the MS. version was printed by M. Paulin Paris in vol. i. pp. 200–208 of his "Manuscrits François."

TABLE SHOWING THE RELATIONS OF THE MSS. OF THE "VULGATE" AND ENLARGED "TRISTAN" AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM TO THE PRINTED EDITION OF 1520 AND TO "LE MORTE DARTHUR."



of Syr Trystram forming the subject of the second part of the Vulgate, minus the folios which relate his death and events immediately preceding it. (*b*) A "Quest of the Holy Grail" considerably modified, but reproducing the main points of the Vulgate "Queste" as joined to the Lancelot, and interspersed with adventures of Syr Trystram and his death. (*c*) After the death of Trystram follow nine evidently independent sections, the subjects of which are as follows:—The lament of King Mark, burial of Trystram and Iseult, and Sagremor's departure with Trystram's arms towards Camalaoth. Adventures of Galahad and Lancelot. Adventures of Galahad, Bohors, and Perceval before the castle of La Marche, and the knighting of Samaliel. Adventures of Samaliel and Keux the Seneschal. Adventures of Lancelot in a boat, and his arrival at the Palace of the Graal. Palamedes christened and made a knight of the Round Table, followed by adventures of Galahad, Bohors, and Perceval, with an account of the Graal. Encounter of Palamedes and Lancelot, and slaying of Palamedes by Gawayne and Agrawayne. Arrival of Galahad, Bohors, and Perceval at Sarras, and deaths of Galahad and Perceval. News of the deaths of Palamedes, King Baudemagus, and Erec, son of Lac, told to Sagremor; and commencement of his own narrative of the death of Trystram.

The MS. Add. 5474 contains from fol. 1 to 142 recto the adventures told in the second part of the Vulgate "Tristan" [corresponding to ff. 1-176 of MS. Royal 20 D ii.]. Comparing it with the second part of the edition of 1520 we there find, on fol. 29, a complaint of Lamorak de Galles in the verse beginning:

"Sans cueur suis & sans cueur remain
Je nay membre ne pied ne main
Sans amours / en amours me main
Tel que mort et vif men demain" &c.

which occurs in the MS. Add. 5474 on fol. 30.

On fol. 61 verso of the printed text, and on fol. 73 of the MS., is found the lay which the harper Eliot plays before King Mark, beginning thus:

Ed. 1520, fol. 62.

"Tant me suis de dire teu
Que ie me suis apperceu
Que mon taire a aulcun neu
Pour ce mon lay ramentu
du maulvais roy du non sachant
Qui tout mal va a luy sachant
Commence mon lay et faitz mon chant
Bien luy doit dieu estre trenchant
Au plus maulvais qui soit en vie
Est venu talent & enuie
Que ie compte sa mauluaise vie
Raison a cestuy fait menuie

Add. MS. fol. 53.

"Tant me sui de dire teu
Que iou me sui apercheu
ken mon taire ai amenteu
pour cai mon lay amenteu.
Del maluais roi del non sachant
qui tout mal uait a sot sachant
Commenc mon lay & fay mon chant
bien li doit diex estre trenchant.
Del plus mauuais qui soit en uie
Mest uenus talent & envie
ke iou cont sa mauuaise uie
Raison a cestui fait menvie.

Roy marc vil dolent & chetif
Qui a tous biens faire est retif
Tu es comme li gous metif
Qui contre le lyon prent estrif." &c.

Rois march vif & dolans chetis
a tous biens faire est arestis
tu es com li cupieux mestis
Qui contre lion prent estris." &c.

These two passages exhibit the nature of the variants which exist between the MSS. and the printed text of the "Tristan."

On fol. 53 of the printed text, and on fol. 62 of the MS., is found a metrical letter of Guenever to Iseult, beginning:

"Salus vous mande comme len doit faire
Royne de mauluais affaire
Qui genieure estes appellee
Vostre oeuure a trop este cellee." &c.

Fol. 142 recto, col. i. of MS. Add. 5474 [or fol. 175 recto of MS. Royal 20 D iii.] would correspond, as far as the events therein related are concerned, to fol. 117 of part ii. of the edition printed at Paris 1520;[1] at this point the quest of the Holy Grail begins in the enlarged "Tristan." The passage in the Vulgate "Tristan" contains a reference to the quest, but not the quest itself, thus clearly indicating the point where the writer of the enlarged "Tristan" began his work; this passage runs thus:

"En ce temps que tristan et yseult estoyent en la ioyeuse garde fu entreprinse la queste du Sainct graal. Tristan se mist en la queste & en fut compaignon et par ce eut le roy marc yseult et fist le roy artus la paix & fut le roy marc deliure de prison. A tant laisse le compte a parler de ceste matiere et parle de tristan qui reuenu est a karahes en bretaigne auec le roy houel & yseult aux blanches mains sa femme et runalem qui filz estoit au roy houel et fut frere de kehedin et de yseult."

But the writer of the enlarged "Tristan" expressly states that Syr Trystram was the only knight who, for the love of fair Iseult, did not take the oath by which the other knights of the Round Table vowed to start on the quest of the Holy Grail, for which he was severely reprimanded by King Arthur, but defended by Syr Lancelot.

Returning now to MS. Add. 5474, I have to state that fol. 142 recto, col. i. to fol. 144 recto, col. i.[2] are occupied by a section which

[1] On this occasion I discovered that in the Museum copy of the 1520 edition (634. k. 8), signature v (ff. 115–118) is wrongly inserted before signature t (ff. 109–114).

[2] The contents of these two folios are briefly these: Tristan and Iseult, having passed the winter at Ioyous garde, are intending to go, towards Easter, for the summer to Leonois, when the news arrives that Arthur wishes all his knights to come to Camalot next Whitsuntide. Tristan resolves to go there, but Iseult declares she will not go. Tristan, hearing this, determines to stay away also, but Iseult convinces him he had better go, as people would blame him for his absence, and would say he only stayed away for her sake. Tristan sees how reasonable Iseult's argument is, and resolves to go, but without other arms than "une espee" and "une glaive"; he will not even

in some points strongly resembles the last three chapters of Malory's book xii.—*e.g.*, whilst Trystram and Iseult are leading a happy life at Ioyous garde, the former happens one day to ride into the wood and meet Palomydes, his mortal enemy; so far both versions agree, but the *dénouement* of this episode is different.

This paragraph begins on fol. 142 recto, col. i. thus:

"Me sire tristram qui en la ioieuse garde demouroit toutes uois auoec la roine yseut estoit auques appareillies entour la pasque auoit grant uolente quil sen alast el roiaume de loenois seiourner tout cest este: & la roine si estoit bien accorde" . . . . &c.

It ends on fol. 144 recto, col. i. thus:

"mais a tant laisse ore li contes a parler de mon signour tristram & retourne sour vne autre matiere."

From fol. 144 recto, col. i. to fol. 162 recto, col. ii. line 19 from the bottom, adventures of Syr Lancelot, relating in the same succession the incidents Malory tells in his eleventh and twelfth books, follow in MS. Add. 5474. As I have (*supra*, p. 277) explained the importance of these folios, I need not dwell upon them any longer.

On fol. 162, col. ii. line 20 the same passage noticed on fol. 142 begins again, but is apparently entirely independent from the former. It begins thus:

"Or dist li contes que tristram estoit en la ioieuse garde & demouroit toutes voies auoec sa dame la roine yseut & estoit appareillies el tans paschor pour aler el roiaume de loenoys pour seiourner illeuc tout celui este & la roine meesme si estoit bien accordee" . . . . &c.

And it ends on fol. 164 recto, col. ii. in accordance with the different incidents that follow, as compared with the former occasion, thus:

"mais a tant taist ore li contes a parler de tristram & retourne a parler dune autre chose de ceus qui (i) estoient uenu a la feste de pentecouste."

The adventures of Lancelot intercalated into the enlarged "Tristan"

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take his squire. All Iseult's remonstrations to persuade him to ride fully armed to Logres are in vain.

On his way to Camalot, Tristan meets Palomydes, who has just slain a knight, and now rides against him, crying, "Tristan, your death has come." Tristan reflects a moment what to do, but then rides fiercely against Palomydes, and deals him a mighty blow. Palomydes neither returns the stroke nor moves. Tristan says to him, "Either you are stunned or you are the greatest coward I ever met." Then Palomydes smiles, and says: "Tristan, you are foolish; do you think I would disgrace myself by attacking my unarmed enemy while I am armed?" He continues he will one day find him when Tristan is also armed, and then they will fight until one of them is dead. When he hears that Tristan intends to ride to Camalot he persuades him to take his horse, which is still fresh, and remember him to King Arthur, Lancelot, and Gaheriet. Thus they part. The christening of Palomydes as Malory relates it is absent from the enlarged "Tristan."

[1] The scribe of the MS. has by mistake put a point under the "e" of "estoient," as a mark of omission, instead of marking the superfluous "i."

are thus preceded and followed by about two folios containing the same matter; how is this to be explained? MS. Add. 5474 by itself furnishes no clue, but if we look at the other MS. of the enlarged "Tristan," Royal 20 D iii., I think the mystery is soon explained. The eighteen folios containing matter relating to Lancelot are absent from this MS., where we find (ff. 174 recto to 176 recto) the contents of the two folios, which are repeated; a clear proof that whilst these folios belong to the enlarged "Tristan" the Lancelot section does not. It may be here stated that MSS. Add. 5474 and Royal 20 D iii., though the one written in France, the other in the Netherlands, relate, save as to this Lancelot section, the same adventures throughout.

We may therefore assume that the scribe of MS. Add. 5474, perhaps with a view of explaining the birth of Galahad, who appears later on in the enlarged "Tristan" without any previous introduction, when he comes at Whitsuntide to Arthur's court in order to occupy the perilous seat, added this section on his own account from another now lost MS. of the "Lancelot." Returning afterwards to the "Tristan," he forgot that he had already told the contents of the two folios, which there precede the "Quest of the Holy Grail," and thus repeated them to a certain extent, but in different words. From the point of view of the modern critic, we have to be exceedingly thankful to the scribe, for, through his addition of the section on Lancelot, he has furnished us the means of substantiating our theory on the existence of a lost "Suite de Lancelot."

The second part of the enlarged "Tristan" contains a "Quest of the Holy Grail," which, though intimately related to the Vulgate-version of the "Quest," yet presents many additional features, which I feel sure will be useful to the critic of this legend;[1] it occupies, up to the death of Trystram, ff. 164–283 in MS. Add. 5474 and ff. 176–291 in MS. Royal 20 D iii. For this section we have a third MS. (written on paper in the year 1475) in Egerton 989, which is only slightly imperfect at the beginning.

The last portion of the enlarged "Tristan" contains, as I have above stated (see *supra*, p. 282), in all the three MSS. nine independent paragraphs.

Comparing the enlarged "Tristan" now with Malory's compilation, we find that both have a considerable portion in common—viz., chapters i.–xxxi. and li.–lxxxvi. of book x.,[2] and, as far as the MS. Add. 5474 is concerned, also the contents of books xi. and xii.

It thoroughly deserves critical examination.

This portion Malory might therefore also have derived from the enlarged "Tristan, but compare *infra*, p. 288, &c.

I have also endeavoured to express graphically the results of these investigations. On the table facing p. 280, *supra*, the upper part treats of the MSS. of the enlarged "Tristan" in their relation to one another and to Malory.

Column 1 represents in a long rectangle the MS. Add. 5474. As this MS. has 305 folios, the long side of the rectangle is divided into 350 parts, each representing one folio, and marked by numbers, 50, 100, 150, &c. The two passages which are a repetition in this MS. are marked (though, for distinctness' sake, on an exaggerated scale) by small shaded rectangles at the two sides ofthe rectangle representing the eighteen intercalated folios on Lancelot.

Column 2 represents MS. Royal 20 D iii., which is slightly imperfect at the beginning. The shaded portion of the long rectangle denotes the eighteen folios on Lancelot absent from this MS.

Column 3 represents the MS. Egerton 989, which only contains the second and third parts of the enlarged "Tristan," and is slightly imperfect at the beginning.

Column 5 represents Malory's compilation. The first long rectangle is what corresponds to book x. in the MSS., then follows a blank, indicating the superfluous passage in MS. 5474, after which follows the section on the "Lancelot," corresponding to books xi. and xii.; finally, a small shaded rectangle represents the three chapters of book xii., which much resemble in their contents the two folios of the enlarged "Tristan" preceding the quest of the Holy Grail.

BOOKS VIII., IX., X.; XII., CHAPTERS XI.–XIII.

As space fails me to print my detailed comparison of Malory's compilation with the romance of "Tristan,"[1] I must content myself with briefly stating the results. The section devoted by Sir Thomas Malory to the life and the adventures of Syr Trystram is by far the easiest portion of his work for critical examination; here more than anywhere else, save only in the "Quest of the Holy Grail," Malory abstains from "reducing." The result of my investigation is that the Trystram-section in Malory stands to the romance of "Tristan" in the same relation as Malory's Merlin-section does to the Huth MS.

[1] For an analysis of "Le Roman de Tristan," see (1) Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans, Paris, 8vo, vol. i., of April 1779, pp. 53–238; (2) Bibliothèque Universelle des Dames, Vème Classe, "Romans," vol. x., Paris 1787, 12mo.

Malory at once begins (book viii. chapter i.) with the marriage of King Meliadus and Elizabeth and the birth of Trystram; in the romance this only takes place on fol. 20 recto of the edition of 1520. The contents of the whole book viii. fill ff. 20–69 of part i. in this edition, while the contents of book ix. correspond to ff. 69–154 of part i. and ff. 1–19 of part ii.

Malory's tenth book consists of three sections: (1) Chapters i.–xxxi., relating what forms the subject of part ii. ff. 19–61 of the "Tristan;" (2) Chapters xxxii.–l., not to be found in the "Tristan," but relating adventures told in the "Prophecies de Merlin" by "rychart dyrlande;" and (3) Chapters li.–lxxxvi., corresponding to part ii. ff. 62–91 of the "Tristan."

Besides these three books, the last three chapters of Malory's book xii. relate to Trystram, and contain similar incidents to those related in the so-called enlarged "Tristan" on the two folios preceding the beginning of the "Quest of the Holy Grail."

Further, Malory alludes twice to Trystram's death—viz.,

1. Page 768, 30, "for and syr Tristram de lyones / outher syr lamorak de galys had ben alyue," &c.

2. Page 807, 12–19, "That is hard to doo sayd sir launcelot / for by sir Tristram I maye haue a warnynge / for whanne by meanes of treatyce syr Tristram brought ageyne la Beale Isoud vnto kynge Mark from Ioyous gard loke what befelle on the ende / how shamefully that fals traitour kyng marke slewe hym / as he sat harpynge afore his lady la beale Isoud / With a groundyn glayue he threst hym in behynde to the herte."

The death [1] of Trystram is differently told in the printed editions and in the MSS. In the former the account runs thus:—Trystram assists his brother-in-law, Ruvalen, son of the King of Brittany and brother to "Iseult aux blanches mains," in penetrating into a castle where Bedalis, jealous of his wife Gargeolain (a friend of Ruvalen), keeps her in close custody. They succeed in entering, but on their leaving the castle are noticed and followed by Bedalis. Ruvalen is killed, and Trystram seriously wounded with a poisoned lance. The physicians all declare the wound incurable. Trystram, seeing death nigh, remembers that Iseult of Cornwall inherited from her mother a means of healing wounds, by which he had already once been cured after his fight with Le Morhoult. He sends one of his faithful knights to Cornwall, requesting Iseult to come. On his return the

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Compare Romania, xv. pp. 481–510, "La Mort de Tristan et d'Iseut, d'après le Manuscrit Fr. 103 de la Bibliothèque Nationale comparée au poème allemand d'Eilhardt D'Oberg," par M. J. Bédier.

knight is told, in case he brings Iseult with him, to hoist a white sail as soon as he nears the coast of Brittany; if not, a black one. Iseult of Cornwall, in her infinite love for Trystram, succeeds in escaping from Mark. As they near land the knight hoists the white sail, but "Iseult aux blanches mains," when Trystram asks what sail she sees, tells him a black one, hearing which he expires. When Iseult of Cornwall arrives, she finds only the dead body of her love, and she, too, dies for grief upon it.

In the MSS. the account, in accord with the passage in Malory, is as follows:—

One day, as Trystram plays the harp before Iseult, Mark, informed by a spy, secretly approaches and stabs Trystram from behind with a poisoned lance. Trystram, mortally wounded, goes to the castle of the seneschal Dynas. Iseult joins him there, and requests him to take her with him in death. Delighted with this proof of lasting and faithful love, Trystram casts his arms around her, and so close is his embrace that he dies, and with him his love, fair Iseult.[1]

If we consider the allusion to Trystram's death in Malory, and the intercalation of chapters xxxi.-l. into the tenth book; if we further examine the additional three chapters of matter relating to Trystram in book xii. (whilst all the rest of books xi. and xii. treats of Lancelot), and have clearly present before us Malory's usual mode of dealing with his sources, and his capacities as an author, we cannot for one moment attribute the whole of the arrangement of books viii.-xii. to him. In explanation of these facts I submit the following theory, which strikes me as highly plausible:—

Malory possessed a MS. which contained:

1. The contents of part i. of the Vulgate "Tristan," as reproduced by him in books viii. and ix.

2. The contents of part ii. of the Vulgate up to the point where, as I have shown (*supra*, p. 283), the quest of the Holy Grail is *mentioned*—identical with part i. of the enlarged "Tristan" up to the point where the quest of the Holy Grail *begins* (see *supra*, p. 285), save, of course, those variants of style and slight and insignificant modifications noticeable between all the existing MSS. of the "Tristan"—but this section was already enlarged by (i.) the *intercalation* (at the point determined by Malory, book x. chapter xxxi.) of the adventures of Alysaunder le orphelyn and the great tournament of Galahalt of Surluse as found attached to the "Prophecies of Merlin," said to be translated from the Latin by Richard of Ire-

[1] Only MS. No. 103 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, which agrees closely with the printed text of the "Tristan," has not got this version of Trystram's death.

land;[1] (ii.) to which were *added* the incidents relative to Lancelot derived from a lost "Suite de Lancelot."

The MS. Add. 5474 was thus evidently of an earlier date than the MS. Malory used, as is shown by the repetition of the two folios before and after the eighteen folios relating to Lancelot, and by the absence of the adventures of Alysaunder le orphelyn and the tournament of Galahalt of Surluse.

This hypothetical MS. which Malory used would therefore consist of three parts (or books), which are clearly indicated. At the end of book vii. (p. 272) Malory says:

"Here foloweth the viij book the which is the *first* book of sir Tristram de Lyones / & who was his fader & his moder / & hou he borne and fosteryd / And how he was made knyghte /"

The first part of the MS. would therefore contain part i. of the Vulgate "Tristan," corresponding to Malory's books viii. and ix.

At the beginning of book x. (p. 412) Malory says:

"Here begynneth the second book of sire Tristram / How syre Tristram smote doune kyng Arthur & sir Vwayne / by cause he wold not telle hem wherfor that shelde was made / But to say the sothe sire Tristram coude not telle the cause / for he knewe it not."

The second part of the MS. would thus contain the whole of Malory's book x. and also books xi. and xii.

The third part of Malory's MS. would contain part ii. of the enlarged "Tristan," from the beginning of the quest of the Holy Grail to the end; Malory, reverting for his account of the "Queste" to the Vulgate-version, refers to the third part of his Tristan MS. at the end of chapter xii. (p. 611) by the lines:

"Here endeth the second book of syr Tristram that was drawen oute of Frensshe into Englysshe But here is no rehersal of the *thyrd* book / And here foloweth the noble tale of the Sancgreal that called is the hooly vessel and the sygnefycacyon of the blessid blood of our lord Ihesu Cryste / blessid mote it be / the whiche was brought in to this land by Ioseph of Armathye / therfor on al synful souls blessid lord haue thou mercy."

These results suggest reflections of a more general character. It was a pronounced tendency of the romance-writers of the later thirteenth century to unite the three principal branches of Arthurian romance, the "Merlin," "Tristan," and "Lancelot," to the "Queste del Saint Graal," a tendency displayed in the "Suite de Merlin" as represented by the

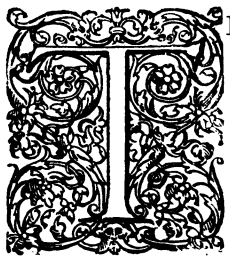
[1] See, for the "Prophecies of Merlin," *infra*, pp. 291–292.

Huth MS., in the hypothetical MS. Malory used for his Tristan-section, and in the Vulgate-Lancelot.

Bearing in mind the threefold division mentioned in the "Suite de Merlin" by the pseudo Robert de Boron, and his reference to Hélie de Boron, and comparing them with the threefold division of Malory's source for the "Tristan" and the fictitious Hélie de Boron's reference to Robert de Boron (quoted *supra*, p. 277), is it not likely that either the writer of the one took the other for model, or that both may be traced to one and the same man? An examination of the indications contained in the Huth "Merlin" as to the "Quest of the Holy Grail," said to form the second part, in comparison with the "Queste" attached to the enlarged "Tristan," will probably throw some light on this interesting point.

IV. THE "PROPHECIES OF MERLIN."

BOOK X. CHAPTERS XXXI.–L.



THE adventures of Alysaunder le Orphelyn, and the great tournament of Galahalt of Surluse, which are intercalated into the "Tristan" and occupy chapters xxxi.–l. of book x. of Malory's "Le Morte Darthur," are preserved in two MSS. of the British Museum—viz., Add. 25434[1] and Harl. 1629.[2] Both relate the "Prophecies of Merlin" as translated by "mestre richart dyrlande" from the Latin at the command of the Emperor Frederick II. The Prophecies are entirely independent from the ones attached to Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia;" they relate to Italy, France, Germany, and very few indeed to Great Britain. A considerable part of the Prophecies is devoted to knightly adventures. Of the two MSS., which are both greatly deficient, Additional is the more complete. The Prophecies, which occupy about two-thirds of this MS., but which are for the greater part missing in Harl., do not here interest us. Fol. 70 verso, line 13 from the bottom, of Add. answers to Harl. fol. 14, line 3 from the top. For about 24 folios the two MSS. agree almost word for word, but the division of the

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[1] H. L. D. Ward's "Catalogue of the Romances in the MSS. of the British Museum." Add. 25434. Vellum; end of the thirteenth century; small folio; 184 ff., double columns of 40 lines each. (Flemish Hand.) Coloured initials, of which a few are illuminated; a miniature on the first page.

[2] *Ibid.* Harl. 1629. Vellum; end of the thirteenth century; quarto; 70 ff., double columns, 40 lines each. Coloured initial; two miniatures on ff. 29 verso and 70; a third has been cut out of fol. 47 verso. On pages where miniatures occur the border is illuminated.

"This MS. has been long misarranged, as is evident by the discoloration of fol. 1, and by the ink-marks on fol. 32 b, left by the inscription of an owner (at the end of the sixteenth century) on the next folio. This inscription is: 'ffowlke ap dauid lloyd est possessor.'"

chapters, as well as the orthography, handwriting, and headings, are different. Generally, two or even three chapters of Add. make one in Harl. After fol. 94 verso a gap occurs in Add.; this passage corresponds to Harl. fol. 63 verso, col. ii., line 20 from the bottom. From here to fol. 64 verso Harl. enables us to fill up the gap in Add., but then it also breaks off, leaving us in the middle of the adventure of Palomydes and Corsabryn. Later on, folios 69 and 70 of Harl., relating the adventures of Palomydes and his brother Saphar, and an adventure of Dinadan before the tombs of the cheating merchants and the corrupt judge, correspond again to Add. fol. 107, col. 2, line 8 from the top to fol. 109, col. 2, line 20 from the bottom. Of MS. Add. 25434 the following folios treat of Alysaunder:—75 verso, 76, 77; 137 verso, 138, 139; 143, 144, 145, 146 recto, col. i.; 166, 167; 182; 184. The last leaves are inserted in the wrong order, they ought to be thus arranged:—183 must follow after 181; then there is one leaf missing, after that have to come 182, 184; here the MS. breaks off, and several leaves are missing. The tournament of Galahalt of Surluse is described in folios 77 verso, 78–88; 91 recto, 92, 93, 94.

The "Prophecies" are reproduced to a great extent, though in great disorder, in the third part of the printed editions of the "Merlin," but not the knightly adventures. As there will perhaps never occur a better opportunity of making these accessible to all scholars, I resolved to edit them as an Appendix to the present volume.[1] I have in this edition not observed the sequence of chapters as found in the MSS., but arranged the chapters so that their contents follow one another; I have always stated the folios on which they occur in the MS.

As far as the text is concerned, it is an absolutely faithful reproduction of MS. Add. 25434, a specimen and some missing parts being supplied from Harl. MS. 1629, without any alterations, emendations, or conjectural readings. Parts of words or letters printed in italics are not to be found in the original, but represent the expanded abbreviations in the MSS.

Malory's account of the adventures of Alysaunder and the great tournament stands to that of the MSS. in the same relation as his Merlin-section to the Huth MS.—*i.e.*, both vary in details but agree as to the adventures. As the chapters relating the tournament of Galahalt of Surluse are imperfect in either MS., Malory is for this portion the only existing authority.

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[1] I have not found these adventures in any other MS.; therefore I have said on the title of the Appendix, "from the only known MSS." There may very well exist somewhere another MS., and I hope it will be found some day.

CONCLUSION.

AT the close of four years' arduous labour upon Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte Darthur," it is natural to ask what results have been achieved.

For the first time a reliable text of this great English classic, which has exercised such a wide and lasting influence upon the later development of English speech and poesy, has been made generally accessible to students of philology and literature, whilst its study has been greatly facilitated by the Glossary, the List of Names and Places, and the critical apparatus provided in the Introduction forming vol. ii.

As regards the present volume, I have already briefly indicated in the Preface the outcome of my investigations, but I may fittingly here recapitulate and extend what I there stated.

In the twelfth volume of *Romania*, M. Gaston Paris speaks of Malory's work as "a well-known compilation hitherto too little utilised for critical studies." I think I may fairly claim that it has now been utilised, and that, altogether apart from its interest as prose literature, it has been shown to occupy a most important place in the criticism of the Arthurian cycle.

The researches of M. Gaston Paris, of Professor W. Foerster, of Professor H. Zimmer, and of Professor Rhys have drawn the attention of the learned world afresh to the Arthurian legend and to the innumerable difficulties which it presents to the investigator. I claim that henceforward no researches can be regarded as exhaustive which disregard Malory's compilation, and, further, that his work is by far the best guide to the Arthurian romances in their entirety.

It may, I trust, be considered as finally settled that for several portions of the cycle Malory is our only authority. These are:

1. The last part of book iv.
2. The whole of book vii.
3. The lost "Suite de Lancelot."
4. The lost "Tristan" trilogy.

On the other hand, my examination of such portions of Malory as are common to him and to his sources will, I trust, enable students to discriminate what in him belongs to the older stratum of the Romance-cycle and what are his own additions and modifications. It need hardly be pointed out how important this is in the case of investiga-

tions which deal with early Celtic heroic and mythic legend. Conclusions might otherwise be based upon what is simply a fact of Malory's own invention.

The most important critical result is, I need hardly say, the reconstruction of the "Suite de Lancelot." Although I have provisionally treated this as a modification and a development of the Vulgate-Lancelot, it is quite possible that it may contain older as well as younger elements. I would also direct the attention of future investigators to the Tristan form of the "Quest of the Holy Grail."

As regards the special features of Malory's compilation, I trust I have succeeded in clearly exhibiting his merits and demerits as a writer. I have shown that he sometimes added small episodes of his own composition, though, as a rule, he contented himself with welding into one the diverse materials that were at his disposal, and that not infrequently he literally translated entire passages from his French, or made large transcripts from his English, sources.

We owe the worthy knight a deep debt of gratitude both for preserving the mediæval romances in a form which enabled them to remain an integral portion of English literature, and for rescuing from oblivion certain French versions of great value to the critical student. But truth demands that we should not rate him too highly. To put it mildly, his work is very unequal—sometimes he excels, but often he falls beneath, oftener still, he servilely reproduces his originals. Nor can his selection of material be unreservedly praised. Difficulties in procuring certain MSS. may possibly have occurred of which we have nowadays no idea; yet, giving him the full benefit of this supposition, we must still say that he left out many of the most touching and admirable portions of the French romances, and that he has incorporated others of inferior quality. The most marked and distressing instance is his preference of the trivial and distasteful version of the Merlin and Niviene episode as found in the "Suite de Merlin" to the exquisite version of the Vulgate-Merlin, which, in its mingling of wild romance and delicate sentiment, is perhaps the most beautiful and characteristic story of mediæval literature. Be this as it may, Malory must always be counted as an English classic. I shall be satisfied if what I have done be considered not unworthy his merits and his position in English literature.

APPENDIX.

THE

ADVENTURES OF ALYSAUNDER LE ORPHELYN

AND

THE GREAT TOURNAMENT OF GALAHALT OF SURLUSE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME EDITED FROM THE ONLY KNOWN MSS. ADD. 25,434 AND HARL. 1629 IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE

ADVENTURES OF ALYSAUNDER LE ORPHELYN.[1]

[*Folio* 75 *verso col. i.*]

EN ceſte partie dit li co*n*tes que voirſ fu que li rois marc de cornoaille ociſt vn ſien frere. & ſa ſerourge qua*n*t ele ſot la mort de ſon mari ſen foi atout vn ſien filz quele auoit de lui. que mout doutoit que le deſloial ſon ſerourge ne le meiſt amort. Et ſachiez que en celui iour meiſmes quele ſen foi atout lenfant len uoia li rois marc querre. Et quant il vit quil auoit failli a lui tenir. si en fu mout courrouciez. La dame ſen foi atout lenfant iuſq*ue*s au chaſtel que len apeloit magance & ceſtoit li chaſtiauſ de ſon pere. Et quant li chaſtelai*n*s lauit venir il li ſaut alencontre & diſt. Dame bien veigna*n*t Sire fet ele ie ſui ainſi venue coume cele qui ſon mari a leſſie mort. A non dieu fet celui coument eſt ce. Sire fet ele li traitres renoiez le roi marc la ocis de ſa main meiſmes. Et ſe menſui aſoie que iai poour de ceſtui petit enfant que uouſ veez que li traitres felon ne loceiſt auſi con il a fet ſon pere. Dame fet li chaſtelains ceſtui chaſtel neſt pas miens. [*col. ii.*] ainz eſt voſtre que ainſi le comanda voſtre pere quant il mourut. & ie ſui voz prochai*n*s parens de par voſtre pere & ma fame eſt voſtre couſinne germainne. aſſez ſommes riches que dor que dargent que uignobles que de chans que de beles rentes. Aſſez ſeroiz ici a aiſiee & vo petit enfant en ſera bel & richement nourriz & ſe dieus & auenture doune quil uiegne en aage. aſſez le pourrai adouber cheualier que ie ſui auqueſ gentil hom & quans de parage & ſe il voudra vengier la mort de ſon pere. Je voeil bien que vous ſachiez que il aura aſſez que deſpendre. & aura en ſaide treſtout le pooir de magance. Sire fet la dame ſe ie me met dedenz celui chaſtel aurai ie garde du roi marc. Dame fet li chaſtelains nanil. Et ſi voſ di certainnement que ſe treſtout li mondes paiens & creſtiens veniſſent ci aoſt banie ie ne douteroie leur efforz que ceſt chaſtel eſt ſi fort & ſi deffenſable que il ne doute nule riens neſtourmie ne nul aſaut ne nul ſiege.

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[1] Some portion of these adventures is also contained in Harl. MS. 1629, of which I give here a specimen :—[Fol. 45 verso, col. i., line 22].—En ceſte partie diſt li conteſ que uoirſ fu q*ue* li roiſ marſ de cornouaille ociſt vn ſien frere. Et ſa ſerorge qu*an*t ele ſot la mort de ſon marie ſen fui atout . j . ſien fil q*ue* ele auoit de lui. car mout doutoit que li deſloiauſ ſeſ ſerourgeſ ne le meſiſt amort. Et ſachieſ que en celui i*or* meiſme ke ele ſenſui atout lenfant lenuoia li roiſ marſ querre. & quant il uit que il auoit a li falit ſi enſu mout courouciеſ. La dame ſen fui a tout lenfant iuſqueſ a vn caſtiel que on apeloit magance. & cou eſtoit li caſtiauſ de ſon pere. Et quant li caſtelainſ leuit uenir il li ſailli a lencontre & li diſt dame bien veignanſ. Sire fait ele iou ſui enſi venue comme cele ki ſon mari alaiſſiet mort. Dame fait il comment eſt cou. Sire fait ele li traitres renoieſ li roiſ marſ la oceſi de ſa main meiſme. & iou men ſui aſuie car iou ai paor de ceſtui petit enfa*n*t que vouſ veeſ. que li felonſ traitreſ uel oceſiſt auſi com il a ſait ſo*n* pere. Dame fait li caſtelainſ ceſtui caſtiauſ neſt paſ mienſ. ainſ eſt v*o*ſtre car enſi le me commanda voſtre pereſ quant il morut.

A dont fet la dame fere ie mout bien affeuree atout mon orfelin & aaifieement le porrai nourrir ci dedenz.

QUE vous diroie ie. Lors fe mift la dame dedenz le chaftel & fen uet chief le chaftelain & trouua fa coufinne qui liee fu & dolente de fa venue. [*fol.* 76 *col. i.*] Liee de ce quele la uoit & dolente de famefchaance & mainte lerme gietent def eulz & lune et lautre ala fembler & fentretiennent fouuent & menu befant. Li chaftelains de lautre part en fet afembler tout le peuple de magance & quant il furent affemblez il dift aportez moi lef fainz & ie iurrai deuant touz que def or en auant tendrai magance pour anglediz. La fille du roi ramierf de miranceis. Et lors quant il a iure le feirement il coumande atout le pueple que il en facent autretant fe lonc ce que il tenoient de magance. Et lors iura vns deuls de feur lame des autres ainfi con li quans en deuifa. Que vous diroie ie mout bien fu nourriz li petiz orfelins en magance. & mout embeli & crut. Et fachiez que dufqua tant que il fu en aage de receuoir lordre de cheualerie. il ne fot riens de la mort fon pere. que fa mere lauoit bien deffendu atouz ceus de magance. que en nule maniere ne li fuft defcouuert. Quant li petiz enfes fu en aage de receuoir lordre de cheualerie. Li chaftelains em parla a anglediz & dift. dame fachiez certainnement que alixandref li petiz orfelins ne puet faillir a eftre preudoume. Lordre de cheualerie fera mout bien emploiee en lui. fe vous [*col. ii.*] voulez ie le ferai cheualier ala fefte noftre dame de marz. Et lors coumenca la dame aplorer & dift. Or voeil ie la guerre en coumencier en contre li felons rois. Dont ie pri a cele beneuree dame fainte marie que mon petit orfelin venge la mort de fon pere qui fut vns def meilleurs cheualiers du monde. Je lo fet la dame que il foit cheualier ainfi con vous lauez deuife. mout fu liez li chaftelains de ce que la dame en loa. de la cheualerie dalixandre li orfelins. vn iour auint que il le prift par la main & dift alixandre biaus fire *vous* feroiz cheualier a la fefte noftre dame fainte marie. Et lors li giete alixandre lef braz au col. & le befe & puis li dift. Sire en ma cheualerie me uint en cefte nuit vn houme en mondormant qui difoit que il auoit efte.[1] & encore difoit vne autre parole qui neft pas meftiers que ie le die. biax alixandres fet li chaftelains fongef eft noianz a ce ne baez vous ia. & alixandre refpont & dift. Sire vous dites voir. Et nepourquant ia mef ne loublierai ie. Et lors le mift le mift li chaftelains en autre parole. & dift que il en foit du tot feurs. que il fera mout richement fet cheualiers. & alixandre la cole & beife pluf de . x . foiz. & dit fire granz merciz. [*fol.* 76, *verso col. i.*] Que vous diroie ie grant ioie & grant fefte fift alixandre de lordre de cheualerie que il deuoit receuoir. Li chaftelains fe painne & trauaille de trouuer li richef robes & belef armes pour lui adouber. Et mout lef trouua beles & richef & plefanz qui pour lui que pour . xx . cheualiers que il baoit aadouber pour amour de lui. Et quant la vegile de la fefte noftre dame fut venue. alixandre veilla en liglyfe de noftre dame. & auec lui lef . xx . varlez qui lordre de cheualerie deuoient receuoir. Et quant li iourz fu venuz & clerf & biauf. La mere alixandre fen uet par deuant la quintainne. Et lors la coumenca aregarder. & puif traift de fouz fon mantel la cote & la chemife ou fon mari eftoit ocis qui toutef eftoient en core en fanglantees & lors lef geta de feur la quintainne. Queft ce font lef autref damef. & cele coumence apleurer. & dift. veez dames la cote & la chemife ou li roif alixandres fu ocis de la main meifmes de fon frere. Li Rois marc de cornoaille. Et lors tert fef eulz & fen entra en liglyfe ou li euefques de miranceis chantoit la meffe.

[1] Harl. reads here "efte morf."

QUE vous diroie ie lef armef furent beneoites & feigniees. Et lors uin*t* auant berangiers li chaftelain*s* & douna lordre de cheualerie a lorfelin alixandre & puis [*col. ii.*] auf autres. Et lorf quant il orent iure le feirement & berengiers leur ot lef efpeef ceintes & dounees lef colees. Lef nouuiax cheualiers qui leur cheuauf eftoient apareilliez deuant liglyfe. montent & fen uont & coumencent abohourder tres deuant les dames & puif fen uont a la quintainne. Et quant Alixandre li orfelins ot feru en la quintainne. Il fareſta & fift figne aus autres que il ne feriffent pluf en la quintainne. & quant fon efcuier fu deuant lui venuz. il li dift. va ten haftiuement au chaftelain & li di de par moi que il fen viengne ceſte part fanz nul delaiement. Li efcuierf fen ala a efperon. & la ou il trouua berengiers fi li dit tout ce que alixandre li mande. Et lors fen uet berengiers & auec lui toute la cheualerie de magance. Et quant alixandre li orfelins vit berengiers. fi li dift. Sire ceft li fongef que ie foniai & la parole que mon pere me dift. & que il me moufterroit la cote & la chemife ou il fu ocis. M*ou*lt fen merueillierent chafcun de cele auenture. & mout en fu tenu grant parlement. Mout pleura alixandre li orfelins la mort de fon pere. mef apres difner fift il affembler fon confeil. Et leur demande que il li dient coument il pourra vengier la mort de fon pere. Et il li loent treftuit que il pour- [*fol.* 77 *col. i.*] chace lamour de triftan. ai*n*z que il en coumence la guerre en contre le felon Roy marc. & fe il ne puet auoir lamour de triftan que il pourchace la mour de lancelot du lac. & fe il na en contre lui ne lancelot ne triftan. delegier pourra ve*n*gier la mort de fon pere. fe il a en lui aucunne proefce. Einfi con vous le me confeilliez voeil ie que il foit fet ce dit alixandre li orfelins. fe nous nen trouuous meilleur confeil. Atant fina leur confeil & porchacierent coument il pourroient trouuer la mour de triftan. mef a celui confeil fu vns traitres qui maintena*n*t fen ala en cornoaille. Et qua*n*t il vit le Roy marc. Si le prift par la main & li dift. Sire ie voeil parler a vous priueement. Et quant li felon Roy oi ce. Il fen ala atout lui en vne chambre qui mout eftoit & coie & ferie. Quant lef . ij . traiteurs plei*n*s de felonnie furent en la chambre li traitre de magance parole & dift vn cheualier fui de magance nez. Sachiez certain*n*ement que li chaftelains de magance deffendi a touz ceus qui alui apartenoient que pour nule befoingne du monde nus de ceus de magance ofaft venir ceſte part. Or en fui ie venuz pour voftre befoingne. & fi vous dirai pour coi. [*col. ii.*]

VOIRS fu que anglediz voftre ferourge fen uin*t* cele part. & mena auec lui vn petit enfant que len apele alixandre lorfelin. Sachiez certainnement que il fu norriz mout a aife. or eft il cheualier adoubez. & ala feſte de fa cheualerie trouua de feur la quintainne la cote & la chemife qui fu de fon pere toute en fanglantee. Et fachiez que iufquef a celui poi*n*t ne fauoit il nule riens de la mort fon pere. fors tant feulement que il dift que il auoit fongie ce que il veoit. Et lors li fu conte & dit que vouf loceiftes. & il demanda confeil de prendre veniance de vof. dont il li fu loez que il pourchacaft lamour de triftan. Et fe il ne la puet auoir que il pourchace lamour de lancelot du lac. Ainz que il coumencaft la guerre en contre vous. Sire ici fui venuz pour conter vous ceſte chofe. ie ne fai ce quil men auendra pour le conter. mef de ce que ie fui venuz ceſte part. en fui ie en auenture de mon heritage. Quant li Rois marc oi ce. il fu fi durement efbahiz que apainne li puet il refpondre. Et nepourquant achief de piece il parole & dift. dant cheualier vous mauez garni de tel chofe dont ie ne cuidoie auoir garde en nule ma- [*fol.* 77 *verso, col. i.*] niere. Et fe vouf auez perdu voftre heritage ie vouf en donrai adoubles & lors li prie

que il ne ſe parte de cornoaille ſanz ſon congie. & il dit que non fera il deuoir le ſache. Lors ſen retourna li roiſ marc entre ſes barons. & mande pour vn cheualier que triſtans amoit autretant coume il feſoit dinas. & quant il i fu venuz. li Rois li diſt ſadoc. Je ſai apertement que tu me trichas de la mort de angledizz & de ſon filz. que tu deis que tu leſ auoieſ en . ij . ocis & ie ſai apertement que alixandre fu adoubez cheualiers a la feſte noſtre dame. Et lors tret feſpee & le vouloit ferir par mila teſte. meſ ſadoc ſe hurta en lui ſi durement q*ue* il la bati aterre tout en vers. & puis feſcrie. A celui cri vint triſtans. & dinas & ferguz. Si en fu en coumenciee vne meſlee mes la Reyne yſeult leſ de parti. dont triſtans en mena ſadoc. iuſques a ſon oſtel. & lors li conta ſadoc la venture. Que vous diroie ie cele nuit meiſmes en voia mon ſeigneur triſtan. ferguz en magance. & manda a ſon couſin que il ſen alaſt el reaume de logres pour eſprouuer ſa cheualerie. Et la ou il trouaſt lancelot du lac ſi ſetiengne pour ſon cheualier iuſqua tant que il ſen vendra ceſte part. Lors ſen ala ferguz en magance et fourni bien ſon meſage. Et quant alixandre oi celui man- [*col. ii.*] dement. Il ſe parti de mangance. Et ſen ala el reaume de logres au congie de ſamere & de ſes amis. Mes atant leſſe li contes a parler dalixandre & du Roi marc & vous conterai du tournoieme*n*t du haut prince Galeholt & de ſeſ amis.

[*Folio* 137 *verso col. i.*]

OR dit li contes & la uraie eſtoire le teſmoingne que alixandre li orfelinſ paſſa la mer & fu venuz el reaume auentureus. il eſtoit mout bien montez & [*col. ii.*] ſemiſt en vn chemin qui co*n*duiſoit au chaſtel breuz. El cheuauche tout celui iour ſa*nz* auenture trouuer qui a conter face. Mes . i . pou deuant veſpreſ auint que il en contra breuz ſanz pitie. El lors regarde breuz & voit quil eſtoit armez a la maniere de cornoaille. do*n*t il ne le doute de riens. Ainz li fu auiſ que il vengeroit ſa honte de ſeur lui. Et ſe aucu*n*s veniſt auant qui me demandaſt de quel honte breuz ſe vouloit vengier. Je leur reſpondroie que ce fu la honte que triſtans li fiſt acelui te*n*ſ que il ſe combati a blanor de Gaunes. Lors eſcrie breuz & diſt danz cheualierſ de cornoaille gardez vous de moi. Quant li orfelins alixandre oi ce il ſa pareille de la iouſte au pluſ bel que il ſauoit. Et lors li leſſe courre breuz au ferir deſ eſperons ſon glaiue mis de ſeur le ſautre. Et alixandre li orfelins ne le refuſa de riens. ainz ſadreſce en contre lui. Meſ tieuſ fu lauenture de la premiere iouſte que li orfelins fiſt que il feri breuz de ſeur ſon eſcu & le pourfent & li hauberz li deront & deſclot & lempaint coume celui qui aſſez auoit force en lui. Si le rue du cheual aterre mout naurez. Et ſe il ne ſen fuſt priſ garde aucheoir que il fiſt li fers du glaiue atout le fuſt [*fol.* 138 *col. i.*] euſt paſſe par mi le cors de breuz que il emporta le troncon au parcheoir que il fiſt. Meſ il le lance ala trauerſe & feri deſ mains premierement a la terre. Et li orfelinſ alixandre paſſe outre que breuz auoit briſie ſon glaiue de ſeur lui. Et quant il ot parfourni ſon poindre il retourne de ſeur breuz tout acheual & diſt. Danz cheualierſ voulez voſ la meſlee deſ eſpeeſ & breuz reſpondi & diſt. Danz cheualierſ or eſt ma honte doublee. pour coi le diteſ vouſ danz cheual*ier*s fet alixandre pour ce que vos eſteſ de cornoaille ſi meſtuet aler vn an ſanz armes ſelo*n*c la couſtume de ceſtui pais. Anon dieu fet alixandre ceſt mauueiſe couſtume a ceus de cornoaille. Et lors penſe alixandre vn petit & a ce ſacorde que ſe il dit que il neſt de cornoaille ſa renoumee ne ſera portee dun leu en autre. Meſ ſe lencuide que il ſoit de cornoaille & la couſtume eſt tele con li cheualiers dit & auenture li doune a outrer leſ cheualierſ mout loing ſen ira ſa renoumee. Et lors hurte ſon cheual deſ eſperons. &

tint celui chemin a deſtre & auenture le conduiſt a la ioieuſe garde. Ilec deſcendi & fu mout bien herbergiez el bourc [*col. ii.*].

DE lautre part breuz monta de ſeur vne litiere que ſon eſcuier fiſt & ſen uont aſon chaſtel. Meſpechiez fu que alixandre ne lociſt. Lors fu breuz deſ armez & li mireſ ifu venuz & cercha ſa plaie & diſt que m*oul*t bien le garira. Et quant il fu gariz il maintint bien la couſtume que de tant con celui an dura il ne porta armes. Dont ce fu granz profiz en celui pais. Que vous diroie ie alendemain ſe leua alixandre lorfelin & arma ſon cors de toutef ſef armes & monta en ſon cheval & coumande ſon oſte adieu & mout le mercia du ſeruiſe que il li auoit fet & li oſtef li diſt que dieus le conduie. Lors entre el chemin qui conduiſoit a la doulereuſe tour. Et cheuaucha tant ſanz auenture trouuer que il fu venuz au pas. Et celui iour meiſmef auoit li mires doune congie akarados que il armaſt ſon cors que il nauoit garde q*ue* ſa plaie eſt bien garie. Et il eſtoit montez entrelui &. iiij. cheualiers & eſtoient venuz au pas pour trouuer ſaphar que len li diſoit que il venoit ſouuent & menu cele part. Quant karados vit venir alixandre li orfelins bien li fu auiſ que ce fuſt ſaphar qui ſef armef euſt changiees pour [*fol* 138, *verso col. i.*] deceuoir ſef cheualiers. Il auoit ſeiourne meint iour & ſentoit entre ſef braz grant force & g*ra*nt vertu. Lors ſe miſt auant & diſt aſef cheualiers & leur prie du retenir ſaphar ſe auenture nouſ fuſt amere que an . ij . ſentiſſons la terre. Et lors beſſe ſon glaiue & fiert ſon cheual deſ eſperons. Et quant alixandre le voit venir il ne le refuſe de riens. Il auoit le glaiue qui fu breuz & lors le miſt de ſeur le fautre. Et ſentrefierent ſi durement que voeille ou non karadoſ eſtuet voidier les arcons & cheoir aterre de ſeur la croupe deſon cheual. Il eſtoit granz et corſuz amerueilles. Si fu mout decaſſez de celui cheoir. Et lors li eſcrieue ſa plaie & la terre cueure de ſanc tout entour lui & il ſe paſme. Et quant alixandre ot parfourni ſon poindre il retourne & en fiert vn autre cheualier ſi durement que il la bat ala terre atout ſon cheual. Et puiſ ſe lance alautre cheualier & li errache le glaiue que il tenoit. Et ſadreſce verſ ſaphar qui venoit cele part au ferir deſ eſperons. Que v*ous* diroie ie ſaphar qui uenoit cele part ne ſauoit que karados fuſt naurez ne abatuz ne paſmez. Il ne ſauoit ala quel partie il ſe teniſt. Mes lors quant vient au parferir entre lui & alixandre tiex fu lauenture que ſaphar briſa ſon glaiue & alixandre le feri ſi durement que [*col. ii.*] il la bat aterre par deſuſ la croupe de ſon cheual. Et quant il leſ atreſtouz abatuz il ſe miſt el ſentier dont il auoit veu que ſaphar venoit. Delautrepart leſ . iiij . cheualiers priſtrent karados & le miſtrent de ſeur ſon eſcu & le conduiſtrent ala doulereuſe tour dont il auoient aſſez du porter. Et ſaphar monta de lautre part & ſuit alixandre a eſperon & la taint quant il mo*n*toit de ſeur la chauciee. Et lors li eſcrie & diſt danz cheualierſ il vouſ eſtuet combatre amoi auſ eſpees. Non ferai ſire celi reſpont li orfelins que la couſtume de no pais le deffent. Et quant ſaphar oi ce il regarde auſ armeſ du cheualier & counut erranment leſ armes de cornoaille. Se il fu courrouciez adeſmeſure ce ne fet mie ademander. Et lors oſte ſon hiaume de ſon chief & le giete ala terre & ſon eſcu auec & oſte ſon hauberc & toutes ſef armes. Et qua*n*t il fu em pur le cors il demande au cheualier & diſt. Dant cheualier de cornoaille diteſ moi ſe dieus vous ſaut coument le fet li bons triſtans. Sire fet alixandre vous dema*n*dez de celui que ie ne vi onqueſ mes. Coument pourroit ce eſtre fet ſaphar. Jaeſt ainſi con ie le vous di fet alixandre. Lors monta ſaphar & cheuauche en la compaingnie dalixa*n*dre iuſqueſ au chaſtel. Et q*ua*nt [*fol.* 139 *recto, col. i.*] palamedeſ qui encore geſoit oi la nouuele que ſon frere eſtoit abatuz

par vn cheualier de cornoaille il ſaut en eſtant & chauca ſef chauces de fer. Et e*n* dementres q*ue* il vouloit veſtir ſon hauberc ſa plaie li eſcreua & il chei coume morz. Et lors vint de ſeur lui ſon eſcuier. Et quant il le vit tel atournez il ſeſcrie a haute voiz. Et lorſ cort cele part & vn & autre. Et q*ua*nt il treuuent palamedeſ tel atournez il furent mout courrouciez. Et lors vint ſon mire & li demande pour coi il ſe vouloit ocirre. Et il reſpont que il ſe vouloit combatre a triſtans q*ue* ot abatu ſon frere. Certeſ fet ſaphar il neſt paſ triſtanſ ai*n*z eſt vns cheualierſ de nouuel adoubez qui onques meſ ne feri cop deſpee.

EN dementreſ que li mireſ deſlioit la plaie de palamedeſ auint que . i . varlet ſen vint en m ila ſale qui venoit de la doulereuſe tour ou il auoit veu karados coume morz. Et que . iijj . cheualiers lauoient aporte en ſon eſcu tout ſe*n*gla*n*t & il eſtoit amurz & ſanz parler. Retourne ameres ſet ſaphar & li di que il eſt abatuz par la main dun cheualier de cornoaille. Et ſache certainnement que il eſt de nouuel adoubez. Celui ſenretourna ameref & fu venuz ala doulereuſe tour. & la ou karados cuidoit que ſa- [*col. ii.*] phar leuſt abatu & celui diſt que vn cheualier de cornoaille lauoit abatu qui de nouuel eſt adoubez & auſi li auoit dit de ſaphar qui ia eſtoit deſgarniz de ſeſ armeſ pour la couſtume maintenir. ha! ſet karados houniz ſui puiſ que iai failli a porter armes vn an entier. James ne ſerai en ſeſinne du chaſtel clarin ne de lautre chaſtel ou ſont leſ . iiij . freres qui toute honte me vont feſant. Lorſ apele vn ſien varlet & li diſt va ten haſtiuement par touz meſ amiſ & leur conte ceſte nouuele. Et leur di que il viengne*n*t ceſte part pour oſtoier. Or vous diroie ie celui varlet ſen ala & leur conta la nouuele atouz les amis pe karados. De lautre part quant palamedeſ fu bendez & bien & bel il demande ou eſt li cheualiers de cornoaille. Et vn cheualier reſpont & diſt que il eſt en loſtel dune veuue dame. Itant feites pour lamour de moi ce dit palamedes au cheualier que vous li feiteſ vne priere de par moi que il me viengne veoir & ſe il ne me vient veoir dites lui que ie irai veoir lui & mi ferai porter en mon eſcu. Li cheualiers ſen ala al oſtel de dame regine & treuue li cheualierſ touz deſarmez. Il le regarde & voit q*ue* il eſtoit vn des biaus cheualiers du monde & poignoit ſeſ [*fol.* 139 *verso, col. i.*] guernons. onqueſ vn ſeul poil nauoit encore de ſeur le guernon. Lors le ſalue li cheualierſ & alixandre li rent ſon ſalu. Danz cheualiers fet le cheualier du chaſtel a vous menuoie vn cheualiers qui giſt maladeſ plaiez que vous le veigniez veoir. Et ſe vous ni voulez venir il ſe fera aporter enceſtui oſtel en ſon eſcu. A non dieu fet alixandre celui outrage ne ſouffer-rai ie ia. Ainz men irai auec vous iuſqueſ la ou il eſt. Et puiſ men retournerai arrieres en loſtel a ceſte dame que dieus li doi*n*t ioie que ſi bel me recut. An . ij . leſ cheualiers ſen vont au paleſ. Meſ ie voeil bien que vouſ ſachiez que treſtuit courent pour veoir ſa biaute. Il eſtoit de mi pie plus lonc que nus des autres cheualiers. Et auoit le viſ couloure & leſ cheueus blois & eſtoit vn pou cras. Et quant il fu deuant le lit de palamedes il le ſalue & il li rent ſon ſalu & ſe vouloit leuer en contre ſa venue. Mes alixandre ſe miſt erranment de ſeur le lit de palamedes pour ce que il ne ſe leuaſt. Danz cheulierſ fet palamedeſ maintes foiz ai ie eſte en cornoaille onques ni vi ſi bele fourme doume coume vous auez. Coument *le* fet la Reyne yſeult. Sire fet alixandre len me vet co*n*ta*n*t [*col. ii.*] que mout bien le fet cele de qui vouſ me demandez. Mes onques ne la ui des mes eulz. Dieuſ aide fet palamedes neſteſ vouſ acointeſ de triſtans de loenois. Nanil ſire fet alixandre & ou auez vouſ do*n*c reperie ce dit palamedes. Sire fet il ce ne vous dirai ie paſ. Mout le regarde palamedes & mout fu engrant de ſauoir

qui il eſtoit. Meſ alixandre ne li en deſcouuri nule riens. Mout priſe ſa biaute & mout le regarda. Et quant alixandre ot tenu parlement a palamedeſ vne g*ra*nt piece il ſe lieue en eſtant. & coumande palamedes a dieu. Et il li eure bones auentureſ & mout li promiſt ſon ſeruiſe. Que vous diroie ie lorſ ſenretourna alixandre arrieref & ſen ala aloſtel a la veuue dame ou il fu bien receuz. & la table eſtoit dreciee & li ſouperſ apareilliez. Lors li fu leue dounee & il ſaſiſt & ot a mengier viandeſ de diuerſeſ manieref. & la nuit fu couchiez mout aaiſe dont il dormi iuſqueſ alendemain. Et quant li iourz fu venuz & biauſ & clerſ eſtoit li tens. Alixandre arma ſon cors de toutef ſef armeſ & monta en ſon cheual & coumande la dame adieu & ele li reſpont & diſt que dieus le conduie. Mes atant leſſe li contes [*fol.* 140 *col. i.*] a parler de ceſte auenture & parole de perceual & deſ prophecies merlin & de lermite.

[*Fol.* 143 *recto, col. i.*]

CI en droit dit li contes que lors q*ua*nt li roiſ marc de cornoail le fu certai*n*ſ que alixandre li petiz orfelins ſen eſtoit alez el reaume de logres. Il fu tant dolenz & tant courrouciez con nul pluſ & diſt aſoi meiſmeſ que des ore meſ ſaura treſtouz li mondeſ apertement ſa felonnie. Et lors quant leſ compaingnons de la table roonde en orront parler ia ne ſe ſoufferront que il ne vie*n*gnent en cornoaille pour vengier la mort du pere alixandre. Mout penſa li felons & a ce ſacorde que il en voiera apreſ ſef [*col. ii.*] amiſ & le fera ocirre en traiſon ou par venin ou dune maniere ou dautre. Il apele le traitor de magance & li diſt. Sire or iparra alixandre li orfelins ſen eſt alez ainſi con vous meiſmes le mauez conte. Ceſt voirſ ce dit li traitreſ & que baez vouſ afere. Je le vouſ dirai ce dit li roiſ marc. Je voeil que vous meiſmeſ vouſ metez apres lui. Teiſiez ſire ce reſpont li traitreſ que il me counoiſt apertement. Et de lautre part ie ne ſui cheualier de preuue ſe ie veniſſe deuant ſon glaiue il mocirroit ala premiere iouſte. Mes ie vous en conſeillerai en autre maniere. En voiez eſ foreſ de logres de voz amis & ſe herbergeront & ca & la. Et puiſ en voiez apreſ lui de voz amiſ & de voz damoiſelles meſagiereſ que tant ſe trauaillent ca & la que leſ le truiſſent. Et lorſ quant aucunnes deſ damoiſelles laura trouue ſi li criez merci quele le conduie en aucun leu. Et puis face tant que chief aucun de ceuſ que vouſ auroiz en voiez en la foreſt le conduie. Et il aient le venin afetiez ſi li doingnent erranment & ainſi ſeroiz vouſ deliurez de lui. Certeſ fet li roiſ marc vouſ men auez ſi bien conſeillie que ie nenquier meilleur conſeil. Que vouſ diroie ie maintenant en voia li roiſ marc querre. xv. de ſef [*fol.* 143 *verso, col. i.*] priuez amiſ. Et quant il furent venuz ſi leur fiſt ſauvoir pour coi il leſ auoit mandez. Et quant il oirent ce il diſtre*n*t que il eſtoient apareilliez pour aler la ou il coumanderoit & il mande leſ damoiſelleſ venir deuant lui & leur diſt que pour amour de lui leſ eſtuet traueillier par leſ forez de logres & ca & la & tant que alixandre ſoit trouuez. Et lors quant il ſera trouuez tant facent que il ſoit conduiz par aucun enging chief aucun de ceſ houmeſ qui parmi leſ forez de logres ſeront herbergiez.

QUANT leſ damoiſelleſ oire*n*t ce eleſ dient queleſ ne counoiſſent le cheualier & que le trauail queleſ feroient feroit painne gaſtee. Et lors parole li traitres de magance & diſt. Damoiſelleſ le cheualier que vouſ deuez querre eſt de petit aage. Et lors leur deuiſe ſa facon & diſt que encore nauoit il poil de ſeur le menton. Sire font leſ damoiſelleſ il ne remaindra pour painne ne pour trauail que il ne ſoit trouuez. Que vouſ diroie ie li roiſ marc pleins de felonnie auoit le venin mout bien apareillie. ſi le de parti auſ houmeſ que il en veoit el reaume de logres & mout leſpria que

il acheuaſſe*n*t ſa beſoingne & que au retourner que il feront tant leur donra de ſon auoir que iameſ ne [*col. ii.*]. feront ſe richeſ non. Et autre tel diſt il aus damoiſelles. & il li promiſtrent que pour defaute deuls ne remaindra que ſabeſoingne ne ſoit acheuee. Et leſ damoiſelleſ en diſtre*n*t autretant. Li roiſ marc fiſt apareillier . ij . neſ pour ce que nuſ ne ſa perceuſt de ſa felonnie que il vouloit feire. Et quant eleſ furent apareilliees. Lorſ ſe miſtrent leſ houmes en vne deſ nes & leſ damoiſelleſ en lautre. Li tens eſtoit bons & li venz bien portanz. Les marinniers dreſcent leur voileſ au vent. & ſe miſtrent en haute mer. Tant ſen vont leſ neſ par mi la mer que leſ furent ariueeſ el reaume de logres & ce fu auqueſ preſ de louezerp. Ilec ſen iſſirent treſtuit aſeche terre & ſeiournerent ilec . iiij . iourz. Et puis ſe departent parmi ceſ forez ainſi con li roiſ marc lauoit coumande. Leſ damoiſelles furent . xlij . do*n*t chaſcun de ceſ houmes en ot . iij . & puiſ priſtrent congie lu*n* de lautre. Et diſtrent que au chief de lan ſa ſemblent treſtuit en celui leu meiſmeſ & auſi facent leſ damoiſelleſ & puiſ ſentrecoumandent a dieu. Or ſen vont chaſcun ſa uoie & entrent en ſentiers qui conduiſoient en diuerſeſ forez lun ſen va en la foreſt perilleuſe & tieuſ iot en la foreſt de kamaalot & tiex en la foreſt [*fol.* 144 *recto, col. i.*] de pomengloiſ & tieus en la foreſt de brocelyande & tieus iot en la foreſt de londres. Que vous diroie ie chaſcunſ entra en ſa foreſt auec leſ . iij . damoiſelles. Et ſachiez certainnement que ſe dame dieus nen penſe de lorfelin alixandre il eſt morz que il ne ne puet tenir nul ſentier que il ne chiee eſ mains deſ houmeſ ou deſ damoiſelleſ qui ſa mort vo*n*t pourchacant. Chaſcunſ ſe herberge en vne meſon que aſſez en trouuoit len a celui tens par mi leſ forez ou em parfont ou delez le chemin ou delez fontainnes & en touz leus.

DE lautre part li felons Rois marc en voia amorgain ſes lettres & ſeſ prieresſ que ſe alixandre li orfelinſ cheiſt en ſeſ mains que le nen preiſt en reancon la moitie du reaume de logres. Meſ maintenant le feiſt ocirre. Et autretel en voia il a breuz & au Roy claudas de la ſerte. Or penſe dieus de lorfelin alixandre. Mes atant leſſe li contes aparler de ceſte auenture que bien iſaura retourner & vouſ conterai de morgain la fee. [*col. ii.*]

EN ceſte partie dit li contes q*ue* nouueleſ qui toſt courent & par amo*n*t & par aual vint vne damoiſelle au chaſtel morgain. Et ſachiez certainnement que cele damoiſelle eſtoit mout acointe de morgain & ſauoit mout de ſon eſtre. Et lors quant ele la vit entre leſ autres dameſ ſi la priſt par la main & la treſt a vne part & puiſ li diſt. Dame merueilles vouſ puiſ conter dun cheualier qui par mi le chemin eſtroit ſen vet. Et lors li conte coument li cheualierſ auoit abatu karadoſ & ſeſ cheualiers & coument il auoit abatu ſaphar. Et coument ele ſen ala apreſ lui & le vit le viſage deſcouuert & li conta la biaute qui eſtoit en lui. Dame fet ele ie men ſui venue a vous que buer fuſſiez nee ſe vous le teniſſiez. Quant morgain oi ce ele fu tant liee que nule pluſ que puiſ que il ſeſt mis el chemin eſtroit il ne li puet eſchaper ce li eſt auiſ. Et lors mande ſeſ cheualiers que il viengnent deuant lui apareilliez pour monter. Et quant leſ cheualiers oirent le mandement il ſapareillent au pluſ bel que [*fol.* 144 *verso, col. i.*] il onqueſ peuent. Et puiſ montent & ſen viennent deuant morgain apareilliez de toutеſ armes. Et quant morgain leſ vit venir ele ſen vet droitement la ou la Reyne de norgaleſ & ſebile lenchantereſſe la te*n*doient. Que vous diroie ie quant eleſ virent morgain apareilliee pour monter. eles parolent lune alautre & dient pour noient auon nous ici dedenz muſe certeſ trichieeſ nouſ amorgain. En dementres queleſ diſoient ainſi auint que morgain diſt. Dameſ il meſtuet aler en vn mien aſeire auques loing de ci. Je vous cou-

mant adieu. mon chaſtel & quan que iai eſt a vous. Alez dame ſont eleſ que dame diex vous conduie a ſauuete feteſ nouſ aſauoir de voſtre eſtre ou ci ou ailleurs que par auenture nouſ ſeiourneron*s* ici dedenz vn mois entier. Mout volentiers le ferai ce dit morgain. Et lorſ ſentrebeiſent an .ij. & la conuoient iuſqueſ au monter. En dementres que morgain vouloit monter auint que vn varlet ſe miſt agenoulz deuant & puis li diſt. Dame li roiſ marc de cornoaille vouſ ſalue & puiſ litent vneſ lettreſ & morgain leſ priſt & briſe le ſeel & coumenca alire. Et treuue lettreſ qui diſoient que le nouuel cheualier [*verso* 144 *col. ii.*] de cornoaille qui ſeſt miſ el reaume de logreſ eſt ſon anemi mortel. Et ſe dieuſ & auenture la portaſt entre ſeſ mains que le nen praingne en reancon la moitie du treſor de logreſ. Et lors deuiſent leſ lettreſ la facon de lorſelin alixandre & ſa coulour et ſon vis ainſi con li traitres de magance lauoit deuiſe au felon roi marc.

QUANT morgain vit que ces lettres ſa cordent au parler dela damoiſelle qui la nouuele du cheualier li auoit aportee ele la rapele & diſt. diteſ moi damoiſelle en quiex armes veiſtes vous le cheualier fet morgain. Dame ſet ele il eſtoit armez a la maniere de cornoaille. Et quant morgain oi ce ele priſt le varlet par la main & le treſt a une part & puiſ li diſt. Dimoi varlet ſe dieuſ te ſaut ot li roiſ marc pourchaciee la mort dalixandre en autre maniere forſ pour ſeulement en voier ſeſ lettres aſeſ amiſ oil dame fet li varlez. Et lorſ li conte toute la deſloiaute que li rois marc en auoit fete. Et quant morgain oi ce ele diſt varlet itant voeil ie que tu dieſ au roi marc que ie en ferai tout mon pooir. Et lorſ coumande morgain q*ue* toutef ſeſ damoiſelles montent apreſ lui & que ia nules nen remaingne el chaſtel. Mout ſe meueillent leſ da- [*fol.* 145 *recto, col i.*] moiſeleſ de ce que leur dameſ leur auoit coumande. Et nepourquant eleſ montent & ſen vont apreſ morgain qui ia ſen aloit. Que vouſ diroie ie quant morgain ot tant cheuauchie quele perdi la venue de ſon chaſtel ele deſcent & apele ſeſ damoiſelles. Et quant eleſ furent en tour lui venues morgain parole & diſt il vouſ eſtuet aler par mi ceſ forez & la ou vouſ trouueroiz aucun cheualier ſi feteſ tant ſe il puet eſtre que vouſ le conduiſiez en aucun mien chaſtel. Et ſe vous trouuez que il ſoit de cornoaille feteſ le areſter de denz & me venez querre. Et ſe vouſ trouuez que il ſen alaſt en conduit daucunne damoiſelle eſcriez li venin la tent ſe il ne ſen prent garde. Et q*ua*nt leſ damoiſelleſ oirent ce eles montent & dient dame ia por painne ne pour trauail ne remai*n*dra que li cheualierſ ne ſoit trouez. Et lors leſ coumande morgain toutes adieu. Et ſe aucunſ veniſt auant qui me demandaſt combien de damoiſelleſ il furent ie leur conterai queleſ furent . C . & . x . q*ue* toutef ſe miſtrent par diuerſ cheminſ. Et morgain leur auoit coumande que cele queſte ſoit maintenue iuſqua . vij . mois. Quant morgai*n* ot en voiees ſeſ damoiſelleſ & ca & la ele monta entre lui [*col. ii.*] & ſa meſniee & ſe miſtrent el chemin eſtroit. Tant cheuauchierent entre morgain & ſa compaingnie que la nuit fu venue oſcure. Lors deſcent & ſe herberge en ſon paueillon. Et leſ tables furent miſeſ ſi ore*n*t au ſouper deſ viandes quele auoit coumande aaporter apres lui ſelonc ſa couſtume. En dementreſ quele ſeoit au ſouper. Atant ez vous venir cele part . iiij . cheualierſ leſ . ij . eſtoient deſ armez & li autre dui armez. Lorſ deſcendent deuant le paueillon. Et qua*n*t il miſtrent leur chief dedenz le paueillon il counurent morgain & ele euls. Lors fu la ioie mout grant entreuſ apreſ ce que il ſe furent entre ſaluez. Morgain coumande que leue leur ſoit dounee apreſ ce que il ſe furent deſ armez. Et il ſaſieent & meniuent auec morgain. Et ſe aucuns veniſt auant qui me demandaſt qui furent les . iiij . cheual*ier*s ie leur reſpondrai que les . ij . qui armez

eſtoient auoient a non li vns helyanz de gomoret & li autre qui ſon frere eſtoit auoit non raz de gomoret & eſtoient an . ij . prochai*n*s parenz du Roy artus. Leſ autreſ . ij . eſtoient de tarmelyde & prochains parenz de la Reyne Guenieure. Meſ il ſe tenoient an . ij . ala fauſſe Guenieure. Meſ il ſe tenoient an . ij . ala fauſſe Guenieure. Li uns deuls auoit non [*fol.* 145 *verso, col. i.*] Gurz & lautre cora*n*z ceſ . ij . eſtoient deſ armez & an . ij . eſtoient prochains parenz.

QUE vous diroie ie lorſ demande morgain & diſt. Seigneurs quele auenture vouſ a conduit ceſte part. Il diſtrent quil venoient dun tornoiement qui eſt feruz la aua*n*t auqueſ bel tres deuant vn chaſtel. Et qui emporta lenneur ce dit morgain. Anon dieu fet guiz de tarmelyde qui que emporte loneur ie en ai honte & aurai iuſqua tant que ceſtui an ſera paſſez & coranz en aura autre tant. coument fu ce fet morgain. Dame fet guiz voirſ fu que entre moi & coranz eſtio*n*s dune partie & ſi lauions ſi bien fet que tuit fuioient deuant nouſ. Et lors auint par auenture que vn cheualier ſe miſt el renc. Et fu tel lauenture que il en abati de noſtre partie . xl . cheualierſ & abati coranz au cop de ſeſpee. Quant ie vi ce ſi me miſ en contre lui meſpee e*n*poingniee & li dounai vn cop amont de ſeur le hiaume dont il ne ploia tant ne quant & ie li en dounai vn autre cop. & il paſſa outre & puiſ retourna arriere & me priſt au hiaume & ſi me flatiſt aterre. Et puiſ ſe miſt en la preſle & chaca treſtouz ceuſ de ma-partie horſ du champ. Dame quant il ſen vouloit aler. Lors li fu au deuant la damoiſelle du chaſ- [*col. ii.*] tel cele par qui li tournoiemenz auoit feru & le fiſt deſcendre en ſon chaſtel. Et quant il fu deſ armez la damoiſelle nouſ fiſt aſauoir que il eſtoit vn cheualier de cornoaille. Dont vouſ ſauez la couſtume de logreſ & ce quele requiert de ſeur leſ corneualois. Dame bien furent . C . cheualiers dune partie qui tuit orent gete leur armes treſ deuant le chaſtel en deſpit de cornoaille. Quant morgain oi ce ele fu tant liee & tant ioieuſe con nule pluſ. Et lors demande & diſt. Dites moi ſe diex vouſ ſaut ou eſt li cheualiers de cornoaille. Dame fet il la damoiſelle du chaſtel le tient a ſeiour & ſi vous dirai pour coi. voirs fu que cele damoiſelle eſt amarier. Et vn ſien voiſin ot mande & preſ & loing deſfendant auſ cheualierſ que nuſ ne ſen oſaſt entremetre ſe il ne ſe veult aincoiſ combatre a lui. Or la la damoiſelle trouue preudoume ſi le metra en champ encontre celui ſien voiſien. Et ſe dieus li doune lenneur de cele bataille ele le pre*n*dra a mari ie le ſai apertement. Quant morgain oi ce ele coumence a penſer coument ele pourroit deſtourner celui mariage. A ce ſacorde quele ſira herbergier en celui chaſtel. Et quant ele ot fine celui penſe ele parole & dit. Seignor cheualier que baez vouſ afere. [*fol.* 146 *recto, col. i.*] Je be fet celui que len apeloit Guiz a aler iuſqueſ au chaſtel dune moie antain qui eſt en la terre forainne & ſerai tant ilec que litermeſ dun an ſoit paſſez. Et autretel en diſt lautre qui deſ armez eſtoit que il ſen iroit chief ſa fereur en la foreſt perilleuſe. Que vouſ diroie ie quant il orent mengie & beu tout par leſir il ſe lieuent deſ tableſ qui de ſeur lerbe eſtoient miſeſ ſe lonc la couſtume deſ paueillons. il ſe couchent treſtuit en tenteſ & en paueillonſ & dormirent iuſqueſ au iour. Et a lendemain ſe lieuent & vn & autre. Leſ . iiij . cheualierſ ſen vont leur voie & coumandent morgain adieu & ele leur eure bone auenture. Lors monte morgain entre lui & ſa compaingnie & cheuauchent tant que il virent celui chaſtel. Meſ lanuit ſeuruint ſi ne puet ataindre au chaſtel de iourz. Lorſ ſe herberge en vne valee en ſon paueillon. A lendemain ſe leua & mo*n*ta & cheuaucha iuſques au chaſtel. Ilec deſcendi morgain & ſe herberia dedenz. Meſ ata*n*t leſſe li contes aparler de ceſte auenture & parole du haut prince Galeholt & de ſa compaingnie.

[*Fol.* 165 *recto, col. ii.*]

OR dit li co*n*tes & la uraie eſtoire le teſmoingne que alendemain leua [*verso, col. i.*] li orfelins alixandre auqueſ matin qui mout fu liez de ce que li iourz eſtoit venuz que il ſen cuidoit partir dilec. Mes la damoiſelle fu venue deuant lui & li diſt. Sire cheualier vouſ auez aſſez gaagnie ſi bele damoiſelle con ie ſui & ſi biau chaſtel & quan quil iapent & tant me dites que baez *vous* afere il vouſ eſtuet combatre a vn mien voiſin ſe vouſ voulez que ceſtui paiſ ſoit empeſ. Or viengne ſet li orfelinſ alixandre que ia neli ſaudrai de la bataille. La nouuele eſtoit ale amalagrin le felon que vn cheualier de cornoaille auoit vai*n*cu le tournoiement & ſeſtoit herbergiez auec la damoiſele el chaſtel & il auoit priſ ſeſ armes & monte en ſon cheual. Endementres que li orfelinſ alixandre & la damoiſelle tenoient parlement. Atant ez vous malagrin venir armez de toutes armes. & montez de ſeur vn cheual fort & iſnel. Et quant la damoiſelle le voit venir ſi le mouſtre a alixandre. Et quant ille voit il arma ſon cors de toutef ſes armeſ & len li auoit apareillie ſo*n* cheual & il monta ſuſ erranment & li fu en mi le vis & diſt. Danz cheualierſ que querez que demandez. Et lorſ reſpont malagrin & diſt. Da*nz* ch*eualier*ſ auez vouſ eſpouſee la damoiſelle. Nanil ſet alixandre. meſ vou- [*col ii.*] lez la vouſ eſpouſer ce dit malagrin. Je en ferai mon vouloir ſet alixandre. Cheualier de cornoaille ce dit malagrin trop eſteſ orgueilleuſ & vouſ qui nauez point dorgueil ſet alixandre que alez demandant ainſi armez con vouſ eſtes. puis que ſauoir le voulez ce dit malagrin gardez vouſ de moi que ie vouſ deffi autretel vouſ di ie ſet alixandre li orfelins. Que vous diroie ie lorſ ſe p*art* li vns de lautre & puiſ ſentreuiennent au ferir deſ eſpero*n*s leur glaiueſ miſ de ſeur leſ fautres. Et puiſ ſentre fierent ſi durement que li pluſ foibles chei ala terre par de ſeur la croupe du cheval. Et li plus puiſſanz paſſa outre au ferir deſ eſperons. Et quant il ot parfourni ſon poindre il deſcent & priſt ſon eſcu par leſ en armes & oſte ſeſpee du fuerre & ſapareille de la bataille. Malagrin qui aterre fu abatuz ſaut en eſtant courrouciez & pleins de mautalent. Il priſt ſon eſcu par leſ en armeſ & oſte ſeſpee du fuerre & ſadreſce en verſ alixandre. Et quant il fu auqueſ pres de lui il parole & diſt. Danz cheualiers de cornoaille tu maſ houni ſe meſpee ne me venge de toi. Meſ ie voeil bien que tu ſacheſ aincoiſ que ie mete main en vouſ que ie ai ocis de ceſte eſpee meiſmes . x. cheualiers par lou- [*fol.* 166 *recto, col. i.*] trage que cele damoiſelle me fiſt & . x. en ai ge ocis par mon orgueil & . x. entraiſon. Dont ie di apertement que tu nen puez eſchaper vif.

CHETIS cheualiers ſet li orfelins alixandre tu aſ regehie ta mort de la traiſon que tu en aſ fete tu le comperraſ. Je ſui eſtrait du lignage deſ roiſ dont ie enprendrai la veniance garde ton corſ que tu eſ morz. Et lorſ li queurt alixandre ſuſ ſeſpee leuee contremont & malagrin ne le refuſe paſ. Lorſ ſentrefierent an . ij . de ſeur leſ hiaumeſ & en a batent ala terre granz chantiax. Durement ſe deffendent & aſaillent lun lautre & mout ſentreblecent aus cox de leur eſpees & ſentrefont plaieſ petiteſ & granz. Si vous di apertement que ſe lun eſt viſtes & lautre legiers. ſe lun eſt preuz & lautre hardiz. Lun ne doute lautre Lun neſpargne lautre de douner granz cox & aſpreſ & peſanz. Et lautre ne leſ pergne de rendre ce que lautre li preſte ainz li rent ſouuentes forz adoubles. Que vouſ diroie la bataille fu ſi dure & ſi aſpre con ie vouſ ai conte. Et dura deſ bien heure de prime iuſ- q*ues* a ueſpreſ tout parigal. Mes acele eure auint droitement que alixandre li orfelins geta vn cop amont de ſeur le hiaume & conſuit malagrin ſi dure- [*col. ii.*] ment que ſe il ne fuſt lanciez dautre part il li euſt pourſendue la teſte en . ij . moitiez ace que leſpee chei de ſeur vne autre plaie qui li

auoit efte feite. Que vous diroie ie de celui cop que malagrin ot receu fu il mout empiriez & mout feuet regardant que alixandre ne le refiere derechief. Et q*ua*nt alixandre voit celui femblant bien li fu auif que malagrin nauroit verf lu duree. Et lorf auife tant que il le fiert derechief en celui leu meifmef & eftort fon cop fi labat ala terre naurez amort. Et quant il le vit deuant fef piez il parole & dift. Danz cheualierf felons voftre felonnie vous ahouniz tant auez couru que or vous eftuet gefir ala terre maugre voftre. Et quant il a ce dit il li errache le hiaume de la tefte & le giete en voie & puif li abat la uoitaille & li trenche la tefte du bu. Et quant alixandre li ot la tefte cofpee il boute fefpee vfuerre. Et qua*n*t il vouloit monter le fanc le coumenca a afeblir que il ne puet monter feur fon cheual ainz leftuet couchier ala terre ou il vou*l*ift ou non.

LORS vint morgain feur lui & dift danz cheual*ier*s ie fai apertement que vous eftef durement naurez. dame fet il vouf dites voir. vouf eftef cheuz en tieus [*fol.* 166 *verso, col. i.*]. mains fet morgain qui bien vouf faura garir. Granz merciz dame fet alixandre. En dementref q*ue* morgain tenoit parlement a alixandre. atant ez vouf venir la damoifelle du chaftel en la compaingnie de meint preudoume. Dont il priftrent alixandre & le miftrent de feur fon efcu & lemporterent el chaftel & morgain fen ala apref. Et quant il fu conduit en vne chambre morgain fentremift de fef plaies guerir apref ce que li hauberz li fu ofte du dos. Et fachiez certainnement que il auoit . xv . plaies entre petitef & g*ra*nz & fi en auoit il vne mout perilleufe & mout redoutable por garir. Et nepourquant morgain dift que mout bien le garira. Et lors li benda mout bien fef plaies. mef aincoif li mift de fuf tel oignement qui mout lempira dont il fu cele nuit en angoiffe de mort. Alendemain vint morgain & li eure bon iour & li dift dame au iour fui ie venuz dont ie ne le cuidoie iamef veoir. Mes ala nuit veoir ai ge failli fi con ie croi iamef la nuit ne verrai. Non fet morgain queft ce que vous dites. Dame fet il iai perdu treftout le pooir de mef membref. Et lors le deflia morgain & q*ua*nt il fu defliez ele parole & dift. Alixandre biauf douz amif fe ie vous faz oublier touz max [*col. ii.*] & toute doulour quel loier me donrez vous. Et il refpont & dift quan que iai vmonde & quan que ie puis. Creantez le moi coume cheualierf ce dit morgain & alixandre li creante erranment. Et lors li mift morgain de feur fef plaies tel oignement & fi precieus que il en chaca de feur lui toute doulour. Dont il dift dame gari mauez. Je en fui liee fet ele. Que vouf diroie ie la damoifelle du chaftel le fefoit fi bel & fi bien feruir que nul houme malade ne pourroit iamef eftre miex. Et quant ele vit que il tournoit a garifon ele fu tant liee & tant ioieufe con nule pluf.

UN iour auint quele prift morgain par la main & la treft a vne part & li dift. Dame ie vouf pri en touz guerredons que vouf feites tant pour lamour de moi que alixandre me prai*n*gne a fame. Et quant morgain oi ce ele refpont & dift coume cele qui fanz blafme en vouloit eftre & dift. damoifelle venez deuant lui & fi orroiz coument ie li en proierai. Et lors la moine deuant le lit alixandre. Mes ele li auoit m*ou*lt bien deffendu que en nule maniere du monde ne preift la damoifelle du chaftel afame. Et alixandre la auoit creante que ie ne la prendra. Que vous diroie ie quant elef furent deuant le lit. Lorf p*ar*ole [*fol.* 167 *recto, col. i.*] morgain & dift alixandre or toft du garir que fi bele damoifelle con ceste eft voeil ie que vouf prai*n*gniez afame & fi uous en pri ie quanque prier vous en puis que vous ne vous en efcondifiez en nule maniere du monde que vous lauez chier achetee dont ele vous amera m*ou*lt. Dame fet alixandre qui na du fien mauueifement puet douner. Sachiez

certainnement que ie ne ſui paſ a moi pour otroier ce que vous me requerez ne vous poiſt paſ ce que iendirai illi eſtuet baer autre part que amoi aele failli. Quant la damoiſelle oi ce ele embroncha lateſte & fu vne grant piece penſiue. Et nepourquant a chief de piece reſpont & diſt. Sire cheualier puiſ que iai failli auouſ tant feites con la couſtume req*u*ert. Et que en requiert la couſtume fet alixandre. La couſtume fet ele requiert que vous me doingniez a vn autre cheualier. Mout volontiers le ferai ie fet alixandre alendemain le vous donrai. Ag*ra*nt ioie & agrant feſte furent ceus de leenz de leur dame qui deuoit eſtre mariee. Et de ce que malagrin ſon mauueſ voiſin eſtoit ociſ. Et q*ua*nt la damoiſelle ſen fu alee lorſ apele alixandre morgain & diſt. Dame li quieuſ donrons nouſ a la damoiſelle & ele reſpont & diſt. quele le ueut ſauoir de lui meiſmes. Lors ſen ala morgain en la chambre ou la damoiſelle eſtoit & li diſt. Diteſ moi aqui baez vous que alixandre vouſ doi*n*t. Je bee fet ele a vn cheualier de ceſ [*col. ii.*] tui pais que len apele guerin le groſ. puiſ que vous ibaez fet morgai*n* & vous lauroiz.

A LENDEMAIN auqueſ par tens ſe leua alixandre a quelque painne & ſen vint en mi la ſale & treuue la damoiſelle mout aceſmee & dames & damoiſelles auec lui agrant plente & barons & cheualiers en viron. Et quant Alixandre iſu venuz tuit ſe lieuent en contre ſa venue. Et quant il furent tuit en pes. Lors parole alixandre & diſt. Ou eſtes vous dant guerin li groz venez aua*n*t. Et quant guerin ſoi nomer il ſaut auant & diſt ſire veez me ci. Et lors priſt alixandre la damoiſelle par la main & diſt. Garin tenez que ie vous doing ceſte damoiſelle afame & ceſtui chaſtel & quen quil ia pent pour doaire. Granz merciz ſire ce dit guerin & ie ainſi la preng. Grant fu la ioie & la feſte en celui iour que mout furent liez & vn & autre de ce que guerin li gros priſt leur dame afame. Que vous diroie ie en dementres que la ioie en forcoit & morgain la deſloial auoit fet apareillier vne litiere deuant la porte du chaſtel. Et lors priſt alixandre par la main & diſt. biauſ amiſ venez aual que ceſte noiſe vouſ ennuie mout. Je ai fet tendre . i . paueillon ou vouſ ſeroiz ſanz noiſe. Et alixandre qui de nule rienſ ne ſen prenoit garde ſen ala auec lui. Et quant il fu deuant la porte du chaſtel & il vit la litiere [*fol.* 167 *verso*] ſi bien apareilliee & ſi bel con nule pl*us* il monta de ſuſ & ſe coucha auques bel. Et morgain li douna aboiure de tel vin que il fu eranment en dormiz. Et ele monta & toute ſa meſniee & cheuauchierent tant par leur iournees que il furent venuz en moins de . iij . iourz a la bele garde vchaſtel qui fu de ſa mere. En bele garde fu deſcenduz alixandre li orfelinſ & couchiez en vne chambre mout a aiſe. Et au quart iour quant il ſeſueilla & il ouuri leſ eulz ſi uoit que il eſtoit en vne chambre mout bien en courtinee. Il ſeſcrie & morgain loi ſi ſen uint cele part & quant il la uoit ſi li diſt. dame ou ſui ie. biaus amiſ fet ele en mon chaſtel ou ie vouſ garirai auq*ue*ſ par tens. Il meſt mout bel alixandre. Et lors li doune morgai*n* amengier. Et quant il ot mengie ſi priſt garde de ſeſ plaies q*ue* il nen ſentoit nule doulour. Mout fu aaiſe alixandre ta*n*t con il fu bleciez. Mes deſ lors en auant que il fu gariz il fu courrouciez & tant dolent con nul plus. Mes atant leſſe li contes aparler de ceſte auenture & parole de la court le Roy artus & de la dame daualon que merlin envoia en yrlande autens que in viuoit.

. . . . .

[*fol.* 182 *recto, col. i.*] vous en eſtes deceue que ie naim ne moi ne autrui puis que entel leu ſui ſanz iſſir de ceenz. Sire cheualier fet la damoiſelle de ceenz ne poez vous iſſir ſe par moi non & ſi vous dirai pourcoi. Je ſai apertement que vous auez creante priſon ala dame de ceenz. Et ſi voeil que vous ſachiez quele ne vous retient pour autre achoiſon fors ſeulement

pour ſaouler ſa luxure. Teſiez damoiſelle fet alixandre quele eſt de ſi grant aage quele ne bee atel choſe. En non dieu fet la damoiſelle mal la counoiſſiez que ie voeil que vous ſachiez que tout ſon eſpoir & ſon trauail neſt ſe pour ſaouler ſa luxure non. Et tant voeil ie que vous ſachiez ce dit li orfelins alixandre que aincoiſ que ie me couchaſſe oſi leide choſe & oſi uielle con eſt morgain trencheroie ie ames . ij . mains an . ij . meſ pendanz. Et lors coumenca la damoiſelle a rire mout durement & puiſ parole & diſt.

DANS cheualiers ſe croire me voulez ia morgain ne beera a vous pour ſa luxure. Et ſi vous deliuerrai de ceenz ſanz vous meffere des couuenances. Damoiſelle fet alixandre iotroi ce que vous voulez ſauf mon creant. Dites moi que vous en baez afere. Sire fet la damoiſelle il vouſ eſtuet tant amer moi con ie faz vous. que morgain eſt ma couſinne [*col. ii.*] germainne de uoir le ſachiez voſ. Et puiſ quele ſaura que vous eſtes a moi ele ne beera ia mes a vous. Et ie donrai ceſtui chaſtel auquans du paſ par nuit q*ue* maintenant i ſera meitre le feu & abatre les murs & les torſ ala terre. Dont vous en ſeroiz deliurez erranment. puis que vous le voulez ainſi fere fet li orfelins ie garderai la piece de terre armez de toutef armeſ . ij . anz entiers en contre touz houmes morgain ne me leſſa pas la garde du chaſtel ainz leſſa mon cors en la garde dautr*ui* dont iene doi garantir ſon c*haſ*tel. Se ainſi le fetes ie men ti*ens* bien apaiez. Lors li court la damoiſelle les braz tenduz & le beſe & il beſe lui & puiſ en fiſt autre choſe qui apartient au beſier. Grant ioie de moine la damoiſelle de lorfelin alixandre & mout ſe ſolace & le beſe & en fet tout ſon bon & il coume celui qui rienſ ne*n* ſauoit de cele choſe en coumenca afere ſelonc la couſtume. Et ſachiez certainnement que cele damoiſelle entra en cele chambre pucele dont ilec acele foiz perdi ſon pucelage. Et quant il ont grant piece de mene *en* leur ioie lors diſt la damoiſelle que maintenant que il verra le feu miſ el chaſtel que il ſe mete hors par mi la feneſtre & aual trouuera armeſ & cheual auques a ſa uolente. Et lors li mouſtre vne feneſtre par ou [*fol. 182 verso, col. i.*] il pooit aaiſieement deſcendre horſ du chaſtel & alixandre reſpont & diſt que bien i deſcendra a aiſieement. Et lors le beſe la damoiſelle & puiſ le coumande adieu & ſen vet au q*ua*ns du pas qui mout bien la recut coume celui qui ſon oncle eſtoit & frere ſon pere. Sire fet ele ta*nt* mauez proiee que ie vous conſeillaſſe coument vouſ pourriez eſtre en ſeſine de bele garde. Or eſt venuz li termes que ie vous metrai dedenz ſi en feteſ tout ce que vous en giſt de ſeur le cuer. Quant le quans oi ce il fu tant liez que nul pluſ. Et lors la priſt entre leſ braz & la beſe plus de . c . foiz & diſt. bele niece vous mauez mout grant ioie miſ au cuer & ia ne maiſt dieus ſe vous ne ſeroiz dame de mon oſtel il mande ſeſ amis & pres & loinz & leſ prie que il ſoient apareilliez darmes & il ſi furent que m*oul*t ſont liez de la nouuele.

QUE vous diroie ie qua*n*t la nuit fu venue & il ot apareillie . iiij^{c}. cheual*ier*s & la damoiſelle leſ conuoie iuſques alentree de la bele garde droitement la ou ele ſauoit la poſterne par ou morgain ſen iſſoit priueement. Ele auoit vne clef dont ele ouuri la poſterne auques coument. Et lorſ ſe miſt li quans dedenz & auec lui touz ſes amiſ. La guete auoit mout corne & [*col. ii.*] mout crie. Lors ſeſtoit acoiſiez. Meſ li quans imiſt le feu de toutef parz erranment. Et quant la gueite vit ce il crie trai trai li ſeus eſt vchaſtel de toutes pars. Li chaſtelains ſe lieue & treſtouz leſ autres meſ il nont que de laier fors que ſauuer leur vies il ſe gietent aual par mi leſ feneſtres pour ſauuer leur cors meſ il furent erranment pris & retenuz. Mieuz leur vient que li qua*n*s les giete que il fuſſent ars que toutes parz eſtoit li chaſtiax eſpris. De lautre part li orfelins alixandre ſe geta aual parmi la feneſtre

la droitement ou la damoiſelle eſtoit qui la tendoit & auoit ilec apareilliees bones armes & bon cheual do*nt* il garni ſon cors & puiſ monta & ſuiui la damoiſelle qui a loſtel dune ſeue entain le conduiſt. Ilec le fiſt deſcendre & eſtre aaiſe. Li quans fu tant deuant bele garde que toutes les forteresces en furent arſeſ & miſeſ en cendre. Et quant li iourz fu venuz il fiſt abatre les murs & leſ tours & puiſ fiſt oſter leſ pierres dilec. Et au quart iour en voia la damoiſelle vn ſien varlet en la foreſt daruences pour conter les nouueleſ amorgain qui m*ou*lt en fu courrouciee quant ele en fu certainne. De lautre part monta li orfelin alixandre armez de toutef armes & [*fol.* 184, *col. i.*] manda & preſ & loinz auſ cheualiers de pris que ſe il oſent venir veoir la piece de terre ou bele garde auoit eſte que ia ne partiront dilec ſanz iouſte & ſanz bataille. Nouueles qui toſt courent & par a mont & par aual ſen vint vn varlet chieſ vne damoiſelle qui m*ou*lt eſtoit & cointe & bele. Il conta la nouuele tres deuant ſa cort & fu oie de meint preudoume qui mout ſentremetoient damer la damoiſelle. Et q*ua*nt ele oi ce ele ſeurriſt vn petit & puis diſt. puiſ que celui c̃r eſt ſi orgueilleus. Ja ne maiſt dieus ſe ie ne ſerai autretant orgueilleuſe con il eſt ou pluſ. Et lors coumande que ſa cort & ſon paueillon ſoit ilec deua*n*t lui. Et bien le ſache chaſcun fet la damoiſelle que iameſ ne donrai mon cors forſ acelui qui a outrance le metra & ſera ilec ſa court vn an & de mi. Et ſe auenture aide tant au cheualier que il ne ſoit outrez ele li donra ſon cors & . iiij . iournees de terre bien coltiuee & par lonc & par le ou il ſeraen ſeſine de . iiij . tieus chaſtiaus que il ne doutent que dame diex ſeulement.

CELE damoiſelle dont ie v*ous* ai parle auoit eſt fille au duc de rancerſ li pelerinſ qui tout ſon aage auoit vſee ſauie en pelerinage ſeulement & deuant la porte de ih*e*- [*col. ii.*] ruſalem auoit eſte ſon corſ miſ en terre. Et nauoit de touz enfanz forſ ſeulement ailief cele bele damoiſelle. Dont aloir eſtoit bouene & tout le pais en viron. boueine eſtoit vne eue fete auqueſ ſoutilment. Et dede*nz* cele eue eſtoit vn *buef* dor que aſtrogles imiſt autens que il viuoit & cele eue ſechoit vne foiz en lan ſi du tout que len pooit bien veoir & atouchier le buef dor. Meſ il eſtoit enchaenez dune chaene que nus ne la pooit trenchier que leue ne retournaſt aincois arriere. Que vouſ diroie ie q*ua*nt aylief ot fine ſondit. Maintenant courentſeſ houmeſ cele part ou bele garde auoit eſte. Ilec fu tenduz ſon paueillon & toute ſacourt & ele mo*n*ta de ſeur vn paleſ.[1]

. . & ſ . . miſt au chemin & A . . .
. . . . tant quele fu v . . . . . .
place. En dem . . . . . vouloit de
. . . . . ven*t*ure qi
qui ilec . . . . . .
iouſte . . . . . .
li leſſe . . . . . .
con. . . . . .
ve . . . . . .
ue. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

[6 lines missing.]

[*fol.* 184 *verso col. i.*] & diſt danz cheualiers nen feiteſ plus. Queſt ce damoiſelle fet alixandre. Et lors li conta aielief coument . iiij^{c} . cheualiers la tiennent courte pour prendre afame. & ele leſ atreſtouz en vaiz encontre lui & ſe il puet maintenir ce que il aempris ele le fera ſeigneur de . iiij . iournees de terre bien coltiuee & parlonc & parle dont il gardera a lui . x^{m} . houmes que a pie q*ue* a cheual. Damoiſelle ce reſpont alixandre ſachiez certainneme*n*t que de garder ce que ie ai empris en ferai ie tout mon pooir. Mes ſe il vient ici aucun qui lonour emporte de ſeur moi ie laurai a meſtre. vne autre foiz en ferai ie mieulz que il men a prendra. Da*nz* cheualierſ fet la damoiſelle ie v*ous* de- m*ande* vn don qui mout pou . . . .

[1] At the places where the points are the MS. is defective. It seems that the letters have been effaced by the influence of humidity.

. . . . . ſtera & que ie en ferai au
. . . . . ers vous. demandez
. . . . . alixandre que ie lo
. . . . . ie fet aielies que
. . . . . *a*ume & abatez
. . . . . deſuelope-
. . . . . que vouſ
. . . . . toute
. . . . . felinſ
. . . . . ſa
. . . . . iſa
. . . . . .

[8 lines missing.]

. . . . . .

[*col. ii.*] denz que iameſ naura mari ſe lui non ſe il la deigne prendre & ſe il la refuſoit aſame ele li donroit ſon cors en putage. Et lors abat ſa guimple & puis diſt. Danz cheualierſ len me uet contant que il ne treuuent ſi bele damoiſelle en . xv. citez con ie ſui. or regardez ſe il metriche*n*t ou non.

QUANT alixandre vit la damoiſelle ſi bele riens il cuide certainnement que toute la biaute du ſiecle ſoit en lui ſeulement bien li fu auiſ quele ſoit vns anges deſcenduz du ciel. ha! damoiſelle fet il leure que vous veniſteſ ceſte part ſoit beneoite. Je croi certainnement que vous eſtes deſcenduz du ſaint paradis. Je voeil que vous ſachiez que force de voſtre biaute me feroit meſler a treſtouz voz cheualiers ſe ie neuſſe empriſe ceſte auenture. Dont ie vouſ di vraiement que ie me tieng des or mes pour voſtre cheualier & quanque ie ferai il ſera pour vouſ. Et la damoiſelle reſpont & dit que iames ne beera fors alui ſeulem*e*nt. Et lors ſentrecoumandent adieu. Et quant la damoiſelle fu deſcendue tant liee & tant ioieuſe con nule pluſ. Atant ez vous venir celui cheualier deſ autres qui pluſ la tenoit courte de prendre a ſame. Et quant il vit alixandre touz armez il coumande aſon eſcuier que . . . liace . . glaiues li aportaſt & . . . . . de par lui que il enpreigne . . . . oitie. Li eſcuiers ſen ala a eſpe. . . . . Et quant il fu deuant alixan.

[*End of fol.* 184 *verso, col. ii.*]

THE

GREAT TOURNAMENT OF GALAHALT OF SURLUSE.[1]

[*Fol.* 77 *verso, col. ii.*]

OR dit li contes que alendemain feleua li hauz princes galeholt auques matin. & aufi firent lef barons & lef cheualiers qui grant tale*n*t auoient de tournoier. Lef grefles & lef eftrumenz coumencent a foner. & lorf furent aportez les gonfanons el champ. Lef cheualierf furent armez & lef dames eftoient montees auf loges auec la Reyne Guenieure. Et lors coumence li tournoiz de toutes parz. & lef cheualiers cheoir ala terre lun ca & lautre la. Dinadan porta celui iour armef. non paf a feu de Galeholt. mef auquef en repoft. & le fefoit fi bien que mout fu loee fa proefce. Et q*ua*nt il vit que lancelot dulac iffi del ranc il iffi du tournoiement. Que vous diroie ie celui iour porta armes li Rois de norgales & le fift fi bien alaide de bleoberif de Gaunes & de hector def maref que merueillef auoient [*fol.* 78 *recto, col. i.*] fetes que de leur glaiuef que de leur efpees. Et fachiez que lancelot du lac auoit changief fef armes. et ce auoit il fet por la priere au roi bandemaguz de Gorre. quant hector def maref le vit venir fi afprement que de quan quil en controit en fon venir fefoit il fentir la feche terre. Il fa drefce cele part au ferir def efperons. & auoit vn glaiue fort & gros. & lancelot en auoit vn autre dont il auoit abatu maint preudoume. Quant il vit hector que il ne counoiffoit acelui point. Il fi adrefce la tefte de fon cheual. Et fentrefierent fi durement que il brifen*t* leur glaiues iufquef auf poinz & puif paffent outre. & lancelot qui le dur cop fenti regarde arrieres lui pour counoiftre le cheualier qui fi durement ioufta alui. Et lors prift vn autre glaiue & retourne cele part ou il voit hector aler. & hector auoit ia recouure vn autre glaiue pour iouster alancelot. Que vous diroie quant il fentreuirent il leffent courre lun en co*n*tre lautre leur glaiuef abeffiez & fentrefierent fi durement que li plus foibles en fenti la feche terre. Lancelot paffe outre & fon frere hector remeft arrieref. Et quant blioberis vit celui cop il fadrefce verf lancelot & tenoit fefpee leuee encontremont. Et lancelot qui venoit [*col. ii.*] verf lui fon glaiue abeffie & le vouloit ferir par mi le piz. bleoberif giete vn cop de lefpee & trenche le glaiue que lancelot tenoit & il paffe outre fanz iouster alui. Et quant lancelot ot parfourni fon poindre. Il retourne & ia li eftoit bleoberif en mi leuif fefpee empoingniee. Et fiert lancelot amont de feur le hiaume fi durement que il lembronche de feur le col de fon cheual. Et bleoberif li vouloit douner vn autre cop. mef lancelot feft lanciez alui & le fefift au hiaume fi le flatift du cheual aterre. Quant li rois de norgalef vit ces .ij. cheualierf abatuz & par vn feul cheualier il le prife mout. Et nepourq*ua*nt

[1] All these adventures of the great tournament are also in the Harl. MS. 1629. I have given the reading of the Add. MS., because it is more complete and the text is better. Only one portion of the former MS. I have copied which is not in Add. See pp. xxxviii and xxxix.

il li lesse courre entrelui & lesf cheualiers de sa mesniee. & eussent ilec prisf lancelot afine force se ne fust li Roisf desf . C . cheualiers qui le secourut. Ilec fu vne si grant meslee que ausf cox desf glaiuesf que ausf espees. que se la fussiez acelui point. bien eussiez veu cheualiers abatre agrant plente que dune part que dautre. Li Rois de norgalesf quant il ot brisie son glaiue dont il en abati vn cheualier de sorelois. Il geta sa main & prist le cheual & le douna a hector desf maresf qui mout durement se deffendoit & li dist sire mo*n*tez & il mon isnelement que mout en fu liez. & ostee sespee du fuerre & sadresce versf vn [*fol.* 78 *verso, col. i.*] cheualier & le fiert si durement que celui na tant de pooir que il peust acheual durer ainz vole aterre & chei de lez blioberis. Et il prist le cheual du cheualier & mo*n*ta susf erranment. Que vous diroie ie ilec fu grant la meslee & si grant li chaples que se ce fust mortel bataille si furent il assez agrant meschief. Et quant lancelot vit ce il dist asoi meismesf que il ne le soufferra pas. Il tint sespee empoingniee & coumence aferir adestre & asenestre & a abatre cheualiers & cheuaus & errachoit escuz de cox & hiaumes de testes & sesoit si grant merueille darmes acelui point que nusf ne leueoit qui ne deist que il eust en lui la graigneur proesce du monde. Et lors coumencent lesf cheualiers a foir deuant lui.

QUANT meleagant vit lesf merueilles que il sesoit. Il counut erranment que il estoit lancelot du lac. & que pour lui deceuoir auoit il cha*n*gniees sesf armes. il nauoit celui iour feru ne de glaiue ne desspee que touz iourz auoit regarde par mi le tournoiement se il veist lancelot du lac. or sest aperceuz que ce est il. Que vous diroie ie il auoit prie lesf cheualiersf de sa baniere que il feriissent enz el cheual Lancelot. ou de glaiue ou desspee ou ala trauersf si durement que il neust pooir destre acheual. Il hurte le cheual desf esperonsf son glaiue misf de seur [*col. ii.*] le sautre. & sadresce en contre lui. mesf li Roisf bandemaguz son pere auoit tant prie sansesf li hardiz que il sauoit abon cheualier que il ne iousta a milui fors que ameleagant son filz. Celui sensesf auoit aconduire . iij^{c} . cheualiers. Et quant il vit meleagant en champ entre lui & ceusf que il auoit a conduire. Il lesse courre en contre lui. Que vous diroie ie meleagant ne pot resuser la iouste de sansesf de sorelois que trop il seroit tournez agrant viltez & descouuerte fust sa desloiaute. Lors sentresierent andeuls les cheualiers de seur lesf escuz. Si durement que voeillent ouno*n* leur estuet voidier lesf arcons & cheoir aterre de seur lesf croupesf desf cheuaus. Et lors sentresierent lesf autres cheualiers que dune part que dautre & sentrabatent ala terre souuent & menu. & se ne fussent li cheualier de Gaule qui avec meleagant estoire*n*t venuz. Ja sa deffense ne li eust mestier. que sensesf ne leust retenu afine force. mesf il furent preudoumesf & hardiz cheualiers si le deliurent dilec & le firent monter en mi le tournoiement. La meslee fu ilec grant & merueilleuse que apres lesf cox de leur lances trestrent il lesf espees & sentredounent si granz coume se il fussent anemisf mortieus.

QUANT li hauz princes vit que leure de disner estoit ia passee. il set soner le cor [*fol.* 79 *recto*] en mi le tournoiement. & quant li cheualier oirent la uoiz du cor Il se traient en susf lesf vnsf desf autresf & sen uont chascun a leur go*n*fanon. La Reyne Guenieure & les dames & lesf damoiseles descende*n*t desf loges & sen uont conduire la Reyne. Et ele retint auec lui pour disner vne partie des damesf & des damoiseles. Lesf tablesf estoient dreciees & lorsf su leue dounee & chascunne sa siet au disner. & meniuent agrant lesir. delautre part lesf cheualiersf sen uont aleur ostieus & ostent leur armes & leue leur su dounee que les tables estoient dreciees. Et il sa sieent & meniuent que assez orent

de coi. En dementref que li hauz princes Galeholt eftoit affis au difner entre lui & fef barons. entre dedenz fon paueillon vn varlet & femift agen-
5 oulz deuant le haut prince & dift. Sire ci menuoie vn cheualier. Il vous mande q*ue* en nule maniere du monde nenterra en voftre tournoiement pour eftre encontre ceus de
10 forelois. non pas pour ce que il ne iouftaft volentiers aeuls. mes il fet apertement que il nen porroit porter fe honte non. Mes il vouf requiert vn don qui de rienf nen pirera le pris
15 de voftre tournoiement. volentiers fet li haut princef fe li dons que il demande ne doit fauffer mon eftabliffement. Je lotroi fire fet li varlet. vous li auez doune [*col. ii.*] que il
20 conduira vne damoifele au tournoiement. Et fe nus cheualiers eft tant preuz netant iuftes qui de feur lui la pourra conquerre. il la prendra coume la feue. Et def lors en auant iufquef
25 au terme de uo tournoiement face darmef pour lamor delui. Quant lancelot oice. fi fa percut que il nofoit venir au tournoiement pour doute de lui. & pour celui ail pris
30 celui fet. Il coumence a fouz rire & dift. Sire or iparra alendemain que ie vouf di apertement que li cheualierf aura affez que fouftenir. que il ia que dune part que dautre. affez de preud-
35 oumef qui de feur lui fentremetront pour la pucele auoir. mef ie de la moie part la quit du tout. Ha ! chetif cheualiers ce dift dinadam. ie cuidoie que tu deuffes porter le los & le prif
40 de ce tournoiement. ainfi con tu las eu iufquef ci. & pour feulement la poour dun cheualier en as quite le champ. Certes ia de par moi nen fera il quitez ainfi legierement. Taifiez
45 ce dift li haut princes. dinadam. que vous neftef fe menaciez non. Encore nofaftes vous meitre le pie au tornoiement. Anon dieu ce refpont dinadam. cuidiez vouf que ie vous
50 refemble. Et lors coumencent treftuit arire & dient aucuns. Sire vraiement le fachiez vous que il fu au tournoiement. mes il idemoura petit. Eft ce [*fol.* 79 *verso, col. i.*] voirf fire dinadam ce refpont Galeholt. La poour de ton compaingnon en fu la droite achoifon ce refpont dinadam. que ia mauoit efpie quant il oirent ce. Il coumencierent treftuit arire mout
5 durement. Et lorf dift Galeholt au varlet qui deuant lui eftoit agenoulz. que il fe leuaft eneftant & die afon feigneur que alendemain fera efgardee fa proefce. & fef preuue . Li varlez
10 fu eneftant leuez & le coumande adieu. & fen retourne a fon feigneur & li conta la nouuele tout ainfi con vous auez oi ca en arrieres. Et li hauz princes demande auf barons de
15 leenz que il dient felonc leur auif que il cuident qui li cheualiers foit. q*ue* la damoifele veut conduire au tournoiement. dont ie vos di apertement que il facordent la graigneur partie apala-
20 medes. Mes atant leffe li contes aparler de cefte auenture & parole de palamedes li mefcouneuz.

OR dit li contes q*ue* palamedef eftoit a cel point mif
25 apref la befte glatiffant. mef vne damoifele len auoit ofte & conduit lauoit iufquef en forelois. Ou li [*col ii.*] tournoiemenz eftoit chafcun iour feruz. ainfi
30 con vouf auez oi conter ca en arrieref. & la choifon coument cele damoifele leftoit ale querre. ne voeil ie paf oublier. ainz la vouf uoeil retrere en conte. voirf fu que en la chambre de
35 foreloif auoit vn mout orgueilleuf cheualier qui marchiffoit ala damoifele. Et fachiez que il li auoit chalengie fa terre. & la damoifele fen eftoit clamee deuant Galeholt mef il
40 eftoit feurprif de grant afere fi lenuoia a vn quans qui marchiffoit aeuls. celui q*ua*ns auoit non flaimers & li orgueilleuf cheualier auoit non Gozoif. Li quans en auoit tenu parlement &
45 Gozois en auoit doune fon gage pour prouuer que la damoifele ne deuoit auoir point de terre. Flaimers auoit doune le iugement que la damoifele fen deffendift par la bataille
50 & li douna refpit de . xl . iourz felonc la couftume. Que vous diroie ie.

cele damoiſele ſen eſtoit alee ala court le roi art*us* meſ la court eſtoit acelui poi*n*t adaguenet. Ilec auoit vn cheualier malade que len apeloit ſagremorſ li deſreez. Et qua*n*t il vit cele damioſele il la counut erranment. Lors la fiſt apeler deuant lui & li diſt. Damoiſele pour de faute de ceſte court auez vous damage. & perdrez voſtre terre. meſ feteſ le bien. metez vous en ceſte fo- [*fol.* 80 *recto. col. i.*] reſt. que ie ſai apertement que la beſte glatiſſant iſu veue. & li cheulierſ qui ſen ua apreſ lui eſt vns des bons cheualiers du monde. Criez li merci que il ſe mete en voſtre querele. & diteſ li nouuelef du tournoiement de ſorelois. La damoiſele ſen ala erranment en la foreſt & trouua palamedes. & la beſte glatiſſant. Et lors li conta la damoiſele premierement du tournoiement de ſorelois. Et quant il oi ce. il leſſe la queſte de la beſte glatiſſant. & qua*n*t ele uit que il auoit du tout leſſie aler la beſte. ele li conta coument ele auoit grant beſoing de lui. Et li crie merci que il otroia le ſecours & ſen uint auec lui en ſorelois & ſe combati au cheualier & loutra darmes. dont il li coſpa la teſte voiant li quans naymers. Quant palamedes li ot trenchie la teſte. il diſt ala damoiſele quele ſen viengne olui au tournoiement que ſeil ni entre pour la choiſon de lui. Ja nen portera ne los ne pris. Et cele damoiſele deuoit palamedes conduire au tournoiement ainſi con vouſ auez oi ca en arrieres. Et ſachiez certainnement quele eſtoit vne deſ beles damoiſeles du monde & euſt doune a palamedeſ ſamour ſe il ne fuſt paiens. & ſele fuſt paienne auſi coume palamedes eſtoit. Il ſen fuſt [*col. ii.*] tenuz a bien paiez.

QUE vous diroie ie en ſorelois eſtoient andui chief vne veuue dame. La damoiſele eſtoit ſi richeme*n*t appareilliee que au tournoiement ne fu veue nule mieuz. fors la Reine Guenieure ſeulement. Cele eſtoit appareilliee & aceſmee ſelonc ſa gentilleſce & palamadeſ auoit changieef ſeſ armeſ & leſ auoit toutes freſches & neuueſ. Et auoit en ſon eſcu pourtrete tout nouuelement la beſte Glatiſſant. Et autreſi auoit il en ſon hiaume & en ſeſ couuertures & vpanoncel autreſi. Celui iour que ſon varlet li aporta leſ nouueleſ de par le haut prince Galeholt que il deuoit eſtre au tournoiement ſelonc ſa requeſte. Lors fu il tant liez & tant ioianz que ia encuidoit auoir porte lenneur & le priſ de ſeur touz leſ autres. Il ſauoit apertame*n*t ſelonc ſa requeſte que ia pour lancelot nauroit deſtourbier. Sanz ce que ſon varlet li auoit conte que il le quita deuant le haut prince & deuant mai*n*s autres barons. nil nauoit dote fors de lui ſeulement. A g*ra*nt feſte & agrant ioie fina celui iour. Il eſtoit en celui oſtel toz ſeus & la damoiſele auec lui. & la dame de loſtel qui mout eſtoit & ſage & courtoiſe & auoit vn filz bel & cointes & m*ou*lt ſentremetoit de ſeruir [*fol.* 80 *verso, col. i.*] palamedes. Celui iour que palamadeſ entra en ſon oſtel ſen ala il pour prendre leſ viandeſ pour lui & li roiſ de . C . cheualierſ li en douna a grant plente. La nuit fu venue oſcure & palamedeſ ſen ala couchier auqueſ par tens que mout li tarde que il neſt en mi le tournoiement que il icuide tant ferre que bien en orra parler triſtans de benoyc. & la reyne auſi. Meſ atant leſſe li contes aparler de palamedes li paiens. & v*ous* conterai du tournoiement qui fu feruz alendemain.

ALENDEMAIN ce dit li contes leua li hauz princes auqueſ par tens. & arma ſon cors de toutes ſeſ armes & diſt a lancelot du lac. que il eſſaiera premierement le cheualier ala damoiſele. Sauoir ſeil a en lui ſi grant proeſce con il en fet le ſemblant. Et lors coumande leſ greſles aſonner & leſ eſtrumanz. Leſ barons & leſ cheualierſ ſe lieuent & arment leur cors. Et quant li iourz fu venuz biaus & clers. Les gonfanons furent conduit el champ leſ cheualiers leſ ſuiue*n*t

ainſi con il eſtoient acouſtume. Leſ dameſ & leſ damoiſeles conduiſtrent la Reyne aus loges. & mo*n*terent auec lui. De lautre [*col. ii.*] part palamedes conduiſt ſa damoiſele qui montee eſtoit de ſeur vn palefroi tout couuert dun vermeil ſamit trainant par terre. Quant la damoiſele fu en mi le champ. Lors coumenca acrier vn deſ herauz qui le tournoiement auoit acouſtume acrier. veez le cheualier ala damoiſele. qui pourra ceſte damoiſele conquerre de ſeur lui. il la pourra prendre coume la ſeue. Et lors courut cele part le cheualier. Mes li hauz princes Galeholt qui montez eſtoit de ſeur vn cheual fort & yſnel & eſtoit armez de toutef armes empriſt le feſ ſeur lui. Que vous diroie ie. quant li cheualiers virent ce. il ſe traient en ſus. Et palamedeſ qui bien counut que ce eſtoit Galeholt ace que il leuit graigneur deſ autreſ & armez ſi richement con alui apartenoit. Il auoit vn glaiue en ſamai*n*. Et lorſ leſſe courre en contre la venue du haut prince qui ia li venoit eſperonnant. Meſ tieus fu laventure au ioindre deſ glaiueſ que lun ne lautre ne gaagna rien. que auſi briſa palamadeſ ſon glaiue de ſeur le haute prince. con il fiſt de ſeur lui. & quant il orent parfourni leur poindres. Il priſtre*n*t chaſcun vn autre glaiue. & ſentreleſſent courre leur glaiueſ abeſſiez ſi durement que iuſqueſ auſ poi*n*z briſent leur glaiues. & puiſ ſentrehurtent deſ cors & deſ viſages ſi aſprement que li pluſ preuz deuls en ot aſſez que ſouſtenir. meſ palamedes fu ace menez que a pain- [*fol.* 81 *recto, col. i.*] neſ ſe tint acheual. ainz chai tout en uers ſeur la croupe de ſon cheual. Et nepourquant il ne pert ſeſ eſtriers. ainz ſa ficha ſi durement que il remeſt eſ eſtrierſ & el cheual. Et li hauz princes paſſe outre & ot parfourni ſon poindre. & puis retourne de ſeur palamedes que bien le cuide outrer darmeſ. mes il le treuue autreſi viſtes con vn lyon fameilleus. & ot oſte ſeſpee du fuerre. & li reuient en mi le vis.

LORS oſte li hauz princes ſeſpee du fuerre. & hurte ſon cheual vers palamedes. Que vous diroie ie. Lors coumencent la meſlee entreus ſi dure & ſi aſpre que li pluſ forz en ot aſſez aſouſtenir. Se li hauz princes doune vn cop apalamedes. palamedes li rent erranment. Lors giete Galeholt ſeſpee en contremont. & giete vn cop apalamedeſ & le conſuit amont deſeur ſon hiaume. Leſpee nel puet en tamer ne tant ne quant. ainz chai de ſeur le col du deſtrier palamedes. & li trenche doutre en outre. & lors fu palamedes aterre de ſeur ſeſpiez. Il tenoit ſeſpee empoigniee & diſt. Sire deſcendez. & ſe ce ne feites. Je vous ferai eſtre apie auſi con vous feiſtes moi. Lors deſce*n*t li hauz princes de ſon cheual & diſt. apalamedes. dant cheualier montez de ſeur mon deſtrier par lariens q*ue* vous plus amez vmonde vous empri ie que ie mentieng pour vaincuz. & vous clain quite la damoiſele. Quant palamedeſ ſoi q̃- [*col. ii.*] ter de celui que il doutoit coume la ſoudre. Il fu tant liez con nul pluſ. Il monta erranment. & ſen vint la droitement ou la damoiſele eſtoit de lautre part. vn cheual fu amene au haut prince. & il monta erranment & priſt vn glaiue & ſe miſt el ranc. Et lors vint en contre lui dynadam. qui bien cuida que il fuſt ſi durement traueilliez que il neuſt vers lui duree. Que vous diroie ie. entre li hauz princes & dynadam. leſſe*n*t courre lun en contre lautre. leur glaiues mis de ſeur le fautre. & leur cheuaus eſperonnant mes tieuſ fu lauenture au ioindre des glaiues que il les briſent an .ij. lun deſeur lautre. & lors paſſent outre pour parfournir leur poindre. & quant dynadam voit quil ne la abatu. il oſte ſeſpee du fuerre & ſadreſce vers le haut prince. & quant il le voit venir. il oſte ſeſpee du fuerre & ſa dreſce v*er*s lui. Que vous diroie ie. ilec ot vne bataille ſi aſpre que combien que len parole de gabois de dinada*m*. Il eſtoit aſſez preudoume. & q*ua*nt il eſtoit eſchaufez de ſeur aucun cheualier. il li dounoit aſſez que ſouſtenir. Si vouſ di apartement que ſe li hauz princes

li dounoit vn cop aſpre & peſant. Il li rendoit aſſez toſt. Li gens neſtoit pas parigal. que dynadam en feſoit tout ſon pooir pour ce que il le counoiſſoit q*ue* a outrance le vouloit metre pour lui gaber menu & ſouuent [*fol.* 81 *verso, col. i.*] meſ li hauz princes ne counoiſſoit lui. dont il nen feſoit pas ſon pooir. Ainz cuidoit que il fuſt aucun cheualier. auques courageuſ & viſtes & pleins de hardement. dont il ſe delitoit mout en ſa proeſce.

MOULT ſe combat dynadam & mout ſefforce & mout volentiers menaſt le haut prince aoutrance. meſ il neſtoit paſ enfant ne tieus cheualiers que len le peuſt delegier vaincre ainz eſtoit vn des bons cheualiers du monde. Que vous diroie ie quant dynadam vit que pour noiant ſe traueilloit. Il parole & diſt ſire cheualier aſſez nous ſoumes combatuz. Leſ autres nouſ atendent pour en coumencier le tournoiement. Se il vous pleſt leſſons deſ ormeſ ceſte empriſe. & alendemain ſe vouſ oſez aſſez me trouueroiz deuant voz eulz. & quant li haut princes oi ce. il boute ſeſpee vſuerre & le leſſe empes. Quant ceus qui le tournoiement regardoient virent que li hauz princeſ auoit quite dynadam. Il coumencierent treſtuit arire que bien cuidoient certainnement q*ue* il le couneuſt. Et quant Galeholt ot la riſee que cil denuiron feſoient. il ſapercut que il eſtoit deceuz. & que li cheualiers qui a lui ſeſtoit combatuz. neſtoit autre fors que dynadam. Et lors le rapele a la bataille & il reſpont & diſt. Sire ceſt atart. Et hurte ſon cheual des eſperons. [*col. ii.*] & ſen uet auſi coume ſe la foudre le chacaſt & ſen ala des armer. De lautre part li hauz princes Galeholt priſt vn glaiue & ſe miſt el ranc. & celui qui de rienſ de la moit pour ce que il amoit lancelot du lac. & que namoit autre tant lui. puiſ que il ne ſe puet vengier de lancelot il ſe cuide ve*n*gier de Galeholt. Quant il le uoit en mi le ranc. Il li leſſe courre car bien le counut li haut princes quant il le vit venir. & miſt le glaiue de ſeur le fautre & hurte ſon cheual des eſperons. & quant il encontre meleagant qui a lui failli aerdre. Il le feri par mi la gorge. Et ſe meleagant ne ſe fuſt lanciez ala terre. Iameſ neuſt ple debouche. & li hauz princes qui abatu la. hurte auant & enfiert vn autre cheualier de celui glaiue meiſmes & la bat ala terre. & lors oſte ſon glaiue. Que voſ diroie ie pour ces .ij. cox dont furent abatuz leſ. ij. cheualiers de gorre. Leſſent courre treſtuit en ſemble ceuſ que meleagant conduiſoit. & euſſent bien pris & retenu Galeholt. ſe ne fuſt henri li marchis qui leſecourut. & auec lui . CC. & L. cheualiers. Ilec fu dure & aſpre la meſlee. Il na pert pas tournoiement ainz apert mortel bataille en coumenciee entre paiens et creſtiens. Ilec fu pris meleagant & leuſſent mene empriſon ſe ne fuſt li dus de cambenic. qui le ſecourut. & auec lui treſtouz ſeſ cheualiers. [*fol.* 82 *recto, col. i.*] Il le fiſt monter maugre ceus de lautre partie. & Galeholt qui ſeſpee auoit oſtee du fuerre en feſoit merueilleſ. Il ſen aloit par mi le tournoiement & dounoit adeſtre & aſeneſtre & eſrachoit eſcuz de cox & hiaumes de teſtes. & feſoit ſi granz merueilleſ darmes. que len li dounoit le los & le pris de ſeur touz les autres. Li couneſtables Galeholt qui au meſtre gonfanon eſtoit pour garder. quant il uit que il ſe combatoient aus eſpees. il enuoie cele part vn cheualier qui aſmonz eſtoit apelez. Celui aſmonz eſtoit vn des bons cheualiers du monde. & auoit en ſa compaingnie . xl. cheualiers qui onques meſ ne furent abatuz en leu ou il veniſſent. Il hurtent leur cheuax & vont cele part eſperonnant & leur glaiueſ mis de ſeur le fautre. & quant il furent au ferir chaſcun en abati le ſien.

A CELUI point iſſi hors li hauz princes du tournoiement & ſe fiſt deſ armer & puiſ regarda la meſlee qui m*oul*t eſtoit parigal. & ſe ne fuſt aſmonz & ceuſ de ſa compaingnie. Ja fuſſent chacie hors du champ ceuſ de ſorelois. Et lors ſone li cors celui

qui aſonner lauoit. A celui point remeſt la meſlee & ſentretournent chaſcun a ſon paueillon & aſon oſtel & deſ arment leur cors que mout eſtoient traueilliez. La Reyne & leſ autreſ dameſ deſcendent deſ logeſ & montent ol pales. & [*col. ii.*] de lautre part ſen ala li hauz princeſ aſon paueillon liez & ioianz. que bien auoit mouſtre ſa proeſce voiant ſeſ barons. Leue li fu dounee & il ſaſiet au diſner auec ſes barons. Et quant il vit dynada*m* qui auques auoit le uiſ enfle. il parole & diſt. ha! dynadam queſt ce cheiſtes vous de mon paleſ aterre. ou auez vous combatu auec mon meſtre. que vouſ auez le uiſ ſi durement enfle. Teſtoi fet dynadam vaſſax plains de vers & deſ charz. qui meniues leſ viandes en contre .iiij. cheualiers. Certeſ len ne te deuſt douner amengier fors que pai*n* & feues. & puis te deuſt len chargier de fuſt aubois auſi con len fet leſ ſoumiers & conduire ala vile. Chetiſ tu ne poiſ outrer vn cheualier ainz li oceis ſon cheual pour couuerture que tu vouloies partir de lui. & puis vouloies ton courrouz vengier de ſeur moi. dont ie voeil bien que tu ſaches que ſe ie ne meuſſe ſouuentes foiz pris garde que ton champion ne te uenift aidier tu nen fuſſeſ de partiz ſe deſ armez non. meſ la poour que ie auoie de lui. me mena ace que ie leſſai la bataille. & quant tu me rapelas de rechief ala bataille. que ie te reſpondi que ce eſtoit atart. tu ta perceuz que il venoit. & que teſ amiſ ten feſoit le ſemblant veer ne puez. Quant leſ barons oirent ce il coumencierent arire ſi dure- [*fol. 82 verso, col. i.*] ment que nule gent ne peuſſent pluſ durement rire. & li hauz pri*n*ceſ en rioit ſi durement que len nen peuſt acelui point parole trere. meſ achief de piece il parole & diſt. ha! dynadam tu eſ traitreſ & en ta traiſon me cuidoies tu metre aoutrance. tu auoieſ veu apertement la grant bataille q*ue* auoit eſte entre moi & le cheualier a la damoiſele. que il fu veuz apertement coument il eſt garniz de haute proeſce. Tu cuidoieſ quant ie me de parti de lui q*ue* ie fuſſe ace menez que en moi neuſt point de deffenſe. & pour ce veniſ tu de ſeur moi que tu me cuidaſ outrer. meſ il pert aton viſage qui eſt enflez. & ateſ eſpauleſ que encore en eſ tu courbeſ ſe ie auoie point de deffenſe en moi. Et lorſ regarde dinadam de ſeur le tailleeur dargent qui deuant Galeholt eſtoit. dont il auoit ia mengie leſ chars qui deuant Galeholt eſtoient aportees. Et lorſ reſpont & diſt. chetiſ len puet aperceuoir erranment ſe tu deuſſeſ auoir force ou non. au tailleour qui deuant toi fu aportez plains de chars. Certeſ len ne puet veoir de ſeur ton tailleour fors que leſ oſ. Tu ne meniueſ paſ ainz deueures auſi con ſet li louſ. Et lors coumence acrier ahaute uoiz. aportez aportez la char au lou quil na que de uourer. & pour ce ne ſe tient il que il ne die ſamauueſtiez & ſa noientez. & ſe ie ne leuſſe chaſtie. il ne- [*col. ii.*] uſt hui mouſtre en champ ce que il fiſt darmes. Il ſen venia de ſeur autrui que ie ne voudroie en nule maniere du monde venir deuant li louſ que il na que de uourer quant il a volente de de uourer leſ beſteſ. & pour ce men iſſi ie du tournoiement.

SE Galeholt & leſ autres rioient. ce ne fet pas ademander. Les viandes furent aportees agrant plente dont il mengierent & burent tout parleſir. & mout fu grant la ioie ilec du tanciers qui eſtoit entre Galeholt & dynadam. De lautre part ſen ala palamedeſ entre lui & la damoiſele que il conduiſt el champ en ſon oſtel. & li varlez qui auec lui eſtoit alez li aide adeſarmer. Apres ce que il orent deſmontee la damoiſe. Que vous diroie ie leſ tableſ eſtoient dreciees & leue leur fu dounee & lorſ ſa ſieent au mengier. En dementres que il menioient entra en celui oſtel vn cheualier en la compaingnie de .iiij. varlez. & quant la dame de loſtel le uit ſi li queurt alencontre & diſt. ſire bien veignant. dame fet li cheualierſ pourrai ie ceenz herbergier. Oil ſire fet ele & lors ſe deſarme li cheualiers. & quant il fu deſ armez.

Li varlez deleenz li douna de leue. & puis dift. Sire venez en noftre fale. Li varlez fen uet auant & li cheualiers apres. & quant il ifu venuz il regarde la damoifele qui [*fol.* 83 *recto, col. i.*] menioit. Et lorf fefcrie a haute voiz. ha! pute tant vouf ai quife que or vouf ai trouuee. Certef ia voftre lecheeur ne vouf garantira que ie ne vous houniffe du cors. Quant palamedes oice! il regarde & uoit le ch*eualier* tout courrouciez & pleins de mautalent. Et lorf parole & dift danz cheualiers ne foiez courrouciez deuant difner venez mengier & apref mengier fe vouf voulez riens ala damoifele par auenture ele trouuera aucun cheualier qui encontre vous la garantira . fi . deable fet li cheualiers auec uous mengeroie ie. Certes auec celui qui ma apouriez de mon frere ne mengeroie ie pour nule riens. Et lors fentretourne arrieres & fen entra en vn autre oftel. & menia auec lefautres cheualierf qui ilec eftoient herbergiez. & quant il ot mengie il prift fef armef & arma fon cors. & puis entra encelui oftel ou la damoifele eftoit & dift a palamedes danz traitres ie vouf apel erranment deuant le haut prince que en defloiaute & entraifon oceiftes mon frere. & lorf faut auant palamedes en eftant & dift que dece fe deffendra il deuant lui maintena*n*t. Il prift fef armef & arma fon cors & monta en fon deftrier & fuit le cheualier qui deuant le haut prince Galeholt eftoit venuz & fe pour offroit de la bataille en contre palamedes. Et quant li hauz princef vit [*col. ii.*] palamedef venir. Il le counut erranment auf armes. Et fachiez que il defcendi erranment & dift. Sire veez meci appareillie pour le deffendre. Que vous diroie ie lef fainz furent aportez. Li cheualiers iura feur fainz que palamedes auoit ocis fon frere en traifon. & en defloiaute coume celui qui plains eft de traifon. A non dieu danz cheualierf dift palamedes. Je ne vouf vi onquef mef felonc mo*n* auif. Et lors iura palamedes fa foi & fon creant que il ni ot onques point de traifon en lui quant il ocift le cheualier.

QUE vouf diroie ie an . ij . furent venuz el champ. & lors leffent courre li vns en contre lautre au ferir def efperons leur glaiuef mif de feur le fautre. Et fentrefierent fi durem*ent* que voiellent ou non. Li pluf foiblef eftuet cheoir ala terre. palamedef paffe outre. & li cheualierf chei qui mout fu de brifiez du dur cheoir que il fift. Et quant palamedes ot par fourni fon poindre. Il defcent de fon cheual & prent fon efcu par lef en armes. & ofte fefpee du fuerre. & fen uient par le cheualier. & il eftoit leuez en eftant. & auoit gete fon efcu deuant fon vis. & tenoit fefpee empoingniee. Et quant palamedes voit que il ne fefoit [*fol.* 83 *verso, col. i.*] femblant de grant deffenfe. Il boute fefpee & le fefi au hiaume fi le flatift aterre & li errache liaume de la tefte & puif li doune meint cop de feur le chief fi dur & fi pefant que lef eulz li fift an . ij . hors de la tefte voler. & puif le leffe ilec tel atournez que puif ne parla de fa bouche. Quant palamedes ot fabataille vaincue. Il monte & cheuauche afon oftel. & li hauz princes coumande que dilec foit oftez li cheualiers. & len le fift puif que il le coumanda. & fu enfouiz que il eftoit ia morz. Agrant ioie & agrant fefte furent les cheualiers en forelois. mef qui que fefoit ioie. Meleagant nen fefoit point. & de touz maus & de toute honte qui li auenoit. Il fentenoit du tout alancelot. Li roif bandemaguz fon pere len chaftioit fouuent & menu. mes ce eftoit pour neent. Mes atant leffe li contes a parler de celui iour. & vous conterai dune autre auenture qui auint en lautre iour en forelois.

OR dit li contes que alendemain leua li hauz pri*n*ces auquef matin. & lancelot & li rois bandemaguz de gorre. Endementref que lef grefles [*col. ii.*] & lef autref inftrumenz vouloient fonner. auint que vn cheualier vint deuant le haut prince & dift. Sire vn cheualier fui de vinceftre. Li quans de doyure menuoia ala court le Roy artus. Et li manda certainnement que li fefne fen viennent aoft avinceftre.

Que vous diroie ie. quant ie fui deuant le Roy artus & li contai la nouuele. Sachiez que il nen dift ne ce ne coi. ainz beffa la tefte & fen ala en fa chambre. Et lors vint a moi vns cheualiers forfenez & dift danz cheualierf venez mengier & ie menalai olui dont il me fift afeoir a vne table & me fift douner amengier agrant plente. Que vous diroie ie. Li cheualiers auoit daguenet. & ie li demandai ou lef compaingnons de la table roonde eftoient alez. & il me dift que il fe font de partiz de la court & tint chafcun fauoie. & que il eftoit remef fenefchaus. & bouteilliers & connefta-able. Et fachiez certainnement que il eft mout courtois combien que il foit forfenez. Qua*n*t ie me fui difne & ieui que ie nauoi que de mourer en la court. Si montai & menving cefte p*ar*t que ie fai apertement que fe vous ne nous dounez fecours. nous fonmes effiliez. & treftot le reaume de logres en fera en auenture de voir le fachiez. Quant li hauz princef oi ce. Il coumende aus grefleours. [*fol.* 84 *recto, col. i.*] que il ne fonnent lef greflef ne lef eftrumenz. & puif dift auf barons que ilec eftoient. Seigneurs que vouf femble de ceftui afeire. Et lorf parole li rois bandemaguz & dift. Sire fe v*ous* en voulez croire mon confeil. En voiez cele part mon filz meleagant atoute fa compaingnie. & henri li marchis de cefte vile ole fecours que vous iuoulez en uoier. puif que vous le me confeilliez ce dit li hauz princes & ie lotroi. Lors mande Galeholt au marchis henri que il viengne deuant lui. & il ieft venuz erranment. Sire fet Galeholt au marchis il vouf couuient aler iufquef avinceftre entre vouf &. M. cheualiers de ma court & foiez tant ilec que ie men aille cele part. Et fe auenture ramai*n*ne lef fefnef au riuage de la mer. Je vouf pri que la vile & li chaftiaus foit bien gardez par vof & par ceuf qui auec vous fero*n*t. Et lors refpont li marchis. Sire de quel que heure que vous voudrez vez me ci appareilliez pour aler. iufques a . iij . iourz ce dit li hauz princes. foiez mis au chemin. & prenez la quel compaingnie que vous voulez. & lors fen ala li marchis & fift le coumandement de fon feigneur. quant li marchis fenfu alez. Lors vint li hauz princef & manda meleagant que il venift deuant lui & il i vint. Et quant li hauz princes [*col. ii.*] le vit deuant lui. Si li dift. Meleagant ie vouf pri que entre vouf & ceuf qui auec vouf vindrent cefte part. vouf en ailliez au chaftel de doyure. & prenez de magent que arbaleftierf que archiers iufqua Mil. Q*ua*nt meleagant oi ce. Il regarde la*n*celot ala trauerfe que bien li fu auif qui il euft prie Galeholt que il len uoiaft cele part. Et nepourquant il li refpont & dift. Sire puif que il vouf pleft ie men irai de quel que heure que vous voudrez. & Galeholt li refpont & dift. Je voeil que vof vouf metez auchemin iufqua . iij . iourz. & fi vouf pri & coumant que li chaftiaus foit b*ie*n gardez iufqua tant que ie vie*n*gne cele part. ou ie ien uoierai mon mefage. Et lors apele fon fenefchal & li coumande que il li doint lef arbaleftiers & les archiers. & cil le fet erranment. Et quant il furent efleuz. Il fapareillent de laler. Et fachiez certainnement que li hauz princes fift crier partout fon pais & mande pref & loing que tuit foie*n*t appareillie def armes. Et qu*an*t il oirent ce que li hauz princef fen ira deforelois il dient que il le fuiuront pour oftoier. Li cheualierf qui ilec eftoit venuz prift congie au haut prince Galeholt & mout le m*er*cia de ce que il auoit fet & de ce que il auoit promif afere [*fol.* 84 *verso, col. i.*] Et il li dift que il naient doute detreftout li efforz de paienimes. Celui cheualier fe mift auec ceuf qui fen aloient avinceftre. & cheuauchierent tant que il furent venuz au chaftel de doyure. Quil furent fi bien receuz & fi biau que fe il ifuft li empereur de roume. fuft il affez fouffifant chofe & il & ceuf qui auec lui ifurent venuz. De lautre part femift li marchif henri deforelois. & auec lui ceus de fa compaingnie de feur le riuage de mer. au port de vinceftre. a grant ioie & agrant fefte furent receuz lef genz du

haut prince Galeholt & furent ceus de vinceſtre tant liez. & tant ioieus que nule gent ne pooie*nt* eſtre tant liez de la venue deſtranges genz. Or ſont il aſſeur puis que li hauz princes les doit venir ſecourre.

DE lautre part li hauz pri*n*ces Galeholt en voia partout ſorelois par viles & par chaſtiaus que maintenant que nouueles leur fuſſent aportees que li ſeſnes euſſent paſſe lamer. que il mouſtraſſent le feu chaſcun ou fuſt nuiz ou fuſt iour. de iourz la fumee & denuiz li feuſ clers. & ce feſoit il ſe li ſeſne fuſſent venuz a vinceſtre. Et ce que il coumande en ſorelois. fu coumande partout le reaume de logres. dont ie vous di apertement que en vn ſeul iour [*col. ii.*] empooient il ſauoir la nouuele p*ar* toute liſle de logres. Meſ atant leſſe li conteſ aparler de ceſte auenture & parole du iour apreſ que li tournoiemenz fu feruz.

CI endroit dit li contes que quant leſ genz que li hauz princeſ ot enuoiez a vinceſtre furent partiz dilec vne matinee au queſ par tens. Leſ greſleſ coumencent aſonner & leſ eſtrume*nz* de toutes parz. Et lors furent leſ gonfanons conduiz el champ. Leſ cheualiers furent armez a grant ioie & agrant feſte fu li roiſ bandemaguz. pour le departement de ſon filz. Or eſt aaiſe & aleeſce. or ne doute il que deſtourbierſ li viengne ilec pour lui ne pour ſa deſloiaute. Et quant il vit que la Reyne fu mo*n*tee aus loges. & leſ autres dames auec lui. Et que palamedes eſtoit venuz & auoit amenee la damoiſele. Il ſe fiſt armer. & fu venuz au tournoiement. Que vous diroie ie blanor de Gauneſ. le frere blioberis eſtoit venuz autournoiement tout nouuelement. & mout li tardoit que aucun ne ſe metoit el ranc pour ioufter. quant il [*fol.* 85 *recto, col. i.*]. vit palamadeſ il li fu *a*uiſ que il fu aucun cheualier de preuue. Et lors demande a vn cheualier pour coi il bee la auec cele damoiſele. & cil li conte laue*n*ture toute. en tel maniere con vouſ avez oi ca en arrieres. Blanor de Gaunes ne fiſt autre delaiance fors que il leſſe courre cele part ſon glaiue mis deſeur le fautre. Et quant palamedeſ le uoit venir. Il ne le refuſe paſ ainz li adreſce lateſte de ſon cheual. & hurte des eſperons encontre lui. Mes tieuſ fu leur auenture au ioi*n*dres deſ glaiueſ que lun ne lautre ne gaagna rienſ. Leur glaiueſ briſent & il paſſent outre. Et quant il ont parfourni leur poindre. Il priſtrent glaiueſ de rechief. & ſachiez certainnement que acelui tournoiement auoit il aſſez glaiues que li hauz princes en feſoit porter agrant plente. Que vouſ diroie ie. Il ſentreleſſent courre de rechief lun encontre lautre. Il tenoient leur glaiueſ abeſſiez. & ſentrefierent ſi durement en leur venir que il ſentrabatent aterre par de ſeur leſ croupeſ deſ cheuaus. Si felonneſſement que il ore*nt* aſſez que ſouſtenir. Blanor briſa ſa chanole. & palamedeſ en coumenca ſi durement aſeignier par mi le neſ que il li eſtuet oſter ſon hiaume hors de ſa teſte. dont il departirent [*col. ii.*] li vns de lautre ſanz pluſ meſler. De lautre part li Rois bandemaguz qui ilec feſtoit. ſe miſt el ranc. Et lors en contre vn Roys qui marſille eſtoit apelez. Celui marſille auoit agouuerner vne iſle que Galeholt li auoit dounee nouuelement. Cele yſle auoit non pometainne. Que vouſ diroie ie an deulſ leſ roiſ leſſent courre li vns en contre lautre. leur glaiueſ miſ de ſeur le fautre. meſ quant vint au ioindre deſ glaiueſ. tieuſ fu la uenture que li roiſ marſille failli a lui aerdre. & li roiſ bandemaguz le fiert ſi durement que voeille ou non li eſtuet voidier andeuls les arcons & cheoir alaterre. Et paſſe li roiſ bandemaguz outre & en fiert vn autre qui pour vengier le roi eſtoit ilec venuz. & briſa le glaiue de ſeur le roy bandemaguz & il le feri que voeille ou non la bat aterre atout ſon cheual.

PAR cef . ij . cox que li roif bandemaguz fift qui furent fi afpre. defcharge feur lui toute la cheualerie de pometainne. mef ceuf de foreloif ne leur fueffrent paf fanz encontrer. Et lorf fe mift encontre euls arouz . i . quans auquef preuz. & auoit en fa compaingnie . v^c . cheualiers. mef lorf quant vient alencontrer des glaiuef. Sachiez [*fol.* 85 *verso, col. i.*] certainnement que toute la vile en tentiffoit. & fe la fuffiez feigneur cheualier vous peuffiez auoir veu cheualierf abatre lun ca lautre la. que dune part que dautre. Li roif bandemaguz auoit oftee fefpee du fuerre & feroit adeftre & afeneftre. & la ou il fadrecoit tuit fuioient deuant lui. Si vous di apartement que il en fift tant que bien en fu loee fa proefce. & mieuz leuft il fet affez fe ne fuft Gaheriet li neueuz au roi artuf. qui toute voief li venoit en mi le vis. & li dounoit fouuentef foiz granz cox amont de feur le hiaume. Il dounoit alui toute fa force onquef ne fefpergnoient de rie*n*s a celui point. Endementres que il fe combatoient tout parigal. Atant ez vouf la cheualerie de clarance. Achalains li duf la co*n*duifoit. Et quant il vit li tournoiz fi meflez. Il femift el ranc & lorf encontre heliz li noirs armez de toutes armes. Et montez de feur vn cheual fort & ifnel. Il tenoient an deuls leur glaiuef empoingniez. Et leffent courre li vns en contre lautre. mes quant vint au ioi*n*dre def glaiuef. tieuf fu leur auenture que lun failli alautre aerdre. & cil quel feri lempaint fi durement que il labat aterre defeur la croupe de fon cheual. Et lorf paffe outre celui qui fi bien le fift. ce fu li duf achalains de [*col ii.*] clarance qui fu vn def bons cheualiers du monde. pour celui cop & pour monter heliz de forelois. fe defbuche la cheualerie que il auoit agarder. Et lorf en contrent ceuf de clarance. fi furent ilec fi afpref les iouftes que il en fu abatuz afeche terre pluf de la moitie def cheualiers que dune part que dautre & fi furent il plus de . M . cheualiers.

ACHALAINS li duf qui mout bien le fift de tant con fon glaiue remeft entier. & quant il fu brifiez il ofte fefpee du fuerre & fiert adeftre & afeneftre & abat cheualierf & cheuaus auf cox de fefpee que du piz de fon cheual que du hurter defon corf meifmes & en fefoit fi grant merueilles que nuf ne lofoit atendre en mi le champ. ainz fenfuioient tuit deuant lui. Et neporquant ceus de foreloif fe traueillierent tant que il monterent heliz en mi le tournoi. Lorf fone le cor dont il nen firent pluf. ai*n*z fen uont def armer. mef de celui iour emporta le lof & le prif li roif bandemaguz qui fi bien le fift auf cox defefpee que nuf ne latendoit qui dilec fen alaft acheual. Et quant Gaheriet le counut il fen ala de feur vn autre. La Reyne guenieure defcendi def logef & lef autres dames & les damoifele auec lui. Si vouf di apertement quele retint auec lui pour difner vne grant partie def puceles. La baeffe en fift [*fol.* 86 *recto, col. i.*] ioie mout grant. Que vous diroie ie. Lef tablef furent mifef & leue dounee fi fa fieent au difner. De lautre part li hauz princes quant il fu auf paueillons. Lef tablef eftoient mifef & leue fu dounee. Li hauz princes fafift & auec lui fef barons. Et quant dinadam voit le roi bandemaguz. Il li efcrie & dit. ha! viellart eftes vous de venuz champion. Len fet par tout que vouf eftef nez de forelois. & la proefce de uo fil meleagant le tefmoingne apertement. Je cuidoie auant hier que vouf fuffiez renduz au mouftier fai*n*t lorenz. & vous avez pris fofdee. & eftef de uenuz champion de celui qui riens ne vaut. Dynada*m*. Dynadam. ce dit li Rois bandemaguz tu naf fe parole non. Len fet par tout que ie fui treforiers du Galeholt le filz ala bele iaiande li fires def lointaingnes yfles. Il na point dargent ne dor dont ie ne foie gouuerneeur. coume*n*t pourroie ie eftre en contre fa partie. mef tuef mauuef & plei*n*s de noientez que tu moquef ceus de ta partie. chetisief de venuz bien le uoi. Mef oan ne fuf tu fi chetis quant tu

te combatis au cheualier deuant Kamaalot & que tu loceis deuant le roi artus. Or? que diroie ie tu uas empirant de ta proefce. mes de ta langue vaf tu amendant. Je croi que tu en aies plufeurs. Treforiers eftes de venuz ce dit dynadam. or fai ie aperte- [*col. ii.*] ment que li ponz de lefpee fera abatuz. tu ne ne ten prendras def or mes nule garde. que puis q*ue* tu as gete tef mains enfi g*ra*nt trefor con eft celui que Galeholt adefrobe par mi le monde. nus ne ten pourroit oftER. Mout fen rift li hauz princes de ce que dynadam dift delui. Et nepourquant il refpont en femblance doume courroucie. & dift ha! dynadam. pour coi me fetes uof honte. Je ne pas defrobe le reaume deftrangorre dont vous deuez eftre rois couronnez. Ne place dieuf ce dit dynadam. que mon pere muire. car tant con tu feroie en vie. nen prendroie ie pas la couronne. car tu la mofteroies du chief. A cefte parole coumencent treftuit arire par leenz.

EN dementres que il tencoient adynadam. entra dedenz vne damoifele. & fe mift agenoulz deuant Galeholt & dift. Sire a vous menuoie la Reyne Guenieure. ele v*ous* mande que empres difner venez alui entre vous & mon feign*eur* lancelot & dynadam. damoifele ce dit Galeholt ditef li uouf que nouf ironf alui ainfi con ele le nouf mande. Et nepourquant enla compaingnie de dynada*m* ne voudroie ie pas aler. Damoifele ce dit dynadam dites li de par moi ama dame la reine que ia fanz moi ne parlera alui que il font fi mauues que il la [*fol.* 86 *verso, col. i.*] feront retourner amengier lef herbetes & lef feues ainfi con . . . ent fet deuant. Et lors fenrient la damoifele & touz les autres q*ua*nt il orent mengie & beu agrant ple*n*te. Lors fe lieuent & li vn & li autre. De lautre part palamedes qui afon oftel eftoit defcenduz. & auec lui la damoifele & eftoient affis au difner. Atant ez vous venir el tref vn varlet qui aportoit . ij . liacef de lances de feur fef efpaules & lors parole & dift. palamedes a vous menuoie vn cheualier qui vous mande que vous praingniez vne def liaces de fes glaiues. Et apref difner foit entre vous & lui tant maintenue la iouste que lun ou lautre emporte lenneur. qui eft le cheualier ce dift palamedes vouf le counoiftrez mout bien aus armes ce dit li varlez. Je ne le refuferai ce dit palamedes. Et lors en fift prendre vne des liaces. & le varlet fen ala atout lautre liace. De lautre part fen ala Galeholt & lancelot & dynadam . parler ala reyne . & quant la Reyne les vit venir. ele crie merci a Galeholt que il la praingne en garde. Jai empris agarder treftout le reaume & la Reyne len mercia mout. & puif dift alancelot biaus douz amis ie vous pri que vous ne iouftez au lignage le Roy artus. Et fachiez certainnement que ie ne voudroie en nule maniere du monde que courrouz montaft entre v*ous* & euls. & lancelot refpont & dift. dame puif que vous le voulez. [*col. ii.*] Ja ne iousterai anuf deuls. & vous dynadam. fet ele coument lauez vous fet. Je ne vous vi el tournoiement fors feulement vne foiz. dame fet dynadam. vouf me deuez chafcun iour bien veoir en voftre cuer & cele aboeffe la. & toutes les nonnainz de ceenz deuffent prier noftre fire chafcun iour pour moi. que ie vous trouuai treftoutes fi foibles coume celes qui ne menioient fors herbetes & feues. Certes la plus pale qui eftoit ceenz a celui point. eft ame*n*dee a . C . doubles la vermeille coulour vous eft montee ef ioes. par fainte croiz la char vous amende.

QUANT labeeffe & les nonnai*n*s oirent ce. tout fuffent eles relygyeufes fames fi coumencent arire mout durement. La reyne & li dui compaingnon en coumencent aufi durement arire. Labeeffe qui mout eftoit courtoife & fage dame refpont & dift. dant cheualiers puis vous voulez que nouf prio*n*s pour vous dites enquel maniere. & dynadam refpont. mes prieres & mef oroifons ne font par moi fetef. fors feulement que

dieus me gart de prifon de dame ne ne de damoifele. & tel voeil ie que vous en faciez la priere pour moi. que ceus font emprifon qui beent adame ne adamoifele. Ha: dynadam. fet la Reyne vous neftes pour bataille ne pour conduire damoifele. & por coi ne deueniftes vous preftres. Dame dame fet dynadam fe ie [*fol.* 87 *recto, col. i.*] fuffe preftre aceftui point vous mengiffiez en core lef feues. Lors coumencierent treftuit arire. Mout tencierent ilec par gabois. Et quant il orent affez parle dun & dautre. Il priftrent congie & coumanderent la reyne adieu. & toutes les autres & elef leur aourerent bone auenture. & lors dift la reyne a dynadam. dynadam. fetes tant alendemain que ie uous voie el tournoiement. dame fet il en cor men duel ie de lautre ior.

QUANT Galeholt li hauz pri*n*ces ot pris congie ala Reyne Guenieure entre lui & lancelot & dynadam. & il fu defcenduz aus pleins. lors li fu venuz audeuant vn efcuier & dift. Sire en cel champ veulent efprouuer leur proefces . ij . cheualiers fe il v*ous* pleft. Je lotroi ce dift Galeholt. & ce foit iufquef afouper que ie ferai leue corner. Lors fenua li efcuiers & conte la nouuele a palamedes & puis alautre cheualier. Que vous diroie ie. Il priftrent an . ij . leur armes & monterent en leur cheuaus & fen uont el champ. & leur efcuiers portent lef liaces des glaiuef feur leur efpaules. Qua*n*t il furent el champ venuz il priftrent leur glaiues. & puif leffent courre li vns en contre lautre aufi con fe la foudre lef chacaft qua*n*t uient au ioindre def glaiues. tiex fu lauenture que il lef brifent li vns de feur lautre. Et lors paffent lef cheuaus outre. que angoiffe de mort les en chaucent. [*col. ii.*] quant il orent parfourni leur poindre. Il priftrent de rechief chafcun vn glaiue. Et leffent courre li vns en contre lautre fi durement con leur cheuaus leur porent rendre & lorf fentrefierent de feur leur efcuz mout afprement. Lun empaint lautre de grant uertu & fecuident verfer aterre mef leur glaiuef ne leur fueffre. ainz volent empieces & il paffent autre mout angoiffeufement que bien cuidoient an deuls cheoir aterre. Quant li cheualier ont parforni leur poindref. Il priftrent chafcun vn glaiue. puis hurtent leur cheuaus des efperons. Si durement lun en contre lautre & fi roidement con il pluf peue*n*t. Et lors fentrefierent fi durem*en*t que voeille ou non. palamedes eftuet cheoir aterre atout fon cheual. Et quant lautre cheualier vouloit paffer outre tout acheual. Il fiert en lautre cheual & chei aterre par defus la croupe de fon cheual & fu delez palamedes aterre. Et nepourquant il ne furent pas lent. ainz faillent andeuls en eftant. & oftent leur efpeef def fuerres apres ce que il ont gete leur efcuz deuant leur vis. Lors coumence*n*t adouner granz cox lun de feur lautre. & trenchent granz chantiaus de leur hiaumes & de leur efcuz. & font ilec vne fi grant meflee que ce fu vne grant merueille que il font darmes lun [*fol.* 87 *verso, col. i.*] de feur lautre que bien dient chafcun que il ne font pas cheualier qui delegier peuffent outrer lun lautre fe lun doune vn grant cop. & lautre li rent autrefi gra*n*t ou pluf. Lors fentrehurtent fouuentes foiz lun ca & lautre la. Que vous diroie ie bien fu auis au haut prince Galeholt que il feroit poine gaftee datendre ta*n*t que lun meift lautre a outrance. Il ne font paf enfant ainz font cheualier plains de granz vertuz & acouftumez de celui meftier. Lors fet corner leue pour aler fouper. & quant li cheualier oirent ce. il ne furent pas liez que bien cuidoit lun vaincre lautre. Et nepourquant il boutent leur efpees ef fuerres & fe traient lun en fus de lautre & puif viennent aleur cheuaus & montent & fe partirent dilec. mout menacent lun lautre par gabois & fe aucuns venift auant qui me demandaft qui fu le cheualier qui fe combati apalamedes ie leur refpondrai que ce fu li bon lamourat de gales le filz du roi pelinor qui fu vns def bons cheualiers du monde. dont il enfu

bien veue la preuue & ci & aillours. Que vous diroie ie. Lors ſenuont andeuls a des armer. palamedes eſtoit mout courrouciez de ce que bien li fu auiſ que le cheualier emportoit le meilleur de la iouſte. quant il fu deſarmez leue li fu dounee do*nt* il ſaſiſt au ſouper. & menia auec la damoiſele ainſi con il en eſtoit a- [*col. ii.*] couſtumez.

DE lautre part ſe des arma la mourat. & iſu drianz & agloal. alui deſ armer. & quant il fu deſ armez. Il parole & diſt. que onques ne trouua ſi aſpre cheualier aus eſpees & ſe il fuſt ſi bon dela iouſte. Il pourroit entrer en champ en contre le meilleur cheualier du monde. vous dites voir ce dit agloal que ie men fui aperceuz. Leue leur fu dounee & il lauerent leur mains & puis ſa ſieent au ſouper & mengierent & burent car aſſez orent coi. palamedes quant il ot mengie monta de ſeur vne tour qui en la meſon eſtoit & ſe miſt a vne feneſtre & coumenca aregarder ca & la par mi ſorelois. Endementres que il regardoit par mi vne rue de ſorelois. Il uit venir ſaphar ſon frere & auec lui . iiij . cheualiers que il ne counoiſſoit de riens. & lors deſcent palamedes erranment de la tour pour arreſter ſon frere que il ſot certainnement que ſe il ne ſe feſoit acounoiſtre alui. Il ſeroint andeuls ala meſlee alendemain au tournoiement. que ſaphar ne li leſſeroit la damoiſele en nule maniere du mo*n*de. ſe il la ueut conqueſter de ſeur lui. & ie ſai certainnement que il ne me counoiſtra en ces armes que ie porte. Quant palamedes fu aual deſcenduz. Lors treſpaſſoit ſaphar deuant loſtel & quant il uit palamedes le viſage deſcouuert. Il deſcent erranment & li queurt les braz tenduz & diſt biau frere vouſ [*fol.* 88 *recto, col. i.*] ſoiez li bien trouuez. palamedes lembrace & li biau frere bien veignant. quele auenture vous aamene ceſte part & il li conte coument il apris en conduit ceſ . iiij . cheual*iers* qui ſont deſ heritez & qui leſ adesheritez fet palamedes biau frere fet ſaphar vn leur voiſin qui Karadoz eſt apelez. li fires de la doulereuſe tour. mes len me ua tant contant que il eſt vn des plus desmeſurez cheualiers du monde. Si me fui mis en queſte pour uous trouuer. & puis que trouue vous ai. Je vous pri que vous maidiez de ceſte empriſe. biau frere fet palamedes venez aloſtel que apres le tournoiement irai avec vous en quel que leu que v*ous* voudroiz.

QUE vous diroie ie. Lors entra ſaphar en loſtel & li . iiij. cheualier auec lui & oſtere*nt* leur armes. & lors li fu leue dounee. Lors ſaſiſtrent au ſouper. La dame de loſtel auoit aſſez viandes appareilliees. Et lors demande palamedes aſaphar. biau frere coument le fet noſtre pere. & noſtre mere & no frere & treſtuit no lignage. Mout bien le font cereſpont ſaphar la dieu merci. mes il ont eu vne grant guerre au quans de la planche. dont ie lapelai deuant le roi artus & fu la bataille entre lui & moi ſi dure & ſi aspre que ie en fui emperil de mort. mes la dieu merci ien portai lenneur. & il en remeſt mort deuant le Roy artus. & [*col. ii.*] ie emportai vne ſi grant plaie de ſeur mahanche. que bien en fui emperil de mort. mes le ſage mire le Roy artus men gari mout bien. biau frere ce dit ſaphar noſtre mere me diſt au departir que ie fis delui que ſe auenture nouſ aportoit enſemble. que ie vous priaſſe pour amour delui que v*ous* deguerpiſſiez noſtre creance daorer les dieus qui nont pooir de parler & ſi ont bouche & ont piez & ne pueent aler. prenez biau frere le ſaint bauptesme qui vous conduira aſauuete. Lors coumence palamedes arire & puis reſpont & diſt. Tant en ai ie fet pour lamour de noſtre mere. & pour ſapriere que ie ne metieng fors ſeulement aus dieu des dieus. En celui ai ie mis toute macreance & mon eſpoir. Et encore en ai ie pluſ fet que ie bee areceuoir celui bauptesme que vous dites. mes aincois voeil ie eſſaier touz les compaingnons de la table roonde. Je voudroie fet ſaphar que li iourz fuſt venuz. Or me dites

ſet palamedes me ſauez vous conter aucunnes nouueles de la court le Roy artus. Oil ſet ſaphar ainſi con ces. iiij. cheualiers le mont conte. Il dient que il furent deuant le Roy artus na pas vn mois & demi. Et il venoit du mouſtier dont il noi point du ſeruiſe. Il firent la clamour de ſeur Karados. Il les oi mout bien mes du reſpondre fu noianz. [*fol.* 88 *verso, col. i.*] Que il ne leur reſpondi ne pou ne grant ainz ſen entra en ſa chambre. & lors vint pour euls vn cheaulier forſenez & leſ fiſt aler en vne ſale. Ilec leur fiſt douner amengier agrant plente & leur diſt. Seigneur cheualier leſſiez de ſeur moi. Karados que ie emprendrai la veniance. ai*nz* que demain ſoit paſſez. de mourez ceenz que li mengiers ne vous couſtera riens. & ceſ. iiij. cheualiers ſempartirent apreſ le mengier. Certes ſet palamedes ſe li rois artus eſt ahontez ce poiſe moi ſe il puet eſtre amendez par mon trauail. Il nauoit en ſa court nul co*m*paingnon qui plus ſe traueillaſt ſelonc le pooir que iai. Quant ilorent mengie & beu tout par leſir. Il ſelieuent des tables. & ſapuient aus querniaus de la ſale. De lautre part li haut princes. quant il fu aſſis auſouper entre lui & ſes barons. Les eſtrumenz ſounent tout en viron la ſale & ce fu apetite uoiz. Et lors fiſt Galeholt ſine que il fuſſent empes. & quant leſ ſons des eſtrumenz furent failliz. Lors parole Galeholt a dynadam. Dynadam ſet il m*oul*t me merueil de toi que len ſet bien que tueſ bons cheualiers & onq*ue*s ama grant ne te feis priſier ne ta*nt* ne quant. ſe tu me vouloieſ croire tu ne ſeroies ſi anoientez con tues. feſon le bien mandons aces . ij . cheualiers qui ſi bien le firent que alendemain viengne*nt* euls . ij. en contre nous . ij . & la pourrons mouſtrer ſe il aen uous [*col. ii.*] aucunne proeſce darmes pour garantir noz cors. Galeholt ſet dynadam alendemain quant tu ſeras ieuns te reſpondrai ie que tuas orendroit trop beu. si nen pourroies ſagement prendre la partie. Et lors coumencent treſtuit arire. A grant ioie & agrant feſte furent acelui ſouper & mengierent agra*nt* leſir. Mes atant leſſe li contes aparler tu tournoiement que bien ipourra retourner. & vous conterai dune auenture qui auint aperceual le galois[1] que trop me ſui de lui teuz.

[*Fol* 91, *recto, col. ii., l.* 14.]

OR dit li co*n*tes que alendemai*n*. apres ce que palamedes & la mourat orent eſprouue leur proeſces la nuit deuant coumanda li hauz princeſ leſ greſles aſonner & leſ eſtrumenz. Et quant leſ cheualiers les oire*n*t il furent leuez & armerent leur cors & monterent en leur cheuaus. & lors furent li gonfano*ns* conduit el champ. que dune part que dautre. Et leſ cheualiers ſen vont apres. palamedes & ſon frere ſaphar conduiſtrent ladamoiſele. & quant il furent en mi le champ. entre mon ſeigneur blioberis & hector deſ mareſ ſen vont cele part. Et quant palamedes leſ voit venir. Il parole aſaphar ſon frere & diſt. frere [*fol.* 91 *verso, col. i.*] il vous eſtuet iouſter a vn de ces . ij . cheualiers qui ca viennent. que acertes il ne ſont pas enfa*nz*. Leſſiez que il viengnent ce dit ſaphar que ia neleur faudrons deriens. Et lors oſte palamedes le hiaume de ſon chief & diſt. ſaphar biaus douz amis apuiez vous de ſeur vo glaiue iuſqua tant que ie viengne a vous. & ſaphar puie tout ainſi con il li diſt. Et lors ſenua palamedes a eſperon iuſqueſ la ou il voit le haut prince & li diſt. Sire veez la mon frere & ceſ . ij . cheualiers ſont venuz pour enmener la damoiſele coume la leur. Se il vous pleſt mon frere ſera en maide en contre ces . ij . cheualiers. & en contre leſ autres ſe il viennent en tel maniere con il ſont venuz. Et lors coumence

[1] This adventure of Percyual being entirely unconnected with the preceding and following matter, is not reproduced here. It occupies fol. 88 v. l. 16 from top; fol. 89, fol. 90, fol. 91, col. i. and col ii. to line 13.

Galeholt arire mout durement & dift. Certes mout feroie ie mauuef fe ie de partoie la compaingnie de . ij. freres. dites li de par moi que il fetiengne a vous. Lors fentourne palamedes arriere & dit afon frere que def or mes puet il mouftrer. fe il a point de deffenfe en lui. Et conte en quel maniere & ce eft fe plus dun cheualier fenuient feur euls. Il fapareillent an . ij . de la iouofte. Et lors leffe courre blioberis. fon glaiue mis de feur le fautre. mef quant ce uint au ioindre def glaiues il fentrefierent fi durement entrelui & palamedes de feur lef efcuz que voeil- [*col. ii.*] lent ou non andui. voident les arcons & chairent ala terre par de feur lef croupes des cheuaus. Et quant li cheualier fe uirent abatuz. Il fe lieuent en eftant & prennent leur efcuz parlef en armes & lef gietent deuant leur vis. puis oftent lef efpees des fuerres. & fentrafaillent li vns lautre. & fet chafcun fon pooir lun de feur lautre.

De lautre part entre faphar & hector des maref leffent courre lun en contre lautre. & fu tieus laue*n*ture que il brifent leur glaiues lu*n* de fuf lautre & il paffent outre au ferir des efperons. & pre*nnen*t glaiues derechief & en firent autretant. Et de lautre part achalains li dus de clarance fe mift el ranc. & lors encontre . i . cheualier de forelois. qui anceis eftoit apelez. Il leffent courre li vns en contre lautre au ferir des efperons. & fentrefiere*n*t fi durement que anceys chei aterre. & achalai*n*s paffe outre. Et lorf leffent courre lef cheualierf dambe . ij . pars & fentrefierent lun lautre & fentrabatent lun lautre par de feur lef croupes def cheuaus. Achalains li dus qu*an*t il ot parfourni fon poindre. Il retourne arrieres. & fiert vn cheualier & la bat aterre par de feur la croupe du cheual & lors brife fon glaiue. Quant li roif def cent cheualiers vit que ceus de forelois en auoient le [*fol. 92 recto, col. i.*] poieur parti. Il fe mift elranc & quant la ~~mourat de~~ Galef le uoit. Il li adrefce la tefte de fon cheual. & li leffe courre. mef tieus fu lauenture au ioindre des glaiuef que li rois des . C . cheual*ier*s brife fon glaiue de feur la morat. & la morat fiert lui fi afpreme*n*t que il labat aterre atout fon cheual. puif paffe la morat outre & enfiert vnautre fi durement quil labat aterre. Et lors brife fon glaiue & il ofte fefpee du fuerre & enfiert adeftre & afeneftre. & abat cheualiers & cheuaus ala terre & errachoit efcuz de cox & hiaumes de teftes & fefoit fi g*ran*t merueille darmes. que nuf ne leueoit qui abon cheualier nele tenift. Si vous di apertement qui tuit fuient deuant lui les cheualiers la ou il fa drecoit. vals de forelois qui mout eftoit bons cheualiers auoit acelui point agarder vne efchiele de cheual*ier*s qui mout eftoient preudomes & bons cheualiers. Il fe mift el ranc. Et lors en contre Gaheriet le neueu le Roy artus. an . ij . fentrefierent li cheualier de feur lef efcuz. mes tieus fu lauenture que il fentrabatent ala terre par de fus lef croupes de leur cheuaus & lors fe defbun chierent dambe . ij . parz les cheualiers & fentrabatent aterre lun ca lautre la. Et fu ilec vne afpre meflee. Que vous diroie ie. La Reyne neftoit encore montee aus loges ne les autres dames. [*col. ii.*] & fi vous dirai pour coi. Encelui iour li eftoient venuef nouuelef de par la dame du lac qui mout li plefoient & ce fu quele li auoit en voiees vnes leitres. qui mout la confortoit de fa mefcheance. Et droitement acelui point quele monta efloges. auint que lancelot du lac femift el ranc. Et lors encontre a Gloal de Gales. qui vn def preudoumes du mo*n*de eftoit. mef fa proefce ne valut riens a cele foiz. Lors fentrefierent fi durement de feur lef efcuz que voeille ou non li plus foibles en fu abatuz. Agloal brife fon glaiue & lancelot lempaint ala terre de feur la croupe de fon cheual & puis hurte auant & fiert drianz de celui glaiue meifmes fi la bat aterre atout fon cheual. Et lors brife fon glaiue. & puis hurte auant & en fiert vn autre

cheualier du troncon ſi la bat aterre & ce fu mador de la porte. Et quant il afet ces trois cox que vous auez oi. Il fiert de ſon corſ vn autre cheualier & la bat ala terre.

QUANT lancelot afet ces cox il oſte ſeſpee du fuerre. & ſadreſce cele part ou il voit que les cheualiers de ſorelois aloient fuiant deuant lamourat de Gales. Et lors quant il len contra. Il li doune vn cop [*fol.* 92 *verso, col. i.*] amont de ſeur le hiaume que il li fiſt leſ eulz eſtenceler el chief. & puiſ li doune vn autre cop ſi la bat alaterre & puiſ paſſe outre & en euſt autretant fet de achalains ſe ne fuſt que il guenchiſt en autre part. dont ie vous di apertement que tuit fuient les cheualiers deuant lui. Et lors requeurent ceuſ de ſorelois qui fuiant ſenaloient. & lors le coumencent ſi bien a fere que voeillent ou non ſe coumencent leſ eſtranges cheualiers areuſer mes quant lancelot en fiſt ſon pooir nuſ ne fu tant hardiz qui el ranc oſaſt demourer. Ainz ſen fuient pour la poour dencontrer lancelot qui touz leſ aloit abatant aterre. De lautrepart entre palamedes & blioberis de Gaunes ſe combatirent ſi aſprement que ſe il fuſſent anemis mortieus fuſt il aſſez ſouffiſant choſe. Se lun doune vn cop & lautre li rent autreſi grant. Et entre ſaphar & hector deſ mares ont briſie lun de ſeur lautre . ij . liaces de glaiues. Mes il eſtoient an . ij . ſi bons iouſteeurs que lun ne lautre ne chei aterre. Et lors ſoune li cors. & quant li cheualiers oirent lauoiz. Il boutent leur eſpees eſ fuerres & ſenuont aleur oſtieus & aleur paueillons & des arment leur cors & leue leur fu dounee & il ſa ſieent auſ tableſ & meniuent que aſſez orent de coi. Et la Reyne Guenieure deſcent des loges. & [*col. ii.*] auec lui dames & damoiſeleſ. & la conduiſtrent au paleſ. & ele retint auec lui grant partie deſ puceles. Li hauz princes Galeholt ſen ala aſon paueillon entre lui & leſ barons & trouua lancelot ſon compaingnon qui ſe deſarmoit alaide de dinadam. & quant il vit dinadam ſi li diſt. Dinadam moult court loing voſtre renoumee. La creſtientez & la paiennime en tremblent de poour de vous. Eſ tu ia venuz ce dit dynadam pour de uourer leſ chars. Certes ſe ie fuſſe ſeneſchaus de ta cort. Tu nen mengeroies hui puis que tu ne las de ſerui. Leſſe mengier celui qui bien la deſerui. Et lors coumencent treſtuit arire. Et nepourquant Galeholt reſpont & diſt dynadam ſe tu ne me dounaſſes amengier pour ma de ſerte. tu nen pourroies par reſon mengier. que tu noſaſ neis regarder le tournoiement. A non dieu fet dynadam ſi feroie pour la ſeneſchanterie quele le me donroit ſelonc reſon. que celui eſt fox & nices qui doune la partie aus autres & ne retient par ſoi toute la meilleur. par ſainte croiz ce reſpont Galeholt. Je nauroie de tel ſeneſchal meſtier. Il te feroit mengier ſelonc ta de ſerte ce dit dynadam. & ſelonc le fuſt que tu aporteroies du bois de ſeur tes eſpaules que tu nieſ dautre meſtier. Et lors li queurt li hauz princes le poing ſerre courrou- [*fol.* 93 *recto, col. i.*] ciez & pleins de mautalent par ſemblant. & dit que iameſ ne fera honte alui ne a autre. Quant dynadam le voit venir il na talent quil rie. ainz cuide certainnement que Galeholt ſoit courrouciez outre meſure. Et lors ſelance derrieres lancelot & diſt. Sire pour dieu ſoiez moi garant que ie me met en vo conduit que li lous eſt courrouciez de ſeur moi. Il eſt trop durement ſameilleuſ. & lors le priſt lancelot ſon compaingnon entre ſeſ braz & diſt. Sire ie le praing en conduit & li hauz princes Galeholt encoumenca & puis diſt. certes dynadam li ſans vous eſt foiz. Je le voi apertement vous auez eu poour. & dynadam reſpont puiſ que treſtouz li mondes apoour de toi. Il neſt paſ merueille ſe ie en ai eu poour ala mauueiſe cheualerie que tu feis. Quant lancelot fuſ deſ armez. Lors fu leue dounee par tout. Et quant il orent laue il ſa ſieent au diſner & meniuent que aſſez de coi. Et quant il orent mengie & beu aſiez par leſir ſi ſelieuent & vn &

autre. Mes atant lesse li contes apar-
ler de ceste auenture que bien isaura
retourner.

OR dit li contes que droite-
ment enbaudac sen ala la
reno*m*- [*col. ii.*] mee de
la bone cheualerie pala-
medes & coument il estoit viguereus
& sages & pleins de courtoisie. & cou-
ment li cheualier du baupteſme le
souffrirent entour euls. dont par mi
paiennime en fu portee la nouuele &
pres & loing iusques en cabros. Que
vous diroie ie. embaudas auoit vn
cheualier preuz & hardiz & puissanz
de haut lignage & auoit anon corsa-
brin. Il amoit la fille du Roy de
baudac si destr(*oite*)*ment[1] que il
nauoit en trestoute paiennime nul
cheu(*alie*)*r qui si destroitement am-
(*oi*)*t nule damoisele con il fesoit lui.
mes ele nelamoit pas. ainz le haoit
de mortel haine. Sil eust son pere
dounee afame a aucun haut prince
du pais se celui cheualier ne fust. que
maintenant que il sauoit que aucun
haut houme la fesoit requerre au Roy.
Il imetoit destourbier & fesoit par
ses mesages acelui qui la vouloit afame
quele nestoit pas damoisele pour ma-
rier quele auoit perdu le sens. Que
vous diroie ie tant en fist celui chev-
alier que la damoisele fu refusee par
mainte foiz. vn iour a vint que vn
cheualier estoit venuz de la grant
bretaingne. & auoit reperie ala court
le Roy artus. au tens que li rois artus
prist la roche aus sesnes. Il contoit
la proesce & la cheualerie de mo*n*
seigneur lancelot du lac. dont [*fol.
93 verso, col. i.*] les paiens en furent
mout merueillanz. Et lors parole la
damoisele & dist. danz cheualiers se
dieus vous saut veistes vous esclabors
li mesconneuz celui qui fu estrait du
lignage de paiennimes. Ne nus des
enfanz madame dont il sont assez
preudoumes. mes vn en ia qui pala-
medes estoit apelez celui uot de guer
pie nostre loi & si vous en conterai
merueilles de sa proesce. Et lors li
prie la damoisele que il (*sass*)*ie, &
cil li coumence aconter coument pala-
medes sen vi(*nt*)* vn iour akamaa-
lot & man(*de a*)* u Roy artus que il
li en voiast aucun cheualier pour
iouster. & que il vouloit esprouuer
sacheualerie deuant lui. Que vous
diroie ie. Li Rois artus auoit ilec
son lignage si li e*n* voia vn sien oncle
qui arda*nz* auoit non. Que vous
diroie ie il a bati ardanz. & son filz
qui heliz estoit apelez. & . iiij . de ses
neueuz qui apelez estoient li vns
Gauuain. & li autre Gaheriet. & Guer-
rehes. & agrauain. touz ces . vj . abati
il & douna leur cheuaus a vn naim.
Que vous diroie ie li rois artus fu
tant courrouciez con nul plus. & gra*nz*
fu li deuls entre les compai*n*gnons
de la table roonde. q*ua*nt il virent le
lignage du Roy ainsi abatre par vn
cheualier. Et lors se mist auant li rois
[*col. ii.*] & demanda ses armes. En
deme*n*tres que il armoit son cors
pour vengier cele honte. Issi de la
forest vns nouuiaus cheualiers par
semblant & dist apalamedes se tuas
iouste & ie ne sui pas aaise. La iouste
sera entre vous & moi se vous ne la
refusez. A non dieu ce li dist pala-
medes ie ne sui pas ici venuz pour
iouste refuser. Dont ie vous di aper-
teme*n*t que il iousterent andeuls ius-
ques ala nuit dont la terre en fu
couuerte des esclaz de leur glaiues. &
sachiez que il le firent andui si bien
que le meilleur ne fu couneuz fors
que tant que au parfiner quant lanuit
leur seur uint que palamedes perdi
andeuls ses estriers. Et nepourquant
pour ce ne chei il pas.

QUANT la nuit fu venue li che-
ualiers qui issi de la forest sen
ala dune part & palamedes dautre.
mes aincois en uoai il les cheuaus ala
reyne Guenieure. & qui fu le cheualier
qui issi de la forest ce dit la damoisele.
Il fu vns nouuiaus cheualiers que len
apele la mourat de Gales ce dit le

[1] The brackets marked by asterisks are passages in the MS. where some holes are burnt into the parchment. The italics in the brackets are guesses from the context.

cheualier. Certes fet la damoifele ie ferai tant pour lamor de palamedes que ia mon cors ne fera dounez anului iufquatant que il ne pourra [*fol.* 94 *recto, col. i.*] Garantir mon panoncel qui ia li fera en voiez en contre lef paiens. fe nus fen ira cele part pour ofter le de fef maiz*n*s a fine force & le me baillera. celui aura mon corz fanz contredit. & quant li Roys oice. Il coumenca a rire mout durement. & dift. bele fille & qui portera vo panoncel en fi lointaing pais con eft la grant bretaingne. Sire fet ele aucun en iaura. que ie voeil bien que il fache que ie li donrai tant du trefor de ma chambre. que il ne fon lignage ne feront iames fe riches non. Et lors faut auant vn varlet qui mout auoit reperie en la creftiente & fu agenoulz deuant la damoifele. & puis dift. Ma damoifele veez me ci appareillie daler en voftre befoingne. & la damoifele refpont & dift. Or venez avec moi. & lors fu li varlez en eftant. & la damoifele fe mift en fa chambre & defferma vn fien coffre. & en treft hors vn panoncel dor ouure afilf dor. dont il iauoit pourtret vn cheualier & vne damoifele. tenez fet ele au varlet & fi le dounez de par moi apalamedes pour lef couuenances que ie ai mifef. & fil le puet Garantir en contre lef paiens iufquef a vn an. Il me pourra venir prendre afame. dont il emportera couronne du reaume [*col. ii.*] de baudac. que mon pere na de touz enfanz fors moi feulemen*t*. Et pour le loier de uo mefage voeil ie que vo lignage praingne le paage du pont par ou len uet ala mahonnerie empelerinage. & ce foit iufquatant que vouf foiez retournez. Celui paage dounoit chafcun an derente . x. M . marf dargent. & ce auoit efte le doaire de faiole. dont la damoifele en eftoit acelui tens en fefinne. Q(*uant*)*[1] corfabrin oi ce que la (*damoif*)* ele dift. il fu tant liez & tant ioieus con nul pluf. (*car or uo*)*[2] it il bien apertement que la damoifele ne li puet efchaper. Et lors fen uint ala damoifele & li dift. ma damoifele uouf meifmef le mauez doune defore mef voeil ie que vous foiez come la moie. Corfabrin fet ele en core en auez la grant mer apaffer. & par mi le trenchant de lefpee palamedes vous en eftuet retourner cefte part. Se lauenture poez acheuer. bien me pourrez prendre coume la voftre. Et def lors le comande amahoumet. & corfabrin fen ala erranment afo*n* chaftel & prift fef armes. & tout ce que meftiers li fu. & puif femift au chemin qui co*n*duifoit ala mer entre lui & . iiij. efcuiers. & cheuauchierent tant quil furent venuz alamer. Il femift en vne nef & paffa lamer en la compaingnie [*fol.* 94 *verso, col. i.*] de celui varlet qui le panoncel portoit apalamedef. & quant il furent outre lamer paffez. tant cheuauchierent de iournee en iournee que il vindrent en forelois que il leur fu dit que palamedes iferoit. Corfabrin auoit dit au varlet que il neftoit meuz de baudac pour autre chofe fors que pour ofter le panoncel def mains palamedes. Que uouf diroie ie quant il furent venuz en forelois. Affez toft trouuerent qui leur dift nou(*ueles*)* de palamedes & que alen(*dema*)* in le pourra veoir el tourno(*ie*)*ment. Et lors defcendir(*ent*)* an . ij. en vn oftel dont il furent mout aaife.

ALENDEMAIN auques par tens leua mon feigneur Galeholt li hauz princes deboneure. & lancelot dulac. & lef autres barons. Et lors coume*n*cent les grefles. & les eftrume*n*z afonner & quant les cheualiers loirent. Il fe lieuent de toutes parz. & arment leur cors. Les gonfanons furent conduit el champ. & les cheualiers fen vont apres. De lautrepart monta la Reyne aus loges entre lui & lef damef & lef damoifeles qui acouftumees eftoient de avenir auec lui. Li hauz princes Galeholt & auec lui fes barons

[1] Here are again holes in the MS.

[2] The contents of these brackets are restored from Harl. 1629, *fol.* 63 *recto, col. ii., lines* 6 *and* 7 *from the top.*

eſtoient venuz pour le veoir. Entre palamedes & ſon frere ſaphar conduiſtrent la damoiſele el champ. Quant corſa- [*col. ii.*] brin vit palamedes & vit ſon eſcu qui pertuiſſiez & derompuz eſtoit en menuz leus & vit ſon hiaume qui de trenchiez eſtoit en mains leus. Et ſon hauberc deſmailliez en pluſeurs leus. Il le priſe mout. Et nepourquant il li eſtoit auis que il nauroit vers lui duree. Ala grant force & ala grant vertu que il cuidoit auoir. & que il ſauoit bien que en treſtout le reaume de baudac nauoit nul cheualier qui en vers oſaſt redrecier ſon eſcu. Et lors diſt au varlet que il li baille le panoncel que la fille au Roy de baudac li en voie. & que il li die les couuenances toutes en tel maniere con ele li mande. Lors ſen uet li varlet atout le panoncel mout bien ferme en vne lance. Et quant leſ cheual*ier*s virent celui panoncel qui baloioit au vent il counurent erranment que il venoit de paiennimes ala ſoutilletez deſ pourtraitures des ymages qui pourtraites eſtoient afils dor. Et des oeuures ſarazinnoiſes qui eſtoient en viron. Li varlez ſen ala tout droitement la ou palam[ed]es eſtoit. Et quant il i fu venuz. Il parole & diſt ſi hautement que bien fu oiz tout en uiro*n*. ſire fet il ſe uouſ eſteſ palamedes li paiens. Si le me di-[1]

[Harl. 1629, *fol.* 63 *verso, col. ii., line* 21 *from the bottom.*]

teſ. Et palamedeſ reſpont & diſt vallet palamedeſ ſui iou deuoir le ſachieſ vous. & de la loy ſarraſinoiſe. Puiſ que vouſ celui eſteſ qui iou ſui uenuſ querre de ſi lointain pais com eſt baudac adont ai jou akieuee ma queſte cou diſt li valleſ. Ap*re*s cou que iou aurai contet por quoi. Jou ſui enuoijeſ a vous. Sire fait il a vouſ menuoie li pluſ vaillanſ damoiſiele. ke on peuſt trouuer en toute paienime. Ele eſt ſage courtoiſe & de bounaire. Ele eſt biele cointe & plaiſanſ. Ele eſt rice & poiſſanſ & de par pere & de par mere. ſeſ ayouſ eſt roiſ de nagaberſ. & ſeſ pereſ eſt roiſ de baudac. Sire il na paſ lonc [*fol.* 64 *recto, col. i.*] tanſ que cele damoiſiele oi conter au cune coſe de vouſ & de voſ prouece ſ. & pour cou a ele miſ ſo*n* cuer enuouſ mout durement. Teneſ car ele vouſ enuoie ceſt pegnonciel que ele meiſme auoit pourtrait deſeſ propreſ mainſ les oueures. Se uouſ eſteſ teuſ ke vous encontre paienſ le puiſſieſ deffendre. duſqueſ a . i . an puiſ le poreſ aler prendre comme la voſtre & ſi emporteres couroune deuoir le ſacies vouſ. car li rois de baudac na detouſ enfanſ forſ q*ue* cele damoiſele ſeulement. Quant palamedeſ oi cou il priſt le peignonciel non paſ pour auoir la damoiſiele a femme maiſ pour eſprouuer ſa cheualerie. ſe aucunſ paiens veniſt pour le contre dire. car il ne preſiſt a celui tanſ laroine de tout le monde por eſcange de la roine yſeut. car il metoit ſa biautet en contre cieſ tout le monde. Et non pour q*ua*nt il reſpont au vallet & diſt. On ne puet ſauoir deſ auentureſ dou mande a combien eleſ couine*n*t. Et pour cou uoel iou que tu diteſ a la damoiſiele de par moi ke ſe iou ne uieng cele part iuſq*ue*ſ a un an que ele ne ma tenge des ore en auant & que ele pre*n*ge mariſ a ſa volentet. Et dou peignoncel que tu maſ dounet de par li en ferai iou tout mon pooir. En dementrierſ que palamedeſ tenoit parlement. a celui vallet. Atant eſ vouſ corſabrin uenir vierſ lui armet de [*col. ii.*] touteſ armeſ & montet deſour . j . cheual fort & iſniel. Et quant il fu venuſ auqueſ prieſ de palamedeſ. Il gieta maintenant ſa main & p*ri*ſt le pignoncel. & le voloit erracier horſ deſ mainſ palamedeſ. Et quant palamedeſ uit cou il traiſt ſe main a lui & diſt. Sire ch*eualie*rſ vouſ faiteſ outrage & me faiteſ honte. Et lorſ parole corſabri*n*ſ & diſt erranment. ſanſ grant honte ne vouſ poeſ vouſ partir de moi. Eſteſ vouſ paienſ cou diſt pala-

[1] Here ends *fol.* 94 *verso, col. ii.* of Add. 25,434, and a considerable gap occurs in that MS. The following pages are taken from Harl. 1629.

medes. Paienſ ſui jou voirement fait corſabrinſ et neſ de baudac. fuiſ ſui gomer ki viuoit autanſ que li rois de baudac remeſt orfeninſ. Raca*n*ſ li forſ eſt meſ frere . j cil gouierne la cheualerie de baudac & ot a femme le fille leroi deycanſ & ceſte damoiſiele la fille au roi de baudac me vait refuſant. Meſ puiſ que ele a enuoiet ceſte part ceſtui peignoncel ele ne me puet refuſſer par leſ couuenences ki iſunt miſeſ. Danſ cheualierſ fait palamedes. a cou q*ue* vouſ diteſ uouſ eſteſ eſtraiſ de haut lignage. & non pour q*ua*nt orgeillouſement vouſ voleſ marier. mais diteſ moi queſ couuenenceſ i miſt la damoiſiele. q*ua*nt ele enuoia ceſte part le peigno*n*cel. Et corſabrinſ reſpont & diſt ke ſe auounſ paienſ li aportoit cel peignoncel. que il aura ga-gaignier de ſour vouſ. il le pora prendre a femme comme la ſoie. Certeſ fait palamedeſ a dont ne [*fol.* 64 *verso, col. i.*] laureſ uouſ paſ iſſi legierem*e*nt trop ſeroit meſ corſ miſ a honte. ſe iou le vouſ quitoie ſi legierement ſanſ iouſter & ſanſ mellee. Veeſ la le pluſ preudoume del monde. que nuſ noſe neiſ ſon eſcut redrechier en contre lui. & cou diſt il de lancelot dou lac. maiſ ſil eſtoit en liu de vouſ ſune combatroie iou tant alui. qui mi membre en ſeraient auilliet. maiſ ia meſ cuers nen auroit honte. que ia par defaute de mon cuer il nemporteroit le pignoncel. & ſeil lemportoit mi membre enſeroient ho*n*ni. car leſ granſ colſ que il receuroient ne poroient ſouſtenir. Et non pour quant nouſ ſoumeſ chi deuant le pluſ haut p*ri*nce dou monde. a ſa grant fieſte dont il ne ſeroit paſ couueignable coſe. de combatre ſanſ congieſ de lui. Et de lautre part ceſte bataille voel iou que ſoit bien veue de touſ chiauſ ki chi ſunt aſſamble. Et ſi ſacieſ certainement que en toute la creſtiente. de tant co*m*me ele dure ne poroit on trouuer autre tant de preudoumeſ comme vouſ poeſ ueoir en ceſte plache orendroit. Dont iou uoel que la bataille ki doit eſtre entre vouſ & moi. ſoit alendemain v chr ap*rie*ſ diſner. veneſ deuant le haut prince ki nouſ donra le iour & leterme de la bataille. Palamedeſ cou diſt corſabrinſ tu aſ paour iou le voie bien apertement. Maiſ fai le bien doune moi quite le pigno*n*cel & iou te donrai maſerour [*col. ii.*] aſe*m*me kieſt une deſ beleſ damoiſeleſ del monde. & ſi en auraſ pour li endouayre une cite depaienime do*n*t tu emporteraſ couroune a roi. En non dui fait palamedeſ. puiſ ke iou ſui miſ a choiſ dauoir lacouroune de baudac. mout ſeroie mauuaiſ ſe iou lerefuſſoie ſi delegier pour prendre la ſeignourie dune autre cite. Et de cou que tu me vaſ diſſant & reprochant que iou ai paour voel iou que tu ſaches ke anſchoiſ que tu en ailleſ en baudac en ſauraſ tu la uerite. & lorſ ſenuont a tant deuant le haut prince. & palamedes li diſt. Sire entre nouſ deuſ na point de la loy creſtiene paien ſommeſ & a voſtre court ſui iou par leſ couuenenceſ que vouſ meiſmeſ ſaueſ. Vnſ valleſ uint a moi & me douna vn peignoncel de par la fille leroi de baudac & ceſtui ch*eualie*rſ le me veut tolir. Comm*an*deſ ſire ſil vouſ plaiſt. quan que il vouſ em plaiſt. que iou le deffende enc*on*tre lui. Apriеſ mangier cou diſt Calehauſ enſouеſ andoi em mi le camp. dont voſtre bataille ſera m*ou*lt bien eſgardee. car orendroit ſeroit cou paine gaſtee car il nouſ eſtuet garder emplui ſorſ luiſ. veeſ la que en mi letent ſe ſunt ia miſ. li ch*eualie*r. pour tournoiier. dont voſtre bataille ne ſeroit ia bien eſgardee. Endementrierſ qui li hauſ princeſ a termina la bataille deſ . ij . paienſ. Apriеſ ſe miſt el renc dynadanſ. Et lorſ encontra gariſ deſoreloiſ ch*eualie*r ki mout auoit en lui grande [*end of fol.* 64 *verso, col. ii.*].[1]

[1] The Harl. MS., which is still more deficient than Add., breaks off here. The catchword at the bottom of the page is "prouece. & lorſ laiſcent core."

PREFACE

THE story of King Arthur and his Knights is one of the greatest that men have ever made, greater by far than that of Charlemagne, which had come into fashion a little earlier, greater perhaps even than the Tale of Troy, already some two thousand years old, which for some centuries it eclipsed. It is through the fifteenth-century prose of Sir Thomas Malory, in which homeliness and nobility go hand-in-hand, that it holds its place in our hearts, but the story itself was the outcome of the second half of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth, the days in England of Henry II. and his three turbulent sons, Geoffrey, Richard Cœur de Lion, and John, the days in France of trouvère

and troubadour, the days in Italy of S. Francis of Assisi and the worldliness against which he strove. Something of the spirit of all these entered into the story, together with some contemporary theology, while the stuff of which it was woven was largely derived from the Celtic borderland with which the Norman rulers of England had come in contact in Wales and Brittany.

In the days when the Arthurian romances were coming into existence, violence, cruelty, and luxury were rampant, and the story bears many traces of them; but the greatness of these evils called forth some great virtues to counter them, and the story bears traces of these also and strives gallantly to be true to its ideals, though when primitive notions, more especially the old belief in magic, crop up in it, it sometimes stumbles. Despite such stumblings, it is penetrated to its very core by the special virtues of days in which men were content to live dangerously (dangerously for themselves, not merely dangerously as against others), carrying their lives in their hands and willing to lay them down lightly rather than break the rules of the game or be faithless to word or friend.

A wandering knight challenges a great lord in a trial of skill, to be fought out to death or exhaustion, beneath the walls of the lord's castle. The wandering knight wins the day, and the lord becomes his vassal, takes him into his castle, feasts him, appoints a guard for his protection, and, when the victor bids him report himself at Arthur's court, comes on the appointed day attended by all his retinue. That the lord's men should interfere in the fight, or the

lord himself break his promise, was unthinkable to these romancers; and on this simple basis of gallantry and good faith there was built up a code full of fine courtesies, such as those which forbade a great jouster to interfere with a lesser one on a day when he was outdoing himself, or a fresh knight to challenge one already tired with many victories.

The determination to live dangerously brought a strange and evil convention into the relations between knights and their ladies. A good knight held himself at the service of every woman who asked his help — to rescue a woman he must needs leave even his own brother in jeopardy — but he also owed a special service to the lady whose badge, if she so graced him, he wore, whose presence spurred him to excel himself, and whose pre-eminence over the ladies of other knights he maintained at the risk of his life. This lady might not be his own wife, if he had one, and she might quite properly be some one else's wife, her knight's homage be approved by her husband as a tribute to her worth, and the whole relation be treated as part of the great game of chivalry. But if it passed beyond a game and the husband hated to see his wife caring more for another man than for himself, then it became dangerous, and because it was dangerous, although every one knew it was wrong, it made a story more exciting, and all the writers of these Arthurian romances chose this exciting subject as a literary fashion. In the story of Tristram and Isoud, which forms one section of this book, we see clearly how overmastering the fashion had become. Tristram had taken Isoud as his

lady, while she was still unmarried; Isoud was (openly and humbly) in love with him; her father, the King of Ireland, was eager for the match; but the romancer thought that their marriage would spoil the story, so he made Tristram, after he had gained Isoud's love, woo her, not for himself, but for his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall, and then made Tristram and Isoud drink, by mischance, a magic love-potion, to excuse them for loving each other ever after.

The literary fashion or convention which imposed itself in this way on the romancers was thoroughly bad; but the saving merit in this respect of the Arthurian romances is that, though they insist on this situation in order to show the hero daring all sorts of dangers, they make it perfectly clear that the situation was wrong and could not go unpunished. With one exception every knight who yielded to this sin is shown as paying for it with his life. The one exception is Sir Launcelot, and him we see maimed and marred by thus setting his love where he should not, and atoning for it, as much as a man may atone for wrecking the lives of others, by bitter repentance.

The story of the Arthurian romances is a great story, because it shows us the effect on many different characters of this obligation to live dangerously. The men and women who fill its pages are not just names or figures to which adventures are tacked on. They are men and women of real flesh and blood, no two of them alike (save when the writer of one section deliberately copied another), each with his own virtues and failings. King Arthur himself is, as we say nowadays, a typical sportsman. He loves jousting — to take

part in it, to see it, and to talk about it — more than anything else, as some men now love less dangerous games. He cares for the men with whom he shares his sport, but he cares for them as his fellow-jousters, and he never gets much further. He falls below lesser knights who had borne imprisonment rather than fight in a bad cause, for which he cheerfully does battle; he is so keen on his own side winning that he overrides the etiquette that forbade a strong knight to attack a good fighter tired by his own successes; he is weak in his own life and weak in suffering the outrages of his nephews. His great merit is that, though a king, he never spared to take his risks, and by that courage he held men's hearts, so that "all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain, that would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did." Also, to the very last, he could be trusted to keep his word.

Sir Launcelot is made of much finer stuff than Arthur. He is perhaps the most splendid study of a great gentleman in all our literature, generous to friend and foe, courteous to every one, eager to set himself ever harder adventures, unwilling to be praised above his fellows, always bearing himself with an easy dignity which lets him use very straight speech and yet is no whit impaired. He is more than a great gentleman; he is a very subtle study of a soul in which spirit and flesh, aspiration and evil habit, strive for the mastery, and now and again he is pourtrayed with a rare knowledge of the human heart. More wonderful even than the closing scenes with Guenevere seems to me the story of the coming of Sir Urre to have his wounds healed by "the

best knight of the world," and how when all others in Arthur's court had failed Launcelot touched the wounds in all humility, and when his touch brought healing, while King Arthur and all the kings and knights gave thanks, "ever Sir Launcelot wept as he had been a child that had been beaten."

Sir Tristram is a curiously different study. Perhaps because of the love-potion, his fault sits lightly upon him; he has a most detailed memory for the services he renders, and is quite unconscious of there being any set off. But he is delightfully easy-tempered and forgiving, joyous and humorous, and deserves kindly remembrance for much else than his harping and his nicety of skill in ordering the technical terms of the chase, which so impressed his chroniclers. But he never touches greatness.

Tristram's assiduous opponent, Sir Palomides, the Saracen, is a rather laboured but quite successful portrait. Probably because he was a Saracen he is represented as not quite a gentleman, but pathetically anxious to become one. He is constantly doing things which Sir Launcelot, or even Sir Tristram, would have died sooner than do, and then he pulls himself together and apologises and tries manfully to play the game. His final appearance, when he is badly mauled by Sir Tristram as a preliminary to being christened, is singularly successful, none the less so for its touches of humour.

To attempt to study here others of the men and women who live in Malory's story would give to this preface too great a resemblance to the page in school magazines headed

"Characters of the Team." It remains to say a brief word as to what has been done in this abridgment. There is good reason to believe that Sir Thomas Malory was a Lancastrian knight who himself knew the pains of sickness and imprisonment, as to which he wrote so feelingly. He had to make his compilation from such books as he could get (he apparently never obtained the last volume of the romance of Sir Tristram), and it is probable that when his version was made his life was drawing to a close, and that, even if he had the wish, he had not time or strength to revise it. That version is so great a book, written, as I have said, in a style in which homely charm and nobility are so closely interlinked, that to tamper with it may seem a crime. But during the last few years there have been many complete texts of the *Morte d'Arthur* — I have passed one through the press myself — and an invitation to act as Malory's abridger, even as Malory had abridged the romances themselves, found me daring enough to think that such a further abridgment would be a very interesting experiment. There is much repetition in the *Morte d'Arthur*, as Malory left it. How often Sir Breuse sans Pitié played his ugly tricks, or Tristram rescued Palomides, or minor knights met at adventure and emulated their betters, it is not easy to count. I have tried to clear away some of the underwoods that the great trees may be better seen, and though I know that I have cleared away some small timber that is fine stuff in itself, if the great trees stand out the better, the experiment may be forgiven. In attempting it I have introduced, I think, not more than a hundred words of my own, but in certain places I have taken

over the readings devised half a century ago for the well-known Globe edition by Sir Edward Strachey, which has justified itself by passing through some twenty editions, and has probably brought Malory more readers than all other texts put together.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE *Morte Darthur* was finished, as the epilogue tells us, in the ninth year of Edward IV., *i.e.* between March 4, 1469 and the same date in 1470. It is thus, fitly enough, the last important English book written before the introduction of printing into this country, and since no manuscript of it has come down to us it is also the first English classic for our knowledge of which we are entirely dependent on a printed text. Caxton's story of how the book was brought to him and he was induced to print it may be read farther on in his own preface. From this we learn also that he was not only the printer of the book, but to some extent its editor also, dividing Malory's work into twenty-one books, splitting up the books into chapters, by no means skilfully, and supplying the "Rubrish" or chapter-headings. It may be added that Caxton's preface contains, moreover, a brief criticism which, on the points on which it touches, is still the soundest and most sympathetic that has been written.

Caxton finished his edition the last day of July 1485, some fifteen or sixteen years after Malory wrote his epilogue. It is clear that the author was then dead, or the printer would not have acted as a clumsy editor to the book, and recent discoveries (if bibliography may, for the moment, enlarge its bounds to mention such matters) have revealed with tolerable certainty when Malory died and who he was. In letters to *The Athenæum* in July 1896 Mr. T. Williams pointed out that the name of a Sir Thomas Malorie occurred among those of a number of other Lancastrians excluded from a general pardon granted

by Edward IV. in 1468, and that a William Mallerye was mentioned in the same year as taking part in a Lancastrian rising. In September 1897, again, in another letter to the same paper, Mr. A. T. Martin reported the finding of the will of a Thomas Malory of Papworth, a hundred partly in Cambridgeshire, partly in Hunts. This will was made on September 16, 1469, and as it was proved the 27th of the next month the testator must have been in immediate expectation of death. It contains the most careful provision for the education and starting in life of a family of three daughters and seven sons, of whom the youngest seems to have been still an infant. We cannot say with certainty that this Thomas Malory, whose last thoughts were so busy for his children, was our author, or that the Lancastrian knight discovered by Mr. Williams was identical with either or both, but such evidence as the *Morte Darthur* offers favours such a belief. There is not only the epilogue with its petition, "pray for me while I am alive that God send me good deliverance and when I am dead pray you all for my soul," but this very request is foreshadowed at the end of chap. 37 of Book ix. in the touching passage, surely inspired by personal experience, as to the sickness "that is the greatest pain a prisoner may have"; and the reflections on English fickleness in the first chapter of Book xxi., though the Wars of the Roses might have inspired them in any one, come most naturally from an author who was a Lancastrian knight.

If the *Morte Darthur* was really written in prison and by a prisoner distressed by ill-health as well as by lack of liberty, surely no task was ever better devised to while away weary hours. Leaving abundant scope for originality in selection, modification, and arrangement, as a compilation and translation it had in it that mechanical element which adds the touch of restfulness to literary work. No original, it is said, has yet been found for Book vii., and it is possible that none will ever be forthcoming for chap. 20 of Book xviii., which describes the arrival of the body of the Fair Maiden of Astolat at Arthur's court, or

for chap. 25 of the same book, with its discourse on true love; but the great bulk of the work has been traced chapter by chapter to the "Merlin" of Robert de Borron and his successors (Bks. i.-iv.), the English metrical romance *La Morte Arthur* of the Thornton manuscript (Bk. v.), the French romances of Tristan (Bks. viii.-x.) and of Launcelot (Bks. vi., xi.-xix.), and lastly to the English prose *Morte Arthur* of Harley MS. 2252 (Bks. xviii., xx., xxi.). As to Malory's choice of his authorities critics have not failed to point out that now and again he gives a worse version where a better has come down to us, and if he had been able to order a complete set of Arthurian manuscripts from his bookseller, no doubt he would have done even better than he did! But of the skill, approaching to original genius, with which he used the books from which he worked there is little dispute.

Malory died leaving his work obviously unrevised, and in this condition it was brought to Caxton, who prepared it for the press with his usual enthusiasm in the cause of good literature, and also, it must be added, with his usual carelessness. New chapters are sometimes made to begin in the middle of a sentence, and in addition to simple misprints there are numerous passages in which it is impossible to believe that we have the text as Malory intended it to stand. After Caxton's edition Malory's manuscript must have disappeared, and subsequent editions are differentiated only by the degree of closeness with which they follow the first. Editions appeared printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1498 and 1529, by William Copland in 1559, by Thomas East about 1585, and by Thomas Stansby in 1634, each printer apparently taking the text of his immediate predecessor and reproducing it with modifications. Stansby's edition served for reprints in 1816 and 1856 (the latter edited by Thomas Wright); but in 1817 an edition supervised by Robert Southey went back to Caxton's text, though to a copy (only two are extant, and only one perfect!) in which eleven leaves were supplied from Wynkyn de Worde's reprint. In 1868 Sir Edward

Strachey produced for the present publishers a reprint of Southey's text in modern spelling, with the substitution of current words for those now obsolete, and the softening of a handful of passages likely, he thought, to prevent the book being placed in the hands of boys. In 1889 a boon was conferred on scholars by the publication of Dr. H. Oskar Sommer's page-for-page reprint of Caxton's text, with an elaborate discussion of Malory's sources. Dr. Sommer's edition was used by Sir E. Strachey to revise his Globe text, and in 1897 Mr. Israel Gollancz produced for the "Temple Classics" a very pretty edition in which Sir Edward Strachey's principles of modernisation in spelling and punctuation were adopted, but with the restoration of obsolete words and omitted phrases. As to the present edition, Sir Edward Strachey altered with so sparing a hand that on many pages differences between his version and that here printed will be looked for in vain; but the most anxious care has been taken to produce a text modernised as to its spelling, but in other respects in accurate accordance with Caxton's text, as represented by Dr Sommer's reprint. Obvious misprints have been silently corrected, but in a few cases notes show where emendations have been introduced from Wynkyn de Worde—not that Wynkyn had any more right to emend Caxton than we, but because even a printer's conjecture gains a little sanctity after four centuries. The restoration of obsolete words has necessitated a much fuller glossary, and the index of names has therefore been separated from it and enlarged. In its present form the index is the work of Mr. Henry Littlehales.

A. W. Pollard.

A PREFACE

OR ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER AS FOR THE BETTER ILLUSTRATION AND UNDERSTANDING OF THIS FAMOUS HISTORIE.

AFTER this kingdome had, for the space of above foure hundred and eighty yeares, borne the intolerable yoke of the Romane servitude, which began by the conquest which Julius Cæsar made here in the raigne of Cassibellan, king of the Brittaines, seventeene yeares before the Incarnation of Christ, and ended in the time of Gratian, which was three hundred seventie six yeares after Christ, who had slaine Maximinianus, the Romane emperour; which Gratian after being slaine, Vortiger of the bloud royall of the Britaine king, did, by usurpation and the murther of Constance, the sonne of Constantius, seize upon the crowne. And being by his wicked life and ill-gotten soveraignty, grown odious, and hated by most of his subjects, hee was inforced to send into Germany for the Saxons, to aide and support him. The Saxons having got footing here, never gave over their military diligence till they got full possession of the whole kingdome; chasing the British kings beyond the

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rivers of Dee and Seaverne in North Wales, in the raigne of Carreticus, in the yeare five hundred eighty sixe. The above said Vortigerne the usurper was deposed, to whom his sonne Vortimer succeeded, but Vortimer was poysoned by Rowan the daughter of Hengist the Saxon, and Vortigerne againe was restored to the crowne; and after nineteene yeares of a troublous raigne, hee and his wife Rowan were burnt in their castle or palace by Aurelius Ambrose, who was of the race of Constance, who formerly had beene murdred by Vortigerne. This Aurelius Ambrose raigned thirty two yeares, to whom succeeded his brother Uter Pendragon, who was the father of Arthur, the great king of Britaine, of whose worthy acts and noble atchievements this history makes mention. King Uter Pendragon begat Arthur of the beauteous Igraine, wife to the duke of Cornwall, which lady king Uter afterward rewarded, and, by the helpe of Merlin the great magitian, Arthur was brought up and educated. He raigned king of Britaine in anno five hundred and sixteene. In his raigne he curbed the insolent power of the domineering Saxons, he wanne and subdued Denmarke and Norway. He ordained and instituted the order of the round table at Winchester, which was honoured with the number of one hundred and fifty knights. He was victorious beyond the seas against the Saracens, and by his conquests made many of those misbeleeving Pagans acknowledge the true god. Whilest he was abroad in these noble and heroicall imployments, his nephew, Mordred, whom hee had put in trust with the government of his realme, being puffed up with ambition and possessed with treason, he caused himselfe to be crowned, and usurped the kingdome; which king Arthur hearing of, hee made

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quicke expedition into this land, and landed at Dover, where the traytor Mordred was with a mighty army to impeach and hinder the kings arrivall. But in spight of all trayterous and rebellious opposition, king Arthur landed his troupes, and after two set battayles he slue mordred, and with the losse of his owne life, wonne a glorious victory, and being dead, was buried at the towne of Glastenbury in Somersetshire, after hee had raigned sixteene yeares, to whom next succeeded in the Britaine throne Constantine the fifth, being a kinsman to king Arthur, and sonne to Cadors duke of Cornwall.

All this former narration is set downe to confute the errours of such as are of an opinion that there was never any such man as king Arthur, and though historians doe disagree in their chronologies about times and places, some having written partially, some neglectively, and some fabulously and superstitiously, yet in the mayne points which are most materiall, they doe all conclude of the predecessours and successours of king Arthur, according as I have formerly related. It is apparent in all histories that there were nine most famous and renowmed kings and princes, who for their noble acts and worthy atchievements, are stiled the nine worthies, and it is most execrable infidelity to doubt that there was a Joshua, it is wicked Atheisme to make a question if there was a David, it is hatefull to be diffident of a sometime Judas Macchabeus; besides there are none, of any capacitie, but doe believe there was an Alexander. The world is possest with the acknowledgement of the life and death or Julius Cæsar, and the never dying fame of the illustrious Trojan Hector is perspicuous; we must all approve of the being of that magnanimous prince Godfrey

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duke of Bulloigne, who was the christian generall at the conquest of Jerusalem, in the yeare 1110. Besides, France, Germany, and all the christian world hath in fresh and admired memory the famous emperour Charlemaigne or Charles the great.

And shall the Jewes and the heathen be honoured in the memory and magnificent prowesse of their worthies? shall the French and Germane nations glorifie their triumphs with their Godfrey and Charles, and shall we of this island be so possest with incredulitie, diffidence, stupiditie, and ingratitude, to deny, make doubt, or expresse in speech and history, the immortall name and fame of our victorious Arthur. All the honour we can doe him is to honour our selves in remembrance of him. This following history was first written in the French and Italian tongues, so much did the poets and chronologers of forraine nations admire our Arthur. It was many yeares after the first writing of it, translated into English, by the painfull history of one sir Thomas Maleore, knight, in the ninth yeare of the raigne of king Edward the Fourth, about one hundred and fifty two yeares past; wherein the reader may see the best forme and manner of writing and speech that was in use at those times. In many places fables and fictions are inserted, which may be a blemish to the reputation of what is true in this history, and it is unfitting for us to raze or blot out all the errours of our ancestours, for by our taking consideration of them, wee may be the better induced to beleeve and reverence the truth. It is 1114 years since king Arthurs raigne, which was long before the dayes of Edward the Fourth, whereby it may be mused what speech they used above 1100 yeares agoe, when as it was so plaine and simple in king Edwards time.

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And therefore, reader, I advertise thee to deale with this book as thou wouldest doe with thy house or thy garment, if the one doe want but a little repaire thou wilt not (madly) pull downe the whole frame, if the other hath a small spot or a staine thou wilt not cast it away or burne it, gold hath its drosse, wine hath its lees, man (in all ages) hath his errours and imperfections. And though the times are now more acute and sharp-witted, using a more eloquent and ornated stile and phrase in speech and writing then they did, who lived so many yeares past, yet it may be that in the age to come, our successors may hold and esteeme of us as ridiculously as many of our over-nice critickes doe of their and our progenitours, as we are refined in words I wish we were reformed in deeds, and as we can talke better, it were well if wee would not doe worse. Wee perceive their darknesse through our light, let not our light blind us that we may not see our owne ignorance. In many places this volume is corrected (not in language but in phrase), for here and there king Arthur or some of his knights were declared in their communications to sweare prophane, and use superstitious speeches, all, or the most part, of which is either amended or quite left out, by the paines and industry of the compositor and corrector at the presse, so that as it is now it may passe for a famous piece of antiquity, revived almost from the gulph of oblivion, and renued for the pleasure and profit of present and future times.

As (by the favour of Heaven) this kingdome of Britaine was graced with one worthy, let us with thankfulness ackowledge him; let us not account it our shame that he hath bin our countries honour; let us not be more cruell then death to smother or murder his name; or let us not be

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worse then the grave in burying his favour. Thus, reader, I leave thee at thy pleasure to reade but not to judge, except thou judge with understanding. The asse is no competent judge betwixt the owle and the nightingale for the sweetnes of their voices; cloth of Arras or hangings of tapistry are not fit to adorne a kitchin, no more are ketles, pots, and spits to hang in a ladies bed-chamber. Neither is it beseeming for a man to censure that which his ignorance cannot perceive, or his pride and malice will prejudicate or cavill at.

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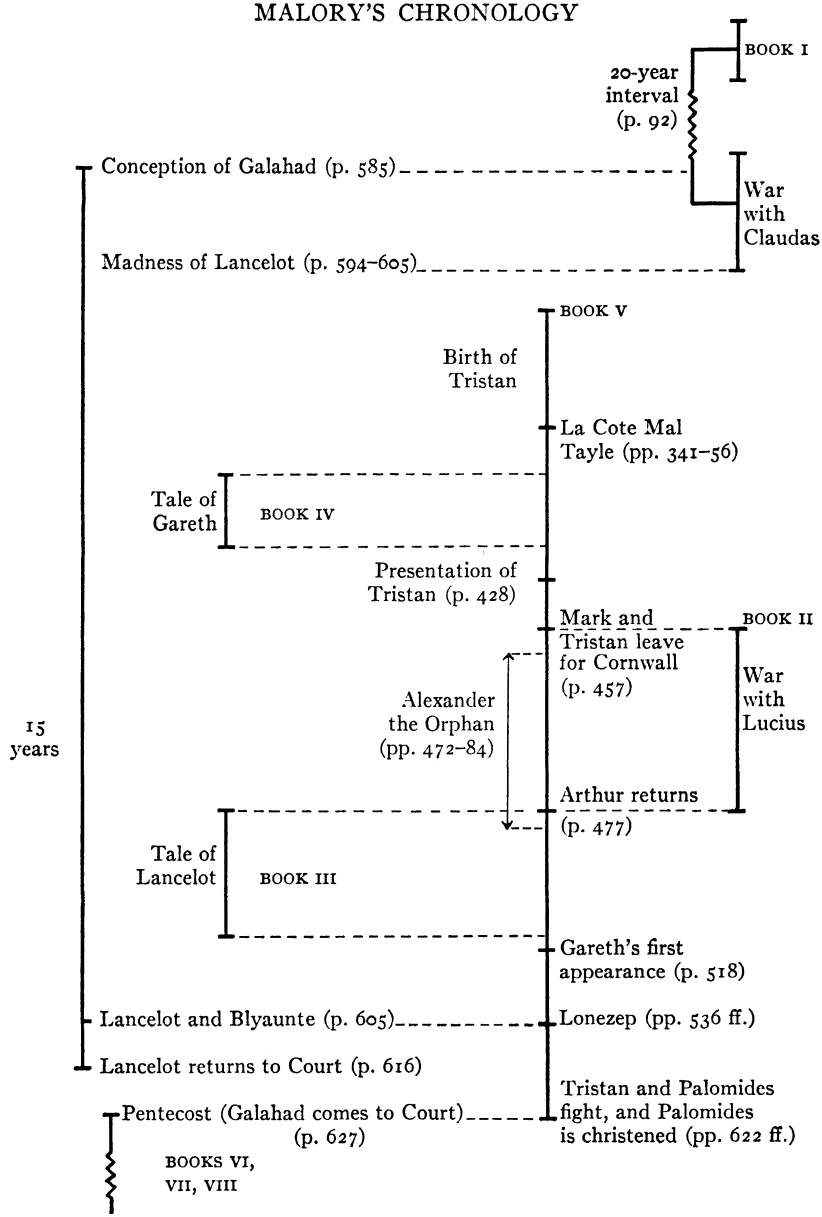
MALORY'S CHRONOLOGY



Sir Thomas Malory

Kyng Arthur & his Noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table

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GLOSSARY

CORRIGENDA

CAXTON'S RUBRICS

Ch. 1. Fyrst, how Uther Pendragon sente for the duke of Cornewayl and Igrayne his wyf, and of their departyng sodeynly* ageyn.

" 2. How Uther Pendragon made warre on the duke of Cornewayl and how by the moyane of Merlyn he laye by the duchesse and gate Arthur.

" 3, 4, and 5. Of the byrthe of kyng Arthur and of his nouryture, and of the deth of kyng Uter Pendragon, and how Arthur was chosen kyng, and of wondres and mervaylles of a swerde taken out of a stone by the sayd Arthur.

" 6. How kyng Arthur pulled oute the swerde dyvers tymes.

" 7. How kyng Arthur was crowned and how he made offycers.

" 8. How kyng Arthur helde in Wales at a Pentecost a grete feest and what kynges and lordes came to his feste.

" 9. Of the fyrst warre that kyng Arthur had and how he wanne the felde.

" 10. How Merlyn counceylled kyng Arthur to sende for kyng Ban and kyng Bors, and of theyr counceyl taken for the warre.

" 11. Of a grete tornoye made by kynge Arthur and the two kynges Ban and Bors, and how they wente over the see.

" 12. How eleven kynges gadred† a grete hoost ayenst kyng Arthur.

" 13. Of a dreme of the Kyng wyth the Hondred Knyghtes.

" 14. How the eleven kynges wyth theyr hoost fought ayenst Arthur and his hoost, and many grete feates of the warre.

" 15. Yet of the same batayll.

" 17.‡Yet more of the said batayl, and how it was ended by Merlyn.

" 18. How kyng Arthur, kyng Ban and kyng Bors rescowed kyng Leodegraunce, and other incydentes.

" 19. How kyng Arthur rode to Garlyon [*sic*] and of his dreme, and how he sawe the questyng beest.

" 20. How kyng Pellynore took Arthurs hors and folowed the questyng beest, and how Merlyn mette wyth Arthur.

" 21. How Ulfyus apeched quene Igrayne, Arthurs moder, of treason, and how a knyght came and desyred to have the deth of hys mayster revengyd.

* *S* sodenly † *S* garded ‡ *C gives no rubric for Ch. 16*

Ch. 22. How Gryflet was made knyght and justed with a knyght.

„ 23. How twelve knyghtes came from Rome and axed truage for thys londe of Arthur, and how Arthur faught wyth a knyght.

„ 24. How Merlyn saved Arthurs lyf and threwe an enchauntement upon kyng Pellynore and made hym to slepe.

„ 25. How Arthur by the meane of Merlyn gate Excalybur, hys swerde, of the Lady of the Lake.

„ 26.*How tydynges cam to Arthur that kyng Ryons had overcome eleven kynges, and how he desyred Arthurs berde to purfyl his mantel.

„ 27.†How al the chyldren were sente fore that were borne on May day, and how Mordred was saved.

* *C* 27 † *C* 28

Ch. 1. Of a damoysel whyche came gyrde wyth a swerde for to fynde a man of suche vertue to drawe it oute of the scabard.

„ 2. How Balen arayed lyke a poure knyght pulled out the swerde whyche afterward was cause of his deth.

„ 3. How the Lady of the Lake demaunded the knyghtes heed that had wonne the swerde, or the maydens hede.

„ 4. How Merlyn tolde th'adventure of this damoysel.

„ 5. How Balyn was pursyewed by syr Launceor, knyght of Irelonde, and how he justed and slewe hym.

„ 6. How a damoysel whiche was love to Launceor slewe hyrself for love, and how Balyn mette wyth his brother Balan.

„ 7. How a dwarfe reprevyd Balyn for the deth of Launceor, and how kyng Marke of Cornewayl founde them and maad a tombe over them.

„ 8. How Merlyn prophecyed that two the best knyghtes of the world shold fyght there, whyche were syr Launcelot and syr Trystram.

„ 9. How Balyn and his broder by the counceyl of Merlyn toke kyng Ryons and brought hym to kyng Arthur.

„ 10. How kyng Arthur had a bataylle ayenst Nero and kyng Loth of Orkeney, and how kyng Loth was deceyved by Merlyn, and how twelve kynges were slayne.

„ 11. Of the entyerement of twelve kynges and of the prophecye of Merlyn how Balyn should gyve the dolorous stroke.

„ 12. How a sorouful knyght cam tofore Arthur and how Balyn fet hym, and how that knyght was slayn by a knyght invysyble.

„ 13. How Balyn and the damoysel mette wyth a knyght whych was in lyke wyse slayn, and how the damoysel bledde for the custom of a castel.

„ 14. Ho⟨w⟩ Balyn mette wyth that knyght named Garlon at a feest and there he slewe hym to have his blood to hele therwith the sone of his hoost.

„ 15. How Balyn fought wyth kyng Pelham and how his swerde brake, and how he gate a spere werewyth he smote the dolorous stroke.

Ch. 16. How Balyn was delyverd by Merlyn and savyd a knyght that wold have slayn hymself for love.

„ 17. How that knyght slewe his love and a knyght lyeng by hyr, and after how he slewe hymself wyth his owne swerde, and how Balyn rode toward a castel where he lost his lyf.

„ 18. How Balyn mette wyth his brother Balen and how eche of theym slewe other unknowen tyl they were wounded to deth.

„ 19. How Merlyn buryed hem bothe in one tombe, and of Balyns swerd.

Ch. 1. How kyng Arthur took a wyf and wedded Guenever, doughter to Leodegran, kyng of the londe of Camelerd, wyth whome he had the Rounde Table.

" 2. How the knyghtes of the Rounde Table were ordeyned and theyr syeges blessyd by the Bysshop of Caunterburye.

" 3. How a poure man ⟨came⟩ rydynge upon a lene mare and desyred of kyng Arthur to make his sone knyght.

" 4. How syr Tor was knowen for sone of kyng Pellynore and how Gawayn was made knyght.

" 5. How atte feste of the weddyng of kyng Arthur to Guenever a whyte herte came into the halle and thyrty couple houndes, and how a brachet pynched the herte whiche was taken awaye.

" 6. How syr Gawayn rode for to fetche ageyn the herte and how two brethern fought eche ageynst other for the herte.

" 7. How the herte was chaced into a castel and there slayn, and how Gauwayn slewe a lady.

" 8. How four knyghtes faught ayenst sir Gawayn and Gaheryse, and how they were overcom and her lyves saved atte request of four ladyes.

" 9. How syr Tor rode after the knyght wyth the brachet and of his adventure by the waye.

" 10. How syr Tor fonde the brachet wyth a lady and how a knyght assayled hym for the sayd brachet.

" 11. How syr Tor overcame the knyght and how he lost hys heed at the requeste of a lady.

" 12. How kyng Pellenore rode after the lady and the knyght that ladde her awaye, and how a lady desyred helpe of hym, and how he faught wyth ii knyghtes for that lady, of whome he slewe that one at the fyrst stroke.

" 13. How kyng Pellynore gate the lady and brought hyr to Camelot to the courte of kyng Arthur.

" 14. How on the waye he herde two knyghtes as he laye by nyght in a valey, and of other adventures.

" 15. How whan he was comen to Camelot he was sworne upon a book to telle the trouthe of his queste.

Ch. 1. How Merlyn was assotted and dooted on one of the ladyes of the Lake, and how he was shytte in a roche under a stone and there deyed.

" 2. How fyve kynges came into this londe to warre ayenst kyng Arthur and what counceyl Arthur had ayenst them.

" 3. How kyng Arthur had adoo with them and overthrewe them and slewe the five kynges and made the remenaunte to flee.

" 4. How the batayl was fynysshed or he came, and how the kyng founded an abbay where the batayl was.

" 5. How syr Tor was made knyght of the Rounde Table, and how Bagdemagus† was dyspleased.

† *S* Badgemagus

Ch. 6. How kyng Arthur, kyng Uryens, and syr Accolon of Gaule chaced an hert, and of theyr mervayllous adventure.

„ 7. How Arthur took upon hym to fyght to be delyverd oute of pryson, and also for to delyver twenty knyghtes that were in pryson.

„ 8. How Accolon fonde hymself by a welle, and he toke upon hym to doo bataylle ayenst Arthur.

„ 9. Of the battayle bytwene Arthur and Accolon.

„ 10. How kyng Arthurs swerde that he faught wyth brake, and how he recoverd of Accolon his owne swerde Excalibur and overcame his enemye.

„ 11. How Accolon confessyd the treason of Morgan le Fay, kyng Arthurs syster, and how she wold have doon slee hym.

„ 12. How Arthur accorded the two brethern and delyverd the twenty knyghtes, and how syr Accolons deyed.

„ 13. How Morgan wold have slayn syr Uryens hyr husbond, and how syr Ewayn hir sone saved hym.

„ 14. How quene Morgan le Fay made grete sorowe for the deth of Accolon, and how she stale awaye the scawbard fro Arthur.

„ 15. How Morgan le Fay saved a knyght that shold have be drowned, and how kyng Arthur retorned home ageyn.

Ch. 16. How the Damoysel of the Lake saved kynge Arthur from a mantel which sholde have brente hym.

„ 17. How syr Gawayn and syr Ewayn mette with twelve fayr damoyselles, and how they compleyned on syr Marhaus.*

„ 18, 19. How syr Marhaws justed with syr Gawayn and syr Ewayn and overthrewe them bothe.

„ 20. How syr Marhaus, syr Gawayn, and syr Ewayn mette the damoyselles and eche of them toke one.

„ 21. How a knyght and a dwarf stroof for a lady.

„ 22. How kyng Pelleas suffred hymself to be taken prysoner by cause he wolde have a syght of his lady.

„ 23. How syr Gawayn came to the lady Ettard and laye by hyr, and how syr Pelleas fonde them slepyng.

„ 24. How syr Pelleas loved no more Ettard by the moyan of the Damoysel of the Lake whom he loved ever after.

„ 25. How syr Marhaus rode with the damoysel, and how he came to the duke of the South Marchis.

„ 26. How syr Marhaus faught wyth the duke and his six sones and made them to yelde them.

„ 27. How syr Ewayn rode wyth the damoysel of forty yere of age, and how he gate the prys at tornoyeng.

„ 28. How syr Ewayn faught with two knyghtes and overcam hem.

„ 29. How at the yeres ende alle thre knyghtes with theyr thre damoyselles metten at the fontayne.

* *C* Marhans

1. How syr Launcelot rode on his adventure, and how he helpe a dolorous lady fro hyr payne, and how that he faught wyth a dragon.
2. How syr Launcelot came to Pelles, and of the Sangreal, and how he begate Galahad on Elayn, kyng Pelles doughter.
3. How syr Launcelot was dyspleasyd whan he knewe that he had layen by Elayn, and how she was delyverd of Galahad.
4. How syr Bors came to dame Elayn and sawe Galahad, and how he was fedde wyth the Sangreal.
5. How syr Bors made syr Pedyver* to yelde hym, and of mervaylous adventures that he had, and how he achyeved them.
6. How syr Bors departed, and how syr Launcelot was rebuked of the quene Guenever, and of his excuse.
7. How dame Elayn, Galahads moder, came in grete estate to Camelot, and how Launcelot byhaved hym there.
8. How dame Brysen by enchauntement brought syr Launcelotte to Elayns bedde, and how quene Guenever rebuked hym.
9. How dame Elayn was commaunded by quene Guenever to voyde the courte, and how syr Launcelot becam madde.
10. What sorowe quene Guenever made for syr Launcelot, and how he was sought by knyghtes of his kynne.
11. How a servaunte of syr Aglovals was slayn, and what vengeaunce syr Aglovale and syr Percyvale dyd therfore.
12. How syr Percyvale departed secretelye fro his brother, and how he losed a knyght bounden with a chayne, and other thynges.
13. How syr Percyvale mette wyth sir Ector, and how they faught longe, and eche had almoost slayne other.
14. How by myracle they were bothe made hole by the comyng of the Holy Vessel of Sangreal.

* *W* Bedyvere

1. How syr Trystram de Lyones was borne and how his moder deyed at his byrthe, wherfore she named hym Tristram.
2. How the stepmoder of syr Trystram had ordeyned poyson for to have poysened syr Trystram.
3. How syr Trystram was sente into Fraunce and had one to governe hym named Governayle, and how he lernyd to harpe, hawke, and hunte.
4. How syr Marhaus came out of Irelonde for to aske trewage of Cornewayle, or ellys he wold fyght therfor.*
5. How Trystram enterprysed the bataylle to fyght for the trewage of Cornwayl and how he was made knyght.
6. How syr Trystram arryved into the ilond for to furnysshe the bataylle with syr Marhaus.
7. Hoow syr Tristram faught ayenst syr Marhaus and achyeved his batayl, and how syr Marhaus fledde to his shyppe.
8. How syr Marhaus after that he was arryved in Irelonde dyed of the stroke that syr Trystram had gyven to hym, and how Trystram was hurte.
9. How syr Trystram was put to the kepyng of La Bele Ysoude fyrst to be helyd of hys wounde.
10. How syr Trystram wanne the degree at a tournoyment in Irelonde, and there made Palomydes to bere no harnoys in a yere.
11. How the quene espyed that syr Tristram had slayn hir broder syr Marhaus by his swerde and in what jeopardye he was.
12. How syr Trystram departed fro the kyng and La Bele Isoude out of Irelonde for to come into Cornewayl.
13. How syr Trystram and kyng Marke hurted eche other for the love† of a knyghtes wyf.
14. How syr Trystram laye wyth the lady, and how her husbond faught wyth syr Trystram.
15. How syr Bleoberis demaunded the fayrest lady in kyng Marks court, whom he toke awaye, and how he was foughten with.
16. How syr Trystram faught wyth two knyghtes of the Rounde Table.
17. How syr Tristram‡ faught with syr Bleoberis for a lady, and how the lady was put to choyse to whome she wold goo.

* *S* therefor † *C* lone *S* loue ‡ *C* Tristcum

18. How the lady forsoke syr Tristram and abode with syr Bleoberis, and how she desyred to goo to hyr husbond.
19. How kyng Mark sent syr Trystram for La Beale Isoude toward Irelond, and how by fortune he arryved into Englond.
20. How kyng Anguysshe of Irelonde was somoned to come to kyng Arthurs courte for treason.
21. How syr Trystram rescowed a chylde fro a knyght, and how Governayle tolde hym* of kyng Anguysshe.
22. How syr Trystram faught for syr Anguysshe and overcame hys adversarye, and how his adversarye wold never yelde hym.
23. How syr Blamor desyred Trystram to slee hym, and how syr Tristram spared hym, and how they took appoyntement.
24. How syr Tristram demaunded La Bele Isoude for kynge Mark, and how syr Trystram and Isoude dronken the love drynke.
25. How syr Tristram and Isoude were in pryson, and how he faughte for hir beauté and smote of another ladyes hede.
26. How syr Trystram faught wyth syr Breunor and atte laste smote of his hede.
27. How syr Galahad faught wyth syr Tristram, and how syr Tristram yelded hym and promysed to felaushyp with Lancelot.
28. How syr Launcelot mette with syr Carados beryng awaye sir Gawayn, and of the rescows of syr Gawayn.
29. Of the weddyng of kyng Marke to La Beale Isoude, and of Brangwayn, hyr mayde, and of Palamydes.
30. How Palamydes demaunded quene Isoude, and how Lambegus rode after to rescowe hyr, and of th' escape of Isoude.
31. How syr Trystram rode after Palamydes and how he fonde hym and faught wyth hym, and by the moyne of Isoude the batayl seced.
32. How syr Trystram brought quene Isoude home, and of the debate of kyng Marke and syr Trystram.
33. How syr Lamerok justed wyth thirty knyghtes, and syr Tristram atte requeste of kyng Mark smote his hors doun.
34. How syr Lamerok sente an horne to kyng Marke in despyte of syr Trystram, and how syr Trystram was dryven into a chapel.
35. How syr Tristram was holpen by his men, and of quene Isoude which was put in a lazarcote†, and how Tristram was hurt.
36. How syr Trystram served in warre the kyng Howel of Brytayn and slewe hys adversarye in the felde.
37. How syr Suppynabyles tolde syr Trystram how he was deffamed in the courte of kyng Arthur.

* *C* bym *S* hym † *S* in lazaroote

37. Of syr Lamerok.
38. How syr Trystram and his wyf arryved in Wales, and how he mette there wyth syr Lamerok.
39. How syr Trystram faught wyth syr Nabon and overcame hym, and made syr Lamerok lord of the yle.
40. How syr Lamerok departed fro syr Trystram, and how he mette wyth syr Frolle, and after wyth syr Launcelot.
41. How syr Lamerok slewe syr Frolle, and of the curtoyse fyghtyng wyth syr Belleaunce, hys brother.

1. How a yonge man came into the courte of kyng Arthur and how syr Kaye called hym in scorne La Cote Male Tayle.
2. How a damoysel came into the courte and desyred a knyght to take on hym an enquest which La Cote Male Tayle emprised.
3. How Le Cote Male Tayle overthrewe syr Dagonet, the kynges fole, and of the rebuke that he had of the damoysel.
4. How Le Cote Male Tayle fought ayenst an hondred knyghtes, and how he escaped† by the meane of a lady.
5. How syr Launcelot cam to the courte and herde of La Cote Male Tayle, and how he folowed after hym, and how La Cote Male Tayle was prysoner.
6. How syr Launcelot faught wyth six knyghtes and after wyth syr Bryan, and how he delyverd the prysonners.
7. How syr Launcelot mette wyth the damoysel named Maledysaunt, and named hyr the Damoysel Bien Pensaunt.
8. How Le Cote Male Tayle was taken prysoner and after rescowed by syr Launcelot, and how syr Launcelot overcam four brethren.
9. How syr Launcelot maad Le Cote Mayle lord of the castel of Pendragon, and after was made knyght of the Rounde Table.

† *S* esscaped

Ch. 1. How Beaumayns came to kyng Arthurs courte and demaunded thre petycyons of kyng Arthur.
" 2. How syr Launcelot and syr Gawayn were wroth by cause syr Kaye mocqued Beaumayns, and of a damoysel whyche desyred a knyght to fyght for a lady.
" 3. How Beawmayns desyred the batayl and how it was graunted to hym, and how he desyred to be made knyght of sir Launcelot.
" 4. How Beaumayns departed, and how he gate of syr Kaye a spere and a shelde, and how he justed and faughte wyth syr Launcelot.
" 5. How Beaumayns tolde to syr Launcelot his name, and how he was dubbed knyght of syr Launcelot and after overtooke the damoysel.
" 6. How Beaumayns fought and slewe two knyghtes at a passage.
" 7. How Beaumayns faught with the knyght of the Blacke Laundes and faught with hym tyl he fyl doun and deyed.
" 8. How the brother of the knyght that was slayn mette wyth Beaumayns and faught with Beaumayns tyl he wos yelden.
" 9. How the damoysel ever rebuked Beaumayns and wold not suffre hym to syt at hir table but callyd hym kychyn boye.
" 10. How the thyrd brother callyd the Rede Knyght justed and faughte ayenst Beaumayns, and how Beaumayns overcame hym.
" 11. How syr Beaumayns suffred grete rebukes of the damoysel, and he suffred it pacyently.
" 12. How Beaumayns faughte wyth syr Persaunt of Ynde and made hym to be yelden.
" 13. Of the godelye comynycacyon bytwene syr Persaunt and Beaumayns, and how he tolde hym that his name was syr Gareth.
" 14. How the lady that was bysyeged had worde fro hyr syster how she had brought a knyght to fyght for hyr and what bataylles he had achyeved.
" 15. How the damoysel and Beaumayns came to the syege and came to a sykamor tree, and there Beaumayns blewe an horne and thenne the Knyght of the Rede Laundes cam to fyght wyth hym.
" 16. How the two knyghtes mette togyders, and of their talkyng, and how they began theyr batayl.

Ch. 17. How after longe fyghtyng Beaumayns overcame the knyght and wold have slayn hym, but atte request of the lordes he saved his lyf and made hym to yelde hym to the lady.

„ 18. How the knyght yelded hym and how Beaumayns made hym to goo unto kyng Arthurs court and to crye sir Lancelot mercy.

„ 19. How Beaumayns came to the lady and whan he came to the castel the yates were closed ageynst hym, and of the wordes that the lady sayd to hym.

„ 20. How syr Beaumayns rode after to rescowe his dwarfe and came into the castel where he was.

„ 21. How syr Gareth otherwyse callyd Beaumayns came to the presence of his lady, and how they toke acqueyntance, and of their love.

„ 22. How at nyght cam an armed knyght and faught with sir Gareth and he sore hurt in the thyghe smote of the knyghtes heed.

„ 23. How the sayd knyght came ageyn the next nyght and was beheded ageyn, and how at the feste of Pentecost al the knyghtes that syr Gareth had overcome came and yelded hem to kyng Arthur.

„ 24. How kyng Arthur pardoned them and demaunded of them where syr Gareth was.

„ 25, 26. How the quene of Orkeney came to this feste of Pentecoste and sir Gawayn and his brethern cam to aske hir blessyng.

„ 27. How kyng Arthur sente for the lady Lyonas, and how she lete crye a tournoye at hir castel whereas came many knyghtes.

„ 28. How kyng Arthur wente to the tornoyment with his knyghtes, and how the lady receyved them worshypfully, and how the knyghtes encountred.

„ 29. How the knyghtes bare them in the batayl.

„ 30. Yet of the sayd tornoyment.

„ 31. How syr Gareth was espyed by the herowdes and how he escaped oute of the felde.

„ 32. How syr Gareth came to a castel where he was wel lodged and he justed with a knyght and slewe hym.

„ 33. How syr Gareth fought wyth a knyght that helde within his castel thirty ladyes and how he slewe hym.

„ 34. How syr Gawayn and syr Gareth fought eche ayenst other, and how they knewe eche other by the damoysel Lynet.

„ 35. How syr Gareth knowleched that they loved eche other to kyng Arthur and of thappoyntement of their weddyng.

„ 36. Of the grete ryalté and what offycers were made at the feste of the weddynge, and of the justes at the feest.

10. How la Bele Isoude sente letters to syr Trystram by hir mayde Brangwayn, and of dyvers aventures of syr Trystram.
11. How syr Tristram mette with sir Lamerok de Gales, and how they faught and after accorded never to fyght togyders.
12. How syr Palomydes folowed the questyng beest and smote doun syr Trystram and syr Lamerock wyth one spere.
13–14.* How syr Lamerok mette wyth syr Melleagaunce and faught togydre for the beaulté of dame Guenever.
15. How syr Kaye mette wyth syr Trystram, and after of the shame spoken of the knyghtes of Cornewayl, and how they justed.
16. How kyng Arthur was brought into the Forest Peryllous, and how syr Trystram saved his lyf.
17. How syr Trystram came to La Beale Isoude, and how Kehydyous began to love Bele Isoude, and of a letter that Tristram fonde.
18. How syr Tristram departed from Tyntagyl, and how he sorowed and was so longe in a forest tyl he was out of his mynde.
19. How syr Trystram sowsed Dagonet in a welle, and how Palamydes sente a damoysel to seche Trystram, and how Palamydes mette wyth kyng Mark.
20. How it was noysed how sir Trystram was dede, and how La Beale Isoude wolde have slayn hyrself.
21. How kyng Mark fonde syr Trystram naked and made hym to be borne home to Tyntagyl, and how he was there knowen by a brachet.
22. How kyng Marke by th'avys of his counceyl bannysshed syr Trystram oute of Cornewayl the terme of ten yere.
23. How a damoysel sought helpe to helpe sir Launcelot ayenst thirty knyghtes, and how syr Trystram faught with them.
24. How syr Trystram and syr Launcelot came to a lodgyng† where they must juste wyth two knyghtes.
25. How syr Trystram justed wyth syr Kaye and sir Sagramor le Desyrous, and how syr Gawayn torned syr Trystram fro Morgan le Fay.
26. How syr Trystram and syr Gauwayn rode to have foughten ayenst the thirty knyghtes, but they durst not come oute.

* xiii *omitted in C*

† *S* lodgynge

27. How damoysel Brangwayn fonde Trystram slepyng by a welle, and how she delyverd letters to hym fro Bele Isoude.
28. How syr Trystram had a falle of syr Palomydes, and how Launcelot overthrewe two knyghtes.
29. How syr Launcelot justed with Palomydes and overthrewe hym, and after he was assayled with twelve knyghtes.

30. How syr Trystram byhaved hym the fyrst day of the tournement, and there he had the prys.
31. How syr Trystram retourned ayenst kyng Arthurs partye bycause he sawe syr Palomydes on that partye.
32. How syr Trystram fonde Palomydes by a welle and broughte hym wyth hym to his lodgyng.
33. How syr Trystram smote doun sir Palomydes, and how he justed wyth kyng Arthur, and other feates.
34. How syr Launcelot hurte syr Trystram, and how after syr Trystram smote doun syr Palomydes.
35. How the prys of the thyrd day was gyven to syr Launcelot and syr Launcelot gaf it to syr Trystram.
36. How Palomydes came to the castel where syr Trystram was, and of the queste that syr Launcelot and ten knyghtes made for syr Tristram.
37. How syr Trystram, syr Palomydes, and syr Dynadan were taken and put in pryson.

Bk. IX, 38. How kyng Marke was sory for the good renommee of syr Tristram. Somme of Arthurs knyghtes justed wyth knyghtes of Cornewayl.

39. Of the treason of kyng Marke, and how syr Gaheris smote hym doun and Andred his cosyn.

40. How, after that syr Trystram, syr Palomydes and syr Dynadan had be longe in pryson, they were delyverd.

41. How syr Dynadan rescowed a lady fro syr Breuse Sauns Pyté, and how syr Trystram receyved a shelde of Morgan le Fay.

42. How syr Trystram took wyth hym the shelde and also how he slewe the paramour of Morgan le Fay.

43. How Morgan le Fay buryed hyr paramour, and how syr Tristram preysed syr Launcelot and hys kynne.

44. How syr Trystram at a tornoyment bare the shelde that Morgan le Fay delyverd to hym.

Bk. X, 1. How syr Trystram justed and smote doun kyng Arthur bycause he tolde hym not the cause why he bare that shelde.

2. How syr Trystram saved syr Palomydes lyf, and how they promysed to fyght togyder wythin fourtenyght.

3. How syr Trystram sought a stronge knyght that had smyton hym doun and many other knyghtes of the Rounde Table.

4. How syr Trystram smote doun syr Sagramor le Desyrous and syr Dodynas le Savage.

5. How syr Trystram mette at the perron wyth syr Launcelot,* and how they faught togyder unknowen.†

6. How syr Launcelot brought syr Trystram to the courte, and of the joye that the kyng and other made for the comyng of syr Trystram.

* *C* Launcolot *S* Launcelot † *C* vnkuowen *S* vnknowen

7. How for despyte of syr Trystram kyng Mark came wyth two knyghtes into Englond and how he slewe one of the knyghtes.
8. How the kyng came to a fontayne where he fonde syr Lamerock complaynyng for the love of kyng Lots wyf.
9. How kyng Marke, syr Lamerok and syr Dynadan came to a castel, and how kyng Marke was knowen there.
10. How syr Berluses mette wyth kyng Marke, and how syr Dynadan toke his partye.
11. How kyng Marke mocked syr Dynadan, and how they mette wyth six knyghtes of the Rounde Table.
12. How the six knyghtes sente sir Dagonet to juste with kyng Marke and how kyng Marke refused hym.
13. How syr Palomydes by adventure mette kyng Marke fleyng, and how he overthrewe Dagonet and other knyghtes.
14. How kyng Marke and syr Dynadan herde syr Palomydes makyng grete sorowe and mornyng for La Bele Isoude.
15. How the kyng had slayn Amant wrongfully tofore kyng Arthur, and syr Launcelot fette kyng Marke to kyng Arthur.
16. How syr Dynadan tolde syr Palamydes of the batayl betwene syr Launcelot and syr Trystram.
17. How syr Lamerok justed wyth dyvers knyghtes of the castel wherin was Morgan le Fay.
18. How syr Palamydes wold have justed for syr Lamerock wyth the knyghtes of the castel.
19. How syr Lamerock justed wyth syr Palomydes and hurte hym grevously.
20. How it was tolde syr Launcelot that Dagonet chaced kyng Marke, and how a knyght overthrewe hym and six knyghtes.
21. How kyng Arthur lete do crye a justes, and how syr Lamorak came in and overthrewe syr Gawayn and many other.
22. How kyng Arthur made kyng Marke to be accorded with syr Trystram, and how they departed toward Cornewayll.
23. How syr Percyvale was made knyght of kyng Arthur, and how a dombe mayde spack and brought hym to the Rounde Table.
24. How syr Lamerock laye wyth kyng* Lots wyf, and how syr Gaheris slewe hir whiche was his owne moder.
25. How syr Agravayn and syr Mordred mette wyth a knyght fleyng, and how they bothe were overthrowen, and of syr Dynadan.

* *S* king

26. How kyng Arthur, the quene and Launcelot receyved* letters oute of Cornewayle, and of the ansuer ageyn.
27. How syr Launcelot was wrothe wyth the letter that he receyved from kyng Marke, and of Dynadan, whiche made a laye of kyng Marke.
28. How syr Trystram was hurte, and of a warre maad to kynge Marke, and of syr Trystram,† how he promysed to rescowe hym.
29. How syr Trystram overcame the batayl, and how Elyas desyred a man to fyght body for body.
30. How syr Elyas and syr Trystram faught togyder for the truage, and how syr Trystram slewe Elyas in the felde.
31. How at a grete feste that kyng Marke made an harper came and sange the lay that Dynadan had made.

* *C* receyned *S* receyued † *S* Trysstram

1. How twelve aged Ambassaytours of Rome came to kyng Arthur to demaunde truage for Brytayne.
2. How the kynges and lordes promysed to kyng Arthur ayde and helpe ageynst the Romayns.
3. How kyng Arthur helde a parlement at Yorke and how he ordeyned how the royame shold be governed in his abscence.
4. How kyng Arthur beyng shypped and lyeng in his caban had a mervayllous dreme, and of th'exposycion therof.
5. How a man of the contreye tolde to hym of a mervayllous geaunte, and how he faught and conquerd hym.
6. How kyng Arthur sente syr Gawayn and other to Lucius and how they were assayled and escaped wyth worshyp.
7. How Lucius sente certeyn espyes in a busshement for to have taken hys knyghtes beyng prysonners, and how they were letted.
8. How a senatour tolde to Lucius of their dyscomfyture, and also of the grete batayl betwene Arthur and Lucius.
9. How Arthur after he had achyeved the batayl ayenst the Romayns entred into Almayn and so into Ytalye.
10. Of a bataylle doon by Gauwayn ayenst a Sarasyn whiche after was yelden and became Crysten.
11. How the Sarasyns came oute of a wode for to rescowe theyr beestys, and of a grete bataylle.
12. How syr Gauwayn retorned to kyng Arthur wyth his prysoners. And how the kyng wanne a cyté, and how he was crowned Emperour.

32. How kyng Marke slewe by treason his brother Bowdyn for good servyce that he had done to hym.
33. How Anglydes, Boudyns wyf, escaped with hir yonge sone Alisaunder le Orphelyn and came to the castel of Arondel.
34. How Anglydes gaf the blody doblet to Alysaunder, hir sone, the same day that he was made knyght, and the charge withal.
35. How it was tolde to kyng Marke of Alysaunder, and how he wold have slayn syr Sadok for savyng of his lyf.
36. How syr Alysaunder wanne the pryce at a tournoyment, and of Morgan le Fay, and how he faught wyth syr Maulgryn and slewe hym.
37. How quene Morgan le Fay had Alysaunder in hyr castel and how she heelyd his woundes.
38. How Alysaunder was delyverd fro the quene Morgan le Fay by the moyane of a damoysel.
39. How Alysaunder mette wyth Alys la Beale Pylgrym and how he justed wyth two knyghtes, and after of hym and of syr Mordred.

Ch. 1. How syr Launcelot and syr Lyonel departed fro the courte for to seek aventures and how syr Lyonel lefte hym slepyng and was taken.

" 2. How syr Ector folowed for to seek syr Launcelot and how he was taken by syr Turquyne.

" 3. How four quenes fonde Launcelot slepyng and how by enchauntement he was taken and ledde into a castel.

" 4. How syr Lancelot was deliverd by the meane of a damosel.

" 5. How a knyght founde syr Launcelot lyeng in his lemmans bedde and how syr Launcelot faught with the knyght.

" 6. How sir Launcelot was receyved of kyng Bagdemagus doughter and he made his complaynte to hir fader.

" 7. How syr Launcelot byhaved hym in a tournament and how he mette with syr Turquyn ledyng syr Gaheris.

" 8. How syr Launcelot and sy[r] Turquyn faught togyders.

" 9. How syr Turquyn was slayn and how syr Launcelot bad syr Gaheris delyver al the prysoners.

" 10. How syr Launcelot rode with the damoysel and slewe a knyght that distressid al ladyes and also a vylayn that kept a bridge.

" 11. How syr Launcelot slewe two geauntes and made a castel free.

" 12. How syr Launcelot rode disguysed in syr Kayes harnoys and how he smote doun a knyght.

" 13. How syr Launcelot justed ayenst four knyghtes of the Rounde Table and overthrewe theym.

" 14. How syr Launcelot folowed a brachet into a castel where he fonde a dede knyght, and how he after was requyred of a damoysel to hele hir brother.

" 15. How sir Launcelot cam into the Chapel Peryllous and gate there of a dede corps, a pyece of the cloth and a swerde.

" 16. How syr Launcelot at the request of a lady recoverd a fawcon by whiche he was deceyved.

" 17. How syr Launcelot overtoke a knyght which chased hys wyf to have sleyn hyr, and how he sayd to hym.

" 18. How syr Launcelot came to kyng Arthurs court and how there were recounted al his noble feates and actes.

40. How sir Galahalt dyd do crye a justes in Surluse, and quene Guenevers knyghtes shold juste ayenst all that wold come.
41. How syr Lancelot fought in a tournoyment, and how syr Palomydes dyd armes there for a damoysell.
42. How syr Galahault and syr Palomydes faught togyder, and of syr Dynadan and syr Galahault.
43. How syr Archade appeled syr Palamydes of treason, and how syr Palamydes slewe hym.
44. Of the thyrd day, and how syr Palomydes justed wyth syr Lamerok, and other thynges.
45. Of the fourth day, and of many grete feates of armes.
46. Of the fifth day, and how syr Lamerok byhaved* hym.
47. How Palamydes fought wyth Corsabryn for a lady, and how Palamydes slewe Corsabryn.
48. Of the sixth day and what was thenne doon.
49. Of the seventh batayll, and how syr Launcelot, beyng desguysed lyke a mayde, smote doun syr Dynadan.

* *C* bybaued *S* byhaued

50. How by treson syr Tristram was brought to a turnoyment* for to have be slayn, and how he was put in pryson.
51. How kyng Marke lete do counterfete letters from the Pope, and how syr Percyval delyverd syr Tristram oute of pryson.
52. How syr Trystram and La Beale Isoude came into Englond, and how syr Launcelot brought them to Joyous Garde.
53. How by the counceyl of Bele Ysoude Trystram rode armed, and how he mette wyth syr Palomydes.
54. Of syr Palomydes, and how he mette wyth syr Bleoberys and wyth syr Ector; and of syr Percyvale.
55. How syr Trystram mette wyth syr Dynadan, and of their devyses, and what he sayd to syr Gauwayns brethern.
56. How syr Trystram smote doun syr Agravayn and syr Gaheris, and how syr Dynadan was sente fore by La Bele Isoude.
57. How syr Dynadan mette wyth syr Trystram, and wyth justyng wyth syr Palamydes syr Dynadan knewe hym.
58. How they approched the Castel Lonazep, and of other devyses of the deth of syr Lamerok.
59. How they came to Humber banke, and how they fonde a shyppe there wherin laye the body of kyng Hermaunce.
60. How syr Trystram wyth his felawshyp came and were with an hoost whyche after faught wyth syr Trystram, and other maters.

* *S* tournoyment

61. How Palamydes wente for to fyght wyth two brethern for the deth of kyng Hermaunce.

62. The copye of the letter wryton for to revenge the kynges deth, and how syr Palamydes faught for to have the bataylle.

63. Of the preparacyon of syr Palamydes and the two brethern that shold fyght wyth hym.

64. Of the batayl betwene syr Palamydes and the two brethern, and how the two brethern were slayn.

65. How syr Trystram and syr Palamydes mette Breuce Sauns Pyté.*

* *C* pyte and how Syr Tristram and la beale ysoude wente vnto Lonazep (*see p. 725*)

65. How syr Tristram and La Beale Ysoude wente unto Lonaȝep.
66. How syr Palamydes justed wyth syr Galyhodyn, and after wyth syr Gawayn, and smote them doun.
67. How syr Trystram and his felaushyp cam unto the tournement of Loneȝep, and of dyvers justes and maters.
68. How syr Trystram and hys felaushyp justed, and of the noble feates that they dyd in that tournoyeng.
69. How syr Trystram was unhorsed and smyten doun by syr Launcelot, and after that syr Tristram smote doun kyng Arthur.
70. How syr Trystram chaunged his harnoys, and it was al reed, and how he demenyd hym; and how syr Palamydes slewe Launcelottes hors.
71. How syr Launcelot sayd to syr Palamydes, and how the prys of that day was gyven to syr Palamydes.
72. How syr Dynadan provoked syr Trystram to do wel.
73. How kyng Arthur and syr Launcelot came to see La Bele Ysoude, and how Palamydes smote doun kyng Arthur.
74. How the second day Palamydes forsoke syr Trystram, and wente to the contrarye partye ayenst hym.
75. How syr Trystram departed out of the felde and awaked sir Dynadan, and chaunged his araye into blacke.
76. How syr Palamydes chaunged his shelde and armour for to hurte sir Tristram, and how syr Launcelot dyd to sir Tristram.
77. How syr Trystram departed wyth La Bele Isoude, and how Palomydes folowed and excused hym.
78. How kyng Arthur and syr Launcelot came into theyr pavelyons as they satte at souper, and of Palomydes.
79. How syr Trystram and syr Palamydes dyd the nexte day, and how kyng Arthur was unhorsed.
80. How syr Trystram torned to kynge Arthurs syde, and how syr Palomydes wolde not.
81. How syr Bleoberis and syr Ector reported to quene Guenever of the beauté of La Bele Isoude.

Here folowen the chapytres of the xii book

1. How syr Launcelot in hys madnes took a swerde and faughte with a knyght and after lepte into a bedde.
2. How syr Launcelot was caryed in an hors lytter, and after syr
7 Launcelot rescowed syr Blyaunte, his hoost.
3. How syr Launcelot faught ayenste a bore and slewe hym, and how he was hurte and brought to an hermytage.
4. How syr Launcelot was knowen by dame Elayn and was borne into a chambre and after helyd by the Sangreal.
5. How syr Launcelot, after that he was hole and had his mynde, he was ashamed, and how that Elayn desyred a castel for hym.
6. How syr Launcelot came into the Joyous Yle, and there he named hymself Le Chyvaler Malfet.
7. Of a grete tournoyeng in the Joyous Yle, and how syr Percyvale and syr Ector came thyder and syr Percyvale fought wyth hym.
8. How eche of them knewe other, and of their cutosye*, and how his brother Ector came to hym, and of theyr joye.
9. How syr Bors and syr Lyonel came to kyng Brandegore, and how syr Bors toke his sone Helyne le Blank, and of sir Launcelot.
10. How syr Launcelot wyth syr Percyvale and syr Ector came to the courte, and of the grete joye of hym.

* *S* curtoysye

82. How Palomydes complayned by a welle, and how Epynogris came and fonde hym, and of theyr bothe sorowes.
83. How syr Palomydes brought to syr Epynogris his lady.
84. How sir Palomydes and syr Safer were assaylled.*
85. How syr Trystram made hym redy to rescowe syr Palomydes, but syr Launcelot rescowed hym or he came.
86. How syr Trystram and syr Launcelot wyth Palomydes came to Joyous Garde. Of Palomydes and syr Trystram.
87. How there was a day sette bytwene syr Trystram and syr Palomydes for to fyght, and how sir Trystram was hurte.
88. How syr Palomydes kepte his day for to have foughten, but syr Trystram myght not come, and other thynges.

* *C* his lady & how sir palomydes & syr safer were assayled ca lxxxiij & lxxiiij

11. How La Bele Ysoude counceylled syr Trystram to goo unto the courte to the grete feste of Pentecoste.
12. How syr Trystram departed unarmed and mette with syr Palomydes, and how they smote eche other, and how Palomydes forbare hym.
13. How syr Trystram gate hym a harnoys of a knyght whyche was hurte, and how he overthrewe Palomydes.*
14. How syr Trystram and syr Palomydes† fought longe togyders and after accorded, and syr Trystram maad hym to be crystened.

* *C* Palomoydes † *C* Palamydes

1. How at the vygyle of the feste of Pentecoste entred into the halle before kyng Arthur a damoysel and desyred syr Launcelot for to come and dubbe a knyght, and how he wente wyth hyr.
2. How the letters were founde wryton in the Syege Peryllous, and of the mervayllous adventure of the swerde in a stone.
3. How syr Gawayn assayed to drawe oute the swerde, and how an olde man brought in Galahad.
4. How the olde man broght Galahad to the Syege Peryllous and sette hym therin, and how al the knyghtes mervaylled.
5. How kyng Arthur shewed the stone hovyng on the water to Galahad, and how he drewe oute the swerde.
6. How kyng Arthur had al the knyghtes togyder for to juste in the medowe besyde Wynchester or they departed.
7. How the quene desyred to see Galahad, and after al the knyghtes were replenysshed wyth the Holy Sangreal, and how all they avowed the enqueste of the same.
8. How grete sorowe was made of the kyng and ladyes for the departyng of the knyghtes, and how they departed.

9. How Galahad gate hym a shelde, and how they spedde that presumed to take doun the sayd shelde.
10. How Galahad departed with the shelde, and how kyng Evelake* had receyved thys shelde of Joseph of Armathye.
11. How Joseph made a crosse on the whyte shelde with his blode, and how Galahad was by a monke brought to a tombe.
12. Of the mervayle that syr Galahad sawe and herde in the tombe, and how he made Melyas knyght.
13. Of th' adventure that Melyas had, and how Galahad revenged hym, and how Melyas was caryed into an abbey.
14. How Galahad departed and how he was commaunded to goo to the Castel of Maydens to destroye the wycked custome.
15. How syr Galahad faught wyth the knyghtes of the castel and destroyed the wycked custome.
16. How syr Gawayn came to th' abbey for to folowe Galahad, and how he was shryven to an heremyte.
17. How syr Galahad mette with syr Launcelot and with syr Percyvale and smote hem doun and departed fro them.
18. How syr Launcelot halfe-slepynge and halfe-wakyng sawe a seek man borne in a lytter, and how he was heled by the Sangreal.
19. How a voys spake to syr Launcelot, and how he fonde his hors and his helme borne awaye and after wente afote.
20. How syr Launcelot was shryven and what sorowe he made, and of good ensaumples whyche were shewed to hym.

* *C* enela ke

1. How syr Percyvale came to a recluse and asked hyr counceyl, and how she tolde hym that she was hys aunte.
2. How Merlyn lykened the Rounde Table to the world, and how the knyghtes that shold achyeve the Sangreal shold be knowen.
3. How syr Percyvale came into a monasterye where hefonde kyng Evelak* whyche was an olde man.
4. How syr Percyvale sawe many men of armes beryng a dede knyght and how he faught† ageynst them.
5. How a yeman desyred hym to gete ageyn an hors, and how syr Percyvalles hakenay was slayn, and how he gate an hors.
6. Of the grete daunger that syr Percyval was in by hys hors, and how he sawe a serpent and a lyon fyght.
7. Of the advysyon that syr Percyval sawe, and how hys advysyon was expowned, and of hys lyon.
8. How syr Percyvale sawe a shyppe comyng to hym warde, and how the lady of the shyppe tolde hym of hir disherytaunce.
9. How syr Percyval promysed hir helpe, and how he requyred hir of love, and how he was saved fro the fende.
10. How syr Percyval for penaunce roof hymself thorugh the thyghe, and how she was knowen for the devyl.

* *C* Enelake † *C* fauggt

1. How syr Launcelot came into a chapel where he fonde deed in a whyte sherte a man of relygyon of on hondred wynter olde.
2. Of a dede man: how men wold have hewen hym*, and it wolde not be; and how syr Launcelot toke the hayr of the dede man.
3. Of an advysyon that syr Launcelot had, and how he tolde it to an heremyte and desyred counceyll of hym.
4. How the heremyte expowned to syr Launcelot his advysyon and tolde hym that syr Galahad was hys sone.
5. How syr Launcelot justed wyth many knyghtes and he was taken.
6. How syr Launcelot tolde hys advysyon to a woman, and how she expowned it to hym.

* hym *not in S*

1. How syr Gawayn was nyghe wery of the queste of Sangreal and of his mervayllous dreme.
2. Of the advysyon of syr Ector, and how he justed wyth syr Ewayn le Avoultres, hys sworne brother.
3. How syr Gawayn and syr Ector cam to an hermytage to be confessyd, and how they tolde to the hermyte theyr advysyons.
4. How the heremyte expowned theyr advysyon.
5. Of the good counceyl that the heremyte gaf to them.

6. How syr Bors mette wyth an heremyte, and how he was confessyd to hym, and of his penaunce enjoyned to hym.
7. How syr Bors was lodged with a lady and how he took on hym for to fyght ageynst a champyon for hyr lande.
8. Of a vysyon whyche syr Bors had that nyght, and how he faught and overcame hys adversarye.
9. How the lady was restored to hyr londes by the bataylle of syr Boors, and of his departyng, and how he mette syr Lyonel taken and beten wyth thornes and also a mayde which shold have ben devoured.
10. How syr Boors lefte to rescowe his brother and rescowed the damoysel, and how it was tolde hym that Lyonel was dede.
11. How syr Boors tolde his dreme to a preest whiche he had dremed, and of the counceyl that the preest gaf to hym.
12. How the devyl in a womans lykenes wold have had syr Bors to have layen by hir, and how by Goddes grace he escaped.
13. Of the holy comynycacyon of an abbot to syr Boors and how the abbot counceylled hym.
14. How syr Boors mette wyth his brother syr Lyonel, and how syr Lyonel wolde have slayn syr Boors.
15. How syr Colgrevaunce fought ayenst syr Lyonel for to save syr Boors and how the heremyte was slayn.
16. How syr Lyonel slewe syr Colgrevaunce and how after he wold have slayn syr Bors.
17. How there came a voys whyche charged syr Bors to touche not hym, and of a cloude that came bytwene them.

1. How syr Galahad faught at a turnement and how he was knowen of syr Gawayn and of syr Ector de Marris.
2. How syr Galahad rode with a damoysel and came to the shyp whereas syr Boors and syr Percyvale were.
3. How syr Galahad entryd into the shyp and of a fayr bedde therin wyth other mervayllous thynges, and of a swerde.
4. Of the mervaylles of the swerde and of the scaubard.
5. How Kyng Pelles was smyton thorugh both thyes by cause he drewe the swerde, and other mervayllous hystoryes.
6. How Salamon* toke Davyds swerde by the counceyl of hys wyf, and of other maters mervayllous.
7. A wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his wyf.
8. How Galahad and hys felowes came to a castel and how they were foughten wythal, and how they slewe theyr adversaryes, and other maters.
9. How the thre knyghtes wyth Percyvals† syster came into the waste forest, and of an herte and four lyons, and other thynges.
10. How they were desyred of a straũge custom which they wolde not obeye wherfore they faught and slewe many knyghtes.
11. How Percyvals† syster bledde a dysshe ful of blood for to hele a lady wherefore she dyed, and how that the body was put in a shyppe.
12. How Galahad and Percyvale fonde in a castel many tombes of maydens that had bledde to dethe.

* *S* Salomon † *S* Percyuales

13. How syr Launcelot entred into the shyppe where syr Percyvales syster laye deed, and how he mette wyth syr Galahad, hys sone.
14. How a knyght brought to syr Galahad an hors and bad hym come from his fader, syr Launcelot.
15. How Launcelot was tofore the dore of the chambre wherin the Holy Sangreal was.
16. How syr Launcelot had layen xiiii dayes and as many nyghtes as a dede man, and other dyvers maters.
17. How syr Launcelot retorned toward Logres, and of other adventures whyche he sawe in the waye.

18. How Galahad came to kyng Mordrayns, and of other maters and adventures.
19. How syr Percyvale and syr Boors mette wyth syr Galahad, and how they came to the castel of Carbonek, and other maters.
20. How Galahad and his felowes were fedde of the Holy Sangreal, and how our Lord apperyd to them, and other thynges.
21. How Galahad enoynted wyth the blood of the spere the Maymed Kyng, and of other adventures.
22. How they were fedde with the Sangreal whyle they were in pryson, and how Galahad was made kyng.
23. Of the sorowe that Percyvale and Boors made whan Galahad was dede; and of Percyvale, how he dyed, and other maters.

1. Of the joye kyng* Arthur and the quene had of th' achyevement of the Sangreal, and how Launcelot fyl to hys olde love ageyn.
2. How the quene comaunded syr Launcelot to avoyde the court, and of the sorowe that Launcelot made.
3. How at a dyner that the quene made there was a knyght enpoysoned, whyche syr Mador layed on the quene.
4. How syr Mador appeched the quene of treson, and there was no knyght wold fyght for hyr at the fyrst tyme.
5. How the quene requyred syr Boors to fyght for hyr, and how he graunted upon condycyon, and how he warned syr Launcelot therof.
6. How at the day syr Boors made hym redy for to fyght for the quene, and, whan he shold fyght, how another dyscharged hym.
7. How syr Launcelot fought ayenst syr Mador for the quene, and how he overcame syr Mador and dyscharged the quene.
8. How the trouthe was knowen by the Mayden of the Lake, and of dyvers other maters.

* *C* Ioye of Kyng

9. How syr Launcelot rode to Astolat and receyved a sleve to bere upon his helme at the requeste of a mayde.
10. How the tornoye began at Wynchester, and what knyghtes were at the justes, and other thynges.
11. How sir Launcelot and syr Lavayn entred in the felde ayenst them of kyng Arthurs court, and how Launcelot was hurte.
12. How syr Launcelot and syr Lavayn departed oute of the felde, and in what jeopardye Launcelot was.
13. How Launcelot was brought* to an hermyte for to be helyd of his wounde, and of other maters.
14. How syr Gawayn was lodged wyth the lord of Astolat and there had knowlege that hit was syr Launcelot that bare the rede sleve.
15. Of the sorowe that syr Boors had for the hurte of Launcelot, and of the angre that the quene had bycause Launcelot bare the sleve.
16. How syr Boors sought Launcelot and fonde hym in the hermytage, and of the lamentacion bytwene them.
17. How syr Launcelot armed hym to assaye yf he myght bere armes, and how his woundes brest oute ageyn.
18. How syr Boors retorned and tolde tydynges of syr Launcelot, and of the tournoye, and to whome the prys was gyven.
19. Of the grete lamentacyon† of the Fayr Mayde‡ of§ Astolat whan Launcelot shold departe, and how she dyed for his love.
20. How the corps of the Mayde of Astolat arryved tofore kyng Arthur, and of the buryeng, and how syr Launcelot offryd the masse-peny.

* *C* brougbt *S* brought † *C* lamentacyn ‡ *S* made § *S* os

21. Of grete justes doon alle at Crystemasse* and of a grete justes and tournoye ordeyned by kyng Arthur, and of syr Launcelot.
22. How Launcelot, after that he was hurt of a gentylwoman came to an hermyte, and of other maters.
23. How syr Launcelot byhaved hym at the justes, and other men also.
24. How kyng Arthur mervaylled moche of the justyng in the felde, and how he rode and fonde syr Launcelot.

* *C* a crystemasse

Bk. XVIII. 25. How trewe love is lykened to sommer.

Bk. XIX. 1. How quene Guenever rode on mayeng with certeyn knyghtes of the Rounde Table and clad al in grene.

2. How syr Mellyagraunce toke the quene and al hyr knyghtes whyche were sore hurte in fyghtyng.

3. How syr Launcelot had word how the quene was taken, and how syr Mellyagraunce layed a busshement for Launcelot.

4. How syr Launcelots hors was slayn, and how syr* Launcelot rode in a carte for to rescowe the quene.

5. How syr Mellyagraunce requyred foryevenes of the quene, and how she appeased syr Launcelot, and other maters.

6. How syr Launcelot came in the nyght to the quene and laye wyth hyr, and how syr Melyagraunce appeched the quene of treson.

7. How syr Launcelot answerd for the quene and waged bataylle ayenst syr Melyagraunce, and how syr Launcelot was taken in a trappe.

8. How syr Launcelot was delyverd out of pryson by a lady and toke a whyt courser and came for to kepe hys day.

9. How syr Launcelot cam the same tyme that syr Mellyagraunce abode hym in the felde, and dressyd hym to bataylle.

* *C* how how syr *S* how syr

10. How syr Urré came into Arthurs courte for to be heled of his woundes, and how kyng Arthur wold begyn to handle hym.
11. How kyng Arthur handled syr Urré, and after hym many other knyghtes of the Rounde Table.
12. How syr Launcelot was comanded by Arthur to handle hys woundes, and anone he was al hool, and how they thanked God.
13. How there was a party made of an hondred knyghtes ayenst an hondred knyghtes, and of other maters.

Here foloweth the book of the pyteous hystorye whyche is of the morte or deth of kyng Arthur and the chapytres of the twenty book.

1. How syr Agravayn and syr Mordred were besy upon syr Gawayn for to dysclose the love bytwene syr Launcelot and quene Guenever.
2. How syr Agravayn dysclosed theyr love to kyng Arthur, and how kyng Arthur gaf them lycence to take hym.
3. How syr Launcelot was espyed in the quenes chambre, and how syr Agravayn and syr Mordred came wyth twelve knyghtes to slee hym.
4. How syr Launcelot slew syr Colgrevance and armed hym in his harnoys and after slewe syr Agravayn and twelve of his felawes.
5. How syr Launcelot came to syr Bors and tolde hym how he had spedde, and in what adventure he had ben, and how he escaped.
6. Of the counceyl and advys whiche was taken by syr Launcelot and by hys frendes for to save the quene.
7. How syr Mordred rode hastely to the kyng to telle hym of th'affray and deth of syr Agravayn and the other knyghtes.
8. How syr Launcelot and hys kynnesmen rescowed the quene from the fyre, and how he slewe many knyghtes.

9. Of the sorowe and lamentacyon for the dethe of hys* nevewes and other good knyghtes, and also for the quene, his wyf.
10. How kyng Arthur, at the requeste of syr Gawayn, concluded to make warre ayenst syr Launcelot and layed syege to his castel called Joyous Garde.
11. Of the comynycacyon bytwene kyng Arthur and syr Launcelot, and how kyng Arthur reprevyd hym.
12. How the cosyns and kynnesmen of syr Launcelot excyted hym to goo oute to batayl, and how they made them redy.
13. How syr Gawayn justed and smote doun syr Lyonel, and how syr Launcelot horsed kyng Arthur.
14. How the Pope sent doun his bulles to make pees, and how syr Launcelot brought the quene to kyng Arthur.
15. Of the delyveraunce of the quene to the kyng by sir Launcelot, and what langage syr Gawayn had to syr Launcelot.
16. Of the comynycacyon bytwene syr Gawayn and syr Launcelot, wyth moche other langage.
17. How syr Launcelot departed fro the kyng and fro Joyous Garde oversee-warde, and what knyghtes wente wyth hym.
18. How syr Launcelot passed over the see, and how he made grete lordes of the knyghtes that wente wyth hym.

* *S* his

19. How kyng Arthur and syr Gawayn made a grete hoost redy to goo over see to make warre on syr Launcelot.
20. What message syr Gawayn sente to syr Launcelot, and kynge Arthur layed syege to Benwyck, and other maters.
21. How syr Launcelot and syr Gawayn dyd batayl togyder, and how syr Gawayn was overthrowen and hurte.
22. Of the sorowe that kyng Arthur made for the warre, and of another batayl where also syr Gawayn had the werse.

1. How syr Mordred presumed and toke on hym to be kyng of Englond, and wold have maryed the quene, his faders wyf.
2. How, after that kyng Arthur had tydynges, he retorned and came to Dover, where syr Mordred mette hym to lette his landyng; and of the deth of syr Gawayn.
3. How after syr Gawayns ghoost apperyd to kynge Arthur and warned hym that he shold not fyght that day.
4. How by mysadventure of an adder the batayl began, where Mordred was slayn and Arthur hurte to the deth.
5. How kyng Arthur comanded to caste his swerd Excalybur into the water, and how he was delyverd to ladyes in a barge.
6. How syr Bedwere fonde hym on the morne deed in an hermytage, and how he abode there wyth the hermyte.
7. Of th' oppynyon of somme men of the deth of kynge Arthur, and how quene Guenever made hir a nonne in Almesburye.

8. How, whan syr Launcelot herde of the deth of kynge* Arthur and of syr Gawayn and other maters, ⟨he⟩ came into Englond.
9. How syr Launcelot departed to seche the quene Guenever, and how he fonde hir at Almesburye.
10. How syr Launcelot came to th'ermytage where th'Archebysshop of Caunterburye was, and how he toke th'abyte on hym.
11. How syr Launcelot wente wyth his seven felowes to Amesburye† and fonde there quene Guenever deed, whom they brought to Glastynburye.
12. How syr Launcelot began to sekene, and after dyed, whos body was borne to Joyous Garde for to be buryed.
13. How syr Ector fonde syr Launcelot, hys brother, dede, and how Constantyn reygned next after Arthur; and of the ende of thys book.

* *S* kyng † *C* Amesbuyre

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How after that King Arthur had tidings, he returned and came to Dover, where Sir Mordred met him to let his landing ; and of the death of Sir Gawaine Chap. ii.

How after, Sir Gawaine's ghost appeared to King Arthur, and warned him that he should not fight that day Chap. iii.

How by misadventure of an adder the battle began, where Mordred was slain, and Arthur hurt to the death Chap. iv.

How King Arthur commanded to cast his sword Excalibur into the water, and how he was delivered to ladies in a barge Chap. v.

How Sir Bedivere found him on the morn dead in an hermitage, and how he abode there with the hermit Chap. vi.

Of the opinion of some men of the death of King Arthur ; and how Queen Guenever made her a nun in Almesbury Chap. vii.

How when Sir Launcelot heard of the death of King Arthur, and of Sir Gawaine, and other matters, he came into England Chap. viii.

How Sir Launcelot departed to seek the Queen Guenever, and how he found her at Almesbury Chap. ix.

How Sir Launcelot came to the hermitage where the Archbishop of Canterbury was, and how he took the habit on him Chap. x.

How Sir Launcelot went with his seven fellows to Almesbury, and found there Queen Guenever dead, whom they brought to Glastonbury Chap. xi.

How Sir Launcelot began to sicken, and after died, whose body was borne to Joyous Gard for to be buried Chap. xii.

How Sir Ector found Sir Launcelot his brother dead, and how Constantine reigned next after Arthur ; and of the end of this book Chap. xiii.

PREFACE

AFTER that I had accomplysshed and fynysshed dyvers [*Sig. Aij*] hystoryes as wel of contemplacyon as of other hystoryal and worldly actes of grete conquerours and prynces, and also certeyn bookes of ensaumples and doctryne, many noble and dyvers gentylmen of thys royame of Englond camen and demaunded me many and oftymes wherfore that I have not do made and enprynte the noble hystorye of the Saynt Greal and of the moost renomed Crysten kyng, fyrst and chyef of the thre best Crysten, and worthy, kyng Arthur, whyche ought moost to be remembred emonge us Englysshemen tofore al other Crysten kynges.

For it is notoyrly knowen thorugh the unyversal world that there been nine worthy and the best that ever were, that is to wete, thre Paynyms, thre Jewes, and thre Crysten men. As for the Paynyms, ther were tofore the Incarnacyon of Cryst, whiche were named, the fyrst Hector of Troye, of whome th'ystorye is comen bothe in balade and in prose, the second Alysaunder the Grete, and the thyrd Julyus Cezar, Emperour of Rome, of whome th'ystoryes ben wel knowen and had. And as for the thre Jewes whyche also were tofore th'Yncarnacyon of our Lord, of whome the fyrst was Duc Josué whyche brought the chyldren of Israhel into the londe of byheste, the second Davyd, kyng of Jerusalem, and the thyrd Judas Machabeus, of these thre the Byble reherceth al theyr noble hystoryes and actes. And sythe the sayd Incarnacyon have ben thre noble Crysten men stalled and admytted thorugh the unyversal world into the nombre of the nine beste and worthy, of whome was fyrst the noble Arthur, whos noble actes I purpose to wryte in thys present book here folowyng. The second was Charlemayn, or Charles the Grete, of whome th'ystorye is had in many places, bothe in Frensshe and Englysshe; and the thyrd and last was Godefray of Boloyn, of whos actes and lyf I made a book unto th'excellent prynce and kyng of noble memorye, kyng Edward the Fourth.

20 *C* kno (*end of line*)

The sayd noble jentylmen instantly requyred me t'emprynte th'ystorye of the sayd noble kyng and conquerour kyng Arthur and of his knyghtes, wyth th'ystorye of the Saynt Greal and of the deth and endyng of the sayd Arthur, affermyng that I ought rather t'enprynte his actes and noble feates than of Godefroye of Boloyne or ony of the other eyght, consyderyng that he was a man borne wythin this royame and kyng and emperour of the same, and that there ben in Frensshe dyvers and many noble volumes of his actes, and also of his knyghtes.

To whome I answerd that dyvers men holde oppynyon that there was no suche Arthur and that alle suche bookes as been maad of hym ben but fayned and fables, bycause that somme cronycles make of hym no mencyon ne remembre hym noothynge, ne of his knyghtes.

Wherto they answerd, and one in specyal sayd, that in hym that shold say or thynke that there was never suche a kyng callyd Arthur myght wel be aretted grete folye and blyndenesse, for he sayd that there were many evydences of the contrarye. Fyrst, ye may see his sepulture in the monasterye of Glastyngburye; and also in Polycronycon, in the fifth book, the syxte chappytre, and in the seventh book, the twenty-thyrd chappytre, where his body was buryed, and after founden and translated into the sayd monasterye. Ye shal se also in th'ystorye of Bochas, in his book De Casu Principum, parte of his noble actes, and also of his falle. Also Galfrydus, in his Brutysshe book, recounteth his lyf. And in dyvers places of Englond many remembraunces ben yet of hym and shall remayne perpetuelly, and also of his knyghtes: fyrst, in the abbey of Westmestre, at Saynt Edwardes shryne, remayneth the prynte of his seal in reed waxe, closed in beryll, in whych is wryton Patricius Arthurus Britannie Gallie Germanie Dacie Imperator; item, in the castel of Dover ye may see Gauwayns skulle and Cradoks mantel; at Wynchester, the Rounde Table; in other places Launcelottes swerde and many other thynges.

Thenne, al these thynges consydered, there can no man resonably gaynsaye but there was a kyng of thys lande named

6 *S* ony the 13 but *not in S* 18 *S* kynge 21 *C* Glastyugburye 35 *S* mantle

Arthur. For in al places, Crysten and hethen, he is reputed and taken for one of the nine worthy, and the fyrst of the thre Crysten men. And also he is more spoken of beyonde the see, moo bookes made of his noble actes, than there be in Englond; as wel in Duche, Ytalyen, Spaynysshe, and Grekysshe, as in Frensshe. And yet of record remayne in wytnesse of hym in Wales, in the toune of Camelot, the grete stones and mervayllous werkys of yron lyeng under the grounde, and ryal vautes, [*sig. Aiij*] which dyvers now lyvyng hath seen. Wherfor it is a mervayl why he is no more renomed in his owne contreye, sauf onelye it accordeth to the word of God, whyche sayth that no man is accept for a prophete in his owne contreye.

Thenne, al these thynges forsayd aledged, I coude not wel denye but that there was suche a noble kyng named Arthur, and reputed one of the nine worthy, and fyrst and chyef of the Cristen men. And many noble volumes be made of hym and of his noble knyghtes in Frensshe, which I have seen and redde beyonde the see, which been not had in our maternal tongue. But in Walsshe ben many, and also in Frensshe, and somme in Englysshe, but nowher nygh alle. Wherfore, suche as have late ben drawen oute bryefly into Englysshe, I have, after the symple connynge that God hath sente to me, under the favour and correctyon of al noble lordes and gentylmen, enprysed to enprynte a book of the noble hystoryes of the sayd kynge Arthur and of certeyn of his knyghtes, after a copye unto me delyverd, whyche copye syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of Frensshe and reduced it into Englysshe.

And I, accordyng to my copye, have doon sette it in enprynte to the entente that noble men may see and lerne the noble actes of chyvalrye, the jentyl and vertuous dedes that somme knyghtes used in tho dayes, by whyche they came to honour, and how they that were vycious were punysshed and ofte put to shame and rebuke; humbly bysechyng al noble lordes and ladyes wyth al other estates, of what estate or degree they been of, that shal see and rede in this sayd book and werke, that they take the good and

4 *C* boookes 12 *S* worde

honest actes in their remembraunce, and to folowe the same; wherin they shalle fynde many joyous and playsaunt hystoryes and noble and renomed actes of humanyté, gentylnesse, and chyvalryes. For herein may be seen noble chyvalrye, curtosye, humanyté, frendlynesse, hardynesse, love, frendshyp, cowardyse, murdre, hate, vertue, and synne. Doo after the good and leve the evyl, and it shal brynge you to good fame and renommee.

And for to passe the tyme thys book shal be plesaunte to rede in, but for to gyve fayth and byleve that al is trewe that is conteyned herin, ye be at your lyberté. But al is wryton for our doctryne, and for to beware that we falle not to vyce ne synne, but t'exersyse and folowe vertu, by whyche we may come and atteyne to good fame and renommé in thys lyf, and after thys shorte and transytorye lyf to come unto everlastyng blysse in heven; the whyche He graunte us that reygneth in heven, the Blessyd Trynyté. AMEN.

Thenne, to procede forth in thys sayd book, whyche I dyrecte unto alle noble prynces, lordes, and ladyes, gentylmen or gentylwymmen, that desyre to rede or here redde of the noble and joyous hystorye of the grete conquerour and excellent kyng, kyng Arthur, somtyme kyng of thys noble royalme thenne callyd Bretaygne, I, Wyllyam Caxton, symple persone, present thys book folowyng whyche I have enprysed t'enprynte: and treateth of the noble actes, feates of armes of chyvalrye, prowesse, hardynesse, humanyté, love, curtosye, and veray gentylnesse, wyth many wonderful hystoryes and adventures.

And for to understonde bryefly the contente of thys volume I have devyded it into twenty-one bookes, and every book chapytred, as hereafter shal by Goddes grace folowe:

The fyrst book shal treate how Utherpendragon gate the noble conquerour kyng Arthur, and conteyneth xxviii chappytres.

The second book treateth of Balyn, the noble knyght, and conteyneth xix chapytres.

The thyrd book treateth of the maryage of kyng Arthur to Quene Guenever, wyth other maters, and conteyneth fyftene chappytres.

9 *C* boook

The fourth book, how Merlyn was assotted, and of warre maad to kyng Arthur, and conteyneth xxix chappytres.

The fyfthe book treateth of the conqueste of Lucius th'emperour and conteyneth xii chappytres.

The syxthe book treateth of syr Launcelot and syr Lyonel and mervayllous adventures and conteyneth xviii chapytres.

The seventh book treateth of a noble knyght called syr Gareth and named by syr Kaye 'Beaumayns' and conteyneth xxxvi chapytres.

The eyght book treateth of the byrthe of syr Trystram, the noble knyght, and of hys actes and conteyneth xli chapytres.

The ix book treateth of a knyght named by syr Kaye 'Le Cote Mayle Taylle' and also of syr Trystram and conteyneth xliiij [*sig. Aiiij*] chapytres.

The x book treateth of syr Trystram and other mervayllous adventures and conteyneth lxxxviii chappytres.

The xi book treateth of syr Launcelot and syr Galahad and conteyneth xiiij chappytres.

The xii book treateth of syr Launcelot and his madnesse and conteyneth xiiij chappytres.

The xiii book treateth how Galahad came fyrst to kyng Arthurs courte, and the quest, how the Sangreall was begonne, and conteyneth xx chapytres.

The xiiij book treateth of the queste of the Sangreal and conteyneth x chapytres.

The xv book treateth of syr Launcelot and conteyneth vi chapytres.

The xvi book treateth of syr Bors and syr Lyonel, his brother, and conteyneth xvii chapytres.

The xvii book treateth of the Sangreal and conteyneth xxiii chapytres.

The xviii book treateth of syr Launcelot and the quene and conteyneth xxv chapytres.

The xix book treateth of quene Guenever and Launcelot and conteyneth xiii chapytres.

The xx book treateth of the pyteous deth of Arthur and conteyneth xxii chapytres.

The xxi book treateth of his last departyng, and how syr Launcelot came to revenge his dethe, and conteyneth xiii chapytres.

The somme is twenty-one bookes whyche conteyne the somme of fyve hondred and seven chapytres, as more playnly shal folowe herafter.

21 *C* kyug 24 *C* boook 36 *C* pyetous

PREFACE

AFTER that I had accomplished and finished divers histories, as well of contemplation as of other historical and worldly acts of great conquerors and princes, and also certain books of ensamples and doctrine, many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England came and demanded me, many and ofttimes, wherefore that I have not do made and imprinted the noble history of the Sangreal, and of the most renowned Christian king, first and chief of the three best Christian and worthy, King Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us English men tofore all other Christian kings. For it is notoriously known through the universal world that there be nine worthy and the best that ever were. That is to wit three paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men. As for the paynims they were tofore the Incarnation of Christ, which were named, the first Hector of Troy, of whom the history is come both in ballad and in prose; the second Alexander the Great ; and the third Julius Caesar, Emperor of Rome, of whom the histories be well-known and had. And as for the three Jews which also were tofore the Incarnation of our Lord, of whom the first was Duke Joshua which brought the children of Israel into the land of behest ; the second David, King of Jerusalem ; and the third Judas Maccabaeus : of these three the Bible rehearseth all their noble histories and acts. And sith the said Incarnation have been three noble Christian men stalled and admitted through the universal world into the number of the nine best and worthy, of whom was first the noble Arthur, whose noble acts I purpose to write in this present book here following. The second was Charlemagne or Charles the Great, of whom the history is had in many places both in French and English ; and the third and last was Godfrey of Bouillon, of whose acts and life I made a book unto the excellent prince and king of noble memory, King Edward the Fourth. The said noble gentlemen instantly required me to imprint the history of the said noble king and conqueror, King Arthur, and of his knights, with the history of the Sangreal, and of the death

and ending of the said Arthur ; affirming that I ought rather to imprint his acts and noble feats, than of Godfrey of Bouillon, or any of the other eight, considering that he was a man born within this realm, and king and emperor of the same ; and that there be in French divers and many noble volumes of his acts, and also of his knights. To whom I answered, that divers men hold opinion that there was no such Arthur, and that all such books as be made of him be but feigned and fables, by cause that some chronicles make of him no mention nor remember him no thing, nor of his knights. Whereto they answered and one in special said, that in him that should say or think that there was never such a king called Arthur, might well be credited great folly and blindness ; for he said that there were many evidences of the contrary : first ye may see his sepulture in the Monastery of Glastonbury. And also in *Polichronicon*, in the fifth book the sixth chapter, and in the seventh book the twenty-third chapter, where his body was buried and after found and translated into the said monastery. Ye shall see also in the history of Bochas, in his book *De Casu Principum*, part of his noble acts, and also of his fall. Also Galfridus in his British book recounteth his life ; and in divers places of England many remembrances be yet of him and shall remain perpetually, and also of his knights. First in the Abbey of Westminster, at Saint Edward's shrine, remaineth the print of his seal in red wax closed in beryl, in which is written *Patricius Arthurus, Britannie, Gallie, Germanie, Dacie, Imperator*. Item in the castle of Dover ye may see Gawaine's skull and Craddock's mantle : at Winchester the Round Table : at other places Launcelot's sword and many other things. Then all these things considered, there can no man reasonably gainsay but there was a king of this land named Arthur. For in all places, Christian and heathen, he is reputed and taken for one of the nine worthy, and the first of the three Christian men. And also he is more spoken of beyond the sea, more books made of his noble acts than there be in England, as well in Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Greek, as in French. And yet of record remain in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, the great stones and marvellous works of iron, lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now living hath seen. Wherefore it is a marvel why he is no more renowned in his own country, save only it accordeth to the Word of God, which saith that no man is accept for a prophet in his own country. Then all these things foresaid alleged, I could not well deny but that there was such a noble king named Arthur,

and reputed one of the nine worthy, and first and chief of the Christian men ; and many noble volumes be made of him and of his noble knights in French, which I have seen and read beyond the sea, which be not had in our maternal tongue, but in Welsh be many and also in French, and some in English, but no where nigh all. Where fore, such as have late been drawn out briefly into English I have after the simple conning that God hath sent to me, under the favour and correction of all noble lords and gentlemen, emprised to imprint a book of the noble histories of the said King Arthur, and of certain of his knights, after a copy unto me delivered, which copy Sir Thomas Malory did take out of certain books of French, and reduced it into English. And I, according to my copy, have done set it in imprint, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour ; and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke ; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates, of what estate or degree they be of, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalries. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in ; but for to give faith and believe that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty ; but all is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin ; but to exercise and follow virtue ; by which we may come and attain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life, to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven, the which he grant us that reigneth in heaven, the blessed Trinity. Amen

Then to proceed forth in this said book, which I direct unto all noble princes, lords and ladies, gentlemen or gentlewomen, that desire to read or hear read of the noble and joyous history of the great conqueror and excellent king, King Arthur, sometime king of this noble realm, then called Britain. I, William Caxton, simple person, present this book following, which I have emprised to imprint ; and treateth of the noble acts, feats of arms of chivalry, prowess, hardiness,

humanity, love, courtesy and very gentleness, with many wonderful histories and adventures. And for to understand briefly the content of this volume, I have divided it into twenty-one books, and every book chaptered as hereafter shall by God's grace follow. The first book shall treat how Uther Pendragon gat the noble conqueror King Arthur, and containeth twenty-eight chapters. The second book treateth of Balin the noble knight, and containeth nineteen chapters. The third book treateth of the marriage of King Arthur to Queen Guenever, with other matters, and containeth fifteen chapters. The fourth book, how Merlin was assotted, and of war made to King Arthur, and containeth twenty-nine chapters. The fifth book treateth of the conquest of Lucius the emperor, and containeth twelve chapters. The sixth book treateth of Sir Launcelot and Sir Lionel, and marvellous adventures, and containeth eighteen chapters. The seventh book treateth of a noble knight called Sir Gareth, and named by Sir Kay, Beaumains, and containeth thirty-six chapters. The eighth book treateth of the birth of Sir Tristram the noble knight, and of his acts, and containeth forty-one chapters. The ninth book treateth of a knight named by Sir Kay, La Cote Male Taile, and also of Sir Tristram, and containeth forty-four chapters. The tenth book treateth of Sir Tristram and other marvellous adventures, and containeth eighty-eight chapters. The eleventh book treateth of Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad, and containeth fourteen chapters. The twelfth book treateth of Sir Launcelot and his madness, and containeth fourteen chapters. The thirteenth book treateth how Galahad came first to King Arthur's court, and the quest-how the Sangreal was begun, and containeth twenty chapters. The fourteenth book treateth of the quest of the Sangreal, and containeth ten chapters. The fifteenth book treateth of Sir Launcelot, and containeth six chapters. The sixteenth book treateth of Sir Bors and Sir Lionel his brother, and containeth seventeen chapters. The seventeenth book treateth of the Sangreal, and containeth twenty-three chapters. The eighteenth book treateth of Sir Launcelot and the queen, and containeth twenty-five chapters. The nineteenth book treateth of Queen Guenever and Launcelot, and containeth thirteen chapters. The twentieth book treateth of the piteous death of Arthur, and containeth twenty-two chapters. The twenty-first book treateth of his last departing, and how Sir Launcelot came to revenge his death, and containeth thirteen chapters. The sum is twenty-one books, which contain the sum of five hundred and seven chapters, as more plainly shall follow hereafter.

Preface

After that I had accomplished and finished divers histories as well of contemplation as of other historial and worldly acts of great conquerors and princes, and also certain books of ensamples and doctrine, many noble and divers gentlemen of this royame of England camen and demanded me many and ofttimes wherefore that I have not do made and enprint the noble history of the Saint Grail and of the most renowmed Christian king, first and chief of the three best Christian, and worthy, King Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us Englishmen tofore all other Christian kings.

For it is notoirly known through the universal world that there been nine worthy and the best that ever were, that is to wit, three Paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men. As for the Paynims, they were tofore the Incarnation of Christ, which were named, the first, Hector of Troy, of whom th'history is comen both in ballad and in prose, the second Alexander the Great, and the third Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, of whom th'histories been well known and had. And as for the three Jews which also were tofore th'Incarnation of our Lord, of whom the first was Duke Joshua which brought the children of Israel into the land of behest, the second David, king of Jerusalem, and the third Judas Maccabeus; of these three the Bible rehearseth all their noble histories and acts. And sith the said Incarnation have been three noble Christian men stalled and admitted through the universal world into the number of the nine best and worthy, of whom was first the noble Arthur, whose noble acts I purpose to write in this present book here following. The second was Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, of whom th'history is had in many places, both in French and English; and the third and last was Godfrey of Bologne, of whose acts and life I made a book unto th'excellent prince and king of noble memory, King Edward the Fourth.

The said noble gentlemen instantly required me t'emprint th' history of the said noble king and conqueror King Arthur and of his knights, with th'history of the Saint Grail and of the death and ending of the said Arthur, affirming that I ought rather t'enprint his acts and noble feats than of Godfrey of Bologne or any of the other eight, considering that he was a man born within this royame and king and

emperor of the same, and that there been in French divers and many noble volumes of his acts, and also of his knights.

To whom I answered that divers men hold opinion that there was no such Arthur and that all such books as been made of him been but feigned and fables, because that some chronicles make of him no mention ne remember him nothing, ne of his knights.

Whereto they answered, and one in special said, that in him that should say or think that there was never such a king called Arthur might well be aretted great folly and blindness, for he said that there were many evidences of the contrary. First, ye may see his sepulture in the monastery of Glastonbury; and also in Polychronicon, in the fifth book, the sixth chapter, and in the seventh book, the twenty-third chapter, where his body was buried, and after founden and translated into the said monastery. Ye shall see also in th'history of Bochas, in his book DE CASU PRINCIPUM, part of his noble acts, and also of his fall. Also Galfridus, in his British book, recounteth his life. And in divers places of England many remembrances been yet of him and shall remain perpetually, and also of his knights: first, in the abbey of Westminster, at Saint Edward's shrine, remaineth the print of his seal in red wax, closed in beryl, in which is written PATRICIUS ARTHURUS BRITANNIE GALLIE GERMANIE DACIE IMPERATOR; item, in the castle of Dover ye may see Gawain's skull and Cradok's mantle; at Winchester the Round Table; in other places Launcelot's sword and many other things.

Then, all these things considered, there can no man reasonably gainsay but there was a king of this land named Arthur. For in all places, Christian and heathen, he is reputed and taken for one of the nine worthy, and the first of the three Christian men. And also he is more spoken of beyond the sea, mo books made of his noble acts, than there be in England; as well in Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Greekish, as in French. And yet of record remain in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, the great stones and marvellous works of iron lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now living hath seen. Wherefore it is a marvel why he is no more renowmed in his own country, save only it accordeth to the word of God, which saith that no man is accept for a prophet in his own country.

Then, all these things foresaid alleged, I could not well deny but that there was such a noble king named Arthur, and reputed one of

the nine worthy, and first and chief of the Christian men. And many noble volumes be made of him and of his noble knights in French, which I have seen and read beyond the sea, which been not had in our maternal tongue. But in Welsh been many, and also in French, and some in English, but nowhere nigh all. Wherefore, such as have late been drawn out briefly into English, I have, after the simple cunning that God hath sent to me, under the favour and correction of all noble lords and gentlemen, enprised to enprint a book of the noble histories of the said King Arthur and of certain of his knights, after a copy unto me delivered, which copy Sir Thomas Malory did take out of certain books of French and reduced it into English.

And I, according to my copy, have done set it in enprint to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in tho days, by which they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies with all other estates, of what estate or degree they been of, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same; wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories and noble and renowmed acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalries. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renommé.

And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in, but for to give faith and believe that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty. But all is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice ne sin, but t'exercise and follow virtue, by which we may come and attain to good fame and renommé in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven; the which He grant us that reigneth in heaven, the Blessed Trinity. AMEN.

Then, to proceed forth in this said book, which I direct unto all noble princes, lords, and ladies, gentlemen or gentlewomen, that desire to read or hear read of the noble and joyous history of the great conqueror and excellent king, King Arthur, sometime king of this noble royame then called Britain, I, William Caxton, simple person,

present this book following which I have enprised t'enprint: and treateth of the noble acts, feats of arms of chivalry, prowess, hardiness, humanity, love, courtesy, and very gentleness, with many wonderful histories and adventures.

KING ARTHUR

I

MERLIN

[HIT befel in the dayes of Uther Pendragon, when he was kynge of all Englond and so regned, that there was a myghty duke in Cornewaill that helde warre ageynst hym long tyme, and the duke was called the duke of Tyntagil. And so by meanes kynge Uther send for this duk, chargyng hym to brynge his wyf with hym, for she was called a fair lady and a passynge wyse, and her name was called Igrayne. *Caxton*, I (1)

So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn unto the kynge, by the meanes of grete lordes they were accorded bothe: the kynge lyked and loved this lady wel, and he made them grete chere out of mesure and desyred to have lyen by her. But she was a passyng good woman and wold not assente unto the kynge.

And thenne she told the duke her husband and said,

'I suppose that we were sente for that I shold be dishonoured. Wherfor, husband, I counceille yow that we departe from hens sodenly, that we maye ryde all nyghte unto oure owne castell.'

And in lyke wyse as she saide so they departed, that neyther the kynge nor none of his counceill were ware of their departyng. Also soone as kyng Uther knewe of theire departyng soo sodenly, he was wonderly wrothe; thenne he called to hym his pryvy counceille and told them of the sodeyne departyng of the duke and his wyf. Thenne they avysed the kynge to send for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge:

'And yf he wille not come at your somons, thenne may ye do your best; thenne have ye cause to make myghty werre upon hym.'

Soo that was done, and the messagers hadde their ansuers; and that was thys, shortly, that neyther he nor his wyf wold not come at hym. Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth, and thenne the kyng sente hym playne word ageyne and badde hym be redy and stuffe hym and garnysshe hym, for within forty dayes he wold fetche hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath. Whanne the duke hadde thys warnynge anone he wente and furnysshed and garnysshed two stronge castels of his, of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil and the other castel hyght Terrabyl.

So his wyf dame Igrayne he putte in the castell of Tyntagil, and hymself he putte in the castel of Terrabyl, the whiche had many yssues and posternes oute. Thenne in all haste came Uther with a grete hoost and leyd a syege aboute the castel of Terrabil, and ther he pyght many pavelyons. And there was grete warre made on bothe partyes and moche peple slayne.

Thenne for pure angre and for grete love of fayr Igrayne the kyng Uther felle seke. So came to the kynge Uther syre Ulfius, a noble knyght, and asked the kynge why he was seke.

'I shall telle the,' said the kynge. 'I am seke for angre and for love of fayre Igrayne, that I may not be hool.'

'Wel, my lord,' said syre Ulfius, 'I shal seke Merlyn and he shalle do yow remedy, that youre herte shal be pleasyd.'

So Ulfius departed and by adventure he mette Merlyn in a beggars aray, and ther Merlyn asked Ulfius whome he soughte, and he said he had lytyl ado to telle hym.

'Well,' saide Merlyn, 'I knowe whome thou sekest, for thou sekest Merlyn; therfore seke no ferther, for I am he. And yf kynge Uther wille wel rewarde me and be sworne unto me to fulfille my desyre, that shall be his honour and profite more than myn, for I shalle cause hym to have all his desyre.'

'Alle this wyll I undertake,' said Ulfius, 'that ther shalle be nothyng resonable but thow shalt have thy desyre.'

'Well,' said Merlyn, 'he shall have his entente and desyre, and therfore,' saide Merlyn, 'ryde on your wey, for I wille not be long behynde.'

(2) Thenne Ulfius was glad and rode on more than a paas tyll that he came to kynge Uther Pendragon and told hym he had met with Merlyn.

'Where is he?' said the kyng.

'Sir,' said Ulfius, 'he wille not dwelle long.'

Therwithal Ulfius was ware where Merlyn stood at the porche of the pavelions dore, and thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kynge. Whan kyng Uther sawe hym he said he was welcome.

'Syr,' said Merlyn, 'I knowe al your hert every dele. So ye wil be sworn unto me, as ye be a true kynge enoynted, to fulfille my desyre, ye shal have your desyre.'

Thenne the kyng was sworne upon the four Evangelistes.

'Syre,' said Merlyn, 'this is my desyre: the first nyght that ye shal lye by Igrayne ye shal gete a child on her; and whan that is borne, that it shall be delyverd to me for to nourisshe thereas I wille have it, for it shal be your worship and the childis availle as mykel as the child is worth.'

'I wylle wel,' said the kynge, 'as thow wilt have it.'

'Now make you redy,' said Merlyn. 'This nyght ye shalle lye with Igrayne in the castel of Tyntigayll. And ye shalle be lyke the duke her husband, Ulfyus shal be lyke syre Brastias, a knyghte of the dukes, and I will be lyke a knyghte that hyghte syr Jordanus, a knyghte of the dukes. But wayte ye make not many questions with her nor her men, but saye ye are diseased, and soo hye yow to bedde and ryse not on the morne tyll I come to yow, for the castel of Tyntygaill is but ten myle hens.'

Soo this was done as they devysed. But the duke of Tyntigail aspyed hou the kyng rode fro the syege of Tarabil. And therfor that nyghte he yssued oute of the castel at a posterne for to have distressid the kynges hooste, and so thorowe his owne yssue the duke hymself was slayne or ever the kynge cam at the castel of Tyntigail. So after the deth of the duke kyng Uther lay with Igrayne, more than thre houres after his deth, and begat on her that nygh⟨t⟩ Arthur; and or day cam, Merlyn cam to the kyng and bad hym make hym redy, and so he kist the lady Igrayne and departed in all hast. But whan the lady herd telle of the duke her husband, and by all record he was dede or ever kynge Uther came to her, thenne she merveilled who that myghte be that laye with her in lykenes of her lord. So she mourned pryvely and held hir pees.

Thenne alle the barons by one assent prayd the kynge of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym. The kynge gaf hem leve, for fayne wold he have ben accorded with her; soo the kyng put alle the trust in Ulfyus to entrete bitwene them. So by the entreté at the last the kyng and she met togyder.

'Now wille we doo wel,' said Ulfyus; 'our kyng is a lusty knyghte and wyveles, and my lady Igrayne is a passynge fair lady; it were grete joye unto us all and hit myghte please the kynge to make her his quene.'

23 *C* that nyg3

Unto that they all well accordyd and meved it to the kynge. And anone, lyke a lusty knyghte, he assentid therto with good wille, and so in alle haste they were maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and joye.

And kynge Lott of Lowthean and of Orkenay thenne wedded Margawse that was Gaweyns moder, and kynge Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne: al this was done at the request of kynge Uther. And the thyrd syster, Morgan le Fey, was put to scole in a nonnery, and ther she lerned so moche that she was a grete clerke of nygromancye. And after she was wedded to kynge Uryens of the lond of Gore that was syre Ewayns le Blaunche Maynys fader.

(3, 4, 5) Thenne quene Igrayne waxid dayly gretter and gretter. So it befel after within half a yere, as kyng Uther lay by his quene, he asked hir by the feith she ought to hym whos was the child within her body. Thenne was she sore abasshed to yeve ansuer.

'Desmaye you not,' said the kyng, 'but telle me the trouthe, and I shall love you the better, by the feythe of my body!'

'Syre,' saide she, 'I shalle telle you the trouthe. The same nyghte that my lord was dede, the houre of his deth as his knyghtes record, ther came into my castel of Tyntigaill a man lyke my lord in speche and in countenaunce, and two knyghtes with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtes Barcias and Jordans, and soo I went unto bed with hym as I ought to do with my lord; and the same nyght, as I shal ansuer unto God, this child was begoten upon me.'

'That is trouthe,' saide the kynge, 'as ye say, for it was I myself that cam in the lykenesse. And therfor desmay you not, for I am fader to the child,' and ther he told her alle the cause how it was by Merlyns counceil. Thenne the quene made grete joye whan she knewe who was the fader of her child.

Sone come Merlyn unto the kyng and said,

'Syr, ye must purvey yow for the nourisshyng of your child.'

'As thou wolt,' said the kyng, 'be it.'

'Wel,' said Merlyn, 'I knowe a lord of yours in this land that is a passyng true man and a feithful, and he shal have the nourysshyng of your child; and his name is sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair lyvelode in many partyes in Englond and Walys. And this lord, sir Ector, lete hym be sent for

for to come and speke with you, and desyre hym yourself, as he loveth you, that he will put his owne child to nourisshynge to another woman and that his wyf nourisshe yours. And whan the child is borne lete it be delyverd to me at yonder pryvy posterne uncrystned.'

So like as Merlyn devysed it was done. And whan syre Ector was come he made fyaunce to the kyng for to nourisshe the child lyke as the kynge desyred; and there the kyng graunted syr Ector grete rewardys. Thenne when the lady was delyverd the kynge commaunded two knyghtes and two ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold, 'and that ye delyver hym to what poure man ye mete at the posterne yate of the castel.' So the child was delyverd unto Merlyn, and so he bare it forth unto syre Ector and made an holy man to crysten hym and named hym Arthur. And so sir Ectors wyf nourysshed hym with her owne pappe.

Thenne within two yeres kyng Uther felle seke of a grete maladye. And in the meanewhyle hys enemyes usurpped upon hym and dyd a grete bataylle upon his men and slewe many of his peple.

'Sir,' said Merlyn, 'ye may not lye so as ye doo, for ye must to the feld, though ye ryde on an hors-lyttar. For ye shall never have the better of your enemyes but yf your persone be there, and thenne shall ye have the vyctory.'

So it was done as Merlyn had devysed, and they caryed the kynge forth in an hors-lyttar with a grete hooste towarde his enemyes, and at Saynt Albons ther mette with the kynge a grete hoost of the North. And that day syre Ulfyus and sir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes, and kyng Uthers men overcome the northeryn bataylle and slewe many peple and putt the remenaunt to flight; and thenne the kyng retorned unto London and made grete joye of his vyctory.

And thenne he fyll passynge sore seke, so that thre dayes and thre nyghtes he was specheles; wherfore alle the barons made grete sorow and asked Merlyn what counceill were best.

'There nys none other remedye,' said Merlyn, 'but God wil have His wille. But loke ye al barons be bifore kynge Uther to-morne, and God and I shalle make hym to speke.'

So on the morne alle the barons with Merlyn came tofore the kyng. Thenne Merlyn said aloud unto kyng Uther,

'Syre, shall your sone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenaunce?'

Thenne Uther Pendragon torned hym and said in herynge of them alle,

5 'I gyve hym Gods blissyng and myne, and byd hym pray for my soule, and righteuously and worshipfully that he clayme the croune upon forfeture of my blessyng,' and therwith he yelde up the ghost.

And thenne was he enterid as longed to a kyng, wherfor the 10 quene, fayre Igrayne, made grete sorowe and alle the barons.

Thenne stood the reame in grete jeopardy long whyle, for every lord that was myghty of men maade hym stronge, and many wende to have ben kyng. Thenne Merlyn wente to the Archebisshop of Caunterbury and counceilled hym 15 for to sende for all the lordes of the reame and alle the gentilmen of armes, that they shold to London come by Cristmas upon payne of cursynge, and for this cause, that Jesu, that was borne on that nyghte, that He wold of His grete mercy shewe some myracle, as He was come to be 20 Kynge of mankynde, for to shewe somme myracle who shold be rightwys kynge of this reame. So the Archebisshop, by the advys of Merlyn, send for alle the lordes and gentilmen of armes that they shold come by Crystmasse even unto London; and many of hem made hem clene of her lyf, that 25 her prayer myghte be the more acceptable unto God.

Soo in the grettest chirch of London—whether it were Powlis or not the Frensshe booke maketh no mencyon—alle the estates were longe or day in the chirche for to praye. And whan matyns and the first masse was done there was 30 sene in the chircheyard ayenst the hyhe aulter a grete stone four square, lyke unto a marbel stone, and in myddes therof was lyke an anvylde of stele a foot on hyghe, and theryn stack a fayre swerd naked by the poynt, and letters there were wryten in gold about the swerd that saiden thus: 'WHOSO 35 PULLETH OUTE THIS SWERD OF THIS STONE AND ANVYLD IS RIGHTWYS KYNGE BORNE OF ALL EN⟨G⟩LOND.' Thenne the peple merveilled and told it to the Archebisshop.

'I commande,' said th'Archebisshop, 'that ye kepe yow within your chirche and pray unto God still; that no man 40 touche the swerd tyll the hyhe masse be all done.'

So whan all masses were done all the lordes wente to beholde the stone and the swerd. And whan they sawe the scripture som assayed suche as wold have ben kyng, but none myght stere the swerd nor meve hit.

'He is not here,' said the Archebisshop, 'that shall encheve the swerd, but doubte not God will make hym knowen. But this is my counceill,' said the Archebisshop, 'that we lete purvey ten knyghtes, men of good fame, and they to kepe this swerd.'

So it was ordeyned, and thenne ther was made a crye that every man shold assay that wold for to wynne the swerd. And upon Newe Yeers day the barons lete maake a justes and a tournement, that alle knyghtes that wold juste or tourneye there myght playe. And all this was ordeyned for to kepe the lordes togyders and the comyns, for the Archebisshop trusted that God wold make hym knowe that shold wynne the swerd.

So upon New Yeres day, whan the servyce was done, the barons rode unto the feld, some to juste and som to torney. And so it happed that syre Ector that had grete lyvelode aboute London rode unto the justes, and with hym rode syr Kaynus, his sone, and yong Arthur that was hys nourisshed broder; and syr Kay was made knyght at Alhalowmas afore. So as they rode to the justes-ward sir Kay had lost his suerd, for he had lefte it at his faders lodgyng, and so he prayd yong Arthur for to ryde for his swerd.

'I wyll wel,' said Arthur, and rode fast after the swerd.

And whan he cam home the lady and al were out to see the joustyng. Thenne was Arthur wroth and saide to hymself, 'I will ryde to the chircheyard and take the swerd with me that stycketh in the stone, for my broder sir Kay shal not be without a swerd this day.' So whan he cam to the chircheyard sir Arthur alight and tayed his hors to the style, and so he wente to the tent and found no knyghtes there, for they were atte justyng. And so he handled the swerd by the handels, and lightly and fiersly pulled it out of the stone, and took his hors and rode his way untyll he came to his broder sir Kay and delyverd hym the swerd. And as sone as sir Kay saw the swerd he wist wel it was the swerd of the stone, and so he rode to his fader syr Ector and said,

'Sire, loo here is the swerd of the stone, wherfor I must be kyng of thys land.'

When syre Ector beheld the swerd he retorned ageyne and cam to the chirche, and there they alighte al thre and wente into the chirche, and anon he made sir Kay to swere upon a book how he came to that swerd.

'Syr,' said sir Kay, 'by my broder Arthur, for he brought it to me.'

'How gate ye this swerd?' said sir Ector to Arthur.

'Sir, I will telle you. When I cam home for my broders swerd I fond nobody at home to delyver me his swerd. And so I thought my broder syr Kay shold not be swerdles, and so I cam hyder egerly and pulled it out of the stone withoute ony payn.'

'Found ye ony knyghtes about this swerd?' seid sir Ector.

'Nay,' said Arthur.

'Now,' said sir Ector to Arthur, 'I understande ye must be kynge of this land.'

'Wherfore I?' sayd Arthur, 'and for what cause?'

'Sire,' saide Ector, 'for God wille have hit soo, for ther shold never man have drawen oute this swerde but he that shal be rightwys kyng of this land. Now lete me see whether ye can putte the swerd theras it was and pulle hit oute ageyne.'

'That is no maystry,' said Arthur, and soo he put it in the stone. Therwithalle sir Ector assayed to pulle oute the swerd and faylled.

(6) 'Now assay', said syre Ector unto syre Kay. And anon he pulled at the swerd with alle his myghte, but it wold not be.

'Now shal ye assay,' said syre Ector to Arthur.

'I wyll wel,' said Arthur, and pulled it out easily.

And therwithalle syre Ector knelyd doune to the erthe and syre Kay.

'Allas!' said Arthur, 'myne own dere fader and broder, why knele ye to me?'

'Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so. I was never your fader nor of your blood, but I wote wel ye are of an hyher blood than I wende ye were.' And thenne syre Ector told hym all how he was bitaken hym for to nourisshe hym and by whoos commandement, and by Merlyns delyveraunce.

Thenne Arthur made grete doole whan he understood that syre Ector was not his fader.

'Sir,' said Ector unto Arthur, 'woll ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are kyng?'

'Els were I to blame,' said Arthur, 'for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholdyng to, and my good lady and moder your wyf that as wel as her owne hath fostred me and kepte. And yf ever hit be Goddes will that I be kynge as ye say, ye shall desyre of me what I may doo and I shalle not faille yow. God forbede I shold faille yow.'

'Sir,' said sire Ector, 'I will aske no more of yow but that ye wille make my sone, your foster broder syre Kay, se⟨ne⟩ceall of alle your landes.'

'That shalle be done,' said Arthur, 'and more, by the feith of my body, that never man shalle have that office but he whyle he and I lyve.'

Therewithall they wente unto the Archebisshop and told hym how the swerd was encheved and by whome. And on twelfth day alle the barons cam thyder and to assay to take the swerd who that wold assay, but there afore hem alle ther myghte none take it out but Arthur. Wherfor ther were many lordes wroth, and saide it was grete shame unto them all and the reame to be overgovernyd with a boye of no hyghe blood borne. And so they fell oute at that tyme, that it was put of tyll Candelmas, and thenne all the barons shold mete there ageyne; but alwey the ten knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the swerd day and nyght, and so they sette a pavelione over the stone and the swerd, and fyve alwayes watched.

Soo at Candalmasse many moo grete lordes came thyder for to have wonne the swerde, but there myghte none prevaille. And right as Arthur dyd at Cristmasse he dyd at Candelmasse, and pulled oute the swerde easely, wherof the barons were sore agreved and put it of in delay till the hyghe feste of Eester. And as Arthur sped afore so dyd he at Eester. Yet there were some of the grete lordes had indignacion that Arthur shold be kynge, and put it of in a delay tyll the feest of Pentecoste. Thenne the Archebisshop of Caunterbury by Merlyns provydence lete purveye thenne of the

best knyghtes that they myghte gete, and suche knyghtes as Uther Pendragon loved best and moost trusted in his dayes. And suche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as syr Bawdewyn of Bretayn, syre Kaynes, syre Ulfyus, syre Barsias; all these with many other were alweyes about Arthur day and nyghte till the feste of Pentecost.

(7) And at the feste of Pentecost alle maner of men assayed to pulle at the swerde that wold assay, but none myghte prevaille but Arthur, and he pulled it oute afore all the lordes and comyns that were there. Wherfore alle the comyns cryed at ones,

'We wille have Arthur unto our kyng! We wille put hym no more in delay, for we all see that it is Goddes wille that he shalle be our kynge, and who that holdeth ageynst it, we wille slee hym.' And therwithall they knelyd at ones, both ryche and poure, and cryed Arthur mercy bycause they had delayed hym so longe. And Arthur foryaf hem and took the swerd bitwene both his handes and offred it upon the aulter where the Archebisshop was, and so was he made knyghte of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronacyon made, and ther was he sworne unto his lordes and the comyns for to be a true kyng, to stand with true justyce fro thens forth the dayes of this lyf.

Also thenne he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in and to do servyce as they oughte to doo. And many complayntes were made unto sir Arthur of grete wronges that were done syn the dethe of kyng Uther, of many londes that were bereved lordes, knyghtes, ladyes, and gentilmen. Wherfor kynge Arthur maade the londes to be yeven ageyne unto them that oughte hem.

Whanne this was done, that the kyng had stablisshed alle the countryes aboute London, thenne he lete make syr Kay sencial of Englond, and sir Baudewyn of Bretayne was made constable, and sir Ulfyus was made chamberlayn, and sire Brastias was maade wardeyn to wayte upon the Northe fro Trent forwardes, for it was that tyme the most party the kynges enemyes. But within fewe yeres after Arthur wan alle the North, Scotland, and alle that were under their obeissaunce, also Walys. A parte of it helde ayenst Arthur, but he overcam hem al, as he dyd the remenaunt, thurgh the

noble prowesse of hymself and his knyghtes of the Round Table.

Thenne the kyng remeved into Walys and lete crye a (8) grete feste, that it shold be holdyn at Pentecost after the incoronacion of hym at the cyté of Carlyon. Unto the fest come kyng Lott of Lowthean and of Orkeney with fyve hondred knyghtes with hym; also ther come to the feste kynge Uryens of Gore with four hondred knyghtes with hym; also ther come to that feeste kyng Nayntres of Garloth with seven hundred knyghtes with hym; also ther came to the feest the Kynge of Scotland with sixe honderd knyghtes with hym, and he was but a yong man. Also ther came to the feste a kyng that was called the Kyng with the Honderd Knyghtes, but he and his men were passyng wel bisene at al poyntes; also ther cam the kyng of Cardos with fyve honderd knyghtes.

And kyng Arthur was glad of their comynge, for he wende that al the kynges and knyghtes had come for grete love and to have done hym worship at his feste, wherfor the kyng made grete joye and sente the kynges and knyghtes grete presentes. But the kynges wold none receyve, but rebuked the messagers shamefully and said they had no joye to receyve no yeftes of a berdles boye that was come of lowe blood, and sente hym word they wold none of his yeftes, but that they were come to gyve hym yeftes with hard swerdys betwixt the neck and the sholders; and therfore they came thyder, so they told to the messagers playnly, for it was grete shame to all them to see suche a boye to have a rule of soo noble a reaume as this land was. With this ansuer the messagers departed and told to kyng Arthur this ansuer, wherfor by the advys of his barons he took hym to a strong towre with fyve hondred good men with hym. And all the kynges aforesaid in a maner leyd a syege tofore hym, but kyng Arthur was well vytailled.

And within fyftene dayes ther came Merlyn amonge hem into the cyté of Carlyon. Thenne all the kynges were passyng gladde of Merlyn and asked hym,

'For what cause is that boye Arthur made your kynge?'

'Syres,' said Merlyn, 'I shalle telle yow the cause, for he is kynge Uther Pendragons sone borne in wedlok, goten on Igrayne, the dukes wyf of Tyntigail.'

'Thenne is he a bastard,' they said al.

'Nay,' said Merlyn, 'after the deth of the duke more than thre houres was Arthur begoten, and thirtene dayes after kyng Uther wedded Igrayne, and therfor I preve hym he is no bastard. And, who saith nay, he shal be kyng and overcome alle his enemyes, and or he deye he shalle be long kynge of all Englond and have under his obeyssaunce Walys, Yrland, and Scotland, and moo reames than I will now reherce.'

Some of the kynges had merveyl of Merlyns wordes and demed well that it shold be as he said, and som of hem lough hym to scorne, as kyng Lot, and mo other called hym a wytche. But thenne were they accorded with Merlyn that kynge Arthur shold come oute and speke with the kynges, and to come sauf and to goo sauf, suche suraunce ther was made. So Merlyn went unto kynge Arthur and told hym how he had done and badde hym fere not, but come oute boldly and speke with hem, and spare hem not, but ansuere them as their kynge and chyvetayn, 'for ye shal overcome hem all, whether they wille or nylle'.

(9) Thenne kynge Arthur came oute of his tour and had under his gowne a jesseraunte of double maylle, and ther wente with hym the Archebisshop of Caunterbury, and syr Baudewyn of Bretayne, and syr Kay, and syre Brastias; these were the men of moost worship that were with hym. And whan they were mette there was no mekenes but stoute wordes on bothe sydes, but alweyes kynge Arthur ansuerd them and said he wold make them to bowe and he lyved, wherfore they departed with wrath. And kynge Arthur badde kepe hem wel, and they bad the kynge kepe hym wel. Soo the kynge retornyd hym to the toure ageyne and armed hym and alle his knyghtes.

'What will ye do?' said Merlyn to the kynges. 'Ye were better for to stynte, for ye shalle not here prevaille, though ye were ten so many.'

'Be we wel avysed to be aferd of a dreme-reder?' said kyng Lot.

With that Merlyn vanysshed aweye and came to kynge Arthur and bad hym set on hem fiersly. And in the menewhyle there were thre honderd good men of the best that

16 *O*[1] hym, 'Fere not

were with the kynges that wente streyghte unto kynge Arthur, and that comforted hym gretely.

'Syr,' said Merlyn to Arthur, 'fyghte not with the swerde that ye had by myracle til that ye see ye go unto the wers; thenne drawe it out and do your best.'

So forthwithalle kynge Arthur sette upon hem in their lodgyng, and syre Bawdewyn, syre Kay, and syr Brastias slewe on the right hand and on the lyfte hand, that it was merveylle; and alweyes kynge Arthur on horsback leyd on with a swerd and dyd merveillous dedes of armes, that many of the kynges had grete joye of his dedes and hardynesse. Thenne kynge Lot brake out on the bak syde, and the Kyng with the Honderd Knyghtes and kyng Carados, and sette on Arthur fiersly behynde hym.

With that syre Arthur torned with his knyghtes and smote behynd and before, and ever sir Arthur was in the formest prees tyl his hors was slayne undernethe hym. And therwith kynge Lot smote doune kyng Arthur. With that his four knyghtes re⟨scow⟩ed hym and set hym on horsback; thenne he drewe his swerd Excalibur, but it was so bryght in his enemyes eyen that it gaf light lyke thirty torchys, and therwith he put hem on bak and slewe moche peple. And thenne the comyns of Carlyon aroos with clubbis and stavys and slewe many knyghtes, but alle the kynges helde them togyders with her knyghtes that were lefte on lyve, and so fled and departed; and Merlyn come unto Arthur and counceilled hym to folowe hem no further.

So after the feste and journeye kynge Arthur drewe hym (10) unto London. And soo by the counceil of Merlyn the kyng lete calle his barons to counceil, for Merlyn had told the kynge that the sixe kynges that made warre upon hym wold in al haste be awroke on hym and on his landys; wherfor the kyng asked counceil at hem al. They coude no counceil gyve, but said they were bygge ynough.

'Ye saye well,' said Arthur, 'I thanke you for your good courage; but wil ye al that loveth me speke with Merlyn? Ye knowe wel that he hath done moche for me, and he knoweth many thynges. And whan he is afore you I wold that ye prayd hym hertely of his best avyse.'

19 *C O*[1] receyved

Alle the barons sayd they wold pray hym and desyre hym. Soo Merlyn was sente for and fair desyred of al the barons to gyve them best counceil.

'I shall say you,' said Merlyn, 'I warne yow al, your enemyes are passyng strong for yow, and they are good men of armes as ben on lyve. And by thys tyme they have goten to them four kynges mo and a myghty duke, and onlesse that our kyng have more chyvalry with hym than he may make within the boundys of his own reame, and he fyghte with hem in batail, he shal be overcome and slayn.'

'What were best to doo in this cause?' said al the barons.

'I shal telle you,' said Merlyn, 'myne advys. Ther ar two bretheren beyond the see, and they be kynges bothe and merveillous good men of her handes: and that one hyghte kynge Ban of Benwic, and that other hyght kyng Bors of Gaule, that is Fraunce. And on these two kynges warrith a myghty man of men, the kynge Claudas, and stryveth with hem for a castel; and grete werre is betwixt them. But this Claudas is so myghty of goodes wherof he geteth good knyghtes that he putteth these two kynges moost parte ⟨t⟩o the werse. Wherfor this is my counceil: that our kyng and soverayne lord sende unto the kynges Ban and Bors by two trusty knyghtes with letters well devysed, that and they wil come and see] kynge Arthur and his courte to helpe hym in hys warrys, that he wolde be sworne unto them to helpe hem in theire warrys agaynst kynge Claudas. Now what sey ye unto thys counceyle?' seyde Merlyon.

W begins, f. 9r

'Thys ys well councelde,' seyde the kynge.

And in all haste two barownes ryght so were ordayned to go on thys message unto thes two kyngis, and lettirs were made in the most plesauntist wyse accordynge unto kynge Arthurs desyre, and Ulphuns and Brastias were made the messyngers; and so rode forth well horsed and well i-armed and as the gyse was that tyme, and so passed the see and rode towarde the cité of Benwyk. And there besydes were eyght knyghtes that aspyed hem, and at a strayte passage

21 *C* do the 24 *W begins* (kynge Arthur *etc.*) *C* so helpe 25 *C* he wil 28–31 *C* the kynge & alle the Barons right so in alle haste ther were ordeyned to goo two knyghtes on the message vnto the two kynges Soo were there made letters in the plesaunt

they mette with Ulphuns and Brastias and wolde a takyn them presoners. So they preyde them that they myght passe, for they were messyngers unto kyng Ban and Bors isente frome kynge Arthure.

'Therefore,' seyde the knyghtes, 'ye shall dey othir be presoners, for we be knyghtes of kynge Claudas.'

And therewith two of them dressed their sperys unto Ulphuns and Brastias, and they dressed their sperys and ran togydir with grete random. And Claudas his knyghtes brake theire spearis, and Ulphuns and Brastias bare the two knyghtes oute of their sadils to the erth and so leffte them lyynge and rode their wayes. And the other six knyghtes rode before to a passage to mete with them ayen, and so Ulphuns and Brastias othir two smote downe and so paste on hir wayes. And at the fourthe passage there mette two for two and bothe were leyde unto the erthe. So there was none of the eyght knyghtes but he was hurte sore othir brused.

And whan they com to Benwyke hit fortuned both the kynges be there, Ban and Bors. Than was hit tolde the two kyngis how there were com two messyngers. And anone there was sente unto them two knyghtes of worshyp, that one hyght Lyonses, lorde of the contrey of ⌜Payarne⌝, and sir Pharyaunce, a worshipfull knyght; and anone asked them frome whens they com, and they seyde frome kyng Arthure, kynge of Ingelonde. And so they toke them in theire armys and made grete joy eche of othir. But anone as they wyste they were messyngers of Arthurs there was made no taryynge, but forthwith they spake with the kyngis. And they welcommed them in the most faythfullyst wyse and seyde they were moste welcom unto them before all the kynges men lyvynge. And therewith they kyssed the lettirs and delyvird them. And whan kynge Ban and Bors undirstoode them and the lettirs, than were they more welcom than they were tofore.

And aft[i]r the haste of the lettirs they gaff hem thys 9v

5 *C* the viii knyghtes 7–8 *C* their sperys and Vlfyus and Brastias dressid 10 *C* speres and ther to hylde and bare† 18–19 *C* fortuned ther were both kynges Ban and Bors 19, 20 two *not in C* 21 *C* were 22 *W* Bayarne *C** payarne *F* (*Camb. f. 210r, col. 1*) Paierne 23–24 *C* they asked from 26 *C* as the ii kynges wist 28 *C* with the knyghtes† 29 most *not in C* 31 men *not in C*† 32 them. And *not in C* 34 *C* were before

answere that they wolde fulfille th[e] desire of kyng Arthurs wrytynge, and bade sir Ulphuns and sir Brastias tarry there as longe as they wolde, for they shulde have such chere as myght be made for them in thys marchis. Than Ulphuns and Brastias tolde the kynge⟨s⟩ of theire adventure at the passagis for the eyght knyghtes.

'A ha,' seyde Ban and Bors, 'they were oure good frendis. I wolde I had wyste of them, and they sholde nat so [have] ascaped.'

So thes two knyghtes had good chere and grete gyfftis as much as they myght bere away, and had theire answere by mowth and by wrytynge that the two kynges wolde com unto Arthure in all the haste that they myght. So thes two knyghtes rode on afore and passed the see and com to their lorde and tolde hym how they had spedde, wherefore kyng Arthure was passyng glad and seyde,

'How suppose you, at what tyme woll thes two kynges be here?'

'Sir,' they seyde, 'before Allhalowmasse.'

Than the kynge lette purvey a grete feste, and also he lette cry both turnementis and justis thorowoute all his realme, and the day appoynted and sette at Allhalowmasse. And so the tyme drove on and all thynges redy ipurveyed. Thes two noble kynges were entirde the londe and comyn ovir the see with three hondred knyghtes full well arayed both for the pees and also for the werre. And so royally they were resceyved and brought towarde the cité of London. And so Arthure mette them ten myle oute of London, and there was grete joy made as couthe be thought.

And on Allhalowmasse day at the grete feste sate in the hall the three kynges, and sir Kay the Senesciall served in the halle, and sir Lucas the Butler that was Duke Corneus son, and sir Gryfflet that was the son of God of Cardal: thes three knyghtes had the rule of all the servyse that served

1 *W* thy 5 *CWO*[1] kynge 5–6 *C* of the aduẽture at their passages of the 7 *C* my †good 8–10 *C* not haue escaped so So Vlfius & Brastias had 13 *C* the two 16–17 *C* gladde At what tyme suppose ye the ij Kynges wol be 20–25 *C*† feeste and lete crye a grete Iustes And by all halowmasse the two kynges were come ouer the see with thre honderd kynȝtes wel arayed 26 also *not in C* 26–27 And so royally . . . London *not in C*† 29 *C** ioye as coude be thouȝt or made 33 of God *not in C*† (*see Index*)

the kyngis. And anone as they were redy and wayshe[n], all the knyghtes that wolde juste made hem redy. And be than they were redy on horsebak there was seven hondred knyghtes. And kynge Arthure, Ban, and Bors, with the Archebysshop of Caunterbyry, and sir Ector, Kays fadir, they were in a place covirde with clothys of golde lyke unto an halle, with ladyes and jantillwomen for to beholde who dud beste and thereon to gyff a jugemente.

And kyng Arthure with the two kyngis lette departe the (11) seven hondred knyghtes in two partyes. And there were three hondred knyghtes of the realme of Benwyke and Gaule that turned on the othir syde. And they dressed their shyldis and began to couche hir sperys, many good knyghtes. So sir 10r Gryfflet was the first that sette oute, and to hym com a knyght, hys name was sir Ladynas, and they com so egirly togydir that all men had wondir, and they so sore fought that hir shyldis felle on pecis and both horse and man felle to the erthe, and both the Frensh knyght and the Englysh knyght lay so longe that all men wente they had bene dede. Whan Lucas the Butler saw sir Gryfflet ly so longe, he horsed hym agayne anone, and they too ded many mervelous dedis of armys with many bachelers.

Also sir Kay com oute of a bushemente with fyve knyghtes with hym, and they six smote othir six downe. But sir Kay dud that day many mervaylous dedis of armys, that there was none that dud so welle as he that day. Than there com Ladynas and Grastian, two knyghtes of Fraunse, and dud passynge well, that all men praysed them. Than com in sir Placidas, a good knyght, that mette with sir Kay and smote hym downe horse and man, wherefore sir Gryfflet was wroth and mette with sir Placidas so harde that horse and man felle to the erthe. But whan the fyve knyghtes wyst that sir Kay had a falle they were wroth oute of mesure and therewithall ech of them fyve bare downe a knyght.

Whan kynge Arthur and the two kynges saw hem begynne wexe wroth on bothe partyes, they leped on smale

1 *W* waysher 1–2 *C** they had wasshen & rysen al knyȝtes 6 unto *not in C*
12 that *not in C* 14–15 *C* that mette with a knyghte one ladynas and they mett so
16 sore *not in C* 17 *C* to pyeces and hors 20 *C* Gryflet soo lye he
25 many *not in C* 29 *C* knyghte and mette 33 *C* out of wyt And

hakeneyes and lette cry that all men sholde departe unto theire lodgynge. And so they wente home and unarmed them, and so to evynsonge and souper. And aftir souper the three kynges went into a gardyne and gaff the pryce unto sir Kay and unto sir Lucas the Butler and unto sir Gryfflet. And than they wente unto counceyle, and with hem Gwenbaus, brothir unto kynge Ban and Bors, a wyse clerke; and thidir wente Ulphuns, Brastias and Merlion. And aftir they had [ben] in her counceyle they wente unto bedde. And on the morne they harde masse, and to dyner and so to theire counceyle, and made many argumentes what were beste to do.

So at the laste they were concluded that Merlion sholde go with a tokyn of kynge Ban, that was a rynge, unto hys men and kynge Bors, [and] Gracian and Placidas sholde go agayne and kepe their castels and theire contreyes, for kynge Ban of Benwyke and kynge Bors of Gaule had ordayned them all thynge. And so passed ⟨they⟩ the see and com to Benwyke. And whan the people sawe kynge Bannys rynge, and Gracian and Placidas, they were glad and asked how theire kynge
10v fared and made grete joy of their welfare. And accordyng unto theire soveraigne lordis desire, the m[e]n of warre made hem redy in all haste possible, so that they were fyftene thousand on horsebacke and foote, and they had grete plenté of vitayle by Merlions provisions. But Gracian and Placidas were leffte at home to furnysh and garnysh the castel[s] for drede of kyng Claudas.

Ryght so Merlion passed the see well vitayled bothe by watir and by londe. And whan he com to the see he sente home the footemen agayne, and toke no mo with hym but ten thousand men on horsebake, the moste party of men of armys; and so [s]hipped and passed the see into Inglonde and londed at Dovir. And thorow the wytte of Merlion

2 *C** vnarmed *W* unharmed 3–4 *C* after the 7 *C* syr Ban 14 *C* Ban and that was 15 [and] *not in O*[1] 16–17 *C* countreyes as for kynge Ban of Benwick *W O*[1] contreyes and as for kynge Ban of Benwyke 20–21 *C* how the kynges† ferd 21–22 *C* welfare and cordyng† and accordynge vnto the souerayne 22 *W* desire and the man *C* desyre the men 24 *C* on hors 25 *C* vytaylle with hem by Merlyns prouysyon 26 at home *not in C*† 26 *C** the castels *W* the castell 31 *C* mooste parte men of 32 *W* so hipped *C* so shypped

he ledde the oste northwarde the pryvéyst wey that coude be thought, unto the foreste of Bedgrayne, and there in a valey lodged h[e]m secretely. Than rode Merlion to Arthure and to the two kynges, and tolde hem how he had spedde, whereof they had grete mervayle that ony man on erthe myght spede so sone to go and com. So Merlion tolde them how ten thousande were in the forest of Bedgrayne well armed at all poyntis.

Than was there no more to sey, but to horsebak wente all the oste as Arthure had before provyded. So with twenty thousand he passed by nyght and day. Bu[t] there was made such an ordinaunce afore by Merlyon that there sholde no man of warre ryde nothir go in no contrey on this syde Trente watir but if he had a tokyn frome kynge Arthure, wherethorow the kynges enemyes durst nat ryde as they dud tofore to aspye. And so wythin a litill whyle the three kyngis (12) com to the forest of Bedgrayne and founde there a passynge fayre felyship and well besene, whereof they had grete joy, and vitayle they wanted none.

Thys was the causis of the northir hoste, that they were rered for the despite and rebuke that the ⌜six⌝ kyngis had at Carlyon. And tho six kyngis by hir meanys gate unto them fyve othir kyngis, and thus they began to gadir hir people. And ⟨now⟩ they swore nother for welle nothyr wo they sholde nat lyve tyll they had destroyed Arthure, and than they made an othe. And the first that began the othe was the deuke of Can⌜benet⌝, that he wolde brynge with hym ⌜fyve⌝ thousand men of armys, the which were redy on horsebakke. Than swore kynge Brandegoris of Strangore that he wolde brynge with hym fyve thousand men of armys on horsebacke. Than swore kynge Clarivaus of Northumbirlonde [that he] wolde brynge ⌜three⌝ thousand men of armys with hym. Than swore the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes that was

1 *C*† he had the hoost 3 *W O*[1] lodged hym 5 ony *not in C* 6 *C* soone and goo 7 *C* how *not in C* 16 *C* lytel space the 17 *C* Castel of Bedegrayne *F* (*Camb. f. 215*[v], *col. 2*) foreste de Bedigran; (*ibid. f. 216*[r], *col. 2*) en la praierie del chastel de Bedigran 20 *C* the cause of 21 *W* vii *C** syx *F* sis 24 *WC* how 24–25 *C* sware thatsor wele nor woo they shold not leue other tyl 27 *W* Candebenet (*cf. p. 28, l. 1*) 27–28 *W* vi M *C* v M *F* cinq mile homes 32 *W* in M men *C** thre thousand men *F* trois mile homes 32 with hym *not in C*

a passynge good man and a yonge, that he wold brynge four
11r thousand good men of armys on horsebacke.

Than there swore kynge Lott, a passyng good knyght and fadir unto sir Gawayne, that he wolde brynge fyve thousand good men of armys on horsebak. Also the[re] swore kynge Uryens that was sir Uwaynes fadir, of the londe of Goore, and he wolde brynge six thousand men of armys on horsebak. Also there swore kynge Idres of Cornuwaile that he wolde brynge fyve thousand men of armys on horsebake. Also there swore kynge Cradilmans to brynge fyve thousand men on horsebacke. Also there swore kyng Angwysshauns of Irelonde to brynge fyve thousand men of armys on horsebak. Also there swore kynge Nentres to brynge fyve thousand men on horsebak. Also there swore kynge Carados to brynge fyve thousand men of armys on horsebak. So hir hole oste was of clene men of armys: on horsebacke was fully fyffty thousand, and on foote ten thousand of good mennes bodyes.

Than they were sone redy and mounted uppon horsebacke, and sente forthe before the foreryders. For thes a eleven kynges in hir wayes leyde a sege unto the castell of Bedgrayne; and so they departed and drew towarde Arthure, and leffte a fewe to byde at the sege, for the castell of Bedgrayne was an holde of kynge Arthurs and the men that were within were kynge Arthurs men all.

(13) So by Merlyons advice there were sente foreryders to skymme the contrey; and they mette with the foreryders of the Northe and made hem to telle which way the oste com. And than they tolde kynge Arthure, and by kynge Ban and Bors his counceile they lette brenne and destroy all the contrey before them there they sholde ryde.

The Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtis that tyme mette a wondir dreme two nyghtes before the batayle: that there blew a grete wynde and blew downe hir castels and hir townys, and aftir that com a watir and bare hit all away. And all that herde of that swevyn seyde hit was a tokyn of grete batayle. Than by counceile of Merlion, whan they wyst

2, 5 good *not in C* 3–4 *C* and syre Gawayns fader 5 *C* ther 13–14 *C* men of armes on 16 was fully *not in C* 18–19 *C* vpon hors and sente forth their fore rydars 19 a *not in C* 22 *C* lefte fewe 23 *C* was holden of kynge Arthur 24 men all *not in C* 28 *C* told it to Arthur 29 his *not in C* 31 that tyme *not in C* 33 *W* (*sidenote*) Sompnus

which wey the an eleven kynges wolde ryde and lodge that nyght, at mydnyght they sette uppon them as they were in their pavilions. But the scowte-wacche by hir oste cryed:

'Lordis, to ⌜armes⌝! for here be oure enemyes at youre honde!'

Than kynge Arthur and kynge Ban and Bors with hir (14)
good and trusty knyghtes sette uppon them so fersely that
he made them overthrowe hir pavilions on hir hedis. But 11v
the eleven kynges by manly prouesse of armys toke a fayre
champion, but there was slayne that morow tyde ten thousand good mennes bodyes. And so they had before hem a stronge passage; yet were there fyffty thousand of hardy men. Than hit drew toward day.

'Now shall ye do by myne advice,' seyde Merlyon unto the three kyngis, and seyde: 'I wolde kynge Ban and Bors with hir felyship of ten thousand men were put in a woode here besyde in an inbusshemente and kept them prevy, and that they be leyde or the lyght of the day com, and that they stire nat tyll that ye and youre knyghtes a fought with hem longe. And whan hit ys daylyght, dresse youre batayle evyn before them and the passage, that they may se all youre oste, for than woll they be the more hardy whan they se you but aboute twenty thousande, and cause hem to be the gladder to suffir you and youre oste to com over the passage.'

All the three kynges and the hole barownes seyde how Merlion devised passynge well, and so hit was done.

So on the morn whan aythir oste saw othir, they of the Northe were well comforted. Than Ulphuns and Brastias were delyvirde three thousand men of armys, and they sette on them fersely in the passage, and slew on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde that hit was wondir to telle. But whan the eleven kynges saw that there was so few a felyship that dud such dedis of armys, they were ashamed and sette on hem agayne fersely. And there was sir Ulphuns horse slayne, but he dud mervelously on foote. But the duke

1 *C* the xj kynges 4 *W* to harneys *C** to armes *F* as armes 4 *C* your enemyes 12 *S* passaye *C* were they 15 and seyde *not in C* 17 *C*† kepe 19 *O*1 [have] fought *W* and fought 25–27 *C* sayde that Merlyn said passyngly wel and it was done anone as Merlyn had deuysed Soo 27–28 *C* other the hoost of the north was well 28 *C* to Vlfyus 35 *C* slayne vnder hym *C* merueyllously well on

Es⌈t⌉anse of Can⌈benet⌉ and kynge Clarivaunce of Northehumbirlonde were allwey grevously set on Ulphuns. Than sir Brastias saw his felow yfared so withall, he smote the duke with a spere, that horse and man felle downe. That saw kyng Claryvauns, and returne[d] unto sir Brastias, and eythir smote othir so that horse and man wente to the erthe. And so they lay longe astoned, and theire horse knees braste to the harde bone.

Than com sir Kay the Senesciall with six felowis with hym and dud passynge well. So with that com the eleven kyngis, and there was Gryfflette put to the erth horse and man, and Lucas the Butler horse and man, kynge Brandegoris and kynge Idres and kynge Angwyshaunce.

Than wexed the medlee passyng harde on both parties. Whan sir Kay saw sir Gryfflet on foote, he rode unto kynge Nentres and smote hym downe, and ledde his horse unto sir Gryfflette and horsed hym agayne. Also sir Kay with
12r the same spere smote downe kynge Lotte and hurte hym passynge sore. That saw the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and ran unto sir Kay and smote hym downe, and toke hys horse and gaff hym kynge Lotte, whereof he seyde gramercy. Whan sir Gryfflet saw sir Kay and sir Lucas de Butler on foote, he with a sherpe spere grete and square rode to Pynnel, a good man of armys, and smote horse and man downe, and than he toke hys horse and gaff hym unto sir Kay.

Than kynge Lotte saw kynge Nentres on foote, he ran unto Meliot de la Roche and smote hym downe horse and man, and gaff ⟨unto⟩ kynge Nentres the horse and horsed hym agayne. Also the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes saw kynge Idres on foote, he ran unto Gwyniarte de Bloy and smote hym downe horse and man, and gaff kynge Idres the horse and horsed hym agayne. Tha[n] kynge Lotte smote downe Clarinaus de la Foreyste Saveage and gaff the horse unto duke Estans. And so whan they had horsed the kyngis agayne, they drew hem all eleven kynges togydir, and seyde

1 *C* Eustace of Cambenet *W* Eskance of Candebenet *F* Estams de Cambenit (*cf. p. 31, line 10*) 2 *C* alweye greuous on Vlfyus 3 *C* felawe ferd so 5 *C* retorned 12 *O*1 *C* man by† kynge *F agrees with W* 18 *W* and hurte *repeated* 23 *C* he tooke a sharp spere grete and square and rode 28 *W O*1 hym to (*not in C**) 30 *C*† Gwymyart *F* Guynas 32 *W* That kynge *C** & kyng 34 *C* Eustace (*see note to l.* 1)

they wolde be revenged of the damage that they had takyn that day.

The meanewhyle com in kyng Arthure with an egir countenans, and founde Ulphuns and Brastias on foote, in grete perell of dethe, that were fowle defoyled undir the horse feete. Than Arthure as a lyon ran unto kynge Cradilment of North Walis and smote hym thorow the lyffte syde, that horse and man felle downe. Than he toke the horse by the reygne and led hym unto Ulphine and seyde,

'Have this horse, myne olde frende, for grete nede hast thou of an horse.'

'Gramercy,' seyde Ulphuns.

Than kynge Arthure dud so mervaylesly in armys that all men had wondir. Whan the Kyng with the Hondred Knyghtes saw kynge Cradilmente on foote, he ran unto sir Ector, sir Kayes fadir, that was well ihorsed and smote horse and man downe, and gaff the horse unto the kynge and horsed hym agayne. And whan kynge Arthure saw that kynge ryde on sir Ectors horse he was wrothe, and with hys swerde he smote the kynge on the helme, that a quarter of the helme and shelde clave downe; and so the swerde carve downe unto the horse necke, and so man and horse felle downe to the grounde. Than sir Kay com unto kynge Morganoure, senesciall with the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes, and smote hym downe horse and man, and ledde the horse unto hys fadir, sir Ector.

Than sir Ector ran unto a knyght that hyght Lardans and 12v
smote horse and man downe, and lad the horse unto sir Brastias, that grete nede had of an horse and was gretly defoyled. Whan Brastias behelde Lucas the Butler that lay lyke a dede man undir the horse feete—and ever sir Gryflet dud mercyfully for to reskow hym, and there were allwayes fourtene knyghtes upon sir Lucas—and than sir Brastias smote one of them on the helme, that hit wente unto his tethe; and he rode unto another and smote hym, that hys arme flow

3 *C* cam in syr Ector† *F* le rois Artus 5–6 *C* vnder horsfeet 7–8 *C* that the hors and the kynge fylle 13 *C* syre Arthur 16 *C* Ector that was wel horsed syr kayes fader and smote 18–19 *C* sawe the kynge 21 *C* shelde fyll doune 22 *C* and so the kyng & the hors 23–24 *C* syr Morganore (*cf. p. 33, l. 13*) 27 that *not in C* 32 *C* dyd merueillously for 34 *C* to the teeth 35 *C* the arme

into the felde; than he wente to the thirde and smote hym on the shulder, that sholdir and arme flow unto the felde. And whan Gryfflet saw rescowis he smote a knyght on the templis, that hede and helme wente of to the erthe; and Gryfflet toke that horse and lad hym unto sir Lucas, and bade hym mownte uppon that horse and revenge his hurtis—for sir Brastias had slayne a knyght tofore—and horsed sir Lucas.

(15) Than sir Lucas saw kynge Angwysschaunce that nygh⌜e⌝ had slayne Maris de la Roche; and Lucas ran to hym with a sherpe spere that was grete, and he gaff hym suche a falle that the horse felle downe to the erthe. Also Lucas founde there on foote Bloyas de la Fla⌜un⌝dres and sir Gwynas, two hardy knyghtes; and in that woodnes that Lucas was in, he slew two bachelers and horsed them agayne. Than wexed the batayle passynge harde one bothe partyes. But kynge Arthur was glad that hys knyghtes were horsed agayne. And than they fought togiders, that the noyse and the sowne range by the watir and woode. Wherefore kynge Ban and Bors made hem redy and dressed theire shyldis and harneysse, and were so currageous that their enemyes shooke and byverd for egirnesse.

All thys whyle sir Lucas, Gwynas, Bryaunte, and Bellias of Flaundres helde stronge medlé agaynste six kynges, which were kynge Lott, kynge Nentres, kynge Brandegoris, kynge Idres, kyng Uriens and kynge Angwysshauns. So with the helpe of sir Kay and of sir Gryfflet they helde thes six kyngis harde, that unneth they had ony power to deffende them. But whan kynge Arthure saw the batayle wolde nat be ended by no maner, he fared woode as a lyon and stirred his horse here and there on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that he stynted nat tylle he had slayne twenty knyghtes. Also he wounded kynge Lotte sore on the shulder, and made hym to leve that grownde, for sir Kay with sir Gryfflet
13r dud with kynge Arthure grete dedis of armys there.

Than sir Ulphuns, Brastias and sir Ector encountirde

4 of *not in C* 5 *C* took the hors of that knyght & lad 7 *C* horsed Gryflet† 8–9 *W* that nyght had *C*† that late hadde (*see note*) 8–9 *W* (*sidenote*): The dethe of Marys de la Roche 9 *C* Morys 10 *C* a short† spere that was grete that he 12 *W* Flawdres 20 *C* that many knyghtes shoke 23–24 *C* that was kynge 24 *W* kynge kynge Lott 33 *C* kay & gryflet 34 *W* armys dud there *C* there grete dedes of armes

agaynste the duke Estans and kynge Cradilmante and kynge Clarivauns of Northhumbirlonde and kynge Carados and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes. So thes kynges encountird with thes knyghtes, that they made them to avoyde the grounde. Than kynge Lotte made grete dole for his damagis and his felowis, and seyde unto the kyngis,

'But if we woll do as I have devised, we all shall be slayne and destroyed. Lette me have the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and kynge Angwysshaunce, and kynge Idres, and the duke of Can⌈benet⌉. And we fyve kyngis woll have ten thousand men of armys with us, and we woll go on one party whyle the six kynges holde the medlé with twelve thousand. And whan we se that ye have foughtyn with hem longe, than woll we com on freysshly; and ellis shall we never macche them,' seyde kynge Lotte, 'but by thys means.'

So they departed as they here devised, and thes six kyngis made theire party stronge agaynste kyng Arthure and made grete warre longe in the meanwhyle.

Than brake the bushemente of kynge Banne and Bors; and Lionse and Phariaunce had that advaunte-garde, and they two knyghtes mette with kynge Idres [and his felaushiip. And there began a grete medelé of brekyng of speres and smytyng of swerdys with sleying of men and horses, that kynge Idres] was nere discomfited. That saw kynge Angwysshaunce, and put Lyonses and Phariaunce in poynte of dethe, for the duke ⌈of Canbenet⌉ com on with a grete felyship. So thes two knyghtes were in grete daungere of their lyves, that they were fayne to returne; but allweyes they rescowed hemselff and hir felyship merveylously. Whan kynge Bors saw tho knyghtes put on bak hit greved hym sore. Than he com on so faste that his felyship semed as blak

1 *C*† Eustace (*F* Estams) 1–2 *C*† Cradelment & kyng Cradelmāt and kynge Claryaunce 2–3 *C* Carados & ageynst the kyng with 3–4 *C* thes knyȝtes encountred with these kynges 6–7 *C* the x kynges but yf ye wil do as I deuyse we shalle be slayn 10 *W* Candebenet *C** Canbenec *F* Cambenit 10–11 *C*† haue xv M men *F* douze mile homes 11–12 *C* go on parte† 12–13 *C*† holde medle with XII M & we see 14 *C* com on fyersly 17 thes *not in C* 19–20 *C* In the meane whyle brake 21 *C* Lyonses and Pharyaunce had the aduant 22–25 *W O*[1] kynge Idres that was nere 25 *C* at discomfiture That 25–26 *C* sawe Agwysaunce the kynge 27 *W* duke Candebenet *C* duke of Canbenek *F* duc de Cambenic *C* on with all with a grete

as inde. Whan kynge Lotte had aspyed kynge Bors, he knew hym well, and seyde,

'Jesu defende us from dethe and horryble maymes, for I se well we be in grete perell of dethe; for I se yondir a kynge, one of the moste worshipfullyst ⌜men, and the⌝ best knyghtes of the worlde be inclyned unto his felyship.'

'What ys he?' seyde the Kynge with the Hu[n]dirde Knyghtes.

'Hit ys,' he seyde, 'kynge Bors of Gaule. I mervayle,' seyde he, 'how they com unto this contrey withoute wetynge of us all.'

'Hit was by Merlions advice,' seyde a knyght.

'As for me,' seyde kynge Carados, 'I woll encountir with kynge Bors, and ye woll rescow me whan myster ys.'

'Go on,' seyde they, 'for we woll all that we may.'

Than kynge Carados and hys oste rode on a soffte pace tyll they com as nyghe kynge Bors as a bowe-draught. Than
13v eythir lette theire horsys renne as faste as they myght. And Bleobris that was godson unto kynge Bors, he bare his chyeff standard; that was a passyng good knyght.

'Now shall we se,' seyde kynge Bors, 'how thes northirne Bretons can bere theire armys!'

So kynge Bors encountird with a knyght and smote hym throwoute with a spere, that he felle dede unto the erthe; and aftirwarde drew hys swerde and dud mervaylous dedis of armys, that all partyes had grete wondir thereof. And his knyght[es] fayled nat but dud hir parte. And kynge Carados was smytten to the erthe. With that com the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and rescowed kynge Carados myghtyly by force of armys, for he was a passynge good knyght and
(16) but a yonge man. Be than com into the felde kynge Ban as ferse as a lyon, with bondis of grene and thereuppon golde.

'A ha,' seyde kynge Lott, 'we muste be discomfite, for yondir I se the most valiante knyght of the worlde, and the man of moste renowne, for such two brethirne as ys kynge Ban and kynge Bors ar nat lyvynge. Wherefore we muste

2–3 *C* thenne he said O Ihesu 5 *W* and of the *C* men & one of the (*see note*) 9 *C* is said kyng Lot kyng 10 seyde he *not in C* 12 *C* said the knyghte 13 *C* As for hym sayd 15 *C* they al we wil do all 18 eyther bataill lete 25 *C* after 30–31 *C* knyght of a kynge & but 35 *C* the most

nedis voyde or dye, and but if we avoyde manly and wysely there ys but dethe.'

So whan thes two kyngis, Ban and Bors, com into the batayle, they com in so fersely that the strokis re[d]ounded agayne fro the woode and the watir. Wherefore kynge Lotte wepte for pité and dole that he saw so many good knyghtes take their ende. But thorow the grete force of kynge Ban they made bothe the northirne batayles that were parted hurteled togidirs for grete drede. And the three kynges and their knyghtes slew on ever, that hit was pité to se and to beholde the multitude of peple that fledde.

But kyng Lott and the Kynge with the Hundred Knyghtes and kynge Morganoure gadred the peple togydir passynge knyghtly, and dud grete proues of armys, and helde the batayle all the day lyke harde. Whan the Kynge with the Hundred Knyghtes behelde the grete damage that kynge Ban [dyd] he threste unto hym with his horse and smote hym an hyghe on the helme a grete stroke and stoned hym sore. Than kynge Ban was wood wrothe with hym and folowed on hym fersely. The othir saw that and caste up hys shelde and spored hys horse forewarde, but the stroke of kynge Ban downe felle and carve a cantell of the shelde, and the swerde sloode downe by the hawbirke byhynde hys backe and kut thorow the trappoure of stele and the horse evyn in two pecis, that the swerde felle to the erth. Than the **14r** Kynge of the Hundred Knyghtes voyded the horse lyghtly, and with hys swerde he broched the horse of kynge Ban thorow and thorow. With that kynge Ban voyded lyghtly from the dede horse and smote at that othir so egirly on the helme that he felle to the erthe. Also in that ire he felde kynge Morganoure, and there was grete slawghtir of good knyghtes and muche peple.

Be that tyme com into the prees kynge Arthure and founde kynge Ban stondynge amonge the dede men and dede horse, fyghtynge on foote as a wood lyon, that there

3 *C* whanne kynge Ban came 4 *C* he cam 4–5 *W* rebounded agayne *C** redounded ageyne 8 *C* were departed 10–11 *C* pyte on to behold that multitude of the people 16–17 *C* kynge Ban dyd 19 wood *not in C* 22 *C* felle downe and 25 *C*† the swerd felte the erth *F* trebuche (*see note*) 29 *C* hors and thenne kynge Ban smote at the other so egrely and smote hym on the 33 *C* by than come

com none nyghe hym as farre as he myght reche with hys swerde but he caught a grevous buffette; whereof kynge Arthure had grete pité. And kynge Arthure was so blody that by hys shylde there myght no man know hym, for all was blode and brayne that stake on his swerde and on hys shylde. And as kynge Arthure loked besyde hym he sawe a knyght that was passyngely well horsed. And therewith kynge Arthure ran to hym and smote hym on the helme, that hys swerde wente unto his teeth, and the knyght sanke downe to the erthe dede. And anone kynge Arthure toke hys horse by the rayne and ladde hym unto kynge Ban and seyde,

'Fayre brothir, have ye thys horse, for ye have grete myster thereof, and me repentys sore of youre grete damage.'

'Hit shall be sone revenged,' seyde kynge Ban, 'for I truste in God myne hurte ys none suche but som of them may sore repente thys.'

'I woll welle,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'for I se youre dedys full actuall; nevertheles I myght nat com to you at that tyme.'

But whan kynge Ban was mounted on horsebak, than there began a new batayle whych was sore and harde, and passynge grete slaughtir. And so thorow grete force kyng Arthure, kynge Ban, and kynge Bors made hir knyghtes alyght to wythdraw hem to a lytyll wood, and so over a litill ryvir; and there they rested hem, for on the nyght before they had no grete reste in the felde. And than the eleven kyngis put hem on an hepe all togydirs, as men adrad and oute of all comforte. But there was no man that myght passe them; they helde hem so harde togydirs bothe behynde and before that kynge Arthure had mervayle of theire dedis of armys and was passynge wrothe.

'A, sir Arthure,' seyde kynge Ban and kynge Bors, 'blame
14v hem nat, for they do as good men ought to do. For be my fayth,' seyde kynge Ban, 'they ar the beste fyghtynge men and knyghtes of moste prouesse that ever y saw other herde off speke. And tho eleven kyngis ar men of grete worship;

5–6 *C* braynes on his swerd And as Arthur loked by hym he sawe 10 *C* tooke the hors 12 *C* haue this 15 *C* myn eure is not suche 18 *C* come at yow 23–24 *C* knyghtes a litel† to with drawe 25–26 *C* nyght they myght haue no rest 27 *C* kynges and knyghtes 28 that *not in C* 35–36 *C* or herd speke of

and if they were longyng to you, there were no kynge undir hevyn that had suche eleven kyngis nother off suche worship.'

'I may nat love hem,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'for they wolde destroy me.'

'That know we well,' seyde kynge Ban and kynge Bors, 5 'for they ar your mortall enemyes, and that hathe bene preved beforehonde. And thys day they have done their parte, and that ys grete pité of their wylfulnes.'

Than all the eleven kynges drew hem togydir, and than seyde Lott, 'Lordis, ye muste do othirwyse than ye do, othir 10 ellis the grete losses ys behynde: for ye may se what peple we have loste and what good men we lese because we wayte allweyes on thes footemen; and ever in savyng of one of thes footemen we lese ten horsemen for hym. Therefore thys ys myne advise: lette us putte oure footemen frome us, for hit ys nere 15 nyght. For thys noble kynge Arthure woll nat tarry on the footemen, for they may save hemselff: the woode ys nerehonde. And whan we horsemen be togydirs, looke every of you kyngis lat make such ordinaunce that none breke uppon payne of deth. And who that seeth any man dresse hym to 20 fle lyghtly, that he be slayne; for hit ys bettir we sle a cowarde than thorow a coward all we be slayned. How sey ye?' seyde kynge Lotte. 'Answere me, all ye kynges!'

'Ye say well,' seyde kynge Nentres. So seyde the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes; the same seyde kynge Carados 25 and kynge Uryens; so seyde kynge Idres and kynge Brandegoris; so dud kyng Cradilmasse and the duke of Can⌜benet;⌝ the same seyde kynge Claryaunce, and so dud kynge Angwysshaunce, and swore they wolde never fayle other for lyff nothir for dethe, and whoso that fledde all they sholde 30 be slayne. Than they amended their harneyse and ryghted their sheldis, and toke newe speris and sette hem on theire thyghes, and stoode stylle as hit had be a plumpe of woode.

Whan kynge Arthure and kynge Ban and Bors behelde 35 (17) them and all hir knyghtes, they preysed them much for

2 *C* xj knyghtes and of 5 *C* that wote we 11 *C* losse 15 *W* for for hit ys 16 *C* For the noble Arthur 17 *C*† hym self 18–19 *C* looke eueryche of yow 22 *C* we to be slayne 24 *C* it is wel said quod kynge Nentres 26 *C* so dyd kynge Idres 27 *W* Candebenet. *Cf. p. 31, note 10* 28 so dud *not in C* 29 *C* faille other neyther 30 *C* fledde but did as they dyd shold

their noble chere of chevalry, fo[r] the hardyeste fyghters that ever they herde other saw.

So furthwith there dressed ⟨twenty-one⟩ knyghtes, and seyde unto the three kynges they wolde breke their batayle. And thes were their namys: Lyonses, Phariaunce, Ulphuns, 15r Brastias, Ector, Kayus, Lucas de Butler, Gryfflet la Fyse de Deu, Marrys de la Roche, Gwynas de Bloy, Bryaunte de la Foreyste Saveage, Bellaus, Morians of the Castel Maydyns, Flaundreus of the Castel of Ladyes, Annecians that was kynge Bors godson, a noble knyght, and Ladinas de la Rouse, Emerause, Caulas, Graciens le Castilion, Bloyse de la Case, and sir Colgrevaunce de Goore.

All thes knyghtes rode on before with sperys on theire thyghes and spurred their horses myghtyly. And the eleven kyngis with parte of hir knyghtes rushed furthe as faste as they myght with hir sperys, and there they dud on bothe partyes merveylous dedes of armys. So there com into the thycke of the prees Arthure, Ban, and Bors, and slew downeryght on bothe hondis, that hir horses wente in blood up to the fittlockys. But ever the eleven kyngis and the oste was ever in the visage of Arthure. Wherefore kynge Ban and Bors had grete mervayle consyderyng the grete slaughter that there was; but at the laste they were dryven abacke over a litill ryver. With that com Merlion on a grete blacke horse and seyde unto kynge Arthure,

'Thou hast never done. Hast thou nat done inow? Of three score thousande thys day hast thou leffte on lyve but fyftene thousand! Therefore hit ys tyme to sey "Who!" for God ys wroth with the for thou woll never have done. For yondir a eleven kynges at thys tyme woll nat be overthrowyn, but and thou tary on them ony lenger thy fortune woll turne and they shall encres. And therefore withdraw you unto youre lodgynge and reste you as sone as ye may, and rewarde youre good knyghtes with golde and with sylver, for they have well deserved hit. There may no ryches be to dere

1 *W* fo the 3 *W O*1 a fourty knyghtes *C* there dressyd hem a xl noble knyghtes (xxj *mistaken for* a xl) 7 *C* mariet† de la roche 11 *C* Gracyens le castelyn one bloyse 14 *C** myghtely as the horses myȝte renne And the xj 15 *C* russched with their horses as fast 18 *W* thes prees *C* the prees 20 *C* and their hooste 28–29 *C* xv M and it is tyme to saye ho for god is wrothe with the that thow 30 a *not in C*

for them, for of so fewe men as ye have there was never men dud more worshipfully in proues than ye have done to-day: for ye have macched thys day with the beste fyghters of the worlde.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde kynge Ban and Bors.

Than Merlyon bade hem, 'Withdraw where ye lyste, for thys three yere I dare undirtake they shall nat dere you; and by that tyme ye shall hyre newe tydyngis.' Than Merlion seyde unto Arthure, 'These eleven kyngis have more on hande than they are ware off, for the Sarezynes ar londed in their contreies mo than fourty thousande, and brenne and sle and have leyde syege to the castell Wandesborow, and make grete destruction: therefore drede you nat thys [thre] yere. Also, sir, all the goodis that be gotyn at this batayle lette hit be serched, and whan ye have hit in your hondis 15v lette hit be geffyn frendly unto thes two kyngis, Ban and Bors, that they may rewarde their knyghtes wythall: and that shall cause straungers to be of bettir wyll to do you servyse at nede. Also ye be able to rewarde youre owne knyghtes at what tyme somever hit lykith you.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde Arthure, 'and as thou haste devised so shall hit be done.'

Whan hit was delyverde to thes kynges, Ban and Bors, they gaff the godis as frely to theire knyghtes as hit was gevyn to them.

Than Merlion toke hys leve of kynge Arthure and of the two kyngis, for to go se hys mayster Bloyse that dwelled in Northhumbirlonde. And so he departed and com to hys mayster that was passynge glad of hys commynge. And there he tolde how Arthure and the two kynges had spedde at the grete batayle, and how hyt was endyd, and tolde the namys of every kynge and knyght of worship that was there. And so Bloyse wrote the batayle worde by worde as Merlion tolde hym, how hit began and by whom, and in lyke wyse how hit was ended and who had the worst. And all the batayles that were done in Arthurs dayes, Merlion dud hys mayster

1–2 *C* ther were neuer men dyd more of prowesse than they haue done 4–5 *C* bors Also said Merlyn withdrawe yow where 7 *C* by than 10 *C* that brenne 11 *C* att the castell 12 *F* (*Camb. f. 224r*) trois anz ou plus [thre] *not in O*[1] 15 *C* gyuen frely vnto 18–19 *C* knyghtes of your owne goodes whan someuer 20 *C* It is wel said qd Arthur 22 thes kynges *not in C* 23 *C* knyȝtes as frely as 26 *C* go and see 34 *C* the werre

Bloyse wryte them. Also he dud wryte all the batayles that every worthy knyght ded of Arthurs courte.

So aftir this Merlion departed frome his mayster and com to kynge Arthure that was in the castell of Bedgrayne, that was one of the castels that stondith in the foreyste of Sherewood. And Merlion was so disgysed that kynge Arthure knewe hym nat, for he was all befurred in blacke shepis skynnes, and a grete payre of bootis, and a boowe and arowis, in a russet gowne, and brought wylde gyese in hys honde. And hit was on the morne aftir Candilmasse day. But kynge Arthure knew hym nat.

'Sir,' seyde Merlion unto the kynge, 'woll ye geff me a gyffte?'

'Wherefore,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'sholde I gyff the a gyffte, chorle?'

'Sir,' seyd Merlion, 'ye were bettir to gyff me a gyffte that ys nat in youre honde than to lose grete rychesse. For here in the same place there the grete batayle was, ys grete tresoure hydde in the erthe.'

'Who tolde the so, chorle?'

'Sir, Merlyon tolde me so,' seyde he.

Than Ulphuns and Brastias knew hym well inowghe and smyled. 'Sir,' seyde thes two knyghtes, 'hit ys Merlion that so spekith unto you.'

Than kynge Arthure was gretly abaysshed and had
16r mervayle of Merlion, and so had kynge Ban and Bors. So they had grete disporte at hym.

Than in the meanewhyle there com a damesell that was an erlis doughter; hys name was Sanam and hir name was Lyonors, a passynge fayre damesell. And so she cam thidir for to do omage as other lordis ded after that grete batayle. And kynge Arthure sette hys love gretly on hir, and so ded she uppon hym, and so the kynge had ado with hir and gate on hir a chylde. And hys name was Borre, that was aftir a good knyght and of the Table Rounde.

Than the[r] come worde that kynge Ryens of North Walis made grete warre on kynge Lodegreaunce of Camylarde, for the whiche kynge Arthure was wrothe, for he loved hym

1 *C* Bleyse do wryte Also he did do wryte 5 *C* stondyn 19 *C* chorle said Arthur 30 *C* after the 35 *W* Than the com *C* thenne there cam 37 *C* whiche thyng† arthur

welle and hated kyng Royns, for allwayes he was agenst hym.

(So by ordinauns of the three kynges ther were sente home unto Benwyke [all th]⟨at⟩ wolde departe, for drede of kynge Claudas. Thes knyghtes: Pharyaunce, Anthemes, Graciens ⌜and Lyonses of⌝ Payarne were the leders of them that sholde kepe the two kynges londis.)

And than kynge Arthure, kynge Ban and kynge Bors (18) departed with hir felyship, a twenty thousand, and cam within seven dayes into the contrey of Camylarde; and there rescowed kynge Lodegraunce, and slew there muche people of kynge Ryons, unto the numbir of ten thousand, and putte hem to flyght. And than had thes thre kynges grete chere of kynge Lodegraunce, and ⟨he⟩ thanked them of theire grete goodnes that they wolde revenge hym of his enemyes.

And there had Arthure the firste syght of queene Gwenyvere, the kyngis doughter of the londe of Camylarde, and ever afftir he loved hir. And aftir they were wedded, as hit tellith in the booke.

So breffly to make an ende, they took there leve to go into hir owne contreyes, for kynge Claudas dud grete destruction on their londis. Than seyde Arthure,

'I woll go with you.'

'Nay,' seyde the kyngis, 'ye shall nat at thys tyme, for ye have much to do yet in thys londe. Therefore we woll departe. With the grete goodis that we have gotyn in this londe by youre gyfftis we shall wage good knyghtes and withstonde the kynge Claudas hys malice, for, by the grace of God, and we have nede, we woll sende to you for succour. And ye have nede, sende for us, and we woll nat tarry, by the feythe of oure bodyes.'

'Hit shall nat nede,' seyde Merlion, 'thes two kynges to com agayne in the wey of warre; but I know well kynge

3 *C*† kynges that were 4 *W* Benwyke and wolde *C** Benwyck all they wolde *F* (*Camb. f. 224*^{v}, *col. 1*) tuz fors ceus seulment qui demorer i voudront 5 Thes knyghtes *not in C* 5–6 *W* Graciens lyonses and payarne *C* Grasians and lyonses payarne (*so in O*^{1}) with the *F* Leonce de paerne 10 *C* within VI dayes 12–13 *C* x M men and put hym to 14 *C* Lodegraunce that thanked 16 queene *not in C** 17 of the londe *not in C* 18 And *not in C*† 25, 26–27 *C* in these landes 26 *C* departe and with the 30 *C* And yf ye 32 *C* not saide Merlyn nede that these

Arthure may nat be longe frome you. For within a yere or
16v two ye shall have grete nede, than shall he revenge you of
youre enemyes as ye have done on his. For thes eleven
kyngis shall dye all in one day by the grete myght and
5 prouesse of armys of two valyaunte knyghtes,'—as hit tellith
aftir. Hir namys [ben] Balyne le Saveage and Balan, hys
brothir, that were merveylous knyghtes as ony was tho
lyvynge.

Now turne we unto the eleven kynges that returned unto
10 a cité that hyght Surhaute, which cité was within kynge
Uriens londe; and there they refreysshed them as well as
they myght, and made lechys serche for their woundis and
sorowed gretly for the deth of hir people. So with that there
com a messyngere and tolde how there was comyn into theyre
15 londis people that were lawles, as well as Sarezynes a fourty
thousande, and have brente and slayne all the people that
they may com by withoute mercy, and have leyde sege unto
the castell Wandesborow.

'Alas!' seyde the eleven kyngis, 'here ys sorow uppon
20 sorow, and if we had nat warred agaynste Arthure as we
have done, he wolde sone a revenged us. And as for kynge
Lodegreaunce, he lovithe Arthure bettir than us; and as for
kynge Royens, he hath ynow ado with kynge Lodegreauns,
for he hath leyde sege unto hym.'

25 So they condescended togydir to kepe all the marchis of
Cornuwayle, of Walis, and of the Northe. So firste they put
kynge Idres in the cité of Nauntis in Bretayne with four
thousand men of armys to wacche bothe watir and the londe.
Also they ⌜put in the cyté of Wyndesan kynge Nauntres of
30 Garlott with four thousand knyghtes to watche both on water
and on lond. Also they⌝ had of othir men of warre mo than
eyght thousand for to fortefye all the fortresse in the marchys

2–3 *C* on youre 4 *C* in a day 6 *O*[1] names Balyn 7–8 *C* that ben merueillous good knyghtes as ben ony lyuyng 11 londe *not in C* 12 for *not in C* 21 *C* soone reuenge vs 25 *O*[1] *C** they consentyd *F* (*Camb. f. 227v, col. 2*) si acordent a la fin qu'il garniront les marches de Galone et de Gorre et de Cornewaille e devers Orquenie 28–31 *W* bothe water and the londe Also they had of othir men *C** bothe the water and the land Also they put in the cyte of Wyndesan kynge Nauntres of garlott with four thousand knyghtes to watche both on water and on lond Also they had *F* (*Camb. f. 228r, col. 1*) L'autre cité qu'il envoient garnir aprés si out nom Windesan. A ceie ala le roi Nentres de Garloth, si en mena avod lui trois mille (*homoeoteleuton in W*)

of Cornuwayle. Also they put mo kyngis in all the marchis of Walis and Scotlonde with many good men of armys, and so they kept hem togydirs the space of three yere and ever alyed hem with myghty kynges and dukis. And unto them felle kynge Royns of Northe Walis which was a myghty kynge of men, and Nero that was a myghty man of men. And all thys whyle they furnysshed and garnysshed hem of good men of armys and vitayle and of all maner of ablemente that pretendith to warre, to avenge hem for the batay[l]e of Bedgrayne, as hit tellith in the booke of adventures.

Than aftir the departynge of kynge Bans and Bors, kynge (19) Arthure rode unto the cité of Carlyon. And thydir com unto hym kynge Lottis wyff of Orkeney in maner of a message, but she was sente thydir to aspye the courte of kynge Arthure, and she com rychely beseyne with hir four sonnes, Gawayne, Gaheris, Aggravayne and Gareth, with many other knyghtes **17r** and ladyes, for she was a passynge fayre lady. Wherefore the kynge caste grete love unto hir and desired to ly by her. And so they were agreed, and [he] begate uppon hir sir Mordred. And she was syster on the modirs syde Igrayne unto Arthure. So there she rested hir a monthe, and at the last she departed.

Than the kynge dremed a mervaylous dreme whereof he was sore adrad. (But all thys tyme kynge Arthure knew nat [that] kynge Lottis wyff was his sister.) But thus was the dreme of Arthure: hym thought there was com into hys londe gryffens and serpentes, and hym thought they brente and slowghe all the people in the londe; and than he thought he fought with them and they dud hym grete harme and wounded hym full sore, but at the laste he slew hem.

Whan the kynge waked, he was passynge hevy of hys dreme; and so to putte hit oute of thought he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge. And as sone as he was in the foreste, the kynge saw a grete harte before hym.

1 *C* moo kny3tes in 4 *C* dukes and lordes And 5–6 *C* myghty man of men 9 *C* to the werre to auenge *W* batayne *C* bataille 10 *C* auentures folowynge 11 *C* and of kyng Bors 12 the cite of *not in C* 20–21 *C* his syster on the moder syde Igrayne So ther 19–22 *W* (*sidenote*) A dreme of Arthure 25 [that] *not in O*[1] 26–27 *C* in to this land 29 *C* passynge grete

'Thys harte woll I chace,' seyde kynge Arthure.

And so he spurred hys horse and rode aftir longe, and so be fyne force oftyn he was lyke to have smytten the herte. Wherefore as the kynge had chased the herte so longe that hys horse lost his brethe and felle downe dede, than a yoman fette the kynge another horse.

So the kynge saw the herte unboced and hys horse dede, he sette hym downe by a fowntayne, and there he felle downe in grete thought. And as he sate so hym thought he herde a noyse of howundis to the som of thirty, and with that the kynge saw com towarde hym the strongeste beste that ever he saw or herde of. So thys beste wente to the welle and dranke, and the noyse was in the bestes bealy ⌜lyke unto the questyng of thirty coupyl houndes, but alle the whyle the beest dranke there was no noyse in the bestes bealy⌝. And therewith the beeste departed with a grete noyse, whereof the kynge had grete mervayle. And so he was in a grete thought, and therewith he felle on slepe.

Ryght so there com a knyght on foote unto Arthure, and seyde, 'Knyght full of thought and slepy, telle me if thou saw any stronge beeste passe thys way.'

'Such one saw I,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that ys paste nye two myle. What wolde ye with that beeste?' seyde Arthure.

'Sir, I have folowed that beste longe and kylde myne horse, so wolde God I had another to folow my queste.'

Ryght so com one with the kyngis horse. And whan the
17v knyght saw the horse he prayde the kynge to gyff hym the horse, 'for I have folowed this queste thys twelve-monthe, and othir I shall encheve hym othir blede of the beste bloode

2 *C* the horse 3–4 *C* herte where as the kynge 5 *C* hors had loste 7 *C* the herte enbusshed and 8–9 *C* fell in grete thoughtes 11 *C* saw comyng 11 *C* the straungest *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 76a*) estraingne de cors et de faiture. 12–15 *W* the noyse in the bestes bely and therewith *C** bely lyke unto the questyng of xxx coupyl houndes but alle the whyle the beest dranke there was no noyse in the bestes bely and therwith *F* (*loc. cit.*) elle a dedens son cors brakés (*Camb. f. 230v, col. 2*: faons) tout vis qui glatissent (*Camb.*: ausint com feroient brachet). . . . Et si tost comme elle ot commenchiet a boire, le (les?) biestes qui dedens li estoient et glatissoient s'acoisent et se tinrent coiement. Quant elle ot beu et fu issue de la fontaine, si recommancierent a glatir autressi comme il faisoient devant 21 *C* thow sawest a straunge best 23 nye *not in C* *C* with the best 25 *C* long tyme

in my body.' (Whos name was kynge Pellynor that tyme folowed the questynge beste, and afftir hys dethe sir Palomydes folowed hit.)

'Sir knyght,' seyd the kynge, 'leve that queste and suffir (20) me to have hit, and I woll folowe hit anothir twelve- 5 monthe.'

'A, foole!' seyde the kynge unto Arthure, 'hit ys in vayne thy desire, for hit shall never be encheved but by me other by my nexte kynne.'

And therewithe he sterte unto the kyngis horse and 10 mownted into the sadyl and seyde, 'Gramercy, for this horse ys myne owne.'

'Well,' seyde the kynge, 'thou mayste take myne horse by force, but and I myght preve hit I wolde weete whether thou were bettir worthy to have hym or I.' 15

Whan the kynge herde hym sey so he seyde, 'Seke me here whan thou wolte, and here nye thys welle thou shalte fynde me,' ⌈and soo passed on his weye.

Thenne the kyng sat in a study⌉ and bade hys men fecche another horse as faste as they myght. Ryght so com by hym 20 Merlyon lyke a chylde of fourtene yere of ayge and salewed the kynge and asked hym whye he was so pensyff.

'I may well be pensiff,' seyde the kynge, 'for I have sene the mervaylist syght that ever I saw.'

'That know I well,' seyde Merlyon, 'as welle as thyselff, 25 and of all thy thoughtes. But thou arte a foole to take thought for hit that woll nat amende the. Also I know what thou arte, and who was thy fadir, and of whom thou were begotyn: for kynge Uther was thy fadir and begate the on Igrayne.' 30

'That ys false!' seyde kynge Arthure. 'How sholdist thou know hit? For thou arte nat so olde of yerys to know my fadir.'

1–2 C† body Pellinore that tyme kynge folowed 7 *C** said the Knyghte vnto 14–16 *C* preue the whether thow were better on horsbak or I wel said the knyght seke me 18–20 *C** and soo passyd on his weye thenne the kyng sat in a study and bad his men fetche his hors as faste as euer they myghte *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 77b*) Atant s'em parti li chevaliers. . . . Illuec demoura li rois grant piece tant pensis de cel aventure qu'il avoit le jour veues (*sic*; *Camb.* la nuite veus e le jour) que il ne savoit preu consillier. Et en chou qu'il estoit si pensis *etc.* 25–26 know I well . . . of all thy thoughtes *stands for the French* tu ne penses chose (*Camb.* 'a chose') que je ne sache (*Huth Merlin, f. 77c*) 26 *C* art but a foole 27 *C* it wylle

'Yes,' seyde Merlyon, 'I know hit bettir than ye or ony man lyvynge.'

'I woll nat beleve the,' seyde Arthure, and was wrothe with the chylde.

So departed Merlyon, and com ayen in the lyknesse of an olde man of four score yere of ayge, whereof the kynge was passynge glad, for he semed to be ryght wyse. Than seyde the olde man,

'Why ar ye so sad?'

'I may well be sad,' seyde Arthure, 'for many thynges. For ryght now there was a chylde here, and tolde me many thynges that mesemythe he sholde nat knowe, for he was nat of ayge to know my fadir.'

'Yes,' seyde the olde man, 'the chylde tolde you trouthe, and more he wolde a tolde you and [y]e wolde a suffirde hym, but ye have done a thynge late that God ys displesed with you, for ye have lyene by youre syster and on hir ye have
18r gotyn a childe that shall destroy you and all the knyghtes of youre realme.'

'What ar ye,' seyde Arthure, 'that telle me thys tydyngis?'

'Sir, I am Merlion, and I was he in the chyldis lycknes.'

'A,' seyde the kynge, 'ye ar a mervaylous man! But I mervayle muche of thy wordis that I mou dye in batayle.'

'Mervayle nat,' seyde Merlion, 'for hit ys Goddis wylle that youre body sholde be punyss[h]ed for your fowle dedis. But I ought ever to be hevy,' seyde Merlion, 'for I shall dye a shamefull dethe, to be putte in the erthe quycke; and ye shall dey a worshipfull dethe.'

And as they talked thus, com one with the kyngis horse, and so the kynge mownted on hys horse, and Merlion on anothir, and so rode unto Carlyon. And anone the kynge askyd Ector and Ulphuns how he was begotyn, and they tolde hym how kynge Uther was hys fadir, and quene Igrayne hys modir.

7 *C* was ryght glad 10–11 wel be heuy said . . . thynges Also here was a chyld and told 15 *W* and he wolde 25 *C* mote dye 26–27 *C* wyll youre body to be 28 *C* but I may wel be sory said Merlyn 31 *C*† talked this 35 *C* how *not in C* 36–p. 45, l. 1 *C* moder thenne he sayd to Merlyn I wylle

'So Merlion tolde me. I woll that my modir be sente for, that I myght speke with hir. And if she sey so hirselff, than woll I beleve hit.'

So in all haste the quene was sente for, [and she came] and she brought with hir Morgan le Fay, hir doughter, that was a fayre lady as ony myght be. And the kynge welcommed Igrayne in the beste maner. Ryght so com in Ulphuns and (21) seyde opynly, that the kynge and all myght hyre that were fested that day,

'Ye ar the falsyst lady of the wor[l]de, and the moste traytoures unto the kynges person.'

'Beware,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'what thou seyste: thou spekiste a grete worde.'

'Sir, I am well ware,' seyde Ulphuns, 'what I speke, and here ys my gloove to preve hit uppon ony man that woll sey the contrary: that thys quene Igrayne ys the causer of youre grete damage and of youre grete warre, for and she wolde have uttirde hit in the lyff of Uther of the birth of you, and how ye were begotyn, than had ye never had the mortall warrys that ye have had. For the moste party of your barownes of youre realme knewe never whos sonne ye were, ne of whom ye were begotyn; and she that bare you of hir body sholde have made hit knowyn opynly, in excusynge of hir worship and youres, and in lyke [wyse] to all the realme. Wherefore I preve hir false to God and to you and to all youre realme. And who woll sey the contrary, I woll preve hit on hys body.'

Than spake Igrayne and seyde, 'I am a woman and I may nat fyght; but rather than I sholde be dishonoured, there wolde som good man take my quarell. But,' thus she seyde, 'Merlion knowith well, and ye, sir Ulphuns, how kynge Uther com to me into the castell of Tyntagyl in the lyknes 18v of my lorde that was dede three owres tofore, and there begate a chylde that nyght uppon me, and aftir the thirtenth day kynge Uther wedded me. And by his commaundemente, whan the chylde was borne, hit was delyvirde unto Merlion and fostred by hym. And so I saw the childe never

4, 10 *Not emended in* O^1 5–6 *C* was a fayre a lady 7 *C* cam Vlfyus 18 *C* Vther-pēdragon 19 *C* begoten ye had neuer had *W* had ye neuer had 30 *C* quarel More she 33–34 *C*† and therby gat a child 37 *C* and nourysshed by

aftir, nothir wote nat what ys hys name; for I knew hym never yette.'

Than Ulphuns seyde unto Merlion,

'Ye ar than more to blame than the queene.'

5 'Sir, well I wote I bare a chylde be my lorde kynge Uther, but I wote never where he ys becom.'

Than the kynge toke Merlion by the honde seying thys wordis:

'Ys this my modir?'

10 'Forsothe, sir, yee.'

And therewith com in sir Ector, and bare wytnes how he fostred hym by kynge Uthers commaundemente. And therewith kyng Arthure toke his modir, quene Igrayne, in hys armys and kyssed her, and eythir wepte uppon other. Than 15 the kynge lete make a feste that lasted eyght dayes.

So on a day there com into the courte a squyre on horsebacke ledynge a knyght tofore hym, wounded to the deth, and tolde how there was a knyght in the foreste that had rered up a pavylon by a welle, 'that hath slayne my mayster, 20 a good knyght: hys name was Myles. Wherefore I besech you that my maystir may be buryed, and that som knyght may revenge my maystirs dethe.'

Than the noyse was grete of that knyghtes dethe in the courte, and every man seyde hys advyce. Than com Gryfflet 25 that was but a squyre, and he was but yonge, of ⌜the ayge of the kyng Arthur⌝. So he besought the kynge for all hys servyse that he had done hym to gyff hym the Order of Knyghthoode.

(22) 'Thou arte but yonge and tendir of ayge,' seyd kynge 30 Arthure, 'for to take so hyghe an orde[r] uppon you.'

'Sir,' seyde Gryfflet, 'I beseche you to make me knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde Merlion, 'hit were pité to lose Gryfflet, for he woll be a passynge good man whan he ys of ayge, and he

2–5 *C* yet And there Vlfyus saide to the quene Merlyn is more to blame than ye wel I wote said the quene I bare 6 *C* wote not where 7–12 *C** thenne Merlyn toke the kynge by the hand sayeng this is your moder and therwith syr Ector bare wytnes how he nourysshed hym *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 84c*) Lors prent Artu par le brach et li dist: 'Artu (*Camb.*: Amis) . . . la roine Ygerne est ta mere' 19 *C* and hath slayne 25–26 *W* of ayge so *F* (*Camb. f. 238r, col. 1*) estoit de l'aage le roi Artu 27 hym *not in C* 29 *C* arte full yong 30 *C* on the 32 *C* were grete pyte 33–p. 47, l. 1 *C* age abydynge with how the terme me† of

shall abyde with you the terme of hys lyff. And if he aventure his body with yondir knyght at the fountayne, hit ys in grete perell if ever he com agayne, for he ys one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and the strengyst man of armys.'

'Well,' seyde Arthure, 'at thyne owne desire thou shalt be made knyght.' 5

⌈So at the desyre of Gryflet the kynge made hym knyght.⌉

'Now,' seyde Arthure unto Gryfflet, 'sith I have made the knyght, thou muste gyff me a gyffte.'

'What ye woll,' seyde Gryfflet. 10

'Thou shalt promyse me by th[e] feyth of thy body, whan 19r
thou haste justed with that knyght at the fountayne, whether hit falle ye be on horsebak othir on foote, that ryght so ye shall com agayne unto me withoute makynge ony more debate.' 15

'I woll promyse you,' seyde Gryfflet, 'as youre desire ys.'

Than toke Gryfflet hys horse in grete haste and dressed hys shelde and toke a spere in hys honde, and so he rode a grete walop tylle he com to the fountayne. And thereby he saw a ryche pavilion, and thereby undir a cloth stood an horse well sadeled and brydyled, and on a tre hynge a shelde of dyvers coloures, and a grete spere thereby. Than Gryfflet smote on the shylde with the butte of hys spere, that the shylde felle downe. 20

With that the knyght com oute of the pavilion and seyde, 25

'Fayre knyght, why smote ye downe my shylde?'

'Sir, for I wolde juste with you,' seyde Gryfflet.

'Sir, hit ys bettir ye do nat,' seyde the kynge, 'for ye ar but yonge and late made knyght, and youre myght ys nat to myne.' 30

'As for that,' seyde Gryfflet, 'I woll jouste with you.'

'That ys me loth,' seyde the knyght, 'but sitthyn I muste nedis, I woll dresse me thereto. Of whens be ye?' seyde the knyght.

'Sir, I am of kynge Arthurs courte.' 35

5–6 at thyne owne desire thou shalt be made knyght *not in C*† 7 *C** so at the desyre of gryflet the kynge made hym knyght *F* A l'endemain fist Gifflet li rois Artus chevalier 11 *W O*1 by thy 12 *C* the knyght 16 *C* as yow desyre 20–21 *C* a fayr hors 21 hynge *not in C*† 22 thereby *not in C* 24–25 *C* doune to the ground with that 26–27 *C* sheld for I wil 28 *C* sayd the knyghte 29–30 *C** is nothyng to myn

So the two knyghtes ran togydir, that Gryfflettis spere all to-shevirde. And therewithall he smote Gryfflet thorow the shelde and the lyffte syde, and brake the spere, that the truncheon stake in hys body, and horse and man felle downe to the erthe.

(23) Whan the knyght saw hym ly so on the grounde he alyght and was passyng hevy, for he wente he had slayne hym. And than he unlaced hys helme and gate hym wynde; and so with the troncheon he sette hym on his horse and gate hym wynde, and so betoke hym to God and seyde, 'He had a myghty herte!' And seyde, 'If he myght lyve, he wolde preve a passyng good knyght,' and so rode forthe sir Gryfflet unto the courte, whereof passyng grete dole was made for hym. But thorow good lechis he was heled and saved.

Ryght so com into the courte twelve knyghtes that were aged men, whiche com frome the Emperoure of Rome. And they asked of Arthure trwage for hys realme, othir ellis the Emperour wolde destroy hym and all hys londe.

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye ar messyngers: therefore ye may sey what ye woll, othir ellis ye sholde dye therefore. But thys ys myne answere: I owghe the Emperour no trew-
19v age, nother none woll I yelde hym, but on a fayre fylde I shall yelde hym my trwage, that shall be with a sherpe spere othir ellis with a sherpe swerde. And that shall nat be longe, be my fadirs soule Uther!'

And therewith the messyngers departed passyngly wrothe, and kyng Arthure as wrothe; for in an evyll tyme com they. But the kynge was passyngly wrothe for the hurte of sir Gryfflet, and so he commaunded a prevy man of hys chambir that or hit were day his beste horse and armoure 'and all that longith to my person be withoute the cité or to-morow day'. Ryght so he mette with his man and his horse, and so mownted up, and dressed his shelde and toke hys spere, and bade hys chambirlayne tary there tylle he com agayne.

And so Arthure rode a soffte pace tyll hit was day. And

4–6 *C* body that hors and knyghte fylle doune Capitulum XXIII Than the knyght 11 *C* hert and yf he 13 *C* court where grete 15–16 *C* & were aged men and they cam 17 *C* for this realme 18 all *not in C* 22 *C* will I hold hym 23 *C* shall yeue hym 25 *C* Vtherpendragon 27–28 *C* in euyl tyme cam they thenne for the kyng 30 *C* hit be day 31–32 *C* armour with all that longeth vnto his person 32 *C* Ryght so or to morow day he met

than was he ware of thre chorlys chasyng Merlion and wolde have slayne hym. Than the kynge rode unto them and bade hem: 'Fle, chorlis!' Than they fered sore whan they sawe a knyght com, and fledde.

'A, Merlion!' seyde Arthure, 'here haddist thou be slayne for all thy crafftis, had nat I bene.'

'Nay,' seyde Merlyon, 'nat so, for I cowde a saved myselffe and I had wolde. But thou arte more nere thy deth than I am, for thou goste to thy dethe warde and God be nat thy frende.'

So as they wente thus talkynge, they com to the fountayne and the ryche pavilion there by hit. Than kynge Arthure was ware where sate a knyght armed in a chayre.

'Sir knyght,' seyde Arthure, 'for what cause abydist thou here, that there may no knyght ryde thys way but yf he juste with the? I rede the to leve that custom.'

'Thys custom,' seyde the knyght, 'have I used and woll use magré who seyth nay. And who that ys agreved with my custum lette hym amende hit.'

'That shall I amende,' seyde Arthure.

'And I shall defende the,' seyde the knyght.

And anone he toke hys horse, and dressed hys shelde and toke a grete spere in hys honde, and they come togydir so harde that eythir smote other in mydde the shyldis, that all to-shevird theire speris. Therewith anone Arthure pulled oute his swerde.

'Nay, nat so,' seyde the knyght, 'hit ys bettir that we twayne renne more togydirs with sherpe sperys.'

'I woll well,' seyde Arthure, 'and I had ony mo sperys here.'

'I have inow,' seyde the knyght.

So there com a squyre and brought forthe two sperys, and Arthure chose one and he another. So they spurred

3 *C* thenne were they aferd whan 4 com *not in C* 7–8 *C* coude saue my self and I wold 9 *C* to the deth ward 16–17 *C* wyth the said the kyng I rede the leue that custome said Arthur This customme 18 *C* & who is 19–20 *C* amende hit that wol I wil amende it said Arthur 21 *W Hand in margin pointing to l. 21* 23 grete *not in C* in hys honde *not in C* 23–25 *C*† they met so hard either in others sheldes that al to sheuered their sperys 27 *C* said the knyght it is fayrer sayd the knyȝt that we 30 here *not in C* 32 *C* brouȝt ii (*S* in) good sperys

20r theire horsis and come togydir with all theire myghtes, that eyther brake their sperys to their hondis. Than Arthure sette honde on his swerde.

'Nay,' seyde the knyght, 'ye shall do bettir. Ye ar a passyng good juster as ever y mette withall, and onys for the hyghe Order of Knyghthode lette us jouste agayne.'

'I assente me,' seyde Arthure.

And anone there was brought forth two grete sperys, and anone every knyght gate a spere; and therewith they ran togiders, that Arthures spere all to-shevirde. But this other knyght smote hym so harde in myddis the shelde that horse and man felle to the erthe. And therewith Arthure was egir, and pulde oute hys swerde, and seyde,

'I woll assay the, sir knyght, on foote, for I have loste the honoure on horsebacke,' seyde the kynge.

'Sir, I woll be on horsebacke stylle to assay the.'

Than was Arthure wrothe and dressed his shelde towarde hym with his swerde drawyn. Whan the knyght saw that he alyght, for hym thought no worship to have a knyght at such avayle, he to be on horsebacke and hys adversary on foote, and so he alyght and dressed his shelde unto Arthure. And there began a stronge batayle with many grete strokis, and so they hew with hir swerdis, that the cantels flowe unto the feldys, and muche bloode they bledde bothe, that all the place thereas they fought was ovirbledde with bloode. And thus they fought longe and rested them. And than they went to the batayle agayne, and so hurteled togydirs lyke too rammes that aythir felle to the erthe. So at the laste they smote togyders, that bothe hir [swerdys] mette evyn togyders. But kynge Arthurs swerde brake in two pecis, wherefore he was hevy.

Than seyde the knyght unto Arthure, 'Thou arte in my daungere, whethir me lyste to save the or sle the; and but thou yelde the to me as overcom and recreaunte, thou shalt dey.'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'dethe ys wellcom to

5–6 *C* ones for the loue of the hyghe . . . Iuste ones ageyn 11 *C* hyt hym . . . myddes of the shelde 15–17 *C* horsbak I will be on horsbak said the knyght thenne was† 20–21 *C* horsbak and he on foot 23 they *not in C*† 30 *C* But the swerd of the knyght smote kyng arthurs swerd in two pyeces 34 to me *not in C* 36–p. 51, l. 1 *C* as for deth† said kyng arthur welcome be it whan it

me whan hit commyth. But to yelde me unto the I woll nat!'

And therewithall the kynge lepte unto kynge Pellynore, and toke hym by the myddyll, and overthrew hym, and raced of hys helme. So whan the knyght felte that, he was adradde, for he was a passynge bygge man of myght. And so forthewith he wrothe Arthure undir hym and raced of hys helme, and wolde have smytten off hys hede. And therewithall com (24) Merlion and seyde,

'Knyght, holde thy honde, for and thou sle that knyght 20v thou puttyst thys realme in the gretteste damage that evir was realme: for thys knyght ys a man of more worshyp than thou wotist off.'

'Why, what ys he?' seyde the knyght.

'For hit ys kynge Arthure,' seyde Merlyon.

Than wolde he have slayne hym for drede of hys wratthe, and so he lyffte up hys swerde. And therewith Merlion caste an inchauntemente on the knyght, that he felle to the erthe in a grete slepe. Than Merlion toke up kynge Arthure and rode forthe on the knyghtes horse.

'Alas!' seyde Arthure, 'what hast thou do, Merlion? Hast thou slayne thys good knyght by thy craufftis? For there lyvith nat so worshipffull a knyght as he was. For I had levir than the stynte of my londe a yere that he were on lyve.'

'Care ye nat,' seyde Merlion, 'for he ys holer than ye: he ys but on slepe and woll awake within thys owre. I tolde you,' seyde Merlyon, 'what a knyght he was. Now here had ye be slayne had I nat bene. Also there lyvith nat a bygger knyght than he ys one; and afftir this he shall do you goode servyse. And hys name ys kynge Pellinore, and he shall have two sonnes that shall be passyng good men as ony lyvynge: save one in thys worlde they shall have no felowis of prouesse and of good lyvynge, and hir namys

1–3 *C** vnto the as recreaunt I had leuer deye than to be soo shamed And ther with al 3 *C* vnto Pellinore 4 *C* and threwe hym doune and 6–7 *C* myght and anone he broughte Arthur 14 *C* who is 15 seyde Merlyon *not in C* 16–17 *C* wrathe and heue vp his 18 *C* to the knyght 21 *C* thou done 26 *C* for he ys but *C* within thre houres *No mention of time in F* 27 Now *not in C* 29–30 *C* and he shal here after do yow ryght good seruyse 32 as ony lyvynge *not in C* in thys worlde *not in C* 33 *C*† or prowesse

shall be Percyvall and sir Lamorake of Walis. And he shall telle you the name of youre owne son begotyn of youre syster, that shall be the destruccion of all thys realme.'

(25) Ryght so the kynge and he departed and wente unto an ermytage, and there was a good man and a grete leche. So the ermyte serched the kynges woundis and gaff hym good salves. And so the kyng was there three dayes, and than wer his woundis well amended, that he myght ryde and goo; and so departed. And as they rode, kynge Arthur seyde,

'I have no swerde.'

'No force,' seyde Merlyon, 'hereby ys a swerde that shall be youre, and I may.'

So they rode tyll they com to a laake that was a fayre watir and brode. And in the myddis Arthure was ware of an arme clothed in whyght samyte, that helde a fayre swerde in that honde.

'Lo,' seyde Merlion, 'yondir ys the swerde that I spoke off.'

So with that they saw a damesell goynge uppon the laake.

⌈'What damoysel is that?' said Arthur.

'That is the Lady of the Lake,'⌉ seyde Merlion. 'There ys a grete roche, and therein ys as fayre a paleyce as ony on erthe, and rychely besayne. And thys damesel woll come to
21r you anone, and than speke ye fayre to hir, that she may gyff you that swerde.'

So anone com this damesel to Arthure and salewed hym, and he hir agayne.

'Damesell,' seyde Arthure, 'what swerde ys that yondir that the arme holdith aboven the watir? I wolde hit were myne, for I have no swerde.'

'Sir Arthure,' seyde the damesel, 'that swerde ys myne, and if ye woll gyff me a gyffte whan I aske hit you, ye shall have hit.'

1 *C* Persyual of walys & Lamerak 4–5 *C* went vn tyl an ermyte that was a 6 *C* serched all his woundys 13 *C* the whiche was a fayr 14 *C* myddes of the lake Arthur 17 *C* that swerd 20–22 *C** what damoysel is that said Arthur that is the lady of the lake said Merlyn And within that lake is a roche 22 *C*† a place as *F* palais grans et miervilleus 24 *W* speke speke *C* she will gyue 28–29 *C* that that yonder the 31 *C* Syr Arthur kynge said 32–p. 53, l. 9 *W* (*sidenote*): Here ys a mencion of the Lady of the Laake whan she asked Balyne le saveage his hede

'Be my feyth,' seyde Arthure, 'I woll gyff you what gyffte that ye woll aske.'

'Well,' seyde the damesell, 'go ye into yondir barge, and rowe yourselffe to the swerde, and take hit and the scawberde with you. And I woll aske my gyffte whan I se my tyme.'

So kynge Arthure and Merlion alyght and tyed their horsis unto two treys; and so they wente into the barge. And whan they com to the swerde that the honde hylde, than kynge Arthure toke hit up by the hondils and bare hit with hym, and the arme and the honde wente undir the watir. And so he com unto the londe and rode forthe. And kynge Arthure saw a ryche pavilion.

'What signifieth yondir pavilion?'

'Sir, that ys the knyghtes pavilys that ye fought with laste, sir Pellynore; but he ys oute. He ys nat at home, for he hath had ado with a knyght of youres that hyght Egglame, and they had foughtyn togyddyr; but at the laste Egglame fledde, and ellis he had bene dede, and he hath chaced hym evyn to Carlion. And we shall mete with hym anone in the hygheway.'

'That ys well seyde,' seyde Arthure. 'Now have I a swerde I woll wage batayle with hym and be avenged on hym.'

'Sir,' seyde Merlion, 'nat so; for the knyght ys wery of fyghtynge and chasynge, that ye shall have no worship to have ado with hym. Also he woll nat lyghtly be macched of one knyght lyvynge, and therefore hit ys my counceile: latte hym passe, for he shall do you good servyse in shorte tyme, and hys sonnes afftir hys dayes. Also ye shall se that day in shorte space that ye shall be ryght glad to gyff hym youre syster to wedde for hys good servyse. Therefore have nat ado with hym whan ye se hym.'

'I woll do as ye avise me.'

Than kynge Arthure loked on the swerde and lyked hit passynge well. Than seyde Merlion,

2 that *not in C* 8–9 *C* the ship & 10–11 *C* handels & toke hit with hym 12 he *not in C* 15 *C* knyȝtes pauelion seid merlyn þt 16–17 *C* he is not there he hath adoo 18 *C* & they haue fouȝten *S* al the last 22–23 *C* swerd now will I 24 *C* sir ye shal not so said 25 *C* so that 30 *C* space ye shal 31–34 *C*† to wedde When I see hym I wil doo as ye aduyse me sayd Arthur Thenne 35 Than seyde Merlion *not in C*

'Whethir lyke ye better the swerde othir the scawberde?'

'I lyke bettir the swerde,' seyde Arthure.

'Ye ar the more unwyse, for the scawberde ys worth ten
21v of the swerde; for whyles ye have the scawberde uppon you
5 ye shall lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded. Therefore kepe well the scawberde allweyes with you.'

So they rode unto Carlion; and by the wey they mette with kynge Pellinore. But Merlion had done suche a crauffte unto kynge Pellinore saw nat kynge Arthure, and so passed
10 by withoute ony wordis.

'I mervayle,' seyde Arthure, 'that the knyght wold nat speke.'

'Sir, he saw you nat; for had he seyne you, ye had nat lyghtly parted.'

15 So they com unto Carlion, wherof hys knyghtes were passynge glad. And whan they herde of hys adventures, they mervayled that he wolde joupardé his person so alone. But all men of worship seyde hit was myrry to be under such a chyfftayne that wolde putte hys person in adventure as
20 other poure knyghtis ded.

(26) So thys meanewhyle com a messyngere frome kynge Royns of Northe Walis, and kynge he was of all Irelonde and of Iles. And this was hys message, gretynge well kyng Arthure on thys maner of wyse, sayng that kynge Royns had dis-
25 comfite and overcom eleven kyngis, and every of them dud hym omage. And that was thus to sey they gaff theire beardes clene flayne off, as much as was bearde; wherefore the messyngere com for kynge Arthures berde. For kynge Royns had purfilde a mantell with kynges berdis, and there
30 lacked one place of the mantell; wherefore he sente for hys bearde, othir ellis he wolde entir into his londis and brenne and sle, and nevir leve tylle he hathe the hede and the bearde bothe.

'Well,' seyde Arthure, 'thou haste seyde thy message,
35 the whych ys the moste orgulus and lewdiste message that

1 *C* better sayd Merlyn 3 *C* are more vnwyse sayd Merlyn for 8–9 *C** crafte that pellinore 13 *C* syr said Merlyn he 14 *C* departed 21 *For chapter number see p. 6* 23 *C* many Iles 24 *C* in this manere wyse 25 *C* cueryche of 26 *C* that was this they gaf 27 *C* as moche as ther was wher for 30 *W* he he sente 32 *C* haue the 33 bothe *not in C* 35 *C* most vylaynous and

evir man had isente unto a kynge. Also thou mayste se my bearde ys full yonge yet to make off a purphile. But telle thou thy kynge thus, that I owghe hym [none homage] ne none of myne elders; but or hit be longe to, he shall do me omage on bothe his knees, other ellis he shall lese hys hede, by the fayth of my body! For thys ys the moste shamefullyste message that ever y herde speke off. I have aspyed thy kynge never yette mette with worshipfull man. But telle hym I woll have hys hede withoute he do me omage.'

Than thys messyngere departed.

'Now ys there ony here that knowyth kynge Royns?'

Than answerde a knyght that hyght Naram: 'Sir, I know the kynge well: he ys a passynge good man of hys body as fewe bene lyvynge and a passynge proude man. And, sir, doute ye nat he woll make on you a myghty puyssaunce.'

'Well,' seyde Arthure, 'I shall ordayne for hym in shorte 22r
tyme.'

Than kynge Arthure lette sende for all the children that were borne in May-day, begotyn of lordis and borne of ladyes; for Merlyon tolde kynge Arthure that he that sholde (27)
destroy hym and all the londe sholde be borne on May-day. Wherefore he sente for hem all in payne of dethe, and so there were founde many lordis sonnys and many knyghtes sonnes, and all were sente unto the kynge. And so was Mordred sente by kynge Lottis wyff. And all were putte in a shyppe to the se; and som were four wekis olde and som lesse. And so by fortune the shyppe drove unto a castelle, and was all to-ryven and destroyed the moste party, save that Mordred was cast up, and a good man founde hym, and fostird hym tylle he was fourtene yere of age, and than brought hym to the courte, as hit rehersith aftirward and towarde the ende of the MORTE ARTHURE.

So, many lordys and barownes of thys realme were displeased for hir children were so loste; and many putte the

1 *C* man herd sente 2 *C* make a pursyl of hit But 12 *C* ony here said Arthur that 16 *C* make warre on yow with a myghty 19–20 *C* childrē born on may day 22 and all the londe *not in C* 24–25 and many knyghtes sonnes *not in C* 31 *C* and nourysshed hym tyl *C* yere olde & thenne he 32–33 *W* aftirward and towarde and towarde the ende of the morte Arthure. *C* afterward toward the ende of the deth of Arthur

wyght on Merlion more than o[n] Arthure. So what for drede and for love, they helde their pece.

But whan the messynge com to the kynge Royns, than was he woode oute of mesure, and purveyde hym for a grete
5 oste, as hit rehersith aftir in the BOOKE OF BALYNE LE SAVEAGE that folowith nexte aftir: that was the adventure how Balyne gate the swerde.

1 *W O*[1] than of Arthure 3 *C* the messager came 6–7 *C* next after how by aduenture Balyn gat the swerd EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS INCIPIT LIBER SECUNDUS *W* the swerde after *The last word belongs to the next sentence*: Afftir the deth *etc*. *In the copy used by the scribe of W this was probably the end of a page, and* after *was inserted as a catchword.*

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

HOW UTHER PENDRAGON SENT FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND IGRAINE HIS WIFE, AND OF THEIR DEPARTING SUDDENLY AGAIN.

It befell in the days of Uther Pendragon, when he was king of all England, and so reigned, that there was a mighty duke in Cornwall that held war against him long time. And the duke was called the Duke of Tintagil. And so by means King Uther sent for this duke, charging him to bring his wife with him, for she was called a fair lady, and a passing wise, and her name was called Igraine.

So when the duke and his wife were come unto the king, by the means of great lords they were accorded both. The king liked and loved this lady well, and he made them great cheer out of measure, and desired to have lain by her. But she was a passing good woman, and would not assent unto the king. And then she told the duke her husband, and said, I suppose that we were sent for that I should be dishonoured; wherefore, husband, I counsel you, that we depart from hence suddenly, that we may ride all night unto our own castle. And in like wise as she said so they departed, that neither the king nor none of his council were ware of their departing. All so soon as King Uther knew of their departing so suddenly, he was wonderly wroth. Then he called to him his privy council, and told them of the sudden departing of the duke and his wife. Then they advised the king to send for the duke and his wife by a great charge; and if he will not come at your summons, then may ye do your best, then have ye cause to make mighty war upon him. So that was done, and the messengers had their answers; and that was this shortly, that neither he nor his wife would not come at him.

Then was the king wonderly wroth. And then the king sent him plain word again, and bade him be ready and stuff him and garnish him, for within forty days he would fetch him out of the biggest castle that he hath.

When the duke had this warning, anon he went and furnished and garnished two strong castles of his, of the which the one hight Tintagil, and the other castle hight Terrabil. So his wife Dame Igraine he put in the castle of Tintagil, and himself he put in the castle of Terrabil, the which had many issues and posterns out. Then in all haste came Uther with a great host, and laid a siege about the castle of Terrabil. And there he pight many pavilions, and there was great war made on both parties, and much people slain. Then for pure anger and for great love of fair Igraine the king Uther fell sick. So came to the king Uther Sir Ulfius, a noble knight, and asked the king why he was sick. I shall tell thee, said the king, I am sick for anger and for love of fair Igraine, that I may not be whole. Well, my lord, said Sir Ulfius, I shall seek Merlin, and he shall do you remedy, that your heart shall be pleased. So Ulfius departed, and by adventure he met Merlin in a beggar's array, and there Merlin asked Ulfius whom he sought. And he said he had little ado to tell him. Well, said Merlin, I know whom thou seekest, for thou seekest Merlin; therefore seek no farther, for I am he; and if King Uther will well reward me, and be sworn unto me to fulfil my desire, that shall be his honour and profit more than mine; for I shall cause him to have all his desire. All this will I undertake, said Ulfius, that there shall be nothing reasonable but thou shalt have thy desire. Well, said Merlin, he shall have his intent and desire. And therefore, said Merlin, ride on your way, for I will not be long behind.

CHAPTER II

HOW UTHER PENDRAGON MADE WAR ON THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, AND HOW BY THE MEAN OF MERLIN HE LAY BY THE DUCHESS AND GAT ARTHUR.

THEN Ulfius was glad, and rode on more than a pace till that he came to King Uther Pendragon, and told him he had met with Merlin. Where is he? said the king. Sir, said Ulfius, he will not dwell long. Therewithal Ulfius was ware where Merlin stood at the porch of the pavilion's door. And then Merlin was bound to come to the king. When King Uther saw him, he said he was welcome. Sir, said Merlin, I know all your heart every deal; so ye will be sworn unto me as ye be a true king anointed, to fulfil my desire, ye shall have your desire. Then the king was sworn upon the Four Evangelists. Sir, said Merlin, this is my desire: the first night that ye shall lie by Igraine ye shall get a child on her, and when that is born, that it shall be delivered to me for to nourish there as I will have it; for it shall be your worship, and the child's avail, as mickle as the child is worth. I will well, said the king, as thou wilt have it. Now make you ready, said Merlin, this night ye shall lie with Igraine in the castle of Tintagil; and ye shall be like the duke her husband, Ulfius shall be like Sir Brastias, a knight of the duke's, and I will be like a knight that hight Sir Jordanus, a knight of the duke's. But wait ye make not many questions with her nor her men, but say ye are diseased, and so hie you to bed, and rise not on the morn till I come to you, for the castle of Tintagil is but ten miles hence; so this was done as they devised. But the duke of Tintagil espied how the king rode from the siege of Terrabil, and therefore that night he issued out of the castle at a postern for to have distressed the king's host. And so, through his own issue, the duke himself was slain or ever the king came at the castle of Tintagil.

So after the death of the duke, King Uther lay with Igraine more than three hours after his death, and begat on her that night Arthur, and on day came Merlin to the king, and bade him make

him ready, and so he kissed the lady Igraine and departed in all haste. But when the lady heard tell of the duke her husband, and by all record he was dead or ever King Uther came to her, then she marvelled who that might be that lay with her in likeness of her lord; so she mourned privily and held her peace. Then all the barons by one assent prayed the king of accord betwixt the lady Igraine and him; the king gave them leave, for fain would he have been accorded with her. So the king put all the trust in Ulfius to entreat between them, so by the entreaty at the last the king and she met together. Now will we do well, said Ulfius, our king is a lusty knight and wifeless, and my lady Igraine is a passing fair lady; it were great joy unto us all, an it might please the king to make her his queen. Unto that they all well accorded and moved it to the king. And anon, like a lusty knight, he assented thereto with good will, and so in all haste they were married in a morning with great mirth and joy.

And King Lot of Lothian and of Orkney then wedded Margawse that was Gawaine's mother, and King Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elaine. All this was done at the request of King Uther. And the third sister Morgan le Fay was put to school in a nunnery, and there she learned so much that she was a great clerk of necromancy. And after she was wedded to King Uriens of the land of Gore, that was Sir Ewain le Blanchemain's father.

CHAPTER III

OF THE BIRTH OF KING ARTHUR AND OF HIS NURTURE.

THEN Queen Igraine waxed daily greater and greater, so it befell after within half a year, as King Uther lay by his queen, he asked her, by the faith she owed to him, whose was the child within her body; then she sore abashed to give answer. Dismay you not, said the king, but tell me the truth, and I shall love you the better, by the faith of my body. Sir, said she, I shall tell you the

truth. The same night that my lord was dead, the hour of his death, as his knights record, there came into my castle of Tintagil a man like my lord in speech and in countenance, and two knights with him in likeness of his two knights Brastias and Jordanus, and so I went unto bed with him as I ought to do with my lord, and the same night, as I shall answer unto God, this child was begotten upon me. That is truth, said the king, as ye say; for it was I myself that came in the likeness, and therefore dismay you not, for I am father of the child; and there he told her all the cause, how it was by Merlin's counsel. Then the queen made great joy when she knew who was the father of her child.

Soon came Merlin unto the king, and said Sir, ye must purvey you for the nourishing of your child. As thou wilt, said the king, be it. Well, said Merlin, I know a lord of yours in this land, that is a passing true man and a faithful, and he shall have the nourishing of your child, and his name is Sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair livelihood in many parts in England and Wales; and this lord, Sir Ector, let him be sent for, for to come and speak with you, and desire him yourself, as he loveth you, that he will put his own child to nourishing to another woman, and that his wife nourish yours. And when the child is born let it be delivered to me at yonder privy postern un-christened. So like as Merlin devised it was done. And when Sir Ector was come he made fiaunce to the king for to nourish the child like as the king desired; and there the king granted Sir Ector great rewards. Then when the lady was delivered, the king commanded two knights and two ladies to take the child, bound in a cloth of gold, and that ye deliver him to what poor man ye meet at the postern gate of the castle. So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and so he bare it forth unto Sir Ector, and made an holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur; and so Sir Ector's wife nourished him with her own pap.

CHAPTER IV

OF THE DEATH OF KING UTHER PENDRAGON.

THEN within two years King Uther fell sick of a great malady. And in the meanwhile his enemies usurped upon him, and did a great battle upon his men, and slew many of his people. Sir, said Merlin, ye may not lie so as ye do, for ye must to the field though ye ride on an horse-litter: for ye shall never have the better of your enemies but if your person be there, and then shall ye have the victory. So it was done as Merlin had devised, and they carried the king forth in an horse-litter with a great host towards his enemies. And at St. Albans there met with the king a great host of the North. And that day Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias did great deeds of arms, and King Uther's men overcame the Northern battle and slew many people, and put the remnant to flight. And then the king returned unto London, and made great joy of his victory. And then he fell passing sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless: wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin what counsel were best. There is none other remedy, said Merlin, but God will have his will. But look ye all barons be before King Uther to-morn, and God and I shall make him to speak. So on the morn all the barons with Merlin came to-fore the king; then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days, of this realm with all the appurtenance? Then Uther Pendragon turned him, and said in hearing of them all, I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown, upon forfeiture of my blessing; and therewith he yielded up the ghost, and then was he interred as longed to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

CHAPTER V

HOW ARTHUR WAS CHOSEN KING, AND OF WONDERS AND MARVELS OF A SWORD TAKEN OUT OF A STONE BY THE SAID ARTHUR.

THEN stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy show some miracle, as he was come to be king of mankind, for to show some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realm. So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto London. And many of them made them clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable unto God. So in the greatest church of London, whether it were Paul's or not the French book maketh no mention, all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone; and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus:—Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise king born of all England. Then the people marvelled, and told it to the Archbishop. I command, said the Archbishop, that ye keep you within your church and pray unto God still, that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done. So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture some assayed, such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. He is not here, said the

Archbishop, that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel, said the Archbishop, that we let purvey ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword. So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together and the commons, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword.

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished brother; and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass afore. So as they rode to the jousts-ward, Sir Kay lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at the jousting. And so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land. When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alighted all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay swear upon a book how he came to that sword. Sir, said Sir Kay, by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me. How

gat ye this sword? said Sir Ector to Arthur. Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword; and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain. Found ye any knights about this sword? said Sir Ector. Nay, said Arthur. Now, said Sir Ector to Arthur, I understand ye must be king of this land. Wherefore I, said Arthur, and for what cause? Sir, said Ector, for God will have it so; for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again. That is no mastery, said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone; wherewithal Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword and failed.

CHAPTER VI

HOW KING ARTHUR PULLED OUT THE SWORD DIVERS TIMES.

Now assay, said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might; but it would not be. Now shall ye assay, said Sir Ector to Arthur. I will well, said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay. Alas, said Arthur, my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me? Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so; I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were. And then Sir Ector told him all, how he was betaken him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance.

Then Arthur made great dole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father. Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king? Else were I to blame, said Arthur, for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother your wife, that as well as her

own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever it be God's will that I be king as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you; God forbid I should fail you. Sir, said Sir Ector, I will ask no more of you, but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands. That shall be done, said Arthur, and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live. Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth-day all the barons came thither, and to assay to take the sword, who that would assay. But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto them all and the realm, to be over-governed with a boy of no high blood born. And so they fell out at that time that it was put off till Candlemas, and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched. So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter; yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost.

Then the Archbishop of Canterbury by Merlin's providence let purvey then of the best knights that they might get, and such knights as Uther Pendragon loved best and most trusted in his days. And such knights were put about Arthur as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay, Sir Ulfius, Sir Brastias. All these, with many other, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

CHAPTER VII

HOW KING ARTHUR WAS CROWNED, AND HOW HE MADE OFFICERS.

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men assayed to pull at the sword that would assay; but none might prevail but Arthur, and pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once, We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it, we will slay him. And therewithal they kneeled at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long, and Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar where the Archbishop was, and so was he made knight of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life. Also then he made all lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs that were done since the death of King Uther, of many lands that were bereaved lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen. Wherefore King Arthur made the lands to be given again unto them that owned them.

When this was done, that the king had stablished all the countries about London, then he let make Sir Kay seneschal of England; and Sir Baudwin of Britain was made constable; and Sir Ulfius was made chamberlain; and Sir Brastias was made warden to wait upon the north from Trent forwards, for it was that time the most party the king's enemies. But within few years after Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeisance. Also Wales, a part of it, held against Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW KING ARTHUR HELD IN WALES, AT A PENTECOST, A GREAT FEAST, AND WHAT KINGS AND LORDS CAME TO HIS FEAST.

THEN the king removed into Wales, and let cry a great feast that it should be holden at Pentecost after the incoronation of him at the city of Carlion. Unto the feast came King Lot of Lothian and of Orkney, with five hundred knights with him. Also there came to the feast King Uriens of Gore with four hundred knights with him. Also there came to that feast King Nentres of Garlot, with seven hundred knights with him. Also there came to the feast the king of Scotland with six hundred knights with him, and he was but a young man. Also there came to the feast a king that was called the King with the Hundred Knights, but he and his men were passing well beseen at all points. Also there came the king of Carados with five hundred knights. And King Arthur was glad of their coming, for he weened that all the kings and knights had come for great love, and to have done him worship at his feast; wherefore the king made great joy, and sent the kings and knights great presents. But the kings would none receive, but rebuked the messengers shamefully, and said they had no joy to receive no gifts of a beardless boy that was come of low blood, and sent him word they would none of his gifts, but that they were come to give him gifts with hard swords betwixt the neck and the shoulders: and therefore they came thither, so they told to the messengers plainly, for it was great shame to all them to see such a boy to have a rule of so noble a realm as this land was. With this answer the messengers departed and told to King Arthur this answer. Wherefore, by the advice of his barons, he took him to a strong tower with five hundred good men with him. And all the kings aforesaid in a manner laid a siege to-fore him, but King Arthur was well victualled. And within fifteen days there came Merlin among them into the city of Carlion. Then all the kings were passing glad of

Merlin, and asked him, For what cause is that boy Arthur made your king? Sirs, said Merlin, I shall tell you the cause, for he is King Uther Pendragon's son, born in wedlock, gotten on Igraine, the duke's wife of Tintagil. Then is he a bastard, they said all. Nay, said Merlin, after the death of the duke, more than three hours, was Arthur begotten, and thirteen days after King Uther wedded Igraine; and therefore I prove him he is no bastard. And who saith nay, he shall be king and overcome all his enemies; and, or he die, he shall be long king of all England, and have under his obeisance Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and more realms than I will now rehearse. Some of the kings had marvel of Merlin's words, and deemed well that it should be as he said; and some of them laughed him to scorn, as King Lot; and more other called him a witch. But then were they accorded with Merlin, that King Arthur should come out and speak with the kings, and to come safe and to go safe, such surance there was made. So Merlin went unto King Arthur, and told him how he had done, and bade him fear not, but come out boldly and speak with them, and spare them not, but answer them as their king and chieftain; for ye shall overcome them all, whether they will or nill.

CHAPTER IX

OF THE FIRST WAR THAT KING ARTHUR HAD, AND HOW HE WON THE FIELD.

THEN King Arthur came out of his tower, and had under his gown a jesseraunt of double mail, and there went with him the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Baudwin of Britain, and Sir Kay, and Sir Brastias: these were the men of most worship that were with him. And when they were met there was no meekness, but stout words on both sides; but always King Arthur answered them, and said he would make them to bow an he lived. Wherefore they departed with wrath, and King Arthur bade keep them well, and

they bade the king keep him well. So the king returned him to the tower again and armed him and all his knights. What will ye do? said Merlin to the kings; ye were better for to stint, for ye shall not here prevail though ye were ten times so many. Be we well advised to be afeared of a dream-reader? said King Lot. With that Merlin vanished away, and came to King Arthur, and bade him set on them fiercely; and in the meanwhile there were three hundred good men, of the best that were with the kings, that went straight unto King Arthur, and that comforted him greatly. Sir, said Merlin to Arthur, fight not with the sword that ye had by miracle, till that ye see ye go unto the worse, then draw it out and do your best. So forthwithal King Arthur set upon them in their lodging. And Sir Baudwin, Sir Kay, and Sir Brastias slew on the right hand and on the left hand that it was marvel; and always King Arthur on horseback laid on with a sword, and did marvellous deeds of arms, that many of the kings had great joy of his deeds and hardiness.

Then King Lot brake out on the back side, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and King Carados, and set on Arthur fiercely behind him. With that Sir Arthur turned with his knights, and smote behind and before, and ever Sir Arthur was in the foremost press till his horse was slain underneath him. And therewith King Lot smote down King Arthur. With that his four knights received him and set him on horseback. Then he drew his sword Excalibur, but it was so bright in his enemies' eyes, that it gave light like thirty torches. And therewith he put them a-back, and slew much people. And then the commons of Carlion arose with clubs and staves and slew many knights; but all the kings held them together with their knights that were left alive, and so fled and departed. And Merlin came unto Arthur, and counselled him to follow them no further.

CHAPTER X

HOW MERLIN COUNSELLED KING ARTHUR TO SEND FOR KING BAN AND KING BORS, AND OF THEIR COUNSEL TAKEN FOR THE WAR.

So after the feast and journey, King Arthur drew him unto London, and so by the counsel of Merlin, the king let call his barons to council, for Merlin had told the king that the six kings that made war upon him would in all haste be awroke on him and on his lands. Wherefore the king asked counsel at them all. They could no counsel give, but said they were big enough. Ye say well, said Arthur; I thank you for your good courage, but will ye all that loveth me speak with Merlin? ye know well that he hath done much for me, and he knoweth many things, and when he is afore you, I would that ye prayed him heartily of his best advice. All the barons said they would pray him and desire him. So Merlin was sent for, and fair desired of all the barons to give them best counsel. I shall say you, said Merlin, I warn you all, your enemies are passing strong for you, and they are good men of arms as be alive, and by this time they have gotten to them four kings more, and a mighty duke; and unless that our king have more chivalry with him than he may make within the bounds of his own realm, an he fight with them in battle, he shall be overcome and slain. What were best to do in this cause? said all the barons. I shall tell you, said Merlin, mine advice; there are two brethren beyond the sea, and they be kings both, and marvellous good men of their hands; and that one hight King Ban of Benwick, and that other hight King Bors of Gaul, that is France. And on these two kings warreth a mighty man of men, the King Claudas, and striveth with them for a castle, and great war is betwixt them. But this Claudas is so mighty of goods whereof he getteth good knights, that he putteth these two kings most part to the worse; wherefore this is my counsel, that our king and sovereign lord send unto the kings Ban and Bors by two trusty knights with letters well devised, that an they

will come and see King Arthur and his court, and so help him in his wars, that he will be sworn unto them to help them in their wars against King Claudas. Now, what say ye unto this counsel? said Merlin. This is well counselled, said the king and all the barons.

Right so in all haste there were ordained to go two knights on the message unto the two kings. So were there made letters in the pleasant wise according unto King Arthur's desire. Ulfius and Brastias were made the messengers, and so rode forth well horsed and well armed and as the guise was that time, and so passed the sea and rode toward the city of Benwick. And there besides were eight knights that espied them, and at a strait passage they met with Ulfius and Brastias, and would have taken them prisoners; so they prayed them that they might pass, for they were messengers unto King Ban and Bors sent from King Arthur. Therefore, said the eight knights, ye shall die or be prisoners, for we be knights of King Claudas. And therewith two of them dressed their spears, and Ulfius and Brastias dressed their spears, and ran together with great raundon. And Claudas' knights brake their spears, and theirs to-held and bare the two knights out of their saddles to the earth, and so left them lying, and rode their ways. And the other six knights rode afore to a passage to meet with them again, and so Ulfius and Brastias smote other two down, and so passed on their ways. And at the fourth passage there met two for two, and both were laid unto the earth; so there was none of the eight knights but he was sore hurt or bruised. And when they come to Benwick it fortuned there were both kings, Ban and Bors.

And when it was told the kings that there were come messengers, there were sent unto them two knights of worship, the one hight Lionses, lord of the country of Payarne, and Sir Phariance a worshipful knight. Anon they asked from whence they came, and they said from King Arthur, king of England; so they took them in their arms and made great joy each of other. But anon, as the two kings wist they were messengers of Arthur's, there was made no tarrying, but forthwith they spake with the knights, and welcomed them in the faithfullest wise, and said they were most welcome unto them before all the kings living; and therewith they kissed

the letters and delivered them. And when Ban and Bors understood the letters, then they were more welcome than they were before. And after the haste of the letters they gave them this answer, that they would fulfil the desire of King Arthur's writing, and Ulfius and Brastias, tarry there as long as they would, they should have such cheer as might be made them in those marches. Then Ulfius and Brastias told the kings of the adventure at their passages of the eight knights. Ha ! ah ! said Ban and Bors, they were my good friends. I would I had wist of them; they should not have escaped so. So Ulfius and Brastias had good cheer and great gifts, as much as they might bear away; and had their answer by mouth and by writing, that those two kings would come unto Arthur in all the haste that they might. So the two knights rode on afore, and passed the sea, and came to their lord, and told him how they had sped, whereof King Arthur was passing glad. At what time suppose ye the two kings will be here? Sir, said they, afore All Hallowmass. Then the king let purvey for a great feast, and let cry a great jousts. And by All Hallowmass the two kings were come over the sea with three hundred knights well arrayed both for the peace and for the war. And King Arthur met with them ten mile out of London, and there was great joy as could be thought or made. And on All Hallowmass at the great feast, sat in the hall the three kings, and Sir Kay seneschal served in the hall, and Sir Lucas the butler, that was Duke Corneus' son, and Sir Griflet, that was the son of Cardol, these three knights had the rule of all the service that served the kings. And anon, as they had washen and risen, all knights that would joust made them ready; by then they were ready on horseback there were seven hundred knights. And Arthur, Ban, and Bors, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Ector, Kay's father, they were in a place covered with cloth of gold like an hall, with ladies and gentlewomen, for to behold who did best, and thereon to give judgment.

CHAPTER XI

OF A GREAT TOURNEY MADE BY KING ARTHUR AND THE TWO KINGS BAN AND BORS, AND HOW THEY WENT OVER THE SEA.

And King Arthur and the two kings let depart the seven hundred knights in two parties. And there were three hundred knights of the realm of Benwick and of Gaul turned on the other side. Then they dressed their shields, and began to couch their spears many good knights. So Griflet was the first that met with a knight, one Ladinas, and they met so eagerly that all men had wonder; and they so fought that their shields fell to pieces, and horse and man fell to the earth; and both the French knight and the English knight lay so long that all men weened they had been dead. When Lucas the butler saw Griflet so lie, he horsed him again anon, and they two did marvellous deeds of arms with many bachelors. Also Sir Kay came out of an ambushment with five knights with him, and they six smote other six down. But Sir Kay did that day marvellous deeds of arms, that there was none did so well as he that day. Then there came Ladinas and Gracian, two knights of France, and did passing well, that all men praised them.

Then came there Sir Placidas, a good knight, and met with Sir Kay, and smote him down horse and man, wherefore Sir Griflet was wroth, and met with Sir Placidas so hard, that horse and man fell to the earth. But when the five knights wist that Sir Kay had a fall, they were wroth out of wit, and therewith each of them five bare down a knight. When King Arthur and the two kings saw them begin to wax wroth on both parties, they leapt on small hackneys, and let cry that all men should depart unto their lodging. And so they went home and unarmed them, and so to evensong and supper. And after, the three kings went into a garden, and gave the prize unto Sir Kay, and to Lucas the butler, and unto Sir Griflet. And then they went unto council, and with them Gwenbaus, the brother unto Sir Ban and Bors, a wise clerk, and thither went Ulfius

and Brastias, and Merlin. And after they had been in council, they went unto bed. And on the morn they heard mass, and to dinner, and so to their council, and made many arguments what were best to do. At the last they were concluded, that Merlin should go with a token of King Ban, and that was a ring, unto his men and King Bors'; and Gracian and Placidas should go again and keep their castles and their countries, as for dread of King Claudas King Ban of Benwick, and King Bors of Gaul had ordained them, and so passed the sea and came to Benwick. And when the people saw King Ban's ring, and Gracian and Placidas, they were glad, and asked how the kings fared, and made great joy of their welfare and cording, and according unto the sovereign lords' desire, the men of war made them ready in all haste possible, so that they were fifteen thousand on horse and foot, and they had great plenty of victual with them, by Merlin's provision. But Gracian and Placidas were left to furnish and garnish the castles, for dread of King Claudas. Right so Merlin passed the sea, well victualled both by water and by land. And when he came to the sea he sent home the footmen again, and took no more with him but ten thousand men on horseback, the most part men of arms, and so shipped and passed the sea into England, and landed at Dover; and through the wit of Merlin, he had the host northward, the priviest way that could be thought, unto the forest of Bedegraine, and there in a valley he lodged them secretly.

Then rode Merlin unto Arthur and the two kings, and told them how he had sped; whereof they had great marvel, that man on earth might speed so soon, and go and come. So Merlin told them ten thousand were in the forest of Bedegraine, well armed at all points. Then was there no more to say, but to horseback went all the host as Arthur had afore purveyed. So with twenty thousand he passed by night and day, but there was made such an ordinance afore by Merlin, that there should no man of war ride nor go in no country on this side Trent water, but if he had a token from King Arthur, where through the king's enemies durst not ride as they did to-fore to espy.

CHAPTER XII

HOW ELEVEN KINGS GATHERED A GREAT HOST AGAINST KING ARTHUR.

And so within a little space the three kings came unto the castle of Bedegraine, and found there a passing fair fellowship, and well beseen, whereof they had great joy, and victual they wanted none. This was the cause of the northern host: that they were reared for the despite and rebuke the six kings had at Carlion. And those six kings by their means, gat unto them five other kings; and thus they began to gather their people.

And now they sware that for weal nor woe, they should not leave other, till they had destroyed Arthur. And then they made an oath. The first that began the oath was the Duke of Cambenet, that he would bring with him five thousand men of arms, the which were ready on horseback. Then sware King Brandegoris of Stranggore that he would bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Then sware King Clariance of Northumberland he would bring three thousand men of arms. Then sware the King of the Hundred Knights, that was a passing good man and a young, that he would bring four thousand men of arms on horseback. Then there swore King Lot, a passing good knight, and Sir Gawain's father, that he would bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Urience, that was Sir Uwain's father, of the land of Gore, and he would bring six thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Idres of Cornwall, that he would bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Cradelmas to bring five thousand men on horseback. Also there swore King Agwisance of Ireland to bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Nentres to bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Carados to bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. So their whole host was of clean men of arms on horseback fifty thousand, and a-foot ten thousand of good men's bodies. Then were they

soon ready, and mounted upon horse and sent forth their fore-riders, for these eleven kings in their ways laid a siege unto the castle of Bedegraine; and so they departed and drew toward Arthur, and left few to abide at the siege, for the castle of Bedegraine was holden of King Arthur, and the men that were therein were Arthur's.

CHAPTER XIII

OF A DREAM OF THE KING WITH THE HUNDRED KNIGHTS.

So by Merlin's advice there were sent fore-riders to skim the country, and they met with the fore-riders of the north, and made them to tell which way the host came, and then they told it to Arthur, and by King Ban and Bors' council they let burn and destroy all the country afore them, there they should ride.

The King with the Hundred Knights met a wonder dream two nights afore the battle, that there blew a great wind, and blew down their castles and their towns, and after that came a water and bare it all away. All that heard of the sweven said it was a token of great battle. Then by counsel of Merlin, when they wist which way the eleven kings would ride and lodge that night, at midnight they set upon them, as they were in their pavilions. But the scout-watch by their host cried, Lords ! at arms ! for here be your enemies at your hand !

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THE ELEVEN KINGS WITH THEIR HOST FOUGHT AGAINST ARTHUR AND HIS HOST, AND MANY GREAT FEATS OF THE WAR.

THEN King Arthur and King Ban and King Bors, with their good and trusty knights, set on them so fiercely that they made them overthrow their pavilions on their heads, but the eleven kings, by manly prowess of arms, took a fair champaign, but there was slain that morrowtide ten thousand good men's bodies. And so they had afore them a strong passage, yet were they fifty thousand of hardy men. Then it drew toward day. Now shall ye do by mine advice, said Merlin unto the three kings: I would that King Ban and King Bors, with their fellowship of ten thousand men, were put in a wood here beside, in an ambushment, and keep them privy, and that they be laid or the light of the day come, and that they stir not till ye and your knights have fought with them long. And when it is daylight, dress your battle even afore them and the passage, that they may see all your host, for then will they be the more hardy, when they see you but about twenty thousand men, and cause them to be the gladder to suffer you and your host to come over the passage. All the three kings and the whole barons said that Merlin said passingly well, and it was done anon as Merlin had devised. So on the morn, when either host saw other, the host of the north was well comforted. Then to Ulfius and Brastias were delivered three thousand men of arms, and they set on them fiercely in the passage, and slew on the right hand and on the left hand that it was wonder to tell.

When that the eleven kings saw that there was so few a fellowship did such deeds of arms, they were ashamed and set on them again fiercely; and there was Sir Ulfius's horse slain under him, but he did marvellously well on foot. But the Duke Eustace of Cambenet and King Clariance of Northumberland, were alway grievous on Ulfius. Then Brastias saw his fellow fared so withal he

smote the duke with a spear, that horse and man fell down. That saw King Clariance and returned unto Brastias, and either smote other so that horse and man went to the earth, and so they lay long astonied, and their horses' knees brast to the hard bone. Then came Sir Kay the seneschal with six fellows with him, and did passing well. With that came the eleven kings, and there was Griflet put to the earth, horse and man, and Lucas the butler, horse and man, by King Brandegoris, and King Idres, and King Agwisance. Then waxed the medley passing hard on both parties. When Sir Kay saw Griflet on foot, he rode on King Nentres and smote him down, and led his horse unto Sir Griflet, and horsed him again. Also Sir Kay with the same spear smote down King Lot, and hurt him passing sore. That saw the King with the Hundred Knights, and ran unto Sir Kay and smote him down, and took his horse, and gave him King Lot, whereof he said gramercy. When Sir Griflet saw Sir Kay and Lucas the butler on foot, he took a sharp spear, great and square, and rode to Pinel, a good man of arms, and smote horse and man down, and then he took his horse, and gave him unto Sir Kay. Then King Lot saw King Nentres on foot, he ran unto Melot de la Roche, and smote him down, horse and man, and gave King Nentres the horse, and horsed him again. Also the King of the Hundred Knights saw King Idres on foot; then he ran unto Gwimiart de Bloi, and smote him down, horse and man, and gave King Idres the horse, and horsed him again; and King Lot smote down Clariance de la Forest Savage, and gave the horse unto Duke Eustace. And so when they had horsed the kings again they drew them, all eleven kings, together, and said they would be revenged of the damage that they had taken that day. The meanwhile came in Sir Ector with an eager countenance, and found Ulfius and Brastias on foot, in great peril of death, that were foul defoiled under horse-feet.

Then Arthur as a lion, ran unto King Cradelment of North Wales, and smote him through the left side, that the horse and the king fell down; and then he took the horse by the rein, and led him unto Ulfius, and said, Have this horse, mine old friend, for great need hast thou of horse. Gramercy, said Ulfius. Then Sir

Arthur did so marvellously in arms, that all men had wonder. When the King with the Hundred Knights saw King Cradelment on foot, he ran unto Sir Ector, that was well horsed, Sir Kay's father, and smote horse and man down, and gave the horse unto the king, and horsed him again. And when King Arthur saw the king ride on Sir Ector's horse, he was wroth and with his sword he smote the king on the helm, that a quarter of the helm and shield fell down, and so the sword carved down unto the horse's neck, and so the king and the horse fell down to the ground. Then Sir Kay came unto Sir Morganore, seneschal with the King of the Hundred Knights, and smote him down, horse and man, and led the horse unto his father, Sir Ector; then Sir Ector ran unto a knight, hight Lardans, and smote horse and man down, and led the horse unto Sir Brastias, that great need had of an horse, and was greatly defoiled. When Brastias beheld Lucas the butler, that lay like a dead man under the horses' feet, and ever Sir Griflet did marvellously for to rescue him, and there were always fourteen knights on Sir Lucas; then Brastias smote one of them on the helm, that it went to the teeth, and he rode to another and smote him, that the arm flew into the field. Then he went to the third and smote him on the shoulder, that shoulder and arm flew in the field. And when Griflet saw rescues, he smote a knight on the temples, that head and helm went to the earth, and Griflet took the horse of that knight, and led him unto Sir Lucas, and bade him mount upon the horse and revenge his hurts. For Brastias had slain a knight to-fore and horsed Griflet.

CHAPTER XV

YET OF THE SAME BATTLE.

THEN Lucas saw King Agwisance, that late had slain Moris de la Roche, and Lucas ran to him with a short spear that was great, that he gave him such a fall, that the horse fell down to the earth.

Also Lucas found there on foot, Bloias de La Flandres, and Sir Gwinas, two hardy knights, and in that woodness that Lucas was in, he slew two bachelors and horsed them again. Then waxed the battle passing hard on both parties, but Arthur was glad that his knights were horsed again, and then they fought together, that the noise and sound rang by the water and the wood. Wherefore King Ban and King Bors made them ready, and dressed their shields and harness, and they were so courageous that many knights shook and bevered for eagerness. All this while Lucas, and Gwinas, and Briant, and Bellias of Flanders, held strong medley against six kings, that was King Lot, King Nentres, King Brandegoris, King Idres, King Uriens, and King Agwisance. So with the help of Sir Kay and of Sir Griflet they held these six kings hard, that unnethe they had any power to defend them. But when Sir Arthur saw the battle would not be ended by no manner, he fared wood as a lion, and steered his horse here and there, on the right hand, and on the left hand, that he stinted not till he had slain twenty knights. Also he wounded King Lot sore on the shoulder, and made him to leave that ground, for Sir Kay and Griflet did with King Arthur there great deeds of arms. Then Ulfius, and Brastias, and Sir Ector encountered against the Duke Eustace, and King Cradelment, and King Clariance of Northumberland, and King Carados, and against the King with the Hundred Knights. So these knights encountered with these kings, that they made them to avoid the ground. Then King Lot made great dole for his damages and his fellows, and said unto the ten kings, But if ye will do as I devise we shall be slain and destroyed; let me have the King with the Hundred Knights, and King Agwisance, and King Idres, and the Duke of Cambenet, and we five kings will have fifteen thousand men of arms with us, and we will go apart while ye six kings hold medley with twelve thousand; an we see that ye have foughten with them long, then will we come on fiercely, and else shall we never match them, said King Lot, but by this mean. So they departed as they here devised, and six kings made their party strong against Arthur, and made great war long.

In the meanwhile brake the ambushment of King Ban and King Bors, and Lionses and Phariance had the vanguard, and they two

knights met with King Idres and his fellowship, and there began a great medley of breaking of spears, and smiting of swords, with slaying of men and horses, and King Idres was near at discomforture.

That saw Agwisance the king, and put Lionses and Phariance in point of death; for the Duke of Cambenet came on withal with a great fellowship. So these two knights were in great danger of their lives that they were fain to return, but always they rescued themselves and their fellowship marvellously. When King Bors saw those knights put aback, it grieved him sore; then he came on so fast that his fellowship seemed as black as Inde. When King Lot had espied King Bors, he knew him well, then he said, O Jesu, defend us from death and horrible maims ! for I see well we be in great peril of death; for I see yonder a king, one of the most worshipfullest men and one of the best knights of the world, is inclined unto his fellowship. What is he? said the King with the Hundred Knights. It is, said King Lot, King Bors of Gaul; I marvel how they came into this country without witting of us all. It was by Merlin's advice, said the knight. As for him, said King Carados, I will encounter with King Bors, an ye will rescue me when myster is. Go on, said they all, we will do all that we may. Then King Carados and his host rode on a soft pace, till that they came as nigh King Bors as bow-draught; then either battle let their horse run as fast as they might. And Bleoberis, that was godson unto King Bors, he bare his chief standard, that was a passing good knight. Now shall we see, said King Bors, how these northern Britons can bear the arms: and King Bors encountered with a knight, and smote him throughout with a spear that he fell dead unto the earth; and after drew his sword and did marvellous deeds of arms, that all parties had great wonder thereof; and his knights failed not, but did their part, and King Carados was smitten to the earth. With that came the King with the Hundred Knights and rescued King Carados mightily by force of arms, for he was a passing good knight of a king, and but a young man.

CHAPTER XVI

YET MORE OF THE SAME BATTLE.

By then came into the field King Ban as fierce as a lion, with bands of green and thereupon gold. Ha ! a ! said King Lot, we must be discomfited, for yonder I see the most valiant knight of the world, and the man of the most renown, for such two brethren as is King Ban and King Bors are not living, wherefore we must needs void or die; and but if we avoid manly and wisely there is but death. When King Ban came into the battle, he came in so fiercely that the strokes redounded again from the wood and the water; wherefore King Lot wept for pity and dole that he saw so many good knights take their end. But through the great force of King Ban they made both the northern battles that were departed hurtled together for great dread; and the three kings and their knights slew on ever, that it was pity on to behold that multitude of the people that fled. But King Lot, and King of the Hundred Knights, and King Morganore gathered the people together passing knightly, and did great prowess of arms, and held the battle all that day, like hard.

When the King of the Hundred Knights beheld the great damage that King Ban did, he thrust unto him with his horse, and smote him on high upon the helm, a great stroke, and astonied him sore. Then King Ban was wroth with him, and followed on him fiercely; the other saw that, and cast up his shield, and spurred his horse forward, but the stroke of King Ban fell down and carved a cantel off the shield, and the sword slid down by the hauberk behind his back, and cut through the trapping of steel and the horse even in two pieces, that the sword felt the earth. Then the King of the Hundred Knights voided the horse lightly, and with his sword he broached the horse of King Ban through and through. With that King Ban voided lightly from the dead horse, and then King Ban smote at the other so eagerly, and smote him on the helm that he fell to the earth. Also in that ire he felled King Morganore, and

there was great slaughter of good knights and much people. By then came into the press King Arthur, and found King Ban standing among dead men and dead horses, fighting on foot as a wood lion, that there came none nigh him, as far as he might reach with his sword, but he caught a grievous buffet; whereof King Arthur had great pity. And Arthur was so bloody, that by his shield there might no man know him, for all was blood and brains on his sword. And as Arthur looked by him he saw a knight that was passingly well horsed, and therewith Sir Arthur ran to him, and smote him on the helm, that his sword went unto his teeth, and the knight sank down to the earth dead, and anon Arthur took the horse by the rein, and led him unto King Ban, and said, Fair brother, have this horse, for he have great myster thereof, and me repenteth sore of your great damage. It shall be soon revenged, said King Ban, for I trust in God mine ure is not such but some of them may sore repent this. I will well, said Arthur, for I see your deeds full actual; nevertheless, I might not come at you at that time.

But when King Ban was mounted on horseback, then there began new battle, the which was sore and hard, and passing great slaughter. And so through great force King Arthur, King Ban, and King Bors made their knights a little to withdraw them. But alway the eleven kings with their chivalry never turned back; and so withdrew them to a little wood, and so over a little river, and there they rested them, for on the night they might have no rest on the field. And then the eleven kings and knights put them on a heap all together, as men adread and out of all comfort. But there was no man might pass them, they held them so hard together both behind and before, that King Arthur had marvel of their deeds of arms, and was passing wroth. Ah, Sir Arthur, said King Ban and King Bors, blame them not, for they do as good men ought to do. For by my faith, said King Ban, they are the best fighting men, and knights of most prowess, that ever I saw or heard speak of, and those eleven kings are men of great worship; and if they were longing unto you there were no king under the heaven had such eleven knights, and of such worship. I may not love them, said Arthur, they would destroy me. That wot we well, said King Ban and King

Bors, for they are your mortal enemies, and that hath been proved aforehand; and this day they have done their part, and that is great pity of their wilfulness.

Then all the eleven kings drew them together, and then said King Lot, Lords, ye must other ways than ye do, or else the great loss is behind; ye may see what people we have lost, and what good men we lose, because we wait always on these foot-men, and ever in saving of one of the foot-men we lose ten horsemen for him; therefore this is mine advice, let us put our foot-men from us, for it is near night, for the noble Arthur will not tarry on the foot-men, for they may save themselves, the wood is near hand. And when we horsemen be together, look every each of you kings let make such ordinance that none break upon pain of death. And who that seeth any man dress him to flee, lightly that he be slain, for it is better that we slay a coward, than through a coward all we to be slain. How say ye? said King Lot, answer me all ye kings. It is well said, quoth King Nentres; so said the King of the Hundred Knights; the same said the King Carados, and King Uriens; so did King Idres and King Brandegoris; and so did King Cradelment, and the Duke of Cambenet; the same said King Clariance and King Agwisance, and sware they would never fail other, neither for life nor for death. And whoso that fled, but did as they did, should be slain. Then they amended their harness, and righted their shields, and took new spears and set them on their thighs, and stood still as it had been a plump of wood.

CHAPTER XVII

YET MORE OF THE SAME BATTLE, AND HOW IT WAS ENDED BY MERLIN.

When Sir Arthur and King Ban and Bors beheld them and all their knights, they praised them much for their noble cheer of chivalry, for the hardiest fighters that ever they heard or saw.

With that, there dressed them a forty noble knights, and said unto the three kings, they would break their battle; these were their names: Lionses, Phariance, Ulfius, Brastias, Ector, Kay, Lucas the butler, Griflet le Fise de Dieu, Mariet de la Roche, Guinas de Bloi, Briant de la Forest Savage, Bellaus, Morians of the Castle [of] Maidens, Flannedrius of the Castle of Ladies, Annecians that was King Bors' godson, a noble knight, Ladinas de la Rouse, Emerause, Caulas, Graciens le Castlein, one Blois de la Case, and Sir Colgrevaunce de Gorre; all these knights rode on afore with spears on their thighs, and spurred their horses mightily as the horses might run. And the eleven kings with part of their knights rushed with their horses as fast as they might with their spears, and there they did on both parties marvellous deeds of arms. So came into the thick of the press, Arthur, Ban, and Bors, and slew down right on both hands, that their horses went in blood up to the fetlocks. But ever the eleven kings and their host was ever in the visage of Arthur. Wherefore Ban and Bors had great marvel, considering the great slaughter that there was, but at the last they were driven aback over a little river. With that came Merlin on a great black horse, and said unto Arthur, Thou hast never done ! Hast thou not done enough? of three score thousand this day hast thou left alive but fifteen thousand, and it is time to say Ho ! For God is wroth with thee, that thou wilt never have done; for yonder eleven kings at this time will not be overthrown, but an thou tarry on them any longer, thy fortune will turn and they shall increase. And therefore withdraw you unto your lodging, and rest you as soon as ye may, and reward your good knights with gold and with silver, for they have well deserved it; there may no riches be too dear for them, for of so few men as ye have, there were never men did more of prowess than they have done today, for ye have matched this day with the best fighters of the world. That is truth, said King Ban and Bors. Also said Merlin, withdraw you where ye list, for this three year I dare undertake they shall not dere you; and by then ye shall hear new tidings. And then Merlin said unto Arthur, These eleven kings have more on hand than they are ware of, for the Saracens are landed in their countries, more than forty thou-

sand, that burn and slay, and have laid siege at the castle Wandesborow, and make great destruction; therefore dread you not this three year. Also, sir, all the goods that be gotten at this battle, let it be searched, and when ye have it in your hands, let it be given freely unto these two kings, Ban and Bors, that they may reward their knights withal; and that shall cause strangers to be of better will to do you service at need. Also you be able to reward your own knights of your own goods whensomever it liketh you. It is well said, quoth Arthur, and as thou hast devised, so shall it be done. When it was delivered to Ban and Bors, they gave the goods as freely to their knights as freely as it was given to them. Then Merlin took his leave of Arthur and of the two kings, for to go and see his master Bleise, that dwelt in Northumberland; and so he departed and came to his master, that was passing glad of his coming; and there he told how Arthur and the two kings had sped at the great battle, and how it was ended, and told the names of every king and knight of worship that was there. And so Bleise wrote the battle word by word, as Merlin told him, how it began, and by whom, and in likewise how it was ended, and who had the worse. All the battles that were done in Arthur's days Merlin did his master Bleise do write; also he did do write all the battles that every worthy knight did of Arthur's court.

After this Merlin departed from his master and came to King Arthur, that was in the castle of Bedegraine, that was one of the castles that stand in the forest of Sherwood. And Merlin was so disguised that King Arthur knew him not, for he was all befurred in black sheep-skins, and a great pair of boots, and a bow and arrows, in a russet gown, and brought wild geese in his hand, and it was on the morn after Candlemas day; but King Arthur knew him not. Sir, said Merlin unto the king, will ye give me a gift? Wherefore, said King Arthur, should I give thee a gift, churl? Sir, said Merlin, ye were better to give me a gift that is not in your hand than to lose great riches, for here in the same place where the great battle was, is great treasure hid in the earth. Who told thee so, churl? said Arthur. Merlin told me so, said he. Then Ulfius and Brastias knew him well enough, and smiled. Sir, said these two

knights, it is Merlin that so speaketh unto you. Then King Arthur was greatly abashed, and had marvel of Merlin, and so had King Ban and King Bors, and so they had great disport at him. So in the meanwhile there came a damosel that was an earl's daughter: his name was Sanam, and her name was Lionors, a passing fair damosel; and so she came thither for to do homage, as other lords did after the great battle. And King Arthur set his love greatly upon her, and so did she upon him, and the king had ado with her, and gat on her a child, his name was Borre, that was after a good knight, and of the Table Round. Then there came word that the King Rience of North Wales made great war on King Leodegrance of Cameliard, for the which thing Arthur was wroth, for he loved him well, and hated King Rience, for he was alway against him. So by ordinance of the three kings that were sent home unto Benwick, all they would depart for dread of King Claudas; and Phariance, and Antemes, and Gratian, and Lionses of Payarne, with the leaders of those that should keep the kings' lands.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW KING ARTHUR, KING BAN, AND KING BORS RESCUED KING LEODEGRANCE, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

And then King Arthur, and King Ban, and King Bors departed with their fellowship, a twenty thousand, and came within six days into the country of Cameliard, and there rescued King Leodegrance, and slew there much people of King Rience, unto the number of ten thousand men, and put him to flight. And then had these three kings great cheer of King Leodegrance, that thanked them of their great goodness, that they would revenge him of his enemies; and there had Arthur the first sight of Guenever, the king's daughter of Cameliard, and ever after he loved her. After they were wedded, as it telleth in the book. So, briefly to make an end, they took their leave to go into their own countries, for King

Claudas did great destruction on their lands. Then said Arthur, I will go with you. Nay, said the kings, ye shall not at this time, for ye have much to do yet in these lands, therefore we will depart, and with the great goods that we have gotten in these lands by your gifts, we shall wage good knights and withstand the King Claudas' malice, for by the grace of God, an we have need we will send to you for your succour; and if ye have need, send for us, and we will not tarry, by the faith of our bodies. It shall not, said Merlin, need that these two kings come again in the way of war, but I know well King Arthur may not be long from you, for within a year or two ye shall have great need, and then shall he revenge you on your enemies, as ye have done on his. For these eleven kings shall die all in a day, by the great might and prowess of arms of two valiant knights (as it telleth after); their names be Balin le Savage, and Balan, his brother, that be marvellous good knights as be any living.

Now turn we to the eleven kings that returned unto a city that hight Sorhaute, the which city was within King Uriens', and there they refreshed them as well as they might, and made leeches search their wounds, and sorrowed greatly for the death of their people. With that there came a messenger and told how there was come into their lands people that were lawless as well as Saracens, a forty thousand, and have burnt and slain all the people that they may come by, without mercy, and have laid siege on the castle of Wandesborow. Alas, said the eleven kings, here is sorrow upon sorrow, and if we had not warred against Arthur as we have done, he would soon revenge us. As for King Leodegrance, he loveth Arthur better than us, and as for King Rience, he hath enough to do with Leodegrance, for he hath laid siege unto him. So they consented together to keep all the marches of Cornwall, of Wales, and of the North. So first, they put King Idres in the City of Nauntes in Britain, with four thousand men of arms, to watch both the water and the land. Also they put in the city of Windesan, King Nentres of Garlot, with four thousand knights to watch both on water and on land. Also they had of other men of war more than eight thousand, for to fortify all the fortresses in the marches of

Cornwall. Also they put more knights in all the marches of Wales and Scotland, with many good men of arms, and so they kept them together the space of three year, and ever allied them with mighty kings and dukes and lords. And to them fell King Rience of North Wales, the which was a mighty man of men, and Nero that was a mighty man of men. And all this while they furnished them and garnished them of good men of arms, and victual, and of all manner of habiliment that pretendeth to the war, to avenge them for the battle of Bedegraine, as it telleth in the book of adventures following.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW KING ARTHUR RODE TO CARLION, AND OF HIS DREAM, AND HOW HE SAW THE QUESTING BEAST.

THEN after the departing of King Ban and of King Bors, King Arthur rode into Carlion. And thither came to him, King Lot's wife, of Orkney, in manner of a message, but she was sent thither to espy the court of King Arthur; and she came richly beseen, with her four sons, Gawaine, Gaheris, Agravaine, and Gareth, with many other knights and ladies. For she was a passing fair lady, therefore the king cast great love unto her, and desired to lie by her; so they were agreed, and he begat upon her Mordred, and she was his sister, on his mother's side, Igraine. So there she rested her a month, and at the last departed. Then the king dreamed a marvellous dream whereof he was sore adread. But all this time King Arthur knew not that King Lot's wife was his sister. Thus was the dream of Arthur: Him thought there was come into this land griffins and serpents, and him thought they burnt and slew all the people in the land, and then him thought he fought with them, and they did him passing great harm, and wounded him full sore, but at the last he slew them. When the king awaked, he was passing heavy of his dream, and so to put it out of thoughts, he made

him ready with many knights to ride a-hunting. As soon as he was in the forest the king saw a great hart afore him. This hart will I chase, said King Arthur, and so he spurred the horse, and rode after long, and so by fine force oft he was like to have smitten the hart; whereas the king had chased the hart so long, that his horse lost his breath, and fell down dead. Then a yeoman fetched the king another horse.

So the king saw the hart enbushed, and his horse dead, he set him down by a fountain, and there he fell in great thoughts. And as he sat so, him thought he heard a noise of hounds, to the sum of thirty. And with that the king saw coming toward him the strangest beast that ever he saw or heard of; so the beast went to the well and drank, and the noise was in the beast's belly like unto the questing of thirty couple hounds; but all the while the beast drank there was no noise in the beast's belly: and therewith the beast departed with a great noise, whereof the king had great marvel. And so he was in a great thought, and therewith he fell asleep. Right so there came a knight afoot unto Arthur and said, Knight full of thought and sleepy, tell me if thou sawest a strange beast pass this way. Such one saw I, said King Arthur, that is past two mile; what would ye with the beast? said Arthur. Sir, I have followed that beast long time, and killed mine horse, so would God I had another to follow my quest. Right so came one with the king's horse, and when the knight saw the horse, he prayed the king to give him the horse: for I have followed this quest this twelve-month, and either I shall achieve him, or bleed of the best blood of my body. Pellinore, that time king, followed the Questing Beast, and after his death Sir Palamides followed it.

CHAPTER XX

HOW KING PELLINORE TOOK ARTHUR'S HORSE AND FOLLOWED THE QUESTING BEAST, AND HOW MERLIN MET WITH ARTHUR.

SIR knight, said the king, leave that quest, and suffer me to have it, and I will follow it another twelvemonth. Ah, fool, said the knight unto Arthur, it is in vain thy desire, for it shall never be achieved but by me, or my next kin. Therewith he started unto the king's horse and mounted into the saddle, and said, Gramercy, this horse is my own. Well, said the king, thou mayst take my horse by force, but an I might prove it on thee whether thou were better on horseback or I. — Well, said the knight, seek me here when thou wilt, and here nigh this well thou shalt find me, and so passed on his way. Then the king sat in a study, and bade his men fetch his horse as fast as ever they might. Right so came by him Merlin like a child of fourteen year of age, and saluted the king, and asked him why he was so pensive. I may well be pensive, said the king, for I have seen the marvellest sight that ever I saw. That know I well, said Merlin, as well as thyself, and of all thy thoughts, but thou art but a fool to take thought, for it will not amend thee. Also I know what thou art, and who was thy father, and of whom thou wert begotten; King Uther Pendragon was thy father, and begat thee on Igraine. That is false, said King Arthur, how shouldest thou know it, for thou art not so old of years to know my father? Yes, said Merlin, I know it better than ye or any man living. I will not believe thee, said Arthur, and was wroth with the child. So departed Merlin, and came again in the likeness of an old man of fourscore year of age, whereof the king was right glad, for he seemed to be right wise.

Then said the old man, Why are ye so sad? I may well be heavy, said Arthur, for many things. Also here was a child, and told me many things that meseemeth he should not know, for he was not of age to know my father. Yes, said the old man, the child told you

truth, and more would he have told you an ye would have suffered him. But ye have done a thing late that God is displeased with you, for ye have lain by your sister, and on her ye have gotten a child that shall destroy you and all the knights of your realm. What are ye, said Arthur, that tell me these tidings? I am Merlin, and I was he in the child's likeness. Ah, said King Arthur, ye are a marvellous man, but I marvel much of thy words that I must die in battle. Marvel not, said Merlin, for it is God's will your body to be punished for your foul deeds; but I may well be sorry, said Merlin, for I shall die a shameful death, to be put in the earth quick, and ye shall die a worshipful death. And as they talked this, came one with the king's horse, and so the king mounted on his horse, and Merlin on another, and so rode unto Carlion. And anon the king asked Ector and Ulfius how he was begotten, and they told him Uther Pendragon was his father and Queen Igraine his mother. Then he said to Merlin, I will that my mother be sent for, that I may speak with her; and if she say so herself, then will I believe it. In all haste, the queen was sent for, and she came and brought with her Morgan le Fay, her daughter, that was as fair a lady as any might be, and the king welcomed Igraine in the best manner.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW ULFIUS IMPEACHED QUEEN IGRAINE, ARTHUR'S MOTHER, OF TREASON; AND HOW A KNIGHT CAME AND DESIRED TO HAVE THE DEATH OF HIS MASTER REVENGED.

RIGHT so came Ulfius, and said openly, that the king and all might hear that were feasted that day, Ye are the falsest lady of the world, and the most traitress unto the king's person. Beware, said Arthur, what thou sayest; thou speakest a great word. I am well ware, said Ulfius, what I speak, and here is my glove to prove it upon any man that will say the contrary, that this Queen Igraine

is causer of your great damage, and of your great war. For, an she would have uttered it in the life of King Uther Pendragon, of the birth of you, and how ye were begotten, ye had never had the mortal wars that ye have had; for the most part of your barons of your realm knew never whose son ye were, nor of whom ye were begotten; and she that bare you of her body should have made it known openly in excusing of her worship and yours, and in like wise to all the realm, wherefore I prove her false to God and to you and to all your realm, and who will say the contrary I will prove it on his body.

Then spake Igraine and said, I am a woman and I may not fight, but rather than I should be dishonoured, there would some good man take my quarrel. More, she said, Merlin knoweth well, and ye Sir Ulfius, how King Uther came to me in the Castle of Tintagil in the likeness of my lord, that was dead three hours to-fore, and thereby gat a child that night upon me. And after the thirteenth day King Uther wedded me, and by his commandment when the child was born it was delivered unto Merlin and nourished by him, and so I saw the child never after, nor wot not what is his name, for I knew him never yet. And there, Ulfius said to the queen, Merlin is more to blame than ye. Well I wot, said the queen, I bare a child by my lord King Uther, but I wot not where he is become. Then Merlin took the king by the hand, saying, This is your mother. And therewith Sir Ector bare witness how he nourished him by Uther's commandment. And therewith King Arthur took his mother, Queen Igraine, in his arms and kissed her, and either wept upon other. And then the king let make a feast that lasted eight days.

Then on a day there came in the court a squire on horseback, leading a knight before him wounded to the death, and told him how there was a knight in the forest had reared up a pavilion by a well, and hath slain my master, a good knight, his name was Miles; wherefore I beseech you that my master may be buried, and that some knight may revenge my master's death. Then the noise was great of that knight's death in the court, and every man said his advice. Then came Griflet that was but a squire, and he was but

young, of the age of the king Arthur, so he besought the king for all his service that he had done him to give the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW GRIFLET WAS MADE KNIGHT, AND JOUSTED WITH A KNIGHT.

THOU art full young and tender of age, said Arthur, for to take so high an order on thee. Sir, said Griflet, I beseech you make me knight. Sir, said Merlin, it were great pity to lose Griflet, for he will be a passing good man when he is of age, abiding with you the term of his life. And if he adventure his body with yonder knight at the fountain, it is in great peril if ever he come again, for he is one of the best knights of the world, and the strongest man of arms. Well, said Arthur. So at the desire of Griflet the king made him knight. Now, said Arthur unto Sir Griflet, sith I have made you knight thou must give me a gift. What ye will, said Griflet. Thou shalt promise me by the faith of thy body, when thou hast jousted with the knight at the fountain, whether it fall ye be on foot or on horseback, that right so ye shall come again unto me without making any more debate. I will promise you, said Griflet, as you desire. Then took Griflet his horse in great haste, and dressed his shield and took a spear in his hand, and so he rode a great wallop till he came to the fountain, and thereby he saw a rich pavilion, and thereby under a cloth stood a fair horse well saddled and bridled, and on a tree a shield of divers colours and a great spear. Then Griflet smote on the shield with the butt of his spear, that the shield fell down to the ground. With that the knight came out of the pavilion, and said, Fair knight, why smote ye down my shield? For I will joust with you, said Griflet. It is better ye do not, said the knight, for ye are but young, and late made knight, and your might is nothing to mine. As for that, said Griflet, I will joust

with you. That is me loath, said the knight, but sith I must needs, I will dress me thereto. Of whence be ye? said the knight. Sir, I am of Arthur's court., So the two knights ran together that Griflet's spear all to-shivered; and therewithal he smote Griflet through the shield and the left side, and brake the spear that the truncheon stuck in his body, that horse and knight fell down.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW TWELVE KNIGHTS CAME FROM ROME AND ASKED TRUAGE FOR THIS LAND OF ARTHUR, AND HOW ARTHUR FOUGHT WITH A KNIGHT.

When the knight saw him lie so on the ground, he alighted, and was passing heavy, for he weened he had slain him, and then he unlaced his helm and gat him wind, and so with the truncheon he set him on his horse, and so betook him to God, and said he had a mighty heart, and if he might live he would prove a passing good knight. And so Sir Griflet rode to the court, where great dole was made for him. But through good leeches he was healed and saved. Right so came into the court twelve knights, and were aged men, and they came from the Emperor of Rome, and they asked of Arthur truage for this realm, other else the emperor would destroy him and his land. Well, said King Arthur, ye are messengers, therefore ye may say what ye will, other else ye should die therefore. But this is mine answer: I owe the emperor no truage, nor none will I hold him, but on a fair field I shall give him my truage that shall be with a sharp spear, or else with a sharp sword, and that shall not be long, by my father's soul, Uther Pendragon. And therewith the messengers departed passingly wroth, and King Arthur as wroth, for in evil time came they then; for the king was passingly wroth for the hurt of Sir Griflet. And so he commanded a privy man of his chamber that or it be day his best horse and armour, with all that longeth unto his person, be without the city or to-morrow day. Right so or to-morrow day he

met with his man and his horse, and so mounted up and dressed his shield and took his spear, and bade his chamberlain tarry there till he came again. And so Arthur rode a soft pace till it was day, and then was he ware of three churls chasing Merlin, and would have slain him. Then the king rode unto them, and bade them: Flee, churls ! then were they afeard when they saw a knight, and fled. O Merlin, said Arthur, here hadst thou been slain for all thy crafts had I not been. Nay, said Merlin, not so, for I could save myself an I would; and thou art more near thy death than I am, for thou goest to the deathward, an God be not thy friend.

So as they went thus talking they came to the fountain, and the rich pavilion there by it. Then King Arthur was ware where sat a knight armed in a chair. Sir knight, said Arthur, for what cause abidest thou here, that there may no knight ride this way but if he joust with thee? said the king. I rede thee leave that custom, said Arthur. This custom, said the knight, have I used and will use maugre who saith nay, and who is grieved with my custom let him amend it that will. I will amend it, said Arthur. I shall defend thee, said the knight. Anon he took his horse and dressed his shield and took a spear, and they met so hard either in other's shields, that all to-shivered their spears. Therewith anon Arthur pulled out his sword. Nay, not so, said the knight; it is fairer, said the knight, that we twain run more together with sharp spears. I will well, said Arthur, an I had any more spears. I have enow, said the knight; so there came a squire and brought two good spears, and Arthur chose one and he another; so they spurred their horses and came together with all their mights, that either brake their spears to their hands. Then Arthur set hand on his sword. Nay, said the knight, ye shall do better, ye are a passing good jouster as ever I met withal, and once for the love of the high order of knighthood let us joust once again. I assent me, said Arthur. Anon there were brought two great spears, and every knight gat a spear, and therewith they ran together that Arthur's spear all to-shivered. But the other knight hit him so hard in midst of the shield, that horse and man fell to the earth, and therewith Arthur was eager, and pulled out his sword, and said, I will assay thee, sir knight, on foot, for I have lost

the honour on horseback. I will be on horseback, said the knight. Then was Arthur wroth, and dressed his shield toward him with his sword drawn. When the knight saw that, he alighted, for him thought no worship to have a knight at such avail, he to be on horseback and he on foot, and so he alighted and dressed his shield unto Arthur. And there began a strong battle with many great strokes, and so hewed with their swords that the cantels flew in the fields, and much blood they bled both, that all the place there as they fought was overbled with blood, and thus they fought long and rested them, and then they went to the battle again, and so hurtled together like two rams that either fell to the earth. So at the last they smote together that both their swords met even together. But the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces, wherefore he was heavy. Then said the knight unto Arthur, Thou art in my daunger whether me list to save thee or slay thee, and but thou yield thee as overcome and recreant, thou shalt die. As for death, said King Arthur, welcome be it when it cometh, but to yield me unto thee as recreant I had liefer die than to be so shamed. And therewithal the king leapt unto Pellinore, and took him by the middle and threw him down, and raced off his helm. When the knight felt that he was adread, for he was a passing big man of might, and anon he brought Arthur under him, and raced off his helm and would have smitten off his head.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW MERLIN SAVED ARTHUR'S LIFE, AND THREW AN ENCHANTMENT ON KING PELLINORE AND MADE HIM TO SLEEP.

THEREWITHAL came Merlin and said, Knight, hold thy hand, for an thou slay that knight thou puttest this realm in the greatest damage that ever was realm: for this knight is a man of more worship than thou wotest of. Why, who is he? said the knight. It

is King Arthur. Then would he have slain him for dread of his wrath, and heaved up his sword, and therewith Merlin cast an enchantment to the knight, that he fell to the earth in a great sleep. Then Merlin took up King Arthur, and rode forth on the knight's horse. Alas ! said Arthur, what hast thou done, Merlin? hast thou slain this good knight by thy crafts? There liveth not so worshipful a knight as he was; I had liefer than the stint of my land a year that he were alive. Care ye not, said Merlin, for he is wholer than ye; for he is but asleep, and will awake within three hours. I told you, said Merlin, what a knight he was; here had ye been slain had I not been. Also there liveth not a bigger knight than he is one, and he shall hereafter do you right good service; and his name is Pellinore, and he shall have two sons that shall be passing good men; save one they shall have no fellow of prowess and of good living, and their names shall be Percivale of Wales and Lamerake of Wales, and he shall tell you the name of your own son, begotten of your sister, that shall be the destruction of all this realm.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW ARTHUR BY THE MEAN OF MERLIN GAT EXCALIBUR HIS SWORD OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

RIGHT so the king and he departed, and went unto an hermit that was a good man and a great leech. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed. And as they rode, Arthur said, I have no sword. No force, said Merlin, hereby is a sword that shall be yours, an I may. So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. Lo ! said Merlin, yonder is that sword that I spake of. With that they saw a damosel going upon the lake. What damosel

is that? said Arthur. That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen; and this damosel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword. Anon withal came the damosel unto Arthur, and saluted him, and he her again. Damosel, said Arthur, what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword. Sir Arthur, king, said the damosel, that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it. By my faith, said Arthur, I will give you what gift ye will ask. Well ! said the damosel, go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time. So Sir Arthur and Merlin alighted and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him, and the arm and the hand went under the water. And so they came unto the land and rode forth, and then Sir Arthur saw a rich pavilion. What signifieth yonder pavilion? It is the knight's pavilion, said Merlin, that ye fought with last, Sir Pellinore; but he is out, he is not there. He hath ado with a knight of yours that hight Egglame, and they have foughten together, but at the last Egglame fled, and else he had been dead, and he hath chased him even to Carlion, and we shall meet with him anon in the highway. That is well said, said Arthur, now have I a sword, now will I wage battle with him, and be avenged on him. Sir, you shall not so, said Merlin, for the knight is weary of fighting and chasing, so that ye shall have no worship to have ado with him; also he will not be lightly matched of one knight living, and therefore it is my counsel, let him pass, for he shall do you good service in short time, and his sons after his days. Also ye shall see that day in short space, you shall be right glad to give him your sister to wed. When I see him, I will do as ye advise, said Arthur

Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword, and liked it passing well. Whether liketh you better, said Merlin, the sword or the scabbard? Me liketh better the sword, said Arthur. Ye are more unwise, said

Merlin, for the scabbard is worth ten of the swords, for whiles ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall never lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded; therefore keep well the scabbard always with you. So they rode unto Carlion, and by the way they met with Sir Pellinore; but Merlin had done such a craft, that Pellinore saw not Arthur, and he passed by without any words. I marvel, said Arthur, that the knight would not speak. Sir, said Merlin, he saw you not, for an he had seen you, ye had not lightly departed. So they came unto Carlion, whereof his knights were passing glad. And when they heard of his adventures, they marvelled that he would jeopard his person so, alone. But all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain, that would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW TIDINGS CAME TO ARTHUR THAT KING RIENCE HAD OVERCOME ELEVEN KINGS, AND HOW HE DESIRED ARTHUR'S BEARD TO TRIM HIS MANTLE.

THIS meanwhile came a messenger from King Rience of North Wales, and king he was of all Ireland, and of many isles. And this was his message, greeting well King Arthur in this manner wise, saying that King Rience had discomfited and overcome eleven kings, and everych of them did him homage, and that was this, they gave him their beards clean flayed off, as much as there was; wherefore the messenger came for King Arthur's beard. For King Rience had purfled a mantle with kings' beards, and there lacked one place of the mantle; wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and burn and slay, and never leave till he have the head and the beard. Well, said Arthur, thou hast said thy message, the which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent unto a king; also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet to make a purfle of it. But tell thou

thy king this: I owe him none homage, nor none of mine elders; but or it be long to, he shall do me homage on both his knees, or else he shall lose his head, by the faith of my body, for this is the most shamefulest message that ever I heard speak of. I have espied thy king met never yet with worshipful man, but tell him, I will have his head withòut he do me homage. Then the messenger departed.

Now is there any here, said Arthur, that knoweth King Rience? Then answered a knight that hight Naram, Sir, I know the king well; he is a passing good man of his body, as few be living, and a passing proud man, and Sir, doubt ye not he will make war on you with a mighty puissance. Well, said Arthur, I shall ordain for him in short time.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW ALL THE CHILDREN WERE SENT FOR THAT WERE BORN ON MAY-DAY, AND HOW MORDRED WAS SAVED.

THEN King Arthur let send for all the children born on May-day, begotten of lords and born of ladies; for Merlin told King Arthur that he that should destroy him should be born on May-day, wherefore he sent for them all, upon pain of death; and so there were found many lords' sons, and all were sent unto the king, and so was Mordred sent by King Lot's wife, and all were put in a ship to the sea, and some were four weeks old, and some less. And so by fortune the ship drave unto a castle, and was all to-riven, and destroyed the most part, save that Mordred was cast up, and a good man found him, and nourished him till he was fourteen year old, and then he brought him to the court, as it rehearseth afterward, toward the end of the Death of Arthur. So many lords and barons of this realm were displeased, for their children were so lost, and many put the wite on Merlin more than on Arthur; so what for dread and for love, they held their peace. But when the

messenger came to King Rience, then was he wood out of measure, and purveyed him for a great host, as it rehearseth after in the book of Balin le Savage, that followeth next after, how by adventure Balin gat the sword.

Explicit liber primus. Incipit liber secundus

II

BALYN LE SAUVAGE
THE KNIGHT WITH THE TWO SWORDS

AFFTIR the deth of Uther regned Arthure, hys son, which had grete warre in hys dayes for to gete all Inglonde into hys honde; for there were many kyngis within the realme of Inglonde and of Scotlonde, Walys and Cornuwayle. (1)

So hit befelle on a tyme whan kynge Arthure was at London, ther com a knyght and tolde the kynge tydyngis how the kynge Royns of Northe Walis had rered a grete numbir of peple and were entred in the londe and brente and slew the kyngis trew lyege people.

'Iff thys be trew,' seyde Arthure, 'hit were grete shame unto myne astate but that he were myghtyly withstonde.'

'Hit ys trouthe,' seyde the knyght, 'for I saw the oste myselff.'

'Well,' seyde the kynge, 'I shall ordayne to wythstonde hys malice.'

Than the kynge lette make a cry that all the lordis, knyghtes and jantilmen of armys sholde draw unto the castell called Camelot in tho dayes, and there the kynge wolde lette make a counceile generall and a grete justis. So whan the kynge was com thidir with all his baronage 22v and logged as they semed beste, also there was com ⌈a damoisel⌉ the which was sente frome the grete Lady Lyle of Avilion. And whan she com before kynge Arthure she tolde fro whens she com, and how she was sente on message unto hym for thys causis. Than she lette hir mantell falle that was rychely furred, and than was she gurde with a noble swerde, whereof the kynge had mervayle and seyde,

'Damesel, for what cause ar ye gurte with that swerde? Hit besemyth you nought.'

'Now shall I telle you,' seyde the damesell. 'Thys swerde that I am gurte withall doth me grete sorow and comberaunce, for I may nat be delyverde of thys swerde but by a knyght, and he muste be a passynge good man of hys

4–5 *C* Englonde and in walys Scotland and Cornewaille 15–17 I shall ordayne . . . Than the kynge *not in C*† 18–19 *C* vnto a castel 19 *W* called Camelot called in tho 22 also *not in C* 22–24 *W* com the which was sente frome *C** come a damoisel the whiche was sente on message from *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 99c*) vint laiens une damoisiele riche et de grant biauté plainne, et est (*sic*) la dame apielee la dame de l'isle Avalon (*see note*) 25 *C* from whome she

hondys and of hys dedis, and withoute velony other trechory and withoute treson. And if I may fynde such a knyght that hath all thes vertues he may draw oute thys swerde oute of the sheethe. For I have bene at kynge Royns, for hit was tolde me there were passyng good knyghtes; and he and all his knyghtes hath assayde and none can spede.'

'Thys ys a grete mervayle,' seyde Arthure. 'If thys be sothe I woll assay myselffe to draw oute the swerde, nat presumynge myselff that I am the beste knyght; but I woll begynne to draw youre swerde in gyvyng an insample to all the barownes, that they shall assay everych one aftir othir whan I have assayde.'

Than Arthure toke the swerde by the sheethe and gurdil and pulled at hit egirly, but the swerde wolde nat oute.

'Sir,' seyd the damesell, 'ye nede nat for to pulle halffe so sore, for he that shall pulle hit oute shall do hit with litill myght.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde Arthure. 'Now assay ye all, my barownes.'

'But beware ye be nat defoyled with shame, trechory, nother gyle, for than hit woll nat avayle,' seyde the damesel, 'for he muste be a clene knyght withoute vylony and of jantill strene of fadir syde and of modir syde.'

The moste parte of all the barownes of the Rounde Table that were there at that tyme assayde all be rew, but there myght none spede. Wherefore the damesel made grete sorow oute of mesure and seyde,

'Alas! I wente in this courte had bene the beste knyghtes of the worlde withoute trechory other treson.'

'Be my faythe,' seyde Arthure, 'here ar good knyghtes as I deme as ony be in the worlde, but their grace ys nat to
23r helpe you, wherefore I am sore displeased.'

(2) Than hit befelle so that tyme there was a poore knyght with kynge Arthure that had bene presonere with hym half a yere for sleyng of a knyght which was cosyne unto kynge Arthure. And the name of thys knyght was called Balyne, and by good meanys of the barownes he was de-

6, 12 *C* assayed it 9 *C* presumynge vpon my self *C* but that I 10 *C* drawe at your 16 *C* so hard for 23–24 *C* syde Moost of all 29 *C* of the worlde *not in C* 32 sore *not in C* 33 *C* felle hit so 35 *C* yere & more

lyverde oute of preson, for he was a good man named of his body, and he was borne in Northehumbirlonde. And so he wente pryvaly into the courte and saw thys adventure whereoff hit reysed his herte, and wolde assayde as othir knyghtes ded. But for he was poore and poorly arayde, he put hymselff nat far in prees. But in hys herte he was fully assured to do as well, if hys grace happed hym, as ony knyght that there was. And as the damesell toke [her] leve of Arthure and of all the barownes, so departynge, thys knyght Balyn called unto her and seyde,

'Damesell, I pray you of youre curteysy suffir me as well to assay as thes other lordis. Thoughe that I be pourely arayed yet in my herte mesemyth I am fully assured as som of thes other, and mesemyth in myne herte to spede ryght welle.'

Thys damesell than behelde thys poure knyght and saw he was a lyckly man; but for hys poure araymente she thought he sholde nat be of no worship withoute vylony or trechory. And than she seyde unto that knyght,

'Sir, hit nedith nat you to put me to no more payne, for hit semyth nat you to spede thereas all thes othir knyghtes have fayled.'

'A, fayre damesell,' seyde Balyn, 'worthynes and good tacchis and also good dedis is nat only in araymente, but manhode and worship [ys hyd] within a mannes person; and many a worshipfull knyght ys nat knowyn unto all peple. And therefore worship and hardynesse ys nat in araymente.'

'Be God,' seyde the damesell, 'ye sey soth. Therefore ye shall assay to do what ye may.'

Than Balyn toke the swerde by the gurdyll and shethe and drew hit oute easyly, and whan he loked on the swerde hit pleased hym muche. Than had the kynge and all the barownes grete mervayle that Balyne had done that aventure; many knyghtes had grete despite at hym.

4 *C* assaye it as 8 *W* toke þer leue *C** toke her leue 9–17 *W* (*sidenote*) Vertue and manhode ys hyed wythin the bodye 12 other *not in C* 12–13 *C* be so pourely clothed in my 16 *C* The damoysel beheld the poure knyght 18 nat *not in C*† 20 *C* it nedith not to put me to more payn or labour for 21–22 *C* there as other haue 24 *C* are not 25 *W* worship within a mannes *C** worship is hyd within mans (ys hyd *is confirmed by the sidenote to ll. 9–17 above* 34 *C* despyte af Balen

'Sertes,' seyde the damesell, 'thys ys a passynge good knyght and the beste that ever y founde, and moste of worship withoute treson, trechory or felony. And many mervayles shall he do. Now, jantyll and curtayse knyght,
23v 5 geff me the swerde agayne.'

'Nay,' seyde Balyne, 'for thys swerde woll I kepe but hit be takyn fro me with force.'

'Well,' seyde the damesell, 'ye ar nat wyse to kepe the swerde fro me, for ye shall sle with that swerde the beste
10 frende that ye have and the man that ye moste love in the worlde, and that swerde shall be youre destruccion.'

'I shall take the aventure,' seyde Balyn, 'that God woll ordayne for me. But the swerde ye shall nat have at thys tyme, by the feythe of my body!'

15 'Ye shall repente hit within shorte tyme,' seyde the damesell, 'for I wolde have the swerde more for youre avauntage than for myne; for I am passynge hevy for youre sake, for and ye woll nat leve that swerde hit shall be youre destruccion, and that ys grete pité.'

20 So with that departed the damesell and grete sorow she made. And anone afftir Balyn sente for hys horse and armoure, and so wolde departe frome the courte, and toke his leve of kynge Arthure.

'Nay,' seyde the kynge, 'I suppose ye woll nat departe so
25 lyghtly from thys felyship. I suppose that ye ar displesyd that I have shewed you unkyndnesse. But blame me the lesse, for I was mysseinfourmed ayenste you: but I wente ye had nat bene such a knyght as ye ar of worship and prouesse. And if ye woll abyde in thys courte amonge my felyship I
30 shall so avaunce [you] as ye shall be pleased.'

'God thanke youre Hyghnesse,' seyde Balyne. 'Youre bounté may no man prayse halff unto the valew, butt at thys tyme I muste nedis departe, besechynge you allway of youre good grace.'

35 'Truly,' seyde the kynge, 'I am ryght wroth of youre

3 *C* or vylony 13 for *not in C* 16–17 *C* for your auaylle than 17–18 *C*† your sake For ye wil not byleue that swerd shal be *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 100d*) 'Et je vous di, fait elle, que se vous l'emportés qu'il vous en mal averra' 19–21 *C* pyte with that the damoysel departed makynge grete sorowe Anone after 30 *W* avaunce as ye shall *C* auaunce yow as ye shalle 32 *C* bounte and hyhenes may 35 *C* for your

departynge. But I pray you, fayre knyght, that ye tarry nat longe frome me, and ye shall be ryght wellcom unto me and to my barownes, and I shall amende all mysse that I have done agaynste you.'

'God thanke youre good grace,' seyde Balyn, and therewith made hym redy to departe. Than the moste party of the knyghtes of the Rounde Table seyde that Balyne dud nat this adventure ⌜all⌝ on⌜l⌝y by myght but by wycchecrauffte.

So the meanwhyle that thys knyght was makynge hym (3) redy to departe, there com into the courte the Lady of the Laake, and she com on horsebacke rychely beseyne, and salewed kynge Arthure and there asked hym a gyffte that he promysed her whan she gaff hym the swerde.

'That ys sothe,' seyde Arthure, 'a gyffte I promysed you, 24r but I have forgotyn the name of my swerde that ye gaff me.'

'The name of hit,' seyde the lady, 'ys Excalibir, that ys as muche to sey as Kutte Stele.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde the kynge. 'Aske what ye woll and ye shall have hit and hit lye in my power to gyff hit.'

'Well,' seyde thys lady, 'than I aske the hede of thys knyght that hath wonne the swerde, othir ellis the damesels hede that brought hit. I take no force though I have both theire hedis: for he slew my brothir, a good knyght and a trew; and that jantillwoman was causer of my fadirs deth.'

'Truly,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I may nat graunte you nother of theire hedys with my worship; therefore aske what ye woll els, and I shall fulfille youre desire.'

'I woll aske none other thynge,' seyde the lady.

So whan Balyn was redy to departe, he saw the Lady of the Lake which by hir meanys had slayne hys modir; and he had sought hir three yere before. And whan hit was tolde hym how she had asked hys hede of kynge Arthure, he wente to hir streyght and seyde,

2 frome me *not in C* 5 *C* thanke your grete lordship said 8 *W* ony by myght *C** al only by *F* (*Le Roman de Balain* and *Camb.*): dient . . . qu'il savoit d'enchantement et qu'il l'a fait plus par ceo que par la prouece de lui *O*[1] only by 10 *W* p[t] that that thys knyght 11–12 *C** a lady that hyght the lady of the lake 21–22 *C* the knyght 26 you *not in C* 30–31 *W* saw the lady of the lady of the lake 31 *C* slayne Balyns moder 32 before *not in C* 33 *C* hym that she 33–p. 66, l. 4 *W* (*sidenote*): The dethe of the Lady of the Lake

'Evyll be [y]e founde: ye wolde have myne hede, and therefore ye shall loose youres!'

And with hys swerde lyghtly he smote of hyr hede before kynge Arthure.

5 'Alas, for shame!' seyde the kynge. 'Why have ye do so? Ye have shamed me and all my courte, for thys lady was a lady that I was much beholdynge to, and hyder she com undir my sauffconduyghte. Therefore I shall never forgyff you that trespasse.'

10 'Sir,' seyde Balyne, 'me forthynkith of youre displeasure, for this same lady was the untrwyste lady lyvynge, and by inchauntement and by sorcery she hath bene the destroyer of many good knyghtes, and she was causer that my modir was brente thorow hir falsehode and trechory.'

15 'For what cause soever ye had,' seyde Arthure, 'ye sholde have forborne in my presence. Therefore thynke nat the contrary: ye shall repente hit, for such anothir despite had I nevir in my courte. Therefore withdraw you oute of my courte in all the haste that ye may.'

20 Than Balyn toke up the hede of the lady and bare hit with hym to hys ostry, and there mette with hys squyre that was sory he had displeased kynge Arthure, and so they rode forthe oute of towne.

'Now,' seyde Balyne, 'we muste departe; therefore take 25 thou thys hede and bere hit to my frendis and telle hem how I have spedde, and telle hem in Northhumbirlonde how 24v my moste foo ys dede. Also telle hem how I am oute of preson, and what adventure befelle me at the getynge of this swerde.'

30 'Alas!' seyde the squyre, 'ye ar gretly to blame for to displease kynge Arthure.'

'As for that,' seyde Balyne, 'I woll hyghe me in all [the] haste that I may [to] mete with kyng Royns and destroy hym, othir ellis to dye therefore. And iff hit may happe me 35 to wynne hym, than woll kynge Arthure be my good frende.'

1 *W* be e founde *C* be you† foūnde 3 *W Hand in margin pointing to this line* 5–6 *C* done so 7 *C* was be holden 8, 24 therefore *not in C* 16 *C* forborne her in 23 *C* of the town 26 *C* telle my frendys in 32–33 *The words in square brackets, supplied from C, also occur in W's second rendering of the speech. See next page, note to lines 2–3* 34 *S* or dye 35–p. 67, l. 1 *C* my good and gracious lord where

'Sir, [wher] shall I mete with you?' seyde his squyre.

'In kynge Arthurs courte,' seyde Balyne.

So his squyre and he departed at that tyme. Than kynge Arthure and all the courte made grete dole and had grete shame of the Lady of the Lake. Than the kynge buryed hir rychely.

So at that tyme there was a knyght, the which was the (4) kynges son of Irelonde, and hys name was Launceor, the which was an orgulus knyght and accompted hymselff one of the beste of the courte. And he had grete despite at Balyne for the enchevynge of the swerde, that ony sholde be accompted more hardy or more of prouesse, and he asked kynge Arthure licence to ryde afftir Balyne and to revenge the despite that he had done.

'Do youre beste,' seyde Arthur. 'I am ryght wrothe with Balyne. I wolde he were quytte of the despite that he hath done unto me and my courte.'

Than thys Launceor wente to his ostré to make hym redy. So in the meanewhyle com Merlyon unto the courte of kynge Arthure, and anone was tolde hym the adventure of the swerde and the deth of the Lady of the Lake.

'Now shall I sey you,' seyde Merlion; 'thys same damesell that here stondith, that brought the swerde unto youre courte, I shall telle you the cause of hir commynge. She ys the falsist damesell that lyveth—she shall nat sey nay! For she hath a brothir, a passyng good knyght of proues and a full trew man, and thys damesell loved anothir knyght that hylde her as paramoure. And thys good knyght, her brothir, mette with the knyght that helde hir to paramoure, and slew hym by force of hys hondis. And whan thys false damesell undirstoode this she wente to the lady Lyle of Avylion and besought hir of helpe to be revenged on hir owne brothir.

'And so thys lady Lyle of Avylion toke hir this swerde (5) 25r

2–3 *W* seyde Balyne I woll hyghe me in all the haste that I may to mete with kynge Royns So his *W repeats a line from Balyne's previous speech* (*see p. 66, ll. 32–33*) 4–5 *C* and had shame of the deth of the lady 13 *W* kynge kynge *C* Arthur yf he wold gyue hym leue to ryde 15–16 *C* wroth said† Balen I wold 20 *C* Arthur and there was told 24–25 *C* she was† the 25–26 *C*† lyueth say not so said they She hath a 28 *C* to peramour 31–32 *W O*1 and toke hir hys swerde and besought (*contamination: cf. l. 33*) *F makes it plain that the damsel receives the sword from the Lady of Avalon*: et maintenant le chainst de l'espee que elle aporta en ceste court

that she brought with hir, and tolde there sholde no man pulle hit oute of the sheethe but yf he be one of the beste knyghtes of thys realme, and he sholde be hardy and full of prouesse; and with that swerde he sholde sle hys brothir. Thys was the cause, damesell, that ye com into thys courte. I know hit as well as ye. God wolde ye had nat come here; but ye com never in felyship of worshipfful folke for to do good, but allwayes grete harme. And that knyght that hath encheved the swerde shall be destroyed thorow the swerde; for the which woll be grete damage, for there lyvith nat a knyght of more prouesse than he ys. And he shall do unto you, my lorde Arthure, grete honoure and kyndnesse; and hit ys grete pité he shall nat endure but a whyle, for of his strengthe and hardinesse I know hym nat lyvynge hys macche.'

So thys knyght of Irelonde armed hym at all poyntes and dressed his shylde on hys sholdir and mownted uppon horsebacke and toke hys glayve in hys honde, and rode aftir a grete pace as much as hys horse myght dryve. And within a litill space on a mowntayne he had a syght of Balyne, and with a lowde voice he cryde,

'Abyde, knyght! for ells ye shall abyde whethir ye woll other no. And the shelde that ys tofore you shall nat helpe you,' seyde thys Iryshe knyght, 'therefore com I affter you.'

'Peradventure,' seyde Balyne, 'ye had bene bettir to have holde you at home. For many a man wenyth to put hys enemy to a rebuke, and ofte hit fallith on hymselff. Oute of what courte be ye com fro?' seyde Balyn.

'I am com frome the courte of kynge Arthure,' seyde the knyght of Irelonde, 'that am com hydir to revenge the despite ye dud thys day unto kynge Arthure and to his courte.'

4 *C*† slee her broder *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 104b*) Et si n'averra de ceste espee mie seul mal a son frere, ains en mourront cil dui que je connois vraiement qui sont li millor chevalier dou roiaume 5–8 *C* the cause that the damoysel came in to this Courte I knowe it as wel as ye wolde god she had nat comen in to thys Courte but she came neuer in felaushiip of worship to do good 9 *C* destroyed by that suerd 14 hym *not in C* 16 *C* the knyght 18 *C* toke his spere 19 *C* myght goo and 22 ells *not in C* 22–23 *C* ye will or nyll and 23–24 *C* helpe whan Balyn herd the noyse he tourned his hors fyersly and saide faire knyghte what wille ye with me wille ye Iuste with me ye said the Irysshe *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 105a*) *lends no support to this reading* 25 *C* it had been 27–28 *C* falleth to hym self of 28 *C* ye sent fro

'Well,' seyde Balyne, 'I se well I must have ado with you, that me forthynkith that I have greved kynge Arthure or ony of hys courte. And youre quarell ys full symple,' seyde Balyne, 'unto me; for the lady that ys dede dud to me grete damage, and ellis I wolde have bene lothe as ony knyght that lyvith for to sle a lady.'

'Make you redy,' seyde the knyght Launceor, 'and dresse you unto me, for that one shall abyde in the fylde.'

Than they fewtred their spearis in their restis and com togidirs as muche as their horsis myght dryve. And the Irysh knyght smote Balyn on the shylde that all wente to-shyvers of hys spere. And Balyne smote hym agayne thorow the shylde, and [the] hawbirk perysshed, and so bore hym thorow the body and over the horse crowper; and anone turned hys horse fersely and drew oute hys swerde, and wyst nat that he had slayne hym. 10 25v

Than he saw hym lye as a dede corse, he loked aboute hym and was ware of a damesel that com rydynge full faste as the horse myght dryve, on a fayre palferey. And whan she aspyed that Launceor was slayne she made sorow oute of mesure and seyde, (6)

'A! Balyne, two bodyes thou haste sla⟨in in⟩ one herte, and two hertes in one body, and two soules thou hast loste.'

And therewith she toke the swerde frome hir love that lay dede, and felle to the grounde in a swowghe. And whan she arose she made grete dole oute of mesure, which sorow greved Balyn passyngly sore. And he wente unto hir for to have tane the swerde oute of hir honde; but she helde hit so faste he myght nat take hit oute of hir honde but yf he sholde have hurte hir. And suddeynly she sette the pomell to the grounde, and rove hirselff thorowoute the body.

Whan Balyne aspyed hir dedis he was passynge hevy in his herte and ashamed that so fayre a damesell had destroyed hirselff for the love of hys dethe. 'Alas!' seyde Balyn, 'me repentis sore the dethe of thys knyght for the love of thys damesel, for there was muche tr[e]w love betwyxte hem.' And

2 *C* forthynketh for to greue kyng 9 *C* they toke their speres and *W Hand in margin opposite this line* 12 *C* Balyn hyt hym thorugh 13–14 *C* & so percyd thurgh his body and the hors *W* (*sidenote*) How Balyn slew Launceor 17–18 *C* loked by hym 18–19 *C* came ryde ful fast as the hors myghte ryde on 22 *W* slayne one *C* slayne and one (*see note*) 29 *C* hand onles he

so for sorow he myght no lenger beholde them, but turned hys horse and loked towarde a fayre foreste.

And than was he ware by hys armys that there com rydyng hys brothir Balan. And whan they were mette they put of hyr helmys and kyssed togydirs and wepte for joy and pité. Than Balan seyde,

'Brothir, I litill wende to have mette with you at thys suddayne adventure, but I am ryght glad of youre delyveraunce of youre dolerous presonment: for a man tolde me in the Castell of Four Stonys that ye were delyverde, and that man had seyne you in the courte of kynge Arthure, and therefore I com hydir into thys contrey, for here I supposed to fynde you.'

And anone Balyne tolde hys brothir of hys adventure of the swerde and the deth of the Lady of the Laake, and how kynge Arthure was displeased with hym.

26r 'Wherefore he sente thys knyght afftir me that lyethe here dede. And the dethe of thys damesell grevith me sore.'

'So doth hit me,' seyde Balan, 'but ye must take the adventure that God woll ordayne you.'

'Truly,' seyde Balyne, 'I am ryght hevy that my lorde Arthure ys displeased with me, for he ys the moste worshypfullist kynge that regnith now in erthe; and hys love I woll gete othir ellis I woll putte my lyff in adventure. For kynge Ryons lyeth at the sege of the Castell Terrable, and thydir woll we draw in all goodly haste to preve oure worship and prouesse uppon hym.'

'I woll well,' seyde Balan, 'that ye so do; and I woll ryde with you and put my body in adventure with you, as a brothir ought to do.'

(7) 'Now go we hense,' seyde Balyne, 'and well we beth mette.'

The meanewhyle as they talked there com a dwarff frome the cité of Camelot on horsebacke as much as he myght,

1 *C* behold hym† 2 *C* a grete forest *No adjective in F* 3–4 *C* by the armes of his 7 Brothir *not in C* 8–9 *C* delyueraunce and of† *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 105d*): par quel aventure estes vous delivrés de la dolereuse prison ou vous estiés 13–14 *C* fynde you anon the knyȝt balyn 22–23 *C* worshipful knyght that 25 *C* at a syege atte castel 26 goodly *not in C* 28–30 *C* that we do & we wil helpe eche other as bretheren ouȝt to do CA VII 31–32 *C* wel be we met

and founde the dede bodyes; wherefore he made grete dole and pulled hys heyre for sorowe and seyde,

'Which of two knyghtes have done this dede?'

'Whereby askist thou?' seyde Balan.

'For I wolde wete,' seyde the dwarff. 5

'Hit was I,' seyde Balyn, 'that slew this knyght in my defendaunte; for hyder he com to chase me, and othir I muste sle hym other he me. And this damesell slew hirself for his love, which repentith me. And for hir sake I shall owghe all women the bettir wylle and servyse all the dayes of my lyff.' 10

'Alas!' seyde the dwarff, 'thou hast done grete damage unto thyselff. For thys knyght that ys here dede was one of the moste valyauntis men that lyved. And truste well, Balyne, the kynne of thys knyght woll chase you thorow the worlde tylle they have slayne you.' 15

'As for that,' seyde Balyne, 'the⟨m⟩ I fere nat gretely; but I am ryght hevy that I sholde displease my lorde, kynge Arthure, for the deth of thys knyght.'

So as they talked togydirs there com a kynge of Cornuwayle rydyng, which hyght kyng Marke. And whan he saw 20 thes two bodyes dede, and undirstood howe they were dede, ⌜by⌝ the two knyghtes aboven-seyde, ⌜thenne⌝ made the kynge grete sorow for the trew love that was betwyxte them, and seyde, 'I woll nat departe tyll I have on thys erth made a towmbe.' And there he pyght his pavylyons and sought all 25 the contrey to fynde a towmbe, and in a chirch they founde one was fayre and ryche. And than the kyng lette putte h[e]m bothe in the erthe, and leyde the tombe uppon them, **26v** and wrote the namys of hem bothe on the tombe, how 'here lyeth Launceor, the kyngis son of Irelonde, that at hys owne 30 rekeyste was slayne by the hondis of Balyne', and how 'this

2 *C* pulled out his 3 *C* which of you knyȝtes 4–5 *C* thou it said balan . . . wete it said the dwarfe 10–11 *C* better loue Allas 16 O^1 the (*not in C*) 17 *C* that I haue displeasyd 21–23 *W* dede the ii knyghtes aboven seyde made to the kynge *C** dede by the ii knyghtes aboue saide thenne maade the kynge *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 106c*) quant il fu venus la ou le dui cors gisoient a la terre et il en sot la verité ensi comme li dui frere li conterent, il dist qu'il n'avoit onques mais oi parler de damoisiele qui si loiaument amast. *W must have overlooked* by *and added* to *for the sense* 25–26 *C* sought thurgh alle the 27–p. 72, l. 6 *W* (*sidenote*): how the lady Colume slew hirselfe for the deth of Launceor 29 *W* hom bothe *C* & put the tombe 31–p. 72, l. 2 *C* how his lady colombe and peramoure slew her self with her louer's swerd for

lady Columbe and peramour to hym slew hirself with hys swerde for dole and sorow.'

(8) The meanewhyle as thys was adoynge, in com Merlion to kynge Marke and saw all thys doynge.

'Here shall be,' seyde Merlion, 'in this same place the grettist bateyle betwyxte two [knyghtes] that ever was or ever shall be, and the trewyst lovers; and yette none of hem shall slee other.'

And there Merlion wrote hir namys uppon the tombe with lettirs of golde, that shall feyght in that place: which namys was Launcelot du Lake and Trystrams.

'Thou [art] a merveylous man,' seyde kynge Marke unto Merlion, 'that spekist of such mervayles. Thou arte a boysteous man and an unlyckly, to telle of suche dedis. What ys thy name?' seyde kynge Marke.

'At thys tyme,' seyde Merlion, 'I woll nat telle you. But at that tyme sir Trystrams ys takyn with his soveraigne lady, than shall ye here and know my name; and at that tyme ye shall ⌜here⌝ tydynges that shall nat please you. A, Balyne!' seyde Merlion, 'thou haste done thyselff grete hurte that thou saved nat thys lady that slew herselff; for thou myghtyst have saved hir and thou haddist wold.'

'By the fayth of my body,' seyde Balyne, 'I myght nat save hir, for she slewe hirselff suddeynly.'

'Me repentis hit,' seyde Merlion; 'because of the dethe of that lady thou shalt stryke a stroke moste dolerous that ever man stroke, excepte the stroke of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. For thou shalt hurte the trewyst knyght and the man of moste worship that now lyvith; and thorow that stroke three kyngdomys shall be brought into grete poverté, miseri and wrecchednesse twelve yere. And the knyght shall nat be hole of that wounde many yerys.'

Than Merlion toke hys leve.

4–5 *C* mark seyng alle his doynge said Here shalle be in 6 *W* two men (*see note*) *C* that was 10 *C* that shold fyghte 10–11 *C* whos names were 12 *W* Thou a *C* thow art a 16 you *not in C* 19 *W* shall othir tydynges *C** shal here tydynges *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 107a*) dont te dira on teuls nouvielles de moi qui te desplairont 19–20 *C* please yow Thenne said merlyn to balyn thou 20–21 *C* hurt by cause that thou sauest 21–22 *C* her self that myght haue saued her & thow woldest 27 Jesu Cryste *not in C* 30 *C* be in grete 34–p. 73, l. 2 *C* leue of balyn & balen said yf I wist it were soth that ye say I shold do suche peryllous dede as that

'Nay,' seyde Balyn, 'nat so; for and I wyste thou seyde soth, I wolde do so perleous a dede that I wolde sle myself to make the a lyer.'

Therewith Merlion vanysshed away suddeynly, and than Balyn and his brother toke their leve of kynge Marke. 5

'But first,' seyde the kynge, 'telle me youre name.'

'Sir,' seyde Balan, 'ye may se he beryth two swerdis, and thereby ye may calle hym the Knyght with the Two Swerdis.'

And so departed kynge Marke unto Camelot to kynge 10 Arthure.

And Balyne toke the way to kynge Royns, and as they 27r rode togydir they mette with Merlion disgysed so that they knew hym nought.

'But whotherward ryde ye?' seyde Merlion. 15

'We had litill ado to telle you,' seyde thes two knyghtes. 'But what ys thy name?' seyde Balyn.

'At thys tyme,' seyde Merlion, 'I woll nat telle.'

'Hit ys an evyll sygne,' seyde the knyghtes, 'that thou arte a trew man, that thou wolt nat telle thy name.' 20

'As for that,' seyde Merlion, 'be as hit be may. But I can telle you wherefore ye ryde thys way: for to mete with kynge Royns. But hit woll nat avayle you withoute ye have my counceyle.'

'A,' seyde Balyn, 'ye ar Merlion. We woll be ruled by 25 youre counceyle.'

'Com on,' seyde Merlion, 'and ye shall have grete worship. And loke that ye do knyghtly, for ye shall have nede.'

'As for that,' seyde Balyne, 'dred you nat, for we woll do what we may.' 30

Than there lodged Merlion and thes two knyghtes in (9) a woode amonge the levis besydes the hyghway, and toke of the brydyls of their horsis and putte hem to grasse, and leyde hem downe to reste tyll hit was nyghe mydnyght. Than Merlion bade hem ryse and make hem redy: 'for here 35 commyth the kynge nyghehonde, that was stoolyn away

13 *C* desguysed but they 16–17 *C* we haue lytel to do saide the ij knyȝtes to telle the but 18 *C* telle it the 19 *C* it is euyl sene 22 with *not in C* 28 *C* haue grete nede 31 *C* Thenne Merlyn lodged them in a 35–36 *C*† for the the kynge was nygh them that was *Direct speech in F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 108c–d*)

frome his oste with a three score horsis of hys beste knyghtes, and twenty of them rode tofore the lorde to warne the Lady de Vaunce that the kynge was commynge.' For that nyght kynge Royns sholde have lyen with hir.

'Which ys the kynge?' seyde Balyn.

'Abyde,' seyde Merlion, 'for here in a strete ⌜weye⌝ ye shall mete with hym.' And therewith he shewed Balyn and hys brothir the kynge.

And anone they mette with hym, and smote hym downe and wounded hym freyshly, and layde hym to the growunde. And there they slewe on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde mo than fourty of hys men; and the remanaunte fledde. Than wente they agayne unto kynge Royns and wolde have slayne hym, had he nat yelded hym unto hir grace. Than seyde he thus:

'Knyghtes full of prouesse, sle me nat! For be my lyff ye may wynne, and by my dethe litill.'

'Ye say sothe,' seyde the knyghtes, and so leyde hym on an horse littur.

So with that Merlion vanysshed, and com to kynge Arthure aforehonde and tolde hym how hys moste enemy was takyn and discomfite.

'By whom?' seyde kynge Arthure.

'By two knyghtes,' seyde Merlion, 'that wolde fayne
27v have youre lordship. And to-morow ye shall know what knyghtis they ar.'

So anone aftir com the Knyght with the Two Swerdis and hys brothir, and brought with them kynge Royns of Northe Waalis, and there delyverde hym to the porters, and charged hem with hym. And so they two returned aghen in the dawnyng of the day.

Than kynge Arthure com to kynge Royns and seyde,

'Sir kynge, ye ar wellcom. By what adventure com ye hydir?'

2 the lord *not in C* 6 *C* in a streyte wey *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 109c*): et il venoient petit et petit, car li chemins par les tertres estoit estrois pour aler a la montaigne 8–9 *C* his broder where he rode anon balyn & his broder mette with the kyng & smote 10 *C* hym fyersly and 11–12 *C* lyfte hond and slewe moo 17–18 *C* dethe ye shalle wynne noo thynge Thenne sayd these two knyghtes ye say sothe & trouth and so leyd 20 *C* Merlyn was vanysshed 24–25 *C* wold please your lordship 28 *C* and balan his broder

'Sir,' seyde kynge Royns, 'I com hyder by an harde adventure.'

'Who wanne you?' seyde kynge Arthure.

'Sir,' seyde he, 'the Knyght with the Two Swerdis and hys brothir, which ar two mervayles knyghtes of prouesse.' 5

'I know hem nat,' seyde Arthure, 'but much am I beholdynge unto them.'

'A, sir,' seyde Merlion, 'I shall telle you. Hit ys Balyn that encheved the swerde, and his brothir Balan, a good knyght: there lyvith nat a bettir of proues, nother of worthynesse. And hit shall be the grettist dole of hym that ever y knew of knyght; for he shall nat longe endure.' 10

'Alas,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that ys grete pité; for I am muche beholdynge unto hym, and I have evill deserved hit agayne for hys kyndnesse.' 15

'Nay, nay,' sede Merlion, 'he shall do much more for you, and that shall ye know in haste. But, sir, ar ye purveyde?' seyde Merlion. '[For to-morn] the oste of kynge Nero, kynge Royns brothir, woll sette on you or none with a grete oste. And therefore make you redy, for I woll departe frome you.' 20

Than kynge Arthure made hys oste redy in ten batayles; (10) and Nero was redy in the fylde afore the Castell Terrable with a grete oste. And he had ten batayles with many mo peple than kynge Arthure had. Than Nero had the vawarde with the moste party of the people. And Merlion com to kynge Lotte of the Ile of Orkeney and helde hym with a tale of the prophecy tylle Nero and his peple were destroyed. And there sir Kay the Senesciall dud passyngely well, that dayes of hys lyff the worship wente never frome hym, and sir Hervis de Revel that dud merveylous dedys of armys that day with Arthur. And kynge Arthure slew that day twenty knyghtes and maymed fourty. 25 30

So at that tyme com in the Knyght with the Two Swerdis and his brothir, but they dud so mervaylously that the kynge 35

3–4 *C* said the kyng the knyght 10 *C* prowesse & of 14–15 *C* hit vnto hym for his 16 *C* nay said 18 *W* to morne for *C** for to morne 26 *C* of his peple 27–28 *C* a tale of prophecye 29–30 *W* that dayes of hys lyff that the worship *C** that the dayes of his lyf the worship 31–32 *C*† reuel did merueillous dedes with with kynge Arthur 35 *C* his broder Balan But they two did

and all the knyghtes mervayled of them. And all they that behelde them seyde they were sente frome hevyn as angels
28r other devilles frome helle. And kynge Arthure seyde hymself they were the doughtyeste knyghtes that ever he sawe, for
5 they gaff such strokes that all men had wondir of hem.

So in the meanewhyle com one to kynge Lotte and tolde hym whyle he tarryed there how Nero was destroyed and slayne with all his oste.

'Alas,' seyde kynge Lotte, 'I am ashamed; for in my
10 defaute there ys [many a worshipful man slayne; for and we had ben togyders there had ben] none oste undir hevyn were able to have macched us. But thys faytoure with hys prophecy hath mocked me.'

All that dud Merlion, for he knew well that ⌜and⌝ kynge
15 Lotte had bene with hys body at the first batayle, kynge Arthure had be slayne and all hys peple distressed. And well Merlion knew that one of the kynges sholde be dede that day; and lothe was Merlion that ony of them bothe sholde be slayne, but of the tweyne he had levir kyng Lotte of
20 Orkeney had be slayne than Arthure.

'What ys beste to do?' seyde kynge Lotte. 'Whether ys me bettir to trete with kynge Arthur othir to fyght? For the gretter party of oure people ar slayne and distressed.'

'Sir,' seyde a knyght, 'sette ye on Arthure, for they ar
25 wery and forfoughtyn, and we be freyssh.'

'As for me,' seyde kynge Lott, 'I wolde that every knyght wolde do hys parte as I wolde do myne.'

Than they avaunced baners and smote togydirs and brused hir sperys. And Arthurs knyghtes with the helpe
30 of the Knyght with Two Swerdys and hys brothir Balan put kynge Lotte and hys oste to the warre. But allwayes kynge Lotte hylde hym ever in the fore-fronte and dud merveylous dedis of armys; for all his oste was borne up

4 *C* the best knyghtes 8–9 *C* al his peple Allas 9 *C* for by my 11–12 *C* vnder the heuen that had ben abel for to haue matched with vs 14 *W* that kynge *C** that and kynge *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 117a*) 'Merlins m'a mort. Se je eusse dés hui matin chevauchié a esfors, je eusse le roi desconfit.' 15 *C* body there at 16 *C* peple destroyed 19–20 of Orkeney *not in C* 21 *C* Now what *C* kyng Lot of Orkeney 23 *C* slayne and destroyed 24 ye *not in C* 28–29 *C* to gyders and al to sheuered their speres 32 ever *not in C* *C* formest front

by hys hondys, for he abode all knyghtes. Alas, he myght nat endure, the whych was grete pité! So worthy a knyght as he was one, that he sholde be overmacched, that of late tyme before he had bene a knyght of kynge Arthurs, and wedded the syster of hym. And for because that kynge Arthure lay by hys wyff and gate on her sir Mordred, therefore kynge Lott helde ever agaynste Arthure.

So there was a knyght that was called the Knyght with the Strange Beste, and at that tyme hys ryght name was called Pellynore, which was a good man off prouesse as few in tho dayes lyvynge. And he strake a myghty stroke at kynge Lott as he fought with hys enemyes, and he fayled of hys stroke and smote the horse necke, that he foundred to the erthe with kyng Lott. And therewith anone kynge **28v** Pellinor smote hym a grete stroke thorow the helme and hede unto the browis.

Than all the oste of Orkeney fledde for the deth of kynge Lotte, and there they were takyn and slayne, all the oste. But kynge Pellynore bare the wyte of the dethe of kynge Lott, wherefore sir Gawayne revenged the deth of hys fadir the ten yere aftir he was made knyght, and slew kynge Pellynor hys owne hondis. Also there was slayne at that batayle twelve kynges on the syde of kynge Lott with Nero, and were buryed in the chirch of Seynte Stevins in Camelot. And the remanent of knyghtes and other were buryed in a grete roche.

So at the enterement com kyng Lottis wyff, Morgause, (11) with hir four sonnes, Gawayne, Aggravayne, Gaheris, and Gareth. Also there com thydir kyng Uryens, sir Uwaynes fadir, and Morgan le Fay, his wyff, that was kynge Arthurs syster. All thes com to the enterement. But of all the twelve kyngis kynge Arthure lette make the tombe of kynge Lotte passynge rychely, and made hys tombe by hymselff.

2–3 *C* pite that so worthy a knyyt as he was one shold be 4 *C* afore hadde 5–6 *C* the sister of kyng arthur & for kyng Arthur lay by kyng lots wyf the whiche was arthurs syster & gat 7 ever *not in C* 9 *W* best⟨es⟩ *C** beeste *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 118d*) li chevaliers a la diverse beste 10–11 as few in tho dayes lyvynge *not in C* 11 *C* he smote a myghty 12 *C* with all his 13–14 *C* he fylle to the grounde 14 *W Hand in margin pointing to this line.* 18 *C* and there were slayn many moders sones But 19–20 *After* Lott *W repeats line 18*: and there were takyn and slayne all the hole oste 21 *C* Pellinore with his 23 *C* and all were 30 *C* alle these 32 *C* his tombe by his owne

And than Arthure lette make twelve images of laton and cooper, and overgylte with golde in the sygne of the twelve kynges; and eche one of hem helde a tapir of wexe in hir honde that brente nyght and day. And kynge Arthure was made in the sygne of a fygure stondynge aboven them with a swerde drawyn in hys honde, and all the twelve fygures had countenaunce lyke unto men that were overcom. All thys made Merlion by hys subtyle craufte.

And there he tolde the kynge how that whan he was dede thes tapers sholde brenne no lenger, 'aftir the adventures of the Sankgreall that shall com amonge you and be encheved.' Also he tolde kynge Arthure how Balyn, the worshipfull knyght, shall gyff the dolerouse stroke, whereof shall falle grete vengeaunce.

'A, where ys Balyne, Balan, and Pellinore?'

'As for kynge Pellinore,' seyde Merlion, 'he woll mete with you soone. And as for Balyne, he woll nat be longe frome you. But the other brothir woll departe: ye shall se hym no more.'

'Be my fayth,' seyde Arthur, 'they ar two manly knyghtes, and namely that Balyne passith of proues off ony knyght that ever y founde, for much am I beholdynge unto hym. Wolde God he wolde abyde with me!'

'Sir,' seyde Merlion, 'loke ye kepe well the scawberd of Excaleber, for ye shall lose no bloode whyle ye have the
29r scawberde uppon you, thoughe ye have as many woundis uppon you as ye may have.'

So aftir for grete truste Arthure betoke the scawberde unto Morgan le Fay, hys sister. And she loved another knyght bettir than hir husbande, kynge Uriens, othir Arthure. And she wolde have had Arthure hir brother slayne, and therefore she lete make anothir scawberd for Excaliber ⌈lyke it by

2 *C* ouer gylt hit with · 1–8 *W* (*sidenote*): Here ys the dethe of kynge Lot and of the xii kyngis 2–3 *C* of xii 3–4 in hir honde *not in C*† *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 119b*) chascuns tenoit en sa main un candeler 6 the *not in C* 9–11 *C* the kyng whā I am dede these tapers shalle brenne no lenger and soone after the aduentures of the Sangrayll shalle 15–16 *C* Pellinore saide kynge Arthur as for Pellinore 20–21 *C* two merueyllous knyghtes and namely Balyn 32–p. 78, l. 2 *W* scawberd for Excaliber And the *C** scauberd lyke it by enchauntement and gaf the scauberd Excalibur to her loue and the knyghtes *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 121b*) Lors bailla a son ami meismes tout en cel jour l'autre fuerre

enchauntement, and gaf the scawberd Excaliber to her lover]. And the knyghtes name was called Accolon, that aftir had nere slayne kynge Arthure. But after thys Merlion tolde unto kynge Arthure of the prophecy that there sholde be a grete batayle besydes Salysbiry, and Mordred hys owne sonne sholde be agaynste hym. Also he tolde hym that Bagdemagus was his cosyne germayne, and unto kynge Uryens.

So within a day or two kynge Arthure was somwhat syke, (12) and he lette pycch hys pavilion in a medow, and there he leyde hym downe on a paylet to slepe; but he myght have no reste. Ryght so he herde a grete noyse of an horse, and therewith the kynge loked oute at the porche dore of the pavilion and saw a knyght commynge evyn by hym makynge grete dole.

'Abyde, fayre sir,' seyde Arthure, 'and telle me wherefore thou makyst this sorow.'

'Ye may litill amende me,' seyde the knyght, and so passed forth to the Castell of Meliot.

And anone aftir that com Balyne. And whan he saw kyng Arthur he alyght of hys horse and com to the kynge one foote and salewed hym.

'Be my hede,' seyde Arthure, 'ye be wellcom. Sir, ryght now com rydynge thys way a knyght makynge grete mone, and for what cause I can nat telle. Wherefore I wolde desire of you, of your curtesy and of your jantilnesse, to fecche agayne that knyght othir by force othir by his good wylle.'

'I shall do more for youre lordeship than that,' seyde Balyne, 'othir ellis I woll greve hym.'

So Balyn rode more than a pace and founde the knyght with a damesell undir a foreyste and seyde,

'Sir knyght, ye muste com with me unto kynge Arthure for to telle hym of youre sorow.'

'That woll I nat,' seyde the knyght, 'for hit woll harme me gretely and do you none avayle.'

7–8 *C* cosyn and germayn vnto kynge Vryence
13 dore *not in C*
20 *C* ther cam
29–31 *C* said balyn and so he *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 124c*) au piet d'une montaigne
32 *C*† damoysel in a forest
34 *W* for for to telle
35–36 *C* wylle scathe me gretely and now do

'Sir,' seyde Balyne, 'I pray you make you redy, for ye muste go with me othir ellis I muste fyght with you and brynge you by for⌜c⌝e. And that were me lothe to do.'

'Woll ye be my warraunte,' seyde the knyght, 'and I go with you?'

'Yee,' seyde Balyne, 'othir ellis, by the fayth of my body, 29v I woll dye therefore.'

And so he made hym redy to go with Balyne and leffte the damesell stylle. And as they were evyn before Arthurs pavilion, there com one invisible and smote the knyght that wente with Balyn thorowoute the body with a spere.

'Alas!' seyde the knyght, 'I am slayne undir youre conduyte with a knyght called ⌜Garlon⌝. Therefore take my horse that is bettir than youres, and ryde to the damesell and folow the queste that I was in as she woll lede you, and revenge my deth whan ye may.'

'That shall I do,' seyde Balyn, 'and that I make avow to God and knyghthode.'

And so he departed frome kynge Arthure with grete sorow.

So kynge Arthure lette bury this knyght rychely, and made mencion [on] his tombe how here was slayne Berbeus and by whom the trechory was done of the knyght ⌜Garlon⌝. But ever the damesell bare the truncheon of the spere with (13) hir that sir Harleus le Berbeus was slayne withall.

So Balyne and the damesell rode into the foreyste and there mette with a knyght that had bene an-hontynge. And that knyght asked Balyn for what cause he made so grete sorow.

'Me lyste nat to telle,' seyde Balyne.

'Now,' seyde the knyght, 'and I were armed as ye be, I wolde fyght with you but iff ye tolde me.'

3 *W* by fore *C* by force *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 124d*) 'Se vous ne retornés, fait li autres, vous me ferez faire une vilonnie, car je m'en prendrai a vous a bataille pleniere' 6 by the fayth of my body *not in C*† 10 *C* thys knyghte 13, 23 *W* Garlonde *C** Garlon *F* Garlan (*also* Gallan) 14–24 *W* (*sidenote*): Here Garlonde that went invisyble slew Harlews le Barbeus under the conduyt of Balyn 17 a *not in S* 18 God and *not in C* 19 *C* departed from thys knyghte† *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 125b*) Puis dist au roi: 'Sire, je m'en vois de chi, si vous commanc a Dieu' 22 *W* made mencion his tombe *C** made a mensyon on his tombe *C* Herlews le berbeus 23 of *not in C*† 25 le Berbeus *not in C* 26 *C* a forest 30 *C* telle yow 32 but iff ye tolde me *not in C*

'That sholde litell nede,' seyde Balyne, 'I am nat aferde to telle you,' and so tolde hym all the case how hit was.

'A,' seyde the knyght, 'ys thys all? Here I ensure you by the feyth of my body never to departe frome you whyle my lyff lastith.'

And so they wente to their ostré and armed hem and so rode forthe with Balyne. And as they com by an ermytage evyn by a chy[r]cheyerde, there com ⌜Garlon⌝ invisible and smote this knyght, Peryne de Mounte Belyarde, thorowoute the body with a glayve.

'Alas,' seyde the knyght, 'I am slayne by thys traytoure knyght that rydith invisible.'

'Alas,' seyde Balyne, 'thy ys nat the first despite that he hath done me.'

And there the ermyte and Balyne buryed the knyght undir a ryche stone and a tombe royall. And on the morne they founde letters of golde wretyn how that sir Gawayne shall revenge his fadirs dethe ⌜kynge Lot⌝ on kynge Pellynore.

And anone aftir this Balyne and the damesell rode forth tylle they com to a castell. And anone Balyne alyghte and wente in. And as sone as ⌜Balyne came⌝ with⌜in the castels yate⌝ the portecolys were lette downe at his backe, and there fell many men aboute the damesell and wolde have slayne **30r** hir. Whan Balyne saw that, he was sore greved for he myght nat helpe her. But than he wente up into a towre and lepte over the wallis into the dyche and hurte nat hymselff. And anone he pulled oute his swerde and wolde have foughtyn with them. And they all seyde nay, they wolde nat fyght with hym, for they dud nothynge but the olde custom of thys castell, and tolde hym that hir lady was syke and had leyne many yeres, and she myght nat be hole but yf she

2 *C* alle the cause 8–18 *W* (*sidenote*): Here Garlonde invisible slew Peryne de Mounte Beliard under the conduyght of Balyn 8 *See note to p. 80, l. 13* 8 *C* cam the knyght garlon 10 *C* with a spere† *F*: ferus d'une glaive 9–11 *W* *Hand in margin pointing to these lines.* 18 *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 129d*) vengera Gavains le roi Loth son pere 20–22 *W* alyght and wente in And as sone as they were with[in ?] the portecolys were lette downe *C** alyghte and he and the damoysel wende to go into the castel and anone as balyn came within the castels yate the portecolys fylle downe *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 130c*) Et li chevailers aloit devant et la damoisiele aprés, loing l'un de l'autre. Et si tost comme il se fu mis el chastiel cil d'amont laissent avaler une porte couliche 25 *C* helpe the damoysel *C* the toure 26 *C* hurte hym not 30 *C* hym how her

had bloode in a sylver dysshe full, of a clene mayde and a kynges doughter.

'And therefore the custom of thys castell ys that there shall no damesell passe thys way but she shall blede of hir bloode a sylver dysshefull.'

'Well,' seyde Balyne, 'she shall blede as much as she may blede, but I woll nat lose the lyff of hir whyle my lyff lastith.'

And so Balyn made hir to bleede by hir good wylle, but hir bloode holpe nat the lady. And so she and he rested there all that nyght and had good chere, and in the mornynge they passed on their wayes. And as hit tellith aftir in the SANKGREALL that sir Percivall his syster holpe that lady with hir blood, whereof she was dede.

(14) Than they rode three or four dayes and nevir mette with adventure. And so by fortune they were lodged with a jantilman, ⌜that was a ryche man and well at ease⌝. And as they sate at souper Balyn herde one complayne grevously by hym in a chambir.

'What ys thys noyse?' seyde Balyn.

'For sothe,' seyde his oste, 'I woll telle you. I was but late at a justynge and there I justed with a knyght that ys brothir unto kynge Pellam, and twyse I smote hym downe. And than he promysed to quyte me on my beste frende. And so he wounded thus my son that can nat be hole tylle I have of that knyghtes bloode. And he rydith all invisyble, but I know nat hys name.'

'A,' seyde Balyne, 'I know that knyghtes name, which ys ⌜Garlon⌝, and he hath slayne two knyghtes of myne in the same maner. Therefore I had levir mete with that knyght than all the golde in thys realme, for the despyte he hath done me.'

'Well,' seyde hys oste, 'I shall telle you how. Kynge Pellam off Lystenoyse hath made do cry in all the contrey a grete feste that shall be within thes twenty dayes, and no

1 *C* had a dysshe of syluer ful of blood of a clene 11 *C* had there ryght good 16 *C* and by happe 17 *W O*[1] jantelman. And as *F* un vavasour moult preudomme qui lour fist la plus biele chiere et la grignour feste qu'il pot 19 *C*† in a chayer *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 133b*) en une des chambres de laiens 25 thus *not in C* 26 *C* alwey Inuysyble 28–29 *C* knowe that knyght his name is Garlon he hath *F* Garlan 33 how *not in C* 34 *C* this countrey

knyght may com there but he brynge hys wyff with hym
othir hys paramoure. And that your enemy and myne ye 30v
shall se that day.'

'Than I promyse you,' seyde Balyn, 'parte of his bloode
to hele youre sonne withall.' 5

'Than we woll be forewarde to-morne,' seyde he.

So on the morne they rode all three towarde kynge Pellam, and they had fyftene dayes journey or they com thydir. And that same day began the grete feste. And so they alyght and stabled their horsis and wente into the castell, but 10 Balynes oste myght ⌜not⌝ be lette in because he had no lady. But Balyne was well receyved and brought unto a chambir and unarmed hym. And there was brought hym robis to his plesure, and wolde have had Balyn leve his swerde behynde hym. 15

'Nay,' seyde Balyne, 'that woll I nat, for hit ys the custom of my contrey a knyght allweyes to kepe hys wepyn with hym. Other ells,' seyde he, 'I woll departe as I ⌜c⌝am.'

Than they gaff hym leve with his swerde, and so he wente into the castell and was amonge knyghtes of worship and hys 20 lady afore hym. So aftir this Balyne asked a knyght and seyde,

'Ys there nat a knyght in thys courte which his name ys ⌜Garlon⌝?'

'Yes, sir, yondir he goth, the knyght with the blacke face, for he ys the mervaylyste knyght that ys now lyvynge. And 25 he destroyeth many good knyghtes, for he goth invisible.'

'Well,' seyde Balyn, 'ys that he?' Than Balyn avised hym longe, and thought: 'If I sle hym here, I shall nat ascape. And if I leve hym now, peraventure I shall never mete with hym agayne at such a stevyn, and muche harme he woll do 30 and he lyve.'

1 *C* but yf he 2 *C* & that knyȝte youre enemy 4 *C* I behote yow 6 *C* sayd his oost 11 *W* myght be *C** myght not be *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 134c*) li ost remest defors pour chou que il n'avoit avoec lui demoisele nule 11–12 *C* lady thenne Balyn 16 *C* that doo I not 17–18 *C** with hym and that customme wylle I kepe or els I wyll 18 *W* as I am *C* as I cam *F* (*loc. cit.*): dist que . . . se il ne voloient souffrir a faire la coustume de son pais, il s'en iroit avant la dont il estoit venus 19 *C* leue to were his swerd 20 *C* was sette amonge 21 *C* hym soone balyn 23–24 *C* Garlon yonder he goth sayd a knyght he with the *W* Garlonde 25–26 *C* lyuyng for he 27 *C* A wel 28 and thought *not in C*† *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 135a*) Lors commenche li chevaliers a deus espees a penser, et quant il a grant pieche pensé *etc.*

And therewith thys ⌜Garlon⌝ aspyed that Balyn vysaged hym, so he com and slapped hym on the face with the backe of hys honde and seyde,

'Knyght, why beholdist thou me so? For shame, ete thy mete and do that thou com fore.'

'Thou seyst soth,' seyde Balyne, 'thys ys nat the firste spite that thou haste done me. And therefore I woll do that I come fore.' And rose hym up fersely and clave his hede to the sholdirs.

'Now geff me ⌜the⌝ troncheon,' seyde Balyn ⌜to his lady⌝, 'that he slew youre knyght with.'

And anone she gaff hit hym, for allwey she bare the truncheoune with hir. And therewith Balan smote hym thorow the body and seyde opynly,

31r 'With that troncheon thou slewyste a good knyght, and now hit stykith in thy body.' Than Balyn called unto hys oste
(15) and seyde, 'Now may we fecche blood inoughe to hele youre son withall.'

So anone all the knyghtes rose frome the table for to sette on Balyne. And kynge Pellam hymself arose up fersely and seyde,

'Knyght, why hast thou slayne my brothir? Thou shalt dey therefore or thou departe.'

'Well,' seyde Balyn, 'do hit youreselff.'

'Yes,' seyde kyng Pellam, 'there shall no man have ado with the but I myselff, for the love of my brothir.'

Than kynge Pellam ⌜caught in his hand⌝ a grymme wepyn and smote egirly at Balyn, but he put hys swerde betwyxte hys hede and the stroke, and therewith hys swerde braste in sundir. And whan Balyne was wepynles he ran into a chambir for to seke a wepyn [and] fro chambir to chambir,

1 *W* Garlonde 1–2 *C* that this Balen behelde hym and thenne he came and smote Balyn on the face 4 *C* therfor ete 7 *C* despyte 4–10 *W* (*sidenote*): How Balyn slew Garlon the knyght that wente invisible 10–11 *W* now geff me youre troncheon seyde Balyn that he slew youre knyght with *C** gyue me the truncheon sayd Balyn to his lady where with he slewe your knyght *F* (*MS. cit., f. 135c*) Lors redist a la damoisiele: 'Damoisiele, bailliés moi le tronchon de quoi li chevaliers fu ferus.' 16–17 *C* vnto hym his hoost sayenge now may ye fetche 22 why *not in C*† 26 I *not in C* 27 *W* Pellam a grymme *C** Pellam cauȝt in his hand a grym *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 135d*) court a une grant perche de fust qui estoit en mi la sale et le prent 28 *C* but balyn put 31 *C* seke somme wepen and soo fro chamber

and no wepyn coude he fynde. And allwayes kyng Pellam folowed afftir hym. And at the last he enterde into a chambir ⟨which⟩ was mervaylously dyght and ryche, and a bedde arayed with cloth of golde, the rychiste that myght be, and one lyyng therein. And thereby stoode a table of clene golde ⌜with four pelours of sylver that bare up the table⌝, and uppon the table stoode a mervaylous spere strangely wrought.

So whan Balyn saw the spere he gate hit in hys honde and turned to kynge Pellam and felde hym and smote hym passyngly sore with that spere, that kynge Pellam [felle] downe in a sowghe. And therewith the castell brake roffe and wallis and felle downe to the erthe. And Balyn felle downe and myght nat styrre hande nor foote, and for the moste party of that castell was dede thorow the dolorouse stroke.

Ryght so lay kynge Pellam and Balyne three dayes.

Than Merlion com thydir, and toke up Balyn and gate (16) hym a good horse, for hys was dede, and bade hym voyde oute of that contrey.

'Sir, I wolde have my damesell,' seyde Balyne.

'Loo,' seyde Merlion, 'where she lyeth dede.'

And kynge Pellam lay so many yerys sore wounded, and myght never be hole tylle that Galaad the Hawte Prynce heled hym in the queste of the Sankgreall. For in that place was parte of the bloode of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, which Joseph off Aramathy brought into thys londe. And there hymselff [lay] in that ryche bedde. And that was the spere whych Longeus smote oure Lorde with to the herte. And kynge Pellam was nyghe of Joseph his kynne, and that was the moste worshipful- 31v list man on lyve in tho dayes, and grete pité hit was of hys hurte, for thorow that stroke hit turned to grete dole, tray and tene.

Than departed Balyne frome Merlyon, 'for,' he seyde, 'nevir in thys worlde we parte nother meete no more.' So he rode forthe thorow the fayre contreyes and citeys and

2 folowed *not in C* 2–3 *C* chambyr that was merueillously wel dy3te and rychely 4 *C** that myght be thought 6 *F* et seoit sor trois (*sic*) pilerez d'argent. *Not emended in O*[1] 9 *C* and felde hym *not in C* 11–12 *C* the castel roofe and wallys brake and fylle to the erthe 13–15 *C*† And so the moost parte of the castel that was falle doune thorugh that dolorous stroke laye vpon Pellam and balyn thre dayes 17–18 *C* hym ryde oute 23–27 *W* (*sidenote*): here ys a pronostica-cion of the Sank Greall 24–26 *C* Ioseph of Armathe . . . hym self lay in that 26 *C* the same spere 28–29 *C* worshipful man that lyued 29 hit *not in C* 31–32 *C* Merlyn and sayd in this world we mete neuer nomore

founde the peple dede slayne on every syde, and all that evir were on lyve cryed and seyde,

'A, Balyne! Thou hast done and caused grete vengeaunce in thys contreyes! For the dolerous stroke thou gaff unto kynge Pellam thes three contreyes ar destroyed. And doute nat but the vengeaunce woll falle on the at the laste!'

But whan Balyn was past tho contreyes he was passynge fayne, and so he rode eyght dayes or he mette with many adventure. And at the last he com into a fayre foreyst in a valey, and was ware of a towure. And there besyde he mette with a grete horse tyed to a tree, and besyde there sate a fayre knyght on the grounde and made grete mournynge, and he was a lyckly man and a well made. Balyne seyde,

'God you save! Why be ye so hevy? Tell me, and I woll amende hit, and I may, to my power.'

'Sir knyght,' he seyde, 'thou doste me grete gryeff, for I was in ⌈mery⌉ thoughtes and now thou puttist me to more payne.'

Than Balyn went a litill frome hym and loked on hys horse, than herde Balyne hym sey thus:

'A, fayre lady! Why have ye brokyn my promyse? For ye promysed me to mete me here by noone. And I may curse you that ever ye gaff me that swerde, for with thys swerde I woll sle myselff,' and pulde hit out.

And therewith com Balyne and sterte unto hym and toke hym by the honde.

'Lette go my hande,' seyde the knyght, 'or ellis I shall sle the!'

'That shall nat nede,' seyde Balyn, 'for I shall promyse you my helpe to gete you youre lady and ye woll telle me where she ys.'

'What ys your name?' seyde the knyght.

'Sir, my name ys Balyne le Saveage.'

'A, sir, I know you well inowghe: ye ar the Knyght with

1 evir *not in C* 2 and seyde *not in C* 3 done and *not in C* *W* grete vengeaunce *O*[1] *C** grete dommage *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 139a*) tu nous as fait tant de mal que tous li mondes nel porroit amender 8 many *not in C* 10–11 *C* he sawe a grete horse of werre 16 *C* said he ageyne 17 *W* my thoughtes *C** mery thoughtes *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 139d*) 'Vous m'avés mort, qui mon penser m'avés tolut. Je ne cuic que g'i soie ja mais si doucement comme jou i estoie orendroit' 20–21 *C* thow promysest 23 woll *not in C* 24 *C* therwith Balyn sterte 32 Sir *not in C*

the Two Swerdis, and the man of moste proues of youre hondis lyvynge.'

'What ys your name?' seyde Balyne.

'My name ys Garnysh of the Mownte, a poore mannes sonne, and be my proues and hardynes a deuke made me knyght and gave me londis. Hys name ys duke Harmel, and hys doughter ys [she that I love, and she me, as I demed.' *Caxton*

'Hou fer is she hens?' sayd Balyn.

'But eleven myle,' said the knyghte.

'Now ryde we hens,' sayde these two knyghtes.

So they rode more than a paas tyll that they cam to a fayr castel wel wallyd and dyched.

'I wylle into the castel,' sayd Balen, 'and loke yf she be ther.'

Soo he wente in and serched fro chamber to chambir and fond her bedde, but she was not there. Thenne Balen loked into a fayr litil gardyn, and under a laurel tre he sawe her lye upon a quylt of grene samyte, and a knyght in her armes fast halsynge eyther other, and under their hedes grasse and herbes. Whan Balen sawe her lye so with the fowlest knyghte that ever he sawe, and she a fair lady, thenne Balyn wente thurgh alle the chambers ageyne and told the knyghte how he fond her as she had slepte fast, and so brought hym in the place there she lay fast slepynge.

And whan Garnyssh beheld hir so lyeng, for pure sorou (17) his mouth and nose brast oute on bledynge. And with his swerd he smote of bothe their hedes, and thenne he maade sorowe oute of mesure and sayd,

'O, Balyn! Moche sorow hast thow brought unto me, for haddest thow not shewed me that syght I shold have passed my sorow.'

'Forsoth,' said Balyn, 'I did it to this entent that it sholde better thy courage, and that ye myght see and knowe her falshede, and to cause yow to leve love of suche a lady. God knoweth I dyd none other but as I wold ye dyd to me.'

'Allas,' said Garnysshe, 'now is my sorou doubel that I may not endure, now have I slayne that I moost loved in al my lyf!'

And therwith sodenly he roofe hymself on his own swerd unto the hyltys.

5 *C* But by my *C* hath maade 7–p. 91, l. 16 *Lacuna in W* (*ff.* 32–33)
9 *O*[1] six myle

When Balen sawe that, he dressid hym thensward, lest folke wold say he had slayne them, and so he rode forth. And within thre dayes he cam by a crosse; and theron were letters of gold wryten that said: 'it is not for no knyght alone to ryde toward this castel.' Thenne sawe he an old hore gentylman comyng toward hym that sayd,

'Balyn le Saveage, thow passyst thy bandes to come this waye, therfor torne ageyne and it will availle the,' and he vanysshed awey anone.

And soo he herd an horne blowe as it had ben the dethe of a best. 'That blast,' said Balyn, 'is blowen for me, for I am the pryse, and yet am I not dede.' Anone withal he sawe an honderd ladyes and many knyghtes that welcommed hym with fayr semblaunt and made hym passyng good chere unto his syght, and ledde hym into the castel, and ther was daunsynge and mynstralsye and alle maner of joye. Thenne the chyef lady of the castel said,

'Knyghte with the Two Suerdys, ye must have adoo and juste with a knyght hereby that kepeth an iland, for ther may no man passe this way but he must juste or he passe.'

'That is an unhappy customme,' said Balyn, 'that a knyght may not passe this wey but yf he juste.'

'Ye shalle not have adoo but with one knyghte,' sayd the lady.

'Wel,' sayd Balyn, 'syn I shalle, therto I am redy; but traveillynge men are ofte wery and their horses to, but though my hors be wery my hert is not wery. I wold be fayne ther my deth shold be.'

'Syr,' said a knyght to Balyn, 'methynketh your sheld is not good; I wille lene yow a byggar, therof I pray yow.'

And so he tooke the sheld that was unknowen and lefte his owne, and so rode unto the iland and put hym and his hors in a grete boote. And whan he came on the other syde he met with a damoysel, and she said,

'O, knyght Balyn, why have ye lefte your owne sheld? Allas! ye have put yourself in grete daunger, for by your sheld ye shold have ben knowen. It is grete pyté of yow as ever was of knyght, for of thy prowesse and hardynes thou hast no felawe lyvynge.'

18 *C* hane adoo 20 *C* must Inste 30 *C* lene yew

'Me repenteth,' said Balyn, 'that ever I cam within this countrey; but I maye not torne now ageyne for shame, and what aventure shalle falle to me, be it lyf or dethe, I wille take the adventure that shalle come to me.'

And thenne he loked on his armour and understood he was wel armed, and therwith blessid hym and mounted upon his hors. Thenne afore hym he sawe come rydynge oute of (18) a castel a knyght, and his hors trapped all reed, and hymself in the same colour. Whan this knyghte in the reed beheld Balyn hym thought it shold be his broder Balen by cause of his two swerdys, but by cause he knewe not his sheld he demed it was not he.

And so they aventryd theyr speres and came merveillously fast togyders, and they smote other in the sheldes, but theire speres and theire cours were soo bygge that it bare doune hors and man, that they lay bothe in a swoun, but Balyn was brysed sore with the falle of his hors, for he was wery of travaille. And Balan was the fyrst that rose on foote and drewe his swerd and wente toward Balyn, and he aroos and wente ageynst hym; but Balan smote Balyn fyrste, and he put up his shelde and smote hym thorow the shelde and tamyd his helme. Thenne Balyn smote hym ageyne with that unhappy swerd and wel-nyghe had fellyd his broder Balan, and so they fought ther togyders tyl theyr brethes faylled.

Thenne Balyn loked up to the castel and sawe the towres stand ful of ladyes. Soo they went unto bataille ageyne and wounded everyche other dolefully, and thenne they brethed oftymes, and so wente unto bataille that alle the place thereas they fought was blood reed. And att that tyme ther was none of them bothe but they hadde eyther smyten other seven grete woundes so that the lest of them myght have ben the dethe of the myghtyest gyaunt in this world.

Thenne they wente to batail ageyn so merveillously that doubte it was to here of that bataille for the grete blood shedynge; and their hawberkes unnailled, that naked they were on every syde. Atte last Balan, the yonger broder, withdrewe hym a lytel and leid hym doune. Thenne said Balyn le Saveage,

'What knyghte arte thow? For or now I found never no knyght that matched me.'

'My name is,' said he, 'Balan, broder unto the good knyght Balyn.'

'Allas!' sayd Balyn, 'that ever I shold see this day,' and therwith he felle backward in a swoune.

Thenne Balan yede on al four feet and handes, and put of the helme of his broder, and myght not knowe hym by the vysage, it was so ful hewen and bledde; but whan he awoke he sayd,

'O, Balan, my broder! Thow hast slayne me and I the, wherfore alle the wyde world shalle speke of us bothe.'

'Allas!' sayd Balan, 'that ever I sawe this day that thorow myshap I myght not knowe yow! For I aspyed wel your two swerdys, but bycause ye had another shild I demed ye had ben another knyght.'

'Allas!' saide Balyn, 'all that maade an unhappy knyght in the castel, for he caused me to leve myn owne shelde to our bothes destruction. And yf I myght lyve I wold destroye that castel for ylle customes.'

'That were wel done,' said Balan, 'for I had never grace to departe fro hem syn that I cam hyther, for here it happed me to slee a knyght that kept this iland, and syn myght I never departe, and no more shold ye, broder, and ye myght have slayne me as ye have and escaped yourself with the lyf.'

Ryght so cam the lady of the toure with four knyghtes and six ladyes and six yomen unto them, and there she herd how they made her mone eyther to other and sayd, 'We came bothe oute of one ⟨w⟩ombe, that is to say one moders bely, and so shalle we lye bothe in one pytte.' So Balan prayd the lady of her gentylnesse for his true servyse that she wold burye them bothe in that same place there the bataille was done, and she graunted hem with wepynge it shold be done rychely in the best maner.

'Now wille ye sende for a preest, that we may receyve our sacrament and receyve the blessid body of oure Lord Jesu Cryst?'

'Ye,' said the lady, 'it shalle be done;' and so she sente for a preest and gaf hem her ryghtes.

'Now,' sayd Balen, 'whan we are buryed in one tombe and the mensyon made over us how two bretheren slewe eche

27 *C* one tombe

other, there wille never good knyght nor good man see our tombe but they wille pray for our soules,' and so alle the ladyes and gentylwymen wepte for pyté.

Thenne anone Balan dyed, but Balyn dyed not tyl the mydnyghte after. And so were they buryed bothe, and the lady lete make a mensyon of Balan how he was ther slayne by his broders handes, but she knewe not Balyns name.

In the morne cam Merlyn and lete wryte Balyns name (19) on the tombe with letters of gold that 'here lyeth Balyn le Saveage that was the knyght with the two swerdes and he that smote the dolorous stroke.' Also Merlyn lete make there a bedde, that ther shold never man lye therin but he wente oute of his wytte. Yet Launcelot de Lake fordyd that bed thorow his noblesse.

And anone after Balyn was dede Merlyn toke his swerd and toke of the pomel and set on another pomel. So Merlyn] bade a knyght that stood before hym to handyll the swerde, 34r and he assayde hit and myght nat handyll hit. Than Merlion lowghe.

'Why lawghe ye?' seyde the knyght.

'Thys ys the cause,' seyde Merlion: 'there shall never man handyll thys swerde but the beste knyght of the worlde, and that shall be sir Launcelot other ellis Galahad, hys sonne. And Launcelot with [t]hys swerde shall sle the man in the worlde that he lovith beste: that shall be sir Gawayne.'

And all thys he lette wryte in the pomell of the swerde.

Than Merlion lette make a brygge of iron and of steele into that ilonde, and hit was but halff a foote brode: 'and there shall never man passe that brygge nother have hardynesse to go over hit but yf he were a passynge good man withoute trechery or vylany.' Also the scawberd off Balyns swerde Merlion lefte hit on thys syde the ilonde, that Galaad sholde fynde hit. Also Merlion lette make by hys suttelyté that Balynes swerde was put into a marbil stone stondynge upryght, as grete as a mylstone, and hoved allwayes above the watir, and dud many yeres. And so by adventure hit

16 *End of the lacuna in W* 17 *C*† hym handeld that swerd 18 *C* assayed and he myght 24 *O*1 hys swerde 25 *C* loued best 30 hit *not in C* 30–31 *C* good man and a good knyght withoute 32 *S* this syde of the Iland (*see note*) 35 *C* and the stone houed

swamme downe by the streme unto the cité of Camelot, that ys in Englysh called Wynchester, and that same day Galahad the Haute Prynce com with kynge Arthure, and so Galaad brought with hym the scawberde and encheved the swerde that was in the marble stone hovynge uppon the watir. And on Whytsonday he enchevyd the swerde, as hit ys rehersed in THE BOOKE OF THE SANKGREALL.

Sone aftir thys was done Merlion com to kynge Arthur and tolde hym of the dolerous stroke that Balyn gaff kynge Pellam, and how Balyn and Balan fought togydirs the merveyl[yste] batayle that evir was herde off, and how they were buryed bothe in one tombe.

'Alas!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'thys ys the grettist pité that ever I herde telle off of two knyghtes, for in thys worlde I knewe never such two knyghtes.'

THUS ENDITH THE TALE OF BALYN AND BALAN, TWO BRETHIRNE THAT WERE BORNE IN NORTHHUMBIRLONDE, THAT WERE TWO PASSYNGE GOOD KNYGHTES AS EVER WERE IN THO DAYES.

EXPLICIT.

5 *C* was there in 9 *C* to kyng 10–11 *W* merveylous 13–15 *C* that ouer I herd telle of two knyȝtes for in the world I knowe not suche 17–19 *C* bretheren born in northūberlād good kniȝtes 20 *C* Sequitur iii liber Explicit *not in C* *Fol. 34v blank in W*

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

OF A DAMOSEL WHICH CAME GIRT WITH A SWORD FOR TO FIND A MAN OF SUCH VIRTUE TO DRAW IT OUT OF THE SCABBARD.

AFTER the death of Uther Pendragon reigned Arthur his son, the which had great war in his days for to get all England into his hand. For there were many kings within the realm of England, and in Wales, Scotland, and Cornwall. So it befell on a time when King Arthur was at London, there came a knight and told the king tidings how that the King Rience of North Wales had reared a great number of people, and were entered into the land, and burnt and slew the king's true liege people. If this be true, said Arthur, it were great shame unto mine estate but that he were mightily withstood. It is truth, said the knight, for I saw the host myself. Well, said the king, let make a cry, that all the lords, knights, and gentlemen of arms, should draw unto a castle called Camelot in those days, and there the king would let make a council-general and a great jousts.

So when the king was come thither with all his baronage, and lodged as they seemed best, there was come a damosel the which was sent on message from the great lady Lile of Avelion. And when she came before King Arthur, she told from whom she came, and how she was sent on message unto him for these causes. Then she let her mantle fall that was richly furred; and then was she girt with a noble sword whereof the king had marvel, and said, Damosel, for what cause are ye girt with that sword? it beseemeth you not. Now shall I tell you, said the damosel; this sword that I am girt withal doth me great sorrow and cumbrance, for I may not be delivered of this sword but by a knight, but he must be a passing good man of his hands and of his deeds, and without villainy or treachery, and without treason. And if I may find such a knight

that hath all these virtues, he may draw out this sword out of the sheath, for I have been at King Rience's, it was told me there were passing good knights, and he and all his knights have assayed it and none can speed. This is a great marvel, said Arthur, if this be sooth; I will myself assay to draw out the sword, not presuming upon myself that I am the best knight, but that I will begin to draw at your sword in giving example to all the barons that they shall assay everych one after other when I have assayed it. Then Arthur took the sword by the sheath and by the girdle and pulled at it eagerly, but the sword would not out.

Sir, said the damosel, you need not to pull half so hard, for he that shall pull it out shall do it with little might. Ye say well, said Arthur; now assay ye all my barons, but beware ye be not defiled with shame, treachery, nor guile. Then it will not avail, said the damosel, for he must be a clean knight without villainy, and of a gentle strain of father side and mother side. Most of all the barons of the Round Table that were there at that time assayed all by row, but there might none speed; wherefore the damosel made great sorrow out of measure, and said, Alas ! I weened in this court had been the best knights without treachery or treason. By my faith, said Arthur, here are good knights, as I deem, as any be in the world, but their grace is not to help you, wherefore I am displeased.

CHAPTER II

HOW BALIN, ARRAYED LIKE A POOR KNIGHT, PULLED OUT THE SWORD, WHICH AFTERWARD WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS DEATH.

THEN fell it so that time there was a poor knight with King Arthur, that had been prisoner with him half a year and more for slaying of a knight, the which was cousin unto King Arthur. The name of this knight was called Balin, and by good means of the barons he was delivered out of prison, for he was a good man

named of his body, and he was born in Northumberland. And so he went privily into the court, and saw this adventure, whereof it raised his heart, and he would assay it as other knights did, but for he was poor and poorly arrayed he put him not far in press. But in his heart he was fully assured to do as well, if his grace happed him, as any knight that there was. And as the damosel took her leave of Arthur and of all the barons, so departing, this knight Balin called unto her, and said, Damosel, I pray you of your courtesy, suffer me as well to assay as these lords; though that I be so poorly clothed, in my heart meseemeth I am fully assured as some of these others, and meseemeth in my heart to speed right well. The damosel beheld the poor knight, and saw he was a likely man, but for his poor arrayment she thought he should be of no worship without villainy or treachery. And then she said unto the knight, Sir, it needeth not to put me to more pain or labour, for it seemeth not you to speed there as other have failed. Ah ! fair damosel, said Balin, worthiness, and good tatches, and good deeds, are not only in arrayment, but manhood and worship is hid within man's person, and many a worshipful knight is not known unto all people, and therefore worship and hardiness is not in arrayment. By God, said the damosel, ye say sooth; therefore ye shall assay to do what ye may. Then Balin took the sword by the girdle and sheath, and drew it out easily; and when he looked on the sword it pleased him much. Then had the king and all the barons great marvel that Balin had done that adventure, and many knights had great despite of Balin. Certes, said the damosel, this is a passing good knight, and the best that ever I found, and most of worship without treason, treachery, or villainy, and many marvels shall he do. Now, gentle and courteous knight, give me the sword again. Nay, said Balin, for this sword will I keep, but it be taken from me with force. Well, said the damosel, ye are not wise to keep the sword from me, for ye shall slay with the sword the best friend that ye have, and the man that ye most love in the world, and the sword shall be your destruction. I shall take the adventure, said Balin, that God will ordain me, but the sword ye shall not have at this time, by the faith of my body. Ye shall repent it within short time,

said the damosel, for I would have the sword more for your avail than for mine, for I am passing heavy for your sake; for ye will not believe that sword shall be your destruction, and that is great pity. With that the damosel departed, making great sorrow.

Anon after, Balin sent for his horse and armour, and so would depart from the court, and took his leave of King Arthur. Nay, said the king, I suppose ye will not depart so lightly from this fellowship, I suppose ye are displeased that I have shewed you unkindness; blame me the less, for I was misinformed against you, but I weened ye had not been such a knight as ye are, of worship and prowess, and if ye will abide in this court among my fellowship, I shall so advance you as ye shall be pleased. God thank your highness, said Balin, your bounty and highness may no man praise half to the value; but at this time I must needs depart, beseeching you alway of your good grace. Truly, said the king, I am right wroth for your departing; I pray you, fair knight, that ye tarry not long, and ye shall be right welcome to me, and to my barons, and I shall amend all miss that I have done against you. God thank your great lordship, said Balin, and therewith made him ready to depart. Then the most part of the knights of the Round Table said that Balin did not this adventure all only by might, but by witchcraft.

CHAPTER III

HOW THE LADY OF THE LAKE DEMANDED THE KNIGHT'S HEAD THAT HAD WON THE SWORD, OR THE MAIDEN'S HEAD.

THE meanwhile, that this knight was making him ready to depart, there came into the court a lady that hight the Lady of the Lake. And she came on horseback, richly beseen, and saluted King Arthur, and there asked him a gift that he promised her when she gave him the sword. That is sooth, said Arthur, a gift I promised you, but I have forgotten the name of my sword that ye gave me.

The name of it, said the lady, is Excalibur, that is as much to say as Cut-steel. Ye say well, said the king; ask what ye will and ye shall have it, an it lie in my power to give it. Well, said the lady, I ask the head of the knight that hath won the sword, or else the damosel's head that brought it; I take no force though I have both their heads, for he slew my brother, a good knight and a true, and that gentlewoman was causer of my father's death. Truly, said King Arthur, I may not grant neither of their heads with my worship, therefore ask what ye will else, and I shall fulfil your desire. I will ask none other thing, said the lady. When Balin was ready to depart, he saw the Lady of the Lake, that by her means had slain Balin's mother, and he had sought her three years; and when it was told him that she asked his head of King Arthur, he went to her straight and said, Evil be you found; ye would have my head, and therefore ye shall lose yours, and with his sword lightly he smote off her head before King Arthur. Alas, for shame ! said Arthur, why have ye done so? ye have shamed me and all my court, for this was a lady that I was beholden to, and hither she came under my safe-conduct; I shall never forgive you that trespass. Sir, said Balin, me forthinketh of your displeasure, for this same lady was the untruest lady living, and by enchantment and sorcery she hath been the destroyer of many good knights, and she was causer that my mother was burnt, through her falsehood and treachery. What cause soever ye had, said Arthur, ye should have forborne her in my presence; therefore, think not the contrary, ye shall repent it, for such another despite had I never in my court; therefore withdraw you out of my court in all haste ye may.

Then Balin took up the head of the lady, and bare it with him to his hostelry, and there he met with his squire, that was sorry he had displeased King Arthur, and so they rode forth out of the town. Now, said Balin, we must depart, take thou this head and bear it to my friends, and tell them how I have sped, and tell my friends in Northumberland that my most foe is dead. Also tell them how I am out of prison, and what adventure befell me at the getting of this sword. Alas ! said the squire, ye are greatly to blame for to displease King Arthur. As for that, said Balin, I will hie me, in all

the haste that I may, to meet with King Rience and destroy him, either else to die therefore; and if it may hap me to win him, then will King Arthur be my good and gracious lord. Where shall I meet with you? said the squire. In King Arthur's court, said Balin. So his squire and he departed at that time. Then King Arthur and all the court made great dole and had shame of the death of the Lady of the Lake. Then the king buried her richly.

CHAPTER IV

HOW MERLIN TOLD THE ADVENTURE OF THIS DAMOSEL.

At that time there was a knight, the which was the king's son of Ireland, and his name was Lanceor, the which was an orgulous knight, and counted himself one of the best of the court; and he had great despite at Balin for the achieving of the sword, that any should be accounted more hardy, or more of prowess; and he asked King Arthur if he would give him leave to ride after Balin and to revenge the despite that he had done. Do your best, said Arthur, I am right wroth with Balin; I would he were quit of the despite that he hath done to me and to my court. Then this Lanceor went to his hostelry to make him ready. In the meanwhile came Merlin unto the court of King Arthur, and there was told him the adventure of the sword, and the death of the Lady of the Lake. Now shall I say you, said Merlin; this same damosel that here standeth, that brought the sword unto your court, I shall tell you the cause of her coming: she was the falsest damosel that liveth. Say not so, said they. She hath a brother, a passing good knight of prowess and a full true man; and this damosel loved another knight that held her to paramour, and this good knight her brother met with the knight that held her to paramour, and slew him by force of his hands. When this false damosel understood this, she went to the Lady Lile of Avelion, and besought her of help, to be avenged on her own brother.

CHAPTER V

HOW BALIN WAS PURSUED BY SIR LANCEOR, KNIGHT OF IRELAND, AND HOW HE JOUSTED AND SLEW HIM.

And so this Lady Lile of Avelion took her this sword that she brought with her, and told there should no man pull it out of the sheath but if he be one of the best knights of this realm, and he should be hard and full of prowess, and with that sword he should slay her brother. This was the cause that the damosel came into this court. I know it as well as ye. Would God she had not come into this court, but she came never in fellowship of worship to do good, but always great harm; and that knight that hath achieved the sword shall be destroyed by that sword, for the which will be great damage, for there liveth not a knight of more prowess than he is, and he shall do unto you, my Lord Arthur, great honour and kindness; and it is great pity he shall not endure but a while, for of his strength and hardiness I know not his match living.

So the knight of Ireland armed him at all points, and dressed his shield on his shoulder, and mounted upon horseback, and took his spear in his hand, and rode after a great pace, as much as his horse might go; and within a little space on a mountain he had a sight of Balin, and with a loud voice he cried, Abide, knight, for ye shall abide whether ye will or nill, and the shield that is to-fore you shall not help. When Balin heard the noise, he turned his horse fiercely, and said, Fair knight, what will ye with me, will ye joust with me? Yea, said the Irish knight, therefore come I after you. Peradventure, said Balin, it had been better to have holden you at home, for many a man weeneth to put his enemy to a rebuke, and oft it falleth to himself. Of what court be ye sent from? said Balin. I am come from the court of King Arthur, said the knight of Ireland, that come hither for to revenge the despite ye did this day to King Arthur and to his court. Well, said Balin, I see well I must have ado with you, that me forthinketh for to grieve King Arthur, or any of his court; and your quarrel is full simple, said

Balin, unto me, for the lady that is dead, did me great damage, and else would I have been loath as any knight that liveth for to slay a lady. Make you ready, said the knight Lanceor, and dress you unto me, for that one shall abide in the field. Then they took their spears, and came together as much as their horses might drive, and the Irish knight smote Balin on the shield, that all went shivers off his spear, and Balin hit him through the shield, and the hauberk perished, and so pierced through his body and the horse's croup, and anon turned his horse fiercely, and drew out his sword, and wist not that he had slain him; and then he saw him lie as a dead corpse.

CHAPTER VI

HOW A DAMOSEL, WHICH WAS LOVE TO LANCEOR, SLEW HERSELF FOR LOVE, AND HOW BALIN MET WITH HIS BROTHER BALAN.

THEN he looked by him, and was ware of a damosel that came riding full fast as the horse might ride, on a fair palfrey. And when she espied that Lanceor was slain, she made sorrow out of measure, and said, O Balin, two bodies thou hast slain and one heart, and two hearts in one body, and two souls thou hast lost. And therewith she took the sword from her love that lay dead, and fell to the ground in a swoon. And when she arose she made great dole out of measure, the which sorrow grieved Balin passingly sore, and he went unto her for to have taken the sword out of her hand, but she held it so fast he might not take it out of her hand unless he should have hurt her, and suddenly she set the pommel to the ground, and rove herself through the body. When Balin espied her deeds, he was passing heavy in his heart, and ashamed that so fair a damosel had destroyed herself for the love of his death. Alas, said Balin, me repenteth sore the death of this knight, for the love of this damosel, for there was much true love betwixt them both, and

for sorrow might not longer behold him, but turned his horse and looked toward a great forest, and there he was ware, by the arms, of his brother Balan. And when they were met they put off their helms and kissed together, and wept for joy and pity. Then Balan said, I little weened to have met with you at this sudden adventure; I am right glad of your deliverance out of your dolorous prisonment, for a man told me, in the castle of Four Stones, that ye were delivered, and that man had seen you in the court of King Arthur, and therefore I came hither into this country, for here I supposed to find you. Anon the knight Balin told his brother of his adventure of the sword, and of the death of the Lady of the Lake, and how King Arthur was displeased with him. Wherefore he sent this knight after me, that lieth here dead, and the death of this damosel grieveth me sore. So doth it me, said Balan, but ye must take the adventure that God will ordain you. Truly, said Balin, I am right heavy that my Lord Arthur is displeased with me, for he is the most worshipful knight that reigneth now on earth, and his love will I get or else will I put my life in adventure. For the King Rience lieth at a siege at the Castle Terrabil, and thither will we draw in all haste, to prove our worship and prowess upon him. I will well, said Balan, that we do, and we will help each other as brethren ought to do.

CHAPTER VII

HOW A DWARF REPROVED BALIN FOR THE DEATH OF LANCEOR, AND HOW KING MARK OF CORNWALL FOUND THEM, AND MADE A TOMB OVER THEM.

Now go we hence, said Balin, and well be we met. The meanwhile as they talked, there came a dwarf from the city of Camelot on horseback, as much as he might, and found the dead bodies, wherefore he made great dole, and pulled out his hair for sorrow, and said, Which of you knights have done this deed?

Whereby askest thou it? said Balan. For I would wit it, said the dwarf. It was I, said Balin, that slew this knight in my defence, for hither he came to chase me, and either I must slay him or he me; and this damosel slew herself for his love, which repenteth me, and for her sake I shall owe all women the better love. Alas, said the dwarf, thou hast done great damage unto thyself, for this knight that is here dead was one of the most valiantest men that lived, and trust well, Balin, the kin of this knight will chase you through the world till they have slain you. As for that, said Balin, I fear not greatly, but I am right heavy that I have displeased my lord King Arthur, for the death of this knight. So as they talked together, there came a king of Cornwall riding, the which hight King Mark. And when he saw these two bodies dead, and understood how they were dead, by the two knights above said, then made the king great sorrow for the true love that was betwixt them, and said, I will not depart till I have on this earth made a tomb, and there he pight his pavilions and sought through all the country to find a tomb, and in a church they found one was fair and rich, and then the king let put them both in the earth, and put the tomb upon them, and wrote the names of them both on the tomb. How here lieth Lanceor the king's son of Ireland, that at his own request was slain by the hands of Balin; and how his lady, Colombe, and paramour, slew herself with her love's sword for dole and sorrow.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW MERLIN PROPHESIED THAT TWO THE BEST KNIGHTS OF THE WORLD SHOULD FIGHT THERE, WHICH WERE SIR LANCELOT AND SIR TRISTRAM.

THE meanwhile as this was a-doing, in came Merlin to King Mark, and seeing all his doing, said, Here shall be in this same place the greatest battle betwixt two knights that was or ever shall

be, and the truest lovers, and yet none of them shall slay other. And there Merlin wrote their names upon the tomb with letters of gold that should fight in that place, whose names were Launcelot de Lake, and Tristram. Thou art a marvellous man, said King Mark unto Merlin, that speakest of such marvels, thou art a boistous man and an unlikely to tell of such deeds. What is thy name? said King Mark. At this time, said Merlin, I will not tell, but at that time when Sir Tristram is taken with his sovereign lady, then ye shall hear and know my name, and at that time ye shall hear tidings that shall not please you. Then said Merlin to Balin, Thou hast done thyself great hurt, because that thou savest not this lady that slew herself, that might have saved her an thou wouldest. By the faith of my body, said Balin, I might not save her, for she slew herself suddenly. Me repenteth, said Merlin; because of the death of that lady thou shalt strike a stroke most dolorous that ever man struck, except the stroke of our Lord, for thou shalt hurt the truest knight and the man of most worship that now liveth, and through that stroke three kingdoms shall be in great poverty, misery and wretchedness twelve years, and the knight shall not be whole of that wound for many years. Then Merlin took his leave of Balin. And Balin said, If I wist it were sooth that ye say I should do such a perilous deed as that, I would slay myself to make thee a liar. Therewith Merlin vanished away suddenly. And then Balan and his brother took their leave of King Mark. First, said the king, tell me your name. Sir, said Balan, ye may see he beareth two swords, thereby ye may call him the Knight with the Two Swords. And so departed King Mark unto Camelot to King Arthur, and Balin took the way toward King Rience; and as they rode together they met with Merlin disguised, but they knew him not. Whither ride you? said Merlin. We have little to do, said the two knights, to tell thee. But what is thy name? said Balin. At this time, said Merlin, I will not tell it thee. It is evil seen, said the knights, that thou art a true man that thou wilt not tell thy name. As for that, said Merlin, be it as it be may, I can tell you wherefore ye ride this way, for to meet King Rience; but it will not avail you without ye have my counsel. Ah! said Balin, ye are Merlin; we will be ruled by your counsel. Come

on, said Merlin, ye shall have great worship, and look that ye do knightly, for ye shall have great need. As for that, said Balin, dread you not, we will do what we may.

CHAPTER IX

HOW BALIN AND HIS BROTHER, BY THE COUNSEL OF MERLIN, TOOK KING RIENCE AND BROUGHT HIM TO KING ARTHUR.

THEN Merlin lodged them in a wood among leaves beside the highway, and took off the bridles of their horses and put them to grass and laid them down to rest them till it was nigh midnight. Then Merlin bade them rise, and make them ready, for the king was nigh them, that was stolen away from his host with a three score horses of his best knights, and twenty of them rode to-fore to warn the Lady de Vance that the king was coming; for that night King Rience should have lain with her. Which is the king? said Balin. Abide, said Merlin, here in a strait way ye shall meet with him; and therewith he showed Balin and his brother where he rode.

Anon Balin and his brother met with the king, and smote him down, and wounded him fiercely, and laid him to the ground; and there they slew on the right hand and the left hand, and slew more than forty of his men, and the remnant fled. Then went they again to King Rience and would have slain him had he not yielded him unto their grace. Then said he thus: Knights full of prowess, slay me not, for by my life ye may win, and by my death ye shall win nothing. Then said these two knights, Ye say sooth and truth, and so laid him on a horse-litter. With that Merlin was vanished, and came to King Arthur aforehand, and told him how his most enemy was taken and discomfited. By whom? said King Arthur. By two knights, said Merlin, that would please your lordship, and to-morrow ye shall know what knights they are. Anon after came the

Knight with the Two Swords and Balan his brother, and brought with them King Rience of North Wales, and there delivered him to the porters, and charged them with him; and so they two returned again in the dawning of the day. King Arthur came then to King Rience, and said, Sir king, ye are welcome: by what adventure come ye hither? Sir, said King Rience, I came hither by an hard adventure. Who won you? said King Arthur. Sir, said the king, the Knight with the Two Swords and his brother, which are two marvellous knights of prowess. I know them not, said Arthur, but much I am beholden to them. Ah, said Merlin, I shall tell you: it is Balin that achieved the sword, and his brother Balan, a good knight, there liveth not a better of prowess and of worthiness, and it shall be the greatest dole of him that ever I knew of knight, for he shall not long endure. Alas, said King Arthur, that is great pity; for I am much beholden unto him, and I have ill deserved it unto him for his kindness. Nay, said Merlin, he shall do much more for you, and that shall ye know in haste. But, sir, are ye purveyed, said Merlin, for to-morn the host of Nero, King Rience's brother, will set on you or noon with a great host, and therefore make you ready, for I will depart from you.

CHAPTER X

HOW KING ARTHUR HAD A BATTLE AGAINST NERO AND KING LOT OF ORKNEY. AND HOW KING LOT WAS DECEIVED BY MERLIN. AND HOW TWELVE KINGS WERE SLAIN.

THEN King Arthur made ready his host in ten battles, and Nero was ready in the field afore the Castle Terrabil with a great host, and he had ten battles, with many more people than Arthur had. Then Nero had the vanguard with the most part of his people, and Merlin came to King Lot of the Isle of Orkney, and held him with a tale of prophecy, till Nero and his people were destroyed. And

there Sir Kay the seneschal did passingly well, that the days of his life the worship went never from him; and Sir Hervise de Revel did marvellous deeds with King Arthur, and King Arthur slew that day twenty knights and maimed forty. At that time came in the Knight with the Two Swords and his brother Balan, but they two did so marvellously that the king and all the knights marvelled of them, and all they that beheld them said they were sent from heaven as angels, or devils from hell; and King Arthur said himself they were the best knights that ever he saw, for they gave such strokes that all men had wonder of them.

In the meanwhile came one to King Lot, and told him while he tarried there Nero was destroyed and slain with all his people. Alas, said King Lot, I am ashamed, for by my default there is many a worshipful man slain, for an we had been together there had been none host under the heaven that had been able for to have matched with us; this faiter with his prophecy hath mocked me. All that did Merlin, for he knew well that an King Lot had been with his body there at the first battle, King Arthur had been slain, and all his people destroyed; and well Merlin knew that one of the kings should be dead that day, and loath was Merlin that any of them both should be slain; but of the twain, he had liefer King Lot had been slain than King Arthur. Now what is best to do? said King Lot of Orkney; whether is me better to treat with King Arthur or to fight, for the greater part of our people are slain and destroyed? Sir, said a knight, set on Arthur for they are weary and forfoughten and we be fresh. As for me, said King Lot, I would every knight would do his part as I would do mine. And then they advanced banners and smote together and all to-shivered their spears; and Arthur's knights, with the help of the Knight with the Two Swords and his brother Balan put King Lot and his host to the worse. But always King Lot held him in the foremost front, and did marvellous deeds of arms, for all his host was borne up by his hands, for he abode all knights. Alas he might not endure, the which was great pity, that so worthy a knight as he was one should be overmatched, that of late time afore had been a knight of King Arthur's, and wedded the sister of King Arthur; and for King Arthur lay by

King Lot's wife, the which was Arthur's sister, and gat on her Mordred, therefore King Lot held against Arthur. So there was a knight that was called the Knight with the Strange Beast, and at that time his right name was called Pellinore, the which was a good man of prowess, and he smote a mighty stroke at King Lot as he fought with all his enemies, and he failed of his stroke, and smote the horse's neck, that he fell to the ground with King Lot. And therewith anon Pellinore smote him a great stroke through the helm and head unto the brows. And then all the host of Orkney fled for the death of King Lot, and there were slain many mothers' sons. But King Pellinore bare the wite of the death of King Lot, wherefore Sir Gawaine revenged the death of his father the tenth year after he was made knight, and slew King Pellinore with his own hands. Also there were slain at that battle twelve kings on the side of King Lot with Nero, and all were buried in the Church of Saint Stephen's in Camelot, and the remnant of knights and of others were buried in a great rock.

CHAPTER XI

OF THE INTERMENT OF TWELVE KINGS, AND OF THE PROPHECY OF MERLIN, AND HOW BALIN SHOULD GIVE THE DOLOROUS STROKE.

So at the interment came King Lot's wife Margawse with her four sons, Gawaine, Agravaine, Gaheris, and Gareth. Also there came thither King Uriens, Sir Ewaine's father, and Morgan le Fay his wife that was King Arthur's sister. All these came to the interment. But of all these twelve kings King Arthur let make the tomb of King Lot passing richly, and made his tomb by his own; and then Arthur let make twelve images of latten and copper, and over-gilt it with gold, in the sign of twelve kings, and each one of them held a taper of wax that burnt day and night; and King Arthur was made in sign of a figure standing above them with a sword drawn in his

hand, and all the twelve figures had countenance like unto men that were overcome. All this made Merlin by his subtle craft, and there he told the king, When I am dead these tapers shall burn no longer, and soon after the adventures of the Sangreal shall come among you and be achieved. Also he told Arthur how Balin the worshipful knight shall give the dolorous stroke, whereof shall fall great vengeance. Oh, where is Balin and Balan and Pellinore? said King Arthur. As for Pellinore, said Merlin, he will meet with you soon; and as for Balin he will not be long from you; but the other brother will depart, ye shall see him no more. By my faith, said Arthur, they are two marvellous knights, and namely Balin passeth of prowess of any knight that ever I found, for much beholden am I unto him; would God he would abide with me. Sir, said Merlin, look ye keep well the scabbard of Excalibur, for ye shall lose no blood while ye have the scabbard upon you, though ye have as many wounds upon you as ye may have. So after, for great trust, Arthur betook the scabbard to Morgan le Fay his sister, and she loved another knight better than her husband King Uriens or King Arthur, and she would have had Arthur her brother slain, and therefore she let make another scabbard like it by enchantment, and gave the scabbard Excalibur to her love; and the knight's name was called Accolon, that after had near slain King Arthur. After this Merlin told unto King Arthur of the prophecy that there should be a great battle beside Salisbury, and Mordred his own son should be against him. Also he told him that Bagdemagus was his cousin, and germain unto King Uriens.

CHAPTER XII

HOW A SORROWFUL KNIGHT CAME BEFORE ARTHUR, AND HOW BALIN FETCHED HIM, AND HOW THAT KNIGHT WAS SLAIN BY A KNIGHT INVISIBLE.

WITHIN a day or two King Arthur was somewhat sick, and he let pitch his pavilion in a meadow, and there he laid him down on a pallet to sleep, but he might have no rest. Right so he heard a great noise of an horse, and therewith the king looked out at the porch of the pavilion, and saw a knight coming even by him, making great dole. Abide, fair sir, said Arthur, and tell me wherefore thou makest this sorrow. Ye may little amend me, said the knight, and so passed forth to the castle of Meliot. Anon after there came Balin, and when he saw King Arthur he alighted off his horse, and came to the king on foot, and saluted him. By my head, said Arthur, ye be welcome. Sir, right now came riding this way a knight making great mourn, for what cause I cannot tell; wherefore I would desire of you of your courtesy and of your gentleness to fetch again that knight either by force or else by his good will. I will do more for your lordship than that, said Balin; and so he rode more than a pace, and found the knight with a damosel in a forest, and said, Sir knight, ye must come with me unto King Arthur, for to tell him of your sorrow. That will I not, said the knight, for it will scathe me greatly, and do you none avail. Sir, said Balin, I pray you make you ready, for ye must go with me, or else I must fight with you and bring you by force, and that were me loath to do. Will ye be my warrant, said the knight, an I go with you? Yea, said Balin, or else I will die therefore. And so he made him ready to go with Balin, and left the damosel still. And as they were even afore King Arthur's pavilion, there came one invisible, and smote this knight that went with Balin throughout the body with a spear. Alas, said the knight, I am slain under your conduct with a knight called Garlon; therefore take my horse that is better than yours, and ride to the damosel, and follow the quest

that I was in as she will lead you, and revenge my death when ye may. That shall I do, said Balin, and that I make vow unto knighthood; and so he departed from this knight with great sorrow. So King Arthur let bury this knight richly, and made a mention on his tomb, how there was slain Herlews le Berbeus, and by whom the treachery was done, the knight Garlon. But ever the damosel bare the truncheon of the spear with her that Sir Herlews was slain withal.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW BALIN AND THE DAMOSEL MET WITH A KNIGHT WHICH WAS IN LIKEWISE SLAIN, AND HOW THE DAMOSEL BLED FOR THE CUSTOM OF A CASTLE.

So Balin and the damosel rode into a forest, and there met with a knight that had been a-hunting, and that knight asked Balin for what cause he made so great sorrow. Me list not to tell you, said Balin. Now, said the knight, an I were armed as ye be I would fight with you. That should little need, said Balin, I am not afeard to tell you, and told him all the cause how it was. Ah, said the knight, is this all? here I ensure you by the faith of my body never to depart from you while my life lasteth. And so they went to the hostelry and armed them, and so rode forth with Balin. And as they came by an hermitage even by a churchyard, there came the knight Garlon invisible, and smote this knight, Perin de Mountbeliard, through the body with a spear. Alas, said the knight, I am slain by this traitor knight that rideth invisible. Alas, said Balin, it is not the first despite he hath done me; and there the hermit and Balin buried the knight under a rich stone and a tomb royal. And on the morn they found letters of gold written, how Sir Gawaine shall revenge his father's death, King Lot, on the King Pellinore. Anon after this Balin and the damosel rode till they came to a castle, and there Balin alighted, and he and the damosel went

to go into the castle, and anon as Balin came within the castle's gate the portcullis fell down at his back, and there fell many men about the damosel, and would have slain her. When Balin saw that, he was sore aggrieved, for he might not help the damosel. Then he went up into the tower, and leapt over walls into the ditch, and hurt him not; and anon he pulled out his sword and would have foughten with them. And they all said nay, they would not fight with him, for they did nothing but the old custom of the castle; and told him how their lady was sick, and had lain many years, and she might not be whole but if she had a dish of silver full of blood of a clean maid and a king's daughter; and therefore the custom of this castle is, there shall no damosel pass this way but she shall bleed of her blood in a silver dish full. Well, said Balin, she shall bleed as much as she may bleed, but I will not lose the life of her whiles my life lasteth. And so Balin made her to bleed by her good will, but her blood helped not the lady. And so he and she rested there all night, and had there right good cheer, and on the morn they passed on their ways. And as it telleth after in the Sangreal, that Sir Percivale's sister helped that lady with her blood, whereof she was dead.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW BALIN MET WITH THAT KNIGHT NAMED GARLON AT A FEAST, AND THERE HE SLEW HIM, TO HAVE HIS BLOOD TO HEAL THEREWITH THE SON OF HIS HOST.

THEN they rode three or four days and never met with adventure, and by hap they were lodged with a gentle man that was a rich man and well at ease. And as they sat at their supper Balin overheard one complain grievously by him in a chair. What is this noise? said Balin. Forsooth, said his host, I will tell you. I was but late at a jousting, and there I jousted with a knight that is brother unto King Pellam, and twice smote I him down, and then he

promised to quit me on my best friend; and so he wounded my son, that cannot be whole till I have of that knight's blood, and he rideth alway invisible; but I know not his name. Ah ! said Balin, I know that knight, his name is Garlon, he hath slain two knights of mine in the same manner, therefore I had liefer meet with that knight than all the gold in this realm, for the despite he hath done me. Well, said his host, I shall tell you, King Pellam of Listeneise hath made do cry in all this country a great feast that shall be within these twenty days, and no knight may come there but if he bring his wife with him, or his paramour; and that knight, your enemy and mine, ye shall see that day. Then I behote you, said Balin, part of his blood to heal your son withal. We will be forward to-morn, said his host. So on the morn they rode all three toward Pellam, and they had fifteen days' journey or they came thither; and that same day began the great feast. And so they alighted and stabled their horses, and went into the castle; but Balin's host might not be let in because he had no lady. Then Balin was well received and brought unto a chamber and unarmed him; and there were brought him robes to his pleasure, and would have had Balin leave his sword behind him. Nay, said Balin, that do I not, for it is the custom of my country a knight always to keep his weapon with him, and that custom will I keep, or else I will depart as I came. Then they gave him leave to wear his sword, and so he went unto the castle, and was set among knights of worship, and his lady afore him.

Soon Balin asked a knight, Is there not a knight in this court whose name is Garlon? Yonder he goeth, said a knight, he with the black face; he is the marvellest knight that is now living, for he destroyeth many good knights, for he goeth invisible. Ah well, said Balin, is that he? Then Balin advised him long: If I slay him here I shall not escape, and if I leave him now, peradventure I shall never meet with him again at such a steven, and much harm he will do an he live. Therewith this Garlon espied that this Balin beheld him, and then he came and smote Balin on the face with the back of his hand, and said, Knight, why beholdest me so? for shame therefore, eat thy meat and do that thou came for. Thou

sayest sooth, said Balin, this is not the first despite that thou hast done me, and therefore I will do what I came for, and rose up fiercely and clave his head to the shoulders. Give me the truncheon, said Balin to his lady, wherewith he slew your knight. Anon she gave it him, for alway she bare the truncheon with her. And therewith Balin smote him through the body, and said openly, With that truncheon thou hast slain a good knight, and now it sticketh in thy body. And then Balin called unto him his host, saying, Now may ye fetch blood enough to heal your son withal.

CHAPTER XV

HOW BALIN FOUGHT WITH KING PELLAM. AND HOW HIS SWORD BRAKE. AND HOW HE GAT A SPEAR WHEREWITH HE SMOTE THE DOLOROUS STROKE.

ANON all the knights arose from the table for to set on Balin, and King Pellam himself arose up fiercely, and said, Knight, hast thou slain my brother? thou shalt die therefore or thou depart. Well, said Balin, do it yourself. Yes, said King Pellam, there shall no man have ado with thee but myself, for the love of my brother. Then King Pellam caught in his hand a grim weapon and smote eagerly at Balin; but Balin put the sword betwixt his head and the stroke, and therewith his sword burst in sunder. And when Balin was weaponless he ran into a chamber for to seek some weapon, and so from chamber to chamber, and no weapon he could find, and always King Pellam after him. And at the last he entered into a chamber that was marvellously well dight and richly, and a bed arrayed with cloth of gold, the richest that might be thought, and one lying therein, and thereby stood a table of clean gold with four pillars of silver that bare up the table, and upon the table stood a marvellous spear strangely wrought. And when Balin saw that spear, he gat it in his hand and turned him to King Pellam, and smote him passingly sore with that spear, that King Pellam fell

down in a swoon, and therewith the castle roof and walls brake and fell to the earth, and Balin fell down so that he might not stir foot nor hand. And so the most part of the castle, that was fallen down through that dolorous stroke, lay upon Pellam and Balin three days.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW BALIN WAS DELIVERED BY MERLIN, AND SAVED A KNIGHT THAT WOULD HAVE SLAIN HIMSELF FOR LOVE.

THEN Merlin came thither and took up Balin, and gat him a good horse, for his was dead, and bade him ride out of that country. I would have my damosel, said Balin. Lo, said Merlin, where she lieth dead. And King Pellam lay so, many years sore wounded, and might never be whole till Galahad the haut prince healed him in the quest of the Sangreal, for in that place was part of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, that Joseph of Arimathea brought into this land, and there himself lay in that rich bed. And that was the same spear that Longius smote our Lord to the heart; and King Pellam was nigh of Joseph's kin, and that was the most worshipful man that lived in those days, and great pity it was of his hurt, for through that stroke, turned to great dole, tray and tene. Then departed Balin from Merlin, and said, In this world we meet never no more. So he rode forth through the fair countries and cities, and found the people dead, slain on every side. And all that were alive cried, O Balin, thou hast caused great damage in these countries; for the dolorous stroke thou gavest unto King Pellam three countries are destroyed, and doubt not but the vengeance will fall on thee at the last. When Balin was past those countries he was passing fain.

So he rode eight days or he met with adventure. And at the last he came into a fair forest in a valley, and was ware of a tower, and there beside he saw a great horse of war, tied to a tree, and there

beside sat a fair knight on the ground and made great mourning, and he was a likely man, and a well made. Balin said, God save you, why be ye so heavy? tell me and I will amend it, an I may, to my power. Sir knight, said he again, thou dost me great grief, for I was in merry thoughts, and now thou puttest me to more pain. Balin went a little from him, and looked on his horse; then heard Balin him say thus: Ah, fair lady, why have ye broken my promise, for thou promisest me to meet me here by noon, and I may curse thee that ever ye gave me this sword, for with this sword I slay myself, and pulled it out. And therewith Balin stert unto him and took him by the hand. Let go my hand, said the knight, or else I shall slay thee. That shall not need, said Balin, for I shall promise you my help to get you your lady, an ye will tell me where she is. What is your name? said the knight. My name is Balin le Savage. Ah, sir, I know you well enough, ye are the Knight with the Two Swords, and the man of most prowess of your hands living. What is your name? said Balin. My name is Garnish of the Mount, a poor man's son, but by my prowess and hardiness a duke hath made me knight, and gave me lands; his name is Duke Hermel, and his daughter is she that I love, and she me as I deemed. How far is she hence? said Balin. But six mile, said the knight. Now ride we hence, said these two knights. So they rode more than a pace, till that they came to a fair castle well walled and ditched. I will into the castle, said Balin, and look if she be there. So he went in and searched from chamber to chamber, and found her bed, but she was not there. Then Balin looked into a fair little garden, and under a laurel tree he saw her lie upon a quilt of green samite and a knight in her arms, fast halsing either other, and under their heads grass and herbs. When Balin saw her lie so with the foulest knight that ever he saw, and she a fair lady, then Balin went through all the chambers again, and told the knight how he found her as she had slept fast, and so brought him in the place there she lay fast sleeping.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW THAT KNIGHT SLEW HIS LOVE AND A KNIGHT LYING BY HER. AND AFTER. HOW HE SLEW HIMSELF WITH HIS OWN SWORD. AND HOW BALIN RODE TOWARD A CASTLE WHERE HE LOST HIS LIFE.

And when Garnish beheld her so lying, for pure sorrow his mouth and nose burst out a-bleeding, and with his sword he smote off both their heads, and then he made sorrow out of measure, and said, O Balin, much sorrow hast thou brought unto me, for hadst thou not shewed me that sight I should have passed my sorrow. Forsooth, said Balin, I did it to this intent that it should better thy courage, and that ye might see and know her falsehood, and to cause you to leave love of such a lady; God knoweth I did none other but as I would ye did to me. Alas, said Garnish, now is my sorrow double that I may not endure, now have I slain that I most loved in all my life; and therewith suddenly he rove himself on his own sword unto the hilts. When Balin saw that, he dressed him thenceward, lest folk would say he had slain them; and so he rode forth, and within three days he came by a cross, and thereon were letters of gold written, that said, It is not for no knight alone to ride toward this castle. Then saw he an old hoar gentleman coming toward him, that said, Balin le Savage, thou passest thy bounds to come this way, therefore turn again and it will avail thee. And he vanished away anon; and so he heard an horn blow as it had been the death of a beast. That blast, said Balin, is blown for me, for I am the prize and yet am I not dead. Anon withal he saw an hundred ladies and many knights, that welcomed him with fair semblant, and made him passing good cheer unto his sight, and led him into the castle, and there was dancing and minstrelsy and all manner of joy. Then the chief lady of the castle said, Knight with the Two Swords, ye must have ado and joust with a knight hereby that keepeth an island, for there may no man pass this way but he must joust or he pass. That is an unhappy custom, said Balin,

that a knight may not pass this way but if he joust. Ye shall not have ado but with one knight, said the lady.

Well, said Balin, since I shall thereto I am ready, but travelling men are oft weary and their horses too; but though my horse be weary my heart is not weary, I would be fain there my death should be. Sir, said a knight to Balin, methinketh your shield is not good, I will lend you a bigger. Thereof I pray you. And so he took the shield that was unknown and left his own, and so rode unto the island, and put him and his horse in a great boat; and when he came on the other side he met with a damosel, and she said, O knight Balin, why have ye left your own shield? alas ye have put yourself in great danger, for by your shield ye should have been known; it is great pity of you as ever was of knight, for of thy prowess and hardiness thou hast no fellow living. Me repenteth, said Balin, that ever I came within this country, but I may not turn now again for shame, and what adventure shall fall to me, be it life or death, I will take the adventure that shall come to me. And then he looked on his armour, and understood he was well armed, and therewith blessed him and mounted upon his horse.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW BALIN MET WITH HIS BROTHER BALAN, AND HOW EACH OF THEM SLEW OTHER UNKNOWN, TILL THEY WERE WOUNDED TO DEATH.

THEN afore him he saw come riding out of a castle a knight, and his horse trapped all red, and himself in the same colour. When this knight in the red beheld Balin, him thought it should be his brother Balin by cause of his two swords, but by cause he knew not his shield he deemed it was not he. And so they aventryd their spears and came marvellously fast together, and they smote each other in the shields, but their spears and their course were so big that it bare down horse and man, that they lay both in a swoon.

But Balin was bruised sore with the fall of his horse, for he was weary of travel. And Balan was the first that rose on foot and drew his sword, and went toward Balin, and he arose and went against him; but Balan smote Balin first, and he put up his shield and smote him through the shield and tamed his helm. Then Balin smote him again with that unhappy sword, and well-nigh had felled his brother Balan, and so they fought there together till their breaths failed. Then Balin looked up to the castle and saw the towers stand full of ladies. So they went unto battle again, and wounded everych other dolefully, and then they breathed ofttimes, and so went unto battle that all the place there as they fought was blood red. And at that time there was none of them both but they had either smitten other seven great wounds, so that the least of them might have been the death of the mightiest giant in this world.

Then they went to battle again so marvellously that doubt it was to hear of that battle for the great blood-shedding, and their hauberks unnailed that naked they were on every side. At last Balan the younger brother withdrew him a little and laid him down. Then said Balin le Savage, What knight art thou? for or now I found never no knight that matched me. My name is, said he, Balan, brother unto the good knight, Balin. Alas, said Balin, that ever I should see this day, and therewith he fell backward in a swoon. Then Balan yede on all four feet and hands, and put off the helm off his brother, and might not know him by the visage it was so ful hewn and bled; but when he awoke he said, O Balan, my brother, thou hast slain me and I thee, wherefore all the wide world shall speak of us both. Alas, said Balan, that ever I saw this day, that through mishap I might not know you, for I espied well your two swords, but by cause ye had another shield I deemed ye had been another knight. Alas, said Balin, all that made an unhappy knight in the castle, for he caused me to leave my own shield to our both's destruction, and if I might live I would destroy that castle for ill customs. That were well done, said Balan, for I had never grace to depart from them since that I came hither, for here it happed me to slay a knight that kept this island, and since might I never depart, and no more should ye, brother, an ye might

have slain me as ye have, and escaped yourself with the life.

Right so came the lady of the tower with four knights and six ladies and six yeomen unto them, and there she heard how they made their moan either to other, and said, We came both out of one tomb, that is to say one mother's belly, and so shall we lie both in one pit. So Balan prayed the lady of her gentleness, for his true service, that she would bury them both in that same place there the battle was done. And she granted them, with weeping, it should be done richly in the best manner. Now, will ye send for a priest, that we may receive our sacrament, and receive the blessed body of our Lord Jesus Christ? Yea, said the lady, it shall be done; and so she sent for a priest and gave them their rights. Now, said Balin, when we are buried in one tomb, and the mention made over us how two brethren slew each other, there will never good knight, nor good man, see our tomb but they will pray for our souls. And so all the ladies and gentlewomen wept for pity. Then anon Balan died, but Balin died not till the midnight after, and so were they buried both, and the lady let make a mention of Balan how he was there slain by his brother's hands, but she knew not Balin's name.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW MERLIN BURIED THEM BOTH IN ONE TOMB, AND OF BALIN'S SWORD.

In the morn came Merlin and let write Balin's name on the tomb with letters of gold, that Here lieth Balin le Savage that was the Knight with the Two Swords, and he that smote the Dolorous Stroke. Also Merlin let make there a bed, that there should never man lie therein but he went out of his wit, yet Launcelot de Lake fordid that bed through his noblesse. And anon after Balin was dead, Merlin took his sword, and took off the pommel and set on another pommel. So Merlin bade a knight that stood afore him

handle that sword, and he assayed, and he might not handle it. Then Merlin laughed. Why laugh ye? said the knight. This is the cause, said Merlin: there shall never man handle this sword but the best knight of the world, and that shall be Sir Launcelot or else Galahad his son, and Launcelot with this sword shall slay the man that in the world he loved best, that shall be Sir Gawaine. All this he let write in the pommel of the sword. Then Merlin let make a bridge of iron and of steel into that island, and it was but half a foot broad, and there shall never man pass that bridge, nor have hardiness to go over, but if he were a passing good man and a good knight without treachery or villainy. Also the scabbard of Balin's sword Merlin left it on this side the island, that Galahad should find it. Also Merlin let make by his subtilty that Balin's sword was put in a marble stone standing upright as great as a mill stone, and the stone hoved always above the water and did many years, and so by adventure it swam down the stream to the City of Camelot, that is in English Winchester. And that same day Galahad the haut prince came with King Arthur, and so Galahad brought with him the scabbard and achieved the sword that was there in the marble stone hoving upon the water. And on Whitsunday he achieved the sword as it is rehearsed in the book of Sangreal.

Soon after this was done Merlin came to King Arthur and told him of the dolorous stroke that Balin gave to King Pellam, and how Balin and Balan fought together the marvellest battle that ever was heard of, and how they were buried both in one tomb. Alas, said King Arthur, this is the greatest pity that ever I heard tell of two knights, for in the world I know not such two knights. Thus endeth the tale of Balin and of Balan, two brethren born in Northumberland, good knights.

Sequitur iii liber.

III

THE WEDDYNG

TORRE AND PELLINOR

IN the begynnyng of Arthure, aftir he was chosyn kynge 35r (1)
by adventure and by grace, for the moste party of the
barowns knew nat he was Uther Pendragon son but as
Merlyon made hit opynly knowyn, but yet many kyngis
and lordis hylde hym grete werre for that cause. But well 5
Arthur overcom hem all: the moste party dayes of hys lyff
he was ruled by the counceile of Merlyon. So hit felle on
a tyme kyng Arthur seyde unto Merlion,

'My barownes woll let me have no reste but nedis I muste
take a wyff, and I wolde none take but by thy counceile and 10
advice.'

'Hit ys well done,' seyde Merlyon, 'that ye take a wyff,
for a man of youre bounté and nobles sholde not be withoute
a wyff. Now is there ony,' seyde Marlyon, 'that ye love more
than another?' 15

'Ye,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'I love Gwenyvere, the kynges
doughtir of Lodegrean, of the londe of Camelerde, the
whyche holdyth in his house the Table Rounde that ye tolde
me he had hit of my fadir Uther. And this damesell is the
moste valyaunte and fayryst that I know lyvyng, or yet that 20
ever I coude fynde.'

'Sertis,' seyde M[e]rlyon, 'as of her beauté and fayrenesse
she is one of the fayrest on lyve. But and ye loved hir not
so well as ye do, I scholde fynde you a damesell of beauté
and of goodnesse that sholde lyke you and please you, and 25
youre herte were nat sette. But thereas mannes herte is
sette he woll be loth to returne.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde kyng Arthur.

But M[e]rlyon warned the kyng covertly that Gwenyver
was nat holsom for hym to take to wyff. For he warned hym 30
that Launcelot scholde love hir, and sche hym agayne, and
so he turned his tale to the aventures of the Sankegreal.

Then Merlion desyred of the kyng for to have men with
hym that scholde enquere of Gwenyver, and so the kyng
gr[a]unted hym. And so Merlyon wente forthe unto 35
kyng Lodegrean of Camylerde, and tolde hym of the desire

3 *C* that he 5 *C* helde grete werre ayenst hym 6 *C* for the mooste party the dayes 7 *C* ruled moche 10–11 *C* by thyne aduys 14 seyde Merlyon *not in C* 22 *C* Syre sayd 26 *C* a mans herte 22, 29 *W* Marlyon

of the kyng that he wolde have unto his wyff Gwenyver, his doughter.

'That is to me,' seyde kyng Lodegreauns, 'the beste tydynges that ever I herde, that so worthy a kyng of prouesse
5 and noblesse wol wedde my doug[h]ter. And as for my
35v londis, I wolde geff hit hym yf I wyste hyt myght please hym, but he hath londis inow, he nedith none. But I shall sende hym a gyffte that shall please hym muche more, for I shall gyff hym the Table Rounde which Uther, hys fadir, gaff me.
10 And whan hit ys fullé complete there ys an hondred knyghtes and fyfty. And as for an hondred good knyghtes, I have myselff, but I wante fyfty, for so many hathe be slayne in my dayes.'

And so kyng Lodgreaunce delyverd hys doughtir Gwenyver unto Merlion, and the Table Rounde with the hondred
15 knyghtes; and so they rode freysshly with grete royalté, what by watir and by londe, tyll that they com nyghe unto
(2) London. Whan kynge Arthure herde of the commynge of quene Gwenyver and the hondred knyghtes with the Table
20 Rounde, than kynge Arthure made grete joy for hir commyng and that ryche presente, and seyde opynly,

'Thys fayre lady ys passyngly wellcome to me, for I have loved hir longe, and therefore there ys nothynge so leeff to me. And thes knyghtes with the Table Rownde pleasith me
25 more than ryght grete rychesse.'

And in all haste the kynge lete ordayne for the maryage and the coronacion in the moste hono[r]ablyst wyse that cowude be devised.

'Now, Merlion,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'go thou and aspye
30 me in all thys londe fyfty knyghtes which bene of moste prouesse and worship.'

So within shorte tyme Merlion had founde such knyghtes that sholde fulfylle twenty and eyght knyghtes, but no mo wolde he fynde. Than the Bysshop of Caunturbiry was
35 [f]ette, and he blyssed the segis with grete royalté and devocion, and there sette the eyght and twenty knyghtes in her segis. And whan thys was done Merlion seyde,

6 *C* hym wyst I it myght 9 *C* Vtherpendragon gaue me 12 *C* but I fawte *C* haue ben 19 quene *not in C** 27 *W* hononablyst *C* honorable 33–34 *C* xx & xiii† knyghtes but no mo he coude fynde 35 *W* sette

'Fayre sirres, ye muste all aryse and com to kynge Arthure for to do hym omage; he woll the better be in wylle to maynteyne you.'

And so they arose and dud their omage. And whan they were gone Merlion founde in every sege lettirs of golde that 5 tolde the knyghtes namys that had sitte[n] there, but two segis were voyde. And so anone com in yonge Gawayne and asked the kynge a gyffte.

'Aske,' seyde the kynge, 'and I shall graunte you.'

'Sir, I aske that ye shall make me knyght that same day 10 that ye shall wedde dame Gwenyver.'

'I woll do hit with a goode wylle,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and do unto you all the worship that I may, for I muste be reson ye ar my nevew, my sistirs son.'

Forthwithall there com a poore man into the courte and 15 (3) brought with hym a fayre yonge man of eyghtene yere of **36r** ayge, rydynge uppon a lene mare. And the poore man asked all men that he mette,

'Where shall I fynde kynge Arthure?'

'Yondir he ys,' seyde the knyghtes. 'Wolt tho[u] ony- 20 thynge with hym?'

'Ye,' seyde the poore man, 'therefore I cam hydir.' And as sone as he com before the kynge he salewed hym and seyde, 'Kynge Arthure, the floure of all kyngis, I beseche Jesu save the! Sir, hit was tolde me that [at] thys tyme of 25 youre maryaige ye wolde gyff ony man the gyffte that he wolde aske you excepte hit were unresonable.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde the kynge, 'such cryes I lette make, and that woll I holde, so hit appayre nat my realme nor myne astate.' 30

'Ye sey well and graciously,' seyde the pore man. 'Sir, I aske nothynge elis but that ye woll make my sonne knyght.'

'Hit ys a grete thynge thou askyst off me,' seyde the kynge. 'What ys thy name?' seyde the kynge to the poore man. 35

'Sir, my name ys Aryes the cowherde.'

2 *C* he will haue the better wil 6 *W* sitter 7 *C* syeges 9 *C* graunte it yow 11 *C* faire Gweneuer 13 *first* I *repeated in W* 24 *C* O kyng *C* all knyghtes and kynges 25 *WO*[1] as 27 *C* aske oute excepte that were 32 *C* sone here a knyghte

'Whethir commith thys of the other ells of thy sonne?' seyde the kynge.

'Nay, sir,' seyd Aryes, 'thys desyre commyth of my son and nat off me. For I shall telle you, I have thirtene sonnes, and all they woll falle to what laboure I putte them and woll be ryght glad to do laboure; but thys chylde woll nat laboure for nothynge that my wyff and I may do, but allwey he woll be shotynge, or castynge dartes, and glad for to se batayles and to beholde knyghtes. And allwayes day and nyght he desyrith of me to be made knyght.'

'What ys thy name?' seyde the kynge unto the yonge man.

'Sir, my name ys Torre.'

Than the kynge behelde hym faste and saw he was passyn[g]ly well vysaged and well made of hys yerys.

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure unto Aryes the cowherde, 'go fecche all thy sonnes before me that I may see them.'

And so the pore man dud. And all were shapyn muche lyke the poore man, but Torre was nat lyke hym nother in shappe ne in countenaunce, for he was muche more than ony of them.

'Now,' seyde kynge Arthur unto the cowherde, 'where ys the swerde he shall [b]e made knyght withall?'

'Hyt ys here,' seyde Torre.

'Take hit oute of the shethe,' sayde the kynge, 'and requyre me to make you knyght.'

Than Torre alyght of hys mare and pulled oute hys
36v swerde, knelynge and requyrynge the kynge to make hym knyght, and that he made hym knyght of the Table Rounde.

'As for a knyght I woll make you,' and therewith smote him in the necke with the swerde. 'Be ye a good knyght, and so I pray to God ye may be, and if ye be of proues and worthynes ye shall be of the Table Rounde.'

'Now, Merlion,' seyde Arthure, 'whethir thys Torre shall be a goode man?'

'Yee, hardely, sir, he ought to be a good man for he

7 *C* wyf or I 16 go *not in C* 18–19 *C* was not lyke none of hem al in shape 22 *W* shall me made 27 *C* the kynge that he wold make 28 *C** knyght & that he myghte be a knyght of the 30 *C* swerd sayēg 31 *C* god so ye may 33 *C** say whether (*S* wether) 34 *C* good knyghte or no 35 hardely *not in C*

ys com of good kynrede as ony on lyve, and of kynges bloode.'

'How so, sir?' seyd the kynge.

'I shall telle you,' seyde Merlion. 'Thys poore man Aryes the cowherde ys nat his fadir, for he ys no sybbe to hym; for kynge Pellynore ys hys fadir.'

'I suppose nat,' seyde the cowherde.

'Well, fecch thy wyff before me,' seyde Merlion, 'and she shall nat sey nay.'

Anone the wyff was fette forth, which was a fayre hous-wyff. And there she answerde Merlion full womanly, and there she tolde the kynge and Merlion that whan she was a mayde and wente to mylke hir kyne, 'there mette with me a sterne knyght, and half be force he had my maydynhode. And at that tyme he begate my sonne Torre, and he toke awey fro me my grayhounde that I had that tyme with me, and seyde he wolde kepe the grayhounde for my love.'

'A,' seyde the cowherde, 'I wente hit had nat be thus, but I may beleve hit well, for he had never no tacchys of me.'

Sir Torre seyde unto Merlion,

'Dishonoure nat my modir.'

'Sir,' seyde Merlion, 'hit ys more for your worship than hurte, for youre fadir ys a good knyght and a kynge, and he may ryght well avaunce you and youre modir both, for ye were begotyn or evir she was wedded.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde the wyff.

'Hit ys the lesse gryff unto me,' seyde the cowherde.

So on the morne kynge Pellynor com to the courte of (4) kyng Arthure. And he had grete joy of hym and tolde hym of sir Torre, how he was hys sonne, and how he had made hym knyght at the requeste of the cowherde. Whan kynge Pellynor behelde sir Torre he plesed hym muche. So the kynge made Gawayne knyght, but sir Torre was the firste he made at that feste.

'What ys the cause,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that there ys two placis voyde in the segis?'

1 *C* comen of as good a man as ony is on lyue 5 *C* no thyng syb 7 *C* I suppose nay 10 *C* was fet which 13 hir *not in C*† *C* met with her 18 *C* I wende not thys but 29 *C* Arthur whiche had grete ioye of hym and told hym

'Sir,' seyde Merlion, 'there shall no man sitte in tho placis but they that shall be moste of worship. But in the Sege
37r Perelous there shall nevir man sitte but one, and yf there be ony so hardy to do hit he shall be destroyed, and he that shall
5 sitte therein shall have no felowe.' And therewith Merlyon toke kynge Pellinor by the honde, and in that one hande nexte the two segis, and the Sege Perelous, he seyde in opyn audiens, 'Thys [is] your place, for beste ar ye worthy to sitte thereinne of ony that here ys.'

10 And thereat had sir Gawayne grete envy and tolde Gaherys hys brothir,

'Yondir knyght ys putte to grete worship, whych grevith me sore, for he slewe oure fadir kynge Lott. Therefore I woll sle hym,' seyde Gawayne, 'with a swerde that was sette me
15 that ys passynge trencheaunte.'

'Ye shall nat so,' seyde Gaheris, 'at thys tyme, for as now I am but youre squyre, and whan I am made knyght I woll be avenged on hym; and therefore, brothir, hit ys beste to suffir tyll another tyme, that we may have hym oute of courte,
20 for and we dud so we shall trouble thys hyghe feste.'

'I woll well,' seyde Gawayne.

(5) Than was thys feste made redy, and the kynge was wedded at Camelot unto dame Gwenyvere in the chirche of Seynte Stephyns with grete solempnité. Than as every man was
25 sette as hys degré asked, Merlion wente to all the knyghtes of the Rounde Table and bade hem sitte stylle, 'that none of you remeve, for ye shall se a straunge and a mervailous adventure.'

Ryght so as they sate there com rennynge inne a whyght herte into the hall, and a whyght brachet nexte hym, and
30 thirty couple of blacke rennynge houndis com afftir with a grete cry. And the herte wente aboute the Rounde Table, and as he wente by the syde-bourdis the brachet ever boote hym by the buttocke and pulde outte a pece, wherethorow the herte lope a grete lepe and overthrew a knyght that sate at

2 *C* they that shall be of moost worship that *not in S* 6 *C* and in the (*see note*) 8 *Not emended in O*1 9 *C* is here 10 *C* sat syr gawayne in 14 *C* sente me 16–17 *C* at this tyme For at this tyme I am 17 *C* but a squyre 18–19 *C* ye suffre 20 *C* we shold 21 *C* said gauayn as ye wylle 22 *C* the hyghe feeste 25 *C* set after his degree 26 *C* none of hem 32 *C* by other boordes ever *not in C* 33 *O*1 pulde on 34 *W hand in margin pointing to this line*

the syde-bourde. And therewith the knyght arose and toke up the brachet, and so wente forthe oute of the halle and toke hys horse and rode hys way with the brachett.

Ryght so com in the lady on a whyght palferey and cryed alowde unto kynge Arthure and seyd, 'Sir, suffir me nat to have thys despite, for the brachet ys myne that the knyght hath ladde away.'

'I may nat do therewith,' seyde the kynge.

So with thys there com a knyght rydyng all armed on 37v
a grete horse, and toke the lady away with forse wyth hym, and ever she cryed and made grete dole. So whan she was gone the kynge was gladde, for she made such a noyse.

'Nay,' seyde Merlion, 'ye may nat leve hit so, thys adventure, so lyghtly, for thes adventures muste be brought to an ende, other ellis hit woll be disworshyp to you and to youre feste.'

'I woll,' seyde the kynge, 'that all be done by your advice.'

Than he lette calle sir Gawayne, for he muste brynge agayne the whyght herte.

'Also, sir, ye muste lette call sir Torre, for he muste brynge agay[ne] the brachette and the knyght, other ellis sle hym. Also lette calle kynge Pellynor, for he must brynge agayne the lady and the knyght, other ellis sle hym, and thes three knyghtes shall do mervayles adventures or they com agayne.'

Than were they called all three as hit ys rehersed afore and every of them toke their charge and armed them surely. But sir Gawayne had the firste requeste, and therefore we woll begynne at hym, and so forthe to thes other.

HERE BEGYNNITH THE FYRST BATAYLE THAT EVER SIR GAWAYNE DED AFTER HE WAS MADE KNYGHT.

Syr Gawayne rode more than a pace and Gaheris, his (6)
brothir, rode with hym in the stede of a squyre to do hym servyse. So as they rode they saw two knyghtes fyght on horseback passynge sore. So sir Gawayne and hys brothir rode betwyxte them and asked them for what cause they foughte. So one of the knyghtes seyde,

1 *C* boord syde 5 *C* to kyng *S* for the kyng and seyd *not in C* 6 *C* was myn 6–7 *C* knyght lad 13 hit so *not in C* 14–15 *C* brought agayne or els 28 *C* and so forthe 29–30 Here begynnith . . . was made knyght *not in C* 36 *C* so the one knyght ansuerd and sayd

'We fyght but for a symple mater, for we two be two brethirne and be begotyn of o[n]e man and of o[n]e woman.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Gawayne.

'Sir,' seyde the elther brother, 'there com a whyght herte thys way thys same day and many houndis chaced hym, and a whyght brachett was allwey nexte hym. And we undirstood hit was an adventure made for the hyghe feste of Arthure. And therefore I wolde have gone afftir to have wonne me worship, and here my yonger brothir seyde he wolde go aftir the harte for he was bygger knyght than I. And for thys cause we felle at debate, and so we thought to preff which of us was the bygger knyght.'

'Forsoth thys ys a symple cause,' seyde Gawayne, 'for uncouth men ye sholde debate withall, and no brothir with
38r brothir. Therefore do be my counceyle: other ellis I woll have ado with you bothe, other yelde you to me and that ye go unto kynge Arthure and yelde you unto hys grace.'

'Sir knyght,' seyde the two brethirne, 'we are forfoughten and much bloode have we loste thorow oure wylfulness, and therefore we wolde be loth to have ado with you.'

'Than do as I woll have you do,' seyde sir Gawayne.

'We agré to fulfylle your wylle. But by whom shall we sey that we be thydir sente?'

'Ye may sey, by the knyght that folowith the queste of the herte. Now what ys youre name?' seyde Gawayne.

'Sir, my name ys Sorluse of the Foreyste,' seyde the elder.

'And my name ys,' seyde the yonger, 'Bryan of the Foreyste.'

And so they departed and wente to the kyngis courte, and sir Gawayne folowed hys queste. And as he folowed the herte by the cry of the howndis, evyn before hym there was a grete ryver; and the herte swam over.

And as sir Gawayn wolde a folowed afftir there stood a knyght on the othir syde and seyde, 'Sir knyght, com nat over aftir thys harte but if thou wolt juste with me.'

1–2 *C* bretheren born & begoten (*S* begoten) of one man & of one woman 3–4 *C* sir gauayn why do ye so syr said the eldar ther cam 5 same *not in C* 10 *C* better knyght 12 *C* better knyȝt 13 Forsoth *not in C* for *not in C* 15–16 *C* therfor but yf ye wil do by my coũceil I wil haue ado with yow that is ye shal yelde 21 *C* haue yow said 22 *C* we will agree 25 *C* the herte that was whyte 26 *C* Sorlouse 29 *C* Syr gauayne on his quest and as [illegible] 31 *C* over the other syde

'I woll nat fayle as for that,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'to folow the queste that I am inne.'

And so made hys horse swymme over the watir. And anone they gate their glayves, and ran togydirs fulle harde, but Gawayne smote hym of hys horse and [turned hys horse and] than he bade hym yelde hym.

'Nay,' seyde the knyght, 'nat so, for thoughe ye have the better of me on horsebak, I pray the, valyaunte knyght, alyght on foote and macche we togidir with oure swerdis.'

'What ys youre name?' seyde sir Gawayne.

'Sir, my name ys Alardyne of the Oute Iles.'

Than aythir dressed their shyldes and smote togydir, but sir Gawayne smote hym so harde thorow the helme that hit wente to the brayne and the knyght felle downe dede.

'A,' seyde Gaherys, 'that was a myghty stroke of a yonge knyght.'

Than sir Gawayne and Gaherys ⌈rode more than a paas (7)
after the whyte herte, and lete slyppe at the herte thre couple of greyhoundes. And so they chace the herte into a castel, and in the chyef place of the castel they slew the hert. Gawayne and Gaherys⌉ folowed afftir. Ryght so there com a knyght oute of a chambir with a swerde drawyn in hys honde and slew two of the grayhoundes evyn in the syght of sir Gawayne, and the remanente he chaced with hys swerde oute of the castell. And whan he com agayne he seyde,

'A, my whyght herte, me repentis that thou arte dede, for 38v
my soveraigne lady gaff the to me, and evyll have I kepte the, and thy dethe shall be evyl bought and I lyve.'

And anone he wente into hys chambir and armyd hym, and

4 *C* gat theire speres† *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 160a*) glaive 5 *Not emended in O*[1] 5–11 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Gawayne slew Alerdyne knyght of the Iles 7 for *not in C* 9 *C* a foote 11 Sir my name is *not in C* *C* Alardyn of the Ilys 14 *C* braynes 18, 22 *W* folowed afftir ryght so *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 161a*) Et Gavains qui les (les chiens) vint ataignant les commenche a crier et a huer aprés le chierf . . . Tant a li cierf (*sic*) fui et li chien cachié et Gavains feri des esperons entre lui et Gahariet, tant (*sic; not in Camb.*) qu'il iseirent del bois par deviers destre, et lors voient devant eus en une plaigne une forterece moult bien seant . . . et li chiers qui trueve la porte ouverte se met dedens et s'adrece viers la sale et entre laiens . . . Et . . . il orent tantost (*Camb.* verraiement) le chierf mort et occhis *O*[1] *inserts* the whyte herte . . . slew the hert *between* afftir *and* Ryght 29 *C* dere bought

com oute fersely. And there he mette with sir Gawayne and he seyde,

'Why have ye slayne my howndys? ⌜For they dyd but their kynde, and⌝ I wolde that ye had wrokyn youre angir uppon me rather than uppon a dome beste.'

'Thou seyst trouth,' seyde the knyght. 'I have avenged me on thy howndys, and so I woll on the or thou go.'

Than sir Gawayne alyght on foote and dressed hys shylde, and stroke togydirs myghtyly and clave their shyldis and stooned their helmys and brake their hawbirkes that their blo[de] thirled downe to their feete. So at the last sir Gawayne smote so harde that the knyght felle to the erthe, and than he cryed mercy and yelded hym and besought hym as he was a jantyll knyght to save hys lyff.

'Thou shalt dey,' seyd sir Gawayne, 'for sleynge of my howndis.'

'I woll make amendys,' seyde the knyght, 'to my power.'

But sir Gawayne wolde no mercy have, but unlaced hys helme to have strekyn of hys hede. Ryght so com hys lady oute of a chambir and felle over hym, and so he smote of hir hede by myssefortune.

'Alas,' seyde Gaherys, 'that ys fowle and shamefully done, for that shame shall never frome you. Also ye sholde gyff mercy unto them that aske mercy, for a knyght withoute mercy ys withoute worship.'

So sir Gawayne was sore astoned of the deth of this fayre lady, that he wyst nat what he dud, and seyde unto the knyght,

'Aryse, I woll gyff the mercy.'

'Nay, nay,' seyd the knyght, 'I take no forse of thy mercy now, for thou haste slayne with vilony my love and my lady that I loved beste of all erthly t[h]ynge.'

'Me sore repentith hit,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'for I mente the stroke unto the. But now thou shalt go unto kynge Arthure and telle hym of thyne adventure and how thou

1–2 and he seyde *not in C* 3–4 *C** houndes said syr gauayn for they dyd but their kynde and leuer I had ye had wroken *F* (*Huth Merlin, f.* 161*c*) il ont fait chou que il durent (*so in Camb.*) 11 *C* blood ranne 13–14 *C* as he was a knyghte and gentylman 21 *C* by misauenture 26 *C* was so stonyed 30 thy *not in C* 31 with vilony *not in C* 33–34 *C* for I thoughte to stryke vnto the

arte overcom by the knyght that wente in the queste of the whyght harte.'

'I take no force,' seyde the knyght, 'whether I lyve othir dey.' But at the last, for feare of dethe, he swore to go unto kynge Arthure, and he made hym to bere the one grehownde before hym on hys horse and the other behynde hym.

'What ys youre name,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'or we departe?'

'My name ys,' seyde the knyght, 'Blamoure of the Maryse.'

And so he departed towarde Camelot. And sir Gawayne 39r
wente unto the castell and made hym redy to lye there all (8)
nyght and wolde have unarmed hym.

'What woll ye do?' seyde Gaherys. 'Woll ye unarme you in thys contrey? Ye may thynke ye have many fooes in thys contrey.'

He had no sunner seyde the worde but there com in four knyghtes well armed and assayled sir Gawayne harde, and seyde unto hym,

'Thou new made knyght, thou haste shamed thy knyghthode, for a knyght withoute mercy ys dishonoured. Also thou haste slayne a fayre lady to thy grete shame unto the worldys ende, and doute the nat thou shalt have grete nede of mercy or thou departe frome us.'

And therewith one of hem smote sir Gawayne a grete stroke, that nygh he felle to the erthe. And Gaherys smote hym agayne sore. And so they were assayled on the one syde and on the othir, that sir Gawayne and Gaherys were in jouparté of their lyves. And one with a bowe, an archer, smote sir Gawayne thorow the arme, that hit greved hym wondirly sore.

And as they sholde have bene slayne, there com four fayre ladyes and besought the knyghtes of grace for sir Gawayne. And goodly at the requeste of thes ladyes they gaff sir Gawayne and Gaherys their lyves and made them to yelde them as presoners. Than sir Gawayne and Gaherys made grete dole.

'Alas,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'myn arme grevith me sore, that I am lyke to be maymed,' and so made hys complaynte pyteuously.

4 *C* but so for 6 *C* another 13–14 *C* many enemyes here they had 21 *C* doubte thow not thou 25 assayled *not in C*† *F* (*Camb., f. 288r, col. 2*) l'assaillent de toutes parz 36 that *not in C*

So erly on the morne there com to sir Gawayne one of the four ladyes that had herd hys complaynte, and seyd,

'Sir knyght, what chere?'

'Nat good.'

5 'Why so? Hit ys youre owne defaute,' seyde the lady, 'for ye have done passynge foule for the sleynge of thys lady, the whych woll be grete vylony unto you. But be ye nat of kynge Arthurs?' seyde the lady.

'Yes, truly,' seyde sir Gawayne.

10 'What ys youre name, Sir?' seyde [the] lady, 'for ye muste telle or ye passe.'

'Fayre lady, my name ys sir Gawayne, the kynges son Lotte of Orkeney, and my modir ys kynge Arthurs sister.'

'Than ar ye nevew unto the kynge,' seyde the lady.

39v 15 'Well,' seyde the lady, 'I shall so speke for you that ye shall have ⟨leve⟩ to go unto kynge Arthure for hys love.'

And so she departed and told the four knyghtes how the presonere was kynge Arthurs nevew, 'and hys name ys sir Gawayne, kynge Lottis son of Orkeney.' So they gaff hym leve 20 and toke hym the hartes hede with hym because hit was in the queste. And than they delyverde hym undir thys promyse, that he sholde bere the dede lady with hym on thys maner: the hede of her was hanged aboute hys necke, and the hole body of hir before hym on hys horse mane.

25 Ryght so he rode forthe unto Camelot. And anone as he was com Merlion dud make kynge Arthure that sir Gawayne was sworne to telle of hys adventure, and how he slew the lady, and how he wolde gyff no mercy unto the knyght, wherethorow the lady was slayne. Than the kynge and the 30 quene were gretely displeased with sir Gawayne for the sleynge of the lady, and there by ordynaunce of the queene there was sette a queste of ladyes uppon sir Gawayne, and they juged hym for ever whyle he lyved to be with all ladyes and to fyght for hir quarels; and ever that he sholde be 35 curteyse, and never to refuse mercy to hym that askith mercy.

2 *C* alle his 4 *C* not good said he 5 Why so *not in C* 6 *C* a passynge fowle dede in the 7–8 *C* of kynge Arthurs kyn 10 *W* seyde Sir lady for *not in C* 12 Fayre lady *not in C* 15 Well seyde the lady *not in C* 15–16 *C* ye shall haue conduyte to go 19–20 *C*† and they gaf hym the hertes hede by cause 21 *C* delyuerd syr Gauayne 22–23 *C* in this maner 26–27 *C* merlyn desyred of kyng Arthur . . . shold be sworne 27 *C* auentures

Thus was sir Gawayne sworne uppon the four Evaungelystis that he sholde never be ayenste lady ne jantillwoman but if he fyght for a lady and hys adversary fyghtith for another.

AND THUS ENDITH THE ADVENTURE OF SIR GAWAYNE THAT HE DUD AT THE MARIAGE OF ARTHURE.

Whan sir Torre was redy he mounted uppon horsebacke (9) and rode afftir the knyght with the brachett. And so as he rode he mette with a dwarff suddeynly, that smote hys horse on the hede with a staff, that he reled bakwarde hys spere lengthe.

'Why dost thou so?' seyde sir Torre.

'For thou shalt nat passe thys way but if thou juste withe yondir knyghtes of the pavilions.'

Than was sir Torre ware where were two pavilions, and grete spery[s] stood oute, and two shildes hangynge on treys by the pavilions.

'I may nat tarry,' seyde sir Torre, 'for I am in a queste that I muste nedys folow.'

'Thou shalt nat passe thys wey,' seyde the dwarff, and 40r therewithall he blew hys horne. Than there com one armed on horsebacke and dressed hys shylde and com fast towarde sir Torre. And than he dressed hym ayenste hem and so ran togydirs, and sir Torre bare hym from hys horse, and anone the knyght yelded hym to hys mercy.

'But, sir, I have a felow in yondir pavilyon that woll have ado with you anone.'

'He shall be wellcom,' seyde sir Torre.

Than was he ware of another knyght commynge with grete rawndom, and eche of hem dressed to other, that mervayle hit was to se. But the knyght smote sir Torre a grete stroke in myddys the shylde, that his spere all to-shyverde. And sir Torre smote hym thorow the shylde benethe, that hit wente thorow the coste of the knyght; but the stroke slew hym nat. And therewith sir Torre alyght and smote hym on the helme a grete stroke, and therewith the knyght yelded hym and besought hym of mercy.

3 *C* fought *C* fou3t 5 *C* Arthur Amen 6 *C* his horsbak
9 *C* he wente backward 19 thys wey *not in C* 23 *C* togyders
that Tor 31 *C* of the 32–33 *C** shelde by lowe of the sheld and it

'I woll well,' seyde sir Torre, 'but ye and youre felow muste go unto kynge Arthure and yelde you presoners unto hym.'

'By whom shall we sey we ar thydir sente?'

'Ye shall sey, by the knyght that wente in the queste of the knyght with the brachette. Now, what be your two namys?' seyde sir Torre.

'My name ys,' seyde that one, 'sir Phelot of Langeduke.'

'And my name ys,' seyde the othir, 'sir Petipace of Wynchilsee.'

'Now go ye forthe,' seyde sir Torre, 'and God spede you and me.'

Than cam the dwarff and seyde unto sir Torre,

'I pray you gyff me my bone.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Torre, 'aske and ye shall have.'

'I aske no more,' seyde the dwarff, 'but that ye woll suffir me to do you servyse, for I woll serve no more recreaunte knyghtes.'

'Well, take an horse,' seyde sir Torre, 'and ryde one with me.'

'For I wote,' seyde the dwarff, 'ye ryde afftir the knyght with the whight brachette, and I shall brynge you where he ys,' seyde the dwarff.

And so they rode thorowoute a foreste; and at the laste they were ware of two pavilions evyn by a pryory, ⌜with two sheldes⌝, and that one shylde was enewed with whyght and that othir shylde was rede.

(10) Therewith sir Torre alyght and toke the dwarff hys glayve, and so he com to the whyght pavilion. He saw three damesels lye in hyt on a paylette slepynge; and so he wente unto the
40v tother pavylyon and founde a lady lyynge in hit slepynge, but therein was the whyght brachett that bayed at hym faste. And than sir Torre toke up the brachette and wente hys way and toke hit to the dwarffe.

5 *C* knyght that wente with 13 *C* gyue me a yefte 14 and ye shall have *not in C* 18 Well *not in C* 19–20 *C* me I wote ye ryde 24–25 *C** with two sheldes and the one shylde *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 169b*) A chascun des pavillons pendoit uns escus 29 *C* lye in it and one paylet† 30–p. 111, l. 3 *C** lyeng slepyng ther in But ther was the whyte brachet that bayed at her fast and therwith the lady yede oute of the pauelione & all her damoysels But anone as syr Tor aspyed the whyte brachet he took her by force and took her to the dwerf what wille ye so sayd the lady take my brachet

And with the noyse the lady com oute of the pavilion, and all hir damesels, and seyde,

'Woll ye take my brachette frome me?'

'Ye,' seyde sir Torre, 'this brachett have I sought frome kynge Arthures courte hydir.'

'Well,' seyde the lady, 'sir knyght, ye shall nat go farre with hir but that ye woll be mette with and greved.'

'I shall abyde what adventure that commyth by the grace of God,' and so mownted uppon hys horse and passed on hys way towarde Camelot.

But it was so nere nyght he myght nat passe but litill farther.

'Know ye any lodgyng here nye?' seyde sir Torre.

'I know none,' seyde the dwarff, 'but here besydys ys an ermytaige, and there ye muste take lodgynge as ye fynde.'

And within a whyle they com to the hermytage and toke such lodgynge as was there, and as grasse and otis and brede for their horsis. Sone hit was spedde, and full harde was their souper. But there they rested them all nyght tylle on the morne, and herde a masse devoutely and so toke their leve of the ermyte. And so sir Torre prayde the ermyte to pray for hym, and he seyde he wolde, and betoke hym to God. And so mownted uppon horsebacke and rode towardis Camelot a longe whyle.

So with that they herde a knyght calle lowde that com afftir them, and seyde,

'Knyght, abyde and yelde my brachette that thou toke frome my lady!'

Sir Torre returned agayne and behelde hym how he was a semely knyght and well horsed and armed at all poyntes. Than sir Torre dressed hys shylde and toke hys glayve in hys hondys. And so they com fersely on as freysshe men and droff both horse and man to the erthe. Anone they arose lyghtly and drew hir swerdis as egirly as lyons, and put their shyldis before them, and smote thorow their shyldys, that the cantels felle on bothe partyes. Also they tamed their helmys, that the hote bloode ran oute and the thycke

1 with the noyse *not in C*† *F* (*loc. cit.*) Et la damoisele s'esveille erraument pour la noise que cil faisoit 4 *W* shought 7 *C* mette and 12 here nye *not in C* 15 *W* they com they com 15–16 *C* took lodgyng and was there gras 29 *C* and wel armed 30 *C* his spere in 31–32 *C* and the other cam fyersly vpon hym and smote bothe hors & man to the erthe

mayles of their hawbirkes they carff and rooffe in sundir,
41r that the hote bloode ran to the erthe. And bothe they had many woundys and were passynge wery.

But sir Torre aspyed that the tothir knyght faynted, and than he sewed faste uppon hym and doubled hys strokis and stroke hym to the erthe on the one syde. Than sir Torre bade hym yelde hym.

'That woll I nat,' seyde Abelleus, 'whyle lastith the lyff and the soule in my body, onles that thou wolte geff me the brachette.'

'That woll I nat,' seyde sir Torre, 'for hit was my queste to brynge agayne the brachette, thee, other bothe.'

(11) With that cam a damesell rydynge on a palferey as faste as she myght dryve, and cryed with lowde voice unto sir Torre.

'What woll ye with me?' seyde sir Torre.

'I beseche the,' seyde the damesell, 'for kynge Arthurs love, gyff me a gyffte, I requyre the, jantyll knyght, as thou arte a jantillman.'

'Now,' seyde sir Torre, 'aske a gyffte and I woll gyff hit you.'

'Grauntemercy,' seyde the damesell. 'Now I aske the hede of thys false knyght Abelleus, for he ys the moste outerageous knyght that lyvith, and the grettist murtherer.'

'I am lothe,' seyde sir Torre, 'of that gyffte I have gyvyn you; but lette hym make amendys in that he hathe trespasced agayne you.'

'Now,' seyde the damesell, 'I may nat, for he slew myne owne brothir before myne yghen that was a bettir knyght than he, and he had had grace; and I kneled halfe an owre before hym in the myre fo[r] to sauff my brothirs lyff that had done hym no damage, but fought with hym by adventure of armys, and so for all that I coude do he strake of hys hede. Wherefore I requyre the, as thou arte a trew knyght, to gyff me my gyffte, othir ellis I shall shame the in all the courte of kynge Arthure; for he ys the falsyste knyght lyvynge, and a grete destroyer of men, and namely of good knyghtes.'

6 *C* and garte hym go to 8–9 *C* whyle my lyf lasteth and the soule is within my body 11 *C* not doo 26 *C* vnto yow 27 *W* I may nat I may nat *C* he may not† *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 171d*) Ja Dieus n'ait merchi de m'arme se je en ai merchi 36 of men and namely *not in C*

So whan Abellyus herde thys he was more aferde and yelded hym and asked mercy.

'I may nat now,' seyde sir Torre, 'but I sholde be founde false of my promyse, for erewhyle whan I wolde have tane you to mercy ye wolde none aske, but iff ye had the brachett agayne that was my queste.'

And therewith he toke off hys helme, and therewith he arose and fledde, and sir Torre afftir hym, and smote of hys hede quyte. 41v

'Now, sir,' seyde the damesell, 'hyt ys nere nyght. I pray you come and lodge with me hereby at my place.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Torre, 'for my horse and I have fared evyll syn we departed frome Camelot.'

And so he rode with her, and had passynge good chere with hir. And she had a passyng fayre olde knyght unto hir husbande that made hym good chere and well easyd both hys horse and hym. And on the morne [he] herde hys masse and brake hys faste, and toke hys leve of the knyght and of the lady that besought hym to telle hys name.

'Truly,' he seyde, 'my name ys sir Torre, that was late made knyght, and thys was the firste queste of armys that ever y ded, to brynge agayne that thys knyght Abelleus toke away frome kynge Arthurs courte.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde the lorde and the lady, 'and ye come here in oure marchys, se here youre poore lodgynge, and hit shall be allwayes at youre commaundemente.'

So sir Torre departed and com to Camelot on the third day by noone. And the kynge and the quene and all the courte was passynge fayne of hys commynge, and made grete joy that he was com agayne, for he wente frome the courte with litill succour but as kynge Pellynor, hys fadir, gaff hym an olde courser, and kynge Arthur gaff hym armour and swerde; othir ellis had he none other succour, but rode so forthe hymself alone. And than the kynge and the quene by Merlions advice made hym swere to telle of hys adventures, and so he tolde and made prevys of hys dedys as hit ys

4 *C* for whyle I 11 *C* here at my place it is here fast by 12 *C* his hors and he had 13 *C* syn they departed 17 *C* hors and he 24 *C* O fayr knyght said the lady and her husband 25 *C* marches come and see oure poure

before reherced, wherefore the kynge and the quene made grete joy.

'Nay, nay,' seyde Merlion, 'thys ys but japis that he hath do, for he shall preve a noble knyght of proues as few lyvynge, and jantyl and curteyse and of good tacchys, and passyng trew of hys promyse, and never shall he outerage.'

Wherethorow Merlions wordis kynge Arthure gaff an erledom of londis that felle unto hym. AND HERE ENDITH THE QUESTE OF SIR TORRE, KYNGE PELLYNORS SONNE.

42r (12) Than kynge Pellynore armed hym and mownted uppon hys horse, and rode more than a pace after the lady that the knyght lad away. And as he rode in a foreyste he saw in a valey a damesell sitte by a well and a wounded knyght in her armys, and kynge Pellynor salewed hir. And whan she was ware of hym, she cryed on lowde and seyde, 'Helpe me, knyght, for Jesuys sake!' But kynge Pellynore wolde nat tarry, he was so egir in hys queste; and ever she cryed an hondred tymes aftir helpe. Whan she saw he wolde nat abyde, she prayde unto God to sende hym as much nede of helpe as she had, and that he myght feele hit or he deyed. So, as the booke tellith, the knyght there dyed that was wounded, wherefore for pure sorow the lady slew hirselff with hys swerde.

As kynge Pellynore rode in that valey he mette with a poore man, a laborer, ⟨and⟩ seyde,

'Sawyst thou ony knyght rydynge thys way ledyng a lady?'

'Ye, sir,' seyde the man. 'I saw that knyght and the lady that made grete dole. And yondir beneth in a valey there shall ye se two pavilions, and one of the knyghtes of the pavilions chalenged that lady of that knyght, and seyde she was hys cosyne nere, wherefore he shold lede hir no farther. And so they waged batayle in that quarell; that one seyde he wolde have hir by force, and that other seyde he wold have the rule of her, for he was hir kynnesman and wolde lede hir to hir kynne.' So for thys quarell he leffte hem fyghtynge.

1–2 *S* made hym grete 3–4 *C** these ben but Iapes to that he shalle doo
4 *C* as good as ony is lyuyng 6 he *not in C* 7 *C* gaf hym an
15 *C* ouer lowde helpe 16 *C* for crystes sake kynge Pellinore & he wold not
25–26 *C* labourer Sawest thow not saide Pellinore a knyghte rydynge and ledynge
W a laborer which (ꝛ *misread as* þ*t which in a later copy was changed to* which)
34 *C* by cause he was

'And if ye woll ryde a pace ye shall fynde them fyghtynge, and the lady was leffte with two squyers in the pavelons.'

'God thanke the,' seyde kynge Pellynor.

Than he rode a walop tylle he had a syght of the two pavilons, and the two knyghtys fyghtynge. And anone he rode unto the pavilons and saw the lady how she was there, for she was hys queste, and seyde,

'Fayre lady, ye muste go with me unto the courte of kynge Arthure.'

'Sir knyght,' seyde the two squyres, 'yondir ar two knyghtes that fyght for thys lady. Go ye thyder and departe them, and be ye agreed with them, and than may ye have hir at youre plesure.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde kynge Pellynor.

And anone he rode betwixte hem and departed them, and asked them their causis why they fought. 42v

'Sir knyght,' seyde that one, 'I shall telle you. Thys lady ys my kynneswoman nye, my awntis doughtir, and whan I herde hir complayne that she was with hym magré hir hede, I waged batayle to fyght with hym.'

'Sir knyght,' seyde thys othir whos name was Outelake of Wentelonde, 'and thys lady I gate be my prouesse of hondis and armys thys day at Arthurs courte.'

'That ys nat trew,' seyde kynge Pellynor, 'for ye com in suddeynly thereas we were at the hyghe feste and toke awey thys lady or ony man myght make hym redy, and therefore hit was my queste to brynge her agayne and you bothe, othir ellis that one of us to leve in the fylde. Therefore thys lady shall go with me, othir I shall dye therefore, for so have I promysed kynge Arthur. And therefore fyght ye no more, for none of you shall have parte of hir at thys tyme. And if ye lyst for to fyght for hir with me, I woll defende hir.'

'Well,' seyde the knyghtes, 'make you redy, and we shall assayle you with all oure power.'

And as kynge Pellynor wolde have put hys horse frome

6–7 *C* the lady that was his quest 10 *C* squyres that were with her yonder
23 hondis and *not in C* 24 *C* that is vntruly said said 28 *C* to abyde in the
29–30 *C* dye for it for I haue promysed hit kynge 31 *C* haue no parte
32–33 *C* her fyȝte with me and I wille defende her

hym, sir Outelake roff hys horse thorow with a swerde, and seyde,

'Now art thou afoote as well as we ar.'

Whan kynge Pellynore aspyed that hys horse was ⌜slayne⌝, lyghtly he lepe frome hys horse, and pulled oute hys swerde, and put hys shyld afore hym and seyde,

'Knyght, kepe the well, for thou shalt have a buffette for the sleynge of my horse.'

So kynge Pellynor gaff hym such a stroke uppon the helme that he clave the hede downe to the chyne, and felle downe (13) to the erthe dede. Than he turned hym to the other knyght that was sore wounded. But whan he saw that buffette he wolde nat fyght, but kneled downe and seyde,

'Take my cosyn, thys lady, with you, as ys youre queste, and I require you, as ye be a trew knyght, put hir to no shame nother vylony.'

'What?' seyde kynge Pellynore, 'woll ye nat fyght for hir?'

'No,' seyde the knyght, 'I woll nat fyght with such a knyght of proues as ye be.'

'Well,' seyde kynge Pellynore, 'I promyse you she shall have no vyllany by me, as I am trew knyght.'

'But now me wantis an horse,' seyde kynge Pellynor, 'but I woll have Outelakis horse.'

'Sir, ye shall nat nede,' seyde the knyght, 'for I shall gyff you such an horse as shall please you, so that ye woll lodge with me, for hit ys nere nyght.'

'I woll well,' seyde kynge Pellynore, 'abyde with you all nyght.'

43r And there he had with hym ryght good chere and fared of the beste with passyng good wyne, and had myry reste that nyght.

And on the morne he harde masse and dyned. And so was brought hym a fayre bay courser, and kynge Pellynors sadyll sette uppon hym.

'Now, what shall I calle you,' seyde the knyght, 'inasmuch as ye have my cousyn at youre desyre of youre queste?'

1 *C*† them syr 4 *W* horse was *C* hors was slayne *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 175a*) li uns laisse aler l'espee et fiert le cheval en costé seniestre, si l'ochist et li chevaus chiet mors 7 *C* kepe wel thy heede for 12 *C* sawe the others buffet 14 *C* yow at youre request 20 *C* Pellenore ye say wel 22 *C* me lacketh

'Sir, I shalle telle you: my name ys kynge Pellynor, kynge of the Ilis, and knyght of the Table Rounde.'

'Now am I glad,' seyde the knyght, 'that such a noble man sholde have the rule of my cousyn.'

'Now, what ys youre name?' seyde kynge Pellynor. 'I pray you telle me.'

'Sir, my name ys sir Meliot de Logurs, and thys lady, my cosyn, hir name ys called Nenyve. And thys knyght that was in the other pavilion was my sworne brother, a passynge good knyght, and hys name ys Bryan of the Ilis, and he ys full lothe to do ony wronge or to fyght with ony man but if he be sore sought on.'

'Hit ys mervayle,' seyde kynge Pellynor, 'he wolde nat have ado with me.'

'Sir, he woll nat have ado with no man but if hit be at hys requeste.'

'I pray you brynge hym to the courte one of thes dayes,' seyde kynge Pellynor.

'Sir, we woll com togydirs.'

'Ye shall be wellcom,' seyde kynge Pellynore, 'to the courte of kynge Arthure, and ye shall be gretely alowed for youre commynge.'

And so he departed with the lady and brought her to Camelot.

But so as they rode in a valey, hit was full of stonys, and there the ladyes horse stumbled and threw her downe, and hir arme was sore brused, that nerehonde she swooned for payne.

'Alas!' seyde the lady, 'myn arme ys oute of lythe, wherethorow I muste nedys reste me.'

'Ye shall well,' seyde kynge Pellynor.

And so he alyght undir a tre where was fayre grasse, and he put hys horse thereto, and so rested hem undir the tree and slepte tylle hit was ny nyght. And when he awoke he wolde have rydden forthe, but the lady seyde,

1–2 *C* Pellenore of the 8 *C* cosyn hyght Nymue 9 *C* is my 11 *C* ful loth to do wronge and ful lothe to fyghte with 12 *C** sought on so that for shame he may not leue it 13 *C* Pellinore that he wille not 17 I pray you *not in C* 21 *C* and gretely allowed 26–27 *C* that her arme 27 *C* brysed and nere she 32 *C* a fayr tree 33 *C* so leyd hym 35 *C* ryden Sir said the lady

'Ye may as well ryde backwarde as forewarde, hit ys so durke.'

So they abode stylle and made there theire lodgynge. Than kynge Pellynor put of hys armoure. Tha[n] so a litill tofore mydnyght they herde the trottynge of an horse. 'Be ye stylle,' 43v seyde kynge Pellynor, 'for we shall hyre of som adventure.'

(14) And therewith he armed hym. So ryght evyn before hym there mette two knyghtes, that one com frowarde Camelot, and that othir com from the Northe, and eyther salewed other and asked:

'What tydynges at Camelot?' seyde that one knyght.

'Be my hede,' ⌈seyde the other⌉, 'there have I bene and aspied the courte of kynge Arthure, and there ys such a felyshyp that they may never be brokyn, and well-nyghe all the world holdith with Arthure, for there ys the floure of chevalry. And now for thys cause am I rydyng into the Northe: to telle oure chyfftaynes of the felyship that ys withholdyn with kynge Arthure.'

'As for that,' seyde the othir knyght, 'I have brought a remedy with me that ys the grettist poysen that ever ye herde speke off. And to Camelot woll I with hit, for we have a frende ryght nyghe the kynge, well cheryshed, that shall poysen kynge Arthur, for so hath he promysed oure chyfftaynes, and receyved grete gyfftis for to do hit.'

'Beware,' seyde the othir knyght, 'of Merlion, for he knowith all thynges by the devylles craffte.'

'As for that, woll I nat lett,' seyde the knyght; and so they departed in sondir.

And anone aftir that kynge Pellynor made hym redy, and hys lady, and rode towarde Camelot. And as they com by the welle thereas the wounded knyght was and the lady, there he founde the knyght and the lady etyn with lyons othir with wylde bestis, all save the hede, wherefore he made grete sorow and wepte passynge sore, and seyde,

'Alas! hir lyff myght I have saved, but I was ferse in my queste that I wolde nat abyde.'

4 *W* that so a litill *C** thēne a lytel 10 and asked *not in C* 11–12 *W* seyde that one knyght Be my hede there *C** sayd the one by my hede saide the other ther *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 176b*) 'Ques nouvieles aportés vous?' 'Je n'aporch, fait il, nules nouvieles qui me plaisent' 27 *C* therfore wille I not lete it 30 *S* lady rode 35–36 *C* so fyers in my quest therfore I

'Wherefore make ye such doole?' seyde the lady.

'I wote nat,' seyde kynge Pellinore, 'but my herte rwyth sore of the deth of hir that lyeth yondir, for she was a passyng fayre lady, and a yonge.'

'Now, woll [ye] do by myne advise? Take the knyght and lette hym be buryed in an ermytage, and than take the ladyes hede and bere hit with you unto kynge Arthure.' So kynge Pellynor toke thys dede knyght on hys shyld and brought hym to the ermytage, and charged the heremyte with the corse, that servyse sholde be done for the soule.

'And take ye hys harneyse for youre payne.'

'Hit shall be done,' seyde the hermyte, 'as I woll answere to God.'

And therewith they departed and com thereas the lady (15) 44r lay with a fayre yalow here. That greved kynge Pellynore passynge sore whan he loked on hit, for much hys herte caste unto that vysage. And so by noone they come unto Camelot, and the kynge and the quene was passyng fayne of hys commynge to the courte. And there he was made to swere uppon the four Evangelistes to telle the trouthe of hys queste frome the one ende to that other.

'A, kynge Pellynor,' seyde quene Gwenyver, 'ye were gretly to blame that ye saved nat thys ladyes lyff.'

'Madam,' seyde kynge Pellynore, 'ye were gretely to blame and ye wolde nat save youre owne lyff and ye myght. But, salf youre displesure, I was so furyous in my queste that I wolde nat abyde, and that repentis me and shall do dayes of my lyff.'

'Truly ye ought sore to repente hit,' seyde Merlion, 'for that lady was youre owne doughtir, begotyn of the lady of the Rule, and that knyght that was dede was hir love and sholde have wedded hir, and he was a ryght good knyght of a yonge man, and wolde a proved a good man. An[d] to this courte was he commynge, and hys name was sir Myles of the Laundis, and a knyght com behynde hym and slew hym with a spere, and hys name was Lorayne le Saveage,

2 *C* herte morneth 3 that lyeth yondir *not in C* 5 *C* aduys said the lady 8 *C* on his sholders *F* devant soi 14 *C** the hede of the lady 16–17 *C* he cast his herte on the vysage 21 ende *not in C*† 26 *C* sauf your pleasir 27 do *not in C* 30 *C* begotyn on the

a false knyght and a cowherde. And she for grete sorow and dole slew hirselff with his swerde, and hyr name was Alyne. And because ye wolde nat abyde and helpe hir, ye shall se youre best frende fayle you whan ye be in the grettist distresse that ever ye were othir shall be. And that penaunce God hath ordayned you for that dede, that he that ye sholde truste moste on of ony man on lyve, he shall leve you there ye shall be slayne.'

'Me forthynkith hit,' seyde kynge Pellynor, 'that thus shall me betyde, but God may well fordo desteny.'

Thus whan the queste was done of the whyght herte the whych folowed sir Gawayne, and the queste of the brachet whych folowed sir Torre, kynge Pellynors son, and the queste of the lady that the knyghte toke away, whych at that tyme folowed kynge Pellynor, than the kynge stablysshed all the knyghtes and gaff them rychesse and londys; 44v and charged them never to do outerage nothir morthir, and allwayes to fle treson, and to gyff mercy unto hym that askith mercy, uppon payne of forfiture [of their] worship and lordship of kynge Arthure for evirmore; and allwayes to do ladyes, damesels, and jantilwomen and wydowes [socour:] strengthe hem in hir ryghtes, and never to enforce them, uppon payne of dethe. Also, that no man take no batayles in a wrongefull quarell for no love ne for no worldis goodis. So unto thys were all knyghtis sworne of the Table Rounde, both olde and younge, and every yere so were the[y] sworne at the hyghe feste of Pentecoste.

EXPLICIT THE WEDDYNG OF KYNG ARTHUR.

7 *C* most truste to 9 hit *not in C* 9–10 *C* that this shalle 10 *C* fordoo wel 12–13 *C* brachet folowed of syr Tor Pellenors sone 14–15 *C* awey the whiche kynge Pellinre† at that tyme folowed Thenne 16 *C** all his knyghtes and gaf them that were of londes not ryche he gaf them londes 17 *C* doo outragyousyte 18 *C* treason Also by no meane to be cruel but to gyue mercy 19 *W* othir worship 21–23 *C* gentylwymmen socour* vpon payne of dethe (and wydowes . . . enforce them *omitted*†) 24 *C* for no lawe ne for noo worldes

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

HOW KING ARTHUR TOOK A WIFE, AND WEDDED GUENEVER DAUGHTER TO LEODEGRANCE, KING OF THE LAND OF CAMELIARD, WITH WHOM HE HAD THE ROUND TABLE.

IN the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace; for the most part of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, but as Merlin made it openly known. But yet many kings and lords held great war against him for that cause, but well Arthur overcame them all, for the most part the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin. So it fell on a time King Arthur said unto Merlin, My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice. It is well done, said Merlin, that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty and noblesse should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another? Yea, said King Arthur, I love Guenever the king's daughter, Leodegrance of the land of Cameliard, the which holdeth in his house the Table Round that ye told he had of my father Uther. And this damosel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find. Sir, said Merlin, as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest alive, but, an ye loved her not so well as ye do, I should find you a damosel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you, an your heart were not set; but there as a man's heart is set, he will be loath to return. That is truth, said King Arthur. But Merlin warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again; and so he turned his tale to the adventures of Sangreal.

Then Merlin desired of the king for to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so the king granted him, and Merlin went forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter. That is to me, said King Leodegrance, the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands, I will give him, wist I it might please him, but he hath lands enow, him needeth none; but I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete, there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I faute fifty, for so many have been slain in my days. And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE WERE ORDAINED AND THEIR SIEGES BLESSED BY THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Table Round, then King Arthur made great joy for her coming, and that rich present, and said openly, This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so lief to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than right great riches. And in all haste the king let ordain for the marriage and the coronation in the most honourable wise that could be devised. Now, Merlin, said King Arthur, go thou and espy me in all this land fifty knights which be of most prowess and worship. Within short

time Merlin had found such knights that should fulfil forty and eight knights, but no more he could find. Then the Bishop of Canterbury was fetched, and he blessed the sieges with great royalty and devotion, and there set the eight and forty knights in their sieges. And when this was done Merlin said, Fair sirs, ye must all arise and come to King Arthur for to do him homage; he will have the better will to maintain you. And so they arose and did their homage, and when they were gone Merlin found in every sieges letters of gold that told the knights' names that had sitten therein. But two sieges were void. And so anon came young Gawaine and asked the king a gift. Ask, said the king, and I shall grant it you. Sir, I ask that ye will make me knight that same day ye shall wed fair Guenever. I will do it with a good will, said King Arthur, and do unto you all the worship that I may, for I must by reason ye are my nephew, my sister's son.

CHAPTER III

HOW A POOR MAN RIDING UPON A LEAN MARE DESIRED KING ARTHUR TO MAKE HIS SON KNIGHT.

FORTHWITHAL there came a poor man into the court, and brought with him a fair young man of eighteen years of age riding upon a lean mare; and the poor man asked all men that he met, Where shall I find King Arthur? Yonder he is, said the knights, wilt thou anything with him? Yea, said the poor man, therefore I came hither. Anon as he came before the king, he saluted him and said: O King Arthur, the flower of all knights and kings, I beseech Jesu save thee. Sir, it was told me that at this time of your marriage ye would give any man the gift that he would ask, out except that were unreasonable. That is truth, said the king, such cries I let make, and that will I hold, so it apair not my realm nor mine estate. Ye say well and graciously, said the poor man; Sir, I ask nothing else but that ye will make my son here a knight. It is a great thing

thou askest of me, said the king. What is thy name? said the king to the poor man. Sir, my name is Aries the cowherd. Whether cometh this of thee or of thy son? said the king. Nay, sir, said Aries, this desire cometh of my son and not of me, for I shall tell you I have thirteen sons, and all they will fall to what labour I put them, and will be right glad to do labour, but this child will not labour for me, for anything that my wife or I may do, but always he will be shooting or casting darts, and glad for to see battles and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight. What is thy name? said the king unto the young man. Sir, my name is Tor. The king beheld him fast, and saw he was passingly well-visaged and passingly well made of his years. Well, said King Arthur unto Aries the cowherd, fetch all thy sons afore me that I may see them. And so the poor man did, and all were shaped much like the poor man. But Tor was not like none of them all in shape nor in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. Now, said King Arthur unto the cowherd, where is the sword he shall be made knight withal? It is here, said Tor. Take it out of the sheath, said the king, and require me to make you a knight.

Then Tor alighted off his mare and pulled out his sword, kneeling, and requiring the king that he would make him knight, and that he might be a knight of the Table Round. As for a knight I will make you, and therewith smote him in the neck with the sword, saying, Be ye a good knight, and so I pray to God so ye may be, and if ye be of prowess and of worthiness ye shall be a knight of the Table Round. Now Merlin, said Arthur, say whether this Tor shall be a good knight or no. Yea, sir, he ought to be a good knight, for he is come of as good a man as any is alive, and of kings' blood. How so, sir? said the king. I shall tell you, said Merlin: This poor man, Aries the cowherd, is not his father; he is nothing sib to him, for King Pellinore is his father. I suppose nay, said the cowherd. Fetch thy wife afore me, said Merlin, and she shall not say nay. Anon the wife was fetched, which was a fair housewife, and there she answered Merlin full womanly, and there she told the king and Merlin that when she was a maid, and went to milk kine, there

met with her a stern knight, and half by force he had my maidenhead, and at that time he begat my son Tor, and he took away from me my greyhound that I had that time with me, and said that he would keep the greyhound for my love. Ah, said the cowherd, I weened not this, but I may believe it well, for he had never no tatches of me. Sir, said Tor unto Merlin, dishonour not my mother. Sir, said Merlin, it is more for your worship than hurt, for your father is a good man and a king, and he may right well advance you and your mother, for ye were begotten or ever she was wedded. That is truth, said the wife. It is the less grief unto me, said the cowherd.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR TOR WAS KNOWN FOR SON OF KING PELLINORE, AND HOW GAWAINE WAS MADE KNIGHT.

So on the morn King Pellinore came to the court of King Arthur, which had great joy of him, and told him of Tor, how he was his son, and how he had made him knight at the request of the cowherd. When Pellinore beheld Tor, he pleased him much. So the king made Gawaine knight, but Tor was the first he made at the feast. What is the cause, said King Arthur, that there be two places void in the sieges? Sir, said Merlin, there shall no man sit in those places but they that shall be of most worship. But in the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit therein but one, and if there be any so hardy to do it he shall be destroyed, and he that shall sit there shall have no fellow. And therewith Merlin took King Pellinore by the hand, and in the one hand next the two sieges and the Siege Perilous he said, in open audience, This is your place and best ye are worthy to sit therein of any that is here. Thereat sat Sir Gawaine in great envy and told Gaheris his brother, yonder knight is put to great worship, the which grieveth me sore, for he slew our father King Lot, therefore I will slay him, said Gawaine, with a sword that

was sent me that is passing trenchant. Ye shall not so, said Gaheris, at this time, for at this time I am but a squire, and when I am made knight I will be avenged on him, and therefore, brother, it is best ye suffer till another time, that we may have him out of the court, for an we did so we should trouble this high feast. I will well, said Gawaine, as ye will.

CHAPTER V

HOW AT FEAST OF THE WEDDING OF KING ARTHUR TO GUENEVER, A WHITE HART CAME INTO THE HALL, AND THIRTY COUPLE HOUNDS, AND HOW A BRACHET PINCHED THE HART WHICH WAS TAKEN AWAY.

THEN was the high feast made ready, and the king was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever in the church of Saint Stephen's, with great solemnity. And as every man was set after his degree, Merlin went to all the knights of the Round Table, and bade them sit still, that none of them remove. For ye shall see a strange and a marvellous adventure. Right so as they sat there came running in a white hart into the hall, and a white brachet next him, and thirty couple of black running hounds came after with a great cry, and the hart went about the Table Round as he went by other boards. The white brachet bit him by the buttock and pulled out a piece, wherethrough the hart leapt a great leap and overthrew a knight that sat at the board side; and therewith the knight arose and took up the brachet, and so went forth out of the hall, and took his horse and rode his way with the brachet. Right so anon came in a lady on a white palfrey, and cried aloud to King Arthur, Sir, suffer me not to have this despite, for the brachet was mine that the knight led away. I may not do therewith, said the king.

With this there came a knight riding all armed on a great horse, and took the lady away with him with force, and ever she cried

and made great dole. When she was gone the king was glad, for she made such a noise. Nay, said Merlin, ye may not leave these adventures so lightly; for these adventures must be brought again or else it would be disworship to you and to your feast. I will, said the king, that all be done by your advice. Then, said Merlin, let call Sir Gawaine, for he must bring again the white hart. Also, sir, ye must let call Sir Tor, for he must bring again the brachet and the knight, or else slay him. Also let call King Pellinore, for he must bring again the lady and the knight, or else slay him. And these three knights shall do marvellous adventures or they come again. Then were they called all three as it rehearseth afore, and each of them took his charge, and armed them surely. But Sir Gawaine had the first request, and therefore we will begin at him.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR GAWAINE RODE FOR TO FETCH AGAIN THE HART, AND HOW TWO BRETHREN FOUGHT EACH AGAINST OTHER FOR THE HART.

SIR GAWAINE rode more than a pace, and Gaheris his brother that rode with him instead of a squire to do him service. So as they rode they saw two knights fight on horseback passing sore, so Sir Gawaine and his brother rode betwixt them, and asked them for what cause they fought so. The one knight answered and said, We fight for a simple matter, for we two be two brethren born and begotten of one man and of one woman. Alas, said Sir Gawaine, why do ye so? Sir, said the elder, there came a white hart this way this day, and many hounds chased him, and a white brachet was alway next him, and we understood it was adventure made for the high feast of King Arthur, and therefore I would have gone after to have won me worship; and here my younger brother said he would go after the hart, for he was better knight than I: and for this cause we fell at debate, and so we thought to prove which of

us both was better knight. This is a simple cause, said Sir Gawaine; uncouth men ye should debate withal, and not brother with brother; therefore but if you will do by my counsel I will have ado with you, that is ye shall yield you unto me, and that ye go unto King Arthur and yield you unto his grace. Sir knight, said the two brethren, we are forfoughten and much blood have we lost through our wilfulness, and therefore we would be loath to have ado with you. Then do as I will have you, said Sir Gawaine. We will agree to fulfil your will; but by whom shall we say that we be thither sent? Ye may say, By the knight that followeth the quest of the hart that was white. Now what is your name? said Gawaine. Sorlouse of the Forest, said the elder. And my name is, said the younger, Brian of the Forest. And so they departed and went to the king's court, and Sir Gawaine on his quest.

And as Gawaine followed the hart by the cry of the hounds, even afore him there was a great river, and the hart swam over; and as Sir Gawaine would follow after, there stood a knight over the other side, and said, Sir knight, come not over after this hart but if thou wilt joust with me. I will not fail as for that, said Sir Gawaine, to follow the quest that I am in, and so made his horse to swim over the water. And anon they gat their spears and ran together full hard; but Sir Gawaine smote him off his horse, and then he turned his horse and bade him yield him. Nay, said the knight, not so, though thou have the better of me on horseback. I pray thee, valiant knight, alight afoot, and match we together with swords. What is your name? said Sir Gawaine. Allardin of the Isles, said the other. Then either dressed their shields and smote together, but Sir Gawaine smote him so hard through the helm that it went to the brains, and the knight fell down dead. Ah ! said Gaheris, that was a mighty stroke of a young knight.

CHAPTER VII

HOW THE HART WAS CHASED INTO A CASTLE AND THERE SLAIN, AND HOW SIR GAWAINE SLEW A LADY.

THEN Gawaine and Gaheris rode more than a pace after the white hart, and let slip at the hart three couple of greyhounds, and so they chased the hart into a castle, and in the chief place of the castle they slew the hart; Sir Gawaine and Gaheris followed after. Right so there came a knight out of a chamber with a sword drawn in his hand and slew two of the greyhounds, even in the sight of Sir Gawaine, and the remnant he chased them with his sword out of the castle. And when he came again, he said, O my white hart, me repenteth that thou art dead, for my sovereign lady gave thee to me, and evil have I kept thee, and thy death shall be dear bought an I live. And anon he went into his chamber and armed him, and came out fiercely, and there met he with Sir Gawaine. Why have ye slain my hounds? said Sir Gawaine, for they did but their kind, and liefer I had ye had wroken your anger upon me than upon a dumb beast. Thou sayest truth, said the knight, I have avenged me on thy hounds, and so I will on thee or thou go. Then Sir Gawaine alighted afoot and dressed his shield, and struck together mightily, and clave their shields, and stoned their helms, and brake their hauberks that the blood ran down to their feet.

At the last Sir Gawaine smote the knight so hard that he fell to the earth, and then he cried mercy, and yielded him, and besought him as he was a knight and gentleman, to save his life. Thou shalt die, said Sir Gawaine, for slaying of my hounds. I will make amends, said the knight, unto my power. Sir Gawaine would no mercy have, but unlaced his helm to have stricken off his head. Right so came his lady out of a chamber and fell over him, and so he smote off her head by misadventure. Alas, said Gaheris, that is foully and shamefully done, that shame shall never from you; also ye should give mercy unto them that ask mercy, for a knight without mercy is without worship. Sir Gawaine was so stonied of the death of this fair lady

that he wist not what he did, and said unto the knight, Arise, I will give thee mercy. Nay, nay, said the knight, I take no force of mercy now, for thou hast slain my love and my lady that I loved best of all earthly things. Me sore repenteth it, said Sir Gawaine, for I thought to strike unto thee; but now thou shalt go unto King Arthur and tell him of thine adventures, and how thou art overcome by the knight that went in the quest of the white hart. I take no force, said the knight, whether I live or I die; but so for dread of death he swore to go unto King Arthur, and he made him to bear one greyhound before him on his horse, and another behind him. What is your name? said Sir Gawaine, or we depart. My name is, said the knight, Ablamar of the Marsh. So he departed toward Camelot.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW FOUR KNIGHTS FOUGHT AGAINST GAWAINE AND GAHERIS. AND HOW THEY WERE OVERCOME, AND THEIR LIVES SAVED AT REQUEST OF FOUR LADIES.

And Sir Gawaine went into the castle, and made him ready to lie there all night, and would have unarmed him. What will ye do, said Gaheris, will ye unarm you in this country? Ye may think ye have many enemies here. They had not sooner said that word but there came four knights well armed, and assailed Sir Gawaine hard, and said unto him, Thou new-made knight, thou hast shamed thy knighthood, for a knight without mercy is dishonoured. Also thou hast slain a fair lady to thy great shame to the world's end, and doubt thou not thou shalt have great need of mercy or thou depart from us. And therewith one of them smote Sir Gawaine a great stroke that nigh he fell to the earth, and Gaheris smote him again sore, and so they were on the one side and on the other, that Sir Gawaine and Gaheris were in jeopardy of their lives; and one with a bow, an archer, smote Sir Gawaine through the arm that it grieved him wonderly sore. And as they

should have been slain, there came four fair ladies, and besought the knights of grace for Sir Gawaine; and goodly at request of the ladies they gave Sir Gawaine and Gaheris their lives, and made them to yield them as prisoners. Then Gawaine and Gaheris made great dole. Alas ! said Sir Gawaine, mine arm grieveth me sore, I am like to be maimed; and so made his complaint piteously.

Early on the morrow there came to Sir Gawaine one of the four ladies that had heard all his complaint, and said, Sir knight, what cheer? Not good, said he. It is your own default, said the lady, for ye have done a passing foul deed in the slaying of the lady, the which will be great villainy unto you. But be ye not of King Arthur's kin? said the lady. Yes truly, said Sir Gawaine. What is your name? said the lady, ye must tell it me or ye pass. My name is Gawaine, the King Lot of Orkney's son, and my mother is King Arthur's sister. Ah ! then are ye nephew unto King Arthur, said the lady, and I shall so speak for you that ye shall have conduct to go to King Arthur for his love. And so she departed and told the four knights how their prisoner was King Arthur's nephew, and his name is Sir Gawaine, King Lot's son of Orkney. And they gave him the hart's head because it was in his quest. Then anon they delivered Sir Gawaine under this promise, that he should bear the dead lady with him in this manner; the head of her was hanged about his neck, and the whole body of her lay before him on his horse's mane. Right so rode he forth unto Camelot. And anon as he was come, Merlin desired of King Arthur that Sir Gawaine should be sworn to tell of all his adventures, and how he slew the lady, and how he would give no mercy unto the knight, wherethrough the lady was slain. Then the king and the queen were greatly displeased with Sir Gawaine for the slaying of the lady. And there by ordinance of the queen there was set a quest of ladies on Sir Gawaine, and they judged him for ever while he lived to be with all ladies, and to fight for their quarrels; and that ever he should be courteous, and never to refuse mercy to him that asketh mercy. Thus was Gawaine sworn upon the Four Evangelists that he should never be against lady nor gentlewoman, but if he fought for a lady and his adversary fought for another. And thus endeth the adventure of Sir Gawaine that he did at the marriage of King Arthur. Amen.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR TOR RODE AFTER THE KNIGHT WITH THE BRACHET, AND OF HIS ADVENTURE BY THE WAY.

When Sir Tor was ready, he mounted upon his horseback, and rode after the knight with the brachet. So as he rode he met with a dwarf suddenly that smote his horse on the head with a staff, that he went backward his spear length. Why dost thou so? said Sir Tor. For thou shalt not pass this way, but if thou joust with yonder knights of the pavilions. Then was Tor ware where two pavilions were, and great spears stood out, and two shields hung on trees by the pavilions. I may not tarry, said Sir Tor, for I am in a quest that I must needs follow. Thou shalt not pass, said the dwarf, and therewithal he blew his horn. Then there came one armed on horseback, and dressed his shield, and came fast toward Tor, and he dressed him against him, and so ran together that Tor bare him from his horse. And anon the knight yielded him to his mercy. But, sir, I have a fellow in yonder pavilion that will have ado with you anon. He shall be welcome, said Sir Tor. Then was he ware of another knight coming with great raundon, and each of them dressed to other, that marvel it was to see; but the knight smote Sir Tor a great stroke in midst of the shield that his spear all to-shivered. And Sir Tor smote him through the shield below of the shield that it went through the cost of the knight, but the stroke slew him not. And therewith Sir Tor alighted and smote him on the helm a great stroke, and therewith the knight yielded him and besought him of mercy. I will well, said Sir Tor, but thou and thy fellow must go unto King Arthur, and yield you prisoners unto him. By whom shall we say are we thither sent? Ye shall say by the knight that went in the quest of the knight that went with the brachet. Now, what be your two names? said Sir Tor. My name is, said the one, Sir Felot of Langduk; and my name is, said the other, Sir Petipase of Winchelsea. Now go ye forth, said Sir Tor, and God speed you and me. Then came the dwarf and said unto Sir Tor, I pray you give me a gift. I will well, said Sir Tor, ask.

I ask no more, said the dwarf, but that ye will suffer me to do you service, for I will serve no more recreant knights. Take an horse, said Sir Tor, and ride on with me. I wot ye ride after the knight with the white brachet, and I shall bring you where he is, said the dwarf. And so they rode throughout a forest, and at the last they were ware of two pavilions, even by a priory, with two shields, and the one shield was enewed with white, and the other shield was red.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR TOR FOUND THE BRACHET WITH A LADY, AND HOW A KNIGHT ASSAILED HIM FOR THE SAID BRACHET.

THEREWITH Sir Tor alighted and took the dwarf his glaive, and so he came to the white pavilion, and saw three damosels lie in it, on one pallet, sleeping, and so he went to the other pavilion, and found a lady lying sleeping therein, but there was the white brachet that bayed at her fast, and therewith the lady yede out of the pavilion and all her damosels. But anon as Sir Tor espied the white brachet, he took her by force and took her to the dwarf. What, will ye so, said the lady, take my brachet from me? Yea, said Sir Tor, this brachet have I sought from King Arthur's court hither. Well, said the lady, knight, ye shall not go far with her, but that ye shall be met and grieved. I shall abide what adventure that cometh by the grace of God, and so mounted upon his horse, and passed on his way toward Camelot; but it was so near night he might not pass but little further. Know ye any lodging? said Tor. I know none, said the dwarf, but here beside is an hermitage, and there ye must take lodging as ye find. And within a while they came to the hermitage and took lodging; and was there grass, oats and bread for their horses; soon it was sped, and full hard was their supper; but there they rested them all night till on the morn, and heard a mass devoutly, and took their leave of the hermit, and Sir Tor prayed the hermit to pray for him. He said he would, and betook

him to God. And so mounted upon horseback and rode towards Camelot a long while.

With that they heard a knight call loud that came after them, and he said, Knight, abide and yield my brachet that thou took from my lady. Sir Tor returned again, and beheld him how he was a seemly knight and well horsed, and well armed at all points; then Sir Tor dressed his shield, and took his spear in his hands, and the other came fiercely upon him, and smote both horse and man to the earth. Anon they arose lightly and drew their swords as eagerly as lions, and put their shields afore them, and smote through the shields, that the cantels fell off both parties. Also they tamed their helms that the hot blood ran out, and the thick mails of their hauberks they carved and rove in sunder that the hot blood ran to the earth, and both they had many wounds and were passing weary. But Sir Tor espied that the other knight fainted, and then he sued fast upon him, and doubled his strokes, and gart him go to the earth on the one side. Then Sir Tor bade him yield him. That will I not, said Abelleus, while my life lasteth and the soul is within my body, unless that thou wilt give me the brachet. That will I not do, said Sir Tor, for it was my quest to bring again thy brachet, thee, or both.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR TOR OVERCAME THE KNIGHT, AND HOW HE LOST HIS HEAD AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

WITH that came a damosel riding on a palfrey as fast as she might drive, and cried with a loud voice unto Sir Tor. What will ye with me? said Sir Tor. I beseech thee, said the damosel, for King Arthur's love, give me a gift; I require thee, gentle knight, as thou art a gentleman. Now, said Tor, ask a gift and I will give it you. Gramercy, said the damosel; now I ask the head of the false knight Abelleus, for he is the most outrageous knight that liveth, and the greatest murderer. I am loath, said Sir Tor, of that gift I have given

you; let him make amends in that he hath trespassed unto you. Now, said the damosel, he may not, for he slew mine own brother before mine own eyes, that was a better knight than he, an he had had grace; and I kneeled half an hour afore him in the mire for to save my brother's life, that had done him no damage, but fought with him by adventure of arms, and so for all that I could do he struck off his head; wherefore I required thee, as thou art a true knight, to give me my gift, or else I shall shame thee in all the court of King Arthur; for he is the falsest knight living, and a great destroyer of good knights. Then when Abelleus heard this, he was more afeard, and yielded him and asked mercy. I may not now, said Sir Tor, but if I should be found false of my promise; for while I would have taken you to mercy ye would none ask, but if ye had the brachet again, that was my quest. And therewith he took off his helm, and he arose and fled, and Sir Tor after him, and smote off his head quite.

Now sir, said the damosel, it is near night; I pray you come and lodge with me here at my place, it is here fast by. I will well, said Sir Tor, for his horse and he had fared evil since they departed from Camelot, and so he rode with her, and had passing good cheer with her; and she had a passing fair old knight to her husband that made him passing good cheer, and well eased both his horse and him. And on the morn he heard his mass, and brake his fast, and took his leave of the knight and of the lady, that besought him to tell them his name. Truly, he said, my name is Sir Tor that was late made knight, and this was the first quest of arms that ever I did, to bring again that this knight Abelleus took away from King Arthur's court. O fair knight, said the lady and her husband, an ye come here in our marches, come and see our poor lodging, and it shall be always at your commandment. So Sir Tor departed and came to Camelot on the third day by noon, and the king and the queen and all the court was passing fain of his coming, and made great joy that he was come again; for he went from the court with little succour, but as King Pellinore his father gave him an old courser, and King Arthur gave him armour and a sword, and else had he none other succour, but rode so forth himself alone. And then the king and the queen by Merlin's advice made him to swear to tell of his adven-

tures, and so he told and made proofs of his deeds as it is afore rehearsed, wherefore the king and the queen made great joy. Nay, nay, said Merlin, these be but japes to that he shall do; for he shall prove a noble knight of prowess, as good as any is living, and gentle and courteous, and of good tatches, and passing true of his promise, and never shall outrage. Wherethrough Merlin's words King Arthur gave him an earldom of lands that fell unto him. And here endeth **the quest of Sir Tor, King Pellinore's son.**

CHAPTER XII

HOW KING PELLINORE RODE AFTER THE LADY AND THE KNIGHT THAT LED HER AWAY, AND HOW A LADY DESIRED HELP OF HIM, AND HOW HE FOUGHT WITH TWO KNIGHTS FOR THAT LADY, OF WHOM HE SLEW THE ONE AT THE FIRST STROKE.

THEN King Pellinore armed him and mounted upon his horse, and rode more than a pace after the lady that the knight led away. And as he rode in a forest, he saw in a valley a damosel sit by a well, and a wounded knight in her arms, and Pellinore saluted her. And when she was ware of him, she cried overloud, Help me, knight; for Christ's sake, King Pellinore. And he would not tarry, he was so eager in his quest, and ever she cried an hundred times after help. When she saw he would not abide, she prayed unto God to send him as much need of help as she had, and that he might feel it or he died. So, as the book telleth, the knight there died that there was wounded, wherefore the lady for pure sorrow slew herself with his sword. As King Pellinore rode in that valley he met with a poor man, a labourer. Sawest thou not, said Pellinore, a knight riding and leading away a lady? Yea, said the man, I saw that knight, and the lady that made great dole; and yonder beneath in a valley there shall ye see two pavilions, and one of the knights of the pavilions challenged that lady of that knight, and said she

was his cousin near, wherefore he should lead her no farther. And so they waged battle in that quarrel, the one said he would have her by force, and the other said he would have the rule of her, by cause he was her kinsman, and would lead her to her kin. For this quarrel he left them fighting. And if ye will ride a pace ye shall find them fighting, and the lady was beleft with the two squires in the pavilions. God thank thee, said King Pellinore.

Then he rode a wallop till he had a sight of the two pavilions, and the two knights fighting. Anon he rode unto the pavilions, and saw the lady that was his quest, and said, Fair lady, ye must go with me unto the court of King Arthur. Sir knight, said the two squires that were with her, yonder are two knights that fight for this lady, go thither and depart them, and be agreed with them, and then may ye have her at your pleasure. Ye say well, said King Pellinore. And anon he rode betwixt them, and departed them, and asked them the causes why that they fought? Sir knight, said the one, I shall tell you, this lady is my kinswoman nigh, mine aunt's daughter, and when I heard her complain that she was with him maugre her head, I waged battle to fight with him. Sir knight, said the other, whose name was Hontzlake of Wentland, and this lady I gat by my prowess of arms this day at Arthur's court. That is untruly said, said King Pellinore, for ye came in suddenly there as we were at the high feast, and took away this lady or any man might make him ready; and therefore it was my quest to bring her again and you both, or else the one of us to abide in the field; therefore the lady shall go with me, or I will die for it, for I have promised it King Arthur. And therefore fight ye no more, for none of you shall have no part of her at this time; and if ye list to fight for her, fight with me, and I will defend her. Well, said the knights, make you ready, and we shall assail you with all our power. And as King Pellinore would have put his horse from them, Sir Hontzlake rove his horse through with a sword, and said: Now art thou on foot as well as we are. When King Pellinore espied that his horse was slain, lightly he leapt from his horse and pulled out his sword, and put his shield afore him, and said, Knight, keep well thy head, for thou shalt have a buffet for the slaying of my horse.

So King Pellinore gave him such a stroke upon the helm that he clave the head down to the chin, that he fell to the earth dead.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW KING PELLINORE GAT THE LADY AND BROUGHT HER TO CAMELOT TO THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR

And then he turned him to the other knight, that was sore wounded. But when he saw the other's buffet, he would not fight, but kneeled down and said, Take my cousin the lady with you at your request, and I require you, as ye be a true knight, put her to no shame nor villainy. What, said King Pellinore, will ye not fight for her? No, sir, said the knight, I will not fight with such a knight of prowess as ye be. Well, said Pellinore, ye say well; I promise you she shall have no villainy by me, as I am true knight; but now me lacketh an horse, said Pellinore, but I will have Hontzlake's horse. Ye shall not need, said the knight, for I shall give you such an horse as shall please you, so that you will lodge with me, for it is near night. I will well, said King Pellinore, abide with you all night. And there he had with him right good cheer, and fared of the best with passing good wine, and had merry rest that night. And on the morn he heard a mass and dined; and then was brought him a fair bay courser, and King Pellinore's saddle set upon him. Now, what shall I call you? said the knight, inasmuch as ye have my cousin at your desire of your quest. Sir, I shall tell you, my name is King Pellinore of the Isles and knight of the Table Round. Now I am glad, said the knight, that such a noble man shall have the rule of my cousin. Now, what is your name? said Pellinore, I pray you tell me. Sir, my name is Sir Meliot of Logurs, and this lady my cousin hight Nimue, and the knight that was in the other pavilion is my sworn brother, a passing good knight, and his name is Brian of the Isles, and he is full loath to do wrong, and full loath to fight with any man, but if he be sore sought on, so that for shame he may not leave it. It is

marvel, said Pellinore, that he will not have ado with me. Sir, he will not have ado with no man but if it be at his request. Bring him to the court, said Pellinore, one of these days. Sir, we will come together. And ye shall be welcome, said Pellinore, to the court of King Arthur, and greatly allowed for your coming. And so he departed with the lady, and brought her to Camelot.

So as they rode in a valley it was full of stones, and there the lady's horse stumbled and threw her down, that her arm was sore bruised and near she swooned for pain. Alas ! sir, said the lady, mine arm is out of lithe, wherethrough I must needs rest me. Ye shall well, said King Pellinore. And so he alighted under a fair tree where was fair grass, and he put his horse thereto, and so laid him under the tree and slept till it was nigh night. And when he awoke he would have ridden. Sir, said the lady, it is so dark that ye may as well ride backward as forward. So they abode still and made there their lodging. Then Sir Pellinore put off his armour; then a little afore midnight they heard the trotting of an horse. Be ye still, said King Pellinore, for we shall hear of some adventure.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW ON THE WAY HE HEARD TWO KNIGHTS, AS HE LAY BY NIGHT IN A VALLEY, AND OF THEIR ADVENTURES.

And therewith he armed him. So right even afore him there met two knights, the one came froward Camelot, and the other from the north, and either saluted other. What tidings at Camelot? said the one. By my head, said the other, there have I been and espied the court of King Arthur, and there is such a fellowship they may never be broken, and well-nigh all the world holdeth with Arthur, for there is the flower of chivalry. Now for this cause I am riding into the north, to tell our chieftains of the fellowship that is withholden with King Arthur. As for that, said the other knight, I have brought a remedy with me, that is the greatest poison that

ever ye heard speak of, and to Camelot will I with it, for we have a friend right nigh King Arthur, and well cherished, that shall poison King Arthur; for so he hath promised our chieftains, and received great gifts for to do it. Beware, said the other knight, of Merlin, for he knoweth all things by the devil's craft. Therefore will I not let it, said the knight. And so they departed asunder. Anon after Pellinore made him ready, and his lady, and rode toward Camelot; and as they came by the well there as the wounded knight was and the lady, there he found the knight, and the lady eaten with lions or wild beasts, all save the head, wherefore he made great sorrow, and wept passing sore, and said, Alas ! her life might I have saved; but I was so fierce in my quest, therefore I would not abide. Wherefore make ye such dole? said the lady. I wot not, said Pellinore, but my heart mourneth sore of the death of her, for she was a passing fair lady and a young. Now, will ye do by mine advice? said the lady, take this knight and let him be buried in an hermitage, and then take the lady's head and bear it with you unto Arthur. So King Pellinore took this dead knight on his shoulders, and brought him to the hermitage, and charged the hermit with the corpse, that service should be done for the soul; and take his harness for your pain. It shall be done, said the hermit, as I will answer unto God.

CHAPTER XV

HOW WHEN HE WAS COME TO CAMELOT HE WAS SWORN UPON A BOOK TO TELL THE TRUTH OF HIS QUEST.

And therewith they departed, and came there as the head of the lady lay with a fair yellow hair that grieved King Pellinore passingly sore when he looked on it, for much he cast his heart on the visage. And so by noon they came to Camelot; and the king and the queen were passing fain of his coming to the court. And there he was made to swear upon the Four Evangelists, to tell the truth of his quest from the one to the other. Ah ! Sir Pellinore, said

Queen Guenever, ye were greatly to blame that ye saved not this lady's life. Madam, said Pellinore, ye were greatly to blame an ye would not save your own life an ye might, but, save your pleasure, I was so furious in my quest that I would not abide, and that repenteth me, and shall the days of my life. Truly, said Merlin, ye ought sore to repent it, for that lady was your own daughter begotten on the lady of the Rule, and that knight that was dead was her love, and should have wedded her, and he was a right good knight of a young man, and would have proved a good man, and to this court was he coming, and his name was Sir Miles of the Launds, and a knight came behind him and slew him with a spear, and his name is Loraine le Savage, a false knight and a coward; and she for great sorrow and dole slew herself with his sword, and her name was Eleine. And because ye would not abide and help her, ye shall see your best friend fail you when ye be in the greatest distress that ever ye were or shall be. And that penance God hath ordained you for that deed, that he that ye shall most trust to of any man alive, he shall leave you there ye shall be slain. Me forthinketh, said King Pellinore, that this shall me betide, but God may fordo well destiny.

Thus, when the quest was done of the white hart, the which followed Sir Gawaine; and the quest of the brachet, followed of Sir Tor, Pellinore's son; and the quest of the lady that the knight took away, the which King Pellinore at that time followed; then the king stablished all his knights, and them that were of lands not rich he gave them lands, and charged them never to do outrageousity nor murder, and always to flee treason; also, by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asketh mercy, upon pain of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore; and always to do ladies, damosels, and gentlewomen succour, upon pain of death. Also, that no man take no battles in a wrongful quarrel for no law, nor for no world's goods. Unto this were all the knights sworn of the Table Round, both old and young. And every year were they sworn at the high feast of Pentecost.

Explicit the Wedding of King Arthur. Sequitur quartus liber.

IV

THE DEATH OF MERLIN

AND

THE WAR WITH THE FIVE KINGS

SO aftir thes questis of syr Gawayne, syr Tor and kynge Pellynore, than hit befelle that Merlyon felle in dotage on the damesell that kynge Pellynore brought to courte; and she was one of the damesels of the Lady of the Laake, that hyght Nenyve. But Merlion wolde nat lette her have no reste, but allwayes he wolde be wyth her. And ever she made Merlion good chere tylle sche had lerned of hym all maner of thynges that sche desyred; and he was assoted uppon hir, that he myght nat be from hir. 45r (1)

So on a tyme he tolde to kynge Arthure that he scholde nat endure longe, but for all his craftes he scholde be putte into the erthe quyk. And so he tolde the kyng many thyngis that scholde befalle, but allwayes he warned the kyng to kepe well his swerde and the scawberde, ⌜for he told hym how the swerde and the scawberde⌝ scholde be stolyn by a woman frome hym that he moste trusted. Also he tolde kyng Arthure that he scholde mysse hym:

'And yett had ye levir than all youre londis have me agayne.'

'A,' sayde the kyng, 'syn ye knowe of youre evil adventure, purvey for hit, and putt hit away by youre crauftes, that mysseadventure.'

'Nay,' seyde Merlion, 'hit woll not be.'

He departed frome the kyng, and within a whyle the damesell of the Lake departed, and Merlyon went with her evermore wheresomever she yeode. And oftyntymes Merlion wolde have had hir prevayly away by his subtyle crauftes. Than she made hym to swere that he sholde never do none inchauntemente uppon hir if he wolde have his wil, and so he swore. Than she and Merlyon wente over the see unto the londe of Benwyke thereas kyng Ban was kyng, that had grete warre ayenste kyng Claudas.

And there Merlion spake with kyng Bayans wyff, a fayre lady and a good; hir name was Elayne. And there he saw yonge Launcelot. And there the queene made grete sorowe

2 *C* it felle 3 *S* to the Courte 4 *C*† damoysels of the lake 5 *O*1 *C* Nyneue nat *not in C* 8 *C* maner thynge 11 *C* dure long 14–15 *C** scaubard for he told hym how the swerd and the scaubard shold *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 188b*) sa boine espee od tout le fuerre 18 *C* to haue 19 evil *not in C* 25 *C* she wente 32 *C* Bans

for the mortal werre that kyng Claudas made on hir lord [and on hir lond]is.

45v 'Take none hevynesse,' seyde Merlyon, 'for this same chylde yonge Launcelot shall within this twenty yere revenge you on kyng Claudas, that all Crystendom shall speke of hit; and this same chylde shall be the moste man of worship of the worlde. And his fyrst name ys Galahad, that know I well,' seyde Merlyon, 'and syn ye have confermed hym Launcelot.'

'That is trouth,' seyde the quene, 'his name was fyrst Galahad. A, Merlyon,' seyde the quene, 'shall I lyve to se my son suche a man of prouesse?'

'Yee, hardely, lady, on my perelle ye shall se hit, and lyve many wyntirs aftir.'

Than sone aftir the lady and Merlyon departed. And by weyes he shewed hir many wondyrs, and so come into Cornuayle. And allwayes he lay aboute to have hir maydynhode, and she was ever passynge wery of hym and wolde have bene delyverde of hym, for she was aferde of hym for cause he was a devyls son, and she cowde not be skyfte of hym by no meane. And so one a tyme Merlyon ded shew hir in a roche whereas was a grete wondir and wrought by enchauntement that went undir a grete stone. So by hir subtyle worchyng she made Merlyon to go undir that stone to latte hir wete of the mervayles there, but she wrought so there for hym that he come never oute for all the craufte he coude do, and so she departed and leffte Merlyon.

(2) And as kyng Arthure rode to Camelot and helde there a grete feste with myrth and joy, and sone aftir he returned unto Cardolle. And there come unto Arthure newe tydynges that the kyng of Denmarke and the kyng of Irelonde, that was his brothir, and the kyng of the Vale and the kynge of Sorleyse and the kyng of the Ile of Longtaynse, all these fyve kynges with a grete oste was entirde into the londis of kyng Arthure and brent and slewe and distroyed clene byfore hem bothe the citeis and castels, that hit was pité to here.

1–2 *W* hir lordis *C** her lord and on her landes *O*1 hir londis 4 yonge Launcelot *not in C*† 13 hardely *not in C* 15–16 *C* by the waye 17 *C* Merlyn lay about the lady to 18 *C* fayne wold 20–21 *C* beskyfte hym *W* of of 34 *C* the lād 35 and distroyed *not in C*

'Alas!' seyde Arthure, 'yet had I never reste one monethe 46r
syne I was kyng crowned of this londe. Now shall I never reste tylle I mete with tho kyngis in a fayre felde, that I make myne avow; for my trwe lyege peple shall not be destroyed in my defaughte. Therefore go with me who so woll, and abyde who that wyll.'

Than kyng Arthure lette wryte unto kyng Pellynor and prayde hym in all haste to make hym redy 'with suche peple as we myght lyghtlyeste arere,' and to hyghe hym aftir in haste. Than all the barownes were wrothe prevayly that the kynge wolde departe so suddaynly; but the kynge by no meane wolde abyde, but made wrytyng unto them that were nat ther and bade hyghe them aftir hym suche as were nat at that tyme at that courte. Than the kynge come to quene Gwenyver and seyde unto her,

'Madame, make you redy, for ye shall go with me, for I may nat longe mysse you. Ye shall cause me to be the more hardy, what adventure so befalle me; yette woll I nat wyghte my lady to be in no joupardye.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I am at youre commaundemente, and shall be redy at all tymes.'

So on the morne the kyng and the quene departed with suche felyship as they had and come into the North, into a forerste besyde Humbir, and there lodged hem. So whan this worde come unto the fyve kynges abovynseyde that Arthure was besyde Humbir in a foreste, so there was a knyght, brothir unto one of the fyve kynges, that gaff hem suche counseyle:

'Ye knowe well that sir Arthur hath the floure of chevalry of the worlde with hym, and hit preved by the grete batayle he did with the eleven kynges. And therefore hyghe ye unto hym nyght and day tyll that we be nyghe hym, for the lenger he taryeth the bygger he is, and we ever the weyker. And he 46v
is so corageous of hymself that he is com to the felde with lytyll peple, and therefore lette us sette uppon hym or day, and we shall sle downe of his knyghtes that none shall helpe other of them.'

5 Therefore *not in C* 9 *C* rere 14 *C* in the Courte 15–16 *C* sayd lady make 18 *C* me I wille 21 *C** redy what tyme so ye be redy 24–25 *C* the word & tydynge came 27 *C* this counceille 29 *C* as it is 35–36 *C* knyghtes ther shal none escape

(3) Soo unto this counseyle these five kynges assented, and so they passed forth with hir oste thorow North Walys and come uppon Arthure be nyght and sette uppon his oste as the kynge and his knyghtes were in theire pavylyons. So kynge Arthure was unarmed and leyde hym to reste with his quene Gwenyvere.

'Sir,' seyde sir Kayyus, hit is nat beste we be unarmed.'

'We shall have no nede,' seyde sir Gawayne and sir Gryflet that lay in a lytyll pavylyon by the kynge.

So with that they harde a grete noyse and many cryed 'Treson!'

'Alas!' seyde Arthure, 'we be betrayed! Unto armys, felowys!' than he cryed.

So they were armed anone at all poyntes. Than come there a wounded knyght unto the kynge and seyde,

'Sir, save youreself and my lady the quene, for oure oste is destroyed, and slayne is much of oure people.'

So anone the kynge and the quene and the three knyghtes toke hir horses and rode toward Humbir to passe over hit, and the water was so rowghe that they were aferde to passe over hit.

'Now may ye chose,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'whethir ye woll abyde and take the adventure on this syde, for and ye be takyn they wol sle you.'

'Yet were me lever to dey in this watir than to falle in youre enemyes handis,' seyde the quene, 'and there to be slayne.'

And as they stode talkyng sir Kayus saw the fyve kynges
47r commynge on horsebak by hemself alone, wyth hir sperys in hir hondis, evyn towarde hem.

'Lo,' seyde sir Kayus, 'yondir be tho fyve kynges. Lette us go to them and macche hem.'

'That were foly,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'for we ar but four, and they be fyve.'

'That is trouth,' seyde sir Gryfflette.

'No force,' seyd sir Kayus. 'I woll undirtake for two of the beste of hem, and than may ye three undirtake for all the othir three.'

7 *C* it is not good we 11 *C* treson treson 17 *C* moche peple of ours slayne 25 *C* It were me leuer sayd the queue to dye 26 *C* handes & there be 32 *C* we are but thre† 36 the beste *not in C* all *not in C*

And therewithall sir Kay lette his horse renne as faste as he myght to encountir with one of them, and strake one of the kynges thorow the shelde and also the body a fadom, that the kynge felle to the erthe starke dede. That sawe sir Gawayne and ran unto anothir kyng so harde that he smote hym downe and thorow the body with a spere, that he felle to the erthe dede. Anone sir Arthure ran to anothir and smote hym thorow the body with a spere, that he fell to the erthe dede. Than sir Gryfflet ran to the fourth kynge and gaff hym suche a falle that his necke brake in sondir. Than sir Kay ran unto the fyfth kynge and smote hym so harde on the helme that the stroke clave the helme and hede to the erthe.

'That was well stryken,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'and worshipfully haste thou holde thy promyse; therefore I shall honoure the whyle that I lyve.'

And therewithall they sette the quene in a barge into Humbir. But allwayes quene Gwinyvere praysed sir Kay for his dedis and seyde,

'What lady that ye love and she love you nat agayne, she were gretly to blame. And amonge all ladyes,' seyde the quene, 'I shall bere your noble fame, for ye spake a grete worde and fulfylled hit worshipfully.'

And therewith the quene departed. Than the kynge and the three knyghtes rode into the forer[s]te, for there they supposed to here of them that were ascapid, and there founde 47v the moste party of his peple, and tolde hem how the fyve kynges were dede.

'And therefore lette us holde us togedyrs tyll hit be day, and whan hir oste have aspyed that their chyfteynes be slayne they woll make such dole that they shall nat helpe hemself.'

And ryght as the kynge seyde, so hit was, for whan they founde the fyve kynges dede they made such dole that they felle downe of there horsis. And therewithall com in kyng Arthure but with a fewe peple and slewe on the ryght honde

2–3 *C* myghte and strake one of them thorow 6 downe and *not in C* 6–7 with a spere that he felle to the erthe dede *not in C* 7–10 *W O*[1] dede Than sir Gryfflet . . . brake in sondir. Anone sir Arthure . . . erthe dede. Than *C** And ther with all kyng Arthur . . . erthe dede Thenne syr Gryflet . . . brake 10 in sondir *not in C* 12 *C* and the hede 20 all *not in C* 24 *W* forerte 26 *W* the moste party of the fyve kynges (the moste party *is repeated from previous line*) 26 *C* hem all how 30 *C* shalle not mowe helpe 33 *C* fell fro their in *not in C*

and the lyffte honde, that well nye there ascaped no man, but all were slayne to the numbir of thirty thousand. And whan the batayle was all ended the kynge kneled downe and thanked God mekely. And than he sente for the quene. And anone she was com and made grete joy of the overcommynge of that batayle.

(4) Therewithall come one to kynge Arthure and tolde hym that kynge Pellynore was within three myle with a grete oste. And [so he] seyde, 'Go unto hym and let hym undirstonde how we have spedde.' So within a whyle kyng Pellynore com with a grete oste and salewed the peple and the kynge, and there was grete joy on every syde. Than the kynge let serch how many peple he had slayne, and there was founde but lytyll paste two hondred men slayne and eyght knyghtes of the Table Rounde in their pavylyons. Than the kynge lat rere and devyse, in the same place thereas the batayle was done and made, a fayre abbay, and endewed hit with grete lyvelode, and let calle hit the Abbay of La Beale Adventure.

But whan som of them come into there contrayes thereas the fyve kynges were kynges, and tolde hem how they were slayne, there was made grete dole. And all the kynge Arthurs enemyes, as the kynge of North Walis and the kynges of the
48r Northe, knewe of this batayle; they were passynge hevy. And so the kynge retourned unto Camelot in haste. And whan he was com to Camelot he called kyng Pellynore unto hym and seyde,

'Ye undirstonde well that we have loste eyght knyghtes of the beste of the Table Rounde, and by youre advyse we must chose eyght knyghtes of the beste we may fynde in this courte.'

'Sir,' seyde Pellynore, 'I shall counsayle you aftir my conceyte the beste wyse. There ar in youre courte full noble knyghtes bothe of olde and yonge. And be myne advyse ye shall chose half of the olde and half of the yonge.'

'Whych be the olde?' seyde kynge Arthure.

'Sir, mesemyth kynge Uryence that hath wedded youre

5 *C* and soone she 13 *C* how moche people ther was slayne 17 and made *not in C* 23 *C* wyste of 25 *W* Camelot and he 28–29 *C* we wille chese viii ageyne of the 32 wyse *not in C* 36 *C* Syre said kynge Pellinore mesemeth that kynge

sistir Morgan le Fay, and the Kynge of the Lake, and sir Hervyse de Revell, a noble knyght, and sir Galagars the fourthe.'

'This is well devysed,' seyde Arthure, 'and ryght so shall hit be. Now, whyche ar the four yonge knyghtes?' 5

'Sir, the fyrste is sir Gawayne, youre nevew, that is as good a knyght of his tyme as is ony in this londe. And the secunde as mesemyth beste is sir Gryfflette le Fyse de Du, that is a good knyght and full desyrous in armys, and who may se hym lyve, he shall preve a good knyght. And the 10 thirde as mesemyth ys well worthy to be one of the Table Rounde, sir Kay the Senesciall, for many tymes he hath done full worshipfully. And now at youre laste batayle he dud full honorably for to undirtake to sle two kynges.'

'Be my hede,' seyde Arthure, 'ye sey soth. He is beste 15 worthy to be a knyght of [the] Rounde Table of ony that is rehersed yet and he had done no more prouesse his lyve dayes.'

'Now,' seyde kynge Pellynore, 'chose you of two knyghtes (5) that I shall reherce whyche is most worthy, of sir Bagdemagus 20 and sir Tor, my son; but for because he is my son I may nat prayse hym, but ellys and he were nat my son I durste say 48 that of his age there is nat in this londe a better knyght than he is, nother of bettir condycions, and loth to do ony wronge and loth to take ony wronge.' 25

'Be my hede,' seyde Arthure, 'he is a passyng good knight as ony ye spake of this day. That wote I well,' seyde the kynge, 'for I have sene hym proved; but he seyth but lytil, but he doth much more, for I know none in all this courte, and he were as well borne on his modir syde as he is on 30 youre syde, that is lyke hym of prouesse and of myght. And therefore I woll have hym at this tyme and leve sir Bagdemagus tyll anothir tyme.'

So whan they were chosyn by the assent of the barouns, so were there founden in hir seges every knyghtes name that 35 here ar reherced. And so were they sette in hir seges, whereof

5 *C* knyȝtes said Arthur 6 *C* Syre said Pellinore the 8 *C*† fyse the dene *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 195b*) li fiex Dou (*var.* Do) 11 worthy *not in C* 15 ye sey soth *not in C* 16–17 *C* ye haue reherced and 19–20 *C* Pellenore I shalle putte to yow two knyghtes and ye shalle chese whiche is moost worthy that is Syr Bagdemagus 28 *C* seyth lytyll 34 *C* of alle the

sir Bagdemagus was wondirly wrothe that sir Tor was avaunced afore hym. And therefore soddeynly he departed frome the courte and toke his squyre with hym and rode longe in a foreste tyll they come to a crosse, and there he alyght and seyde his prayers devoutely. The meanewhyle his squyre founde wretyn uppon the crosse that Bagdemagus sholde never retourne unto the courte agayne tyll he had wonne a knyght of the Table Rounde body for body.

'Loo,' seyde his squyer, 'here I fynde wrytyng of you; therefore I rede you, returne agayne to the courte.'

'That shall I never,' seyde Bagdemagus, 'tyll men speke of me ryght grete worship, and that I be worthy to be a kn[y]ght of the Rounde Table.'

And so he rode forth, and there by the way he founde a braunche of holy herbe that was the signe of the Sancgreall, and no knyght founde no suche tokyns but he were a good
49r lyver and a man of prouesse.

So as sir Bagdemagus rode to se many adventures, so hit happed hym to come to the roche thereas the Lady of the Lake had put Merlyon undir the stone, and there he herde hym make a grete dole; wherefore sir Bagdemagus wolde have holpyn hym, and wente unto the grete stone, and hit was so hevy that an hondred men myght nat lyffte hit up. Whan Merlyon wyste that he was there, he bade hym leve his laboure, for all was in vayne: for he myght never be holpyn but by her that put hym there. And so Bagdemagus departed and dud many adventures and preved aftir a full good knyght, and come ayen to the courte and was made knyght of the Rounde Table. So on the morne there befelle new tydyngis and many othir adventures.

1 *W* Bagdemagus tyll anothir tyme *A repetition of p. 131, line 33* 4 he *not in C* 8 *C* a knyȝtes body of the round table 9 *C* lo syr 11 *S* Bagdemagus by men 16 *C* founde suche 17 and a man of prouesse *not in C* 22–23 *C*† he was so heuy 24 hym *not in C* 26 *W* hir her 30 many *not in C*

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

HOW MERLIN WAS ASSOTTED AND DOTED ON ONE OF THE LADIES OF THE LAKE. AND HOW HE WAS SHUT IN A ROCK UNDER A STONE AND THERE DIED.

So after these quests of Sir Gawaine, Sir Tor, and King Pellinore, it fell so that Merlin fell in a dotage on the damosel that King Pellinore brought to court, and she was one of the damosels of the lake, that hight Nimue. But Merlin would let her have no rest, but always he would be with her. And ever she made Merlin good cheer till she had learned of him all manner thing that she desired; and he was assotted upon her, that he might not be from her. So on a time he told King Arthur that he should not dure long, but for all his crafts he should be put in the earth quick. And so he told the king many things that should befall, but always he warned the king to keep well his sword and the scabbard, for he told him how the sword and the scabbard should be stolen by a woman from him that he most trusted. Also he told King Arthur that he should miss him, — Yet had ye liefer than all your lands to have me again. Ah, said the king, since ye know of your adventure, purvey for it, and put away by your crafts that misadventure. Nay, said Merlin, it will not be; so he departed from the king. And within a while the Damosel of the Lake departed, and Merlin went with her evermore wheresomever she went. And ofttimes Merlin would have had her privily away by his subtle crafts; then she made him to swear that he should never do none enchantment upon her if he would have his will. And so he sware; so she and Merlin went over the sea unto the land of Benwick, whereas King Ban was king that had great war against King Claudas, and there Merlin spake with King Ban's wife, a fair lady and a good, and her name was Elaine, and there he saw young Launcelot. There the queen made great sorrow

for the mortal war that King Claudas made on her lord and on her lands. Take none heaviness, said Merlin, for this same child within this twenty year shall revenge you on King Claudas, that all Christendom shall speak of it; and this same child shall be the most man of worship of the world, and his first name is Galahad, that know I well, said Merlin, and since ye have confirmed him Launcelot. That is truth, said the queen, his first name was Galahad. O Merlin, said the queen, shall I live to see my son such a man of prowess? Yea, lady, on my peril ye shall see it, and live many winters after.

And so, soon after, the lady and Merlin departed, and by the way Merlin showed her many wonders, and came into Cornwall. And always Merlin lay about the lady to have her maidenhood, and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him, for she was afeard of him because he was a devil's son, and she could not beskift him by no mean. And so on a time it happed that Merlin showed to her in a rock whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, that went under a great stone. So by her subtle working she made Merlin to go under that stone to let her wit of the marvels there; but she wrought so there for him that he came never out for all the craft he could do. And so she departed and left Merlin.

CHAPTER II

HOW FIVE KINGS CAME INTO THIS LAND TO WAR AGAINST KING ARTHUR, AND WHAT COUNSEL ARTHUR HAD AGAINST THEM.

And as King Arthur rode to Camelot, and held there a great feast with mirth and joy, so soon after he returned unto Cardoile, and there came unto Arthur new tidings that the king of Denmark, and the king of Ireland that was his brother, and the king of the Vale, and the king of Soleise, and the king of the Isle

of Longtains, all these five kings with a great host were entered into the land of King Arthur, and burnt and slew clean afore them, both cities and castles, that it was pity to hear. Alas, said Arthur, yet had I never rest one month since I was crowned king of this land. Now shall I never rest till I meet with those kings in a fair field, that I make mine avow; for my true liege people shall not be destroyed in my default, go with me who will, and abide who that will. Then the king let write unto King Pellinore, and prayed him in all haste to make him ready with such people as he might lightliest rear and hie him after in all haste. All the barons were privily wroth that the king would depart so suddenly; but the king by no mean would abide, but made writing unto them that were not there, and bade them hie after him, such as were not at that time in the court. Then the king came to Queen Guenever, and said, Lady, make you ready, for ye shall go with me, for I may not long miss you; ye shall cause me to be the more hardy, what adventure so befall me; I will not wit my lady to be in no jeopardy. Sir, said she, I am at your commandment, and shall be ready what time so ye be ready. So on the morn the king and the queen departed with such fellowship as they had, and came into the north, into a forest beside Humber, and there lodged them. When the word and tiding came unto the five kings above said, that Arthur was beside Humber in a forest, there was a knight, brother unto one of the five kings, that gave them this counsel: Ye know well that Sir Arthur hath the flower of chivalry of the world with him, as it is proved by the great battle he did with the eleven kings; and therefore hie unto him night and day till that we be nigh him, for the longer he tarrieth the bigger he is, and we ever the weaker; and he is so courageous of himself that he is come to the field with little people, and therefore let us set upon him or day and we shall slay down; of his knights there shall none escape.

CHAPTER III

HOW KING ARTHUR HAD ADO WITH THEM AND OVERTHREW THEM, AND SLEW THE FIVE KINGS AND MADE THE REMNANT TO FLEE.

UNTO this counsel these five kings assented, and so they passed forth with their host through North Wales, and came upon Arthur by night, and set upon his host as the king and his knights were in their pavilions. King Arthur was unarmed, and had laid him to rest with his Queen Guenever. Sir, said Sir Kay, it is not good we be unarmed. We shall have no need, said Sir Gawaine and Sir Griflet, that lay in a little pavilion by the king. With that they heard a great noise, and many cried, Treason, treason ! Alas, said King Arthur, we be betrayed ! Unto arms, fellows, then he cried. So they were armed anon at all points. Then came there a wounded knight unto the king, and said, Sir, save yourself and my lady the queen, for our host is destroyed, and much people of ours slain. So anon the king and the queen and the three knights took their horses, and rode toward Humber to pass over it, and the water was so rough that they were afraid to pass over. Now may ye choose, said King Arthur, whether ye will abide and take the adventure on this side, for an ye be taken they will slay you. It were me liefer, said the queen, to die in the water than to fall in your enemies' hands and there be slain.

And as they stood so talking, Sir Kay saw the five kings coming on horseback by themselves alone, with their spears in their hands even toward them. Lo, said Sir Kay, yonder be the five kings; let us go to them and match them. That were folly, said Sir Gawaine, for we are but three and they be five. That is truth, said Sir Griflet. No force, said Sir Kay, I will undertake for two of them, and then may ye three undertake for the other three. And therewithal, Sir Kay let his horse run as fast as he might, and struck one of them through the shield and the body a fathom, that the king fell to the earth stark dead. That saw Sir Gawaine, and ran unto another king

so hard that he smote him through the body. And therewithal King Arthur ran to another, and smote him through the body with a spear, that he fell to the earth dead. Then Sir Griflet ran unto the fourth king, and gave him such a fall that his neck brake. Anon Sir Kay ran unto the fifth king, and smote him so hard on the helm that the stroke clave the helm and the head to the earth. That was well stricken, said King Arthur, and worshipfully hast thou holden thy promise, therefore I shall honour thee while that I live. And therewithal they set the queen in a barge into Humber; but always Queen Guenever praised Sir Kay for his deeds, and said, What lady that ye love, and she love you not again she were greatly to blame; and among ladies, said the queen, I shall bear your noble fame, for ye spake a great word, and fulfilled it worshipfully. And therewith the queen departed.

Then the king and the three knights rode into the forest, for there they supposed to hear of them that were escaped; and there he found the most part of his people, and told them all how the five kings were dead. And therefore let us hold us together till it be day, and when their host have espied that their chieftains be slain, they will make such dole that they shall no more help themselves. And right so as the king said, so it was; for when they found the five kings dead, they made such dole that they fell from their horses. Therewithal came King Arthur but with a few people, and slew on the left hand and on the right hand, that well-nigh there escaped no man, but all were slain to the number thirty thousand. And when the battle was all ended, the king kneeled down and thanked God meekly. And then he sent for the queen, and soon she was come, and she made great joy of the overcoming of that battle.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE BATTLE WAS FINISHED OR HE CAME, AND HOW KING ARTHUR FOUNDED AN ABBEY WHERE THE BATTLE WAS.

THEREWITHAL came one to King Arthur, and told him that King Pellinore was within three mile with a great host; and he said, Go unto him, and let him understand how we have sped. So within a while King Pellinore came with a great host, and saluted the people and the king, and there was great joy made on every side. Then the king let search how much people of his party there was slain; and there were found but little past two hundred men slain and eight knights of the Table Round in their pavilions. Then the king let rear and devise in the same place whereat the battle was done a fair abbey, and endowed it with great livelihood, and let it call the Abbey of La Beale Adventure. But when some of them came into their countries, whereof the five kings were kings, and told them how they were slain, there was made great dole. And all King Arthur's enemies, as the King of North Wales, and the kings of the North, when they wist of the battle, they were passing heavy. And so the king returned unto Camelot in haste.

And when he was come to Camelot he called King Pellinore unto him, and said, Ye understand well that we have lost eight knights of the best of the Table Round, and by your advice we will choose eight again of the best we may find in this court. Sir, said Pellinore, I shall counsel you after my conceit the best: there are in your court full noble knights both of old and young; and therefore by mine advice ye shall choose half of the old and half of the young. Which be the old? said King Arthur. Sir, said King Pellinore, meseemeth that King Uriens that hath wedded your sister Morgan le Fay, and the King of the Lake, and Sir Hervise de Revel, a noble knight, and Sir Galagars, the fourth. This is well devised, said King Arthur, and right so shall it be. Now, which are the four young knights? said Arthur. Sir, said Pellinore, the first is Sir Gawaine,

your nephew, that is as good a knight of his time as any is in this land; and the second as meseemeth best is Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu, that is a good knight and full desirous in arms, and who may see him live he shall prove a good knight; and the third as meseemeth is well to be one of the knights of the Round Table, Sir Kay the Seneschal, for many times he hath done full worshipfully, and now at your last battle he did full honourably for to undertake to slay two kings. By my head, said Arthur, he is best worth to be a knight of the Round Table of any that ye have rehearsed, an he had done no more prowess in his life days.

CHAPTER V

HOW SIR TOR WAS MADE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE, AND HOW BAGDEMAGUS WAS DISPLEASED.

Now, said King Pellinore, I shall put to you two knights, and ye shall choose which is most worthy, that is Sir Bagdemagus, and Sir Tor, my son. But because Sir Tor is my son I may not praise him, but else, an he were not my son, I durst say that of his age there is not in this land a better knight than he is, nor of better conditions and loath to do any wrong, and loath to take any wrong. By my head, said Arthur, he is a passing good knight as any ye spake of this day, that wot I well, said the king; for I have seen him proved, but he saith little and he doth much more, for I know none in all this court an he were as well born on his mother's side as he is on your side, that is like him of prowess and of might: and therefore I will have him at this time, and leave Sir Bagdemagus till another time. So when they were so chosen by the assent of all the barons, so were there found in their sieges every knights' names that here are rehearsed, and so were they set in their sieges; whereof Sir Bagdemagus was wonderly wroth, that Sir Tor was advanced afore him, and therefore suddenly he departed from the court, and took his squire with him, and rode long in a forest till

they came to a cross, and there alighted and said his prayers devoutly. The meanwhile his squire found written upon the cross, that Bagdemagus should never return unto the court again, till he had won a knight's body of the Round Table, body for body. So, sir, said the squire, here I find writing of you, therefore I rede you return again to the court. That shall I never, said Bagdemagus, till men speak of me great worship, and that I be worthy to be a knight of the Round Table. And so he rode forth, and there by the way he found a branch of an holy herb that was the sign of the Sangreal, and no knight found such tokens but he were a good liver.

So, as Sir Bagdemagus rode to see many adventures, it happed him to come to the rock whereas the Lady of the Lake had put Merlin under the stone, and there he heard him make great dole; whereof Sir Bagdemagus would have holpen him, and went unto the great stone, and it was so heavy that an hundred men might not lift it up. When Merlin wist he was there, he bade leave his labour, for all was in vain, for he might never be holpen but by her that put him there. And so Bagdemagus departed and did many adventures, and proved after a full good knight, and came again to the court and was made knight of the Round Table. So on the morn there fell new tidings and other adventures.

V
ACCOLON

THAN hit befelle that Arthure and many of his knyghtes 49r (6)
rode on huntynge into a grete foreste. And hit happed
kynge Arthure and kynge Uryence and sir Accalon of Gawle
folowed a grete harte; for they three were well horsed, and
so they chaced so faste that within a whyle they three were 5
more than ten myle from her felyshep. And at the laste
they chaced so sore that they slewe hir horsis undirnethe
them; and the horses were so fre that they felle downe dede.
Than were all three on foote and ever they saw the harte
before them passynge wery and inboced. 10

'What shall we do?' seyde kynge Arthure, 'we ar harde
bestadde.'

'Lette us go on foote,' seyde kynge Uryence, 'tyll we may
mete with somme lodgyng.'

Than were they ware of the harte that lay on a grete watir 15
banke, and a brachette bytyng on his throte; and mo othir
houndis come aftir. Than kynge Arthure blewe the pryce 49v
and dyght the harte. Than the kynge loked aboute the
worlde and sawe before hym in a grete water a lytyll shippe
all apparayled with sylke downe to the watir. And the shippe 20
cam ryght unto them and landed on the sandis. Than Arthure
wente to the banke and loked in and saw none erthely creature
therein.

'Sirs,' seyde the kynge, 'com thens and let us se what is in
this shippe.' 25

So at the laste they wente into the shippe all three, and
founde hit rychely behanged with cloth of sylke. So by that
tyme hit was durke nyght, there suddeynly was about them
an hondred torchis sette uppon all the shyppe-bordis, and hit
gaff grete lyght. And therewithall there come twelve fayre 30
damesels and salued kynge Arthure on hir kneis, and called
hym be his name and seyde he was ryght wellcom, and suche
chere as they had he sholde have of the beste. Than the
kynge thanked hem fayre. Therewythall they ledde the
kynge and his felawys into a fayre chambir, and there was 35

6 more *not in C F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 197c*) ot plus alé de dis liues englesques 8 and the horses were so fre that they felle downe dede *not in C* (*see note*) 10 *C* and enbusshed 26 at the laste *not in C* *C* wente in al 29 *C* the sydes of the shyp bordes 30 *C* cam out 35 *C* his two felawes

a clothe leyde rychely beseyne of all that longed to a table, and there were they served of all wynes and metys that they coude thynke of. But of that the kynge had grete mervayle, for he never fared bettir in his lyff as for one souper.

5 And so whan they had souped at her leyser kyng Arthure was lad into a chambir, a rycher besene chambir sawe he never none; and so was kynge Uryence se[r]ved and lad into such anothir chambir; and sir Accolon was lad into the thirde chambir passyng rychely and well besayne. And so 10 were they leyde in their beddis easyly, and anone they felle on slepe and slepte merveylously sore all the nyght.

And on the morne kynge Uryence was in Camelot abedde in his wyves armys, Morgan le Fay. And whan he woke he 50r had grete mervayle how he com there, for on the evyn before 15 he was two dayes jurney frome Camelot. And whan kyng Arthure awoke he founde hymself in a durke preson, heryng aboute hym many complayntes of wofull knyghtes.

(7) 'What ar ye that so complayne?' seyde kyng Arthure.

'We bene here twenty knyghtes presoners, and som of us 20 hath layne here eyght yere, and som more and somme lesse.'

'For what cause?' seyde Arthure.

'We shall tell you,' seyde the knyghtes.

'This lorde of this castell his name is sir Damas, and he is the falsyst knyght that lyvyth, and full of treson, and a very 25 cowarde as [ony] lyvyth. And he hath a yonger brothir, a good knyght of prouesse, and his name is sir Oughtlake. And this traytoure Damas, the elder brother, woll geff hym no parte of his londis but as sir Outlake kepyth thorow prouesse of his hondis. And so he kepith frome hym a full 30 fayre maner and a rych, and therein sir Outlake dwellyth worshypfully and is well beloved with all peple. And this sir Damas oure mayster is a[s] evyll beloved, for he is withoute mercy, and he is a cowarde, and grete warre hath bene betwyxte them. But Outlake hath ever the bettir, and ever 35 he proferyth sir Damas to fyght for the lyvelode, body for body, but he woll nat of hit, other ellys to fynde a knyght to fyght for hym. Unto that sir Damas hath grauntid to

3 *C*† thynke of that the kynge 19 *C* prysoners sayd they 20 *C* seuen yer 28 *C* noo parte of his lyuelode but 31 *C* biloued of al peple 34 *C* them bothe 36 *C* wylle not doo other

fynde a knyght, but he is so evyll beloved and hated that there is no knyght woll fyght for hym. And whan Damas saw this, that there was never a knyght wolde fyght for hym, he hath dayly layne a wayte wyth many a knyght with hym and takyn all the knyghtes in this contray to se and aspye hir aventures: he hath takyn hem by force and brought hem to his preson. And so toke he us severally, as we rode on oure 50v adventures, and many good knyghtes hath deyde in this preson for hunger, to the numbir of eyghtene knyghtes. And yf ony of us all that here is or hath bene wolde have foughtyn with his brother Outlake he wolde have delyverde us; but for because this Damas ys so false and so full of treson we wolde never fyght for hym to dye for hit, and we be so megir for hungir that unnethe we may stonde on oure fete.'

'God delyver you for His grete mercy!'

Anone withall come a damesel unto Arthure and asked hym, 'What chere?'

'I can nat say,' seyde Arthure.

'Sir,' seyde she, 'and ye woll fyght for my lorde ye shall be delyverde oute of preson, and ellys ye ascape never with the lyff.'

'Now,' seyde Arthure, 'that is harde. Yet had I lever fyght with a knyght than to dey in preson. Wyth this,' seyde Arthure, 'I may be delyverde and all thes presoners, I woll do the batayle.'

'Yes,' seyde the damesell.

'Than I am redy,' seyde Arthure, 'and I had horse and armoure.'

'Ye shall lak none,' seyde the damesell.

'Mesemethe, damesell, I shold have sene you in the courte of Arthure.'

'Nay,' seyde the damesell, 'I cam never there. I am the lordis doughter of this castell.'

Yet was she false, for she was one of the damesels of Morgan le Fay. Anone she wente unto sir Damas and tolde hym how he wolde do batayle for hym, and so he sente for Arthure. And whan he com he was well coloured and well

2 *C* there nys neuer a knyght 4 *C* many knyghtes 7 *C* seueratly 13–14 *C* soo lene for 15 *C* his mercy sayd Arthur 18 *C* sayd he 20 with *not in C* 22–23 *C* leuer to fyghte

made of his lymmes, that all knyghtes that sawe hym seyde hit were pité that suche a knyght sholde dey in preson. So sir Damas and he were agreed that he sholde fyght for hym uppon this covenaunte, that all the othir knyghtes sholde be delyverde. And unto that was sir Damas sworne unto Arthur and also he to do the batayle to the uttermoste. And with
51r that all the twenty knyghtes were brought oute of the durke preson into the halle and delyverde, and so they all abode to se the batayle.

(8) Now turne we unto Accalon of Gaule, that whan he awoke he founde hymself by a depe welles syde within half a foote, in grete perell of deth. And there com oute of that fountayne a pype of sylver, and oute of that pype ran water all on hyghe in a stone of marbil. Whan sir Accolon sawe this he blyssed hym and seyde, 'Jesu, save my lorde kynge Arthure and kynge Uryence, for thes damysels in this shippe hath betrayed us. They were fendis and no women. And if I may ascape this mysadventure I shall distroye them, all that I may fynde of thes false damysels that faryth thus with theire inchauntementes.'

And ryght with that there com a dwarf with a grete mowthe and a flatte nose, and salewed sir Accalon and tolde hym how he cam fromme quene Morgan le Fay.

'And she gretys yow well and byddyth you be of stronge herte, for ye shall fyght to-morne wyth a knyght at the houre of pryme. And therefore she hath sent the Excalebir, Arthurs swerde, and the scawberde, and she byddyth you as ye love her that ye do that batayle to the uttirmoste withoute ony mercy, lyke as ye promysed hir whan ye spoke laste togedir in prevyté. And what damesell that bryngyth her the kynges hede whyche ye shall fyght withall, she woll make hir a quene.'

'Now I undirstonde you,' seyde Accalon. 'I shall holde that I have promysed her, now I have the swerde. Sir, whan sawe ye my lady Morgan le Fay?'

'Ryght late,' seyde the dwarff.

6 he *not in C*† 8 *W O*[1] delyvered hem 11 *W* with with in 17 *C* were deuyls and 18–19 *C* destroye all where I may fynde these 19–20 *C* that vsen enchaũtementys 22–23 *C* and said how 26 *C* sente yow here Excalibur 28 *C* doo the batail *S omits* the 29 *C* had promysed laste *not in C* 30–31 the knyghtes hede 33 *C* yow wel sayd

Than Accalon toke hym in his armys and sayde, 'Recommaunde me unto my lady the quene and telle hir all shall be done that I promysed hir, and ellis I woll dye for hit. Now I suppose,' seyde Accalon, 'she hath made all this crauftis and enchauntemente for this batayle.' 5 **51v**

'Sir, ye may well beleve hit,' seyde the dwarff.

Ryght so there come a knyght and a lady wyth six squyers, and salewed Accalon and prayde hym to aryse and com and reste hym at his maner. And so Accalon mounted uppon a voyde horse and wente with the [knyght] 10 unto a fayre maner by a pryory, and there he had passyng good chere.

Than sir Damas sente unto his brothir Outelake and bade make hym redy be to-morne at the houre of pryme, and to be in the felde to fyght with a good knyght; for he had 15 founden a knyght that was redy to do batayle at all poyntis. Whan this worde come to sir Outlake he was passyng hevy, for he was woundid a lytyll tofore thorow bothe his thyghes with a glayve, and he made grete dole; but as he was wounded he wolde a takyn the batayle an honde. 20

So hit happed at that tyme, by the meanys of Morgan le Fay, Accalon was with sir Oughtlake lodged. And whan he harde of that batayle and how Oughtlake was wounded he seyde that he wolde fyght for hym because that Morgan le Fay had sent hym Excaliber and the shethe for to fyght with 25 the knyght on the morne. This was the cause sir Accalon toke the batayle uppon hym. Than sir Outelake was passyng glad and thanked sir Accolon with all his herte that he wolde do so muche for hym. And therewithall sir Outlake sente unto his brother sir Damas that he hadde a knyght redy that 30 sholde fyght with hym in the felde be the houre of pryme. So on the morne sir Arthure was armed and well horsed, and asked sir Damas,

'Whan shall we to the felde?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Damas, 'ye shall hyre masse.' 35

And so Arthur herde a masse, and whan masse was done

2 *C* my lady Quene 6 Sir *not in C* 8 *C* for to aryse 10 *W* the kyng *C** the knyghte 16 *C* a good knyght 19 *C* with a spere† *F d'une glaive par mi la cuisse* 27 *C* bataille on hand thenne 29–30 *W* sente unto *C** sente word vnto 30–31 *C* knyȝte þt for hym shold be redy in the

52r there com a squyre ⌜on a grete hors⌝ and asked sir Damas if his knyght were redy, 'for oure k[n]yght is redy in the felde.' Than sir Arthure mounted uppon horsebak. And there were all the knyghtes and comons of that contray, and so by all their advyces there was chosyn twelve good men of the contrey for to wayte uppon the two knyghtes.

And ryght as Arthure was on horsebak, there com a damesel fromme Morgan le Fay and brought unto sir Arthure a swerde lyke unto Excaliber and the scawberde, and seyde unto Arthure, 'She sendis here youre swerde for grete love.' And he thanke hir and wente hit had bene so; but she was falce, for the swerde and the scawberde was counterfete and brutyll and false.

(9) Than they dressed hem on two partyes of the felde and lette their horses ren so faste that aythir smote other in the myddis of the shelde, and their sperys helde, that bothe horse and man wente to the erthe, and than they stert up bothe and pulde oute their swerdis.

The meanewhyle that they were thus at the batayle com the Damesel of the Lake into the felde that put Merlyon undir the stone. And she com thidir for the love of kynge Arthur, for she knew how Morgan le Fay had ordayned for Arthur shold have bene slayne that day, and therefore she come to save his lyff.

And so they went egerly to the batayle and gaff many grete strokes. But allwayes Arthurs swerde bote nat lyke Accalons swerde, and for the moste party every stroke that Accalon gaff he wounded sir Arthure sore, that hit was mervayle he stood, and allwayes his blood felle frome hym faste. Whan Arthure behelde the grounde so sore bebledde he was dismayde. And than he demed treson, that his swerde was chonged, for his swerde bote nat steele as hit
52v was wonte to do. Therefore he dred hym sore to be dede, for ever hym semyd that the swerde in Accalons honde was Excaliber, for at every stroke that Accalon stroke he drewe bloode on Arthure.

1 *W* a squyre and and asked *C** a squyer on a grete hors & asked *F* (*Huth Merlin, f. 208a*) sour un grant ronchin 5 their *not in C* 10 *C* Morgan le fey sendeth 14 *C* on bothe partyes 16 *C* shelde with their speres hede† 22–23 *C* had soo ordeyned that kynge Arthur shold 32 *C* boote not styl†

'Now, knyght,' seyde Accolon unto Arthure, 'kepe the well frome me!'

But Arthure answered not agayne, but gaff hym such a buffette on the helme that he made hym to stowpe nyghe fallyng to the erthe. Than sir Accalon wythdrewe hym a lytyll, and com on wyth Excaliber on heyght, and smote sir Arthure suche a buffette that he fylle ny to the erthe. Than were they bothe wrothe oute of mesure and gaff many sore strokis.

But allwayes sir Arthure loste so muche bloode that hit was mervayle he stoode on his feete, but he was so full of knyghthode that he endured the payne. And sir Accolon loste nat a dele of blood; therefore he waxte passynge lyght, and sir Arthure was passynge fyeble and [wente] veryly to have dyed, but for all that he made countenaunce as he myght welle endure and helde Accolon as shorte as he myght. But Accolon was so bolde because of Excalyber that he wexed passyng hardy. But all men that behelde hem seyde they sawe nevir knyght fyght so well as Arthur ded, conciderynge the bloode that he had bled; but all that peple were sory that thes two brethirne wolde nat accorde.

So allwayes they fought togedir as fers knyghtes, and at the laste kynge Arthure withdrew hym a lytyll for to reste hym, and sir Accolon callyd hym to batayle and seyde, 'Hit is no tyme for me to suffir the to reste,' and therewith he come fersly uppon Arthure. But Arthur therewith was wroth for the bloode that he had loste, and smote Accolon on hyghe uppon the helme so myghtyly that he made hym 53r
nyghe falle to the erthe; and therewith Arthurs swerde braste at the crosse and felle on the grasse amonge the bloode, and the pomell and the sure handyls he helde in his honde. Whan kynge Arthure saw that, he was in grete feare to dye, but allwayes he helde up his shelde and loste no grounde nother batyd no chere.

Than sir Accolon began with wordis of treson and seyde, (10)
'Knyght, thou art overcom and mayste nat endure, and

8 oute of mesure *not in C* *C* gaf eche other 12 *C* that knyghtly he endured 14 *W* and veryly *C** and wende veryly 15–16 *C* as though he myght endure 20–21 *C*† he bled Soo was all the peple sory for hym but the two bretheren 22–23 at the last *not in C* 29 *C* to falle 32 *C* handes 36 *S* maxste not

also thou art wepynles, and loste thou haste much of thy bloode, and I am full loth to sle the. Therefore yelde the to me recreaunte.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Arthur, 'I may nat so, for I promysed by the feythe of my body to do this batayle to the uttermuste whyle my lyff lastith, and therefore I had levir to dye with honour than to lyve with shame. And if hit were possible for me to dye an hondred tymes, I had levir to dye so oufte than yelde me to the. For though I lak wepon, yett shall I lak no worshippe, and if thou sle me wepynles that shall be thy shame.'

'Welle,' seyde Accolon, 'as for that shame I woll nat spare. Now kepe the fro me, for thou art but a dede man!' And therewith Accolon gaff hym such a stroke that he fell nyghe to the erthe, and wolde have had Arthure to have cryed hym mercy. But sir Arthure preced unto Accolon with his shelde and gaff hym wyth the pomell in his honde suche a buffette that he reled three strydes abake.

Whan the Damesell of the Lake behelde Arthure, how full of prouesse his body was, and the false treson that was wrought for hym to have had hym slayne, she had grete peté that so good a knyght and such a man of worship sholde so be destroyed. And at the nexte stroke sir Accolon
53v stroke at hym suche a stroke that by the damesels inchauntemente the swerde Excaliber fell oute of Accalons honde to the erthe, and therewithall sir Arthure lyghtly lepe to hit and gate hit in his honde, and forthwithall he knew hit that hit was his swerde Excalyber.

'A,' seyde Arthure, 'thou haste bene frome me all to longe and muche damage hast thou done me!'

And therewith he aspyed the scawberde by his syde, and suddaynly he sterte to hym and pulled the scawberte frome hym and threw hit frome hym as fer as he myght throw hit.

'A, sir knyght,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'this day haste thou done me grete damage wyth this swerde. Now ar ye com unto youre deth, for I shall nat warraunte you but ye shall

3 *C* as recreaunt 4 *C* haue promysed 6 *C* whyle me lasteth the lyf 9 *C* wepen I shalle 12 *C* for the shame 18 *C* that he went 24 *C* stroke hym 24–25 *W* inchauntemente that the swerde *C** enchauntement the swerd 27 *C* knewe that 29 *C* & sayd thow 31 *C* hangyng by

be as well rewarded with this swerde or ever we departe as ye have rewarded me, for muche payne have ye made me to endure and much bloode have y loste.'

And therewith sir Arthure raced on hym with all his myght and pulde hym to the erthe, and than raced of his helme and gaff hym suche a buffette on his hede that the bloode com oute at his erys, nose, and mowthe.

'Now woll I sle the!' seyde Arthure.

'Sle me ye may well,' seyde sir Accolon, 'and hit please you, for ye ar the beste knyght that ever I founde, and I se well that God is with you. But for I promysed,' seyde Accolon, 'to do this batayle to the uttirmyst and never to be recreaunte while I leved, therefore shall I never yelde me with my mowthe, but God do with my body what He woll.'

Than sir Arthure remembirde hym and thought he scholde have sene this knyght.

'Now telle me,' seyde Arthure, 'or I woll sle the, of what contrey ye be and of what courte.'

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Accolon, 'I am of the ryall courte of kyng Arthure, and my name is Accolon of Gaule.'

Than was Arthure more dismayde than he was tofore- 54r
honde, for than he remembirde hym of his sister Morgan le Fay and of the enchauntement of the shippe.

'A, sir k[n]yght, I pray you [telle me] who gaff you this swerde and by whom ye had hit.' (11)

Than sir Accolon bethought hym and seyde, 'Wo worthe this swerde! for by hit I have gotyn my dethe.'

'Hit may well be,' seyde the kynge.

'Now, sir,' seyde Accolon, 'I woll tell you: this swerde hath bene in my kepynge the moste party of this twelve-monthe, and Morgan le Fay, kyng Uryence wyff, sente hit me yestirday by a dwarfe to the entente to sle kynge Arthure, hir brothir; for ye shall undirstonde that kynge Arthur ys the man in the worlde that she hatyth moste, because he is moste of worship and of prouesse of ony of hir bloode. Also she lovyth me oute of mesure as paramour, and I hir agayne. And if she myght bryng hit aboute to sle Arthure

3 *W* ye loste 4, 5 *C* russhed 6 *C* the hede 19 ryall *not in C* 24 *C* knyght sayd he I 32 *C* this entente that I shold slee 32–33 entente . . . undirstonde *repeated in C*

by hir crauftis, she wolde sle hir husbonde kynge Uryence lyghtly. And than had she devysed to have me kynge in this londe and so to reigne, and she to be my quene. But that is now done,' seyde Accolon, 'for I am sure of my deth.'

5 'Well,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'I fele by you ye wolde have bene kynge of this londe, yett hit had be grete damage to have destroyed your lorde,' seyde Arthur.

'Hit is trouthe,' seyde Accolon, 'but now I have tolde you the trouthe, wherefore I pray you tell me of whens ye
10 ar and of what courte.'

'A, Accolon,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'now y let the wete that I am kynge Arthure that thou haste done grete damage t[o].'

Whan Accolon herd that he cryed on-lowde, 'Fayre swete lorde, have mercy on me, for I knew you nat.'

15 'A, sir Accolon,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'mercy thou shalt have because I fele be thy wordis at this tyme thou knewest
54v me nat, but I fele by thy wordis that thou haste agreed to the deth of my persone, and therefore thou art a traytoure; but I wyte the the less for my sistir Morgan le Fay by hir false
20 crauftis made the to agré to hir fals lustes. But I [shall] be sore avenged uppon hir, that all Crystendom shall speke of hit. God knowyth I have honoured hir and worshipped hir more than all my kyn, and more have I trusted hir than my wyff and all my kyn aftir.'

25 Than kynge Arthure called the kepers of the felde and seyde,

'Sirres, commyth hyder, for here ar we two knyghtes that have foughtyn unto grete damage unto us bothe, and lykly eche of us to have slayne other, and had ony of us knowyn othir, here had bene no batayle nothir no stroke stryken.'

30 Than all alowde cryed Accolon unto all the knyghtes and men that were [there,] and seyde,

'A, lordis! This knyght that I have foughten withall is the moste man of prouesse and of worship in the worlde, for

2 *C* she me deuysed to be kyng 6 yett *not in C*† 12 *C* Arthur to whome thou haste done grete dommage *W* te 16–17 *C* knowest not my persone But I vnderstand wel by 20 *C* agree and consente 21 *C* her and I lyue that 23–24 *C* myn owne wyf 27–28 *C** lyke echone of vs to haue slayne other yf it had happed soo And 29 *W* had had bene 31 *C** were thēne there gadred to gyder and sayd to them in this manere 32 *C* this noble knyghte 32–33 *C** with all the whiche me sore repenteth is the mooste man of prowesse of manhode and of worship

hit is hymself kynge Arthure, oure al[ther] lyege lorde, and with myssehappe and mysseadventure have I done this batayle with the lorde and kynge that I am withholdyn withall.'

Than all the peple felle downe on her knees and cryed (12) kynge Arthure mercy.

'Mercy shall ye have,' seyde Arthure. 'Here may ye se what soddeyn adventures befallys ouftyn of arraunte knyghtes, how that I have foughtyn with a knyght of myne owne unto my grete damage and his bothe. But, syrs, because I am sore hurte and he bothe, and I had grete nede of a lytyll reste, ye shall undirstonde this shall be the opynyon betwyxte you two brethirne:

'As to the, sir Damas, for whom I have bene champyon and wonne the felde of this knyght, yett woll I juge. Because 55r ye, sir Damas, ar called an [o]rgulus knyght and full of vylony, and nat worth of prouesse of youre dedis, therefore woll I that ye geff unto youre brother all the hole maner with the apportenaunce undir this fourme, that sir Outelake holde the maner of you and yerely to gyff you a palfrey to ryde uppon, for that woll becom you bettir to ryde on than uppon a courser. Also I charge the, sir Damas, uppon payne of deth, that thou never distresse no knyghtes araunte that ryde on their adventure, and also that thou restore thyse twenty knyghtes that thou haste kepte longe presoners of all theire harmys that they be contente for. And ony of them com to my courte and complayne on the, be my hede, thou shalt dye therefore!

'Also, sir Oughtlake, as to you, because ye ar named a good knyght and full of prouesse and trew and jantyll in all youre dedis, this shall be youre charge I woll gyff you: that in all goodly hast ye com unto me and my courte, and ye shall be a knyght of myne, and if youre dedis be thereaftir I shall so proferre you by the grace of God that ye shall in shorte tyme be in ease as for to lyve as worshipfully as youre brother Damas.'

'God thonke youre largenesse of youre grete goodnesse and of youre bounté! I shall be frome hens forewarde in all

1 *W* oure all be *not in C*† 3 *C* am holden 7 soddeyn *not in C* 11 this shall 15 *W* ergulus 25 *C* and yf ony 26 *C* of the 34 *C* ease for 36 grete *not in C*

tymes at your commaundement. For, [sir,' said] sir Oughtlake, 'as God wolde, I was hurte but late with an adventures knyght thorow bothe the thyghes, and ellys had I done this batayle with you.'

'God wolde,' seyde sir Arthure, 'hit had bene so, for than had nat I bene hurte as I am. I shall tell you the cause why: for I had nat bene hurte as I am, had nat bene myne owne 55v swerde that was stolyn frome me by treson; and this batayle was ordeyned aforehonde to have slayne me, and so hit was broughte to the purpose by false treson and by enchauntment.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Outlake, 'that is grete pité that ever so noble a man as ye ar of your dedis and prouesse, that ony man or woman myght fynde in their hertis to worche ony treson aghenst you.'

'I shall rewarde them,' seyde Arthure. 'Now telle me,' seyde Arthure, 'how far am I frome Camelot?'

'Sir, ye ar two dayes jurney.'

'I wolde be at som place of worship,' seyde sir Arthur, 'that I myght reste me.'

'Sir,' seyde Outlake, 'hereby is a ryche abbey of youre elders foundacion, of nunnys, but three myle hens.'

So the kynge toke his leve of all the peple and mounted uppon horsebak and sir Accolon with hym. And whan they were com to the abbey he lete fecch lechis and serchid his woundis and sir Accolons bothe. But sir Accolon deyed within four dayes, for he had bled so much blood that he myght nat lyve, but kynge Arthure was well recoverde. So whan Accolon was dede he lette sende hym in an horse-bere with six knyghtes unto Camelot, and bade 'bere hym unto my systir, Morgan le Fay, and sey that I sende her hym to a present. And telle hir I have my swerde Excalyber and the scawberde.' So they departed with the body.

(13) The meanewhyle Morgan le Fay had wente kynge Arthure had bene dede. So on a day she aspyed kynge Uryence lay on slepe on his bedde, than she callyd unto hir a mayden of her counseyle and sayde,

2 *C*† wold as I 3 *C** thyes that greued me sore & els 10 *C* by fals enchauntement 15 *C** Arthur in short tyme by the grace of god Now 17–18 *C* iourney ther fro I wold fayn be at 29 *C* and said bere 35 *C* lay in his bedde slepynge

'Go fecche me my lordes swerde, for I saw never bettir tyme to sle hym than now.'

'A, madame,' seyde the damesell, 'and ye sle my lorde ye can never ascape.'

'Care the not,' sayde Morgan, 'for now I se my tyme is 5 56r
beste to do hit, and therefore hyghe the faste and fecche me the swerde.'

Than this damesell departed and founde sir Uwayne slepyng uppon a bedde in anothir chambir. So she wente unt[o] sir Uwayne and awaked hym and bade hym 'aryse and 10
awayte on my lady youre modir, for she woll sle the kynge youre fadir slepynge on his bedde, for I go to fecch his swerde.'

'Well,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'go on your way and lette me dele.' 15

Anone the damesell brought the quene the swerde with quakyng hondis. And lyghtly she toke the swerde and pullyd hit oute, and wente boldely unto the beddis syde and awayted how and where she myght sle hym beste. And as she hevyd up the swerde to smyte, sir Uwayne lepte unto 20
his modir and caught hir by the honde and seyde,

'A, fende, what wolt thou do? And thou were nat my modir, with this swerde I sholde smyte of thyne hede! A,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'men seyde that Merlyon was begotyn of a fende, but I may say an erthely fende bare me.' 25

'A, fayre son Uwayne, have mercy uppon me! I was tempted with a fende, wherefore I cry the mercy. I woll nevermore do so. And save my worship and discover me nat!'

'On this covenaunte,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'I woll forgyff you: so ye woll never be aboute to do such dedis.' 30

'Nay, son, and that I make you assuraunce.'

Then come tydynges unto Morgan le Fay that Accolon (14)
was dede and his body brought unto the chirche, and how kyng Arthure had his swerde ayen. But whan quene Morgan wyste that Accolon was dede, she was so sorowfull that nye 35
hir herte to-braste, but bycause she wolde nat hit were 56v

5 *C* tyme in the whiche it is 8 and *not in C* 10 *W* unte 16 *C* brought Morgan the 17 she *not in C* 20 *C* she lyfte vp 24–25 *C* of a deuylle 25 *C* erthely deuylle 27 *C* with a deuylle 29 *C* forgyue it 31 *C* sone said she 35–36 *C* nere hir

knowyn oute, she kepte hir countenaunce and made no sembelaunte of dole. But welle sche wyste, and she abode tylle hir brother Arthure come thydir, there sholde no golde go for hir lyff. Than she wente unto the quene Gwenyvere and askid hir leve to ryde into hir contrey.

'Ye may abyde,' seyde the quene, 'tyll youre brother the kynge com home.'

'I may nat, madame,' seyde Morgan le Fay, 'for I have such hasty tydynges.'

'Well,' seyde the quene, 'ye may departe whan ye woll.'

So erely on the morne, or hit was day, she toke hir horse and rode all that day and moste party of the nyght, and on the morne by none she com to the same abbey of nonnys whereas lay kynge Arthure, and she wyste ⟨welle⟩ that he was there. And anone she asked where he was, and they answerde and seyde how he was leyde hym on his bedde to slepe, 'for he had but lytyll reste this three nyghtes.'

'Well,' seyde she, 'I charge that none of you awake hym tyll I do.'

And than she alyght of hir horse and thought for to stele away Excaliber, his swerde. And she wente streyte unto his chambir, and no man durste disobey hir commaundement. And there she found Arthur aslepe on his bedde, and Excalyber in his ryght honde naked. Whan she sawe that, she was passyng hevy that she myght nat com by the swer[d]e withoute she had awaked hym, and than she wyste welle she had bene dede. So she toke the scawberde and went hir way to horsebak. When the kynge awoke and myssed his scawberde, he was wroth, and so he asked who
57r had bene there, and they seyde his sister, quene Morgan le Fay, had bene there and had put the scawberde undir hir mantell and is gone.

'Alas,' seyde Arthure, 'falsly have ye wacched me.'

'Sir,' seyde they all, 'we durst nat disobey your sistyrs commaundemente.'

'A,' seyde the kynge, 'lette fecch me the beste horse that

1 *C* oute ward *C*† countece naun & 2 *C* of sorowe but 8 madame *not in C* 9 *C** tydynges that I maye not tary 14–15 *C* & she knowyng he was there she asked *W* wyste nat that (*see note*) 15–16 and seyde *not in C* 16 *C* he had leyd 17 *C* had had 28 *C** on horsbak 30–31 le Fay *not in C* 32 *C* was gone 36–p. 151, l. 1 *C* fetche the best hors maye

may be founde, and bydde sir Outlake arme hym in all hast and take anothir good horse and ryde with me.'

So anone the kynge and sir Outlake were well armyd and rode aftir this lady. And so they com be a crosse and founde a cowherde, and they asked the pore man if there cam ony lady late rydynge that way.

'Sir,' seyde this pore man, 'ryght late com a lady rydynge this way with a fourty horses, ⌜and to yonder forest she rode.⌝'

And so they folowed faste, and within a whyle Arthur had a syght of Morgan le Fay. Than he chaced as faste as he myght. Whan she aspyed hym folowynge her, she rode a grete pace thorow the foreste tyll she com to a playn. And when she sawe she myght nat ascape she rode unto a lake thereby and seyde, 'Whatsoever com of me, my brothir shall nat have this scawberde!' And than she lete throwe the scawberde in the deppyst of the watir. So hit sanke, for hit was hevy of golde and precious stonys.

Than she rode into a valey where many grete stonys were, and whan she sawe she muste be overtake, she shope hirself, horse and man, by enchauntemente unto grete marbyll stonys. And anone withall come kynge Arthure and sir Outlake whereas the kynge myght know his sistir and her men and one knyght frome another.

'A,' seyde the kynge, 'here may ye se the vengeaunce of God! And now am I sory this mysaventure is befalle.'

And than he loked for the scawberde, but hit wold nat be founde; so he turned to the abbey there she come fro. So whan Arthure was gone they turned all their lyknesse as she **57v** and they were before, and seyde,

'Sirs, now may we go where we wyll.'

Than seyde Morgan le Fay, 'Saw ye of Arthure, my (15) brother?'

'Yee,' seyde hir men, 'and that ye sholde have founde, and we myght a stered of one stede; for by his amyvestyall countenaunce [he] wolde have caused us to have fledde.'

'I beleve you,' seyde the quene.

6 late *not in S* 8–9 *C** (*see note*) with a xl horses and to yonder forest she rode Thenne they spored theire horses and folowed 12 *C* gretter paas 20–21 *C* a grete marbyl stone† 22 *W* myght nat (*see note*) 27 *C* retorned 28 *C* she torned all in the 31 le Fay *not in C* 33 *C** her knyghtes ryght wel and 34 *W* we me myght *C* armyuestal (*see note*) 36 *C* said Morgan

So anone after as she rode she mette a knyght ledynge another knyght on horsebake before hym, bounde hande and foote, blyndefelde, to have drowned hym in a fowntayne. Whan she sawe this knyght so bounde she asked,

'What woll ye do with that knyght?'

'Lady,' seyde he, 'I woll drowne hym.'

'For what cause?' she asked.

'For I founde hym with my wyff, and she shall have the same deth anone.'

'That were pyté,' seyde Morgan le Fay. 'Now, what sey ye, knyght? Is hit trouthe that he seyth of you?'

'Nay, truly, madame, he seyth nat ryght on me.'

'Of whens be ye,' seyde the quene, 'and of what contrey?'

'I am of the courte of kynge Arthure, and my name is Manessen, cosyn unto Accolon of Gaule.'

'Ye sey well, and for the love of hym ye shall be delyverde, and ye shal have youre adversary in the same case that ye were in.'

So this Manessen was loused, and the other kn[y]ght bounde. And anone Manessen unarmed hym and armede hymself in his harneyse, and so mounted on horsebak and the knyght afore hym, and so threw hym in the fountayne and so drowned hym. And than he rode unto Morgan ayen and asked if she wolde onythyng unto Arthure.

'Telle hym,' seyde she, 'that I rescewed the nat for the love of hym, but for the love of Accolon, and tell hym I feare hym nat whyle I can make me and myne in lyknesse of stonys, 58r and lette hym wete I can do much more whan I se my tyme.'

And so she departed into the contrey of Gore, and there was she rychely receyved, and made hir castels and townys strong, for allwey she drad muche kyng Arthure.

2 *C* on his hors 4 *C* asked hym 11–12 *C** of yow she said to the knyght that shold be drowned nay truly 16 *C* wel said she and 17–18 *C* caas ye be in 25 seyde she *not in C* 27 *C* me and them that ben with me in 28 much (*C* moche) *not in S* 31 *C* passynge stronge

CHAPTER VI

HOW KING ARTHUR, KING URIENS, AND SIR ACCOLON OF GAUL, CHASED AN HART, AND OF THEIR MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES.

THEN it befell that Arthur and many of his knights rode a-hunting into a great forest, and it happed King Arthur, King Uriens, and Sir Accolon of Gaul, followed a great hart, for they three were well horsed, and so they chased so fast that within a while they three were then ten mile from their fellowship. And at the last they chased so sore that they slew their horses underneath them. Then

were they all three on foot, and ever they saw the hart afore them passing weary and enbushed. What will we do? said King Arthur, we are hard bestead. Let us go on foot, said King Uriens, till we may meet with some lodging. Then were they ware of the hart that lay on a great water bank, and a brachet biting on his throat, and more other hounds came after. Then King Arthur blew the prise and dight the hart.

Then the king looked about the world, and saw afore him in a great water a little ship, all apparelled with silk down to the water, and the ship came right unto them and landed on the sands. Then Arthur went to the bank and looked in, and saw none earthly creature therein. Sirs, said the king, come thence, and let us see what is in this ship. So they went in all three, and found it richly behanged with cloth of silk. By then it was dark night, and there suddenly were about them an hundred torches set upon all the sides of the ship boards, and it gave great light; and therewithal there came out twelve fair damosels and saluted King Arthur on their knees, and called him by his name, and said he was right welcome, and such cheer as they had he should have of the best. The king thanked them fair. Therewithal they led the king and his two fellows into a fair chamber, and there was a cloth laid, richly beseen of all that longed unto a table, and there were they served of all wines and meats that they could think; of that the king had great marvel, for he fared never better in his life as for one supper. And so when they had supped at their leisure, King Arthur was led into a chamber, a richer beseen chamber saw he never none, and so was King Uriens served, and led into such another chamber, and Sir Accolon was led into the third chamber passing richly and well beseen; and so they were laid in their beds easily. And anon they fell asleep, and slept marvellously sore all the night. And on the morrow King Uriens was in Camelot abed in his wife's arms, Morgan le Fay. And when he awoke he had great marvel, how he came there, for on the even afore he was two days' journey from Camelot. And when King Arthur awoke he found himself in a dark prison, hearing about him many complaints of woful knights.

CHAPTER VII

HOW ARTHUR TOOK UPON HIM TO FIGHT TO BE DELIVERED OUT OF PRISON, AND ALSO FOR TO DELIVER TWENTY KNIGHTS THAT WERE IN PRISON.

WHAT are ye that so complain? said King Arthur. We be here twenty knights, prisoners, said they, and some of us have lain here seven year, and some more and some less. For what cause? said Arthur. We shall tell you, said the knights; this lord of this castle, his name is Sir Damas, and he is the falsest knight that liveth, and full of treason, and a very coward as any liveth, and he hath a younger brother, a good knight of prowess, his name is Sir Ontzlake; and this traitor Damas, the elder brother will give him no part of his livelihood, but as Sir Ontzlake keepeth thorough prowess of his hands, and so he keepeth from him a full fair manor and a rich, and therein Sir Ontzlake dwelleth worshipfully, and is well beloved of all people. And this Sir Damas, our master is as evil beloved, for he is without mercy, and he is a coward, and great war hath been betwixt them both, but Ontzlake hath ever the better, and ever he proffereth Sir Damas to fight for the livelihood, body for body, but he will not do; other-else to find a knight to fight for him. Unto that Sir Damas had granted to find a knight, but he is so evil beloved and hated, that there is never a knight will fight for him. And when Damas saw this, that there was never a knight would fight for him, he hath daily lain await with many knights with him, and taken all the knights in this country to see and espy their adventures, he hath taken them by force and brought them to his prison. And so he took us separately as we rode on our adventures, and many good knights have died in this prison for hunger, to the number of eighteen knights; and if any of us all that here is, or hath been, would have foughten with his brother Ontzlake, he would have delivered us, but for because this Damas is so false and so full of treason we would never fight for him to die for it. And we be so lean for hunger that unnethe we may stand

on our feet. God deliver you, for his mercy, said Arthur.

Anon, therewithal there came a damosel unto Arthur, and asked him, What cheer? I cannot say, said he. Sir, said she, an ye will fight for my lord, ye shall be delivered out of prison, and else ye escape never the life. Now, said Arthur, that is hard, yet had I liefer to fight with a knight than to die in prison; with this, said Arthur, I may be delivered and all these prisoners, I will do the battle. Yes, said the damosel. I am ready, said Arthur, an I had horse and armour. Ye shall lack none, said the damosel. Meseemeth, damosel, I should have seen you in the court of Arthur. Nay, said the damosel, I came never there, I am the lord's daughter of this castle. Yet was she false, for she was one of the damosels of Morgan le Fay.

Anon she went unto Sir Damas, and told him how he would do battle for him, and so he sent for Arthur. And when he came he was well coloured, and well made of his limbs, that all knights that saw him said it were pity that such a knight should die in prison. So Sir Damas and he were agreed that he should fight for him upon this covenant, that all other knights should be delivered; and unto that was Sir Damas sworn unto Arthur, and also to do the battle to the uttermost. And with that all the twenty knights were brought out of the dark prison into the hall, and delivered, and so they all abode to see the battle.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW ACCOLON FOUND HIMSELF BY A WELL, AND HE TOOK UPON HIM TO DO BATTLE AGAINST ARTHUR.

Now turn we unto Accolon of Gaul, that when he awoke he found himself by a deep well-side, within half a foot, in great peril of death. And there came out of that fountain a pipe of silver, and out of that pipe ran water all on high in a stone of marble. When Sir Accolon saw this, he blessed him and said, Jesus save

my lord King Arthur, and King Uriens, for these damosels in this ship have betrayed us, they were devils and no women; and if I may escape this misadventure, I shall destroy all where I may find these false damosèls that use enchantments. Right with that there came a dwarf with a great mouth and a flat nose, and saluted Sir Accolon, and said how he came from Queen Morgan le Fay, and she greeteth you well, and biddeth you be of strong heart, for ye shall fight to-morrow with a knight at the hour of prime, and therefore she hath sent you here Excalibur, Arthur's sword, and the scabbard, and she biddeth you as ye love her, that ye do the battle to the uttermost, without any mercy, like as ye had promised her when ye spake together in privity; and what damosel that bringeth her the knight's head, which ye shall fight withal, she will make her a queen. Now I understand you well, said Accolon, I shall hold that I have promised her now I have the sword: when saw ye my lady Queen Morgan le Fay? Right late, said the dwarf. Then Accolon took him in his arms and said, Recommend me unto my lady queen, and tell her all shall be done that I have promised her, and else I will die for it. Now I suppose, said Accolon, she hath made all these crafts and enchantments for this battle. Ye may well believe it, said the dwarf. Right so there came a knight and a lady with six squires, and saluted Accolon, and prayed him for to arise, and come and rest him at his manor. And so Accolon mounted upon a void horse, and went with the knight unto a fair manor by a priory, and there he had passing good cheer.

Then Sir Damas sent unto his brother Sir Ontzlake, and bade make him ready by to-morn at the hour of prime, and to be in the field to fight with a good knight, for he had found a good knight that was ready to do battle at all points. When this word came unto Sir Ontzlake he was passing heavy, for he was wounded a little to-fore through both his thighs with a spear, and made great dole; but as he was wounded, he would have taken the battle on hand. So it happed at that time, by the means of Morgan le Fay, Accolon was with Sir Ontzlake lodged; and when he heard of that battle, and how Ontzlake was wounded, he said that he would fight for him. Because Morgan le Fay had sent him Excalibur and the sheath

for to fight with the knight on the morn: this was the cause Sir Accolon took the battle on hand. Then Sir Ontzlake was passing glad, and thanked Sir Accolon with all his heart that he would do so much for him. And therewithal Sir Ontzlake sent word unto his brother Sir Damas, that he had a knight that for him should be ready in the field by the hour of prime.

So on the morn Sir Arthur was armed and well horsed, and asked Sir Damas, When shall we to the field? Sir, said Sir Damas, ye shall hear mass. And so Arthur heard a mass, and when mass was done there came a squire on a great horse, and asked Sir Damas if his knight were ready, for our knight is ready in the field. Then Sir Arthur mounted upon horseback, and there were all the knights and commons of that country; and so by all advices there were chosen twelve good men of the country for to wait upon the two knights. And right as Arthur was on horseback there came a damosel from Morgan le Fay, and brought unto Sir Arthur a sword like unto Excalibur, and the scabbard, and said unto Arthur, Morgan le Fay sendeth here your sword for great love. And he thanked her, and weened it had been so, but she was false, for the sword and the scabbard was counterfeit, and brittle, and false.

CHAPTER IX

OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN KING ARTHUR AND ACCOLON.

And then they dressed them on both parties of the field, and let their horses run so fast that either smote other in the midst of the shield with their spear-heads, that both horse and man went to the earth; and then they started up both, and pulled out their swords. The meanwhile that they were thus at the battle, came the Damosel of the Lake into the field, that put Merlin under the stone; and she came thither for love of King Arthur, for she knew how Morgan le Fay had so ordained that King Arthur should have been slain that day, and therefore she came to save his life. And so they

went eagerly to the battle, and gave many great strokes, but always Arthur's sword bit not like Accolon's sword; but for the most part, every stroke that Accolon gave he wounded sore Arthur, that it was marvel he stood, and always his blood fell from him fast.

When Arthur beheld the ground so sore be-bled he was dismayed, and then he deemed treason that his sword was changed; for his sword bit not steel as it was wont to do, therefore he dreaded him sore to be dead, for ever him seemed that the sword in Accolon's hand was Excalibur, for at every stroke that Accolon struck he drew blood on Arthur. Now, knight, said Accolon unto Arthur, keep thee well from me; but Arthur answered not again, and gave him such a buffet on the helm that it made him to stoop, nigh falling down to the earth. Then Sir Accolon withdrew him a little, and came on with Excalibur on high, and smote Sir Arthur such a buffet that he fell nigh to the earth. Then were they wroth both, and gave each other many sore strokes, but always Sir Arthur lost so much blood that it was marvel he stood on his feet, but he was so full of knighthood that knightly he endured the pain. And Sir Accolon lost not a deal of blood, therefore he waxed passing light, and Sir Arthur was passing feeble, and weened verily to have died; but for all that he made countenance as though he might endure, and held Accolon as short as he might. But Accolon was so bold because of Excalibur that he waxed passing hardy. But all men that beheld him said they saw never knight fight so well as Arthur did considering the blood that he bled. So was all the people sorry for him, but the two brethren would not accord. Then always they fought together as fierce knights, and Sir Arthur withdrew him a little for to rest him, and Sir Accolon called him to battle and said, It is no time for me to suffer thee to rest. And therewith he came fiercely upon Arthur, and Sir Arthur was wroth for the blood that he had lost, and smote Accolon on high upon the helm, so mightily, that he made him nigh to fall to the earth; and therewith Arthur's sword brast at the cross, and fell in the grass among the blood, and the pommel and the sure handles he held in his hands. When Sir Arthur saw that, he was in great fear to die, but always he held up his shield and lost no ground, nor bated no cheer.

CHAPTER X

HOW KING ARTHUR'S SWORD THAT HE FOUGHT WITH BRAKE. AND HOW HE RECOVERED OF ACCOLON HIS OWN SWORD EXCALIBUR. AND OVERCAME HIS ENEMY.

THEN Sir Accolon began with words of treason, and said, Knight, thou art overcome, and mayst not endure, and also thou art weaponless, and thou hast lost much of thy blood, and I am full loath to slay thee, therefore yield thee to me as recreant. Nay, Said Sir Arthur, I may not so, for I have promised to do the battle to the uttermost, by the faith of my body, while me lasteth the life, and therefore I had liefer to die with honour than to live with shame; and if it were possible for me to die an hundred times, I had liefer to die so oft than yield me to thee; for though I lack weapon, I shall lack no worship, and if thou slay me with weaponless that shall be thy shame. Well, said Accolon, as for the shame I will not spare, now keep thee from me, for thou art but a dead man. And therewith Accolon gave him such a stroke that he fell nigh to the earth, and would have had Arthur to have cried him mercy. But Sir Arthur pressed unto Accolon with his shield, and gave him with the pommel in his hand such a buffet that he went three strides aback.

When the Damosel of the Lake beheld Arthur, how full of prowess his body was, and the false treason that was wrought for him to have had him slain, she had great pity that so good a knight and such a man of worship should so be destroyed. And at the next stroke Sir Accolon struck him such a stroke that by the damosel's enchantment the sword Excalibur fell out of Accolon's hand to the earth. And therewithal Sir Arthur lightly leapt to it, and gat it in his hand, and forthwithal he knew that it was his sword Excalibur, and said, Thou hast been from me all too long, and much damage hast thou done me; and therewith he espied the scabbard hanging by his side, and suddenly he sterte to him and pulled the scabbard from him, and threw it from him as far as he might throw it. O

knight, said Arthur, this day hast thou done me great damage with this sword; now are ye come unto your death, for I shall not warrant you but ye shall as well be rewarded with this sword, or ever we depart, as thou hast rewarded me; for much pain have ye made me to endure, and much blood have I lost. And therewith Sir Arthur rushed on him with all his might and pulled him to the earth, and then rushed off his helm, and gave him such a buffet on the head that the blood came out at his ears, his nose, and his mouth. Now will I slay thee, said Arthur. Slay me ye may well, said Accolon, an it please you, for ye are the best knight that ever I found, and I see well that God is with you. But for I promised to do this battle, said Accolon, to the uttermost, and never to be recreant while I lived, therefore shall I never yield me with my mouth, but God do with my body what he will. Then Sir Arthur remembered him, and thought he should have seen this knight. Now tell me, said Arthur, or I will slay thee, of what country art thou, and of what court? Sir Knight, said Sir Accolon, I am of the court of King Arthur, and my name is Accolon of Gaul. Then was Arthur more dismayed than he was beforehand; for then he remembered him of his sister Morgan le Fay, and of the enchantment of the ship. O sir knight, said he, I pray you tell me who gave you this sword, and by whom ye had it.

CHAPTER XI

HOW ACCOLON CONFESSED THE TREASON OF MORGAN LE FAY, KING ARTHUR'S SISTER, AND HOW SHE WOULD HAVE DONE SLAY HIM.

THEN Sir Accolon bethought him, and said, Woe worth this sword, for by it have I got my death. It may well be, said the King. Now, sir, said Accolon, I will tell you; this sword hath been in my keeping the most part of this twelvemonth; and Morgan le Fay, King Uriens' wife, sent it me yesterday by a dwarf, to this intent, that I

should slay King Arthur, her brother. For ye shall understand King Arthur is the man in the world that she most hateth, because he is most of worship and of prowess of any of her blood; also she loveth me out of measure as paramour, and I her again; and if she might bring about to slay Arthur by her crafts, she would slay her husband King Uriens lightly, and then had she me devised to be king in this land, and so to reign, and she to be my queen; but that is now done, said Accolon, for I am sure of my death. Well, said Sir Arthur, I feel by you ye would have been king in this land. It had been great damage to have destroyed your lord, said Arthur. It is truth, said Accolon, but now I have told you truth, wherefore I pray you tell me of whence ye are, and of what court? O Accolon, said King Arthur, now I let thee wit that I am King Arthur, to whom thou hast done great damage. When Accolon heard that he cried aloud, Fair, sweet lord, have mercy on me, for I knew not you. O Sir Accolon, said King Arthur, mercy shalt thou have, because I feel by thy words at this time thou knewest not my person; but I understand well by thy words that thou hast agreed to the death of my person, and therefore thou art a traitor; but I wite thee the less, for my sister Morgan le Fay by her false crafts made thee to agree and consent to her false lusts, but I shall be sore avenged upon her an I live, that all Christendom shall speak of it; God knoweth I have honoured her and worshipped her more than all my kin, and more have I trusted her than mine own wife and all my kin after.

Then Sir Arthur called the keepers of the field, and said, Sirs, come hither, for here are we two knights that have fought unto a great damage unto us both, and like each one of us to have slain other, if it had happed so; and had any of us known other, here had been no battle, nor stroke stricken. Then all aloud cried Accolon unto all the knights and men that were then there gathered together, and said to them in this manner, O lords, this noble knight that I have fought withal, the which me sore repenteth, is the most man of prowess, of manhood, and of worship in the world, for it is himself King Arthur, our alther liege lord, and with mishap and with misadventure have I done this battle with the king and lord that I am holden withal.

CHAPTER XII

HOW ARTHUR ACCORDED THE TWO BRETHREN, AND DELIVERED THE TWENTY KNIGHTS, AND HOW SIR ACCOLON DIED.

THEN all the people fell down on their knees and cried King Arthur mercy. Mercy shall ye have, said Arthur: here may ye see what adventures befall ofttime of errant knights, how that I have fought with a knight of mine own unto my great damage and his both. But, sirs, because I am sore hurt, and he both, and I had great need of a little rest, ye shall understand the opinion betwixt you two brethren: As to thee, Sir Damas, for whom I have been champion and won the field of this knight, yet will I judge because ye, Sir Damas, are called an orgulous knight, and full of villainy, and not worth of prowess your deeds, therefore I will that ye give unto your brother all the whole manor with the appurtenance, under this form, that Sir Ontzlake hold the manor of you, and yearly to give you a palfrey to ride upon, for that will become you better to ride on than upon a courser. Also I charge thee, Sir Damas, upon pain of death, that thou never distress no knights errant that ride on their adventure. And also that thou restore these twenty knights that thou hast long kept prisoners, of all their harness, that they be content for; and if any of them come to my court and complain of thee, by my head thou shalt die therefore. Also, Sir Ontzlake, as to you, because ye are named a good knight, and full of prowess, and true and gentle in all your deeds, this shall be your charge I will give you, that in all goodly haste ye come unto me and my court, and ye shall be a knight of mine, and if your deeds be thereafter I shall so prefer you, by the grace of God, that ye shall in short time be in ease for to live as worshipfully as your brother Sir Damas. God thank your largeness of your goodness and of your bounty, I shall be from henceforward at all times at your commandment; for, sir, said Sir Ontzlake, as God would, as I was hurt but late with an adventurous knight through both my thighs,

that grieved me sore, and else had I done this battle with you. God would, said Arthur, it had been so, for then had not I been hurt as I am. I shall tell you the cause why: for I had not been hurt as I am, had it not been mine own sword, that was stolen from me by treason; and this battle was ordained aforehand to have slain me, and so it was brought to the purpose by false treason, and by false enchantment. Alas, said Sir Ontzlake, that is great pity that ever so noble a man as ye are of your deeds and prowess, that any man or woman might find in their hearts to work any treason against you. I shall reward them, said Arthur, in short time, by the grace of God. Now, tell me, said Arthur, how far am I from Camelot? Sir, ye are two days' journey therefrom. I would fain be at some place of worship, said Sir Arthur, that I might rest me. Sir, said Sir Ontzlake, hereby is a rich abbey of your elders' foundation, of nuns, but three miles hence. So the king took his leave of all the people, and mounted upon horseback, and Sir Accolon with him. And when they were come to the abbey, he let fetch leeches and search his wounds and Accolon's both; but Sir Accolon died within four days, for he had bled so much blood that he might not live, but King Arthur was well recovered. So when Accolon was dead he let send him on an horse-bier with six knights unto Camelot, and said: Bear him to my sister Morgan le Fay, and say that I send her him to a present, and tell her I have my sword Excalibur and the scabbard; so they departed with the body.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW MORGAN WOULD HAVE SLAIN SIR URIENS HER HUSBAND, AND HOW SIR UWAINE HER SON SAVED HIM.

THE meanwhile Morgan le Fay had weened King Arthur had been dead. So on a day she espied King Uriens lay in his bed sleeping. Then she called unto her a maiden of her counsel, and said, Go fetch me my lord's sword, for I saw never better time to

slay him than now. O madam, said the damosel, an ye slay my lord ye can never escape. Care not you, said Morgan le Fay, for now I see my time in the which it is best to do it, and therefore hie thee fast and fetch me the sword. Then the damosel departed, and found Sir Uwaine sleeping upon a bed in another chamber, so she went unto Sir Uwaine, and awaked him, and bade him, Arise, and wait on my lady your mother, for she will slay the king your father sleeping in his bed, for I go to fetch his sword. Well, said Sir Uwaine, go on your way, and let me deal. Anon the damosel brought Morgan the sword with quaking hands, and she lightly took the sword, and pulled it out, and went boldly unto the bed's side, and awaited how and where she might slay him best. And as she lifted up the sword to smite, Sir Uwaine leapt unto his mother, and caught her by the hand, and said, Ah, fiend, what wilt thou do? An thou wert not my mother, with this sword I should smite off thy head. Ah, said Sir Uwaine, men saith that Merlin was begotten of a devil, but I may say an earthly devil bare me. O fair son, Uwaine, have mercy upon me, I was tempted with a devil, wherefore I cry thee mercy; I will never more do so; and save my worship and discover me not. On this covenant, said Sir Uwaine, I will forgive it you, so ye will never be about to do such deeds. Nay, son, said she, and that I make you assurance.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY MADE GREAT SORROW FOR THE DEATH OF ACCOLON, AND HOW SHE STOLE AWAY THE SCABBARD FROM ARTHUR

THEN came tidings unto Morgan le Fay that Accolon was dead, and his body brought unto the church, and how King Arthur had his sword again. But when Queen Morgan wist that Accolon was dead, she was so sorrowful that near her heart to-brast. But because she would not it were known, outward she kept her coun-

tenance, and made no semblant of sorrow. But well she wist an she abode till her brother Arthur came thither, there should no gold go for her life.

Then she went unto Queen Guenever, and asked her leave to ride into the country. Ye may abide, said Queen Guenever, till your brother the king come home. I may not, said Morgan le Fay, for I have such hasty tidings, that I may not tarry. Well, said Guenever, ye may depart when ye will. So early on the morn, or it was day, she took her horse and rode all that day and most part of the night, and on the morn by noon she came to the same abbey of nuns whereas lay King Arthur; and she knowing he was there, she asked where he was. And they answered how he had laid him in his bed to sleep, for he had had but little rest these three nights. Well, said she, I charge you that none of you awake him till I do, and then she alighted off her horse, and thought for to steal away Excalibur his sword, and so she went straight unto his chamber, and no man durst disobey her commandment, and there she found Arthur asleep in his bed, and Excalibur in his right hand naked. When she saw that she was passing heavy that she might not come by the sword without she had awaked him, and then she wist well she had been dead. Then she took the scabbard and went her way on horseback. When the king awoke and missed his scabbard, he was wroth, and he asked who had been there, and they said his sister, Queen Morgan had been there, and had put the scabbard under her mantle and was gone. Alas, said Arthur, falsely ye have watched me. Sir, said they all, we durst not disobey your sister's commandment. Ah, said the king, let fetch the best horse may be found, and bid Sir Ontzlake arm him in all haste, and take another good horse and ride with me. So anon the king and Ontzlake were well armed, and rode after this lady, and so they came by a cross and found a cowherd, and they asked the poor man if there came any lady riding that way. Sir, said this poor man, right late came a lady riding with a forty horses, and to yonder forest she rode. Then they spurred their horses, and followed fast, and within a while Arthur had a sight of Morgan le Fay; then he chased as fast as he might. When she espied him following her, she rode a greater pace

through the forest till she came to a plain, and when she saw she might not escape, she rode unto a lake thereby, and said, Whatsoever come of me, my brother shall not have this scabbard. And then she let throw the scabbard in the deepest of the water so it sank, for it was heavy of gold and precious stones.

Then she rode into a valley where many great stones were, and when she saw she must be overtaken, she shaped herself, horse and man, by enchantment unto a great marble stone. Anon withal came Sir Arthur and Sir Ontzlake whereas the king might know his sister and her men, and one knight from another. Ah, said the king, here may ye see the vengeance of God, and now am I sorry that this misadventure is befallen. And then he looked for the scabbard, but it would not be found, so he returned to the abbey where he came from. So when Arthur was gone she turned all into the likeliness as she and they were before, and said, Sirs, now may we go where we will.

CHAPTER XV

HOW MORGAN LE FAY SAVED A KNIGHT THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN DROWNED, AND HOW KING ARTHUR RETURNED HOME AGAIN.

THEN said Morgan, Saw ye Arthur, my brother? Yea, said her knights, right well, and that ye should have found an we might have stirred from one stead, for by his armyvestal countenance he would have caused us to have fled. I believe you, said Morgan. Anon after as she rode she met a knight leading another knight on his horse before him, bound hand and foot, blindfold, to have drowned him in a fountain. When she saw this knight so bound, she asked him, What will ye do with that knight? Lady, said he, I will drown him. For what cause? she asked. For I found him with my wife, and she shall have the same death anon. That were pity, said Morgan le Fay. Now, what say ye, knight, is it truth that he

saith of you? she said to the knight that should be drowned. Nay truly, madam, he saith not right on me. Of whence be ye, said Morgan le Fay, and of what country? I am of the court of King Arthur, and my name is Manassen, cousin unto Accolon of Gaul. Ye say well, said she, and for the love of him ye shall be delivered, and ye shall have your adversary in the same case ye be in. So Manassen was loosed and the other knight bound. And anon Manassen unarmed him, and armed himself in his harness, and so mounted on horseback, and the knight afore him, and so threw him into the fountain and drowned him. And then he rode unto Morgan again, and asked if she would anything unto King Arthur. Tell him that I rescued thee, not for the love of him but for the love of Accolon, and tell him I fear him not while I can make me and them that be with me in likeness of stones; and let him wit I can do much more when I see my time. And so she departed into the country of Gore, and there was she richly received, and made her castles and towns passing strong, for always she dreaded much King Arthur.

VI

GAWAIN, YWAIN, AND MARHALT

WHAN the kynge had well rested hym at the abbey he 58r
rode unto Camelot and founde his quene and his barownes ryght glad of his commyng. And whan they herde of his stronge adventures, as hit is before rehersed, they all had mervayle of the falsehede of Morgan le Fay. 5 Many knyghtes wysshed hir brente. Than come Manessen to courte and told the kynge of his adventure.

'Well,' seyde the kyng, 'she is a kynde sister! I shall so be avengid on hir and I lyve that all crystendom shall speke of hit.' 10

So on the morne there cam a damesell on message frome Morgan le Fay to the kynge, and she brought with hir the rycheste mantell that ever was sene in the courte, for hit was sette all full of precious stonys as one myght stonde by another, and therein were the rycheste stonys that ever 15 the kynge saw. And the damesell seyde,

'Your sister sendyth you this mantell and desyryth that ye sholde take this gyfte of hir, and what thynge she hath offended she woll amende hit at your owne plesure.'

When the kyng behelde this mantell hit pleased hym much. 20 He seyde but lytyll. With that come the Damesell of the Lake unto the kynge and seyde, (16)

'Sir, I muste speke with you in prevyté.'

'Sey, on,' seyde the kynge, 'what ye woll.'

'Sir,' seyde this damesell, 'putt nat uppon you this mantell 25 tylle ye have sene more, and in no wyse lat hit nat com on you nother on no knyght of youres tyll ye commaunde the brynger thereof to putt hit uppon hir.'

'Well,' seyde the kynge, 'hit shall be as you counseyle me.'

And than he seyde unto the damesell that com frome his 30 58v
sister, 'Damesell, this mantell that ye have brought me, I woll se hit uppon you.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'hit woll nat beseme me to were a kynges garmente.'

'Be my hede,' seyde Arthure, 'ye shall were hit or hit 35 com on my bak other on ony mannys bak that here is.'

And so the kynge made to putt hit uppon hir. And

4 hit *not in C* 11 on message *not in C* 14 *C* as ful 18 *C** in what
29 *C* be done as ye 36 *C* mans that

forthwithall she fell downe deede and never spoke worde after, and brente to colys. Than was the kynge wondirly wroth more than he was toforehande, and seyde unto kynge Uryence,

5 'My sistir, your wyff, is allway aboute to betray me, and welle I wote other ye or my nevewe, your son, is accounseyle with hir to have me distroyed. But as for you,' seyde the kynge unto kynge Uryence, 'I deme nat gretly that ye be of counseyle, for Accolon confessed to me his owne mowthe 10 that she wolde have distroyed you as well as me; therefore y holde you excused. But as for your son sir Uwayne, I holde hym suspecte. Therefore I charge you, putt hym oute of my courte.' So sir Uwayne was discharged.

And whan sir Gawayne wyste that, he made hym redy 15 to go with hym, 'for whoso banyshyth my cosyn jarmayne shall banyshe me.' So they too departed and rode into a grete foreste, and so they com unto an abbey of monkys, and there were well logged. Butt whan the kynge wyste that sir Gawayne was departed frome the courte, there was 20 made grete sorowe amonge all the astatis.

'Now,' seyde Gaherys, Gawaynes brother, 'we have loste two good knyghtes for the love of one.'

So on the morne they herde the masses in the abbey and so rode forth tyll they com to the grete foreste. Than was 59r 25 sir Gawayne ware in a valey by a turrette twelve fayre damesels and two knyghtes armed on grete horses, and the damesels wente to and fro by a tre. And than was sir Gawayne ware how there hynge a whyght shelde on that tre, and ever as the damesels com by hit they spette uppon (17) 30 hit and som threwe myre uppon the shelde. Than sir Gawayne and sir Uwayne wente and salewed them, and asked why they dud that dispyte to the shelde.

'Sir,' seyde the damesels, 'we shall telle you. There is a knyght in this contrey that owyth this whyght shelde, and 35 he is a passyng good man of his hondis, but he hatyth all ladyes and jantylwomen, and therefore we do all this dyspyte to that shelde.'

'I shall sey you,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'hit besemyth evyll

1 *C* neuer more 6 *C* is of counceill 8–9 *C* of her counceill 9 *C* by his own 15 *C* hym & said who so 24 *C* to a grete 33 *C* saiden

a good knyght to dispyse all ladyes and jantyllwomen; and peraventure thoughe he hate you he hath som cause, and peraventure he lovyth in som other placis ladyes and jantyllwomen and y⟨s⟩ belovyd agayne, and he be suche a man of prouesse as ye speke of. Now, what is his name?' 5

'Sir,' they seyde, 'his name is sir Marhaus, the kynges son of Irelonde.'

'I knowe hym well,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'he is a passynge good knyght as ony on lyve, for I sawe hym onys preved at a justys where many knyghtes were gadird, and that tyme 10 there myght no man withstonde hym.'

'A,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'damesels, methynke ye ar to blame, for hit is to suppose he that hyng that shelde there he woll nat be longe therefro, and than may tho knyghtes macche hym on horsebak. And that is more youre worshyp 15 than thus to do, for I woll abyde no lenger to se a knyghtes shelde so dishonoured.'

And therewith sir Gawayne and sir Uwayne departed a lytyll fro them. And than ware they ware where sir Marhaus com rydynge on a grete horse streyte toward hem. And 20 **59**[v] whan the twelve damesels sawe sir Marhaus they fledde to the turret as they were wylde, that som of hem felle by the way. Than that one of the knyghtes of the towre dressed his shylde and seyde on hyghe, 'Sir Marhaus, defende the!' And so they ran togedyrs that the knyght brake his spere on 25 sir Marhaus, but Marhaus smote hym so harde that he brake his necke and his horse bak. That sawe the other knyght of the turret and dressed hym to Marhaus, that so egerly they mette that this knyght of the turret was smyte doune, horse and man, dede. 30

And than sir Marhaus rode unto his shylde and sawe how (18, 19) hit was defoyled, and sayde, 'Of this dispyte of parte I am avenged. But yet for hir love that gaff me this whyght shelde I shall were the and hange myne where that was.' And so he honged hit aboute his necke. Than he rode 35 streyte unto sir Gawayne and to sir Uwayne and asked them

2 cause *not in C*† 3 *W* and & 4 *W* ye *C*† to be loued 9 *C* ony is on 16 to do *not in C* 28–29 *C* they mette so egrely to gyders 30 *C* stark dede 32–33 *C* despyte I am a parte auengyd But for 34 *C** where thow was

what they dud there. They answerde hym and seyde they come frome kynge Arthurs courte for to se aventures.

'Welle,' seyde sir Marhaus, 'here am I redy, an adventures knyght that woll fulfylle any adventure that ye woll desyre.' And so departyd frome hem to fecche his raunge.

'Late hym go,' seyde sir Uwayne unto sir Gawayne, 'for he is a passynge good knyght os ony lyvynge. I wolde not be my wylle that ony of us were macched with hym.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'nat so! Hit were shame to us and he were nat assayed, were he never so good a knyght.'

'Welle,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'I wolle assay hym before you, for I am weyker than ye, and yff he smyte me downe than may ye revenge me.'

So thes two knyghtes come togedir with grete raundom, 60r that sir Uwayne smote sir Marhaus, that his spere braste in pecis on the shelde. And sir Marhaus smote hym so sore that horse and man he bare to the erthe, and hurte sir Uwayne on the lefte syde. Than sir Marhaus turned his horse and rode thidir as he com fro and made hym redy with his spere. Whan sir Gawayne saw that, he dressed his shelde, and than they feautirde their sperys, and they com togedyrs with all the myght of their horses, that eyther knyght smote other so harde in myddis the sheldis. But sir Gawaynes spere brake, but sir Marhaus speare helde, and therewith sir Gawayne and his horse russhed downe to the erthe.

And lyghtly sir Gawayne wan on his feete and pulde oute his swerde and dressed hym toward sir Marhaus on foote. And sir Marhaus saw that he pulde oute his swerde, and began to com to sir Gawayne on horsebak.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'alyght on foote, or ellis I woll sle thyne horse.'

'Gramercy,' sayde sir Marhaus, 'of your jentylnesse! Ye teche me curtesy, for hit is nat commendable one knyght to be on horsebak and the other on foote.'

And therewith sir Marhaus sette his spere agayne a tre,

1 *C* hym that they Gawayne with his spere 7 *C* ony is lyuynge 19–20 *C* rode toward 21 *C* they auentryd their 23 *C* of theyr sheldes 27 *C* Gawayne rose 29 *C** that and pulled 34–35 *C* not for one knyȝt to be on foote and the other on horsbak

and alyght and tyed his horse to a tre, and dressed his shelde, and eyther com unto other egirly and smote togedyrs with hir swerdys, that hir sheldis flew in cantellys, and they bresed their helmys and hawbirkes and woundid eyther other.

But sir Gawayne, fro hit was nine of the clok, wexed ever strenger and strenger, for by than hit cam to the howre of noone he had three tymes his myght encresed. And all this aspyed sir Marhaus and had grete wondir how his myght encreced. And so they wounded eyther other passyng sore. So whan hit was ⌜past noone, and whan it drew⌝ toward evynsonge, sir Gawayns strength fyebled and woxe passyng faynte, that unnethe he myght dure no lenger, and sir Marhaus was than bygger and bygger.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Marhaus, 'I have welle felt that 60v
ye ar a passynge goode knyght and a mervaylous man of myght as ever I felte ony whyle hit lastyth, and oure quarellys ar nat grete, and therefore hit were pyté to do you hurte, for I fele ye ar passynge fyeble.'

'A,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'jantyll knyght, ye say the worde that I sholde sey.'

And therewith they toke of her helmys and eyther kyssed other and there they swore togedyrs eythir to love other as brethirne. And sir Marhaus prayde sir Gawayne to lodge with hym that nyght. And so they toke their horsis and rode towarde sir Marhaus maner.

And as they rode by the way, 'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I have mervayle of you, so valyaunte a man as ye be of prouesse, that ye love no ladyes and damesels.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Marhaus, 'they name me wrongfully, for hit be the damesels of the turret that so name me and other suche as they be. Now shall I telle you for what cause I hate them: for they be sorsseres and inchaunters many of them, and be a knyght never so good of his body and as full of prouesse as a man may be, they woll make hym a starke cowerde to have the bettir of hym. And this is the pryncipall cause that I hate them. And all good ladyes

5 *C* it passed ix 6 by *not in C* 7 *C* noone & thryes his myghte was encreaced 10–11 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 112, f. 19c*) Et quant ce vint aprés nonne 25 *C* syr Marhaus hous 27–28 *C* merueylle that so valyaunt a man as ye be loue no ladyes ne damoysels 29–30 *C** wrongfully tho that gyue me that name but wel I wote it ben the damoyseles 33 as *not in C*

and jantyllwomen, I owghe them my servyse as a knyght ought to do.'

For, as the booke rehersyth in Freynsch, there was this many knyghtes that overmacched sir Gawayne for all his
5 thryse double myghte that he had: sir Launcelot de Lake, sir Trystrams, sir Bors de Gaynes, sir Percivale, sir Pelleas, sir Marhaus; thes six knyghtes had the bettir of sir Gawayne.

Than within a lytyll whyle they come to sir Marhaus place [which] was in a lytyll pryory, and there they alyght,
10 and ladyes and damesels unarmed them and hastely loked to their hurtes, for they were all three hurte. And so they
61r had good lodgyng with sir Marhaus and good chere, for whan he wyste that they were kynge Arthurs syster-sonnes he made them all the chere that lay in his power. And so
15 they sojourned there a sevennyght and were well eased of their woundis, and at the laste departed.

'Nay,' sayde sir Marhaus, 'we woll nat departe so lyghtly, for I woll brynge you thorow the foreste.'

So they rode forth all three. And sir Marhaus toke with
20 hym his grettyste spere. And so they rode thorow the foreste, and rode day be day well-nye a seven dayes or they founde ony aventure. So at the laste they com into a grete foreste that was named the contrey and foreste of Arroy, and the contrey is of stronge adventures.

25 'In this contrey,' seyde Marhaus, 'cam nevir knyght syn hit was crystynde but he founde strange adventures.'

And so they rode and cam into a depe valey full of stonys, and thereby they sawe a fayre streme of watir. Aboven thereby was the hede of the streme, a fayre fountayne, and
30 three damesels syttynge thereby. And than they rode to them and ayther salewed othir. And the eldyst had a garlonde of golde aboute her hede, and she was three score wyntir of age or more, and hir heyre was whyght undir the garlonde. The secunde damselle was of thirty wyntir of age, wyth a
35 cerclet of golde aboute her hede. The thirde damesel was but fiftene yere of age, and a garlonde of floures aboute hir hede. Whan thes knyghtes had so beholde them they asked hem the cause why they sate at the fountayne.

3–4 *C* ther were many 4–5 *C* alle the thryes myght 12 *C* had all thre good
17 *C*† Now 19–20 So they rode . . . the foreste *not in C*† 24 is *not in C*†

'We be here,' seyde the damesels, 'for this cause: if we may se ony of arraunte knyghtes to teche hem unto stronge aventures. And ye be three knyghtes adventures and we be three damesels, and therefore eche one of you muste chose one of us; and whan ye have done so, we woll lede you unto three hyghewayes, and there eche of you shall chose a way and his damesell with hym. And this day twelve moneth ye **61v** muste mete here agayne, and God sende you the lyves, and thereto ye muste plyght your trouth.'

'This is well seyde,' seyde sir Marhaus. 'Now shall (20) everyche of us chose a damesell.'

'I shall tell you,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'I am yongyst and waykest of you bothe, therefore lette me have the eldyst damesell, for she hath sene much and can beste helpe me whan I have nede, for I have moste nede of helpe of you bothe.'

'Now,' seyde sir Marhaus, 'I woll have the damesell of thirty wyntir age, for she fallyth beste to me.'

'Well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I thanke you, for ye have leffte me the yongyst and the fayryste, and hir is me moste levyste.'

Than every damesell toke hir knyght by the reygne of his brydyll and brought hem to the three wayes, and there was made promesse to mete at the fountayne that day twelve monthe and they were lyvynge. And so they kyssed and departed, and every k[n]yght sette his lady behynde hym. And sir Uwayne toke the way that lay weste, and sir Marhaus toke the way that lay sowthe, and sir Gawayne toke the way that lay northe.

Now woll we begyn at sir Gawayne that helde that way tyll that he com to a fayre maner where dwelled an olde knyght and a good householder. And there sir Gawayne asked the knyght if he knewe of any aventures.

'I shall shewe you to-morne,' seyde the knyght, 'mervelos adventures.'

So on the morne they rode all in same to the foreste of aventures tyll they com to a launde, and thereby they founde

2 of *not in C* 3 *C* knyghtes that seken auentures 8 *C* your lyues 13 *C* therfor I wyl haue 20 *C* and she is moost leuest to me 22–23 *C* was their othe made to 32 *C* knew ony auentures in that countrey 33–35 *C*† yow somme to morne sayd the old knyghte and that merueyllous Soo 35 all in same *not in C*

a crosse. And as they stood and hoved, there cam by them the fayreste knyght and the semelyest man that ever they sawe, but he made the grettyst dole that ever man made.
62r And than he was ware of sir Gawayne and salewed hym, and
5 prayde to God to sende hym muche worshyp.

'As for that,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'gramercy. Also I pray to God sende you honoure and worshyp.'

'A,' sayde the knyght, 'I may lay that on syde, for sorow and shame commyth unto me after worshyppe.'

(21) 10 And therewyth he passed unto that one syde of the lawnde, and on that other syde saw sir Gawayne ten knyghtes that hoved and made hem redy with hir sheldis and with hir sperys agaynste that one knyght that cam by sir Gawayne. Than this one knyght feautred a grete spere, and one of the
15 ten knyghtes encountird with hym. But this wofull knyght smote hym so harde that he felle over his horse tayle. So this dolorous knyght served them all, that at the leste way he smote downe horse and man, and all he ded with one spere. And so whan they were all ten on foote they wente
20 to the one knyght, and he stoode stone-stylle and suffyrde hem to pulle hym downe of his horse, and bounde hym honde and foote, and tyed hym undir the horse bely, and so led hym with hem.

'A, Jesu,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'this is a dolefull syght to
25 se the yondir knyght so to be entreted. And hit semyth by the knyght that he sufferyth hem to bynde hym so, for he makyth no resistence.'

'No,' seyde [his] hoste, 'that is trouth, for, and he wolde, they all were to weyke for hym.'

30 'Sir,' seyde the damesell unto sir Gawayne, 'mesemyth hit were your worshyp to helpe that dolerouse knyght, for methynkes he is one of the beste knyghtes that ever I sawe.'

'I wolde do for hym,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'but hit semyth he wolde have no helpe.'

35 'No,' seyde the damesel, 'methynkes ye have no lyste to helpe hym.'

Thus as they talked they sawe a knyght on the other

3 sawe makynge the grettest 5 *C* god that he send 11 *C*† & knyȝtes
12 *C* houed stylle and make 14 *C* auentryd a 29 *C*† weyke soo to doo hym
34–35 *C* helpe thenne sayd 35 *C* luste

syde of the launde all armed save the hede. And on the 62v
other syde there com a dwarff on horsebak all armed save the hede, with a grete mowthe and a shorte nose. And whan the dwarff com nyghe he seyde, 'Where is this lady sholde mete us here?' And therewithall she com forth oute of the 5
woode. And than they began to stryve for the lady, for the knyght seyde he wolde have hir [and the dwerf said he wold have her].

'Woll we do welle?' seyde the dwarff. 'Yondir is a knyght at the crosse. Lette hit be putt uppon hym, and as he demeth 10
hit, so shall hit be.'

'I woll well,' seyde the knyght.

And so they wente all three unto sir Gawayne and tolde hym wherefore they stroof.

'Well, sirres, woll ye putt the mater in myne honde?' 15

'Ye, sir,' they seyde bothe.

'Now, damesell,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'ye shall stonde betwyxte them bothe, and whethir ye lyste bettir to go to he shall have you.'

And whan she was sette betwene hem bothe she lefte 20
the knyght and went to the dwarff. And than the dwarff toke hir up and wente his way syngyng, and the knyght wente his way with grete mournyng.

Than com there two knyghtes all armed and cryed on hyght,

'Sir Gawayne, knyght of the courte of kynge Arthure! 25
Make the redy in haste and juste with me!'

So they ran togedirs, that eyther felle downe. And than on foote they drew there swerdis and dud full actually. The meanewhyle the other knyght went to the damesell and asked hir why she abode with that knyght, and seyde, 30

'If ye wolde abyde with me I wolde be your faythefull knyght.'

'And with you woll I be,' seyde the damesell, 'for I may nat fynde in my herte to be with hym, for ryght now here was one knyght that scomfyted ten knyghtes, and at the 35
laste he was cowardly ledde away. And therefore let us two go whyle they fyght.' 63r

7–8 *Not emended in O*[1] 10 *C* lete vs put it bothe vpon 15 *C* syrs said he 16 *C* ye they 25 of the courte *not in C* 26 *C* in al hast 30–31 *C* knyghte and yf 33 *C* for with syr Gawayn I 34 ryght *not in C*

And sir Gawayne fought with that othir knyght longe, but at the laste they accorded bothe. And than the knyght prayde sir Gawayne to lodge with hym that nyght. So as sir Gawayne wente with this knyght he seyde,

'What knyght is he in this contrey that smote downe the ten knyghtes? For whan he had done so manfully he suffirde hem to bynde hym hande and foote, and so led hym away.'

'A,' sayde the knyght, 'that is the beste knyght I trow in the worlde and the moste man of prouesse. And hit is the grettyst pyté of hym as of ony knyght lyvynge, for he hath be served so as he was this tyme more than ten tymes. And his name hyght sir Pelleas; and he lovyth a grete lady in this contrey, and hir name is Ettarde. And so whan he loved hir there was cryed in this contrey a grete justis three dayes, and all this knyghtes of this contrey were there and jantyll-women. And who that preved hym the beste knyght sholde have a passyng good ⌈swerd⌉ and a cerclet of golde, and that cerclet the knyght sholde geff hit to the fayryste lady that was at that justis.

'And this knyght sir Pelleas was far the beste of ony that was there, and there were fyve hondred knyghtes, but there was nevir man that ever sir Pelleas met but he stroke hym downe other ellys frome his horse, and every day of three dayes he strake downe twenty knyghtes. And therefore they gaff hym the pryce. And furthewithall he wente thereas the lady Ettarde was and gaff her the cerclet and seyde opynly she was the fayreste lady that there was, and that wolde he preve uppon ony knyght that wolde sey nay.

(22) 'And so he chose hir for his soveraygne lady, and never to
love other but her. But she was so prowde that she had
63v scorne of hym and seyde she wolde never love hym thoughe he wolde dye for hir; wherefore all ladyes and jantyllwomen had scorne of hir that she was so prowde, for there were fayrer than she, and there was none that was there but and

4 *C* he asked hym 9–10 hit is the grettyst pyté of hym as of any knyght lyvynge, for *not in C*† (*homoeoarcheion*) *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 112, f. 24a*) c'est la greigneur douleur qui soit en ce païs et le chevalier que je plus plaings 11 *C* was ēne more than 17 swerd *not in W* *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 112, f. 24a*) le tournoiement estoit assemblés en tel maniere que celle qui provee y seroit a plus belle pour loier de sa beauté emporteroit un cercle d'or qui estoit mis dessus ung glaive 20 of ony *not in C*

sir Pelleas wolde have profyrde hem love they wolde have shewed hym the same for his noble prouesse. And so this knyght promysed Ettarde to folow hir into this contray and nevir to leve her tyll she loved hym, and thus he is here the moste party nyghe her and logged by a pryory.

'And every weke she sendis knyghtes to fyght with hym, and whan he hath putt hem to the worse, than woll he suffir hem wylfully to take hym presonere because he wolde have a syght of this lady. And allwayes she doth hym grete dispyte, for somtyme she makyth hir knyghtes to tye hym to his horse tayle, and somtyme bynde hym undir the horse bealy. Thus in the moste shamfyllyste wyse that she can thynke he is brought to hir, and all she doth hit for to cawse hym to leve this contrey and to leve his lovynge. But all this cannat make hym to leve, for, and he wolde a fought on foote, he myght have had the bettir of the ten knyghtes as well on foote as on horsebak.'

'Alas,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'hit is grete pyté of hym, and aftir this nyght I woll seke hym to-morow in this foreste to do hym all the helpe I can.'

So on the morow sir Gawayne toke his leve of his oste, sir Carados, and rode into the foreste. And at the laste he mette with sir Pelleas makynge grete mone oute of mesure; so eche of hem salewed other, and asked hym why he made such sorow.

And as hit above rehersyth sir Pelleas tolde sir Gawayne: 'But allwayes I suffir her knyghtes to fare so with me as ye 64r
sawe yestirday, in truste at the laste to wynne hir love; for she knoweth well all hir knyghtes sholde nat lyghtly wynne me and me lyste to fyght with them to the uttirmoste. Wherefore and I loved hir nat so sore I had lever dye an hondred tymes, and I myght dye so ofte, rathir than I wolde suffir that dispyte, but I truste she woll have pyté uppon me at the laste; for love causyth many a good knyght to suffir to have his entente, but alas, I am infortunate!'

And therewith he made so grete dole that unnethe he myght holde hym on his horse bak.

'Now,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'leve your mournynge, and

1–2 *C* haue loued hym for 11 *C* some to bynd† 26 *C* it is aboue rehersed
37 his *not in C*

I shall promyse you by the feyth of my body to do all that lyeth in my powere to gete you the love of your lady, and thereto I woll plyghte you my trouthe.'

'A,' seyd sir Pelleas, 'of what courte ar ye?'

'Sir, I am of the courte of kynge Arthure, and his sistir son, and kynge Lotte of Orkeney was my fadir, and my name is sir Gawayne.'

'And my name is sir Pelleas, born in the Iles, and of many iles I am lorde. And never loved I lady nother damesel tyll nowe. And, sir knyght, syn ye ar so nye cosyn unto kyng Arthure and ar a kynges son, therefore betray me nat, but help me, for I may nevir com by hir but by some good knyght. For she is in a stronge castell here faste by, within this four myle, and over all this contrey she is lady off.

'And so I may never com to hir presence but as I suffir hir knyghtes to take me, and but if I ded so that I myght have a syght of hir, I had bene dede longe ar this tyme. And yet fayre worde had I never none of hir. But whan I am brought tofore hir she rebukyth me in the fowlyst maner; and than they take me my horse and harneyse and puttyth me oute of the yatis, and she woll nat suffir me to ete nother drynke. And allwayes I offir me to be her presoner, but that woll she
64v nat suffir me; for I wolde desire no more, what paynes that ever I had, so that I myght have a syght of hir dayly.'

'Well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'all this shall I amende, and ye woll do as I shall devyse. I woll have your armoure, and so woll I ryde unto hir castell and tell hir that I have slayne you, and so shall I come within hir to cause hir to cheryshe me. And than shall I do my trew parte, that ye shall nat fayle to have the love of hir.'

(23) And there, whan sir Gawayne plyght his trouthe unto sir Pelleas to be trew and feythfull unto hym, so eche one plyght their trouthe to other, and so they chonged horse and harneyse. And sir Gawayne departed and com to the castel where stood hir pavylyons withoute the gate. And as sone as Ettarde had aspyed sir Gawayne she fledde in toward

4–5 *C** are ye telle me I praye yow my good frend And thenne syr gawayne sayd I am 8 *C* And thenne he sayd my 10 *C* now in an vnhappy tyme and 11 ar *not in C* 18 none *not in C* 20 me *not in C* 26 *C* your hors and your armour 31 *C* there with syr 35 *C* stoode the pauelions of this lady withoute

the castell. But sir Gawayne spake on hyght and bade hir abyde, for he was nat sir Pelleas.

'I am another knyght that have slayne sir Pelleas.'

'Than do of your helme,' seyde the lady Ettarde, 'that I may se your vysage.' 5

So whan she saw that hit was nat sir Pelleas she made hym alyght and lad hym into hir castell, and asked hym feythfully whethir he had slayne sir Pelleas, and he seyde yee. Than he tolde hir his name was sir Gawayne, of the courte of kynge Arthure and his sistyrs son, and how he had slayne sir Pelleas. 10

'Truly, 'seyde she, 'that is grete pyté for he was a passynge good knyght of his body. But of all men on lyve I hated hym moste, for I coude never be quytte of hym. And for ye have slayne hym I shall be your woman and to do onythynge that may please you.' 15

So she made sir Gawayne good chere. Than sir Gawayne sayde that he loved a lady and by no meane she wolde love hym.

'Sche is to blame,' seyde Ettarde, 'and she woll nat love you, for ye that be so well-borne a man and suche a man of 20 prouesse, there is no lady in this worlde to good for you.' 65r

'Woll ye,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'promyse me to do what that ye may do be the fayth of your body to gete me the love of my lady?'

'Yee, sir, and that I promyse you be my fayth.' 25

'Now,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'hit is yourself that I love so well; therefore holde your promyse.'

'I may nat chese,' seyde the lady Ettarde, 'but if I sholde be forsworne.'

And so she graunted hym to fulfylle all his desyre. 30

So it was in the monthe of May that she and sir Gawayne wente oute of the castell and sowped in a pavylyon, and there was made a bedde, and there sir Gawayne and Ettarde wente to bedde togedyrs. And in another pavylyon she leyde hir damesels, and in the thirde pavylyon she leyde parte of 35 hir knyghtes, for than she had no drede of sir Pelleas. And

8 *C* sayd her ye 10 and how he had slayne sir Pelleas *not in C*† 15 *C* myghte 22–23 *C* doo alle that 25 *C* ye syre sayd she and that I promyse yow by the feythe of my body 27 *C* therfore I praye yow hold 31 *C* was thenne in 33 *C* the lady Ettard

there sir Gawayne lay with hir in the pavylyon two dayes and two nyghtes.

And on the thirde day on the morne erly sir Pelleas armed hym, for he hadde never slepte syn [sir Gawayne departed from hym, for] sir Gawayne promysed hym by the feythe of his body to com to hym unto his pavylyon by the pryory within the space of a day and a nyght. Than sir Pelleas mounted uppon horsebak and com to the pavylyons that stood withoute the castell, and founde in the fyrste pavylyon three knyghtes in three beddis, and three squyres lyggynge at their feete. Than wente he to the secunde pavylyon and founde four jantyllwomen lyggyng in four beddis. And than he yode to the thirde pavylyon and founde sir Gawayne lyggyng in the bed with his lady Ettarde and aythir clyppynge other in armys. And whan he sawe that, his hert well-nyghe braste for sorow, and sayde, 'Alas, that ever a knyght sholde be founde so false!'

And than he toke his horse and myght nat abyde no lenger for pure sorow, and whan he had ryden nyghe half a myle he
65v turned agayne and thought for to sle hem bothe. And whan he saw hem lye so bothe slepynge faste that unnethe he myght holde hym on horsebak for sorow, and seyde thus to hymself: 'Though this knyght be never so false, I woll never sle hym slepynge, for I woll never dystroy the hyghe Ordir of Knyghthode,' and therewith he departed agayne. And or he had rydden half a myle he returned agayne and thought than to sle hem bothe, makynge the grettyst sorow that ever man made. And whan he come to the pavylyons he tyed his horse to a tre and pulled oute his swerde naked in his honde and wente to them thereas they lay. And yet he thought shame to sle hem, and leyde the naked swerde overthawrte bothe their throtis, and so toke his horse and rode his way. And whan sir Pelleas com to his pavylyons he tolde his knyghtes and his squyers how he had spedde, and seyde thus unto them:

'For youre good and true servyse ye have done me I shall gyff you all my goodes, for I woll go unto my bedde and

5 *Not emended in O*[1] *C* had promysed 21 *C* hem bothe soo lye that *not in C*[*] 30–31 *C*[*] thought it were shame to slee them slepynge 32 *C* wayne Sawayne

never aryse tyll I be dede. And whan that I am dede, I charge you that ye take the herte oute of my body and bere hit her betwyxte two sylver dysshes and telle her how I sawe hir lye wyth that false knyght sir Gawayne.'

Ryght so sir Pelleas unarmed hymself and wente unto his bedde makyng merveylous dole and sorow.

Than sir Gawayne and Ettarde awoke of her slepe and founde the naked swerd overthawrte their throtis. Than she knew hit was the swerde of sir Pelleas.

'Alas!' she seyde, 'Sir Gawayne, ye have betrayde sir Pelleas and me, ⌜for you told me you had slayne hym, and now I know well it is not so: he is on lyve⌝. But had he bene so uncurteyse unto you as ye have bene to hym, ye had bene a dede knyght. But ye have dissayved me, that all ladyes and damesels may beware be you and me.' And therewith sir Gawayne made hym redy and wente into the foreste. 66r

So hit happed the Damesell of the Lake, Nynyve, mette with a knyght of sir Pelleas that wente on his foote in this foreste makynge grete doole, and she askede hym the cause; and so the wofull knyght tolde her all how his mayster and lorde was betrayed thorow a knyght and a lady, and how he woll never aryse oute of his bedde tyll he be dede.

'Brynge me to hym,' seyde she anone, 'and y woll waraunte his lyfe. He shall nat dye for love, and she that hath caused hym so to love she shall be in as evylle plyte as he is or hit be longe to, for hit is no joy of suche a proude lady that woll nat have no mercy of suche a valyaunte knyght.'

Anone that knyght broute hir unto hym, and whan she sye hym lye on his bedde she thought she sawe never so lykly a knyght. And therewith she threw an enchauntemente uppon hym, and he fell on slepe. And than she rode unto the lady Ettarde and charged that no man scholde awake hym tyll she come agayne. So within two owres she brought the lady Ettarde thidir, and bothe the ladyes founde hym on slepe.

1 *C* I am dede 9 *C* knewe wel 9–12 *C** syr Pelleas swerd Allas sayd she to sir Gawayne ye haue bitrayed me and syr Pelleas bothe for ye told me ye had slayne hym and now I knowe wel it is not soo he is on lyue And yf syre Pelleas had ben *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 112, f. 27c*) vous me faisiés entendant que vous aviez Pellias occis, mez non avez 14 *C** deceyued me and bytrayd me falsly that 17 *C* happed thenne that the 20 all *not in C* 31 *C* And ther whyle she 32 *C* charged no man to awake

'Loo,' seyde the Damesell of the Lake, 'ye oughte to be ashamed for to murther suche a knyght,' and therewith she threw such an inchauntemente uppon hir that she loved hym so sore that well-nyghe she was nere oute of hir mynde.

'A, Lorde Jesu,' seyde this lady Ettarde, 'how is hit befallyn unto me that I love now that I have hatyd moste of ony man on lyve?'

'That is the ryghteuouse jugemente of God,' seyde the damesell.

And than anone sir Pelleas awaked and loked uppon Ettarde, and wha[n] he saw hir he knew her, and than he hated hir more than ony woman on lyve, and seyde,

66v 'Away, traytoures, and com never in my syght!'

And whan she herde hym sey so she wepte and made grete sorow oute of mynde.

(24) 'Sir knyght Pelleas,' seyde the Damesel of the Lake, 'take your horse and com forthwith oute of this contrey, and ye shall love a lady that woll love you.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Pelleas, 'for this lady Ettarde hath done me grete dispyte and shame;' and there he tolde hir the begynnyng and endyng, and how he had never purposed to have rysen agayne tyll he had bene dede. 'And now suche grace God hath sente me that I hate hir as much as I have loved hir.'

'Thanke me therefore,' seyde the Lady of the Lake.

Anone sir Pelleas armed hym and toke his horse and commaunded his men to brynge aftir his pavylyons and his stuffe where the Lady of the Lake wolde assyngne them. So this lady Ettarde dyed for sorow, and the Damesel of the Lake rejoysed sir Pelleas, and loved togedyrs duryng their lyfe.

(25) Now turne we unto sir Marhaute that rode with the damesel of thirty wynter of ayge southwarde. And so they come into a depe foreste, and by fortune they were nyghted and rode longe in a depe way, and at the laste they com unto a courtlage and there they asked herborow. But the man

4 so *not in C*† nere *not in C* 6 *C* now hym that 8 *C* ryght wys Iugement 15 *C* of mesure 22 agayne *not in C* 23–24 *C* as euer I loued 25 *C* me sayde the damoysel of the 28 them *not in C* 31 *C* lyf dayes

of the courtlage wolde nat logge them for no tretyse that they coulde trete, but this much the good man seyde: 'And ye woll take the adventure of youre herbourage, I shall bryng you there ye may be herbourde.'

'What aventure is that [that] I shall have for my herborow?' seyde sir Marhaute.

'Ye shall wete whan ye com there,' seyde the good man.

'Sir, what aventure so hit be, I pray the to brynge me thidir, for I am wery, my damesel and my horse both.'

So the good man wente uppon his gate before hym in a lane, and within an houre he brought hym untyll a fayre castell. And than the pore man called the porter, and anone 67r he was lette into the castell. And so he tolde the lorde how he had brought hym a knyght arraunte and a damesell wolde be lodged with hym. 'Lette hym in,' seyde the lorde, 'for hit may happen he shall repente that they toke theire herborow here.' So sir Marhaute was let in with a torchelyght, and there was a grete syght of goodly men that welcomed hym; and than his horse was lad into a stable, and he and the damesel were brought into the halle, and there stoode a myghty duke and many goodly men aboute hym. Than this duke asked hym what he hyght, and fro whens he com, and with whom he dwelte.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I am a knyght of kynge Arthurs and knyght of the Table Rounde, and my name is sir Marhaute, and borne I was in Irelonde.'

'That me repentes,' seyde the duke, 'for I love nat thy lorde nother none of thy felowys of the Table Rounde. And therefore ease thyself this nyght as well as thou mayste, for as to-morne I and my six sonnes shall macch with you.'

'Is there no remedy,' seyde sir Marhaute, 'but that I must have ado with you and your six sunnes at onys?'

'No,' seyde the duke, 'for this cause. I made myne avowe, for sir Gawayne slew my sevynth sonne in a recountre, therefore I made myne avow that there sholde never knyght

3 *C* youre lodgyng 4 *C* ye shalle be lodged 5 *O*1 that I *C* my lodgynge 8–9 *C* be bryng me thyder I pray the sayd syr Marhaus for 9 both *not in C* 10–11 *C*† wente and opened the gate and within (*see note*) 16–17 *C* their lodgyng 18 *C* was a goodely syghte 22 *C* this lord asked 27 *C* And thenne sayd the duke to hym that me sore repenteth the cause is this for 34 *C*† seuen sonnes

of kynge Arthurs courte lodge with me or com thereas I myght have ado with hym but I wolde revenge me of my sonnes deth.'

'What is your name?' sayde sir Marhaute, 'I requyre you telle me, and hit please you.'

'Wete thou well I am the duke of Southe Marchis.'

'A!' seyde sir Marhaute, 'I have herde seyde that ye have been longe tyme a grete foo unto my lorde Arthure and unto his knyghtes.'

'That shall ye fele to-morne,' seyde the duke, 'and ye leve so longe.'

67v 'Shall I have ado with you?' seyde sir Marhaute.

'Ye,' seyde the duke, 'thereof shalt thou not chose. And therefore let take hym to his chambir and lette hym have all that tyll hym longis.' So sir Marhaute departed and was led unto his chambir, and his damesel was led in tyll hir chambir.

And on the morne the duke sente unto sir Marhaute and bade hym make hym redy. And so sir Marhaute arose and armed hym. And than there was a masse songe afore hym, and brake his faste, and so mounted on horsebak in the courte of the castell there they sholde do batayle. So there was the deuke all ready on horsebak and clene armed, and his six sonnys by hym, and everyche had a spere in his honde. And so they encountirde whereas the deuke and his [two] sonnys brake her sperys uppon hym, but sir Marhaute hylde up his spere and touched none of hem.

(26) Than come the four sonnes by couple, and two of them brake their sperys, and so dud the other two. And all this whyle sir Marhaute towched hem nat. Than sir Marhaute ran to the deuke and smote hym downe with his speare, that horse and man felle to the erthe, and so he served his sonnes. Than sir Marhaute alyght downe and bade the deuke yelde hym, other he wolde sle hym. Than som of his sonnes recovirde and wolde have sette uppon sir Marhaute. Than sir Marhaute seyde, 'Sir deuke, cese thy sonnys, and ellys I woll do the uttirmust to you all.' Than the deuke sye he

2–3 *C* wold haue a reuengyng of my 7 *C* herd saye 10–11 and ye leve so longe *not in C*† 14–15 *C* therfore take yow to your chambre and ye shalle haue all that to yow longeth 16 *C* to a chamber *C* vnto her 21 *W* of of 24 two *not in O*1 30 downe *not in C* 35 *C* sayd to the duke sease

myght nat ascape the deth, he cryed to his sonnes and charged them to yelde them to sir Marhaute, and than they kneled alle adowne and putt the pomels of their swerdis to the knyght, and so he receyvid them; and than they hove up their fadir on his feete. And so by their comunal assent promysed to sir Marhaute never to be fooys unto kynge Arthure, and thereuppon at Whytsonday next aftir to com, he and his sonnes, and there to putt them in the kynges grace. Then sir Marhaute departed. 68r

And within two dayes sir Marhautes damesel brought hym whereas was a grete turnemente that the lady Vawse had cryed, and who that dud beste sholde have a ryche cerclet of golde worth a thousand besauntis. And there sir Marhaute dud so nobely that he was renomed, and had smeten doune forty knyghtes, and so the cerclet of golde was rewarded hym. Than he departed thens with grete honoure.

And so within sevennyght his damesel brought hym to an erlys place. His name was the erle Fergus that aftir was sir Trystrams knyght, and this erle was but a yonge man and late com to his londis, and there was a gyaunte faste by hym that hyght Taulurd, and he had another brother in Cornuayle that hyght Taulas that sir Trystram slewe whan he was oute of his mynde. So this erle made his complaynte unto sir Marhaute that there was a gyaunte by hym that destroyed all his londis and how he durste nowhere ryde nother go for hym.

'Sir,' seyde he, 'whether usyth he to fyght on horsebak othir on foote?'

'Nay,' seyde the erle, 'there may no horse bere hym.'

'Well,' seyde sir Marhaute, 'than woll I fyght with hym on foote.'

So on the morne sir Marhaute prayde the erle that one of his men myght brynge hym where the gyaunte was, and so one brought hym where he syghe hym sytte undir a tre of hooly, and many clubbis of ironne and gysernes aboute hym. So this knyght dressed hym to the gyaunte

4 *W* and & so 4–5 *C* they halp vp their fader and soo 7 next *not in C* 8 there to *not in C* 15 *C* somtyme† doune 16 *C* fro them with grete worship 27 *C* sayd the knyghte 34 *C* and so he was for he saw

and put his shylde before hym, and the gyaunte toke an ironne club in his honde, and at the fyrste stroke he clave syr Marhautis shelde. And there he was in grete perell, for the gyaunte was a sly fyghter. But at the laste sir Marhaute smote of his ryght arme aboven the elbow. Than the gyaunte fledde and the knyght affter hym, and so he drove hym into a watir; but the gyaunte was so hyghe that he myght nat wade aftir hym. And than sir Marhaute made the erle Fergus man to fecche hym stonys, and with that stonys the knyght gave the gyaunte many sore strokis tylle at the laste he made hym falle downe in the watir, and so was he there dede.

Than sir Marhalte wente into the gyauntes castell, and there he delyverde four-and-twenty knyghtes oute of the gyauntes preson and twelve ladyes; and there he had grete rychesse oute of numbir, that dayes of his lyff he was nevir poore man. Than he returned to the erle Fergus, the whyche thanked hym gretly and wolde have yevyn hym half his londys, but he wolde none take. So sir Marhaute dwellid with the erle nye half a yere, for he was sore brused with the gyaunte. So at the laste he toke his leve, and as he rode by the way with his damysel he mette with sir Gawayne and wyth sir Uwayne.

So by adventure he mette with four knyghtes of Arthurs courte: the fyrst was sir Sagramour le Desyrus, sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, sir Dodynas le Saveage, and sir Felotte of Lystynoyse; and there sir Marhaute with one spere smote downe these four knyghtes and hurte them sore. And so departed to mete at his day.

(27) Now turne we unto sir Uwayne that rode westwarde with his damesell of three score wyntir of ayge. And there was a turnemente nyghe the marche of Walys, and at that turnemente sir Uwayne smote doune thirty knyghtes. Therefore was gyffyn hym the pryce, and that was a jarfaucon and a whyght stede trapped with cloth of golde. So than sir Uwayne ded many strange adventures by the meanys of

1 gyant putting his 3 *C** shelde in ii pyeces 4 *C* a wyly fyghter 10 *CO*[1] tho stonys *C* sore knockes 14–15 *C* xxiiii ladyes and twelue knyȝtes oute of the gyants pryson 16 *C* withoute nombre 26 le cure hardy *not in C* *C* syre felot 29 *C* day afore sette 31–32 *C* and she broughte hym there as was a turnement 34 *C* gerfaukon

the olde damesel, and so she brought [hym] to a lady that was 69r
called the Lady of the Roch, the whyche was curtayse.

So there was in that contrey two knyghtes that were brethirne, and they were called two perelous knyghtes: that one hyght sir Edwarde of the Rede Castell, and that other sir Hew of the Rede Castell, and these two brethirne had disheryted the Lady of the Roche of a baronnery of londis by their extorsion. And as this knyghte was lodged with this lady, she made hir complaynte to hym of thes two knyghtes.

'Madam,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'they ar to blame, for they do ayenste the hyghe Order of Knyghthode and the oth that they made. And if hit lyke you I woll speke with hem, because I am a knyght of kyng Arthurs, and to entrete them with fayrenesse; and if they woll nat, I shall do batayle with them for Goddis sake and in the defence of your ryght.'

'Gramercy,' seyde the lady, 'and thereas I may nat acquyte you, God shall.'

So on the morne the two knyghtes were sente fore, that they sholde speke with the Lady of the Roche, and wete you well they fayled nat, for they com with an hondred horses. But whan this lady sawe them in suche maner so bygge she wolde nat suffir sir Uwayne to go oute to them uppon no sureté ne of fayre langage, but she made hym to speke with them over a toure. But fynally thes two brethirne wolde nat be entreted, and answerde that they wolde kepe that they had.

'Well,' seyde syr Uwayne, 'than woll I fyght with one of you and preve that ye do this lady wronge.'

'That woll we nat,' seyde they, 'for and we do batayle we two woll fyght bothe at onys with one knyght. And therefore, yf ye lyste to fyght so, we woll be redy at what oure ye woll assygne, and yf ye wynne us in batayle, she to have hir londis 69v
agayne.'

'Ye say well,' seyde sir Uwayne. 'Therefore make you redy, and that ye be here to-morne in the defence of this ladyes ryght.'

2 *C* moche curtoys 3 *C* there were in the countrey 13 *C* and I wylle entrete 15 for Goddis sake *not in C* 19 *C* shold come thyder to speke 21 *C* this maner 23 *C* ne for no fayr 30 *C* fyght with one knyȝt at ones 31 *C* yf ye wille fyghte 32 *C* bataille the lady shal haue

(28) So was there sykernesse made on bothe partyes, that no treson sholde be wrought. And so thes knyghtes departed and made them redy.

And that nyght sir Uwayne had grete chere, and on the morne he arose erly and harde masse and brake his faste, and so rode into the playne withoute the gatis where hoved the two brethirne abydyng hym. So they ran togedyrs passynge sore, that sir Edwarde and sir Hew brake their sperys uppon sir Uwayne, and sir Uwayne smote sir Edwarde, that he felle over his horse and yette his spere braste nat. And than he spurred his horse and com uppon sir Hew and overthrew hym. But they sone recoverde and dressed their shyldes and drew oute their swerdes, and bade sir Uwayne alyght and do his batayle to the utteraunce.

Than sir Uwayne devoyded his horse delyverly and put his shylde before hym and drew his swerde, and so they threste togedyrs and eythir gave other grate strokis. And there thes two brethirne wounded sir Uwayne passyng grevously, that the Lady of the Roche wente he sholde have deyed. And thus they fought togedyrs fyve oures as men outraged of reson, and at the laste sir Uwayne smote sir Edwarde uppon the helme suche a stroke that his swerde kerved unto his canellbone; and than sir Hew abated his corrage, but sir Uwayne presed faste to have slayne hym. That saw sir Hew and kneled adowne and yelded hym to sir Uwayne, and he of his jantylnesse resceyved his swerde and toke hym by the honde, and wente into the castell togedirs.

Than this Lady of the Roche was passyng glad, and sir Hew made grete sorow for his brothirs deth. But this lady
70r was restored ayen of all hir londis, and sir Hew was commaunded to be at the courte of kynge Arthure at the next feste of Pentecoste. So sir Uwayne dwelled with this lady nyghe halfe a yere, for hit was longe or he myght be hole of his grete hurtis. And so, whan hit drew nyghe the termeday that sir Gawayne, sir Marhaute and sir Uwayne made

2 *C* wrought on neyther partye soo thenne the knyghtes 7 *C* they rode† 13 oute *not in C* 14 *C* to the vttermest 15 *C* hors sodenly 16–17 *C* they dressyd 17 *C* suche strokes† 20–21 *C* men raged oute of *W* men outraged of of 25 *C* Hue he kneled 29–30 *C* and the other broder made 30 dethe thenne the lady 31 ayen *not in C* 36—p. 179, l. 1 *C* Vwayne shold mete

to mete at the crosseway, than every knyght drew hym thydir to holde his promyse that they made. And sir Marhalte and sir Uwayne brought their damesels with hem, but sir Gawayne had loste his damesel.

Ryght so at the twelve-monthis ende they mette all three 5 (29)
knyghtes at the fountayne and theire damesels, but the damesell that sir Gawayne had coude sey but lytyll worshyp of hym. So they departed frome the damesels and rode thorowe a grete foreste, and there they mette with a messyngere that com from kynge Arthurs courte that had 10
sought hem well-nyghe a twelve-monthe thorowoute all Ingelonde, Walis, and Scotlonde, and charged yf ever he myght fynde sir Gawayne and sir Uwayne to haste hem unto the courte agayne. And than were they all glad, and so they prayde sir Marhaute to ryde with hem to the kynges 15
courte.

And so within twelve dayes they come to Camelot, and the kynge was passyng glad of their commyng, and so was all the courte. Than the kynge made hem to swere uppon a booke to telle hym all their adventures that had befalle 20
them that twelve-monthe before, and so they ded. And there was sir Marhaute well knowyn, for there were knyghtes that he had macched aforetyme, and he was named one of the best knyghtes lyvyng.

So agayne the feste of Pentecoste cam the Damesell of 25
the Laake and brought with hir sir Pelleas, and at the hyghe feste there was grete joustys. Of all knyghtes that were at that justis sir Pelleas had the pryce and syr Marhaute was named next. But sir Pelleas was so stronge that there **70v**
myght but few knyghtes stonde hym a buffette with a 30
spere. And at the next feste sir Pelleas and sir Marhalt were made knyghtes of the Rounde Table; for there were two segis voyde, for two knyghtes were slayne that twelve-monthe.

And grete joy had kynge Arthure of sir Pelleas and of 35
sir Marhalte, but Pelleas loved never after sir Gawayne but as

2 *C* had made 4 *C* damoysel as it is afore reherced 10–11 *C* kynge Arthur that had sought (had *not in S*) 13 *C* to brynge hem 21 before *not in C* 22 *W* Marhaute was well 27 *C* grete Iustynge of knyghtes and of al knyghtes that 30 *C* sytte hym 32 *C* table roūd

he spared hym for the love of the kynge; but oftyntymes at justis and at turnementes sir Pelleas quytte sir Gawayne, for so hit rehersyth in the booke of Frensh.

So sir Trystrams many dayes aftir fought with sir Marhaute in an ilande. And there they dud a grete batayle, but the laste sir Trystrams slew hym. So sir Trystrams was so wounded that unnethe he myght recover, and lay at a nunrye half a yere.

And sir Pelleas was a worshypfull knyght, and was one of the four that encheved the Sankgreal. And the Damesel of the Laake made by her meanes that never he had ado with sir Launcelot de Laake, for where sir Launcelot was at ony justis or at ony turnemente she wolde not suffir hym to be there that day but yf hit were on the syde of sir Launcelot.

HERE ENDYTH THIS TALE, AS THE FREYNSHE BOOKE SEYTH, FRO THE MARYAGE OF KYNGE UTHER UNTO KYNG ARTHURE THAT REGNED AFTIR HYM AND DED MANY BATAYLES.

AND THIS BOOKE ENDYTH WHEREAS SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR TRYSTRAMS COM TO COURTE. WHO THAT WOLL MAKE ONY MORE LETTE HYM SEKE OTHER BOOKIS OF KYNGE ARTHURE OR OF SIR LAUNCELOT OR SIR TRYSTRAMS; FOR THIS WAS DRAWYN BY A KNYGHT PRESONER, SIR THOMAS MALLEORRÉ, THAT GOD SENDE HYM GOOD RECOVER. AMEN.

EXPLICIT.

1 *C* of kyng arthur 6 *C** at the last 13 to *not in C* 14–25 *C* launcelot Explicit liber quartus *The colophon* (*from* Here endyth *to* Amen) *is not in C*† 24 *W* Amen &c.

When the king had well rested him at the abbey, he rode unto Camelot, and found his queen and his barons right glad of his coming. And when they heard of his strange adventures as is afore rehearsed, then all had marvel of the falsehood of Morgan le Fay; many knights wished her burnt. Then came Manassen to court and told the king of his adventure. Well, said the king, she is a kind sister; I shall so be avenged on her an I live, that all Christendom shall speak of it. So on the morn there came a damosel from Morgan to the king, and she brought with her the richest mantle that ever was seen in that court, for it was set as full of precious stones as one might stand by another, and there were the richest stones that ever the king saw. And the damosel said, Your sister sendeth you this mantle, and desireth that ye should take this gift of her; and in what thing she hath offended you, she will amend it at your own pleasure. When the king beheld this mantle it pleased him much, but he said but little.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW THE DAMOSEL OF THE LAKE SAVED KING ARTHUR FROM A MANTLE THAT SHOULD HAVE BURNT HIM.

WITH that came the Damosel of the Lake unto the king, and said, Sir, I must speak with you in privity. Say on, said the king, what ye will. Sir, said the damosel, put not on you this mantle till ye have seen more, and in no wise let it not come on you, nor on no knight of yours, till ye command the bringer thereof to put it upon her. Well, said King Arthur, it shall be done as ye counsel me. And then he said unto the damosel that came from his sister, Damosel, this mantle that ye have brought me, I will see it upon you. Sir, she said, It will not beseem me to wear a king's garment. By my head, said Arthur, ye shall wear it or it come on my back, or any man's that here is. And so the king made it to be put upon her, and forth-withal she fell down dead, and never more spake word after and burnt to coals. Then was the king wonderly wroth, more than he was to-forehand, and said unto King Uriens, My sister, your wife, is alway about to betray me, and well I wot either ye, or my nephew, your son, is of counsel with her to have me destroyed; but as for you, said the king to King Uriens, I deem not greatly that ye be of her counsel, for Accolon confessed to me by his own mouth, that she would have destroyed you as well as me, therefore I hold you excused; but as for your son, Sir Uwaine, I hold him suspect, therefore I charge you put him out of my court. So Sir Uwaine was discharged. And when Sir Gawaine wist that, he made him ready to go with him; and said, Whoso banisheth my cousin-germain shall banish me. So they two departed, and rode into a great forest, and so they came to an abbey of monks, and there were well lodged. But when the king wist that Sir Gawaine was departed from the court, there was made great sorrow among all the estates. Now, said Gaheris, Gawaine's brother, we have lost two good knights for the love of one. So on the morn they heard their masses in the abbey, and so they rode forth till that they came

to a great forest. Then was Sir Gawaine ware in a valley by a turret of twelve fair damosels, and two knights armed on great horses, and the damosels went to and fro by a tree. And then was Sir Gawaine ware how there hung a white shield on that tree, and ever as the damosels came by it they spit upon it, and some threw mire upon the shield.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR GAWAINE AND SIR UWAINE MET WITH TWELVE FAIR DAMOSELS, AND HOW THEY COMPLAINED ON SIR MARHAUS.

THEN Sir Gawaine and Sir Uwaine went and saluted them, and asked why they did that despite to the shield. Sir, said the damosels, we shall tell you. There is a knight in this country that owneth this white shield, and he is a passing good man of his hands, but he hateth all ladies and gentlewomen, and therefore we do all this despite to the shield. I shall say you, said Sir Gawaine, it beseemeth evil a good knight to despite all ladies and gentlewomen, and peradventure though he hate you he hath some certain cause, and peradventure he loveth in some other places ladies and gentlewomen, and to be loved again, an he be such a man of prowess as ye speak of. Now, what is his name? Sir, said they, his name is Marhaus, the king's son of Ireland. I know him well, said Sir Uwaine, he is a passing good knight as any is alive, for I saw him once proved at a jousts where many knights were gathered, and that time there might no man withstand him. Ah ! said Sir Gawaine, damosels, methinketh ye are to blame, for it is to suppose, he that hung that shield there, he will not be long therefrom, and then may those knights match him on horseback, and that is more your worship than thus; for I will abide no longer to see a knight's shield dishonoured. And therewith Sir Uwaine and Gawaine departed a little from them, and then were they ware

where Sir Marhaus came riding on a great horse straight toward them. And when the twelve damosels saw Sir Marhaus they fled into the turret as they were wild, so that some of them fell by the way. Then the one of the knights of the tower dressed his shield, and said on high, Sir Marhaus, defend thee. And so they ran together that the knight brake his spear on Marhaus, and Marhaus smote him so hard that he brake his neck and the horse's back. That saw the other knight of the turret, and dressed him toward Marhaus, and they met so eagerly together that the knight of the turret was soon smitten down, horse and man, stark dead.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW SIR MARHAUS JOUSTED WITH SIR GAWAINE AND SIR UWAINE, AND OVERTHREW THEM BOTH.

And then Sir Marhaus rode unto his shield, and saw how it was defouled, and said, Of this despite I am a part avenged, but for her love that gave me this white shield I shall wear thee, and hang mine where thou wast; and so he hanged it about his neck. Then he rode straight unto Sir Gawaine and to Sir Uwaine, and asked them what they did there? They answered him that they came from King Arthur's court to see adventures. Well, said Sir Marhaus, here am I ready, an adventurous knight that will fulfil any adventure that ye will desire; and so departed from them, to fetch his range. Let him go, said Sir Uwaine unto Sir Gawaine, for he is a passing good knight as any is living; I would not by my will that any of us were matched with him. Nay, said Sir Gawaine, not so, it were shame to us were he not assayed, were he never so good a knight. Well, said Sir Uwaine, I will assay him afore you, for I am more weaker than ye, and if he smite me down then may ye revenge me. So these two knights came together with great raundon, that Sir Uwaine smote Sir Marhaus that his spear brast in pieces on the shield, and Sir Marhaus smote him so sore that horse

and man he bare to the earth, and hurt Sir Uwaine on the left side.

Then Sir Marhaus turned his horse and rode toward Gawaine with his spear, and when Sir Gawaine saw that he dressed his shield, and they aventred their spears, and they came together with all the might of their horses, that either knight smote other so hard in midst of their shields, but Sir Gawaine's spear brake, but Sir Marhaus' spear held; and therewith Sir Gawaine and his horse rushed down to the earth. And lightly Sir Gawaine rose on his feet, and pulled out his sword, and dressed him toward Sir Marhaus on foot, and Sir Marhaus saw that, and pulled out his sword and began to come to Sir Gawaine on horseback. Sir knight, said Sir Gawaine, alight on foot, or else I will slay thy horse. Gramercy, said Sir Marhaus, of your gentleness ye teach me courtesy, for it is not for one knight to be on foot, and the other on horseback. And therewith Sir Marhaus set his spear against a tree and alighted and tied his horse to a tree, and dressed his shield, and either came unto other eagerly, and smote together with their swords that their shields flew in cantels, and they bruised their helms and their hauberks, and wounded either other. But Sir Gawaine from it passed nine of the clock waxed ever stronger and stronger, for then it came to the hour of noon, and thrice his might was increased. All this espied Sir Marhaus and had great wonder how his might increased, and so they wounded other passing sore. And then when it was past noon, and when it drew toward evensong, Sir Gawaine's strength feebled, and waxed passing faint that unnethes he might dure any longer, and Sir Marhaus was then bigger and bigger. Sir knight, said Sir Marhaus, I have well felt that ye are a passing good knight and a marvellous man of might as ever I felt any, while it lasteth, and our quarrels are not great, and therefore it were pity to do you hurt, for I feel ye are passing feeble. Ah, said Sir Gawaine, gentle knight, ye say the word that I should say. And therewith they took off their helms, and either kissed other, and there they swore together either to love other as brethren. And Sir Marhaus prayed Sir Gawaine to lodge with him that night. And so they took their horses, and rode toward Sir Marhaus' house. And as they rode by the way, Sir knight, said Sir Gawaine, I have marvel

that so valiant a man as ye be love no ladies nor damosels. Sir, said Sir Marhaus, they name me wrongfully those that give me that name, but well I wot it be the damosels of the turret that so name me, and other such as they be. Now shall I tell you for what cause I hate them: for they be sorceresses and enchanters many of them, and be a knight never so good of his body and full of prowess as man may be, they will make him a stark coward to have the better of him, and this is the principal cause that I hate them; and to all good ladies and gentlewomen I owe my service as a knight ought to do.

As the book rehearseth in French, there were many knights that overmatched Sir Gawaine, for all the thrice might that he had: Sir Launcelot de Lake, Sir Tristram, Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Percivale, Sir Pelleas, and Sir Marhaus, these six knights had the better of Sir Gawaine. Then within a little while they came to Sir Marhaus' place, which was in a little priory, and there they alighted, and ladies and damosels unarmed them, and hastily looked to their hurts, for they were all three hurt. And so they had all three good lodging with Sir Marhaus, and good cheer; for when he wist that they were King Arthur's sister's sons he made them all the cheer that lay in his power, and so they sojourned there a sennight, and were well eased of their wounds, and at the last departed. Now, said Sir Marhaus, we will not depart so lightly, for I will bring you through the forest; and rode day by day well a seven days or they found any adventure. At the last they came into a great forest, that was named the country and forest of Arroy, and the country of strange adventures. In this country, said Sir Marhaus, came never knight since it was christened but he found strange adventures; and so they rode, and came into a deep valley full of stones, and thereby they saw a fair stream of water; above thereby was the head of the stream a fair fountain, and three damosels sitting thereby. And then they rode to them, and either saluted other, and the eldest had a garland of gold about her head, and she was three score winter of age or more, and her hair was white under the garland. The second damosel was of thirty winter of age, with a circlet of gold about her head. The third damosel was but fifteen

year of age, and a garland of flowers about her head. When these knights had so beheld them, they asked them the cause why they sat at that fountain? We be here, said the damosels, for this cause: if we may see any errant knights, to teach them unto strange adventures; and ye be three knights that seek adventures, and we be three damosels, and therefore each one of you must choose one of us; and when ye have done so we will lead you unto three highways, and there each of you shall choose a way and his damosel with him. And this day twelvemonth ye must meet here again, and God send you your lives, and thereto ye must plight your troth. This is well said, said Sir Marhaus.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW SIR MARHAUS, SIR GAWAINE, AND SIR UWAINE MET THREE DAMOSELS, AND EACH OF THEM TOOK ONE.

Now shall everych of us choose a damosel. I shall tell you, said Sir Uwaine, I am the youngest and most weakest of you both, therefore I will have the eldest damosel, for she hath seen much, and can best help me when I have need, for I have most need of help of you both. Now, said Sir Marhaus, I will have the damosel of thirty winter age, for she falleth best to me. Well, said Sir Gawaine, I thank you, for ye have left me the youngest and the fairest, and she is most liefest to me. Then every damosel took her knight by the reins of his bridle, and brought him to the three ways, and there was their oath made to meet at the fountain that day twelvemonth an they were living, and so they kissed and departed, and each knight set his lady behind him. And Sir Uwaine took the way that lay west, and Sir Marhaus took the way that lay south, and Sir Gawaine took the way that lay north. Now will we begin at Sir Gawaine, that held that way till that he came unto a fair manor, where dwelled an old knight and a good householder, and there Sir Gawaine asked the knight if he knew any adventures in

that country. I shall show you some to-morn, said the old knight, and that marvellous. So, on the morn they rode into the forest of adventures to a laund, and thereby they found a cross, and as they stood and hoved there came by them the fairest knight and the seemliest man that ever they saw, making the greatest dole that ever man made. And then he was ware of Sir Gawaine, and saluted him, and prayed God to send him much worship. As to that, said Sir Gawaine, gramercy; also I pray to God that he send you honour and worship. Ah, said the knight, I may lay that aside, for sorrow and shame cometh to me after worship.

CHAPTER XX

HOW A KNIGHT AND A DWARF STROVE FOR A LADY.

And therewith he passed unto the one side of the laund; and on the other side saw Sir Gawaine ten knights that hoved still and made them ready with their shields and spears against that one knight that came by Sir Gawaine.

Then this one knight aventred a great spear, and one of the ten knights encountered with him, but this woful knight smote him so hard that he fell over his horse's tail. So this same dolorous knight served them all, that at the leastway he smote down horse and man, and all he did with one spear; and so when they were all ten on foot, they went to that one knight, and he stood stone still, and suffered them to pull him down off his horse, and bound him hand and foot, and tied him under the horse's belly, and so led him with them. O Jesu ! said Sir Gawaine, this is a doleful sight, to see the yonder knight so to be entreated, and it seemeth by the knight that he suffereth them to bind him so, for he maketh no resistance. No, said his host, that is truth, for an he would they all were too weak so to do him. Sir, said the damosel unto Sir Gawaine, meseemeth it were your worship to help that dolorous knight, for methinketh he is one of the best knights that ever I saw. I would do for him,

said Sir Gawaine, but it seemeth he will have no help. Then, said the damosel, methinketh ye have no lust to help him.

Thus as they talked they saw a knight on the other side of the laund all armed save the head. And on the other side there came a dwarf on horseback all armed save the head, with a great mouth and a short nose; and when the dwarf came nigh he said, Where is the lady should meet us here? and therewithal she came forth out of the wood. And then they began to strive for the lady; for the knight said he would have her, and the dwarf said he would have her. Will we do well? said the dwarf; yonder is a knight at the cross, let us put it both upon him, and as he deemeth so shall it be. I will well, said the knight, and so they went all three unto Sir Gawaine and told him wherefore they strove. Well, sirs, said he, will ye put the matter in my hand? Yea, they said both. Now damosel, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall stand betwixt them both, and whether ye list better to go to, he shall have you. And when she was set between them both, she left the knight and went to the dwarf, and the dwarf took her and went his way singing, and the knight went his way with great mourning.

Then came there two knights all armed, and cried on high, Sir Gawaine ! knight of King Arthur's, make thee ready in all haste and joust with me. So they ran together, that either fell down, and then on foot they drew their swords, and did full actually. The meanwhile the other knight went to the damosel, and asked her why she abode with that knight, and if ye would abide with me, I will be your faithful knight. And with you will I be, said the damosel, for with Sir Gawaine I may not find in mine heart to be with him; for now here was one knight discomfited ten knights, and at the last he was cowardly led away; and therefore let us two go whilst they fight. And Sir Gawaine fought with that other knight long, but at the last they accorded both. And then the knight prayed Sir Gawaine to lodge with him that night. So as Sir Gawaine went with this knight he asked him, What knight is he in this country that smote down the ten knights? For when he had done so manfully he suffered them to bind him hand and foot, and so led him away. Ah, said the knight, that is the best knight I trow in the

world, and the most man of prowess, and he hath been served so as he was even more than ten times, and his name hight Sir Pelleas, and he loveth a great lady in this country and her name is Ettard. And so when he loved her there was cried in this country a great jousts three days, and all the knights of this country were there and gentlewomen, and who that proved him the best knight should have a passing good sword and a circlet of gold, and the circlet the knight should give it to the fairest lady that was at the jousts. And this knight Sir Pelleas was the best knight that was there, and there were five hundred knights, but there was never man that ever Sir Pelleas met withal but he struck him down, or else from his horse; and every day of three days he struck down twenty knights, therefore they gave him the prize, and forthwithal he went thereas the Lady Ettard was, and gave her the circlet, and said openly she was the fairest lady that there was, and that would he prove upon any knight that would say nay.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW KING PELLEAS SUFFERED HIMSELF TO BE TAKEN PRISONER BECAUSE HE WOULD HAVE A SIGHT OF HIS LADY, AND HOW SIR GAWAINE PROMISED HIM TO GET TO HIM THE LOVE OF HIS LADY.

And so he chose her for his sovereign lady, and never to love other but her, but she was so proud that she had scorn of him, and said that she would never love him though he would die for her. Wherefore all ladies and gentlewomen had scorn of her that she was so proud, for there were fairer than she, and there was none that was there but an Sir Pelleas would have proffered them love, they would have loved him for his noble prowess. And so this knight promised the Lady Ettard to follow her into this country, and never to leave her till she loved him. And thus he is here the most part nigh her, and lodged by a priory, and every week she

sendeth knights to fight with him. And when he hath put them to the worse, then will he suffer them wilfully to take him prisoner, because he would have a sight of this lady. And always she doth him great despite, for sometime she maketh her knights to tie him to his horse's tail, and some to bind him under the horse's belly; thus in the most shamefullest ways that she can think he is brought to her. And all she doth it for to cause him to leave this country, and to leave his loving; but all this cannot make him to leave, for an he would have fought on foot he might have had the better of the ten knights as well on foot as on horseback. Alas, said Sir Gawaine, it is great pity of him; and after this night I will seek him to-morrow, in this forest, to do him all the help I can. So on the morn Sir Gawaine took his leave of his host Sir Carados, and rode into the forest; and at the last he met with Sir Pelleas, making great moan out of measure, so each of them saluted other, and asked him why he made such sorrow. And as it is above rehearsed, Sir Pelleas told Sir Gawaine: But always I suffer her knights to fare so with me as ye saw yesterday, in trust at the last to win her love, for she knoweth well all her knights should not lightly win me, an me list to fight with them to the uttermost. Wherefore an I loved her not so sore, I had liefer die an hundred times, an I might die so oft, rather than I would suffer that despite; but I trust she will have pity upon me at the last, for love causeth many a good knight to suffer to have this entent, but alas I am unfortunate. And therewith he made so great dole and sorrow that unnethe he might hold him on horseback.

Now, said Sir Gawaine, leave your mourning and I shall promise you by the faith of my body to do all that lieth in my power to get you the love of your lady, and thereto I will plight you my troth. Ah, said Sir Pelleas, of what court are ye? tell me, I pray you, my good friend. And then Sir Gawaine said, I am of the court of King Arthur, and his sister's son, and King Lot of Orkney was my father, and my name is Sir Gawaine. And then he said, My name is Sir Pelleas, born in the Isles, and of many isles I am lord, and never have I loved lady nor damosel till now in an unhappy time; and, sir knight, since ye are so nigh cousin unto King Arthur, and a

king's son, therefore betray me not but help me, for I may never come by her but by some good knight, for she is in a strong castle here, fast by within this four mile, and over all this country she is lady of. And so I may never come to her presence, but as I suffer her knights to take me, and but if I did so that I might have a sight of her, I had been dead long or this time; and yet fair word had I never of her, but when I am brought to-fore her she rebuketh me in the foulest manner. And then they take my horse and harness and put me out of the gates, and she will not suffer me to eat nor drink; and always I offer me to be her prisoner, but that she will not suffer me, for I would desire no more, what pains so ever I had, so that I might have a sight of her daily. Well, said Sir Gawaine, all this shall I amend an ye will do as I shall devise: I will have your horse and your armour, and so will I ride unto her castle and tell her that I have slain you, and so shall I come within her to cause her to cherish me, and then shall I do my true part that ye shall not fail to have the love of her.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW SIR GAWAINE CAME TO THE LADY ETTARD, AND HOW SIR PELLEAS FOUND THEM SLEEPING.

And therewith Sir Gawaine plight his troth unto Sir Pelleas to be true and faithful unto him; so each one plight their troth to other, and so they changed horses and harness, and Sir Gawaine departed, and came to the castle whereas stood the pavilions of this lady without the gate. And as soon as Ettard had espied Sir Gawaine she fled in toward the castle. Sir Gawaine spake on high, and bade her abide, for he was not Sir Pelleas; I am another knight that have slain Sir Pelleas. Do off your helm, said the Lady Ettard, that I may see your visage. And so when she saw that it was not Sir Pelleas, she bade him alight and led him unto her castle, and asked him faithfully whether he had slain Sir Pelleas. And he said

her yea, and told her his name was Sir Gawaine of the court of King Arthur, and his sister's son. Truly, said she, that is great pity, for he was a passing good knight of his body, but of all men alive I hated him most, for I could never be quit of him; and for ye have slain him I shall be your woman, and to do anything that might please you. So she made Sir Gawaine good cheer. Then Sir Gawaine said that he loved a lady and by no means she would love him. She is to blame, said Ettard, an she will not love you, for ye that be so well born a man, and such a man of prowess, there is no lady in the world too good for you. Will ye, said Sir Gawaine, promise me to do all that ye may, by the faith of your body, to get me the love of my lady? Yea, sir, said she, and that I promise you by the faith of my body. Now, said Sir Gawaine, it is yourself that I love so well, therefore I pray you hold your promise. I may not choose, said the Lady Ettard, but if I should be forsworn; and so she granted him to fulfil all his desire.

So it was then in the month of May that she and Sir Gawaine went out of the castle and supped in a pavilion, and there was made a bed, and there Sir Gawaine and the Lady Ettard went to bed together, and in another pavilion she laid her damosels, and in the third pavilion she laid part of her knights, for then she had no dread of Sir Pelleas. And there Sir Gawaine lay with her in that pavilion two days and two nights. And on the third day, in the morning early, Sir Pelleas armed him, for he had never slept since Sir Gawaine departed from him; for Sir Gawaine had promised him by the faith of his body, to come to him unto his pavilion by that priory within the space of a day and a night.

Then Sir Pelleas mounted upon horseback, and came to the pavilions that stood without the castle, and found in the first pavilion three knights in three beds, and three squires lying at their feet. Then went he to the second pavilion and found four gentlewomen lying in four beds. And then he yede to the third pavilion and found Sir Gawaine lying in bed with his Lady Ettard, and either clipping other in arms, and when he saw that his heart well-nigh brast for sorrow, and said: Alas ! that ever a knight should be found so false; and then he took his horse and might not abide no longer

for pure sorrow. And when he had ridden nigh half a mile he turned again and thought to slay them both; and when he saw them both so lie sleeping fast, unnethe he might hold him on horseback for sorrow, and said thus to himself, Though this knight be never so false, I will never slay him sleeping, for I will never destroy the high order of knighthood; and therewith he departed again. And or he had ridden half a mile he returned again, and thought then to slay them both, making the greatest sorrow that ever man made. And when he came to the pavilions, he tied his horse unto a tree, and pulled out his sword naked in his hand, and went to them thereas they lay, and yet he thought it were shame to slay them sleeping, and laid the naked sword overthwart both their throats, and so took his horse and rode his way.

And when Sir Pelleas came to his pavilions he told his knights and his squires how he had sped, and said thus to them, For your true and good service ye have done me I shall give you all my goods, for I will go unto my bed and never arise until I am dead. And when that I am dead I charge you that ye take the heart out of my body and bear it her betwixt two silver dishes, and tell her how I saw her lie with the false knight Sir Gawaine. Right so Sir Pelleas unarmed himself, and went unto his bed making marvellous dole and sorrow.

When Sir Gawaine and Ettard awoke of their sleep, and found the naked sword overthwart their throats, then she knew well it was Sir Pelleas' sword. Alas ! said she to Sir Gawaine, ye have betrayed me and Sir Pelleas both, for ye told me ye had slain him, and now I know well it is not so, he is alive. And if Sir Pelleas had been as uncourteous to you as ye have been to him ye had been a dead knight; but ye have deceived me and betrayed me falsely, that all ladies and damosels may beware by you and me. And therewith Sir Gawaine made him ready, and went into the forest. So it happed then that the Damosel of the Lake, Nimue, met with a knight of Sir Pelleas, that went on his foot in the forest making great dole, and she asked him the cause. And so the woful knight told her how his master and lord was betrayed through a knight and lady, and how he will never arise out of his bed till he be dead.

Bring me to him, said she anon, and I will warrant his life he shall not die for love, and she that hath caused him so to love, she shall be in as evil plight as he is or it be long to, for it is no joy of such a proud lady that will have no mercy of such a valiant knight. Anon that knight brought her unto him, and when she saw him lie in his bed, she thought she saw never so likely a knight; and therewith she threw an enchantment upon him, and he fell asleep. And therewhile she rode unto the Lady Ettard, and charged no man to awake him till she came again. So within two hours she brought the Lady Ettard thither, and both ladies found him asleep: Lo, said the Damosel of the Lake, ye ought to be ashamed for to murder such a knight. And therewith she threw such an enchantment upon her that that she loved him sore, that well-nigh she was out of her mind. O Lord Jesu, said the Lady Ettard, how is it befallen unto me that I love now him that I have most hated of any man alive? That is the righteous judgment of God, said the damosel. And then anon Sir Pelleas awaked and looked upon Ettard; and when he saw her he knew her, and then he hated her more than any woman alive, and said: Away traitress, come never in my sight. And when she heard him say so, she wept and made great sorrow out of measure.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW SIR PELLEAS LOVED NO MORE ETTARD BY MEANS OF THE DAMOSEL OF THE LAKE, WHOM HE LOVED EVER AFTER.

SIR KNIGHT PELLEAS, said the Damosel of the Lake, take your horse and come forth with me out of this country, and ye shall love a lady that shall love you. I will well, said Sir Pelleas, for this Lady Ettard hath done me great despite and shame, and there he told her the beginning and ending, and how he had purposed never to have arisen till that he had been dead. And now such grace God

hath sent me, that I hate her as much as ever I loved her, thanked be our Lord Jesus ! Thank me, said the Damosel of the Lake. Anon Sir Pelleas armed him, and took his horse, and commanded his men to bring after his pavilions and his stuff where the Damosel of the Lake would assign. So the Lady Ettard died of sorrow, and the Damosel of the Lake rejoiced Sir Pelleas, and loved together during their life days.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW SIR MARHAUS RODE WITH THE DAMOSEL, AND HOW HE CAME TO THE DUKE OF THE SOUTH MARCHES.

Now turn we unto Sir Marhaus, that rode with the damosel of thirty winter of age, southward. And so they came into a deep forest, and by fortune they were nighted, and rode long in a deep way, and at the last they came unto a courtelage, and there they asked harbour. But the man of the courtelage would not lodge them for no treatise that they could treat, but thus much the good man said, An ye will take the adventure of your lodging, I shall bring you where ye shall be lodged. What adventure is that that I shall have for my lodging? said Sir Marhaus. Ye shall wit when ye come there, said the good man. Sir, what adventure so it be, bring me thither I pray thee, said Sir Marhaus; for I am weary, my damosel, and my horse. So the good man went and opened the gate, and within an hour he brought him unto a fair castle, and then the poor man called the porter, and anon he was let into the castle, and so he told the lord how he brought him a knight errant and a damosel that would be lodged with him. Let him in, said the lord, it may happen he shall repent that they took their lodging here.

So Sir Marhaus was let in with torchlight, and there was a goodly sight of young men that welcomed him. And then his horse was led into the stable, and he and the damosel were brought into

the hall, and there stood a mighty duke and many goodly men about him. Then this lord asked him what he hight, and from whence he came, and with whom he dwelt. Sir, he said, I am a knight of King Arthur's and knight of the Table Round, and my name is Sir Marhaus, and born I am in Ireland. And then said the duke to him, That me sore repenteth: the cause is this, for I love not my lord not none of thy fellows of the Table Round; and therefore ease thyself this night as well as thou mayest, for as to-morn I and my six sons shall match with you. Is there no remedy but that I must have ado with you and your six sons at once? said Sir Marhaus. No, said the duke, for this cause I made mine avow, for Sir Gawaine slew my seven sons in a recounter, therefore I made mine avow, there should never knight of King Arthur's court lodge with me, or come thereas I might have ado with him, but that I would have a revenging of my sons' death. What is your name? said Sir Marhaus; I require you tell me, an it please you. Wit thou well I am the Duke of South Marches. Ah, said Sir Marhaus, I have heard say that ye have been long time a great foe unto my lord Arthur and to his knights. That shall ye feel to-morn, said the duke. Shall I have ado with you? said Sir Marhaus. Yea, said the duke, thereof shalt thou not choose, and therefore take you to your chamber, and ye shall have all that to you longeth. So Sir Marhaus departed and was led to a chamber, and his damosel was led unto her chamber. And on the morn the duke sent unto Sir Marhaus and bade make him ready. And so Sir Marhaus arose and armed him, and then there was a mass sung afore him, and brake his fast, and so mounted on horseback in the court of the castle where they should do the battle. So there was the duke all ready on horseback, clean armed, and his six sons by him, and everych had a spear in his hand, and so they encountered, whereas the duke and his two sons brake their spears upon him, but Sir Marhaus held up his spear and touched none of them.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW SIR MARHAUS FOUGHT WITH THE DUKE AND HIS FOURS SONS AND MADE THEM TO YIELD THEM.

THEN came the four sons by couple, and two of them brake their spears, and so did the other two. And all this while Sir Marhaus touched them not. Then Sir Marhaus ran to the duke, and smote him with his spear that horse and man fell to the earth, and so he served his sons; and then Sir Marhaus alighted down and bade the duke yield him or else he would slay him. And then some of his sons recovered, and would have set upon Sir Marhaus; then Sir Marhaus said to the duke, Cease thy sons, or else I will do the uttermost to you all. Then the duke saw he might not escape the death, he cried to his sons, and charged them to yield them to Sir Marhaus; and they kneeled all down and put the pommels of their swords to the knight, and so he received them. And then they helped up their father, and so by their cominal assent promised to Sir Marhaus never to be foes unto King Arthur, and thereupon at Whitsuntide after to come, he and his sons and put them in the king's grace.

Then Sir Marhaus departed, and within two days his damosel brought him whereas was a great tournament that the Lady de Vawse had cried. And who that did best should have a rich circlet of gold worth a thousand besants. And there Sir Marhaus did so nobly that he was renowned, and had sometime down forty knights, and so the circlet of gold was rewarded him. Then he departed from them with great worship; and so within seven nights his damosel brought him to an earl's place, his name was the Earl Fergus, that after was Sir Tristram's knight; and this earl was but a young man, and late come into his lands, and there was a giant fast by him that hight Taulurd, and he had another brother in Cornwall that hight Taulas, that Sir Tristram slew when he was out of his mind. So this earl made his complaint unto Sir Marhaus, that there was a giant by him that destroyed all his lands, and how he

durst nowhere ride nor go for him. Sir, said the knight, whether useth he to fight on horseback or on foot? Nay, said the earl, there may no horse bear him. Well, said Sir Marhaus, then will I fight with him on foot; so on the morn Sir Marhaus prayed the earl that one of his men might bring him whereas the giant was; and so he was, for he saw him sit under a tree of holly, and many clubs of iron and gisarms about him. So this knight dressed him to the giant, putting his shield afore him, and the giant took an iron club in his hand, and at the first stroke he clave Sir Marhaus' shield in two pieces. And there he was in great peril, for the giant was a wily fighter, but at last Sir Marhaus smote off his right arm above the elbow.

Then the giant fled and the knight after him, and so he drove him into a water, but the giant was so high that he might not wade after him. And then Sir Marhaus made the Earl Fergus' man to fetch him stones, and with those stones the knight gave the giant many sore knocks, till at the last he made him fall down into the water, and so was he there dead. Then Sir Marhaus went unto the giant's castle, and there he delivered twenty-four ladies and twelve knights out of the giant's prison, and there he had great riches without number, so that the days of his life he was never poor man. Then he returned to the Earl Fergus, the which thanked him greatly, and would have given him half his lands, but he would none take. So Sir Marhaus dwelled with the earl nigh half a year, for he was sore bruised with the giant, and at the last he took his leave. And as he rode by the way, he met with Sir Gawaine and Sir Uwaine, and so by adventure he met with four knights of Arthur's court, the first was Sir Sagramore le Desirous, Sir Osanna, Sir Dodinas le Savage, and Sir Felot of Listinoise; and there Sir Marhaus with one spear smote down these four knights, and hurt them sore. So he departed to meet at his day aforeset.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW SIR UWAINE RODE WITH THE DAMOSEL OF SIXTY YEAR OF AGE, AND HOW HE GAT THE PRIZE AT TOURNEYING.

Now turn we unto Sir Uwaine, that rode westward with his damosel of three score winter of age, and she brought him thereas was a tournament nigh the march of Wales. And at that tournament Sir Uwaine smote down thirty knights, therefore was given him the prize, and that was a gerfalcon, and a white steed trapped with cloth of gold. So then Sir Uwaine did many strange adventures by the means of the old damosel, and so she brought him to a lady that was called the Lady of the Rock, the which was much courteous. So there were in the country two knights that were brethren, and they were called two perilous knights, the one knight hight Sir Edward of the Red Castle, and the other Sir Hue of the Red Castle; and these two brethren had disherited the Lady of the Rock of a barony of lands by their extortion. And as this knight was lodged with this lady she made her complaint to him of these two knights.

Madam, said Sir Uwaine, they are to blame, for they do against the high order of knighthood, and the oath that they made; and if it like you I will speak with them, because I am a knight of King Arthur's, and I will entreat them with fairness; and if they will not, I shall do battle with them, and in the defence of your right. Gramercy, said the lady, and thereas I may not acquit you, God shall. So on the morn the two knights were sent for, that they should come thither to speak with the Lady of the Rock, and wit ye well they failed not, for they came with an hundred horse. But when this lady saw them in this manner so big, she would not suffer Sir Uwaine to go out to them upon no surety nor for no fair language, but she made him speak with them over a tower, but finally these two brethren would not be entreated, and answered that they would keep that they had. Well, said Sir Uwaine, then

will I fight with one of you, and prove that ye do this lady wrong. That will we not, said they, for an we do battle, we two will fight with one knight at once, and therefore if ye will fight so, we will be ready at what hour ye will assign. And if ye win us in battle the lady shall have her lands again. Ye say well, said Sir Uwaine, therefore make you ready so that ye be here to-morn in the defence of the lady's right.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW SIR UWAINE FOUGHT WITH TWO KNIGHTS AND OVERCAME THEM.

So was there sikerness made on both parties that no treason should be wrought on neither party; so then the knights departed and made them ready, and that night Sir Uwaine had great cheer. And on the morn he arose early and heard mass, and brake his fast, and so he rode unto the plain without the gates, where hoved the two brethren abiding him. So they rode together passing sore, that Sir Edward and Sir Hue brake their spears upon Sir Uwaine. And Sir Uwaine smote Sir Edward that the fell over his horse and yet his spear brast not. And then he spurred his horse and came upon Sir Hue and overthrew him, but they soon recovered and dressed their shields and drew their swords and bade Sir Uwaine alight and do his battle to the uttermost. Then Sir Uwaine devoided his horse suddenly, and put his shield afore him and drew his sword, and so they dressed together, and either gave other such strokes, and there these two brethren wounded Sir Uwaine passing grievously that the Lady of the Rock weened he should have died. And thus they fought together five hours as men raged out of reason. And at the last Sir Uwaine smote Sir Edward upon the helm such a stroke that his sword carved unto his canel bone, and then Sir Hue abated his courage, but Sir Uwaine pressed fast to have slain him. That saw Sir Hue: he kneeled down and yielded him to Sir

Uwaine. And he of his gentleness received his sword, and took him by the hand, and went into the castle together. Then the Lady of the Rock was passing glad, and the other brother made great sorrow for his brother's death. Then the lady was restored of all her lands, and Sir Hue was commanded to be at the court of King Arthur at the next feast of Pentecost. So Sir Uwaine dwelt with the lady nigh half a year, for it was long or he might be whole of his great hurts. And so when it drew nigh the term-day that Sir Gawaine, Sir Marhaus, and Sir Uwaine should meet at the cross-way, then every knight drew him thither to hold his promise that they had made; and Sir Marhaus and Sir Uwaine brought their damosels with them, but Sir Gawaine had lost his damosel, as it is afore rehearsed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW AT THE YEAR'S END ALL THREE KNIGHTS WITH THEIR THREE DAMOSELS MET AT THE FOUNTAIN.

RIGHT so at the twelvemonths' end they met all three knights at the fountain and their damosels, but the damosel that Sir Gawaine had could say but little worship of him; so they departed from the damosels and rode through a great forest, and there they met with a messenger that came from King Arthur, that had sought them well-nigh a twelvemonth throughout all England, Wales, and Scotland, and charged if ever he might find Sir Gawaine and Sir Uwaine to bring them to the court again. And then were they all glad, and so prayed they Sir Marhaus to ride with them to the king's court. And so within twelve days they came to Camelot, and the king was passing glad of their coming, and so was all the court. Then the king made them to swear upon a book to tell him all their adventures that had befallen them that twelvemonth, and so they did. And there was Sir Marhaus well known, for there were knights that he had matched aforetime, and he was named one of the best knights living.

Against the feast of Pentecost came the Damosel of the Lake and brought with her Sir Pelleas; and at that high feast there was great jousting of knights, and of all knights that were at that jousts, Sir Pelleas had the prize, and Sir Marhaus was named the next; but Sir Pelleas was so strong there might but few knights sit him a buffet with a spear. And at that next feast Sir Pelleas and Sir Marhaus were made knights of the Table Round, for there were two sieges void, for two knights were slain that twelvemonth, and great joy had King Arthur of Sir Pelleas and of Sir Marhaus. But Pelleas loved never after Sir Gawaine, but as he spared him for the love of King Arthur; but ofttimes at jousts and tournaments Sir Pelleas quit Sir Gawaine, for so it rehearseth in the book of French. So Sir Tristram many days after fought with Sir Marhaus in an island, and there they did a great battle, but at the last Sir Tristram slew him, so Sir Tristram was wounded that unnethe he might recover, and lay at a nunnery half a year. And Sir Pelleas was a worshipful knight, and was one of the four that achieved the Sangreal, and the Damosel of the Lake made by her means that never he had ado with Sir Launcelot de Lake, for where Sir Launcelot was at any jousts or any tournament, she would not suffer him be there that day, but if it were on the side of Sir Launcelot.

Explicit liber quartus. Incipit liber quintus.

SIR TRISTRAM DE LYONES
I
LAUNCELOT AND ELAINE

NOW LEVE WE SIR TRYSTRAM DE LYONES AND SPEKE WE OF SIR LAUNCELOT DU LAAKE AND OF SIR GALAHAD, SIR LAUNCELOTTIS SONNE, HOW HE WAS BEGOTYN AND IN WHAT MANER.

AS the booke of Frenshe makyth mencion, afore the tyme that sir Galahad was begotyn or borne, there cam in an ermyte unto kynge Arthure uppon Whitsonday, as the knyghtes sate at the Table Rounde. And whan the ermyte saw the Syege Perelous he asked the kynge and all the knyghtes why that syege was voyde. Than kynge Arthur for all the knyghtes answerde and seyde,

'There shall never none sytte in that syege but one, but if he be destroyed.'

Than seyde the ermyte, 'Sir, wote ye what he ys?'

'Nay,' seyde kynge Arthure and all the knyghtes, 'we know nat who he ys yet that shall sytte there.'

'Than wote I,' seyde the ermyte. 'For he that shall sytte there ys yet unborne and unbegotyn, and this same yere he shall be bygotyn that shall sytte in that Syege Perelous, and he shall wynne the Sankgreall.' Whan this ermyte had made this mencion he departed frome the courte of kynge Arthure.

And so aftir this feste sir Launcelot rode on his adventure tyll on a tyme by adventure he paste over the Pounte de Corbyn. And there he saw the fayryste towre that ever he saw, and thereundir was a fayre lytyll towne full of people. And all the people, men and women, cryed at onys, 322v

'Wellcom, sir Launcelot, the floure of knyghthode! For by the we shall be holpyn oute of daungere!'

'What meane ye,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ye cry thus uppon me?'

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde they all, 'here is wythin this towre a dolerous lady that hath bene there in paynes many wyntyrs and dayes, for ever she boyleth in scaldynge watir.

2–3 *W* Launcēlottis 3, 6 *C* was goten 5 *C* as the book of Frensshe reherceth Afore 10–11 *C* voyd Sir Arthur and alle 11 and seyde *not in C* 14 Sir *not in C* *C* what is he 15–16 *C* we wote not who is he that shalle sytte therein 18 *C* is vnborne and vngoten 19 *C* shalle be goten *C* sytte ther in 23 *C* pounte of 25 lytyll *not in C* 27–28 *C* Launcelot du lake the floure of all knyghthode for by the alle we 29 *C* crye soo 32 *C* therin *S* ther in

And but late,' seyde all the people, 'sir Gawayne was here, and he myght nat helpe her, and so he leffte her in payne stylle.'

'Peradventure so may I', seyde sir Launcelot, 'leve her in payne as well as sir Gawayne.'

'Nay,' seyde the people, 'we know well that hit y[s] ye, sir Launcelot, that shall delyver her.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'than telle me what I shall do.'

And so anone they brought sir Launcelot into the towre. And whan he cam to the chambir thereas this lady was, the doorys of iron unloked and unbolted, and so sir Launcelot wente into the chambir that was as hote as ony styew. And there sir Launcelot toke the fayryst lady by the honde that ever he sawe, and she was as naked as a nedyll. And by enchauntemente quene Morgan le Fay and the quene of Northe Galys had put her there in that paynes, bycause she was called the fayryst lady of that contrey; and there she had bene fyve yere, and never myght she be delyverde oute of her paynes unto the tyme the beste knyght of the worlde had takyn her by the honde.

Than the people brought her clothis, and whan sche was arayed sir Launcelot thought she was the fayryst lady that ever he saw but yf hit were quene Gwenyver. Than this lady seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Sir, if hit please you, woll ye go wyth me hereby into a
323r chapel, that we may gyff lovynge to God?'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'commyth on wyth me, and I woll go with you.'

So whan they cam there they gaff thankynges to God, all the people bothe lerned and lewde, and seyde,

'Sir knyght, syn ye have delyverde this lady ye muste delyver us also frome a serpente whyche ys here in a tombe.'

Than sir Launcelot toke hys shylde and seyde,

'Sirrys, brynge me thydir, and what that I may do to the plesure of God and of you I shall do.'

3 stylle *not in C* 4 Peradventure *not in C*† 5 *C* Gawayne dyd 6–7 *W* hit ye ye sir *C*† it is sir 8 *C* launcelot thenne shewe 14 *C* was naked 18 *C* yeres 22–23 *C* lady of the word (*sic*) but 26 *C** louyng and thankynge vnto god 29 *C* there and gaf 30 *C* lewde gaf thankynges vnto god and hym and sayd 31–32 *C* ye shall delyuer 32 also *not in C* *C* that is 34 Sirrys *not in C* 35 *C* god and yow I wille doo

So whan sir Launcelot com thydir he saw wrytten uppon the tombe wyth lettyrs of golde that seyde thus:

'HERE SHALL COM A LYBARDE OF KYNGES BLOOD AND HE SHALL SLE THIS SERPENTE. AND THIS LYBARDE SHALL ENGENDIR A LYON IN THIS FORAYNE CONTREY WHYCHE LYON SHALL PASSE ALL OTHER KNYGHTES.'

Soo whan sir Launcelot had lyffte up the tombe there came oute an orryble and a fyendely dragon spyttynge wylde fyre oute of hys mowthe. Than sir Launcelotte drew his swerde and faught wyth that dragon longe, and at the laste wyth grete payne sir Launcelot slew that dragon.

And therewythall com kynge Pelles, the good and noble kynge, and salewed sir Launcelot and he hym agayne.

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde the kynge, 'what is youre name? I requyre you of youre knyghthode telle ye me.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyte you well my name ys (2) sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'And my name ys kynge Pelles, kynge of the forayne contré and cousyn nyghe unto Joseph of Aramathy.'

And than aythir of them made muche of othir, and so they wente into the castell to take there repaste. And anone there cam in a dove at a wyndow, and in her mowthe there semed a lytyll ⌈senser⌉ of golde, and therewythall there was suche a savour as all the spycery of the worlde had bene there. **323v** And furthwythall there was uppon the table all maner of meates and drynkes that they coude thynke uppon.

So there came in a damesell passynge fayre and yonge, and she bare a vessell of golde betwyxt her hondis; and thereto the kynge kneled devoutly and seyde his prayers, and so ded all that were there.

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what may this meane?'

'Sir,' seyde the kynge, 'this is the rychyst thynge that ony man hath lyvynge, and whan this thynge gothe abrode the Rounde Table shall be brokyn for a season. And wyte you well,' seyde the kynge, 'this is the Holy Sankgreall that ye have here seyne.'

2 wyth *not in C* 7 *C* Soo thenne had *not in C* *C* tombe and there 8 wylde *not in C* 14 Now *not in C* 15 ye *not in C* 18 *C* is sayd the kyng Pelles 19 *C* of *S* os 23 *C** censer *W* sawser *F* encensier *Cf. p. 798, l. 22* 31 *C* O Ihesu 32 *C* thys is said the kynge the 33 *C*† goth aboute the 34 for a season *not in C* *C* wete thou

So the kynge and sir Launcelot lad there lyff the moste party of that day togydir. And fayne wolde kynge Pelles have found the meane that sir Launcelot sholde have ley by his doughter, fayre Eleyne, and for this entente: the kynge knew well that sir Launcelot shulde gete a pusyll uppon his doughtir, whyche shulde be called sir Galahad, the good knyght by whom all the forayne cuntrey shulde be brought oute of daunger; and by hym the Holy Grayle sholde be encheved.

Than cam furth a lady that hyght dame Brusen, and she seyde unto the kynge,

'Sir, wyte you well sir Launcelot lovyth no lady in the worlde but all only quene Gwenyver. And therefore worche ye be my counceyle, and I shall make hym to lye wyth youre doughter, and he shall nat wyte but that he lyeth by quene Gwenyver.'

'A, fayre lady,' sayde the kynge, 'hope ye that ye may brynge this mater aboute?'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'uppon payne of my lyff, latte me deale.'

324r For thys dame Brusen was one of the grettyst enchaunters that was that tyme in the worlde.

And so anone by dame Brusens wytte she made one to com to sir Launcelot that he knew well, and this man brought a rynge frome quene Gwenyver lyke as hit had com frome her, [and suche one as she was wonte for the moste parte to were]. And whan sir Launcelot saw that tokyn, wyte you well he was never so fayne.

'Where is my lady?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'In the castell of Case,' seyde the messyngere, 'but fyve myle hens.'

Than thought sir Launcelot to be there the same nyght. And than this dame Brusen, by the commaundemente of kynge Pelles, ⟨s⟩he let sende Elayne to this castell wyth fyve and twenty knyghtes, unto the castell of Case.

2 togydir *not in C*† 3 *C* meane to haue hadde syre Launcelot to haue layne by 5 *C* gete a chyld vpon (*not in F*) 6 *C* be named sir Galahalt 11 *C* wete ye 12 *C* wyrche 13 my *not in C* 14–15 *C* lyeth with Quene Gueneuer 16 *C* O fayre lady dame Brysen said 16–17 *C*† ye to brynge this about 19, 31 dame *not in C* *C* enchauntresses 20 *C* was at that *C* world lyuynge 22 *C** brouȝt hym a 23–25 *C** her and suche one as she was wonte for the moost parte to were & when (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 29 *C* myle thens 30 *C* sir launcelot thoughte to 32 *W* Pelles he let *C* Pelles lete

Than sir Launcelot ayenst nyght rode unto the castell, and there anone he was receyved worshypfully wyth suche people, to his semynge, as were aboute quene Gwenyver secrete. So whan sir Launcelot was alyght he asked where the quene was. So dame Brusen seyde she was in her bed. 5

And than people were avoyded and sir Launcelot was lad into her chambir. And than dame Brusen brought sir Launcelot a kuppe of wyne, and anone as he had drunken that wyne he was so asoted and madde that he myght make no delay but wythoute ony let he wente to bedde. And so 10 he wente that mayden Elayne had bene quene Gwenyver. And wyte you well that sir Launcelot was glad, and so was that lady Eleyne that she had gotyn sir Launcelot in her armys, for well she knew that that same nyght sholde be bygotyn sir Galahad uppon her, that sholde preve the beste 15 knyght of the worlde.

And so they lay togydir untyll underne of the morne; and all the wyndowys and holys of that chambir were stopped, that no maner of day myght be seyne. And anone sir Launcelot remembryd hym and arose up and wente to the wyndow, 20 **324**[v] and anone as he had unshutte the wyndow the enchauntemente was paste. Than he knew hymselff that he had done amysse. (3)

'Alas!' he seyde, 'that I have l[y]ved so longe, for now am I shamed.' 25

And anone he gate his swerde in his honde and seyde,

'Thou traytoures! What art thou that I have layne bye all this nyght? Thou shalt dye ryght here of myne hondys!'

Than this fayre lady Elayne skypped oute of her bedde all naked and [kneled downe afore sir Launcelot and] seyde, 30

'Fayre curteyse knyght sir Launcelot,' knelynge byfore hym, 'ye ar comyn of kynges bloode, and therefore I requyre you have mercy uppon me! And as thou arte renowmed the

1 *C* vnto that castel 3 *C*† Quene Queneuer 5 *C* said she *S* said that she 7 *C*† his chamber 8 *C* cup ful of 14–15 *C* shold be goten vpon her Galahalt that 17 *C* vndorne on the 19 *C*† no man ere of 20 *C* and he arose 22 *C* was gone thēne 24 *W* have loved so *C** haue lyued *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 145*[v]*, col. 2*) quant il voit cheli pour qui il avoit esté decheus, il en est tant courechiés que il quide bien mourir sans confession 24–25 *C* I am 29 *C*† Elaye 30–32 *C** naked and kneled doune afore sir launcelot and sayd Fair curteis knyghte comen of kynges blood I requyre *Not emended in O*[1]

moste noble knyght of the worlde, sle me nat, for I have in my wombe bygetyn of the that shall be the moste nobelyste knyght of the worlde.'

'A, false traytoures! Why haste thou betrayed me? Telle me anone,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what thou arte.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I am Elayne, the doughter of kynge Pelles.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll forgyff you.'

And therewyth he toke her up in his armys and kyssed her, for she was a fayre lady and thereto lusty and yonge, and wyse as ony was that tyme lyvynge.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may nat wyte [thys to] you; but her that made thys enchauntemente uppon me and betwene you and me, and I may fynde her, that same lady dame Brusen shall lose her hede for her wycchecrauftys, for there was never knyght disceyved as I am this nyght.'

And than she seyde, 'My lorde, sir Launcelot, I beseche you, se me as sone as ye may, for I have obeyde me unto the prophesye that my fadir tolde me. And by hys commaundemente to fullfyll this prophecie I have gyvyn the the grettyst ryches and the fayryst floure that ever I had, and that is my maydynhode that I shall never have agayne. And therefore, jantyll knyght, owghe me youre good wyll.'

And so sir Launcelot arayed hym and armed hym and toke hys leve myldely at that yonge lady Eleyne. And so he departed and rode to the castell of Corbyn where her fadir was.

And as faste as her tyme cam she was delyverde of a fayre chylde, and they crystynd hym Galahad. And wyte yow well that chylde was well kepte and well norysshed, and he was so named Galahad bycause sir Launcelot was so named at the fountayne stone (and aftir that the Lady of the Lake confermed hym sir Launcelot du Lake).

2 *C*† wombe hym by the that 4–5 *C* traitresse said syr launcelot why hast thow bytrayed me anone telle me what 8 *C* yow this dede 10 *C* was as fayr a lady 14 *C* me as bytwene 15–16 *C*† Brysen s shehalle lese her hede for wytchecraftes 16 *C* deceyud soo as 17–18 *W* nyght And so sir Launcelot arayed hym and toke his leve myldely at that yonge lady Elayne and so he departed than *C* nyghte And soo syre Launcelot arayed hym and armed hym and toke his leue myldely at that lady yonge Elayne and soo he departed Thenne (*see note*) 19 *W* have a obeyde 21–22 *C*† gyuen the grettest *C* hym and was armed and 27 *C* rode tyl he came to 31 *C* was named

Than aftir the lady was delyverde and churched, there cam a knyght unto her, hys name was sir Bromell la Pleche, the whyche was a grete lorde. And he had loved that lady Eleyne longe, and he evermore desyred to wedde her. And so by no meane she coude put hym off, tylle on a day she seyde to sir Bromell,

'Wyte you well, sir knyght, I woll nat love you, for my love ys sette uppon the beste knyght of the worlde.'

'Who ys that?' seyde sir Bromell.

'Sir,' she seyde, 'hit ys sir Launcelot du Lake that I love and none other, and therefore wowe ye me no lenger.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Bromell, 'and sytthyn ye have tolde me so muche ye shall have lytyll joy of sir Launcelot, for I shall sle hym wheresomever I mete hym!'

'Sir,' seyde this lady Elayne, 'do to hym no treson, and God forbede that ye spare hym.'

'Well, my lady,' seyde sir Bromell, 'and I shall promyse you this twelve-monthe ⟨and a⟩ day I shall kepe Le Pounte Corbyn for sir Launcelot sake, that he shall nothir com nother go unto you but I shall mete wyth hym.'

Than as hit fell by fortune and adventure, sir Bors de (4) Ganys that was nevew unto sir Launcelot com over that brydge; and there sir Bromell and sir Bors justed, and sir Bors smote sir Bromell suche a buffette that he bare hym over his horse croupe. 325v

And than sir Bromell, as an hardy man, pulled oute his swerde and dressed hys shylde to do batayle wyth sir Bors. And anone sir Bors alyght and voyded his horse, and there they daysshed togydyrs many sad strokys. And longe thus they faught, and at the laste sir Bromell was leyde to the erthe, and there sir Bors began to unlace his helme to sle hym. Than sir Bromell cryed hym mercy and yeldyd hym.

'Uppon this covenaunte thou shalt have thy lyff,' seyde sir Bors, 'so thou go unto my lorde sir Launcelot uppon

1 *C* this lady 4 Eleyne *not in C* *C*† desyred her to 9 *C* is he 11 ye *not in C* 13 *C* but lytel 15 *C* the lady *C* noo *S* no 15–16 and God forbede that ye spare hym *not in C*† 17 *C* wete ye wel my shall *not in C* 18 day *not in C* 18–19 *C* the pounte of Corbyn 19–20 *C* come ne goo 26 *C* hardy knyghte pulled 28 *C* auoyded 30 *C* foughte tyl att 32 *C* cryed syre bors mercy 35 my lord *not in C*

Whytsonday nexte commynge and yelde the unto hym as a knyght recreaunte.'

'Sir, I woll do hit,' seyde sir Bromell.

And so he sware uppon the crosse of the swerde, and so he lete hym departe. And sir Bors rode unto kynge Pelles that was wythin Corbyne, and whan the kynge and Elayne, hys doughter, knew that sir Bors was nevew unto sir Launcelot they made hym grete chere. Than seyde dame Elayne,

'We mervayle where sir Launcelot ys, for he cam never here but onys that ever I sawe.'

'Madame, mervayle ye nat,' seyde sir Bors, 'for this halff yere he hath bene in preson wyth quene Morgan le Fay, kynge Arthurs systir.'

'Alas,' seyde dame Eleyne, 'that me sore repentyth!'

And ever sir Bors behylde that chylde in her armys, and ever hym semed hit was passynge lyke sir Launcelot.

'Truly,' seyde dame Elayne, 'wyte you well, this chylde he begate uppon me.'

Than sir Bors wept for joy, and there he prayde to God that hit myght preve as good a knyght as hys fadir was.

And so there cam in a whyght dowve, and she bare a lytyll sensar of golde in her mowthe, and there was all maner of metys and drynkis. And a mayden bare that Sankgreall, and she seyde there opynly,

'Wyte you well, sir Bors, that this chylde, sir Galahad, 326r shall sytte in the Syege Perelous and enchyve the Sankgreall, and he shall be muche bettir than ever was his fadir, sir Launcelot, that ys hys owne fadir.'

And than they kneled adowne and made there devocions, and there was suche a savoure as all the spycery in the worlde had bene there. And as the dowve had takyn her flyght the mayden vanysshed wyth the Sankgreall as she cam.

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors than unto kynge Pelles, 'this castell may be named the Castell Adventures, for here be many stronge adventures.'

1 *C* whytsondaye that next cometh and a *not in C* 2–3 *C* recreaunt I 4 *C* and that he sware 7 *C* doughter wist that 8 *C* Theune *S* Thenne 10–11 *C*† ones meruelle not 14 sore *not in C*† 16 *C* ener *S* euer 18 *C* he gat 19 there *not in C* 20 that *not in C* 24 there *not in C* 25–26 *C* child is Galahalt that shalle 27 his fadir *not in C** 28 *C* Launcelot du lake 31 *C* And whanne the douue took 33 than *not in C*

'That is sothe,' seyde the kynge, 'for well may thys place be called the adventures place. For there com but feaw knyghtes here that goth away wyth ony worshyppe; be he never so stronge, here he may be preved. And but late ago sir Gawayne, the good knyght, gate lytyll worshyp here. For I lat you wyte,' seyde kynge Pelles, 'here shall no knyght wynne worshyp but yf he be of worshyp hymselff and of good lyvynge, and that lovyth God and dredyth God. And ellys he getyth no worshyp here, be he never so hardy a man.'

'That is a wondir thynge,' seyde sir Bors, 'what ye meane in thys contrey, for ye have many straunge adventures. And therefore woll I lye in thys castell thys nyght.'

'Sir, ye shall nat do so,' seyde kynge Pelles, 'be my counceyle, for hit ys harde and ye ascape wythoute a shame.'

'Sir, I shall take the adventure that woll fall,' seyde sir Bors.

'Than I counceyle you,' seyde the kynge, 'to be clene confessed.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Bors, 'I woll be shryvyn wyth a good wyll.'

So sir Bors was confessed. And for all women sir Bors was a vergyne sauff for one, that was the doughter of kynge Braundegorys, and on her he gate a chylde whyche hyght Elayne. And sauff for her sir Bors was a clene mayden.

And so sir Bors was lad unto bed in a fayre large chambir, and many durres were shutte aboute the chambir. Whan sir Bors had aspyde all tho durrys he avoyded all the people, for **326v** he myght have nobody wyth hym. But in no wyse sir Bors wolde unarme hym, but so he leyde hym downe uppon the bed.

And ryght so he saw a lyght com, that he myght well se a speare grete and longe that cam streyte uppon hym poyntelynge, and sir Boors semed that the hede of the speare brente lyke a tapir. And anone, or sir Bors wyste, the speare smote hym in the shuldir an hande-brede in depnes, and that wounde grevid sir Bors passyng sore, and than he layde hym downe for payne.

4 ago *not in C* 5 *W* good good 9 a man *not in C* 10 *C* is wonderful thyng 11 *C* Countrey I wote not for 13, 15 Sir *not in C* 15 *C* befalle me 17–18 *C* confessid clene 23 *C** Brangorys *F* Brangoi(r)re, Brangorre *Cf. pp. 830–1* *C* that hyghte 30 *C* sawe come in a lyghte that 32 *C* to syre 33 *C** spere hede smote 34 *C* in to the 36 *C* doune ageyne for

And anone therewythall cam a knyght armed wyth hys shylde on hys shuldir and hys swerde in hys honde, and he bade sir Bors, 'Aryse, sir knyght, a[nd] fyght wyth me!'

'I am sore hurte, but yet I shall nat fayle the!'

And than sir Bors sterte up and dressed his shylde, and than they laysshed togydyrs myghtyly a grete whyle; and at the laste sir Bors bare hym bakwarde tyll that he cam to a chambir dore, and there that knyght yode into that chambir and rested hym a grete whyle. And whan he had reposed hym he cam oute fyersly agayne and began new batayle wyth (5) sir Bors myghtyly and strongely. Than sir Bors thought he sholde no more go into that chambir to reste hym, and so sir Bors dressed hym betwyxte the knyght and the chambir dore. And there sir Bors smote hym downe, and than that knyght yelded hym.

'What ys youre name?' seyde sir Bors.

'Sir, my name ys sir Bedyvere of the Streyte Marchys.'

So sir Bors made hym to swere at Whytsonday nexte commynge to com to the courte of kynge Arthure, 'and yelde you there as presonere and as an overcom knyght by the hondys of sir Bors.'

So thus departed sir Bedyvere of the Strayte Marche. And than sir Bors layde hym downe to reste. And anone he harde muche noyse in that chambir, and than sir Bors aspyed that 327r there cam in, he wyst nat whethir at durrys or at wyndowys, shotte of arowys and of quarellys so thyk that he mervayled, and many felle uppon hym and hurte hym in the bare placys.

And than sir Bors was ware where cam in an hedyous lyon. So sir Bors dressed hym to that lyon, and anone the lyon beraufte hym hys shylde, and with hys swerde sir Bors smote of the lyons hede.

Ryght so furthwythall he sawe a dragon in the courte, passynge parelous and orryble, and there semyd to hym that there were lettyrs off golde wryttyn in hys forhede, and

4 *C* hurte he said but 6 *C* to gydders *S* to gyders 7 *C* came vnto 10 *C* out fresshely ageyne 13 *C* and that chamber 17 *C* Syr said he my *C* pedyuere 18 *W* swere that at *C** swere at 19 *C* comyng to be atte court 19–20 *C* yelde hym 20 *C*† a prysoner as an 22 *C* pedyuere 23–24 *C* and thenne he herd and felt moche 25 *C* ther *S* there *C* dores nor wyndowes 29 *C* hym vnto the lyon 32 *C* soo syre Bors forth with all sawe 33 parelous and *not in C*† 33–34 to hym that there were *not in C*†

sir Bors thought that the lettyrs made a sygnyfycacion of 'kynge Arthure'. And ryght so there cam an orryble lybarde and an olde, and there they faught longe and ded grete batayle togydyrs. And at the laste the dragon spytte oute of hys mowthe as hit had bene an hondred dragons; and lyghtly all the smale dragons slew the olde dragon and tore hym all to pecys.

And anone furthwythall there cam an olde man into the halle, and he sette hym downe in a fayre chayre, and there semed to be two addirs aboute hys nek. And than the olde man had an harpe, and there he sange an olde lay of Joseph of Aramathy how he cam into this londe. And whan he had sungen this olde man bade sir Bors go frome thens, 'for here shall ye have no mo adventures; yet full worshypfully have ye encheved this, and bettir shall ye do hyreaftir'.

And than sir Bors semed that there cam the whyghtyst dowve that ever he saw, wyth a lytyll goldyn sensar in her mowthe. And anone therewythall the tempeste ceased and passed away that afore was mervaylous to hyre. So was all that courte full of good savoures.

Than sir Bors saw four fayre chyldren berynge four fayre tapirs, and an olde man in the myddys of this chyldyrn wyth a sensar in hys one honde and a speare in hys othir honde, and that speare was called the Speare of Vengeaunce. 327v

'Now,' seyde that olde man to sir Bors, 'go ye to youre (6) cousyn sir Launcelot and telle hym this adventure had be moste convenyent for hym of all earthely knyghtes, but synne ys so foule in hym that he may nat enchyve none suche holy dedys; for had nat bene hys synne, he had paste all the knyghtes that ever were in hys dayes. And telle thou sir Launcelot, of all worldly adventures he passyth in manhode and proues all othir, but in this spyrytuall maters he shall have many hys bettyrs.'

And than sir Bors sawe four jantyllwomen com by hym, pourely beseyne: and he saw where that they entirde into a chambir where was grete lyght as hit were a somers lyght.

11–12 *C* old songe how Ioseph of Armathye came into this land thenne whanne 13 *C* the old 14–15 *C* haue ye done and 17 that ever he saw *not in C* 19 away *not in C* 21 *C* four children 23 *C*† senser in hys owne hand 26 *C* hym of this aduenture the whiche had ben 28 that *not in C* none *not in C* 29 *C* bad past *S* had past 33 *C* his better 36 *C* somer

And the women kneled downe before an auter of sylver wyth four pyloures, as hit had bene a bysshop whyche kneled afore the table of ⌜sylver⌝. And as sir Bors loked over hys hede he saw a swerde lyke sylver, naked, hovynge over
5 hys hede, and [the] clyernes thereof smote in hys yghen, that as at that tyme sir Bors was blynde.

And there he harde a voyce whyche seyde, 'Go hens, thou sir Bors, for as yet thou arte nat worthy for [to] be in thys place!' And then he yode bakwarde tylle hys bedde tylle
10 on the morne.

And so on the morne kyng Pelles made grete joy of sir Bors, and than he departed and rode unto Camelot. And there he founde sir Launcelot and tolde hym of the adventures that he had sene wyth kynge Pelles at Corbyn.

15 And so the noyse sprange in kynge Arthurs [courte] that sir Launcelot had gotyn a chylde uppon Elayne, the doughter of kynge Pelles, wherefore quene Gwenyver was wrothe, and she gaff many rebukes to sir Launcelot and called hym false knyght. And than sir Launcelot tolde the quene all, and how
20 he was made to lye by her, 'in the lyknes of you, my lady the quene'; and so the quene hylde sir Launcelot exkused.

And as the booke seythe, kynge Arthure had bene in
328r Fraunce and hadde warred uppon the myghty kynge Claudas and had wonne muche of hys londys. And whan
25 the kynge was com agayne he lete cry a grete feste, that all lordys and ladyes of all Ingelonde shulde be there but yf hit were suche as were rebellyous agaynste hym.

(7) And whan dame Elayne, the doughter of kynge Pelles, harde of thys feste she yode to her fadir and requyred hym
30 that he wolde gyff her leve to ryde to that feste. The kynge answerde and seyde,

'I woll that ye go thydir. But in ony wyse, as ye love me and woll have my blyssynge, loke that ye be well beseyne in the moste rychest wyse, and loke that ye spare nat for no
35 coste. Aske and ye shall have all that nedyth unto you.'

2 *C*† foure pyllowes *F* iiii fuisiaus (*see note*) whyche *not in C* 3 *C** of syluer *F* table d'argent 5 *Not emended in O*1 16 *C* geten 20–21 *C* by her by enchaũtement in lykenes of the Quene Soo the 23 *C* had made warre 26 *C* be *S* he 27 *C* rebellions *S* rebellious 29 *C* she wente 31 and seyde *not in C* 32 *W* os 33 *C*† blessyng that 34 moste *not in C* 35 *C* that yow nedeth

Than by the advyce of dame Brusen, her mayden, all thynge was appareyled unto the purpose, that there was never no lady rychelyar beseyne. So she rode wyth twenty knyghtes and ten ladyes and jantyllwomen, to the numbir of an hondred horse. And whan she cam to Camelott kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyver seyde wyth all the knyghtes that dame Elayne was ⌜the fayrest and⌝ the beste beseyne lady that ever was seyne in that courte.

And anone as kynge Arthure wyste that she was com he mette her and salewed her, and so ded the moste party of all the knyghtes of the Rounde Table, both sir Trystram, sir Bleoberys and sir Gawayne, and many mo that I woll nat reherse.

But whan sir Launcelot sye her he was so ashamed, [and] that bycause he drew hys swerde to her on the morne aftir that he had layne by her, that he wolde nat salewe her nother speke wyth her. And yet sir Launcelot thought that she was the fayrest woman that ever he sye in his lyeff dayes.

But whan dame Elayne saw sir Launcelot wolde nat speke unto her she was so hevy she wente her harte wolde have to-braste; for wyte you well, oute of mesure she loved hym. And than dame Elayne seyde unto her woman, dame Brusen, 328v.

'The unkyndenes of sir Launcelot sleyth myne harte nere!'

'A! peas, madame,' seyde dame Brusen, 'I shall undirtake that this nyght he shall lye wyth you, and ye woll holde you stylle.'

'That were me lever', seyde dame Elayne, 'than all the golde that ys abovyn erthe.'

'Lat me deale,' seyde dame Brewsen.

So whan dame Eleyne was brought unto the quene aythir made other goode chere as by countenaunce, but nothynge wyth there hartes. But all men and women spake of the beauté of dame Elayne.

3 *C* more rychelyer 5 *C* horses 6 *C* sayd and all 7 *C** was the fayrest and the best bysene *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 150r, col. 1*) asfermerent qu'il n'avoient oncques mais veue si biele feme comme ele estoit (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 15 to her *not in C* 15–16 *C* morne whan he 17 *C* to her 19 *C* that wold 22 *C* thenne Elayne 23 *C* sleeth me nere 28 *C* aboue the erthe 30 dame *not in C* *C* qnene (*S* quene) Gueneuer 31 as *not in C* *C* counteuaunce *S* countenaunce 32 there *not in C* 33–p. 804, l. 1 *C** Elayne and of her grete Rychesses thenne at nyghte the quene commaunded that

And than hit was ordayned that dame Elayne shulde slepe in a chambir nygh by the quene, and all undir one rooff. And so hit was done as the kynge commaunded. Than the quene sente for sir Launcelot and bade hym com to her chambir that nyght, 'other ellys,' seyde the quene, 'I am sure that ye woll go to youre ladyes bedde, dame Elayne, by whome ye gate Galahad'.

'A, madame!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'never say ye so, for that I ded was ayenste my wylle.'

'Than,' seyde the quene, 'loke that ye com to me whan I sende for you.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall nat fayle you, but I shall be redy at youre commaundement.'

So this bargayne was nat so sone done and made betwene them but dame Brusen knew hit by her crauftes and tolde hit unto her lady dame Elayne.

'Alas!' seyde she, 'how shall I do?'

'Lat me deale,' seyde dame Brusen, 'for I shall brynge hym by the honde evyn to youre bedde, and he shall wyne that I am quene Gwenyvers messyngere.'

'Than well were me,' seyde dame Elayne, 'for all the worlde I love nat so muche as I do sir Launcelot.'

(8) So whan tyme com that all folkys were to bedde, dame Brusen cam to sir Launcelottes beddys syde and seyde,

'Sir Launcelot du Lake, slepe ye? My lady quene Gwenyver lyeth and awaytyth uppon you.'

329r 'A, my fayre lady!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am redy to go wyth you whother ye woll have me.'

So Launcelot threwe uppon hym a longe gowne, and so he toke his swerde in hys honde. And than dame Brusen toke hym by the fyngir and lad hym to her ladyes bedde, dame Elayne, and than she departed and leaffte them there in bedde togydyrs. And wyte you well this lady was glad, and so was sir Launcelot, for he wende that he had had another in hys armys.

Now leve we them kyssynge and clyppynge, as was a

2 *C* nyghe her chamber and 3 *C* as the quene commaunded (*see note*) 5 *C* or els I am sure said the Quene that 14 nat so *not in C*† 21 *C* Now wel is me 23 *C* were a bedde 25 *C*† slepe yow 27 *C* O my *C* lanncelot *S* launcelot 28 *C* yow where ye 29–30 so he toke *not in C*† 33 *C* the lady 36 a *not in C*

kyndely thynge, and now speke we of quene Gwenyver that sente one of her women that she moste trusted unto sir Launcelotys bedde. And whan she cam there she founde the bedde colde, and he was nat therein; and so she cam to the quene and tolde her all.

'Alas!' seyde the quene, 'where is that false knyght becom?'

So the quene was nyghe oute of her wytte, and than she wrythed and waltred as a madde woman, and myght nat slepe a four or a five owres.

Than sir Launcelot had a condicion that he used of custom to clatir in his slepe and to speke oftyn of hys lady, quene Gwenyver. So sir Launcelot had awayked as longe as hit had pleased hym, and so by course of kynde he slepte and dame Elayne both. And in his slepe he talked and claterde as a jay of the love that had bene betwyxte quene Gwenyver and hym, and so as he talked so lowde the quene harde hym thereas she lay in her chambir. And whan she harde hym so clattir she was wrothe oute of mesure, ⌜and for anger and payne wist not what to do⌝, and than she cowghed so lowde that sir Launcelot awaked. And anone he knew her hemynge, and than he knew welle that he lay by the quene Elayne, and therewyth he lepte oute of hys bedde as he had bene a wood man, in hys shurte, and anone the quene mette hym in the floure; and thus she seyde:

'A, thou false traytoure knyght! Loke thou never abyde in my courte, and lyghtly that thou voyde my chambir! And nat so hardy, thou false traytoure knyght, that evermore thou 329v com in my syght!'

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot.

And therewyth he toke suche an hartely sorow at her

2 that she moste trusted *not in C*† *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 150r, col. 2*) sa cousine qui tant ot esté en la prison de Gaunes et bien savoit l'afaire de lui et de Lancelot 4 *C* was away soo 11–12 *C* customme he wolde clater 12 *C* and speke ofte 13 *C* Soo as syr *C* waked 15 his *not in S* 17 *W* lowde that the *C** soo lowde the 19–20 *C** was nyghe woode and out of her mynde and for anger and payne wist not what to do And thenne she coughed *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 150v, col. 1*) si fu tant dolante de ceste aventure qu'il n'est nus hom qui dire le vous peust (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 22–23 *C** lay not by the Quene and 26 A thou *not in C* *C* knyȝt that thow arte loke 27 *C* Courte and auoyde my chamber 28 *C* knyȝt that thow arte that euer thow 30 *W* louncelot 31 *C* aud *S* and

wordys that he felle downe to the floure in a sowne. And therewythall quene Gwenyver departed.

And whan sir Launcelot awooke oute of hys swoghe, he lepte oute at a bay-wyndow into a gardyne, and there wyth thornys he was all to-cracched of his vysage and hys body, and so he ranne furth he knew nat whothir, and was as wylde [woode] as ever was man. And so he ran two yere, and never man had grace to know hym.

(9) Now turne we unto quene Gwenyver and to the fayre lady Elayne, that whan dame Elayne harde the quene so rebuke sir Launcelot, and how also he sowned and how he lepte oute of the bay-wyndow, than she seyde unto quene Gwenyver,

'Madame, ye ar gretly to blame for sir Launcelot, for now have ye loste hym, for I saw and harde by his countenaunce that he ys madde for ever. And therefore, alas! madame, ye have done grete synne and youreselff grete dyshonoure, for ye have a lorde royall of youre owne, and therefore hit were youre parte for to love hym; for there ys no quene in this worlde that hath suche another kynge as ye have. And yf ye were nat, I myght have getyn the love of my lorde sir Launcelot; and a grete cause I have to love hym, for he hadde my maydynhode and by hym I have borne a fayre sonne whose [name] ys sir Galahad. And he shall be in hys tyme the beste knyght of the worlde.'

'Well, dame Elayne,' seyde the quene, 'as sone as hit ys daylyght I charge you to avoyde my courte. And for the love ye owghe unto sir Launcelot discover not hys counceyle, for and ye do, hit woll be hys deth!'

'As for that,' seyde dame Elayne, 'I dare undirtake he ys marred for ever, and that have you made. For nother ye nor I ar lyke to rejoyse hym, for he made the moste pyteuous gronys
330r whan he lepte oute at yondir bay wyndow that ever I harde man make. Alas!' seyde feyre Elayne, and 'Alas!' seyde the quene, 'for now I wote well that we have loste hym for ever!'

5 *C* to cratched in his 6 *C* wyst not was wylde (*see note*) 7–8 *C* man myghte haue grace 11 *C* and also she sawe how he swouned 12 *C* at a bay 15 *S* sor euer And therefore *not in C* 15–16 *C* madame ye doo grete 16 *C* and to your self 17 royall *not in C* 17–18 *C* it is youre parte to 19 that *not in C* 20 getyn *not in C* *S* loue os 21 *C* and cause I haue 22–23 *C* sone and his name 25 Well *not in C* *C* Quene whanne hit 26 *C* yow and commaunde yow 34 *C* Quene Gneneuer *S* Gueneuer that *not in C*

So on the morne dame Elayne toke her leve to departe and wolde no lenger abyde. Than kynge Arthur brought her on her way wyth mo than an hondred knyghtes thorowoute a foreyste. And by the way she tolde sir Bors de Ganys all how hit betydde that same nyght, and how sir Launcelot lepte oute at a wyndow araged oute of hys wytte.

'Alas!' than seyde sir Bors, 'where ys my lorde sir Launcelot becom?'

'Sir,' seyde dame Eleyne, 'I wote nere.'

'Now, alas!' seyde sir Bors, 'betwyxt you bothe ye have destroyed a good knyght.'

'As for me, sir,' seyde dame Elayne, 'I seyde nevir nother dede thynge that shulde in ony wyse dysplease hym. But wyth the rebuke, sir, that quene Gwenyver gaff hym I saw hym sowne to the erthe. And whan he awoke he toke [hys swerd in] hys honde, naked save hys shurte, and lepe oute at a wyndow wyth the greselyest grone that ever I harde man make.'

'Now farewell,' seyde [sir Bors] unto [dame Elayne], 'and holde my lorde kynge Arthure wyth a tale as longe as ye can, for I woll turne agayne unto quene Gwenyver and gyff her an hete. And I requyre you, as ever ye woll have my servyse, make good wacche and aspye yf ever hit may happyn you to se my lorde sir Launcelot.'

'Truly,' seyde dame Elayne, 'I shall do all that I may do, for I wolde [as fayne knowe and wete where he is become as you or ony of his kynne, or quene Gwenyver; and cause grete ynough have I thereto as well as ony other. And wete ye well,' sayde fayre Elayne to sir Bors, 'I wolde] lose my lyff for hym rathir than he shulde be hurte.'

'Madame,' seyde dame Brusen, 'lat sir Bors departe and hyghe hym as faste as he may to seke sir Launcelot, for I warne you, he ys clene oute of hys mynde, and yet he shall be welle holpyn and but by myracle.'

3 *C* thurgh a 10 Now *not in C* 11 *C* destroyed that good 12, 14 sir *not in C* 18 *C** fare wel dame Elayne saide syre Bors *W* seyde dame Elayne unto sir Bors 22 *W* wacched 22–23 *C* euer ye may see 24 *C* sayd fayr Elayne 25 *C** for as fayne wold I knowe and 25–28 *Not emended in O*[1] 29–30 *C** hurte but allas I cast me neuer for to see hym and the chyef causer of this is dame Gueneuer Madame said dame Brysen the whiche had made the enchauntement before betwixt sir launcelot and her I pray you hertely lete syre 31 *C** hym with al his myȝt as fast

Than wepte dame Elayne, and so ded sir Bors de Ganys, and anone they departed. And sir Bors rode streyte unto quene Gwenyver, and whan she saw sir Bors she wepte as she were wood.

'Now, fye on youre wepynge!' seyde sir Bors de Ganys. 330v 'For ye wepe never but whan there ys no boote. Alas!' seyde sir Bors, 'that ever sir Launcelot or ony of hys blood ever saw you, for now have ye loste the beste knyght of oure blood, and he that was all oure leder and oure succoure. And I dare sey and make hit good that all kynges crystynde nother hethynde may nat fynde suche a knyght, for to speke of his noblenes and curtesy, wyth hys beauté and hys jantylnes. Alas!' seyde sir Bors, 'what shall we do that ben of hys bloode?'

'Alas!' seyde sir Ector de Marys, and 'Alas!' seyde sir Lyonell.

(10) And whan the quene harde hem sey so she felle to the erthe in a dede sowne. And than sir Bors toke her up and dawed her, and whan she awaked she kneled afore tho three knyghtes and hylde up bothe ⟨her⟩ hondys and besought them to seke hym: 'And spare nat for no goodys but that he be founden, for I wote well that he ys oute of hys mynde.'

And sir Bors, sir Ector and sir Lyonell departed frome the quene, for they myght nat abyde no lenger for sorow. And than the quene sente them tresoure inowe for there expence, and so they toke there horsys and there armour and departede. And than they rode frome contrey to contrey, in forestes and in wyldirnessys and in wastys, and ever they leyde waycche bothe at forestes and at all maner of men as they rode to harkyn and to spare aff[t]ir hym, as he that was a naked man in his shurte wyth a swerde in hys honde.

And thus they rode nyghe a quarter of a yere, longe and overtwarte, and never cowde hyre worde of hym, and wyte you well these three knyghtes were passynge sory. And so at the laste sir Bors and hys felowys mette wyth a knyght that hyght sir Melyon de Tartare.

5 Now *not in C* 7 *C* launcelots kynne sawe 10–11 *C* crysten nor hethen 14 and *not in C* 18 *C* was awaked *C* the thre 19 *W* bothe there *C*† bothe their 21 well that *not in C* 24 *C* expencys 29 *C* and spere 31–32 *C** yere endlonge and ouerthwarte in many places forestes and wildernes and oftymes were euylle lodged for his sake and yett for alle theire laboure and sekynge coude they neuer here word

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Bors, 'whothir be ye away?' (For they knew aythir other aforetyme.)

'Sir,' seyde sir Mellyon, 'I am in the way to the court of kynge Arthure.'

'Than we pray you,' seyde sir Bors, 'that ye woll telle my lorde Arthure and my lady quene Gwenyver and all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table that we can nat in no wyse here telle where sir Launcelot ys becom.' 331r

Than sir Mellyon departed from them and seyde that he wolde telle the kynge and the quene and all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table as they had desyred hym. And whan sir Mellyon cam to the courte he tolde the kynge and the quene and all the felyship as they had desyred hym, how sir Bors had seyde of sir Launcelot.

Than sir Gawayne, sir Uwayne, sir Sagramoure le Desyrous, sir Agglovale and sir Percyvale de Galys toke uppon them by the grete desyre of the kynge, and in especiall by the quene, to seke all Inglonde, Walys and S[c]otlonde to fynde sir Launcelot. And wyth them rode eyghtene knyghtes mo to beare them felyshyppe, and wyte you well they lakked no maner of spendynge; and so were they three and twenty knyghtes.

Now turne we unto sir Launcelot and speke we of hys care and woo, and what payne he there endured; for colde, hungir and thyrste he hadde plenté.

And thus as these noble knyghtes rode togydyrs they by assente departed; and than they rode by two and by three, and by four [and] by fyve, and ever they assygned where they sholde mete.

And so sir Agglovale and sir Percyvale rode togydir unto there modir whyche was a quene in tho dayes. And whan she saw her two sunnes, for joy she wepte tendirly, and than she seyde,

'A, my dere sonnes! Whan youre fadir was slayne he leffte me four sonnes of the whyche now be two slayne. And for the dethe of my noble sonne sir Lamorak shall myne harte never be glad!'

3 *C* way toward the courte 12 *C* Courte of kynge Arthure he 13 *C* felauship of the round table what sir Bors 17 *C* of kynge Arthur and 18 *C* seke thorou out all 20 *C* wete ye 26–27 *C* by one assente 31 *C* that was

And than she kneled downe uppon her knees tofore sir Agglovale and sir Percyvale and besought them to abyde at home wyth her.

'A, my swete modir,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'we may nat, for we be comyn of kynges bloode of bothe partis. And therefore, modir, hit ys oure kynde to haunte armys and noble dedys.'

331v 'Alas! my swete sonnys,' than she seyde, 'for youre sakys I shall fyrste lose my lykynge and luste, and than wynde and wedir I may nat endure, what for the [dethe] of kynge Pellynor, youre fadir, that was shamefully slayne by the hondys of sir Gawayne and hys brothir, sir Gaherys! And they slew hym nat manly, but by treson. And alas! my dere sonnes, thys ys a pyteuous complaynte for me off youre fadyrs dethe, conciderynge also the dethe of sir Lamorak that of knyghthod had but feaw fealowys. And now, my dere sonnes, have this in youre mynde.'

And so there was but wepynge and sobbynge in the courte whan they sholde departe, and she felle in sownynge in the myddys of the courte.

(11) And whan she was awaked, aftir them she sente a squyar wyth spendynge inowghe. And so whan the squyar had overtake them they wolde nat suffir hym to ryde wyth them, but sente hym home agayne to comforte there modir, prayynge her mekely of her blyssynge.

And so he rode agayne, and so hit happened hym to be benyghtyd. And by mysfortune he cam to a castel where dwelled a barowne, and whan the squyar was com into the castell the lorde asked hym from whens he cam and whom he served.

'My lorde,' seyde the squyar, 'I serve a good knyght that ys called sir Agglovale.'

The squyar sayde hit to good entente, wenynge unto hym to have be more forborne for sir Agglovales sake than he [had] seyde he had served the quene, hys modir.

'Well, my felow,' seyde the lorde of the castell, 'for sir

4 my *not in C* 9 fyrste *not in C* 10–11 *C** the dethe of your fader kynge Pellenore that 13 *C* treason A my 21 *C* awaked she sente a squyer after them 26–27 *C* so this squyer was benyghted 27 *C* he happend to come 31 *S* a serue 34–35 *WO*[1] sake and than he seyde 35 *C* Aglouales moder 36 *C* that Castel

Agglovalys sake thou shalt have evyll lodgying, for sir Agglovale slew my brother. And therefore thou shalt have thy dethe in party of paymente.'

And than that lorde commaunded hys men to have hym away and to sle hym. And so they ded, and than they pulled hym oute of the castell and there they slewe hym wythoute mercy. And ryght so on the morne com sir Agglovale and sir Percyvale rydynge by a churcheyearde where men and 332r women were busy and behylde the dede squyar, and so thought to bury hym.

'What ys that there', seyde sir Agglovale, 'that ye beholde so faste?'

Anone a good woman sterte furth and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, here lyeth a squyar slayne shamefully this nyght.'

'How was he slayne, fayre modir?' sayde sir Agglovale.

'My fayre lorde,' seyde the woman, 'the lorde of thys castell lodged this squyar thys nyght. And because he seyde he was servaunte unto a good knyght whyche is wyth kynge Arthure, whos name ys sir Agglovale, therefore the lorde commaunded to sle hym, and for thys cause ys he slayne.'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Agglovale, 'and ye shall se hys deth lyghtly revenged! For I am that same knyght for whom thys squyar was slayne.'

Than sir Agglovale called unto hym sir Percyvale and bade hym alyght lyghtly. And anone they betoke there men their horsys, and so they yode on foote into the castell. And as sone as they were wythin the castell gate sir Agglovale bade the porter go unto hys lorde and tell his lorde 'that I am here, sir Agglovale, for whom my squyar was slayne thys nyght'.

And anone as this porter had tolde hys lorde, 'He ys welcom!' seyde sir Goodwyne. And anone he armed hym and cam into the courte and seyde,

'Whyche of you ys sir Agglovale?'

2–3 *C* shalt dye on party 5 *C* and slee hym 6 *C* slewe bym *S* slewe hym 11 *C* is there 13 *C* good man (*see note*) 16 *C* fayr felawe (*see note*) 17 *C* fayr syr said the man 20 *C* Arthur his name 23 *C* reuenged lyghtely 26–27 *C** lyghtely and soo they alyghte bothe and betoke their horses to their men 27–28 *C* And also soone 29–30 *C* goo thow vnto thy lord and telle hym that I am syr 30 *C* whome this squyer 31–32 *C*† porter told this to his lord whos name was Godewyn anone he armed

'Here I am, loo! But for what cause slewyst thou thys nyght my modyrs squyar?'

'I slew hym,' seyde sir Goodwyne, 'bycause of the, for thou slewyste my brother sir Gawdelyne.'

5 'As for thy brother,' seyde sir Agglovale, 'I avow I slew hym, for he was a false knyght and a betrayer of ladyes and of good knyghtes. And for the dethe of my squyar', seyde sir Agglovale, ⌈'I defye the!'⌉

And anone they laysshed togydyrs as egirly as hit had bene 10 two lyons.

And sir Percyvale he faught wyth all the remenaunte that wolde fyght, and wythin a whyle sir Percyvale had slayne 332v all that wolde withstonde hym, for sir Percyvale deled so hys strokys that were so rude that there durste no man abyde 15 hym. And wythin a whyle sir Agglovale had sir Goodwyne at the erthe, and there he unlaced hys helme and strake of hys hede. And than they departed and toke their horsys; and than they let cary the dede squyar unto a pryory, and there they entered hym.

(12) 20 And whan thys was done they rode in many contreys ever inquyrynge aftir sir Launcelot. But they coude never hyre of hym. And at the laste they com to a castell that hyght Cardycan, and there sir Percyvale and sir Agglovale were lodged togydyrs.

25 And prevaly, aboute mydnyght, sir Percyvale com to sir Agglovales squyar and seyde,

'Aryse and make the redy, for ye and I woll ryde away secretely.'

'Sir,' seyde the squyar, 'I wolde full fayne ryde with you 30 where ye wolde have me, but and my lorde, youre brother, take me he woll sle me.'

'As for that, care not, for I shall be youre warraunte.'

And so sir Percyvale rode tyll hyt was aftir none, and than he cam uppon a brydge of stone, and there he founde a 35 knyght whyche was bounden wyth a chayne faste aboute the waste unto a pylloure of stone.

1 *C* am said Aglouale for 5 *C* auowe hit I 7–9 *C* sqyuer thow shalt dye I defye the (*) said sir Goodewyn(†) thenne they *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 153r, col. 1*) jou te desfi et sui Agloval 20 *C* in to many 21 *C* neuer they coude 32 *C* care thow not *C* thy waraunt 35 *C* knyght that was

'A, my fayre knyght,' seyde that boundyn knyght, 'I requyre the of knyghthode, lowse my bondys of!'

'Sir, what knyght ar ye?' seyde sir Percyvale. 'And for what cause ar ye bounden?'

'Sir, I shall telle you,' seyde that knyght. 'I am a knyght off the Table Rounde, and my name ys sir Persydes. And thus by adventure I cam thys way, and here I lodged in thys castell at the brydge foote. And therein dwellyth an uncurteyse lady, and bycause she proffyrd me to be her paramoure and I refused her, she sette her men uppon me suddeynly or ever I myght com to my wepyn. Thus they toke 333r me and bounde me, and here I wote well I shall dye but yf som man of worshyp breke my bondys.'

'Sir, be ye of good chere!' seyde sir Percyvale. 'And bycause ye ar a knyght of the Rounde Table as well as I, I woll truste to God to breke youre bondys.'

And therewyth sir Percyvale pulled oute hys swerde and strake at the chayne wyth suche a myght that he cutte a-to the chayne and thorow sir Parsydes hawbirke, and hurte hym a lytyll.

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Parsydes, 'that was a myghty stroke as ever I felte of mannes hande! For had nat the chayne be, ye had slayne me.'

And therewithall sir Parsydes saw a knyght whyche cam oute of the castell as faste as ever he myght flynge.

'Sir, beware! For yondyr commyth a knyght that woll have ado with you.'

'Lat hym com!' seyde sir Percyvale.

And so mette that knyght in myddys the brydge, and sir Percyvale gaff hym suche a buffette that he smote hym quyte frome hys horse and over a parte of the brydge, that and there had nat bene a lytyll vessell undir the brydge, that knyght had bene drowned.

And than sir Percyvale toke the knyghtes horse and made sir Persydes to mounte uppon hym. And so they two rode unto the castell and bade the lady delyver sir Persydes ser-

1 *C* O fayre 2 of knyghthode *not in C*† 2–3 *C* lose me of my boundes what 11–12 toke me and *not in C*† 13–14 *C* bandes Be 15 woll *not in C* 21 *C* O Ihesu 22 *C* felt one for 24–25 *C* knyghte comyng oute of a Castel al that euer 26 *C* Beware syr said syre Percydes yonder cometh a man that wille 29 *C* he mette with that *C* myddes of the 31 and there *not in C* 35 *C* vp hym

vauntys, othir ellys he wolde sle all that ever he founde. And so for feare she delyverde them all.

Than was sir Percyvale ware of a lady that stoode in that towre.

5 'A, madame,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'what use and custom ys that in a lady to destroy good knyghtes but yf they woll be youre paramour? Perdé, this [is] a shamefull custom of a lady, and yf I had nat a grete mater to do in my honde I shulde fordo all youre false customys!'

10 And so sir Parsydes brought sir Percyvale unto hys owne castell, and there he made hym grete chere all that nyght. And on the morne, whan sir Percyvale had harde a masse
333v and broke hys faste, he bade sir Parsydes ryde unto kynge Arthure:

15 'And telle ye the kynge how that ye mette wyth me, and telle you my brother, sir Agglovale, how I rescowed you. And byd hym seke nat aftir me, for I am in the queste to syke sir Launcelot du Lake. And thoughe he seke me, he shall nat fynde me. And tell hym I woll never se hym nothir
20 the courte tylle that I have founde sir Launcelot. Also telle sir Kay the Senescyall and syr Mordred that I truste to Jesu to be of as grete worthynes as aythir of them, for tell them that I shall never forgete their mokkys and scornys that day that I was made knyght; and telle them I woll never se that courte
25 tylle men speke more worshyp of me than ever they ded of ony of them bothe.'

And so sir Parsydes departed frome sir Percyvale, and than he rode unto kynge Arthure and tolde of sir Percyvale. And whan sir Agglovale harde hym speke of hys brothir
30 sir Percyvale,

'Forsothe,' he seyde, 'he departed fro me unkyndly.'

(13) 'Sir,' seyde sir Parsydes, 'on my lyff, he shall preve a noble knyght as ony now ys lyvynge.'

And whan he saw sir Kay and sir Mordred, sir Parsydes
35 sayde thus:

7 *C* peramour for sothe this is 8 to do *not in C* 9 *C* youre euylle custommes 12 a *not in C* 13 *C* broken 15 *C* telle the 16 *C* telle my 20, 22 that *not in C* 21 *C* and to syr *C* truste *S* trust 22–23 *C* them I 23 *C** scornes that they did to me that day 24 *C* that Courte *S* the Courte 25 *C* euer men dyd 28 *C* told there of 30–31 *C* percyuale he savd he departed from me

'My fayre lordys, sir Percyvale gretyth you well bothe, and he sente you worde by me that he trustyth to God or ever he com to courte agayne to be of as grete nobles as ever were you bothe, and mo men to speke of his noblenesse than ever spake of youres.'

'Hyt may well be,' seyde sir Kay and sir Mordred, 'but at that tyme he was made knyght he was full unlykly to preve a good knyght.'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'he muste nedys preve a good knyght, for hys fadir and hys bretherne were noble knyghtes all.'

And now woll we turne unto sir Percyvale that rode longe. And in a foreyste he mette wyth a knyght wyth a brokyn shylde and a brokyn helme. And as sone as aythir saw other 334r they made them redy to juste, and so they hurled togydyrs wyth all ⌜the⌝ myghtes ⌜of their horses⌝, and they mette togydyrs so hard that sir Percyvele was smyttyn to the erthe. And than sir Percyvale arose delyverly, and keste hys shylde on hys shuldir and drew hys swerde, and bade the other knyght alyght and do batayle unto the uttirmuste.

'Well, sir, wyll ye more yet?' seyde that knyght.

And therewyth he alyght, and put hys horse from hym. And than they cam togydir an easy pace and laysshed togydyrs with noble swerdys. And somtyme they stroke and sometyme they foyned, that ayther gaff other many sad strokys and woundys. And thus they faught nerehande halffe a day and never rested but lytyll, and there was none of them bothe that hadde leste woundys but he had fyftene, and they bledde so muche that hyt was mervayle they stoode on their feete. But thys knyght that faught wyth sir Percyvale was a proved knyght and a wyse-fyghtynge knyght, and sir Percyvale was yonge and stronge, nat knowynge in fyghtynge as the othir was. Than sir Percyvale spake fyrste and seyde,

'Sir knyght, holde thy honde a whyle, for we have

1 *C* lordes bothe syr 4 *C* ye bothe 4–5 *C*† than euer they did yow 7 *C* vnlyke 11 all *not in C* 14–15 *C* other redyly they 15 *C* soo hurteled 16–17 *C* the myghte of theyr horses(*) & they(†) to gyders soo *W* all their myghtes and they mette *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 154v, col. 2*) s'entrefierent si durement es grans aleures des chevaus 18 *C* arose lyghtely and 20 *C* doo we bataille 21 Well sir *not in C* yet *not in C* 23 *C* paas and there they lasshed 25 *C* foyned and eyther 25–26 *C* many grete woundes 26–27 *C* nere half 27 *C* but ryghte lytel 28 *C* had lasse woundes than xv 34 *C* whyle stille for

foughtyn over longe for a symple mater and quarell. And therefore I requyre the tell me thy name, for I was never ar thys tyme thus macched.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde that knyght, 'and never or this tyme was there never knyght that wounded me so sore as thou haste done, and yet have I foughtyn in many batayles. And now shall thou wyte that I am a knyght of the Table Rounde, and my name ys sir Ector de Marys, brother unto the good knyght sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'Alas!' sayde sir Percyvale, 'and my name ys sir Percyvale de Galys whyche hath made my qu[e]ste to seke sir Launcelott. And now am I syker that I shall never fenyshe my queste, for ye have slayne me with youre hondys.'

'Hit is nat so,' seyde sir Ector, 'for I am slayne by youre
334v hondys, and may not lyve. And therefore I requyre you,' seyde sir Ector unto sir Percyvale, 'ryde ye here faste by to a pryory, and brynge me a preste, that I may resseyve my Savyoure, for I may nat lyve. And whan ye com to the courte of kynge Arthure tell nat my brother, sir Launcelot, how that ye slew me, for than woll he be youre mortall enemy, but ye may sey that I was slayne in my queste as I sought hym.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Percyvale, 'ye sey that thynge that never woll be, for I am so faynte for bledynge that I may unnethe stonde. How sholde I than take my horse?'

(14) Than they made bothe grete dole oute of mesure.

'This woll nat avayle,' seyde sir Percyvale. And than he kneled downe and made hys prayer devoutely unto Allmyghty Jesu, for he was one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde at that tyme, in whom the verrey fayth stoode moste in.

Ryght so there cam by the holy vessell, the Sankegreall, wyth all maner of swetnesse and savoure, but they cowde nat se redyly who bare the vessell. But sir Percyvale had a glemerynge of the vessell and of the mayden that bare hit, for he was a parfyte mayden. And furthwithall they were as

1–2 *C* fouȝten for a symple mater and quarel ouer longe and therfor 3 thus *not in C* 11 *C* that hath 12 *C* I am 15 *C*† maye n lyuote therfor 16 faste *not in C* 20 *C* thenne he wold be 30 *C* world that at that tyme was in whome 32 *C* vessel of the Sancgreal 33–34 *C* not redyly see who that bare that vessel 36 *C* parfyte clene mayden *C* they bothe were

hole of hyde and lymme as ever they were in their lyff. Than they gaff thankynges to God with grete myldenesse.

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Percyvale, 'what may thys meane that we be thus heled, and ryght now we were at the poyynte of dyynge?'

'I woote full well,' seyde sir Ector, 'what hit is. Hit is an holy vessell that is borne by a mayden, and therein ys a parte of the bloode of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. But hit may nat be sene,' seyde sir Ector, 'but yff hit be by ⟨an holy⟩ man.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'I saw a damesell, as me thought, all in whyght, with a vessell in bothe her hondys, and furthwithall I was hole.'

So than they toke their horsys and their harneys, and mended hyt as well as they myght that was brokyn; and so they mounted up and rode talkynge togydyrs. And there sir 335r
Ector de Marys tolde sir Percyvale how he had sought hys brother, sir Launcelot, longe, and never cowde hyre wytynge of hym:

'In many harde adventures have I bene in thys queste!'

And so aythir tolde othir of there grete adventures.

And now leve we of a whyle of sir Ector and of sir Percy- (XII 1)
vale, and speke we of sir Launcelot that suffird and endured many sharpe showres, that ever ran wylde woode frome place to place, and lyved by fruyte and suche as he myght gete and dranke watir two yere. And other clothynge had he but lytyll, but his shurte and his breke.

And thus sir Launcelott wandred here and there,

1 *C* lyf dayes 3 *C* O Ihesu 8 *C** hooly blood *C** crist blessid mote he be but 9 *C* by a parfyte (*see note*) 15 *C* amended theire harneis as 16 *C* vpon theyr horses and 20 *C* straunge aduentures 21–22 *C* of their aduenture Here endeth the enleuenth booke And here foloweth the twelfth book Capitulum primum And now 27–28 *C** but his sherte and his breche Thus *W* but in his shurte and his breke And thus *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 155v, col. 2*) aventure amena Lancelot en braies et en chemises tout depechies a deux paveillons (*see note*) *O*1 but in his shurte and his breke, thus 29 *C* in a 31 *C* henge to *not in* *C*† 32 *W* saw there *C** sawe the

BOOK XI

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RODE ON HIS ADVENTURE, AND HOW HE HELP A DOLOROUS LADY FROM HER PAIN, AND HOW THAT HE FOUGHT WITH A DRAGON.

Now leave we Sir Tristram de Liones, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake, and of Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot's son, how he was gotten, and in what manner, as the book of French rehearseth. Afore the time that Sir Galahad was gotten or born, there came in an hermit unto King Arthur upon Whitsunday, as the knights sat at the Table Round. And when the hermit saw the Siege Perilous, he asked the king and all the knights why that siege was void. Sir Arthur and all the knights answered: There shall never none sit in that siege but one, but if he be destroyed. Then said the hermit: Wot ye what is he? Nay, said Arthur and all the knights, we wot not who is he that shall sit therein. Then wot I, said the hermit, for he that shall sit there is unborn and ungotten, and this same year he shall be gotten that shall sit there in that Siege Perilous, and he shall win the Sangreal. When this hermit had made this mention he departed from the court of King Arthur.

And then after this feast Sir Launcelot rode on his adventure, till on a time by adventure he passed over the pont of Corbin; and there he saw the fairest tower that ever he saw, and there-under was a fair town full of people; and all the people, men and women, cried at once: Welcome, Sir Launcelot du Lake, the flower of all knighthood, for by thee all we shall be holpen out of danger. What mean ye, said Sir Launcelot, that ye cry so upon me? Ah, fair knight, said they all, here is within this tower a dolorous lady that hath been there in pains many winters and days, for ever she boileth in scalding water; and but late, said all the people, Sir Gawaine was here and he might not help her, and so he left her in pain. So may I, said

Sir Launcelot, leave her in pain as well as Sir Gawaine did. Nay, said the people, we know well that it is Sir Launcelot that shall deliver her. Well, said Launcelot, then shew me what I shall do.

Then they brought Sir Launcelot into the tower; and when he came to the chamber thereas this lady was, the doors of iron unlocked and unbolted. And so Sir Launcelot went into the chamber that was as hot as any stew. And there Sir Launcelot took the fairest lady by the hand that ever he saw, and she was naked as a needle; and by enchantment Queen Morgan le Fay and the Queen of Northgalis had put her there in that pains, because she was called the fairest lady of that country; and there she had been five years, and never might she be delivered out of her great pains unto the time the best knight of the world had taken her by the hand. Then the people brought her clothes. And when she was arrayed, Sir Launcelot thought she was the fairest lady of the world, but if it were Queen Guenever.

Then this lady said to Sir Launcelot: Sir, if it please you will ye go with me hereby into a chapel that we may give loving and thanking unto God? Madam, said Sir Launcelot, come on with me, I will go with you. So when they came there and gave thankings to God all the people, both learned and lewd, gave thankings unto God and him, and said: Sir knight, since ye have delivered this lady, ye shall deliver us from a serpent there is here in a tomb. Then Sir Launcelot took his shield and said: Bring me thither, and what I may do unto the pleasure of God and you I will do. So when Sir Launcelot came thither he saw written upon the tomb letters of gold that said thus: Here shall come a leopard of king's blood, and he shall slay this serpent, and this leopard shall engender a lion in this foreign country, the which lion shall pass all other knights. So then Sir Launcelot lift up the tomb, and there came out an horrible and a fiendly dragon, spitting fire out of his mouth. Then Sir Launcelot drew his sword and fought with the dragon long, and at the last with great pain Sir Launcelot slew that dragon. Therewithal came King Pelles, the good and noble knight, and saluted Sir Launcelot, and he him again. Fair knight, said the king, what is your name? I require you of your knighthood tell me !

CHAPTER II

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO PELLES, AND OF THE SANGREAL, AND OF ELAINE, KING PELLES' DAUGHTER.

SIR, said Launcelot, wit you well my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. And my name is, said the king, Pelles, king of the foreign country, and cousin nigh unto Joseph of Armathie. And then either of them made much of other, and so they went into the castle to take their repast. And anon there came in a dove at a window, and in her mouth there seemed a little censer of gold. And therewithal there was such a savour as all the spicery of the world had been there. And forthwithal there was upon the table all manner of meats and drinks that they could think upon. So came in a damosel passing fair and young, and she bare a vessel of gold betwixt her hands; and thereto the king kneeled devoutly, and said his prayers, and so did all that were there. O Jesu, said Sir Launcelot, what may this mean? This is, said the king, the richest thing that any man hath living. And when this thing goeth about, the Round Table shall be broken; and wit thou well, said the king, this is the holy Sangreal that ye have here seen. So the king and Sir Launcelot led their life the most part of that day. And fain would King Pelles have found the mean to have had Sir Launcelot to have lain by his daughter, fair Elaine. And for this intent: the king knew well that Sir Launcelot should get a child upon his daughter, the which should be named Sir Galahad the good knight, by whom all the foreign country should be brought out of danger, and by him the Holy Greal should be achieved.

Then came forth a lady that hight Dame Brisen, and she said unto the king: Sir, wit ye well Sir Launcelot loveth no lady in the world but all only Queen Guenever; and therefore work ye by counsel, and I shall make him to lie with your daughter, and he shall not wit but that he lieth with Queen Guenever. O fair lady, Dame Brisen, said the king, hope ye to bring this about? Sir, said she, upon pain of my life let me deal; for this Brisen was one of

the greatest enchantresses that was at that time in the world living. Then anon by Dame Brisen's wit she made one to come to Sir Launcelot that he knew well. And this man brought him a ring from Queen Guenever like as it had come from her, and such one as she was wont for the most part to wear; and when Sir Launcelot saw that token wit ye well he was never so fain. Where is my lady? said Sir Launcelot. In the Castle of Case, said the messenger, but five mile hence. Then Sir Launcelot thought to be there the same night. And then this Brisen by the commandment of King Pelles let send Elaine to this castle with twenty-five knights unto the Castle of Case. Then Sir Launcelot against night rode unto that castle, and there anon he was received worshipfully with such people, to his seeming, as were about Queen Guenever secret.

So when Sir Launcelot was alighted, he asked where the queen was. So Dame Brisen said she was in her bed; and then the people were avoided, and Sir Launcelot was led unto his chamber. And then Dame Brisen brought Sir Launcelot a cup full of wine; and anon as he had drunken that wine he was so assotted and mad that he might make no delay, but withouten any let he went to bed; and he weened that maiden Elaine had been Queen Guenever. Wit you well that Sir Launcelot was glad, and so was that lady Elaine that she had gotten Sir Launcelot in her arms. For well she knew that same night should be gotten upon her Galahad that should prove the best knight of the world; and so they lay together until underne of the morn; and all the windows and holes of that chamber were stopped that no manner of day might be seen. And then Sir Launcelot remembered him, and he arose up and went to the window.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS DISPLEASED WHEN HE KNEW THAT HE HAD LAIN BY DAME ELAINE, AND HOW SHE WAS DELIVERED OF GALAHAD.

And anon as he had unshut the window the enchantment was gone; then he knew himself that he had done amiss. Alas, he said, that I have lived so long; now I am shamed. So then he gat his sword in his hand and said: Thou traitress, what art thou that I have lain by all this night? thou shalt die right here of my hands. Then this fair lady Elaine skipped out of her bed all naked, and kneeled down afore Sir Launcelot, and said: Fair courteous knight, come of king's blood, I require you have mercy upon me, and as thou art renowned the most noble knight of the world, slay me not, for I have in my womb him by thee that shall be the most noblest knight of the world. Ah, false traitress, said Sir Launcelot, why hast thou betrayed me? anon tell me what thou art. Sir, she said, I am Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles. Well, said Sir Launcelot, I will forgive you this deed; and therewith he took her up in his arms, and kissed her, for she was as fair a lady, and thereto lusty and young, and as wise, as any was that time living. So God me help, said Sir Launcelot, I may not wite this to you; but her that made this enchantment upon me as between you and me, an I may find her, that same Lady Brisen, she shall lose her head for witchcrafts, for there was never knight deceived so as I am this night. And so Sir Launcelot arrayed him, and armed him, and took his leave mildly at that lady young Elaine, and so he departed. Then she said: My lord Sir Launcelot, I beseech you see me as soon as ye may, for I have obeyed me unto the prophecy that my father told me. And by his commandment to fulfil this prophecy I have given the greatest riches and the fairest flower that ever I had, and that is my maidenhood that I shall never have again; and therefore, gentle knight, owe me your goodwill.

And so Sir Launcelot arrayed him and was armed, and took his

leave mildly at that young lady Elaine; and so he departed, and rode till he came to the Castle of Corbin, where her father was. And as fast as her time came she was delivered of a fair child, and they christened him Galahad; and wit ye well that child was well kept and well nourished, and he was named Galahad because Sir Launcelot was so named at the fountain stone; and after that the Lady of the Lake confirmed him Sir Launcelot du Lake.

Then after this lady was delivered and churched, there came a knight unto her, his name was Sir Bromel la Pleche, the which was a great lord; and he had loved that lady long, and he evermore desired her to wed her; and so by no mean she could put him off, till on a day she said to Sir Bromel: Wit thou well, sir knight, I will not love you, for my love is set upon the best knight of the world. Who is he? said Sir Bromel. Sir, she said, it is Sir Launcelot du Lake that I love and none other, and therefore woo me no longer. Ye say well, said Sir Bromel, and sithen ye have told me so much, ye shall have but little joy of Sir Launcelot, for I shall slay him wheresomever I meet him. Sir, said the Lady Elaine, do to him no treason. Wit ye well, my lady, said Bromel, and I promise you this twelvemonth I shall keep the pont of Corbin for Sir Launcelot's sake, that he shall neither come nor go unto you, but I shall meet with him.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR BORS CAME TO DAME ELAINE AND SAW GALAHAD, AND HOW HE WAS FED WITH THE SANGREAL.

THEN as it fell by fortune and adventure, Sir Bors de Ganis, that was nephew unto Sir Launcelot, came over that bridge; and there Sir Bromel and Sir Bors jousted, and Sir Bors smote Sir Bromel such a buffet that he bare him over his horse's croup. And then Sir Bromel, as an hardly knight, pulled out his sword, and dressed his shield to do battle with Sir Bors. And then Sir Bors

alighted and avoided his horse, and there they dashed together many sad strokes; and long thus they fought, till at the last Sir Bromel was laid to the earth, and there Sir Bors began to unlace his helm to slay him. Then Sir Bromel cried Sir Bors mercy, and yielded him. Upon this covenant thou shalt have thy life, said Sir Bors, so thou go unto Sir Launcelot upon Whitsunday that next cometh, and yield thee unto him as knight recreant. I will do it, said Sir Bromel, and that he sware upon the cross of the sword. And so he let him depart, and Sir Bors rode unto King Pelles, that was within Corbin.

And when the king and Elaine his daughter wist that Sir Bors was nephew unto Sir Launcelot, they made him great cheer. Then said Dame Elaine: We marvel where Sir Launcelot is, for he came never here but once. Marvel not, said Sir Bors, for this half year he hath been in prison with Queen Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister. Alas, said Dame Elaine, that me repenteth. And ever Sir Bors beheld that child in her arms, and ever him seemed it was passing like Sir Launcelot. Truly, said Elaine, wit ye well this child he gat upon me. Then Sir Bors wept for joy, and he prayed to God it might prove as good a knight as his father was. And so came in a white dove, and she bare a little censer of gold in her mouth, and there was all manner of meats and drinks; and a maiden bare that Sangreal, and she said openly: Wit you well, Sir Bors, that this child is Galahad, that shall sit in the Siege Perilous, and achieve the Sangreal, and he shall be much better than ever was Sir Launcelot du Lake, that is his own father. And then they kneeled down and made their devotions, and there was such a savour as all the spicery in the world had been there. And when the dove took her flight, the maiden vanished with the Sangreal as she came.

Sir, said Sir Bors unto King Pelles, this castle may be named the Castle Adventurous, for here be many strange adventures. That is sooth, said the king, for well may this place be called the adventures place, for there come but few knights here that go away with any worship; be he never so strong, here he may be proved; and but late Sir Gawaine, the good knight, gat but little worship here. For I let you wit, said King Pelles, here shall no knight win no

worship but if he be of worship himself and of good living, and that loveth God and dreadeth God, and else he getteth no worship here, be he never so hardy. That is wonderful thing, said Sir Bors. What ye mean in this country I wot not, for ye have many strange adventures, and therefore I will lie in this castle this night. Ye shall not do so, said King Pelles, by my counsel, for it is hard an ye escape without a shame. I shall take the adventure that will befall me, said Sir Bors. Then I counsel you, said the king, to be confessed clean. As for that, said Sir Bors, I will be shriven with a good will. So Sir Bors was confessed, and for all women Sir Bors was a virgin, save for one, that was the daughter of King Brangoris, and on her he gat a child that hight Elaine, and save for her Sir Bors was a clean maiden.

And so Sir Bors was led unto bed in a fair large chamber, and many doors were shut about the chamber. When Sir Bors espied all those doors, he avoided all the people, for he might have nobody with him; but in no wise Sir Bors would unarm him, but so he laid him down upon the bed. And right so he saw come in a light, that he might well see a spear great and long that came straight upon him pointling, and to Sir Bors seemed that the head of the spear brent like a taper. And anon, or Sir Bors wist, the spear head smote him into the shoulder an handbreadth in deepness, and that wound grieved Sir Bors passing sore. And then he laid him down again for pain; and anon therewithal there came a knight armed with his shield on his shoulder and his sword in his hand, and he bade Sir Bors: Arise, sir knight, and fight with me. I am sore hurt, he said, but yet I shall not fail thee. And then Sir Bors started up and dressed his shield; and then they lashed together mightily a great while; and at the last Sir Bors bare him backward until that he came unto a chamber door, and there that knight yede into that chamber and rested him a great while. And when he had reposed him he came out freshly again, and began new battle with Sir Bors mightily and strongly.

CHAPTER V

HOW SIR BORS MADE SIR PEDIVERE TO YIELD HIM, AND OF MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES THAT HE HAD, AND HOW HE ACHIEVED THEM.

THEN Sir Bors thought he should no more go into that chamber to rest him, and so Sir Bors dressed him betwixt the knight and that chamber door, and there Sir Bors smote him down, and then that knight yielded him. What is your name? said Sir Bors. Sir, said he, my name is Pedivere of the Straight Marches. So Sir Bors made him to swear at Whitsunday next coming to be at the court of King Arthur, and yield him there as a prisoner as an overcome knight by the hands of Sir Bors. So thus departed Sir Pedivere of the Straight Marches. And then Sir Bors laid him down to rest, and then he heard and felt much noise in that chamber; and then Sir Bors espied that there came in, he wist not whether at the doors nor windows, shot of arrows and of quarrels so thick that he marvelled, and many fell upon him and hurt him in the bare places.

And then Sir Bors was ware where came in an hideous lion; so Sir Bors dressed him unto the lion, and anon the lion bereft him his shield, and with his sword Sir Bors smote off the lion's head. Right so Sir Bors forthwithal saw a dragon in the court passing horrible, and there seemed letters of gold written in his forehead; and Sir Bors thought that the letters made a signification of King Arthur. Right so there came an horrible leopard and an old, and there they fought long, and did great battle together. And at the last the dragon spit out of his mouth as it had been an hundred dragons; and lightly all the small dragons slew the old dragon and tare him all to pieces.

Anon withal there came an old man into the hall, and he sat him down in a fair chair, and there seemed to be two adders about his neck; and then the old man had an harp, and there he sang an old song how Joseph of Armathie came into this land. Then when

he had sung, the old man bade Sir Bors go from thence. For here shall ye have no more adventures; and full worshipfully have ye done, and better shall ye do hereafter. And then Sir Bors seemed that there came the whitest dove with a little golden censer in her mouth. And anon therewithal the tempest ceased and passed, that afore was marvellous to hear. So was all that court full of good savours. Then Sir Bors saw four children bearing four fair tapers, and an old man in the midst of the children with a censer in his own hand, and a spear in his other hand, and that spear was called the Spear of Vengeance.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR BORS DEPARTED; AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS REBUKED OF QUEEN GUENEVER, AND OF HIS EXCUSE.

Now, said that old man to Sir Bors, go ye to your cousin, Sir Launcelot, and tell him of this adventure the which had been most convenient for him of all earthly knights; but sin is so foul in him he may not achieve such holy deeds, for had not been his sin he had passed all the knights that ever were in his days; and tell thou Sir Launcelot, of all worldly adventures he passeth in manhood and prowess all other, but in this spiritual matters he shall have many his better. And then Sir Bors saw four gentlewoman come by him, purely beseen: and he saw where that they entered into a chamber where was great light as it were a summer light; and the women kneeled down afore an altar of silver with four pillars, and as it had been a bishop kneeled down afore that table of silver. And as Sir Bors looked over his head he saw a sword like silver, naked, hoving over his head, and the clearness thereof smote so in his eyes that as at that time Sir Bors was blind; and there he heard a voice that said: Go hence, thou Sir Bors, for as yet thou art not worthy for to be in this place. And then he yede

backward to his bed till on the morn. And on the morn King Pelles made great joy of Sir Bors; and then he departed and rode to Camelot, and there he found Sir Launcelot du Lake, and told him of the adventures that he had seen with King Pelles at Corbin.

So the noise sprang in Arthur's court that Launcelot had gotten a child upon Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles, wherefore Queen Guenever was wroth, and gave many rebukes to Sir Launcelot, and called him false knight. And then Sir Launcelot told the queen all, and how he was made to lie by her by enchantment in likeness of the queen. So the queen held Sir Launcelot excused. And as the book saith, King Arthur had been in France, and had made war upon the mighty King Claudas, and had won much of his lands. And when the king was come again he let cry a great feast, that all lords and ladies of all England should be there, but if it were such as were rebellious against him.

CHAPTER VII

HOW DAME ELAINE, GALAHAD'S MOTHER, CAME IN GREAT ESTATE UNTO CAMELOT, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BEHAVED HIM THERE.

And when Dame Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles, heard of this feast she went to her father and required him that he would give her leave to ride to that feast. The king answered: I will well ye go thither, but in any wise as ye love me and will have my blessing, that ye be well beseen in the richest wise; and look that ye spare not for no cost; ask and ye shall have all that you needeth. Then by the advice of Dame Brisen, her maiden, all thing was apparelled unto the purpose, that there was never no lady more richlier beseen. So she rode with twenty knights, and ten ladies, and gentlewomen, to the number of an hundred horses. And when she came to Camelot, King Arthur and Queen Guenever said, and all the knights, that Dame Elaine was the fairest and the best

beseen lady that ever was seen in that court. And anon as King Arthur wist that she was come he met her and saluted her, and so did the most part of all the knights of the Round Table, both Sir Tristram, Sir Bleoberis, and Sir Gawaine, and many more that I will not rehearse. But when Sir Launcelot saw her he was so ashamed, and that because he drew his sword on the morn when he had lain by her, that he would not salute her nor speak to her; and yet Sir Launcelot thought she was the fairest woman that ever he saw in his life-days.

But when Dame Elaine saw Sir Launcelot that would not speak unto her she was so heavy that she weened her heart would have to-brast; for wit you well, out of measure she loved him. And then Elaine said unto her woman, Dame Brisen: The unkindness of Sir Launcelot slayeth me near. Ah, peace, madam, said Dame Brisen, I will undertake that this night he shall lie with you, an ye would hold you still. That were me liefer, said Dame Elaine, than all the gold that is above the earth. Let me deal, said Dame Brisen. So when Elaine was brought unto Queen Guenever either made other good cheer by countenance, but nothing with hearts. But all men and women spake of the beauty of Dame Elaine, and of her great riches.

Then, at night, the queen commanded that Dame Elaine should sleep in a chamber nigh her chamber, and all under one roof; and so it was done as the queen commanded. Then the queen sent for Sir Launcelot and bade him come to her chamber that night: Or else I am sure, said the queen, that ye will go to your lady's bed, Dame Elaine, by whom ye gat Galahad. Ah, madam, said Sir Launcelot, never say ye so, for that I did was against my will. Then, said the queen, look that ye come to me when I send for you. Madam, said Launcelot, I shall not fail you, but I shall be ready at your commandment. This bargain was soon done and made between them, but Dame Brisen knew it by her crafts, and told it to her lady, Dame Elaine. Alas, said she, how shall I do? Let me deal, said Dame Brisen, for I shall bring him by the hand even to your bed, and he shall ween that I am Queen Guenever's messenger. Now well is me, said Dame Elaine, for all the world I love not so much as I do Sir Launcelot.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW DAME BRISEN BY ENCHANTMENT BROUGHT SIR LAUNCELOT TO DAME ELAINE'S BED, AND HOW QUEEN GUENEVER REBUKED HIM.

So when time came that all folks were abed, Dame Brisen came to Sir Launcelot's bed's side and said: Sir Launcelot du Lake, sleep you? My lady, Queen Guenever, lieth and awaiteth upon you. O my fair lady, said Sir Launcelot, I am ready to go with you where ye will have me. So Sir Launcelot threw upon him a long gown, and his sword in his hand; and then Dame Brisen took him by the finger and led him to her lady's bed, Dame Elaine; and then she departed and left them in bed together. Wit you well the lady was glad, and so was Sir Launcelot, for he weened that he had had another in his arms.

Now leave we them kissing and clipping, as was kindly thing; and now speak we of Queen Guenever that sent one of her women unto Sir Launcelot's bed; and when she came there she found the bed cold, and he was away; so she came to the queen and told her all. Alas, said the queen, where is that false knight become? Then the queen was nigh out of her wit, and then she writhed and weltered as a mad woman, and might not sleep a four or five hours. Then Sir Launcelot had a condition that he used of custom, he would clatter in his sleep, and speak oft of his lady, Queen Guenever. So as Sir Launcelot had waked as long as it had pleased him, then by course of kind he slept, and Dame Elaine both. And in his sleep he talked and clattered as a jay, of the love that had been betwixt Queen Guenever and him. And so as he talked so loud the queen heard him thereas she lay in her chamber; and when she heard him so clatter she was nigh wood and out of her mind, and for anger and pain wist not what to do. And then she coughed so loud that Sir Launcelot awaked, and he knew her

hemming. And then he knew well that he lay not by the queen; and therewith he leapt out of his bed as he had been a wood man, in his shirt, and the queen met him in the floor; and thus she said: False traitor knight that thou art, look thou never abide in my court, and avoid my chamber, and not so hardy, thou false traitor knight that thou art, that ever thou come in my sight. Alas, said Sir Launcelot; and therewith he took such an heartly sorrow at her words that he fell down to the floor in a swoon. And therewithal Queen Guenever departed. And when Sir Launcelot awoke of his swoon, he leapt out at a bay window into a garden, and there with thorns he was all to-scratched in his visage and his body; and so he ran forth he wist not whither, and was wild wood as ever was man; and so he ran two year, and never man might have grace to know him.

CHAPTER IX

HOW DAME ELAINE WAS COMMANDED BY QUEEN GUENEVER TO AVOID THE COURT, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BECAME MAD.

Now turn we unto Queen Guenever and to the fair Lady Elaine, that when Dame Elaine heard the queen so to rebuke Sir Launcelot, and also she saw how he swooned, and how he leaped out at a bay window, then she said unto Queen Guenever: Madam, ye are greatly to blame for Sir Launcelot, for now have ye lost him, for I saw and heard by his countenance that he is mad for ever. Alas, madam, ye do great sin, and to yourself great dishonour, for ye have a lord of your own, and therefore it is your part to love him; for there is no queen in this world hath such another king as ye have. And, if ye were not, I might have the love of my lord Sir Launcelot; and cause I have to love him for he had my maidenhood, and by him I have borne a fair son, and his name is Galahad, and he shall be in his time the best knight of the world. Dame Elaine, said the

queen, when it is daylight I charge you and command you to avoid my court; and for the love ye owe unto Sir Launcelot discover not his counsel, for an ye do, it will be his death. As for that, said Dame Elaine, I dare undertake he is marred for ever, and that have ye made; for ye, nor I, are like to rejoice him; for he made the most piteous groans when he leapt out at yonder bay window that ever I heard man make. Alas, said fair Elaine, and alas, said the Queen Guenever, for now I wot well we have lost him for ever.

So on the morn Dame Elaine took her leave to depart, and she would no longer abide. Then King Arthur brought her on her way with mo than an hundred knights through a forest. And by the way she told Sir Bors de Ganis all how it betid that same night, and how Sir Launcelot leapt out at a window, araged out of his wit. Alas, said Sir Bors, where is my lord, Sir Launcelot, become? Sir, said Elaine, I wot ne'er. Alas, said Sir Bors, betwixt you both ye have destroyed that good knight. As for me, said Dame Elaine, I said never nor did never thing that should in any wise displease him, but with the rebuke that Queen Guenever gave him I saw him swoon to the earth; and when he awoke he took his sword in his hand, naked save his shirt, and leapt out at a window with the grisliest groan that ever I heard man make. Now farewell, Dame Elaine, said Sir Bors, and hold my lord Arthur with a tale as long as ye can, for I will turn again to Queen Guenever and give her a hete; and I require you, as ever ye will have my service, make good watch and espy if ever ye may see my lord Sir Launcelot. Truly, said fair Elaine, I shall do all that I may do, for as fain would I know and wit where he is become, as you, or any of his kin, or Queen Guenever; and cause great enough have I thereto as well as any other. And wit ye well, said fair Elaine to Sir Bors, I would lose my life for him rather than he should be hurt; but alas, I cast me never for to see him, and the chief causer of this is Dame Guenever. Madam, said Dame Brisen, the which had made the enchantment before betwixt Sir Launcelot and her, I pray you heartily, let Sir Bors depart, and hie him with all his might as fast as he may to seek Sir Launcelot, for I warn you he is clean out of his mind; and yet he shall be well holpen an but by miracle.

Then wept Dame Elaine, and so did Sir Bors de Ganis; and so they departed, and Sir Bors rode straight unto Queen Guenever. And when she saw Sir Bors she wept as she were wood. Fie on your weeping, said Sir Bors de Ganis, for ye weep never but when there is no bote. Alas, said Sir Bors, that ever Sir Launcelot's kin saw you, for now have ye lost the best knight of our blood, and he that was all our leader and our succour; and I dare say and make it good that all kings, christian nor heathen, may not find such a knight, for to speak of his nobleness and courtesy, with his beauty and his gentleness. Alas, said Sir Bors, what shall we do that be of his blood? Alas, said Sir Ector de Maris. Alas, said Lionel.

CHAPTER X

WHAT SORROW QUEEN GUENEVER MADE FOR SIR LAUNCELOT, AND HOW HE WAS SOUGHT BY KNIGHTS OF HIS KIN.

And when the queen heard them say so she fell to the earth in a dead swoon. And then Sir Bors took her up, and dawed her; and when she was awaked she kneeled afore the three knights, and held up both her hands, and besought them to seek him. And spare not for no goods but that he be found, for I wot he is out of his mind. And Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel departed from the queen, for they might not abide no longer for sorrow. And then the queen sent them treasure enough for their expenses, and so they took their horses and their armour, and departed. And then they rode from country to country, in forests, and in wilderness, and in wastes; and ever they laid watch both at forests and at all manner of men as they rode, to hearken and spere after him, as he that was a naked man, in his shirt, with a sword in his hand. And thus they rode nigh a quarter of a year, end-long and overthwart, in many places, forests and wilderness, and ofttimes were evil lodged for his sake; and yet for all their labour and seeking

could they never hear word of him. And wit you well these three knights were passing sorry.

Then at the last Sir Bors and his fellows met with a knight that hight Sir Melion de Tartare. Now fair knight, said Sir Bors, whither be ye away? for they knew either other afore time. Sir, said Melion, I am in the way toward the court of King Arthur. Then we pray you, said Sir Bors, that ye will tell my lord Arthur, and my lady, Queen Guenever, and all the fellowship of the Round Table, that we cannot in no wise hear tell where Sir Launcelot is become. Then Sir Melion departed from them, and said that he would tell the king, and the queen, and all the fellowship of the Round Table, as they had desired him. So when Sir Melion came to the court of King Arthur he told the king, and the queen, and all the fellowship of the Round Table, what Sir Bors had said of Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Gawaine, Sir Uwaine, Sir Sagramore le Desirous, Sir Aglovale, and Sir Percivale de Galis took upon them by the great desire of King Arthur, and in especial by the queen, to seek throughout all England, Wales, and Scotland, to find Sir Launcelot, and with them rode eighteen knights mo to bear them fellowship; and wit ye well, they lacked no manner of spending; and so were they three and twenty knights.

Now turn we to Sir Launcelot, and speak we of his care and woe, and what pain he there endured; for cold, hunger, and thirst, he had plenty. And thus as these noble knights rode together, they by one assent departed, and then they rode by two, by three, and by four, and by five, and ever they assigned where they should meet. And so Sir Aglovale and Sir Percivale rode together unto their mother that was a queen in those days. And when she saw her two sons, for joy she wept tenderly. And then she said: Ah, my dear sons, when your father was slain he left me four sons, of the which now be twain slain. And for the death of my noble son, Sir Lamorak, shall my heart never be glad. And then she kneeled down upon her knees to-fore Aglovale and Sir Percivale, and besought them to abide at home with her. Ah, sweet mother, said Sir Percivale, we may not, for we be come of king's blood of both parties, and therefore, mother, it is our kind to haunt arms and

noble deeds. Alas, my sweet sons, then she said, for your sakes I shall lose my liking and lust, and then wind and weather I may not endure, what for the death of your father, King Pellinore, that was shamefully slain by the hands of Sir Gawaine, and his brother, Sir Gaheris: and they slew him not manly but by treason. Ah, my dear sons, this is a piteous complaint for me of your father's death, considering also the death of Sir Lamorak, that of knighthood had but few fellows. Now, my dear sons, have this in your mind. Then there was but weeping and sobbing in the court when they should depart, and she fell a-swooning in midst of the court.

CHAPTER XI

HOW A SERVANT OF SIR AGLOVALE'S WAS SLAIN, AND WHAT VENGEANCE SIR AGLOVALE AND SIR PERCIVALE DID THEREFORE.

And when she was awaked she sent a squire after them with spending enough. And so when the squire had overtaken them, they would not suffer him to ride with them, but sent him home again to comfort their mother, praying her meekly of her blessing. And so this squire was benighted, and by misfortune he happened to come to a castle where dwelled a baron. And so when the squire was come into the castle, the lord asked him from whence he came, and whom he served. My lord, said the squire, I serve a good knight that is called Sir Aglovale: the squire said it to good intent, weening unto him to have been more forborne for Sir Aglovale's sake, than he had said he had served the queen, Aglovale's mother. Well, my fellow, said the lord of that castle, for Sir Aglovale's sake thou shalt have evil lodging, for Sir Aglovale slew my brother, and therefore thou shalt die on part of payment. And then that lord commanded his men to have him away and slay him; and so they did, and so pulled him out of the castle, and there they slew him without mercy.

Right so on the morn came Sir Aglovale and Sir Percivale riding by a churchyard, where men and women were busy, and beheld the dead squire, and they thought to bury him. What is there, said Sir Aglovale, that ye behold so fast? A good man stert forth and said: Fair knight, here lieth a squire slain shamefully this night. How was he slain, fair fellow? said Sir Aglovale. My fair sir, said the man, the lord of this castle lodged this squire this night; and because he said he was servant unto a good knight that is with King Arthur, his name is Sir Aglovale, therefore the lord commanded to slay him, and for this cause is he slain. Gramercy, said Sir Aglovale, and ye shall see his death revenged lightly; for I am that same knight for whom this squire was slain.

Then Sir Aglovale called unto him Sir Percivale, and bade him alight lightly; and so they alighted both, and betook their horses to their men, and so they yede on foot into the castle. And all so soon as they were within the castle gate Sir Aglovale bade the porter: Go thou unto thy lord and tell him that I am Sir Aglovale for whom this squire was slain this night. Anon the porter told this to his lord, whose name was Goodewin. Anon he armed him, and then he came into the court and said: Which of you is Sir Aglovale? Here I am, said Aglovale: for what cause slewest thou this night my mother's squire? I slew him, said Sir Goodewin, because of thee, for thou slewest my brother, Sir Gawdelin. As for thy brother, said Sir Aglovale, I avow it I slew him, for he was a false knight and a betrayer of ladies and of good knights; and for the death of my squire thou shalt die. I defy thee, said Sir Goodewin. Then they lashed together as eagerly as it had been two lions, and Sir Percivale he fought with all the remnant that would fight. And within a while Sir Percivale had slain all that would withstand him; for Sir Percivale dealt so his strokes that were so rude that there durst no man abide him. And within a while Sir Aglovale had Sir Goodewin at the earth, and there he unlaced his helm, and struck off his head. And then they departed and took their horses; and then they let carry the dead squire unto a priory, and there they interred him.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR PERCIVALE DEPARTED SECRETLY FROM HIS BROTHER, AND HOW HE LOOSED A KNIGHT BOUND WITH A CHAIN, AND OF OTHER DOINGS.

And when this was done they rode into many countries, ever inquiring after Sir Launcelot, but never they could hear of him; and at the last they came to a castle that hight Cardican, and there Sir Percivale and Sir Aglovale were lodged together. And privily about midnight Sir Percivale came to Aglovale's squire and said: Arise and make thee ready, for ye and I will ride away secretly. Sir, said the squire, I would full fain ride with you where ye would have me, but an my lord, your brother, take me he will slay me. As for that care thou not, for I shall be thy warrant.

And so Sir Percivale rode till it was after noon, and then he came upon a bridge of stone, and there he found a knight that was bound with a chain fast about the waist unto a pillar of stone. O fair knight, said that bound knight, I require thee loose me of my bonds What knight are ye, said Sir Percivale, and for what cause are ye so bound? Sir, I shall tell you, said that knight: I am a knight of the Table Round, and my name is Sir Persides; and thus by adventure I came this way, and here I lodged in this castle at the bridge foot, and therein dwelleth an uncourteous lady; and because she proffered me to be her paramour, and I refused her, she set her men upon me suddenly or ever I might come to my weapon; and thus they bound me, and here I wot well I shall die but if some man of worship break my bands. Be ye of good cheer, said Sir Percivale, and because ye are a knight of the Round Table as well as I, I trust to God to break your bands. And therewith Sir Percivale pulled out his sword and struck at the chain with such a might that he cut a two the chain, and through Sir Persides' hauberk and hurt him a little. O Jesu, said Sir Persides, that was a mighty stroke as ever I felt one, for had not the chain been ye had slain me.

And therewithal Sir Persides saw a knight coming out of a castle

all that ever he might fling. Beware, sir, said Sir Persides, yonder cometh a man that will have ado with you. Let him come, said Sir Percivale. And so he met with that knight in midst of the bridge; and Sir Percivale gave him such a buffet that he smote him quite from his horse and over a part of the bridge, that, had not been a little vessel under the bridge, that knight had been drowned. And then Sir Percivale took the knight's horse and made Sir Persides to mount up him; and so they rode unto the castle, and bade the lady deliver Sir Persides' servants, or else he would slay all that ever he found; and so for fear she delivered them all. Then was Sir Percivale ware of a lady that stood in that tower. Ah, madam, said Sir Percivale, what use and custom is that in a lady to destroy good knights but if they will be your paramour? Forsooth this is a shameful custom of a lady, and if I had not a great matter in my hand I should fordo your evil customs.

And so Sir Persides brought Sir Percivale unto his own castle, and there he made him great cheer all that night. And on the morn, when Sir Percivale had heard mass and broken his fast, he bade Sir Persides ride unto King Arthur: And tell the king how that ye met with me; and tell my brother, Sir Aglovale, how I rescued you; and bid him seek not after me, for I am in the quest to seek Sir Launcelot du Lake, and though he seek me he shall not find me; and tell him I will never see him, nor the court, till I have found Sir Launcelot. Also tell Sir Kay the Seneschal, and to Sir Mordred, that I trust to Jesu to be of as great worthiness as either of them, for tell them I shall never forget their mocks and scorns that they did to me that day that I was made knight; and tell them I will never see that court till men speak more worship of me than ever men did of any of them both. And so Sir Persides departed from Sir Percivale, and then he rode unto King Arthur, and told there of Sir Percivale. And when Sir Aglovale heard him speak of his brother Sir Percivale, he said: He departed from me unkindly.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR PERCIVALE MET WITH SIR ECTOR, AND HOW THEY FOUGHT LONG, AND EACH HAD ALMOST SLAIN OTHER.

SIR, said Sir Persides, on my life he shall prove a noble knight as any now is living. And when he saw Sir Kay and Sir Mordred, Sir Persides said thus: My fair lords both, Sir Percivale greeteth you well both, and he sent you word by me that he trusteth to God or ever he come to the court again to be of as great noblesse as ever were ye both, and mo men to speak of his noblesse than ever they did of you. It may well be, said Sir Kay and Sir Mordred, but at that time when he was made knight he was full unlike to prove a good knight. As for that, said King Arthur, he must needs prove a good knight, for his father and his brethren were noble knights.

And now will we turn unto Sir Percivale that rode long; and in a forest he met a knight with a broken shield and a broken helm; and as soon as either saw other readily they made them ready to joust, and so hurtled together with all the might of their horses, and met together so hard, that Sir Percivale was smitten to the earth. And then Sir Percivale arose lightly, and cast his shield on his shoulder and drew his sword, and bade the other knight. Alight, and do we battle unto the uttermost. Will ye more? said that knight. And therewith he alighted, and put his horse from him; and then they came together an easy pace, and there they lashed together with noble swords, and sometime they struck and sometime they foined, and either gave other many great wounds. Thus they fought near half a day, and never rested but right little, and there was none of them both that had less wounds than fifteen, and they bled so much that it was marvel they stood on their feet. But this knight that fought with Sir Percivale was a proved knight and a wise-fighting knight, and Sir Percivale was young and strong, not knowing in fighting as the other was.

Then Sir Percivale spoke first, and said: Sir knight, hold thy hand

a while still, for we have fought for a simple matter and quarrel overlong, and therefore I require thee tell me thy name, for I was never or this time matched. So God me help, said that knight, and never or this time was there never knight that wounded me so sore as thou hast done, and yet have I fought in many battles; and now shalt thou wit that I am a knight of the Table Round, and my name is Sir Ector de Maris, brother unto the good knight, Sir Launcelot du Lake. Alas, said Sir Percivale, and my name is Sir Percivale de Galis that hath made my quest to seek Sir Launcelot, and now I am siker that I shall never finish my quest, for ye have slain me with your hands. It is not so, said Sir Ector, for I am slain by your hands, and may not live. Therefore I require you, said Sir Ector unto Sir Percivale, ride ye hereby to a priory, and bring me a priest that I may receive my Saviour, for I may not live. And when ye come to the court of King Arthur tell not my brother, Sir Launcelot, how that ye slew me, for then he would be your mortal enemy, but ye may say that I was slain in my quest as I sought him. Alas, said Sir Percivale, ye say that never will be, for I am so faint for bleeding that I may unnethe stand, how should I then take my horse?

CHAPTER XIV

HOW BY MIRACLE THEY WERE BOTH MADE WHOLE BY THE COMING OF THE HOLY VESSEL OF SANGREAL.

THEN they made both great dole out of measure. This will not avail, said Sir Percivale. And then he kneeled down and made his prayer devoutly unto Almighty Jesu, for he was one of the best knights of the world that at that time was, in whom the very faith stood most in. Right so there came by the holy vessel of the Sangreal with all manner of sweetness and savour; but they could not readily see who that bare that vessel, but Sir Percivale had a glimmering of the vessel and of the maiden that bare it, for he was

a perfect clean maiden; and forthwithal they both were as whole of hide and limb as ever they were in their life-days: then they gave thankings to God with great mildness. O Jesu, said Sir Percivale, what may this mean, that we be thus healed, and right now we were at the point of dying? I wot full well, said Sir Ector, what it is; it is an holy vessel that is borne by a maiden, and therein is part of the holy blood of our Lord Jesu Christ, blessed mote he be. But it may not be seen, said Sir Ector, but if it be by a perfect man. So God me help, said Sir Percivale, I saw a damosel, as me thought, all in white, with a vessel in both her hands, and forthwithal I was whole.

So then they took their horses and their harness, and amended their harness as well as they might that was broken; and so they mounted upon their horses, and rode talking together. And there Sir Ector de Maris told Sir Percivale how he had sought his brother, Sir Launcelot, long, and never could hear witting of him: In many strange adventures have I been in this quest. And so either told other of their adventures.

Here endeth the eleventh book. And here followeth the twelfth book.

And now leave we of a while of Sir Ector and of Sir Percivale, and speak we of Sir Launcelot that suffered and endured many sharp showers, that ever ran wild wood from place to place, and lived by fruit and such as he might get, and drank water two year; and other clothing had he but little but his shirt and his breech.

II

ISODE THE FAIR

HERE BEGYNNYTH THE FYRSTE BOKE OF SYR TRYSTRAMS DE LYONES, AND WHO WAS HIS FADIR AND HYS MODYR, AND HOW HE WAS BORNE AND FOSTYRD, AND HOW HE WAS MADE KNYGHT OF KYNGE MARKE OF CORNUAYLE 148v

THERE was a kynge that hyght Melyodas, and he was 5 (1) lorde of the contrey of Lyones. And this Melyodas was a lykly knyght as ony was that tyme lyvyng. And by fortune he wedded kynge Markis sister of Cornuayle, and she was called Elyzabeth, that was called bothe good and fayre.

And at that tyme kynge Arthure regned, and he was hole 10 kynge of Ingelonde, Walys, Scotlonde, and of many othir realmys. Howbehit there were many kynges that were lordys of many contreyes, but all they helde their londys of kynge Arthure; for in Walys were two kynges, and in the Northe were many kynges, and in Cornuayle and in the 15 Weste were two kynges; also in Irelonde were two or three kynges, and all were undir the obeysaunce of kynge Arthure; so was the kynge of Fraunce and the kyng of Bretayne, and all the lordshyppis unto Roome.

So whan this kynge Melyodas had bene with his wyff, 20 wythin a whyle she wexed grete with chylde. And she was a full meke lady, and well she loved hir lorde and he hir agayne, so there was grete joy betwyxte hem.

So there was a lady in that contrey that had loved kynge Melyodas longe, and by no meane she never cowde gete 25 his love. Therefore she let ordayne uppon a day as kynge Melyodas rode an-huntynge, for he was a grete chacer of dere, and there be enchauntemente she made hym chace an harte by hymself alone tyll that he com to an olde castell, and there anone he was takyn presoner by the lady that 30 loved hym.

Whan Elyzabeth, kynge Melyodas his wyff, myssed hir 149r lorde she was nyghe oute of hir wytte, and also, as grete with chylde as she was, she toke a jantylwoman with hir and ran into the fereste suddeynly to seke hir lorde. And whan she 35

5 *C* Hit was 6 *C* lord and kynge of 27–28 of dere *not in C*† 31 *C* hym loued 32 his wyff *not in C*† 33 *C* lord and she 35 suddeynly *not in C*

was farre in the foreste she myght no farther, but ryght there she gan to travayle faste of hir chylde, and she had many grymly throwys, but hir jantyllwoman halpe hir all that she myght.

And so by myracle of Oure Lady of Hevyn she was delyverde with grete paynes, but she had takyn suche colde for the defaute of helpe that the depe draughtys of deth toke hir, that nedys she muste dye and departe oute of thys worlde; there was none othir boote. Whan this quene Elyzabeth saw that she myght nat ascape she made grete dole and seyde unto hir jantylwoman,

'Whan ye se my lorde, kynge Melyodas, recommaunde me unto hym and tell hym what paynes I endure here for his love, and how I muste dye here for his sake for defawte of good helpe, and lat hym wete that I am full sory to departe oute of this worlde fro hym. Therefore pray hym to be frende to my soule. Now lat me se my lytyll chylde for whom I have had all this sorrow.'

And whan she sye hym she seyde thus: 'A, my lytyll son, thou haste murtherd thy modir! And therefore I suppose thou that arte a murtherer so yonge, thow arte full lykly to be a manly man in thyne ayge; and bycause I shall dye of the byrth of the, I charge my jantyllwoman that she pray my lorde, the kynge Melyodas, that whan he is crystened let calle hym Trystrams, that is as muche to say as a sorowfull byrth.'

And therewith the quene gaff up the goste and dyed. Than the jantyllwoman leyde hir undir an umbir of a grete tre, and than she lapped the chylde as well as she myght fro colde.

Ryght so there cam the barowns of kynge Melyodas folowyng aftir the quene. And whan they sye that she was dede and undirstode none othir but that the kynge was de-
(2) **149v** stroyed, than sertayne of them wolde have slayne the chylde bycause they wolde have bene lordys of that contrey of Lyonesse. But than, thorow the fayre speche of the jantyllwoman and by the meanys that she made, the moste party

1–2 *C* ferther for she byganne 3 but *not in C* 7 *C* that depe 10 *C* saw that ther was none other bote thenne she made 14 *C* gis† loue 23 *C* I charge the genty lwoman that thou pray 29 *C*† for cold 30 of kynge Melyodas *not in C* 32 that *not in C*

of the barowns wolde nat assente thereto. But than they latte cary home the dede quene and muche sorow was made for hir.

Than this meanewhyle Merlyon had delyverde kynge Melyodas oute of preson on the morne aftir his quene was dede. And so whan the kynge was com home the moste party of the barowns made grete joy, but the sorow that the kynge made for his quene there myght no tonge tell. So than the kynge let entyre hir rychely, and aftir he let crystyn his chylde as his wyff had commaunded byfore hir deth. And than he lette calle hym Trystrams, 'the sorowfull-borne chylde'.

Than kynge Melyodas endured aftir that seven yere withoute a wyff, and all this tyme Trystrams was fostred well. Than hit befelle that the kynge Melyodas wedded kynge Howellys of Bretaynes doughter, and anone she had chyldirne by kynge Melyodas. Than was she hevy and wroth that hir chyldirne sholde nat rejoyse the contrey of Lyonesse, wherefore this quene ordayned for to poyson yong Trystrams.

So at the laste she let poyson be putt in a pees of sylver in the chambir where Trystrams and hir chyldir were togydyrs, unto that entente that whan Trystrams were thirsty he sholde drynke that drynke. And so hit felle uppon a day the quenys son, as he was in that chambir, aspyed the pyese with poyson, and he wente hit had bene good drynke; and because the chylde was thirsty he toke the pyese with poyson and dranke frely, and therewith the chylde suddaynly braste and was dede.

So whan the quene of Mel⌜yod⌝as wyste of the deth of hir sone, wete you well that she was hevy; but yet the kynge undirstood nothynge of hir treson. Notwythstondynge the quene wolde not leve by this, but effte she lette ordeyne **150r** more poyson and putt hit in a pyese. And by fortune kyng Mel⌜yod⌝as, hir husbonde, founde the pyese with wyne wherein was the poyson, and as he that was thirstelew toke the pyse for to drynke; and as he wolde have drunken thereof the

1 *C* And thenne 2 *C* moche dole 12 aftir that *not in C* 13 *C* —as nourysshed 16 *C* of kynge 20 at the laste *not in C* 2[illegible] *C* —tere a 29 *C*† quene Melyodas* *W* Melodyas 32 *C* leue this 34 *W* Melodyas (*see note 29*) 35 *C* and he that was moche thursty 36 *C* drynke ther oute

quene aspyed hym and ran unto hym and pulde the pyse from hym sodeynly. The kynge mervayled of hir why she ded so and remembred hym suddaynly how hir son was slayne with poyson. And than he toke hir by the honde and sayde,

'Thou false traytoures! Thou shalt telle me what maner of drynke this is, other ellys I shall sle the!' And therewith he pulde oute his swerde and sware a grete othe that he sholde sle hir but yf she tolde hym the trouthe.

'A! mercy, my lorde,' she seyde, 'and I shall telle you all.' And than she tolde hym why she wolde have slayne Trystrams, because her chyldir sholde rejoyse his londe.

'Well,' seyde the kynge, 'and therefore ye shall have the lawe.'

And so she was dampned by the assente of the barownes to be brente. And ryght as she was at the fyre to take hir excussion this same yonge Trystrams kneled byfore his fadir kynge Mel⌜yod⌝as and besought hym to gyff hym a done.

'I woll well,' seyde the kynge [ageyne].

Than seyde yonge Trystrams, 'Geff me the lyff of your quene, my stepmodir.'

'That is unryghtfully asked,' seyde the kynge Melyodas, 'for thou oughte of ryght to hate hir, for she wolde have slayne the with poyson, and for thy sake moste is my cause that she sholde be dede.'

'Sir,' seyde Trystrams, 'as for that, I beseche you of your mercy that ye woll forgyff hir. And as for my parte, God forgyff hir and I do. And hit lyked so muche your hyghenesse to graunte me my boone, for Goddis love I requyre you holde your promyse.'

'Sytthen hit is so,' seyde the kynge, 'I woll that ye have hir lyff,' and sayde: 'I gyff hir you, and go ye to the fyre and take hir and do with hir what ye woll.'

So thus sir Trystramys wente to the fyre, and by the com-
150v maundemente of the kynge delyverde hir frome the deth. But afftir that kynge Mel⌜yod⌝as wolde never have ado with

2 of hir *not in C* 3–4 *C* hym how her sone was sodenly slayne 13 *C* kyng Melyodas 16 *C** brent and thenne was ther made a grete fyre & 17 this same *not in C* his fadir *not in C* 18 *C* a bone 18, 36 *W* Melodyas 24 *C** with that poyson and she myghte haue hadde her wille And 25 *C* sholde dye 27, 28 *C* forgyue hit her 32 *C* lyf thenne said the kynge I gyue her to you

hir as at bedde and at bourde. But by the meanys of yonge Trystrams he made the kynge and hir accorded, but than the kynge wolde nat suffir yonge Trystrams to abyde but lytyll in his courte.

And than he lett ordayne a jantyllman that was well 5 (3) lerned and taught, and his name was Governayle, and than he sente yonge Tristrams with Governayle into Fraunce to lerne the langage and nurture and dedis of armys. And there was Trystrams more than seven yere. So whan he had lerned what he myght in tho contreyes, than he com 10 home to his fadir kynge Melyodas agayne.

And so Trystrams lerned to be an harper passyng all other, that there was none suche called in no contrey. And so in harpynge and on instrumentys of musyke in his youthe he applyed hym for to lerne. And aftir, as he growed in myght 15 and strength, he laboured in huntynge and in hawkynge—never jantylman more that ever we herde rede of. And as the booke seyth, he began good mesures of blowynge of beestes of venery and beestes of chaace and all maner of vermaynes, and all the tearmys we have yet of hawkynge and huntynge. 20 And therefore the booke of [venery, of hawkynge and huntynge is called the booke of] sir Trystrams.

Wherefore, as me semyth, all jantyllmen that beryth olde armys ought of ryght to honoure sir Tristrams for the goodly tearmys that jantylmen have and use and shall do unto the 25 Day of Dome, that thereby in a maner all men of worshyp may discever a jantylman frome a yoman and a yoman frome a vylayne. For he that jantyll is woll drawe hym to jantyll tacchis and to folow the noble customys of jantylmen.

Thus Trystrams enduryd in Cornewayle unto that he was 30 stronge and bygge, unto the ayge of eyghtene yere. And than kyng Melyodas had grete joy of yonge Trystrams, and so had the quene, his wyff, for ever after in hir lyff, because sir Trystrams saved hir frome the fyre: she ded never **151r** hate hym more afftir, but ever loved hym and gaff hym many 35 grete gyfftys; for every astate loved hym where that he wente.

1 *C* good meanes 3–4 *C* to abyde no lenger in 9–10 *C** yeres And thenne whanne he wel couthe speke the langage and hadde lerned all that he myght 16–17 *C* haukynge soo that neuer 20 *C* alle these 25 do *not in C* 27–28 *C* and from a yoman a vylayne 29 *C* the custommes of noble gentylmen 31 *C* of the age 32 yonge *not in C* 35 *C* gaf Trystram

(4) Than hit befelle that kynge Angwysh of Irelonde sente unto kynge Marke of Cornwayle for his trwayge that Cornuayle had payde many wyntyrs, and ⟨at⟩ that tyme kynge Marke was behynde of the trwayge for seven yerys.

And kynge Marke and his barownes gaff unto the messyngers of Irelonde thes wordis and answere that they wolde none pay, and bade the messyngers go unto their kynge Angwysh, 'and tell hym we woll pay hym no trwayge, but tell youre lorde, and he woll allwayes have trwayge of us of Cornwayle, bydde hym sende a trusty knyght of his londe that woll fyght for his ryght, and we shall fynde another for to defende us.'

So the messyngers departed into Irelonde, and whan kynge Angwysh undyrstoode the answere of the messyngers he was wrothe. And than he called unto hym sir Marhalt, the good knyght that was nobly proved and a knyght of the Rounde Table. And this Marhaltt was brother unto the quene of Irelonde. Than the kyng seyde thus:

'Fayre brother, sir Marhalt, I pray you go unto Cornewayle for my sake to do batayle for oure trwayge that we of ryght ought to have. And whatsomevir ye spende, ye shall have suffyciauntely more than ye shall nede.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Marhalte, 'wete you well that I shall nat be loth to do batayle in the ryght of you and your londe with the beste knyght of Table Rounde, for I know them for the moste party what bene their dedis. And for to avaunce my dedis and to encrece my worshyp I woll ryght gladly go unto this journey.'

So in all haste there was made purvyaunce for sir Marhalte, and he had all thynge that hym neded, and so he
151v departed oute of Irelonde and aryved up in Cornwayle evyn by Castell of Tyntagyll. And whan kynge Marke undirstood that he was there aryved for to fyght for Irelonde, than made kynge Marke grete sorow, whan he undirstood that the good knyght sir Marhalt was com; for they knew no knyght that durste have ado with hym, for at that tyme sir Marhalte was called one of the famuste knyghtes of the worlde.

3 *W* all *C* alle 7 *C* vnto his 11–12 *C** defende oure ryght With this ansuer the 14 *C* wonderly wroth 19–20 *W* of ryght that we of ryght 27 *C* journeye for oure ryghte 31 *C* fast by 34 *C* good and noble 36 *C* famosest and renoumed knyghtes

And thus sir Marhalte abode in the see, and every day he sente unto kynge Marke for to pay the trwayge that was behynde seven yere, other ellys to fynde a knyght to fyght with hym for the trewayge. This maner of message sir Marhalte sente unto kynge Marke.

Than they of Cornwayle lete make cryes that what knyght that wolde fyght for to save the trwayge of Cornwayle he shold be rewarded to fare the bettir, terme of his lyff. Than som of the barowns seyde to kynge Marke and counceyled hym to [sende to] the courte of kynge Arthure for to seke sir Launcelott du Lake that was that tyme named for the mervaylyste knyght of the worlde.

Than there were other barownes [that counceyled the kynge not to do] ⟨this⟩, and seyde that hit was laboure in vayne bycause sir Marhalte was a knyght of Rounde Table; therefore ony of hem wolde be loth to have ado with other, but yf hit were so that ony knyght at his owne rekeyste wolde fyght disgysed and unknowyn. So the kynge and all his barownes assentyd that hit was no boote to seke aftir no knyght of the Rounde Table.

This meanewhyle cam the langayge and the noyse unto kynge Melyodas how that sir Marhalte abode faste by Tyntagyll, and how kynge Marke cowde fynde no maner of knyght to fyght for hym. So whan yonge Trystrams herde of thys he was wroth and sore ashamed that there durste no knyght in Cornwayle have ado with sir Marhalte of Irelonde. Therewithall Trystrams wente unto his fadir kynge Melyodas **152r** (5) and asked hym counceyle what was beste to do for to recovir Cornwayle frome bondage.

'For as me semyth,' seyde Trystrams, 'hit were shame that sir Marhalte, the quenys brother of Irelonde, sholde go away onles that he were foughtyn withall.'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Melyodas, 'wete you well, sonne Trystramys, that sir Marhalte ys called one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde, and therefore I know no knyght in this contrey is able to macche hym.'

3 *C* of seuen 5 *C* sente dayly 6 *C* cryes in euery place 8 *C* rewarded soo that he sholde fare 12 *C* of alle the 14 *C* doo soo & said 17 so that *not in C* 19–20 *C* seke ony knyght 22 *C* abode bataille faste 26 *W* Cornwayle durste have 29 *C* from truage 35 *C* worlde and knyghte of the table round And therfore 36 *C* that is able to matche with hym

'Alas,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'that I were nat made knyght! And yf sir Marhalte sholde thus departe into Irelonde, God let me never have worshyp: [and I were made knyght I shold matche hym.] And, sir,' seyde Tristrams, 'I pray you, gyff me leve to ryde to kynge Mark. And so ye woll nat be displesed, of kynge Marke woll I be made knyght.'

'I woll well,' seyde kynge Melyodas, 'that ye be ruled as youre corrage woll rule you.'

Than Trystrams thanked his fadir, and than he made hym redy to ryde into Cornwayle.

So in the meanewhyle there com ⌜a messager with⌝ lettyrs of love fro kynge Faramon of Fraunces doughter unto syr Trystrams that were peteuous lettyrs, but in no wyse Trystrams had no joy of hir lettyrs nor regarde unto hir. Also she sente hym a lytyll brachet that was passynge fayre. But whan the kynges doughter undirstoode that Trystrams wolde nat love hir, as the booke seyth, she dyed ⌜for sorou⌝. And than the same squyre that brought the lettyrs and the brachet cam ayen unto sir Trystrams, as aftir ye shall [here] in the tale folowynge.

So aftir this yonge Trystrames rode unto hys eme, kynge Marke of Cornwayle, and whan he com there he herde sey that there wolde no knyght fyght with sir Marhalt.

'Sir,' seyde Trystrams, 'yf ye woll gyff me the Ordir of Knyghthode I woll do batayle with sir Marhalte.'

152v 'What are ye?' seyde the kynge, 'and frome whens be ye com?'

'Sir,' seyde Trystrames, 'I com frome kynge Melyodas that wedded your systir, and a jantylman, wete you welle, I am.'

So kyng Marke behylde Trystrams and saw that he was

1 *C* that I am not 3–4 *Not emended in O*[1] 5 *C* and soo ye be not 9 *C* fader moche 11 Cf.*F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 32v, col. 2*) et voient venir ung escuier tout seul regardant et chevauchant aprés eulx qui portoit *etc.* 13–14 *C** ful pyteous letters & in them were wryten many complayntes of loue but syre Tristram 13–15 *W* (*sidenote*): How the kynge of Frauncis doughter sente to sir Trystrames a fayre brachette 17 *C** dyed for sorou *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 33r, col. 1*) qui d'amours meurt 20 folowynge *not in C* 21 aftir *not in C* 23–24 *C** Marhaus Thenne yede sir Tristram unto his eme and sayd syre 25–28 (*see note*) *W* with sir Marhalt what ar ye seyde the kynge and frome whens be ye com sir seyde Trystrams yf ye woll gyff me the ordir of knyghthode I woll do batayle with sir Marhalte what ar ye seyde the kynge and frome whens be ye com Sir seyde Trystrames I com frome

but a yonge man of ayge, but he was passyngly well made and bygge.

'Fayre sir,' seyde the kynge, 'what is your name and where were ye borne?'

'Sir, my name is Trystrams, and in the contrey of Lyonesse was I borne.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde the kynge, 'and yf ye woll do this batayle I shall make you knyght.'

'Therefore cam I to you,' seyde Trystrams, 'and for none other cause.'

But than kynge Marke made hym knyght, and therewithall anone as he had made hym knyght he sente unto sir Marhalte that he had founde a yonge knyght redy for to take the batayle to the utteraunce.

'Hit may well be so,' seyde sir Marhalte, 'but tell kynge Marke I woll nat fyght with no knyght but he be of blood royall, that is to seye owther kynges son othir quenys son, borne of pryncis other of pryncesses.'

Whan kynge Marke undirstoode that, he sente for sir Trystrams de Lyones and tolde hym what was the answere of sir Marhalte. Than seyde sir Trystrams,

'Sytthen that he seyth so, lat hym wete that I am commyn of fadir syde and modir syde of as noble bloode as he is; for, sir, now shall ye know that I am kynge Melyodas sonne, borne of your owne sister dame Elyzabeth that dyed in the foreste in the byrth of me.'

'A, Jesu!' seyde kynge Marke, 'ye ar welcom, fayre nevew, to me.'

Than in all the haste the kyng horsed sir Trystrams and armed hym on the beste maner that myght be gotyn for golde othir sylver. And than kynge Marke sente unto sir Marhalte and dud hym to wete that a bettir man borne than he was hymself sholde fyght with hym, 'and his name ys sir Trystrams de Lyones, begotyn of kyng Melyodas and borne of **153r** kynge Markys sistir.' Than was sir Marhalte gladde and blyeth that he sholde feyght with suche a jantylman.

5 *C* Syre sayd he ageyne my with letters that said that
12–13 *C** he sente a messager unto syre Marhaus
14 *C* the vttermest
18 *C* prynce or pryncesse
24 *W* kynge of Melyodas that myghte be had or goten
29 *C* kynge lete horse
30 *C* in the best maner
32 *C* born mā

And so by the assente of kynge Marke they lete ordayne that they sholde fyght within an ilonde nyghe sir Marhaltes shyppis. And so was sir Trystrames put into a vessell, bothe his horse and he and all that to hym longed, bothe for his body and for his horse, that he lacked nothyng. And whan kynge Marke and his barownes of Cornwayle behelde how yonge sir Trystrams departed with suche a caryage to feyght for the ryght of Cornwayle, there was nother man nother woman of worshyp but they wepte to se and undirstonde so yonge a knyght to jouparté hymself for theire ryght.

(6) So, to shortyn this tale, whan syr Trystrams aryved within the ilonde he loked to the farther syde, and there he sawe at an ankyr six othir shyppis nyghe to the londe, and undir the shadow of the shyppys, uppon the londe, there hoved the noble knyght sir Marhalte of Irelonde. Than sir Trystrams commaunded to have his horse uppon the londe. And than Governayle, his servaunte, dressed hys harneys at all maner of ryghtes, and than sir Trystrams mounted uppon his horse.

And whan he was in his sadyll well apparayled, and his shylde dressed uppon his sholdir, so sir Trystrams asked Governayle,

'Where is this knyght that I shall have ado withall?'

'Sir,' seyde Governayle, 'se ye hym nat? I wente that ye had sene hym, for yondir he hovyth undir the umbir of his shyppys on horseback, with his spere in his honde and his shylde uppon his sholdyr.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'now I se hym.'

Than he commaunded Governayle to go to his vessayle agayne, 'and commaunde me unto myne eme, kynge Marke,
153v and pray hym, yf that I be slayne in this batayle, for to entere my body as hym semyth beste. And as for me, lette hym wete I woll never be yoldyn for cowardyse, and if I be slayne and fle nat, they have loste no trewayge for me. And yf so be that I fle other yelde me as recreaunte, bydde myne eme bury me never in Crystyn buryellys. And uppon thy lyff,'

1 *C* Mark and of syr Marhaus they 5 *C* horse Syre Trystram lacked 13 othir *not in C* 16–17 *C* commaunded his seruaunt gouernail to brynge his hors to the land and dresse 18 *C* thenne whan he had soo done he mounted 25 *C* hym yonder 28 *C* see hym wel ynou3 29 *C* his seruaunt Gouernayle 33 *C* neuer yelde me 34 *C* not thenne they

seyde sir Trystrams unto Govirnayle, 'that thou com nat nyghe this ilonde tyll that thou see me overcom or slayne, other ellis that I wynne yondir knyght.'

So they departed sore wepyng. And than sir Marhalte (7) avysed sir Trystrames and seyde thus: 5

'Yonge knyght, sir Trystrams, what doste thou here? Me sore repentys of thy corrayge; for wete thou well, I have bene assayede with many noble knyghtes, and the beste knyghtes of this londe have bene assayed of myne hondys, and also the beste knyghtes of the worlde I have macched 10 them. And therefore, be my counceyle, returne ayen unto thy vessell.'

'A, fayre knyght and well proved,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'thou shalt well wete I may nat forsake the in this quarell. For I am for thy sake made knyght, and thou shalt well wete 15 that I am a kynges sonne, borne and gotyn uppon a quene. And suche promyse I have made at my nevewys requeste and myne owne sekynge that I shall fyght with the unto the uttirmuste and delyvir Cornwayle frome the olde trewage. And also wete thou well, sir Marhalte, that this ys the 20 gretteste cause that thou coragyst me to have ado with the, for thou arte called one of the moste renomed knyghtes of the worlde. And bycause of that noyse and fame that thou haste thou gevyst me corrayge to have ado with the, for never yett was I proved with good knyght. And sytthen 25 I toke the Order of Knyghthode this day, I am ryght well pleased, and to me moste worshyp, that I may have ado wyth suche a knyght as thou arte. And now wete thou well, syr **154**[r] Marhalte, that I caste me to geete worshyp on thy body. And yf that I be nat proved, I truste to God to be worshyp- 30 fully proved uppon thy body, and to delyver the contrey of Cornwayle for ever fro all maner of trewayge frome Irelonde for ever.'

Whan sir Marhalte had herde hym sey what he wolde, he seyde thus agayne: 35

'Fayre knyght, sytthen hit is so that thou castyste to wynne

4 *C* soo eyther departed from other 8 with many noble knyghtes *not in C*
10–11 *C* also I haue matched with the best knyghtes of the world and 13 *C* And† faire knyght and wel preued knyght 26–27 *C* am wel pleasyd that
28 *C* so good a knyght 30 *C* god that I shal be

worshyp of me, I lette the wete worshyp may thou none loose by me gyff thou may stonde me three strokys. For I lat the wete, for my noble dedis proved and seyne kynge Arthure made me knyght of the Table Rounde!'

5 Than they began to feauter there sperys, and they mette so fersly togydyrs that they smote aythir other downe, bothe horse and man. But sir Marhalte smote sir Trystrams a grete wounde in the syde with his spere.

And than they avoyded their horsis and pulde oute their 10 swerdys, and threwe their shyldis afore them, and than they laysshed togydyrs as men that were wylde and corrageous. And whan they had strykyn togydyrs longe, that there armys fayled, than they leffte their strokys and foyned at brestys and vysours. And whan they sawe that hit myght 15 nat prevayle them, than they hurteled togedyrs lyke rammys to beare eythir othir downe.

Thus they fought stylle togydirs more than halffe a day, and eythir of them were wounded passynge sore, that the blood ran downe ⌜fresshly⌝ frome them uppon the grounde. 20 By than sir Trystramys wexed more fyerser than he dud, and sir Marhalte fyebled, and sir Trystramys ever more well-wynded and bygger. And with a myghty stroke he smote 154v sir Marhalte uppon the helme suche a buffette that hit wente thorow his helme and thorow the coyffe of steele and thorow 25 the brayne-panne, and the swerde stake so faste in the helme and in his brayne-panne that sir Trystramys pulled three tymes at his swerde or ever he myght pulle hit oute frome his hede.

And there sir Marhalte felle downe on his kneis, and the 30 edge of his swerde leffte in hys brayne-panne. And suddeynly sir Marhalte rose grovelynge and threw his swerde and his shylde frome hym, and so he ran to his shyppys and fledde his way. And sir Trystramys had ever his shelde and his swerde, and whan sir Trystramys saw sir Marhalte withdrow 35 hym he seyde,

'A, sir knyght of the Rounde Table! Why withdrawyst

7 *C* hors and all 12–13 *C*† soo to gyder longe thenne they lefte 17 togydirs *not in C* 19 *W* ran downe passynge sore *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, fr. 35r, col. 2*) si qu'ilz perdent de leur sang a grant foison 20–22 *C* more fressher than syr Marhaus and better wynded and bygger 26 *C* pulled thryes 29–30 *C* knees the edge of Tristrams swerd

thou the? Thou doste thyself and thy kynne grete shame, for I am but a yonge knyght: or now I was never preved. And rather than I sholde withdraw me frome the, I had rathir be hewyn in pyese-mealys.'

Sir Marhalte answerde no worde, but yeode his way sore gronynge.

'Well, sir knyght,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'I promyse the thy swerde and thy shelde shall be myne, and thy shylde shall I were in all placis where I ryde on myne adventures, and in the syght of kyng Arthure and all the Rounde Table.'

So sir Marhalte and hys felyshyp departed into Irelonde. (8) And as sone as he com to the kynge, his brother, they serched his woundis, and whan his hede was serched a pyese of sir Trystrams swerde was therein founden, and myght never be had oute of his hede for no lechecraffte. And so he dyed of sir Trystramys swerde, and that pyse of the swerde the quene, his sistir, she kepte hit for ever with hir, for she thought to be revenged and she myght.

Now turne we agayne unto sir Trystrames that was sore wounded and sore forbledde, that he myght nat within a lytyll whyle stonde. Whan he had takyn colde ⟨he coude⟩ unnethe styrre hym of hys lymmes, and than he sette hym downe sofftely uppon a lytyll hylle and bledde faste. Than anone **155r** com Governayle, his man, with his vessell, and the kynge and the moste party of his barownes com with procession ayenst sir Trystrames.

And whan he was commyn unto the londe kynge Marke toke hym in his armys, and he and sir Dynas the Senescyall lad sir Tristrames into the castell of Tyntagyll; and than was he cerched in the beste maner and leyde in his bed. And whan kynge Marke saw his woundys he wepte hertely, and so dud all his lordys.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I wolde nat for all my londys that my nevew dyed.'

So sir Trystrames lay there a moneth and more, and ever he was lyke to dey of the stroke that sir Marhalte smote hym

4 *C* hewen in C pyeces 12 *C* brother he lete serche 13–17 *W* (*sidenote*): Here is the deth of sir Marhalte knyght of the Table Rounde by sir Trystrames 15 *C* for no surgeons 17 *C* syster kepte 20 *C* ful sore bled 21 *C*† whyle when he had take cold unnethe *W* colde &† unnethe (*see note*) 24–25 *C* and the kynge and his 25–26 *C* ageynst hym 28 *C* and the kynge and

fyrste wyth the spere; for, as the Frenshe booke seyth, the spere-hede was invenymed, that sir Trystrams myght nat be hole. Than was kynge Marke and all hys barownes passynge hevy, for they demed none other but that sir Trystrames sholde nat recover. Than the kynge lette sende for all maner of lechis and surgeons, bothe unto men and women, and there was none that wolde behote hym the lyff.

Than cam there a lady that was a wytty lady, and she seyde playnly unto the kynge Marke and to sir Trystrames and to all his barownes that he sholde never be hole but yf that sir Trystrames wente into the same contrey that the venym cam fro, and in that contrey sholde he be holpyn, other ellys never; thus seyde the lady unto the kynge. So whan the kynge undirstood hit he lette purvey for syr Trystrames a fayre vessell and well vytayled, and therein was putt sir Trystrames, and Governayle wyth hym, and sir Trystrames toke his harpe with hym. And so he was putt into the see to sayle into Irelonde.

And so by good fortune he aryved up in Irelonde evyn faste by a castell where the kynge and the quene was. And at his aryvayle he sate and harped in his bedde a merry lay: 155v suche one herde they never none in Irelonde before that tyme. And whan hit was tolde the kynge and the quene of suche a syke knyght that was suche an harper, anone the kynge sente for hym and lette serche hys woundys, and than he asked hym his name. And than he answerde and seyde,

'I am of the contrey of Lyones, and my name is Tramtryste, that was thus wounded in a batayle as I fought for a ladyes ryght.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Angwysh, 'ye shall have all the helpe in this londe that ye may have here. But in Cornwayle but late I had a grete losse as ever had kynge, for there I loste the beste knyght of the worlde. His name was sir Marhalte, a full noble knyght and knyght of the Table Rounde.'

And there he tolde sir Tramtryste wherefore sir Marhalte was slayne. So sir Tramtryste made sembelaunte as he had bene sory, and bettir he knew how hit was than the kynge.

5–6 *C* sende after alle 8 *C* was a ryght wyse lady 10–11 *C* but yf sire 24 syke *not in C* 26 and seyde *not in C* 31–32 *C* But I lete you wete in Cornewaile I had 35 *C* syr Trystrā 36 *C* Syr Trystram

Than the kynge for grete favour made Tramtryste to be (9)
put in his doughtyrs awarde and kepyng, because she was a
noble surgeon. And whan she had serched hym she founde
in the bottom of his wounde that therein was poyson, and so
she healed hym in a whyle. 5

And therefore sir Tramtryste kyste grete love to La Beale
Isode, for she was at that tyme the fayrest lady and maydyn
of the worlde. And there Tramtryste lerned hir to harpe
and she began to have a grete fantasy unto hym.

And at that tyme sir Palomydes ⌜the Sarasyn⌝ drew unto 10
La Beale Isode and profirde hir many gyfftys, for he loved
hir passyngly welle. All that aspyed Tramtryste, and full
well he knew Palomydes for a noble knyght and a myghty
man. And wete you well sir Tramtryste had grete despyte
at sir Palomydes, for La Beale Isode tolde Tramtryste that 15
Palomydes was in wyll to be crystynde for hir sake. Thus was
the[r] grete envy betwyxte Tramtryste and sir Palomydes.

Than hit befelle that kynge Angwysh lett cry a grete justis
and a grete turnemente for a lady that was called the lady of **156r**
the Laundys, and she was ny cosyn unto the kynge. And 20
what man wanne her, four dayes [after] sholde wedde hir
and have all hir londis. This cry was made in Ingelonde,
Walys, and Scotlonde, and also in Fraunce and in Bretayne.

So hit befelle uppon a day, La Beale Isode com unto
Tramtryste and tolde hym of this turnemente. He answerde 25
and sayde,

'Fayre lady, I am but a feeble knyght, and but late I had
bene dede, had nat your good ladyshyp bene. Now, fayre
lady, what wolde ye that I sholde do in this mater? Well ye
wote, my lady, that I may nat juste.' 30

'A, Tramtryste!' seyde La Beale Isode, 'why woll ye
nat have ado at that turnamente? For well I wote that sir
Palomydes woll be there and to do what he may. And
therefore, sir Tramtryste, I pray you for to be there, for
ellys sir Palomydes ys lyke to wynne the degré.' 35

'Madam, as for that, hit may be so, for he is a proved

2 *C* doughters ward 10 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 39r, col. 1*) c'estoit Palamedes, le bon chevalier sarrasin, qui onques n'avoit esté chrestien *C** sir Palamydes the sarasyn was in that countrey and wel cherysshed with the kynge and the quene And euery day syr Palamydes drewe 21 *C* thre dayes 33 *C* shall be

knyght and I am but a yonge knyght and late made, and the fyrste batayle that ever I ded hit myssehapped me to be sore wounded, as ye se. But and I wyste that ye wolde be my bettir lady, at that turnemente woll I be, on this covenaunte: so that ye woll kepe my counceyle and lette no creature have knowlech that I shall juste but yourself and suche as ye woll to kepe youre counceyle, my poure person shall [I] jouparté there for youre sake, that peradventure sir Palomydes shall know whan that I com.'

Thereto seyde La Beale Isode, 'Do your beste, and as I can,' seyde La Beale Isode, 'I shall purvey horse and armoure for you at my devyse.'

'As ye woll, so be hit,' seyde sir Tramtryste, 'I woll be at your commaundemente.'

So at the day of justys there cam sir Palomydes with a blacke shylde and he ovirthrew many knyghtes, that all people had mervayle; for he put to the warre sir Gawayne, 156v Gaherys, Aggravayne, Bagdemagus, Kay, Dodynas le Savyaige, Sagramour le Desyrous, Guvrete le Petyte, and Gryfflet le Fyse de Du—all thes the fyrste day sir Palomydes strake downe to the erthe. And than all maner of knyghtes were adrad of sir Palomydes, and many called hym the Knyght with the Blacke Shylde; so that [day] sir Palomydes had grete worshyp.

Than cam kynge Angwyshe unto Tramtryste and asked hym why he wolde nat juste.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I was but late hurte and as yett I dare nat aventure.'

Than there cam the same squyre that was sente frome the kynges doughter of Fraunce unto sir Tramtryste, and whan he had aspyed sir Trystrames he felle flatte to his feete. And that aspyed La Beale Isode, what curtesy the squyre made to Tramtryste. And therewithall suddeynly sir Trystrames ran unto the squyre—his name was called Ebes le Renownys—and prayde hym hartely in no wyse to telle his name.

2 ever *not in C* 4 on this covenaunte *not in C* 17 *C* merueylle of hym *C* putte to the werse 28 *C* auenture me 29 *C* came there 30 *C* syr Trystram 33 *C* unto syr Trystram 34–35 *C* his squyer whos name was Hebes (*S* Heles) le renoumes

'Sir,' seyde Hebes, 'I woll nat discovir your name but yf ye commaunde me.'

Than sir Trystramys asked hym what he dede in this (10) contreys.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I com hydir with sir Gawayne for to be 5 made knyght, and yf hit please you of your hondis that I may be made knyght.'

'Well, awayte on me as to-morne secretly, and in the fylde I shall make you knyght.'

Than had La Beale Isode grete suspeccion unto Tram- 10 tryste that he was som man of worshyp preved, and therewith she comforted herselfe and kyste more love unto hym, for well she demed he was som man of worshyp.

And so on the morne sir Palomydes made hym redy to com into the fylde, as he dud the fyrste day, and there he 15 smote downe the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and the Kynge of Scottis. Than had La Beale Isode ordayned and well arayde sir Tramtryste with whyght horse and whyght armys, and ryght so she lette put hym oute at a prevy postren, **157r** and he cam so into the felde as hit had bene a bryght angell. 20 And anone sir Palomydes aspyed hym, and therewith he feautred hys spere unto sir Trystramys and he agayne unto hym, and there sir Trystrams smote downe sir Palomydes unto the erthe.

And than there was a grete noyse of people: som seyde 25 sir Palomydes had a fall, som seyde the knyght with the blacke shylde hath a falle. And wete you well La Beale Isode was passyng gladde. And than sir Gawayne and his felowys nine had mervayle who hit myght be that had smytten downe sir Palomydes. Than wolde there none juste 30 with Tramtryste, but all that there were forsoke hym, moste and leste.

Than sir Trystramys made Hebes a knyght and caused to put hymself forth, and dud ryght well that day. So aftir that sir Hebes helde hym with sir Trystrams. 35

And whan sir Palomydes had reseyved hys falle, wete

3 *C* in those 8 Well *not in C*† 12–14 *C*† unto hym than she had done tofore And soo 18–19 *C*† in whyte hors and harneis And ryght 20 *C* & soo he came 27 *C* had a 29 *C* what knyghte it myght 33 *C* caused hym to 34–35 *C* after sir Hebes 36 *C* this falle

ye well that he was sore ashamed, and as prevayly as he myght he withdrew hym oute of the fylde. All that aspyed sir Tramtryste, and lyghtly he rode aftir sir Palomydes and overtoke hym and bade hym turne, for bettir he wolde assay hym or ever he departed. Than sir Palomydes turned hym and eythir laysshed at other with their swerdys; but at the fyrste stroke sir Trystrames smote downe sir Palomydes and gaff hym suche a stroke uppon the hede that he felle to the erthe.

So than sir Trystrams bade hym yelde hym and do his commaundemente, other ellis he wolde sle hym. Whan sir Palomydes behylde hys countenaunce he drad his buffettes so that he graunted all his askynges.

'Well,' seyde sir Tramtryste, 'this shall be youre charge: fyrst, uppon payne of youre lyff, that ye forsake my lady, 157v La Beale Isode, and in no maner of wyse that ye draw no more to hir; also, this twelve-monthe and a day that ye bere none armys nother none harneys of werre. Now promysse me this, othir here shalt thou dye.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for ever I am shamed!'

Than he sware as sir Trystrames had commaunded hym. So for dispyte and angir sir Palomydes kut of his harneyse and threw them awey.

And so sir Trystrames turned agayne to the castell where was La Beale Isode, and by the way he mette wyth a damesell that asked aftir sir Launcelot that wan the Dolorous Garde; and this damesell asked sir Trystrames what he was, for hit was tolde her that hit was he that smote downe sir Palamydes by whom the ten knyghtes of Arthures were smyttyn downe. Than the damesell prayde sir Trystrames to telle her what he was and whether that he were sir Launcelot du Lake, for she demed that there was no knyght in the worlde that myght do suche dedis of armys but yf hit were sir Launcelot.

'Wete you well that I am nat sir Launcelot, fayre damesell, for I was never of suche proues. But in God is all: He may make me as good a knyght as that good knyght sir Launcelot is.'

3 *C* syre Trystram 9 *C* badde yelde 13 *C*† said said sir Tristram 15 of *not in C* 15–16 *C* not to 17 *C* none armour 19 *C* ashamed 25 *C* gard worshipfully 31 *second* that *not in C* 33 *C* Fayre damoysel sayd syr Trystram wete ye well that I am not syr launcelot 34 *C* al that 35 *C* a knyght as the good 36 is *not in C*

'Now, jantyll knyght, put up thy vyser!'

And whan she behylde his vysage she thought she sawe never a bettir mannys vysayge nothir a bettir-farynge knyght. So whan the damesell knew sertaynly that he was nat sir Launcelot, than she toke hir leve and departed frome hym.

And than sir Trystrames rode prevayly unto the posterne where kepte hym La Beale Isode, and there she made hym grete chere and thanked God of his good spede.

So anone within a whyle the kynge and the quene and all the courte undirstood that hit was sir Tramtryste that smote downe sir Palamydes, and than was he muche made of, more than he was tofore. Thus was sir Tramtryste longe there well cherysshed with the kynge and wyth the quene, and namely with La Beale Isode. **158r** (11)

So uppon a day the quene and La Beale Isode made a bayne for sir Tramtryste, and whan he was in his bayne the quene and Isode, hir doughter, romed up and downe in the chambir the whyles Governayle and Hebes attendede uppon Tramtryste. The quene behelde his swerde as hit lay uppon his bedde, and than at unhappis the quene drew oute his swerde and behylde hit a long whyle. And bothe they thought hit a passynge fayre swerde, but within a foote and an halff of the poynte there was a grete pyese thereof outebrokyn of the edge. And whan the quene had aspyed the gappe in the swerde she remembirde hir of a pyese of a swerde that was founde in the braynne-panne of sir Marhalte that was hir brother.

'Alas!' than seyde she unto hir doughter La Beale Isode, 'this is the same traytoure knyght that slewe my brother, thyne eme.'

Whan Isode herde her sey so she was passynge sore abaysshed, for passynge well she loved Tramtryste and full well she knew the crewelnesse of hir modir the quene.

So anone therewithall the quene wente unto hir owne chambir and sought hir cofyr, and there she toke oute the pyese of the swerde that was pulde oute of sir Marhaltys brayne-panne aftir that he was dede. And than she ran wyth

1 *C* knyght said she 8 *C* good chere 9–10 and all the courte *not in C* 13 *C* and the quene 18 *C* and there whyles 20 *C* by vnhap 26–27 *C* Marhaus the good knyght that 36–37 *C* Marhaus hede after

that pyese of iron unto the swerde, ⌜and whanne she putte that pyese of stele and iron unto the swerde⌝ hit was as mete as hit myght be as whan hit was newe brokyn.

And than the quene gryped that swerde in hir honde fersely, and with all her myght she ran streyght uppon
158v Tramtryste where he sate in his bayne. And there she had ryved hym thorowe, had nat sir Hebes bene: he gate hir in his armys and pulde the swerde frome her, and ellys she had thriste hym thorowe. So whan she was lette of hir evyll wyll she ran to the kynge her husbonde and seyde,

'A, my lorde!' On hir kneys knelynge, she seyde, 'Here have ye in your house that traytoure knyght that slewe my brother and your servaunte, the noble knyght sir Marhalte!'

'Who is that?' seyde the kynge, 'and where is he?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'hit is sir Tramtryste, the same knyght that my doughter helyd.'

'Alas!' seyde the kynge, 'therefore I am ryght hevy, for he is a full noble knyght as ever I sawe in fylde. But I charge you,' seyde the kynge, 'that ye have nat ado with that knyght, but lette me dele with hym.'

Than the kynge wente into the chambir unto sir Tramtryste, and than was he gone unto his owne chambir, and the kynge founde hym all redy armed to mownte uppon his horse. So whan the kynge sawe hym all redy armed to go unto horsebacke, the kynge seyde,

'Nay, Tramtryste, hit woll nat avayle to compare ayenste me. But thus muche I shall do for my worshyp and for thy love: in so muche as thou arte wythin my courte, hit were no worship to sle the; therefore upon this conducion I woll gyff the leve for to departe frome this courte in savyté, so thou wolte telle me who was thy fadir and what is thy name, and also yf thou slewe sir Marhalte, my brother.'

(12) 'Sir,' seyde Tramtryste, 'now I shall tell you all the trouthe.

1–2 *C** swerd that laye vpon the bedde And whane she putte that pyece of stele and yron vnto the swerd hit was *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 43r, col. 2*) Et la royne si oeuvre son escrin et desvelope la piece de l'espee qui avoit esté trouvee en la teste du Morhoult, si lui adjoint, si y fut tout a point comment celle qui en avoit [esté] esgrunee a l'estendre [esteurdre ?] (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 3 *C* be whan 7 *C* Hebes goten her 9 *C* lettyd 10 *C* kynge Anguyssh 11–12 *C* sayde on her knees O my lorde here haue ye 14 *C* said kyng Anguysshe 19 *C* the kyng to the quene 22 owne *not in C* 26 *C* compare the 32 also *not in C*

My fadyrs name ys sir Melyodas, kyng of Lyonesse, and my modir hyght Elyzabeth, that was sister unto kynge Marke of Cornwayle. And my modir dyed of me in the foreste, and because thereof she commaunded or she dyed that whan I was crystened they sholde crystyn me Trystrames. And because I wolde nat be knowyn in this contrey I turned my name and let calle me Tramtryste. And for the trwage of Cornwayle I fought, for myne emys sake and for 159r the ryght of Cornwayle that ye had be possessed many yerys. And wete you well,' seyde sir Trystrames unto the kynge, 'I dud the batayle for the love of myne uncle kynge Marke and for the love of the contrey of Cornwayle, and for to encrece myne honoure: for that same day that I fought with sir Marhalte I was made knyght, and never or than dud I no batayle with no knyght. And fro me he wente alyve and leffte his shylde and his swerde behynde hym.'

'So God me helpe!' seyde the kynge, 'I may nat sey but ye dud as a knyght sholde do and as hit was youre parte to do for your quarell, and to encrece your worshyp as a knyght sholde do. Howbehit I may nat mayntayne you in this contrey with my worship but that I sholde displese many of my barownes and my wyff and my kynne.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I thanke you of your good lordeship that I have had within here with you, and the grete goodnesse my lady your doughter hath shewed me. And therefore,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'hit may so be that ye shall wynne more be my lyff than be my deth, for in the partyes of Ingelonde hit may happyn I may do you servyse at som season that ye shall be glad that ever ye shewed me your good lordshyp. Wyth more I promyse you, as I am trewe knyght, that in all placis I shall be my lady your doughtyrs servaunte and knyght in all ryght and in wronge, and I shall never fayle her to do as muche as a knyght may do. Also I beseche your good grace that I may take my leve at my lady youre doughter and at all the barownes and knyghtes.'

'I woll [well],' seyde the kynge.

5 *C* I were 9 *C* had posseded 16 hym *not in C* 18 *C* and it 18, 20 do *not in C* 21 *C* onles that many of *not in C* 22 *C* her kyn 24 *C* had with you here 26 *C* so happen that 32 all *not in C* 36 *W* woll woll *C* wille wel

Than sir Trystrames wente unto La Beale Isode and toke his leve. And than he tolde what he was, and how a lady tolde hym that he sholde never be hole 'untyll I cam into this contrey where the poyson was made, wherethorow I was nere my deth, had nat your ladyshyp bene.'

'A, janytll knyght!' seyde La Beale Isode, 'full wo I am
159v of thy departynge, for I saw never man that ever I ought so good wyll to,' and therewithall she wepte hertyly.

'Madam,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'ye shall undirstonde that my name ys sir Trystrames de Lyones, gotyn of a kynge and borne of a quene. And I promyse you faythfully, I shall be all the dayes of my lyff your knyght.'

'Gramercy,' seyde La Beale Isode, 'and I promyse you there agaynste I shall nat be maryed this seven yerys but by your assente, and whom that ye woll I shall be maryed to hym and he woll have me, if ye woll consente thereto.'

And than sir Trystrames gaff hir a rynge and she gaff hym another, and therewith he departed and com into the courte amonge all the barownes. And there he toke his leve at moste and leste, and opynly he seyde amonge them all,

'Fayre lordys, now hit is so that I muste departe. If there be ony man here that I have offended unto, or that ony man be with me greved, lette hym complayne hym here afore me or that ever I departe, and I shall amende hit unto my power. And yf there be ony man that woll proffir me wronge other sey me wronge, other shame me behynde my backe, sey hit now or ellys never, and here is my body to make hit good, body ayenste body!'

And all they stood stylle—there was nat one that wolde sey one worde. Yett were there som knyghtes that were of the quenys bloode and of sir Marhaltys blood, but they wolde nat meddyll wyth hym.

(13) So sir Trystramys departede and toke the see, and with good wynde he aryved up at Tyntagyll in Cornwayle. And

2 *C* leue of her *C** all what he was and how he had chaunged his name by cause he wold not be knowen & hou a lady 3 *C*† he þt shold neuer be hole tyl he cam 6 *C* O gentyl 10–11 *C* goten of kyng Melyodas and borne of his quene 15–16 *C* to whome that ye wille I shalle be maryed to hym wylle I haue and he wille haue me yf ye wil consente 18–19 *C** departed fro her leuynge her makynge grete dole and lamentacion and he streyghte wente vnto the Courte 23 *C* lete complayne hym 25 man *not in C* 26 *C* say of me *second* me *not in C*

whan kynge Marke was hole in hys prosperité there cam tydynges that sir Trystrames was aryved, and hole of his woundis. Thereof was kynge Marke passynge glad, and so were all the barownes.

And whan he saw hys tyme he rode unto his fadir, kynge Melyodas, and there he had all the chere that the kynge and the quene coude make hym. And than largely kynge Melyodas and his quene departed of their londys and goodys **160r** to sir Trystrames. Than by the lysence of his fadir he returned ayen unto the courte of kynge Marke.

And there he lyved longe in grete joy longe tyme, untyll at the laste there befelle a jolesy and an unkyndenesse betwyxte kyng Marke and sir Trystrames, for they loved bothe one lady, and she was an erlys wyff that hyght sir Segwarydes. And this lady loved sir Trystrames passyngly well, and he loved hir agayne, for she was a passynge fayre lady and that aspyed sir Trystrames well. Than kynge Marke undirstode that and was jeluse, for kynge Marke loved hir passyngly welle.

So hit befelle uppon a day, this lady sente a dwarff unto sir Trystrames and bade hym, as he loved hir, that he wolde be with hir the nexte nyght folowynge:

'Also she charged you that ye com nat to hir but yf ye be well armed.' For her lorde was called a good knyght.

Sir Trystrames answerde to the dwarff and seyde,

'Recommaunde me unto my lady and tell hir I woll nat fayle, but I shall be with her the terme that she hath sette me,' and therewith the dwarff departed.

And kyng Marke aspyed that the dwarff was with sir Trystrames uppon message frome Segwarydes wyff. Than kynge Marke sente for the dwarff, and whan he was comyn he made the dwarff by force to tell hym all why and wherefore that he cam on message to sir Trystrames, and than he tolde hym.

'Welle,' seyde kyng Marke, 'go where thou wolte, and uppon payne of deth that thou sey no worde that thou spake with me.'

5–6 *W* his fadir kynge Melyodas his fadir 9 *C* of Kyng Melyodas his 22 *C* nyȝt nexte 25 and seyde *not in C* 27 *C* I wille 28 *C* and with this ansuer the 33–35 *C* from† sire Tristram Now said kynge Marke

So the dwarff departed ⌜from the kynge⌝, and that same nyght that the steavyn was sette betwyxte Segwarydes wyff and sir Trystrames, so kynge Marke armed and made hym redy and toke two knyghtes of his counceyle with hym. And so he rode byfore for to abyde by the wayes for to wayte uppon sir Trystrames.

And as sir Trystrames cam rydynge uppon his way with
160v his speare in his hande, kynge Marke cam hurlynge uppon hym and hys two knyghtes suddeynly, and all three smote hym with their sperys, and kynge Marke hurt sir Trystrames on the breste ryght sore. And than sir Trystrames feautred his spere and smote kynge Marke so sore that he russhed hym to the erthe and brused hym, that he lay stylle in a sowne; and longe hit was or he myght welde hymselff. And than he ran to the one knyght and effte to the tothir, and smote hem to the colde erthe, that they lay stylle.

And there[with]all sir Trystrames rode forth sore wounded to the lady and founde hir abydynge hym at a postern, and
(14) there she welcommed hym fayre, and eyther halsed other in armys. And so she lette putt up his horse in the beste wyse, and than she unarmed hym, and so they soupede lyghtly and wente to bedde with grete joy and plesaunce. And so in hys ragynge he toke no kepe of his greve wounde that kynge Marke had gyffyn hym, and so sir Trystrames bledde bothe the over-shete and the neyther-sheete, and the pylowes and the hede-shete.

And within a whyle there cam one before, that warned her that hir lorde sir Segwarydes was nerehonde within a bowe-drawght. So she made sir Trystrames to aryse, and [so he] armed hym and toke his horse and so departed. So by than was sir Segwarydes, hir lorde, com, and whan he founde hys bedde troubled and brokyn he wente nere and loked by candyll-lyght and sawe that there had leyne a wounded knyght.

'A, false traytoures!' he seyde, 'why haste thou betrayde

1 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 45r, col. 1*) Atant se part le nain de la chambre du roy 5 *C* waye 8 *C* hurtlynge 9 *C* with his 12 *C* his vnkel kynge 14 *C* or euer he 23 *C*† grene wound 25 *C* bebled 25–26 *C* nether & pelowes 28 sir Segwarydes *not in C* 31 *C* was come segwarydes her lord and 32 *C* her bedde troubled & broken and wente nere and beheld it by *W* brokyn And so he wente

me?' And therewithall he swange oute a swerde and seyde, 'But yf thou telle me all ⌜who hath bene here⌝, now shalt thou dey!'

'A, my lorde, mercy!' seyde the lady, and helde up hir hondys, 'and sle me nat, and I shall tell you all who hath bene here.'

Than anone seyde Segwarydes, 'Sey and tell me the trouthe.'

Anone for drede she seyde,

'Here was sir Trystrames with me, and by the way, as he come to me-warde, he was sore wounded.' **161r**

'A, false traytoures! Where is he becom?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'he is armed and departed on horsebacke nat yett hens halff a myle.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde Segwarydes.

Than he armed hym lyghtly and gate his horse and rode aftir sir Trystrames the streyght wey unto Tyntagyll, and within a whyle he overtoke sir Trystrams. And than he [b]ade hym 'turne, false traytoure knyght!' And therewithall Segwarydes smote sir Trystrames with a speare, that hit all to-braste, and than he swange oute hys swerde and smote faste at sir Trystrames.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I counceyle you smyte no more! Howbehit for the wrongys that I have done you I woll forbere you as longe as I may.'

'Nay,' seyde Segwarydes, 'that shall nat be, for other thou shalt dye othir ellys I.'

Than sir Trystrames drew oute his swerde and hurled his horse unto hym freysshely, and thorow the waste of the body he smote sir Segwarydes, that he felle to the erthe in sowne.

And so sir Trystrames departed and leffte hym there. And so he rode unto Tyntagyll and toke hys lodgynge secretely, for he wolde nat be know that he was hurte. Also sir Segwarydes men rode aftir theire master and brought

2 *W* me all now *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 45r, col. 2*) 'Dites moy qui il est' 5 *C* handes sayeng slee 7–8 *C* Telle anone said segwarydes to me alle the trouthe 12 *C* traitresse said segwarides 17 *C* Tristram that rode streyght 18–19 *W* he made hym 19 *C** Knyghte and syr Tristram anon torned hym ageynst hym And 28 *C* hurtled 29 *C* fyersly 35 *C** maister whome they fond lyenge in the feld sore wounded and

hym home on his shylde; and there he lay longe or he were hole, but at the laste he recoverde.

Also kynge Marke wolde nat be a-knowyn of that he had done unto sir Trystramys whan he mette that nyght; and as for sir Trystramys, he knew nat that kynge Marke had mette with hym. And so the kynge com ascawnce to sir Trystrames to comforte hym as he lay syke in his bedde. But as longe as kynge Marke lyved he loved never aftir sir Trystramys. So aftir that, thoughe there were fayre speche, love was there none.

And thus hit paste on many wykes and dayes, and all was forgyffyn and forgetyn, for sir Segwarydes durste nat have
161v ado with sir Trystrames because of his noble proues, and also because he was nevew unto kynge Marke. Therefore he lette hit overslyppe, for he that hath a prevy hurte is loth to have a shame outewarde.

(15) Than hit befelle uppon a day that the good knyghte sir Bleoberys de Ganys, brother unto sir Blamore de Ganys and nye cosyne unto the good knyght syr Launcelot de Lake, so this sir Bleoberys cam unto the courte of kyng Marke, and there he asked kynge Marke to gyff hym a bone, 'what gyffte that I woll aske in this courte'.

Whan the kynge herde hym aske so he mervayled of his askynge, but bycause he was a knyght of the Round Table and of a grete renowne, kynge Marke graunted hym his hole askynge. Than seyde sir Bleoberys,

'I woll have the fayreste lady in your courte that me lyste to chose.'

'I may nat say nay,' seyde kynge Marke. 'Now chose hir at your adventure.'

And so sir Bleoberys dud chose sir Segwarydes wyff, and toke hir by the honde, and so he wente his way with her. And so he toke his horse, and made sette her behynde his squyer and rode uppon hys way.

Whan sir Segwarydes herde telle that his lady was gone with a knyght of kynge Arthures courte, than he armed

3–4 *C* of that sir Tristram and he hadde mette 6 *W* com ascawnce com *C* kynges astaunce† (*see note*) 8–9 *C* neuer sire Trystram after that though 9 *C* there was 11 on *not in C* 21 *C* of kynge Marke 22 *C* that he wold aske in his courte 29 hir *not in C* 33 *C* gart sette

hym and rode after that knyght to rescow his lady. So whan sir Bleoberys was gone with this lady kynge Marke and alle the courte was wroth that she was had away.

Than were there sertayne ladyes that knew that there was grete love betwene sir Trystrames and her, and also that lady loved sir Trystrames abovyn all othyr knyghtes. Than there was one lady that rebuked sir Trystrams in the horrybelyst wyse, and called hym cowarde knyght, that he wolde for shame of hys knyghthode to se a lady so shamefully takyn away fro his uncklys courte; but she mente that eythir of hem loved other with entyre herte. But sir Trystrames **162r** answered her thus:

'Fayre lady, hit is nat my parte to have ado in suche maters whyle her lorde and husbonde ys presente here. And yf so be that hir lorde had nat bene here in this courte, than for the worshyp of this courte peraventure I wold have bene hir champyon. And yf so be sir Segwarydes spede nat well, hit may happyn that I woll speke with that good knyght or ever he passe far fro this contrey.'

Than within a whyle com sir Segwarydes squyres and tolde in the [courte that] theyre master was betyn sore and wounded at the poynte of deth: as he wolde have rescowed his lady, sir Bleoberys overthrewe hym and sore hath wounded hym. Than was kynge Marke hevy thereof and all the courte. Whan sir Trystrames herde of this he was ashamed and sore agreved, and anone he armed hym and yeode to horsebacke, and Governayle, his servaunte, bare his shylde and his spere.

And so as syr Trystrames rode faste he mette with sir Andret, his cosyn, that by the commaundement of kynge Marke was sente to brynge forth two knyghtes of Arthures courte that rode by the contrey to seke their adventures. Whan sir Trystrames sawe sir Andret he asked hym,

'What tydynges?'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Andret, 'there was never worse with me, for here by the commaundemente of kynge

3 *C* was awey 9 to *not in C* 10 *C* be taken 14–15 *C* And yf hit hadde ben that 20 *C* one of sir 21 *C** court that sir segwarides was 22 *C* to the poynte 26–27 *C* And thenne was he soone armed and on horsbak 31 *W* Marke that was *C* forth & ever it laye in his power ii knyghtes

Marke I was sente to fecche two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte, and the tone bete me and wounded me and sette nought be my messayge.'

'Fayre cosyn,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'ryde on your way, and yf I may mete them hit may happyn I shall revenge you.'

So sir Andret rode into Cornwayle and sir Trystrames rode aftir the two knyghtes, whyche that one hyght sir Sagramoure le Desyrous and that othir hyght sir Dodynas le Sa-
162v (16) vyayge. So within a whyle sir Trystrames saw hem byfore hym, two lykly knyghtys.

'Sir,' seyde Governayle unto his maystir, 'I wolde counceyle you nat to have ado with hem, for they be two proved knyghtes of Arthures courte.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'have ye no doute but I woll have ado with them bothe to encrece my worshyp, for hit is many day sytthen I dud any armys.'

'Do as ye lyste,' seyde Governayle.

And therewythall anone sir Trystrames asked them from whens they come and whothir they wolde, and what they dud in those marchis. So sir Sagramoure loked uppon sir Trystrames and had scorne of his wordys, and seyde to hym agayne,

'Sir, be ye a knyght of Cornwayle?'

'Whereby askyste thou?' seyde sir Trystrames.

'For hit is seldom seyne,' seyde sir Sagramoure, 'that ye Cornysshe knyghtes bene valyaunte men in armys, for within thes two owres there mette with us one of your Cornysshe knyghtes, and grete wordys he spake, and anone with lytyll myght he was leyde to the erthe. And as I trow,' seyde sir Sagramoure, 'that ye wolde have the same hansell.'

'Fayre lordys,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'hit may so happe that I may bettir wythstonde you than he ded, and whether ye woll or nylle, I woll have ado with you, because he was my cosyn that ye bete. And therefore here do your beste! And wete you well: but yf ye quyte you the bettir here uppon this grounde, one knyght of Cornwayle shall beate you bothe.'

7 *C* the whiche one 11 *C* maister sir I 15 bothe *not in C* 16 *C** ony dedes of armes 21–23 *C* & asked hym ageyne Fair knyghte be ye 26 *C* of armes 27 *C* of you 30 Sagramore ye shal haue the same handsel that he hadde 32 you *not in C*

Whan sir Dodynas le Savyaige herde hym sey so he gate a speare in hys honde and seyde, 'Sir knyght, kepe thyselff!' And than they departed and com togydirs as hit had bene thundir. And sir Dodynas spere braste in sundir, but sir Trystrames smote hym with a more myght, that he smote hym clene over the horse croupyr, and nyghe he had brokyn his necke.

Whan sir Sagramoure saw hys felow have suche a falle he mervayled what knyght he was, but so he dressed his speare **163r** with all his myght, and sir Trystrames ayenste hym, and so they cam togydir as thundir. And there sir Trystrames smote sir Sagramour a stronge buffette, that he bare hys horse and hym to the erthe, and in the fallynge he brake his thyghe.

So whan this was done sir Trystrames asked them,

'Fayre knyghtes, wyll ye ony more? Be there ony bygger knyghtys in the courte of kynge Arthure? Hit is to you shame to sey us knyghtes of Cornwayle dishonour, for hit may happyn a Cornysh knyght may macche you.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Sagramoure, 'that have we well proved. But I requyre you,' seyde sir Sagramour, 'telle us your name, be your feyth and trouthe that ye owghe to the Hyghe Order of Knyghthode.'

'Ye charge me with a grete thynge,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'and sytthyn ye lyste to wete, ye shall know and undirstonde that my name ys sir Trystrames de Lyones, kynge Melyodas son, and nevew unto kynge Marke.'

Than were they two knyghtes fayne that they had mette with sir Trystrames, and so they prayde hym to abyde in their felyshyp.

'Nay,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'for I muste have ado wyth one of your felawys. His name is sir Bleoberys de Ganys.'

'God spede you well,' seyde sir Sagramoure and sir Dodynas.

So sir Trystrames departed and rode onwarde on his way. And than was he ware before hym in a valay where rode sir Bleoberys wyth sir Segwarydes lady that rode behynde his squyre uppon a palfrey.

2 kepe *not in C*† 9 *C* he myght be 16 *C* no bygger 18 *C* say of vs
22 *C* your ryght name by the feythe 25 wete hit

(17) Than sir Trystrames rode more than a pace untyll that he had overtake hym. Than spake sir Trystrames:

'Abyde', he seyde, 'knyght of Arthures courte! Brynge agayne that lady or delyver hir to me!'

5 'I woll do neyther nother,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'for I drede no Cornysshe knyght so sore that me lyste to delyver her.'

'Why,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'may nat a Cornysshe knyght do as well as another knyght? Yes, this same day two 163v knyghtes of youre courte wythin this three myle mette with 10 me, and or ever we departed they founde a Cornysshe knyght good inowe for them bothe.'

'What were their namys?' seyde sir Bleobrys.

'Sir, they tolde me that one hyght sir Sagramoure le Desyrous and that other hyght sir Dodynas le Saveayge.'

15 'A,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'have ye mette with them? So God me helpe, they were two good knyghtes and men of grete worshyp, and yf ye have betyn them bothe ye muste nedis be a good knyght. Yf hit be so ye have beatyn them bothe, yet shall ye nat feare me, but ye shall beate me or ever 20 ye have this lady.'

'Than defende you!' seyde sir Trystrames.

So they departed and com togydir lyke thundir, and eyther bare other downe, horse and man, to the erthe. Than they avoyded their horsys and lasshed togydyrs egerly with 25 swerdys and myghtyly, now here now there, trasyng and traversynge on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde more than two owres. And somtyme they rowysshed togydir with suche a myght that they lay bothe grovelynge on the erthe. Than sir Bleoberys de Ganys sterte abacke and seyde 30 thus:

'Now, jantyll knyght, a whyle holde your hondes and let us speke togydyrs.'

'Sey on what ye woll,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'and I woll answere you and I can.'

35 'Sir,' seyde Bleoberys, 'I wolde wete of whens ye were and of whom ye be com and what is your name.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I feare nat to

5 nother *not in C* 8 Yes *not in C* 12–13 *C* Bleoberis they told me said syr Trystram that one of them hyght 23 *C* hors and alle 25 here now there *not in C*† 28–29 *C* on the gro und 33 on *not in C* 34 and I can *not in C*

telle you my name. Wete you well, I am kynge Melyodas son, and my mother is kynge Markys sistir, and my name is sir Trystrames de Lyones, and kynge Marke ys myne uncle.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'I am ryght glad of you, for ye ar he that slewe [Marhalte] the knyght honde for honde in the ilonde for the trwayge of Cornwayle. Also ye overcom sir Palomydes, the good knyght, at the turnemente in Irelonde where he bete sir Gawayne and his nine felowys.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'wete you well I am the same knyght. Now I have tolde you my name, telle me yourys.' 164r

'With good wyll. [Wete ye well] that my name is sir Bleoberys de Ganys, and my brother hyght sir Blamoure de Ganys that is callyd a good knyght, and we be sistyrs chyldyrn unto my lorde sir Launcelot de Lake that we calle one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'sir Launcelot ys called pereles of curtesy and of knyghthode, and for his sake,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'I wyll nat with my good wylle feyght no more with you, for the grete love I have to sir Launcelot.'

'In good feyth,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'as for me, I wold be loth to fyght with you, but sytthen ye folow me here to have thys lady I shall proffir you kyndenes and curtesy ryght here uppon this grounde. Thys lady shall be sette betwyxte us bothe, and who that she woll go unto of you and me, lette hym have hir in pees.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'for as I deme she woll leve you and com to me.'

'Ye shall preve anone,' seyde sir Bleoberys.

So whan she was sette betwyxte them she seyde thes (18) wordys unto sir Trystrames:

'Wete thou well, sir Trystrames de Lyones, that but late thou was the man in the worlde that I moste loved and trusted, and I wente ye had loved me agayne above all ladyes. But whan thou sawyste this knyght lede me away

6 *C** slewe marhaus the knyght 8–9 *C*† turnement in an Iland 9 *C* where ye† bete (*see note*) 25 *C* kyndenys curtosy and gentilnes 26 sette *not in C*† 27 *C* to whome that she wille go lete 31 *C* preue hit anone

thou madist no chere to rescow me, but suffirdyst my lorde sir Segwarydes to ryde after me. But untyll that tyme I wente ye had loved me. And therefore now I forsake the and never to love the more.'

And therewithall she wente unto sir Bleoberys. Whan sir Trystrames saw her do so he was wondirly wroth with that lady and ashamed to come to the courte. But sir Bleoberys seyde unto sir Trystrames,

'Ye ar in the blame, for I hyre by this ladyes wordis that she trusted you abovyn all erthely knyghtes, and, as she seyth, ye have dysseyved hir. Therefore wete you well, there may
164v no man holde that woll away, and rathir than ye sholde hertely be displesed with me, I wolde ye had her, and she wolde abyde with you.'

'Nay,' seyde the lady, 'so Jesu me helpe, I woll never go wyth hym, f[or] he that I loved and wente that he had loved me forsoke me at my nede. And therefore, sir Trystrames,' she seyde, 'ryde as thou com, for though thou haddyste overcom this knyght as thou were lykly, with the never wolde I have gone. And I shall pray thys knyght so fayre of his knyghthode that or evir he passe thys contrey that he woll lede me to the abbey there my lorde sir Segwarydes lyggys.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'I latte you wete this, good knyght sir Trystrames: because kynge Marke gaff me the choyse of a gyffte in this courte, and so this lady lyked me beste—natwythstondynge she is wedded and hath a lorde—and I have also fulfylled my queste, she shall be sente unto hir husbande agayne, and in especiall moste for your sake, sir Trystrames. And she wolde go with you, I wolde ye had her.'

'I thanke you,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'but for her sake I shall beware what maner of lady I shall love or truste. For had her lorde sir Segwarydes bene away from the courte, I sholde have bene the fyrste that sholde a folowed you. But syth ye have refused me, as I am a trew knyght, I shall know hir passyngly well that I shall love other truste.'

3–4 *C* I wille leue the and neuer loue 7–10 *C* courte sir Tristram said sir Bleoberys ye ar in the defaute for I here by these ladyes wordes she before this day trusted 15 *C* so god me help 16–17 *C*† I loued most I wende he had loued me And therfore 24 *W* that this (*not in C*) 27 *C* I haue fulfylled 29 *C* And yf 31 *C* but for her loue 35–36 *C* her knowe (*see note*)

And so they toke their leve and departed, and so sir Trystrames rode unto Tyntagyll, and sir Bleoberys rode unto the abbey where sir Segwarydes lay sore wounded, and there he delyverde his lady and departed as a noble knyght.

So whan sir Segwarydes saw his lady he was gretly comforted; and than she tolde hym that sir Trystrames had done grete batayle with sir Bleoberys and caused hym to bryng her agayne. So that wordis pleased sir Segwarydes gretly, that sir Trystrames wolde do so muche; and so that lady tolde all **165r** the batayle unto kynge Marke betwexte sir Trystramys and sir Bleoberys.

So whan this was done kynge Marke caste all the wayes (19) that he myght to dystroy sir Trystrames, and than imagened in hymselff to sende sir Trystramys into Irelonde for La Beale Isode. For sir Trystrames had so preysed her for hir beauté and hir goodnesse that kynge Marke seyde he wolde wedde hir; whereuppon he prayde sir Trystramys to take his way into Irelonde for hym on message. And all this was done to the entente to sle sir Trystramys. Natwithstondynge he wolde nat refuse the messayge for no daunger nother perell that myght falle, for the pleasure of his uncle. So to go he made hym redy in the moste goodlyest wyse that myght be devysed, for he toke with hym the moste goodlyeste knyghtes that he myght fynde in the courte, and they were arayed aftir the gyse that was used that tyme in the moste goodlyeste maner.

So sir Trystrames departed and toke the see with all his felyshyp. And anone as he was in the see a tempeste toke them and drove them into the coste of Ingelonde. And there they aryved faste by Camelot, and full fayne they were to take the londe. And whan they were londed sir Trystrames sette up his pavylyon uppon the londe of Camelot, and there he lete hange his shylde uppon the pavylyon.

And that same day cam two knyghtes of kynge Arthures: that one was sir Ector de Marys, and that other was sir

1 *C* leue one fro thother and 8 *C* ageyne These wordes pleasyd sir segwarydes ryght wel that 12–13 *C** cast alweyes in his hert how he myght *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 49v, col. 2*) en nulle maniere 17–18 *W* to take this† way *C* to take his* wey 25–26 *C* was thenne vsed in the goodlyest maner 28 *C* the brode see 28–29 *C* toke hym and his felauship and drofe them bak in to 35 that other was *not in C*†

Morganoure. And thes two touched the shylde and bade hym com oute of the pavylyon for to juste and he wolde.

'Anone ye shall be answeryd,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'and ye woll tary a lytyll whyle.'

So he made hym redy, and fyrste he smote downe sir Ector and than sir Morganoure, all with one speare, and sore brused them. And whan they lay uppon the erthe they 165v asked sir Trystramys what he was and of what contrey he was knyght.

'Fayre lordis,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'wete you well that I am of Cornwayle.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Ector, 'now am I ashamed that ever ony Cornysshe knyght sholde overcom me!' And than for dispyte sir Ector put of his armoure fro hym and wente on foot and wolde nat ryde.

(20) Than hit befelle that sir Bleoberys and sir Blamour de Ganys that were brethyrn, they had assomned kynge Angwysshe of Irelonde for to com to kynge Arthurs courte uppon payne of forfeture of kyng Arthurs good grace; and yf the kynge of Irelonde come nat into that day assygned and sette, the kynge sholde lose his londys.

So by kynge Arthure hit was happened that day that nother he neythir sir Launcelot myght nat be there where the jugemente sholde be yevyn, for kynge Arthure was with sir Launcelot at Joyous Garde. And so kynge Arthure assygned kynge Carados and the Kynge of Scottis to be there that day as juges.

So whan thes kynges were at Camelot kynge Angwysshe of Irelonde was com to know hys accusers. Than was sir Blamour de Ganys there that appeled the kynge of Irelonde of treson, that he had slayne a cosyn of thers in his courte in Irelonde by treson. Than the kynge was sore abaysshed of his accusacion for why he was at the sommons of kyng Arthure, and or that he com at Camelot he wyste nat wherefore he was sente fore.

So whan the kynge herde hym sey his wyll he undirstood

1 *C* And they touched 6 *C* Ector de marys and after he smote doune sir 20 *C* in at the 22–23 *C* So by hit happened that at the day assigned kyng Arthur neither 23–24 *C* there for to gyue the Iugement for kynge Arthur 25 *C* the castel ioyous 31 *C* of his 35 *C* sente after 36 *C* herd sir Blamor saye

well there was none other remedy but to answere hym knyghtly. For the custom was suche tho dayes that and ony man were appealed of ony treson othir of murthure he sholde fyght body for body, other ellys to fynde another knyght for hym. And alle maner of murthers in tho dayes were called treson. 5

So whan kynge Angwysshe undirstood his accusyng he **166r** was passynge hevy, for he knew sir Blamoure de Ganys that he was a noble knyght, and of noble knyghtes comyn. So the kynge of Irelonde was but symply purveyede of his answere. Therefore the juges gaff hym respyte by the thirde day to 10 gyff his answere. So the kynge departed unto his lodgynge.

The meanewhyle there com a lady by sir Trystrames pavylyon makynge grete dole.

'What aylyth you,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'that ye make suche dole?' 15

'A, fayre knyght!' seyde the lady, 'I am shamed onles that som good knyght helpe me, for a grete lady of worshyp sent by me a fayre chylde and a ryche unto sir Launcelot, and hereby there mette with me a knyght and threw me downe of my palfrey and toke away the chylde frome me.' 20

'Well, my lady,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'and for my lorde sir Launcelotes sake I shall gete you that chylde agayne, othir he shall beate me.'

And so sir Trystramys toke his horse and asked the lady whyche way the knyght yoode. Anone she tolde hym, and he 25 rode aftir. So within a whyle he overtoke that knyght and bade hym turne and brynge agayne the chylde.

Anone the knyght turned his horse and made hym redy (21) to fyght, and than sir Trystramys smote hym with a swerde such a buffet that he tumbled to the erthe, and than he yelded 30 hym unto sir Trystramys.

'Than com thy way,' seyde syr Trystrames, 'and brynge the chylde to the lady agayne!'

So he toke his horse weykely and rode wyth sir Trystrames, and so by the way he asked his name. 35

9 but *not in C* 12 *Wh* mean whyle *P* meane whyle 18 *C* launcelot du lake 20 *Wh* palfray *P* palfroy 22–23 *C* ageyne or els I shalle be beten for hit 25 *C* knyght rode And thenne she 26 *C* after hym 26–27 *C* and thenne syr Tristram badde 27 *Wh* hym corne *P* hym torne *C* gyue ageyne 28 *Wh* Capitulum xi *P* Capitulum xxii 28 *C* he made 35 *C* waye syr Trystram asked

'Sir,' he seyde, 'my name is Breunys Sanze Pyté.'

So whan he had delyverde that chylde to the lady [he seyde],

'Sir, as in this the chylde is well remedyed.'

166v 5 Than sir Trystramys lete hym go agayne, that sore repented hym aftir, for he was a grete foo unto many good knyghtes of kyng Arthures courte.

Than whan sir Trystrames was in his pavylyon Governayle, his man com and tolde hym how that kynge Angwysh 10 of Irelonde was com thydir, and he was in grete dystresse; and there he tolde hym how he was somned and appeled of murthur.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'this is the beste tydynges that ever com to me this seven yere, for now shall 15 the kynge of Irelonde have nede of my helpe. For I dere say there is no knyght in this contrey that is nat in Arthures courte that dare do batayle wyth sir Blamoure de Ganys. And for to wynne the love of the kynge of Irelonde I woll take the batayle uppon me. And therefore, Governayle, bere 20 me this worde, I charge the, to the kynge.'

Than Governayle wente unto kynge Angwyshe of Irelonde and salewed hym full fayre. So the kynge welcommed hym and asked what he wolde.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'here is a knyght nerehonde that desyryth 25 to speke wyth you, for he bade me sey that he wolde do you servyse.'

'What knyght is he?' seyde the kynge.

'Sir, hit [is] sir Trystrames de Lyones, that for the good grace ye shewed hym in your londys he woll rewarde [you] 30 in thys contreys.'

'Com on, felow,' seyde the kynge, 'with me anone, and brynge me unto sir Trystramys.'

So the kynge toke a lytyll hackeney and but fewe felyshyp with hym tyll that he cam unto sir Trystramys pavylyon. 35 And whan sir Trystrames saw the kynge he ran unto hym

1 *C* Thenne he said *P* saunce pyte *Wh* saunte pyte 2–3 *C** lady he said 6 *Wh* reyentyd 10 *C* was putte in 11 *C* there gouernaile told sir Trystram how kynge anguysshe was 16 *C* of arthurs 19–20 *C*† brynge me I charge the to the kyng 22 *Wh* sal wed 23 *C* asked hym what 24 *C* saide Gouernaile 28 *C* syr he said hit is *P* du lyonas *Wh* du fyonas *C* your good 32 *C* shewe me unto

and wolde have holdyn his styrope, but the kynge lepe frome his horse lyghtly, and eythir halsed othir in armys.

'My gracious lorde,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'grauntemercy of your grete goodnesse that ye shewed me in your marchys and landys! And at that tyme I promysed you to do you servyse and ever hit lay in my power.' 167r

'A, jantyll knyght,' seyde the kynge unto sir Trystrames, 'now have I grete nede of you, never had I so grete nede of no knyghtys helpe.'

'How so, my good lorde?' seyde sir Trystramys.

'I shall tyll you,' seyde the kynge. 'I am assumned and appeled fro my contrey for the deth of a knyght that was kynne unto the good knyght sir Launcelot, wherefore sir Blamour de Ganys, sir Bleoberys his brother, hath appeled me to fyght wyth hym other for to fynde a knyght in my stede. And well I wote,' seyde the kynge, 'thes that ar comyn of kynge Banys bloode, as sir Launcelot and thes othir, ar passynge good harde knyghtes and harde men for to wynne in batayle as ony that I know now lyvyng.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'for the good lordeshyp ye shewed unto me in Irelonde and for my lady youre doughtirs sake, La Beale Isode, I woll take the batayle for you uppon this conducion, that ye shall graunte me two thynges: one is that ye shall swere unto me that ye ar in the ryght and that ye were never consentynge to the knyghtis deth. Sir,' than seyde sir Trystramys, 'whan I have done this batayle, yf God gyff me grace to spede, that ye shall gyff me a rewarde what thynge resonable that I woll aske you.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde the kynge, 'ye shall have whatsomever ye woll.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'now make your (22) answere that your champyon is redy, for I shall dye in your quarell rathir than to be recreaunte.'

'I have no doute of you,' seyde the kynge, 'that and ye sholde have ado with sir Launcelot de Lake.'

5–6 *C* doo my seruyse 7 *C*† & gentyl 14 *W* Ganys and sir Bleoberys his *C** Blamor de ganys broder to sir Bleoberys *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 51v, col. 2*) l'un d'eux qui avoit nom Blanor et estoit frere Blioberis 18 *C* good knyghtes 23 *C* thynges that one 24 and *not in C* 27 *C* grace that I spede 28 *C* of you 30–31 *C* ye will aske It is wel said said 33 *Wh* racreaunt *P* recreaunt 35–p. 408, l. 1 *C* lake Syr said sir Tristram as for sire Launcelot he

'As for sir Launcelot, he is called the noblyst of the worlde of knyghtes, and wete you well that the knyghtes of
167v hys bloode ar noble men and drede shame. And as for sir Bleoberys, brother unto sir Blamour, I have done batayle wyth
5 hym; therefore, uppon my hede, hit is no shame to calle hym a good knyght.'

'Sir, hit is noysed,' seyde the kynge, 'that sir Blamour is the hardyer knyght.'

'As for that, lat hym be! He shall nat be refused and he
10 were the beste knyght that beryth shylde or spere.'

So kynge Angwysh departed unto kyng Carados and the kynges that were that tyme as juges, and tolde them how that he had founde his champyon redy. Than by the commaundementes of the kynges sir Blamour de Ganys and sir Trys-
15 tramys de Lyones were sente fore to hyre their charge, and whan they were com before the juges there were many kynges and knyghtes that behylde sir Trystrames and muche speche they had of hym, because he slew sir Marhalte the good knyght and because he forjusted sir Palomydes the good knyght.

20 So whan they had takyn their charge they withdrew hem to make hem redy to do batayle. Than seyde sir Bleoberys to his brother sir Blamoure,

'Fayre dere brother,' seyde he, 'remembir of what kynne we be com of, and what a man is sir Launcelot de Lake,
25 nother farther ne nere but brethyrne chyldirne. And there was never none of oure kynne that ever was shamed in batayle, but rathir, brothir, suffir deth than to be shamed!'

'Brothir,' seyde sir Blamour, 'have ye no doute of me, for I shall never shame none of my bloode. Howbe[it] I am
30 sure that yondir knyght ys called a passynge good knyght as of his tyme as ony in the worlde, yett shall I never yelde me nother sey the lothe worde. Well may he happyn to smyte me downe with his grete myght of chevalry, but rather shall he sle me than I shall yelde me recreaunte.'

168r 35 'God spede you well,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'for ye shall fynde hym the myghtyest knyght that ever ye had ado withall: I knowe hym, for I have had ado with hym.'

2 *Wh* worlde And *P* world And 9 *C* sire as 9–10 *C* as he were
23 seyde he *not in C* 27 *C* rather suffre deth broder 31 *C*† his tyme one of the
34 *C* as recreaunt 37 *C* for I knowe

'God me spede!' seyde sir Blamour.

And therewith he toke his horse at the one ende of the lystes, and sir Trystramys at the othir ende of the lystes, and so they feautred their sperys and com togedyrs as hit had be thundir, and there sir Trystrames thorow grete myght smote doune sir Blamour and his horse to the erthe.

Than anone sir Blamour avoyded his horse and pulled oute his swerde and toke his shylde before hym and bade sir Trystrames alyght, 'for thoughe my horse hath fayled, I truste to God the erthe woll nat fayle me!'

And than sir Trystrames alyght and dressed hym unto batayle, and there they laysshed togedir strongely, rasynge, foynynge and daysshynge many sad strokes, that the kynges and knyghtes had grete wondir that they myght stonde, for they evir fought lyke woode men. There was never seyne of two knyghtes that fought more ferselyer, for sir Blamour was so hasty he wolde have no reste, that all men wondirde that they had brethe to stonde on their feete, that all the place was bloodé that they fought in. And at the laste sir Trystramys smote sir Blamour suche a buffette uppon the helme that he there synked downe uppon his syde, and sir Trystramys stood stylle and behylde hym.

So whan sir Blamour myght speke he seyde thus: (23)

'Sir Trystrames de Lyones, I requyre the, as thou art a noble knyght and the beste knyght that ever I founde, that thou wolt sle me oute, for I wolde nat lyve to be made lorde of all the erthe; for I had lever dye here with worshyp than lyve here with shame. And nedis, sir Trystrames, thou muste sle me, other ellys thou shalt never wynne the fylde, **168v** for I woll never sey the lothe worde. And therefore, yf [thou] dare sle me, sle me, I requyre the!'

Whan sir Trystrames herde hym sey so knyghtly, in his herte he wyste nat what to do with hym. Remembryng hym of bothe partyes, of what bloode he was commyn of, and for sir Launcelottis sake, he wolde be loth to sle hym; and in

9 *C* and threwe his 10 *C* an hors 13–14 *C* strongly as racyng and tracyng foynynge 16–17 *C* neuer knyghtes sene fyghte more fyersly than they dyd 22 *C* there felle doune 23 stylle *not in C* 28 *C* I haue 28, 29 here *not in C* 33–34 in his herte *not in C* 34 *C* he remembryng

the other party, in no wyse he myght nat chose but to make hym sey the lothe worde, othir ellys to sle hym.

Than sir Trystrames sterte abacke and wente to the kynges that were juges, and there he kneled downe tofore them and besought them of their worshyppis, and for kynge Arthurs love and for sir Launcellottis sake, that they wolde take this mater in their hondis.

'For, my fayre lordys,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'hit were shame and pyté that this noble knyght that yondir lyeth sholde be slayne, for ye hyre well, shamed woll he nat be. And I pray to God that he never be slayne nother shamed for me. And as for the kynge whom I fyght fore, I shall requyre hym, as I am hys trew champyon and trew knyght in this fylde, that he woll have mercy uppon this knyght.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde kyng Angwyshe, 'I woll for your sake, sir Trystrames, be ruled as ye woll have me, and I woll hartely pray the kynges that be here juges to take hit in there hondys.'

Than the kynges that were juges called sir Bleoberys to them and asked his advyce.

'My lordys,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'thoughe my brother be beatyn and have the worse thorow myght of armys in his body, [I dare sey, though sir Trystrames hath beatyn his body], he hath nat beatyn his harte, and thanke God he is nat shamed this day; and rathir than he be shamed I requyre you,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'lat sir Trystrames sle hym oute.'

'Hit shall nat be so,' seyde the kynges, 'for his parte his adversary, both the kynge and the champyon, have pyté on sir Blamoure his knyghthode.'

'My lordys,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'I woll ryght as ye woll.'

169r Than the kynges called the kynge of Irelonde and founde hym goodly and tretable, and than by all their advyces sir Trystrames and sir Bleoberys toke up sir Blamoure, and the

1 *C* but that he must take 2 *C* to saye 6 love *not in C* 16–17 *C** me For I knowe you for my true knyghte And therfore I wylle 17 *C* as Iuges 22–24 *W* have the worse in his body thorow myght of armys he hath nat beatyn his harte *C* hath the wers thorou myghte of armes I dare saye though syre Trystram hath beten his body he hath not beten his herte and I thanke (*see note*) 27–28 *C* his parte aduersary 28–29 *C* pyte of syre Blamors knyghthode 30 *C* ryght wel as

two bretherne were made accorded wyth kynge Angwyshe and kyssed togydir and made frendys for ever.

And than sir Blamoure and sir Trystrames kyssed togedirs, and there they made their othis that they wolde never none of them two brethirne fyght wyth sir Trystrames, and sir Trystramys made them the same othe. And for that jantyll batayle all the bloode of sir Launcelott loved sir Trystrames for ever.

Than kynge Angwyshe and sir Trystrames toke their leve, and so he sayled into Irelonde wyth grete nobles and joy. So whan they were in Irelonde the kynge lete make hit knowyn thorowoute all the londe how and in what maner sir Trystrames had done for hym. Than the quene and all that there were made the moste of hym that they myght. But the joy that La Beale Isode made of sir Trystrames there myght no tunge telle, for of all men erthely she loved hym moste.

Than uppon a day kynge Angwyshe asked sir Trystrames (24) why he asked nat his bone. Than seyde sir Trystrames,

'Now hit is tyme. Sir, this is all that I woll desyre, that ye woll gyff La Beale Isode, youre doughter, nat for myself, but for myne uncle, kyng Marke, [that] shall have her to wyff, for so have I promysed hym.'

'Alas!' seyde the kynge, 'I had lever than all the londe that I have that ye wolde have wedded hir yourself.'

'Sir, and I dud so, I were shamed for ever in this worlde and false to my promyse. Therefore,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I requyre you, holde your promyse that ye promysed me, for this is my desyre: that ye woll gyff me La Beale Isode to go with me into Cornwayle for to be wedded unto kynge Marke, myne uncle.'

'As for that,' kynge Angwysshe seyde, 'ye shall have her with yow to do with hir what hit please you, that is for to sey, if that ye lyste to wedde hir yourselff, that is me leveste; **169v** and yf ye woll gyff hir unto kyng Marke your uncle, that is in your choyse.'

So, to make shorte conclusyon, La Beale Isode was made redy to go with sir Trystrames. And dame Brangwayne

2 togydir *not in C* 10 so he *not in C* 18 *C** bone For what somever he had promysed hym he shold haue hit withoute fayle Syre said sire Trystram 20 *C* gyue me 24 *C* wold wedde 26 *C* fals of 27 *C* I praye you

wente with hir for hir chyff jantyllwoman with many other. Than [the] quene, Isodes modir, gaff dame Brangwayne unto hir to be hir jantyllwoman.

And also she and Governayle had a drynke of the quene, and she charged them that where kynge Marke sholde wedde, that same day they sholde gyff them that drynke that kynge Marke sholde drynke to La Beale Isode. 'And than,' seyde the quene, 'ayther shall love other dayes of their lyff.'

So this drynke was gyvyn unto dame Brangwayne and unto Governayle. So sir Trystrames toke the see, and La Beale Isode. [And whan they] were in their caban, hit happed so they were thyrsty. And than they saw a lytyll flakette of golde stonde by them, and hit semed by the coloure and the taste that hit was noble wyne. So sir Trystrames toke the flaket in his honde and seyde,

'Madame Isode, here is a draught of good wyne that dame Brangwayne, your maydyn, and Governayle, my servaunte, hath kepte for hemselff.'

Than they lowghe and made good chere and eyther dranke to other frely, and they thought never drynke that ever they dranke so swete nother so good to them. But by that drynke was in their bodyes they loved aythir other so well that never hir love departed, for well nother for woo. And thus hit happed fyrst, the love betwyxte sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode, the whyche love never departed dayes of their lyff.

So than they sayled tyll that by fortune they com nye a castell that hyght Plewre, and there they aryved for to repose them, wenynge to them to have had good herborow.

But anone as sir Trystrames was within the castell they were takyn presoners, for the custom of that castell was suche that who that rode by that castell and brought ony lady wyth
170r hym he muste nedys fyght with the lorde that hyght Brewnour. And yf hit so were that Brewnor wan the fylde, than sholde the knyght straunger and his lady be put to deth,

2 *C*† gaf to her and dame Bragwayne her doughters gentilwoman and vnto Gouernaile a drynke and charged them that what day kynge (*see note*) 8 *C* said the Quene I vndertake eyther shall loue other the dayes 10 *C* Gouernaile And thenne anone syre 16–17 *C* here is the beste drynke that euer ye drank that dame Bragwayne 18 *C* haue 21 *C* dranke to other was soo swete nor soo good But by that theyr drynke 23–24 *C* happed the loue fyrste betwixe 30–31 *C* suche who 31–32 wyth hym *not in C*

what that ever they were. And yf hit were so that the straunge knyght wan the fylde of sir Brewnor, than sholde he dye and hys lady bothe. So this custom was used many wyntyrs, wherefore hit was called the Castell Plewre, that is to sey 'the wepynge castell'.

Thus as sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode were in preson, (25) hit happynd a knyghte [and] a lady com unto them where they were to chere them. Than seyde sir Trystrames unto the knyght and to the lady,

'What is the cause the lorde of this castell holdyth us in preson? For hit was never the custom of placis of worshyp that ever I cam in, whan a knyght and a lady asked herborow, and they to receyve them, and aftir to dystres them that be his gestys.'

'Sir,' seyde the knyght, 'this is the olde custom of this castell, that whan a knyght commyth here he muste nedis fyght with oure lorde, and he that is the wayker muste lose his hede. And whan that is done, if his lady that he bryngyth be fowler than is oure lordys wyff, she muste lose hir hede. And yf she be fayrer preved than is oure lady, than shall the lady of this castell lose her hede.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'this is a foule custom and a shamfull custom. But one avauntage have I,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I have a lady is fayre ynowe, and I doute nat for lacke of beauté she shall nat lose her hede. And rathir than I shall lose myne hede I woll fyght for hit on a fayre fylde. Sir knyght and your fayre lady, I pray you, tell your lorde that I woll be redy as to-morne, wyth my lady and myselff, to do batayle if hit be so I may have my **170v** horse and myne armoure.'

'Sir,' seyde the knyght, 'I undirtake for youre desyre shall be spedde, and therefore take your reste and loke that ye be up betymes, and make you redy and your lady, for ye shall wante nothynge that you behovyth.'

And therewith he departed, and so on the morne betymys

4 *C* wynters for hit 6–7 *W* were in preson hit happynd a knyghte were in preson hit happed a lady com *C** were in pryson hit happed a knyght and a lady came 8 *C** them I haue merueille said 13 *C* to destroye them 23 *C* shameful But 24 *C** ynouȝ fayrer sawe I neuer in alle my lyfe dayes And 27 *C* Wherfore Syre knyght I pray 31 *C* said that knyght 31–32 *C* that your desyre shalle be spedde ryght wel And thenne he sayd take

that same knyght com to sir Trystramys and fecched hym oute and his lady, and brought hym horse and armoure that was his owne, and bade hym make hym redy to the fylde, for all the astatis and comyns of that lordshyp were there redy to beholde that batayle and jugemente.

Than cam sir Brewnor, the lorde of the castell, with his lady in his honde muffeled, and asked sir Trystrames where was his lady, 'for and thy lady be feyrar than myne, with thy swerde smyte of my ladyes hede, and yf my lady be fayrer than thyne, with my swerde I muste stryke of hir hede. And if I may wynne the, yette shall thy lady be myne, and thow shalt lese thy hede.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'this is a foule custom and an horryble, and rather than my lady sholde lose hir hede yett had I lever lose myne hede.'

'Nay, nay!' seyde sir Brewnor, 'the ladyes shall be fyrste shewed togydir, and that one shall have hir jugemente.'

'Nay, I wyll nat so,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'for here is none that woll gyff ryghtuous jugemente. But I doute nat,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'my lady is fayrer than youres, and that woll I make good with my hondys, and who that woll sey the contrary, I woll preve hit on his hede!'

And therewyth sir Trystrames shewed forth La Beale Isode and turned hir thryse aboute with his naked swerde in his honde. And so dud sir Brewnor the same wyse to his
171r lady. But whan sir Brewnor behelde La Beale Isode hym thought he saw never a fayrer lady, and than he drad his ladyes hede sholde off. And so all the people that were there presente gaff jugement that La Beale Isode was the fayrer lady and the better made.

'How now?' seyde syr Trystrames. ' Mesemyth hit were pyté that my lady sholde lose hir hede, but bycause thou and she of longe tyme have used this wycked custom and by you bothe hath many good knyghtes and fayre ladyes bene destroyed, for that cause hit were no losse to destroy you bothe.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Brewnor, 'for to sey the sothe, thy lady is fayrer than myne, and that me sore repentys,

9–10 *C*† fayrer than myn 21 *C* I preue and make who someuer he be that wille 23 forth *not in C*† 25–26 *C** And whanne syre Breunor sawe that he dyd the same wyse torne his lady But 28 *C* shold be of 34 *C* and ladyes

and so I hyre the people pryvyly sey, for of all women I sawe never none so fayre. And therefore, and thou wolt sle my lady, I doute nat I shall sle the and have thy lady.'

'Well, thou shalt wyn her,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'as dere as ever knyght wanne lady. And bycause of thyne owne jugemente thou woldist have done to my lady if that she had bene fowler, and bycause of the evyll custom, gyff me thy lady,' seyde syr Trystrames.

And therewithall sir Trystrames strode unto hym and toke his lady frome hym, and with an awke stroke he smote of hir hede clene.

'Well, knyght,' seyde sir Brewnor, 'now haste thou done me a grete dispyte. Now take thyne horse, and sytthen that (26) I am ladyles, I woll wynne thy lady and I may.'

Than they toke their horsis and cam togydir as hit had bene thundir, and sir Trystrames smote sir Brewnor clene frome his horse. And lyghtly he rose up, and as sir Trystrames com agayne by hym he threste his horse thorowoute bothe shuldyrs, that his horse hurled here and there and felle dede to the grounde. And ever sir Brewnor ran aftir to have slayne sir Trystrames, but he was lyght and nymell and **171**v voyded his horse. Yett, or ever sir Trystrames myght dresse his shylde and his swerde, he gaff hym three or four strokys.

Than they russhed togydyrs lyke two borys, trasynge and traversynge myghtyly and wysely as two noble knyghtes, for this sir Brewnor was a proved knyght and had bene or than the deth of many good knyghtes. Soo thus they fought hurlynge here and there nyghe two owres, and aythir were wounded sore. Than at the laste sir Brewnor russhed uppon sir Trystrames and toke hym in his armys, for he trusted much to his strengthe. (Than was sir Trystrames called the strengyst knyght of the worlde, for he was called bygger than sir Launcelotte, but sir Launcelot was bettir brethid.) So anone sir Trystrames threste sir Brewnor downe grovelyng, and than he unlaced his helme and strake of his hede.

2 never *not in C* 3 *C* not but I 4 Well *not in C* 6 *C* as thou 13 *C* a despyte 22 *C* hors lightely And or 23 *C* the other gaf *C* sadde strokes 27 *C** knyghtes that it was pyte that he had to long endured Thus they fought 32 *C** the strengest and the hyest knyght 34–p. 416, l. 2 *W* (*sidenote*) . . . Sir Trystra . . . slew sir . . . unor and . . . vyff of . . . el Pleu . . . (*margin torn*)

And than all they [that] longed to the castell com to hym and dud hym homage and feauté, prayng hym that he wolde abyde stylle there a lytyll whyle to fordo that foule custom. So this sir Trystrames graunted thereto.

So the meanewhyle one of the knyghtes rode unto sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce whyche was sir Brewnors son, a noble knyght, and tolde hym what mysadventure his fadir had and his modir.

(27) Than cam sir Galahalt and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes with hym, and this sir Galahalte profyrde to fyght wyth sir Trystrames hande for hande. And so they made hem redy to go unto batayle on horsebacke wyth grete corrayge. So anone they mette togydyrs so hard that aythir bare othir adowne, horse and man, to the erthe. And whan they avoyded their horsis, as noble knyghtes they dressed
172r their shyldis and drewe their swerdys wyth yre and rancoure, and they laysshed togydyr many sad strokys. And one whyle strykynge and another whyle foynynge, tracynge and traversynge as noble knyghtes.

Thus they fought longe, nerehonde halff a day, and aythir were sore wounded. So at the laste sir Trystrames wexed lyght and bygge, and doubled his strokys and drove sir Galahalt abacke on the tone sy[d]e and on the tothir, that he was nye myscheved, lyke to be slayne. So wyth that cam the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes, and all that felyshyp wente freyshly uppon sir Trystrames. But whan sir Trystramys saw them comynge uppon hym, than he wyste well he myght nat endure, so as a wyse knyght of warre he seyde unto sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce,

'Syr, ye shew to me no kyndenesse for to suffir all your men to have ado wyth me, and ye seme a noble knyght of your hondys. Hit is grete shame to you!'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Galahalt, 'there is none other way but thou muste yelde the to me other ellys to dye, sir Trystrames.'

3 *W* customys 4 So this *not in C* 5 *C* knyghtes of the castel 6 *C*† Galahad *F* Galehout (*var.* Galehoult) *C* the which 6–7 *C* sone whiche was a 13 *C* Thenne sir Galahad and sir Trystram mette 14 *C* hors and alle 20 *C* nere half 23 *W* syne 24 nye myscheved *not in C* 26 *C* fyersly vpon 30 *C* no knyghthode for 31 *C* me al at ones And as me semeth ye be a noble 34–35 *C* to dye said sir Galahad to sir Trystram

'Sir, as for that, I woll rather yelde me to you than dye, for hit is more for the myght of thy men than of thyne handys.'

And therewithall sir Trystrames toke his swerde by the poynte and put the pomell in his honde, and therewithall com the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and harde began to assayle sir Trystrames.

'Lat be,' seyde sir Galahalt, 'that ye be nat so hardy to towche hym, for I have gyffyn this knyght his lyff.'

'That ys your shame,' seyde the kynge, 'for he hath slayne youre fadir and your modir.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Galahalte, 'I may nat wyght hym gretly, for my fadir had hym in [preson] and inforsed hym 172v
to do batayle with hym. And my fadir hadde suche a custom, that was a shamefull custom, that what knyght and lady com thydir to aske herberow, his lady [must] nedis dye but yf she were fayrer than my modir; and if my fadir overcom that knyght he muste nedis dye. For sothe, this was a shamefull custom and usage, a knyght, for his herborow askynge, to have suche herborage. And for this custom I wolde never draw aboute hym.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde the kynge, 'this was a shamefull custom.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Galahalt, 'so semyth me. And me-semyth hit had bene grete pyté that this knyght sholde have bene slayne, for I dare sey he is one of the noblyst knyghtes that beryth lyff but yf hit be sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Galahalte, 'I requyre you, telle me youre name and of whens ye ar and whethir thou wolte.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'my name is sir Trystrames de Lyones, and frome kynge Marke of Cornwayle I was sente on messayge unto kyng Angwyshe of Irelonde for to fecche his doughtyr to be his wyff, and here she is redy to go wyth me into Cornwayle, and her name is La Beale Isode.'

Than seyde sir Galahalte unto sir Trystramys,

'Well be ye founde in this marchis! And so ye woll

1 Sir, as for that *not in C* 3 *C* his owne 4 *C* in the hand of sir Galahad 9 *C* the kynge with the C knyghtes hath he not 14 and lady *not in C* 17 For sothe *not in C* 23, 24 *C* semed 25 *C* is the noblest man 27–28 *C* requyre the . . . thy name . . . thou art 34–36 *C*† Isoud and sir Trystram said sir Galahad the haut prynce wel be ye

promyse me to go unto sir Launcelot and accompany wyth hym, ye shall go where ye woll and youre fayre lady wyth you. And I shall promyse you never in all my dayes shall none suche custom be used in this castell as hath bene used heretofore.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'now I late you wete, so God me helpe, I wente ye had bene sir Launcelot du Lake whan
173r I sawe you fyrste, and therefore I dred you the more. And, sir, I promyse you,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'as sone as I may I woll se sir Launcelot and infelyshyp me with hym, for of all the knyghtes in the worlde I moste desyre his felyshyp.'

(28) And than sir Trystramys toke his leve whan he sawe his tyme, and toke the see.

And meanewhyle worde com to sir Launcelot and to sir Trystramys that kynge Carados, the myghty kynge that was made lyke a gyaunte why(ght), fought wyth sir Gawayne and gaff hym suche strokys that he sowned in his sadyll. And after that he toke hym by the coler and pulled hym oute of his sadyll and bounde hym faste to the sadyll-bowghe, and so rode his way with hym towarde his castell. And as he rode, sir Launcelot by fortune mette with kynge Carados, and anone he knew sir Gawayne that lay bounde before hym.

'A!' seyde syr Launcelot unto sir Gawayne, 'how stondyth hit wyth you?'

'Never so harde,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'onles that ye helpe me. For, so God me helpe, withoute ye rescow me I know no knyght that may but you other sir Trystrames,' wherefor sir Launcelot was hevy at sir Gawaynes wordys. And than sir Launcelot bade sir Carados,

'Ley downe that knyght and fyght with me!'

'Thow arte but a foole,' seyde sir Carados, 'for I woll serve the in the same wyse.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'spare me nat, for I warne the, I woll nat spare the.'

And than he bounde hym hand and foote and so threw hym to the grounde, and than he gate his speare in his honde

4 none *not in C* 5 heretofore *not in C* 15 *C* sire Carados 16 *W* gyaunte whyche fought *C* gyaunt that fought (*see note*) 19 *C* fast bounde hym 21 *C* by fortune sir Launcelot sir Carados 22 *C* bounde after hym 27 *C* outher you or 28 *C* heuy of 35 *C** bond sir Gawayne 36 in his honde *not in C*

of his squyre and departed frome sir Launcelot to fecche his course. And so ayther mette with other and brake their speares to theire hondys. And than they pulled oute their swerdys and hurled togydyrs on horsebacke more than an owre. And at the laste sir Launcelot smote sir Carados suche a buffet on the helme that hit perysshed his brayne-panne. So than syr Launcelot toke sir Carados by the coler and pulled hym undir his horse fete, and than he alyght and pulled **173v** of his helme and strake offe his hede. Than sir Launcelot unbownde sir Gawayne.

So this same tale was tolde to sir Galahalte and to syr Trystrames, and sayde, 'Now may ye hyre the nobles that folowyth sir Launcelot.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Trystrames, 'and I had nat this messayge in hande with this fayre lady, truly I wolde never stynte or I had founde sir Launcelot.'

Than syr Trystrames and La Beale Isode yeode to the see and cam into Cornwayle, and anone all the barownes mette with hym. And anone they were rychely wedded wyth (29) grete nobley. But evir, as the Frenshe booke seyth, sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode loved ever togedyrs.

Than was there grete joustys and grete turnayynge, and many lordys and ladyes were at that feyste, and sir Trystrames was moste praysed of all other. So thus dured the feste longe.

And aftir that feste was done, within a lytyll whyle aftir, by the assente of two ladyes that were with the quene they ordayned for hate and envye for to distroy dame Brangwayne that was mayden and lady unto La Beale Isode. And she was sente into the foreste for to fecche herbys, and there she was [mette] and bounde honde and foote to a tre, and so she was bounden three dayes. And by fortune sir Palomydes founde dame Brangwayne, and there he delyverde hir from the deth and brought hir to a nunry there besyde for to be recoverde.

Whan Isode the quene myssed hir mayden, wete you well

6 *C*† it perched 9–12 *W* (*sidenote*): How sir Launcelot slew kyng Carados of the dolerous towre 12 *C* Trystram here maye 17 *C* Isoud wente 19 *C* mette hem *C*† Capitulum XIX 27 with quene Isoud 31 *O*[1] was she *C* feete and hand

she was ryght hevy as evir any quene myght be, for of all erthely women she loved hir beste and moste, cause why she cam with her oute of her contrey. And so uppon a day quene Isode walked into the foreste and put away hir thoughtes, and there she wente hirselff unto a welle and made grete moone. And suddey[n]ly there cam sir Palomydes unto her, and herde all hir complaynte and seyde,

174r 'Madame Isode, and ye wolde graunte me my boone I shall brynge agayne to you dame Brangwayne sauff and sounde.'

Than the quene was so glad of his profyr that suddaynly unavysed she graunte all his askynge.

'Well, madame,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I truste to youre promyse, and yf ye woll abyde halff an owre here I shall brynge hir to you.'

'Sir, I shall abyde you,' seyde the quene.

Than sir Palomydes rode forth his way to that nunry, and lyghtly he cam agayne with dame Brangwayne; but by hir good wylle she wolde nat have comyn to the quene, for cause she stoode in adventure of hir lyff. Natwythstondynge, halff agayne hir wyll, she cam wyth sir Palomydes unto the quene, and whan the quene sawe her she was passyng glad.

'Now, madame,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'remembir uppon your promyse, for I have fulfylled my promyse.'

'Sir Palomydes,' seyde the quene, 'I wote nat what is your desyre, but I woll that ye wete, howbehit that I profyrde you largely, I thought none evyll, nother, I warne you, none evyll woll I do.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'as at this tyme ye shall nat know my desyre.'

'But byfore my lorde, myne husbande, there shall ye know that ye shall have your desyre that I promysed you.'

And than the quene rode home unto the kynge, and sir Palomydes rode with hir, and whan sir Palomydes com before the kynge he seyde,

1 *C* euer was ony quene for 2 *C* best the cause was for she 4 *C* to putte 7 *C** had herd 8 *C* ye wille 9 agayne *not in C* 13 *C* abyde here half 15 *C* said la beale Isoud 18–19 *C* comen ageyne by cause for loue of the quene she stood 20 *C* ageynst her 25 *C* I promysed 30–32 *C** but bifore my lord your husband there shalle ye knowe that I wil haue my desyre that ye haue promysed me And therwith the quene departed and rode home 33 *C* rode after her

'Sir kynge, I requyre the, as thou arte ryghtuous kynge, that ye woll juge me the ryght.'

'Telle me your cause,' seyde the kynge, 'and ye shall have ryght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I promysed youre quene, my lady dame Isode, to brynge agayne dame Brangwayne that she had loste, uppon this covenaunte, that she sholde graunte me a boone that I wolde aske, and withoute grucchynge othir advysemente she graunted me.' 5 (30)

'What sey ye, my lady?' seyde the kynge. 10 **174v**

'Hit is as he seyth, so God me helpe! To sey the soth,' seyde the quene, 'I promysed hym his askynge for love and joy I had to se her.'

'Welle, madame,' seyde the kynge, 'and yf [ye] were hasty to graunte what boone he wolde aske, I wolde well that [ye] perfourmed [your] promyse.' 15

Than seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll that ye wete that I woll have youre quene to lede hir and to governe her whereas me lyste.'

Therewyth the kynge stoode stylle and unbethought hym of sir Trystrames and demed that he wolde rescowe her. And than hastely the kynge answered and seyde, 20

'Take hir to the and the adventures withall that woll falle of hit, for, as I suppose, thou wolt nat enjoy her no whyle.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I dare ryght well abyde the adventure.' 25

And so, to make shorte tale, sir Palomydes toke hir by the honde and seyde,

'Madame, grucche nat to go with me, for I desyre nothynge but youre owne promyse.' 30

'As for that,' seyde the quene, 'wete thou well, I feare nat gretely to go with the, howbehit thou haste me at avauntage uppon my promyse. For I doute nat I shall be worshypfully rescowed fro the.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'be as hit be may.' 35

So quene Isode was sette behynde sir Palomydes and rode

1 *C* as ye be a 5–6 *C* Quene Isoud to 11–12 *C* help said the quene to saye the sothe I promysed 13 *C* that I 14 *W* if I 16 *W* she perfourmed her 20 *C* bethought hym 22, 28 and seyde *not in C* 23 *C* her with the aduẽtures that shal falle 31 wete thou well *not in C* 34 *C* fro *S* from 35 *C* it as

his way. And anone the kynge sente unto sir Trystrames, but in no wyse he wolde nat be founde, for he was in the foreste an-huntynge; for that was allwayes hys custom, but yf he used armes, to chace and to hunte in the forestes.

'Alas!' seyde the kynge, 'now am I shamed forever, that be myne owne assente my lady and my quene shall be devoured.'

Than cam there forth a knyght that hyght Lambegus, and he was a knyght of sir Trystrames.

'My lorde,' seyde the knyght, 'syth that ye have suche
175r truste in my lorde sir Trystrames, wete yow well for his sake I woll ryde aftir your quene and rescow her, other ellys shall I be beatyn.'

'Grauntemercy!' seyde the kynge. 'And I lyve, sir Lambegus, I shall deserve hit.'

And than sir Lambegus armed hym and rode aftir them as faste as he myght, and than wythin a whyle he overtoke hem. And than sir Palomydes lefte the quene and seyde,

'What arte thou?' seyde sir Palomydes, 'arte thou sir Trystrames?'

'Nay,' he seyde, 'I am his servaunte, and my name is sir Lambegus.'

'That me repentys,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I had lever thou had bene sir Trystrames.'

'I leve you well,' seyde sir Lambegus, 'but whan thou metyste with sir Trystrames thou shalt have bothe thy hondys full!'

And than they hurteled togydyrs and all to-braste their sperys, and than they pulled oute their swerdys and hewed on there helmys and hawbirkes. At the laste sir Palomydes gaff sir Lambegus suche a wounde that he felle doune lyke a dede man to the erthe. Than he loked aftir La Beale Isode, and than she was gone he woste nat where. Wete you well that sir Palomydes was never so hevy!

So the quene ran into the foreste, and there she founde a welle and therein she had thought to have drowned herselff.

1 *C* sente after syr 2 *C* he coude be foũde 5 *C* I am 8 *C* knyght his name was lambegus 10 suche *not in C* 12–13 *C* or els I shal be 16 them *not in C* 17 *W* as she 17–18 *C* ouertoke sir Palamydes And 18 and seyde *not in C* 25 *C* I bileue vou 26 bothe *not in C* 30 there *not in C* 32 *C* dede knyghte to 33 *C* he nyst where 34 that *not in C*

And as good fortune wolde, there cam a knyght to her that had a castell there besyde, and his name was sir Adtherpe. And whan he founde the quene in that myscheff he rescowed her and brought hir to his castell. And whan he wyste what [s]he was he armed hym and toke his horse, and seyde he wolde be avenged uppon sir Palomydes.

And so he rode unto the tyme he mette with hym, and there sir Palomydes wounded hym sore. And by force he made hym to telle the cause why he dud batayle wyth hym, and he tolde hym how he ladde the quene La Beale Isode into hys owne castel.

'Now brynge me there,' seyde sir Palamydes, 'or thou 175v
shalt of myne handis die!'

'Sir,' seyde sir Adtherpe, 'I am so sore wounded I may nat folow, but ryde you this way and hit shall bryng you to my castell, and therein is the quene.'

Sir Palomydes rode tyll that he cam to the castell. And at a wyndow La Beale Isode saw sir Palomydes, than she made the yatys to be shutte strongely. And whan he sawe he myght nat entir into the castell he put of his horse brydyll and his sadyll, and so put his horse to pasture and sette hymselff downe at the gate, lyke a man that was oute of his wytt that recked nat of hymselff.

Now turne we unto sir Trystrames, that whan he was com (31)
home and wyste that La Beale Isode was gone with sir Palomydes, wete you well he was wrothe oute of mesure.

'Alas!' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I am this day shamed!' Than he called Gavernayle, his man, and seyde,

'Haste the that I were armed and on horsebacke, for well I wote sir Lambegus hath no myght nor strength to wythstonde sir Palomydes. Alas I had nat bene in his stede!'

So anone he was armed and horsed and rode aftir into the foreyste, and within a whyle he founde his knyght sir Lambegus allmoste to deth wounded. And sir Trystrames bare hym to a foster and charged hym to kepe hym welle.

2 *C* therby his name 7 *C* rode on tyll he 9 *C* telle hym the 10 and how he had ladde the quene vnto 13 *C* dye of my handes 14 sore *not in C*† 16 *C* and there within 17 *C* rode styll tyl he 20 *C* not come within the 20 horse *not in C* 23 *C* retchyd 28 *C* he cryed to Gouernaile and seyde *not in C* 31 *C* Allas that I haue not 32 *C* as he was armed and horsed sir Tristram and Gouernaile rode 34 *C* woūded to the dethe

And than he rode forth and founde sir Adtherpe sore wounded; and he tolde all, and how the quene had drowned herselff 'had nat I bene, and how for her sake I toke uppon me to do batayle with sir Palomydes'.

5 'Where is my lady?' seyde sir Trystrames.

'Sir,' seyde the knyght, 'she is sure inowe wythin my castell, and she can holde her within hit.'

'Grauntemercy,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'of thy grete goodnesse.'

176r 10 And so he rode tyll that he cam nyghe his castell. And than sir Palomydes sate at the gate and sawe where sir Trystrames cam, and he sate as he had slepe, and his horse pastured afore hym.

'Now go thou, Governayle,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'and 15 bydde hym awake and make hym redy.'

So Governayle rode unto hym and seyde,

'Sir Palomydes! aryse and take to thyne harneys!'

But he was in suche a study he herde nat what he seyde. So Governayle com agayne to sir Trystrames and tolde hym 20 he slepe ellys he was madde.

'Go thou agayne,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'and bydde hym aryse, and telle hym I am here, his mortal foo.'

So Governayle rode agayne, and putte uppon hym with the but of his spere and seyde,

25 'Sir Palomydes, make the redy, for wete thou welle sir Trystrames hovyth yondir and sendyth the worde he is thy mortall foo.'

And therewithall sir Palomydes arose stylly withoute ony wordys, and gate hys horse anone and sadylled hym and 30 brydylled hym; and lyghtly he lepe uppon hym and gate his spere in his honde. And aythir feautred their spearys and hurled faste togedyrs, and anone sir Trystrames smote downe sir Palomydes over his horse tayle. Than lyghtly sir Palomydes put his shylde before hym and drew 35 his swerde.

2 all and *not in C* 3 *C* not he ben 3–4 *C* her sake & loue he had taken vpon hym to doo 10 that *not in C* 10–13 *C* nyghe to that Castel and thenne syr Trystram saw where syr Palamydes sat at the gate slepynge and his hors pastured fast afore hym 17 *C* to the thyn 18–20 *C* what Gouernayle said So Gouernaile came ageyne and told syre Trystram he slepte or els 23 with *not in C* 28 ony *not in C* 30 *first* hym *not in C* 32 *C* hurtled and there Tristram

And there began stronge batayle on bothe partyes, for bothe they fought for the love of on[e] lady. And ever she lay on the wallys and behylde them how they fought oute of mesure. And aythir were wounded passynge sore, but sir Palomydes was muche sorer wounded; for they fought thus trasynge and traversynge more than two owres, that well nyghe for doole and sorow La Beale Isode sowned, and seyde,

'Alas! that one I loved and yet do, and the other I love nat, that they sholde fyght! And yett hit were grete pyté that I sholde se sir Palomydes slayne, for well I know by that the ende be done sir Palomydes is but a dede man, bycause that he is nat crystened, and I wolde be loth that he sholde dye a Sarezen.' And therewithall she cam downe and besought hem for her love to fyght no more. 176v

'A, madame,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'what meane you? Woll ye have me shamed? For well ye know that I woll be ruled by you.'

'A, myne awne lorde,' seyde La Beale Isode, 'full well ye wote I wolde nat your dyshonour, but I wolde that ye wolde for my sake spare this unhappy Sarezen, sir Palomydes.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I woll leve for youre sake.'

Than seyde she to sir Palomydes, 'This shall be thy charge: thou shalt go oute of this contrey whyle I am ⌜therin⌝.'

'Madame, I woll obey your commaundemente,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'whyche is sore ayenste my wylle.'

'Than take thy way,' seyde La Beale Isode, 'unto the courte of kynge Arthure, and there recommaunde me unto quene Gwenyvere and tell her that I sende her worde that there be within this londe but four lovers, and that is sir Launcelot and dame Gwenyver, and sir Trystrames and quene Isode.'

And so sir Palomydes departed with grete hevynesse, and (32)

7–8 *C* swouned Allas she said 9 that they sholde fyght And *not in C*† 10–11 *C* by that tyme the 11–12 *C* dede knyȝt by cause he is not crystened I wold be 14 *C* bisought sire Tristram to fyghte no more (for her love *not in C*) 15 *C* saide he 16 For *not in C* 18 A myne awne lorde *not in C* 19 *C* I wylle not your dishonour saide la beale Isoud but 21 *C* leue fyghtynge at this tyme for 22 *C* she said *C* your charge 23 *W* I am quene thereoff *C** therin *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 69r, col. 1*) Et si vous command que vous jamais ne venés en lieu ou je soye 24 Madame *not in C* 25 *C* the whiche 29–31 *C* louers that is sire Launcelot du lake and Quene Gueneuer and sire Trystram de lyonas and quene Isoud

sir Trystrames toke the quene and brought her agayne unto kynge Marke. And than was there made grete joy of hir home-commynge. Than who was cheryshed but sir Trystrames!

Than sir Trystrames latte fecche home sir Lambegus, his knyght, frome the forsters house; and hit was longe or he was hole, but so at the laste he recovered. And thus they lyved with joy and play a longe whyle. But ever sir Andret, that was nye cosyn unto sir Trystrams, lay in a [watche to] wayte
177r betwyxte sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode for to take hym and devoure hym.

So uppon a day sir Trystrames talked with La Beale Isode in a wyndowe, and that aspyed sir Andred and tolde the kynge. Than kyng Marke toke a swerde in his honde and cam to sir Trystrames and called hym 'false traytowre', and wolde have stryken hym, but sir Trystrames was nyghe hym and ran undir his swerde and toke hit oute of his honde. And than the kynge cryed:

'Where ar my knyghtes and my men? I charge you, sle this traytowre!'

But at that tyme there was nat one that wolde meve for his wordys.

Whan sir Trystrames sawe there was none that wolde be ayenste hym he shoke hys swerde to the kynge and made countenaunce as he wolde have strykyn hym. And than kynge Marke fledde, and sir Trystrames folowed hym and smote hym fyve or six strokys flatlynge in the necke, that he made hym falle on the nose.

And than sir Trystrames yode his way and armed hym and toke his horse and his men, and so he rode into the foreste. And there uppon a day sir Trystrames mette with two bretherne that were wyth kynge Marke knyghtes, and there he strake of the hede of the tone brother and wounded that other to the deth, and he made hym to bere the hede in his helme. And thirty mo he there wounded. And whan

5 home *not in C* 7 *W* recovered thus And thus *C* he was wel recouered thus they 9 *Not emended in O*[1] 10–11 *C** take hem and sklaundre hem 13 *C* told it to the 23 *C* sawe that there was not one wold 24 *C* the sverd 25 *C* as though he 27 *C* smote vpon hym *C* on the neck 28 *C* hym to falle 32 *C* were knyghtes with kynge Marke and 33–34 *C* the one & wounded the other 34–35 *C** bere his broders hede in his helme vnto the kynge and

that knyght com before the kynge to say hys message he dyed there before the kynge and the quene. Than kyng Marke called his counceyle unto hym and asked avyce of his barownes, what were beste to do with sir Trystrames.

'Sir,' seyde the barowns, and in especiall sir Dynas the Senesciall, 'we woll gyff you counceyle for to sende for sir Trystrames, for we woll that ye wete many men woll holde with sir Trystrames and he were harde bestadde. And, sir,' seyde sir Dynas the Senesciall, 'ye shall undirstonde that sir Trystrames ys called peereless and makeles of ony Crystyn 177v knyght, and of his myght and hardynes we know none so good a knyght but yf hit be sir Launcelot du Lake. And yff he departe frome your courte and go to kyng Arthurs courte, wete you well he woll so frende hym there that he woll nat sette by your malyce. And therefore, sir, I counceyle you to take hym to your grace.'

'I woll well,' seyde the kynge, 'that he be sent fore, that we may be frendys.'

Than the barounes sente for sir Trystrames undir theire conduyte, and so whan sir Trystrames com to the kynge he was wellcom, and no rehersall was made, and than there was game and play.

And than the kynge and the quene wente an-huntynge, and sir Trystrames. So the kynge and the quene made their (33) pavylons and their tentes in the foreste besyde a ryver, and there was dayly justyng and huntyng, for there was ever redy thirty knyghtes to juste unto all that cam at that tyme. And there by fortune com sir Lamorak de Galis and sir Dryaunte. And sir Dryaunte justed well, but at the laste he had a falle. Than sir Lamorak profyrde, and whan he began he fared so wyth the thirty knyghtes that there was nat one off them but he gaff a falle, and som of them were sore hurte.

'I mervayle,' seyde kynge Marke, 'what knyght he is that doth suche dedis of armys.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I know hym well for a noble

2 *C* dyed afore the 5 and *not in C* 6 *C* syr we 9 the Senesciall *not in C* 11 *C* we knewe none 13 *S* ye departe 14 *C* he wille gete hym such frendes there 19–20 *C* vnder a sauf conduyte 27 *C* knyghtes redy to Iuste vnto alle them that 29 *C* Dryaunt and there syre Dryaunte Iusted ryght wel 30 *C* profered to Iuste 32 *C* gaf hym a falle

knyght as fewe now be lyvynge, and his name is sir Lamerake de Galys.'

'Hit were shame,' seyde the kynge, 'that he sholde go thus away onles that he were manne-handled.'

5 'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'mesemyth hit were no worshyp for a nobleman to have ado with hym, and for this cause: for at this tyme he hath done overmuche for ony meane knyght lyvynge. And as me semyth,' seyde sir Trys-
178r trames, 'hit were shame to tempte hym ony more, for
10 his horse is wery and hymselff both [for the dedes of armes he hath] done this day. Welle concidered, hit were inow for sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I requyre you, as ye love me and my lady the quene La Beale Isode, take youre
15 armys and juste with sir Lameroke de Galis.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'ye bydde me do a thynge that is ayenste knyghthode. And well I can thynke that I shall gyff hym a falle, for hit is no maystry: for my horse and y be freysshe, and so is nat his horse and he. And wete you
20 well that he woll take hit for grete unkyndenes, for ever one good knyght is loth to take anothir at avauntage. But bycause I woll nat displase, as ye requyre me so muste I do and obey youre commaundemente.'

And so sir Trystrames armed hym and toke his horse and
25 putte hym forth, and there sir Lameroke mette hym myghtyly. And what with the myght of his owne spere and of syr Trystrames spere sir Lameroke his horse felle to the erthe, and he syttynge in the sadyll.

So as sone as he myght he avoyded the sadyll and his horse,
30 and put his shylde afore hym, and drewe his swerde. And than he bade sir Trystrames, 'alyght, thou knyght, and thou darste!'

'Nay, sir!' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I woll no more have ado

1 *C* ben lyuynge 3 *C* grete shame 4 *C* that somme of you mette with hym better 6–7 *C* for by cause at 8–11 *C** kuyghte (*S* knyght) lyuynge therfore as me semeth hit were grete shame and vylony to tempte hym ony more at this tyme in soo moche as he and his horse are wery bothe For the dedes of armes that he hath done this daye and they be wel 10 *W* bothe 17 *C* knygthode *S* knyghthode *C* I can deme 19 *C* ben fresshe bothe and 21 knyght *not in* *C*† *C* at disauauntage 22 *C* displease yow as *C* soo will I do (*S* doo) 29 *C* Thenne anone as lyghtly as he myghte 33 *C* Nay said

wyth you, for I have done the overmuche unto my dyshonoure and to thy worshyppe.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I can the no thanke; syn thou haste forjusted me on horsebacke I requyre the and I beseche the, and thou be sir Trystrames de Lyones, feyght with me on foote.'

'I woll nat,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'and wete you well my name is sir Trystrames de Lyones, and well I know that ye 178v be sir Lameroke de Galis. And this have I done to you ayenst my wyll, but I was requyred thereto. But to sey that I woll do at your requeste as at this tyme, I woll nat have no more ado with you at this tyme, for me shamyth of that I have done.'

'As for the shame,' seyde sir Lamerake, 'on thy party or on myne, beare thou hit and thou wyll: for thoughe a marys sonne hath fayled me now, yette a quenys sonne shall nat fayle the! And therefore, and thou be suche a knyght as men calle the, I requyre the alyght and fyght with me!'

'Sir Lameroke,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I undirstonde your harte is grete, and cause why ye have to sey the soth, for hit wolde greve me and ony good knyght sholde kepe hym freyssh and than to stryke downe a wery knyght; for that knyght nother horse was never fourmed that allway may endure. And therefore,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I woll nat have ado with you, for me forthynkes of that I have done.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'I shall quyte you and ever I se my tyme.'

So he departed frome hym with sir Dryaunte, and by the (34) way they mette with a knyght that was sente fro dame Morgan le Fay unto kynge Arthure. And this knyght had a fayre horne harneyste with golde, and the horne had suche a vertu that there myght no lady nothir jantyllwoman drynke of that horne but yf she were trew to her husbande; and if she were false she sholde spylle all the drynke, and if she were trew to her lorde she myght drynke thereof pesiblé. And because of the quene Gwenyvere and in the dispyte of

1 *C* with the *C* done to the 5 de Lyones *not in C* 7 *C* not soo said ore† Tristram 9–10 *C* this that I haue done to you was ageynst 12 at this tyme *not in C** 16 yette *not in C* 23–24 *C** myght stāde or endure 28 *C* Noo† he *C*† Dryaun 35 thereof *not in C*

sir Launcelot this horne was sente unto kynge Arthure. And so by forse sir Lameroke made that knyght to telle all the cause why he bare the horne, and so he tolde hym all hole.

'Now shalt thou bere this horne,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'to kynge Marke, othir chose to dye. For in the dyspyte of sir
179r Trystrames thou shalt bere hit hym, that horne, and sey that I sente hit hym for to assay his lady, and yf she be trew he shall preve her.'

So this knyght wente his way unte kynge Marke and brought hym that ryche horne, and seyde that sir Lamerok sente hit hym, and so he tolde hym the vertu of that horne.

Than the kynge made his quene to drynke thereof, and an hondred ladyes with her, and there were but four ladyes of all tho that dranke clene.

'Alas!' seyde kynge Marke, 'this is a grete dyspyte,' and swore a grete othe that she sholde be brente and the other ladyes also.

Than the barowns gadred them togedyrs and seyde playnly they wolde nat have tho ladyes brente for an horne made by sorsery that cam 'frome the false sorseres and wycche moste that is now lyvyng'. For that horne dud never good, but caused stryff and bate, and allway in her dayes she was an enemy to all trew lovers.

So there were many knyghtes made their avowe that and ever they mette wyth Morgan le Fay that they wolde shew her shorte curtesy. Also syr Trystrames was passyng wroth that sir Lamerok sent that horne unto kynge Marke, for welle he knew that hit was done in the dispyte of hym, and therefore he thought to quyte sir Lameroke.

Than sir Trystrames used dayly and nyghtly to go to quene Isode evir whan he myght, and ever sir Andret, his cosyn, wacched hym nyght by nyght for to take hym with La Beale Isode.

3 *C* that horne and so he tolde hym all hole *not in C*† 5–6 *C** or els chese to dye for it For I telle the playnly in despyte and repreef of sire Tristrams thou shalte bere that horne vnto kynge Marke his vnkel and say thou to hym that *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 73r, col. 1*) et presenteras ce cor au roy Marc 7 *C* true to hym he 11 *C* and there to he 12 *C* maade Quene Isoud to 13 with her *not in C* 17 also *not in C* 20–21 *C* from as fals a sorceresse and wytche as tho was lyuynge 22 *C* stryf and debate *C* she had ben an 24 that *not in C* 31 evir *not in C* 3. *C* nyght and daye for

And so uppon a nyght sir Andret aspyed his owre and the tyme whan sir Trystrames went to his lady. Than sir Andret gate unto hym twelve knyghtis, and at mydnyght he sette uppon sir Trystrames secretly and suddeynly. And there sir Trystrames was takyn nakyd a-bed with La Beale Isode, and so was he bounde hande and foote and kepte tyll day.

And than by the assent of kynge Marke and of sir Andret and of som of the barownes sir Trystramys was lad unto a chapell that stood uppon the see rockys, there for to take his jugemente. And so he was lad bounden with forty knyghtes, and whan sir Trystrames saw that there was none other boote but nedis he muste dye, than seyde he, 179v

'Fayre lordis! Remembir what I have done for the contrey of Cornwayle, and what jouparté I have bene in for the wele of you all. For whan I fought ⌜for the trewage of Cornwayle⌝ with sir Marhalte, the good knyght, I was promysed to be bettir rewarded, whan ye all refused to take the batayle. Therefore, as ye be good jantyll knyghtes, se me nat thus shamfully to dye, for hit is shame to all knyghthode thus to se me dye. For I dare sey,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'that I mette never with no knyght but I was as good as he or better.'

'Fye uppon the!' seyde sir Andrete, 'false traytur thou arte with thyne advauntage! For all thy boste thou shalt dye this day!'

'A, Andrete, Andrete!' seyde sir Trystrames, 'thou sholdyst be my kynnysman, and now arte to me full unfrendely. But and there were no more but thou and I, thou woldyst nat put me to deth.'

'No?' seyde sir Andred, and therewith he drew his swerde and wolde have slayne hym.

So whan sir Trystrames sye hym make that countenaunce he loked uppon bothe his hondis that were faste boundyn unto two knyghtes, and suddeynly he pulde them bothe unto hym and unwrayste his hondis, and lepe unto his cosyn

6 *C* and thenne was . . . and soo was kepte 13 *C* nedes that he 15 *C* in what Ieopardy 16 *C** for the truage of cornewaile *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 75v, col. 2*) encontre le Morhoult pour la franchise de Cornouaille 17 *C* for to be 23 *C* traitour that thou 24 *C* auaũcynge 26 *C* O Andred 27 *C* now thou art 32 *C* suche countenaunce 35 *C* vnwrast *C* and thenne he lepte

sir Andred, and wroth his swerde oute of his hondis. And than he smote sir Andret, that he felle downe to the erthe, and so he fought that he kylde ten knyghtys.

So than sir Trystrames gate the chapell and kepte hyt myghtyly. Than the crye was grete, and peple drew faste unto sir Andret, mo than an hondred. So whan sir Trystramys saw the peple draw unto hym he remembyrd he was naked, and sparde faste the chapell dore and brake the barrys of a wyndow, and so he lepe oute and felle uppon the craggys in the see.

180r (35) And so at that tyme sir Andret nothir none of his felowys myght nat gete hym. But whan they were departed, Governayle and sir Lambegus and sir Sentrayle de Lushon, that were sir Trystrames men, sought sore aftir their maystir whan they herde he was ascaped. And so on the rokkys they founde hym, and with towels pulde hym up. And than sir Trystrames asked where was La Beale Isode.

'Sir,' seyde Governayle, 'she is put in a lazar-cote.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Trystrames, 'that is a full ungoodly place for suche a fayre lady, and yf I may she shall nat be longe there.'

And so he toke hys men and wente thereas was La Beale Isode, and fette her away, and brought her into a fayre foreste to a fayre maner; and so he abode there with hir. So now this good knyght bade his men departe, for at that tyme he myght nat helpe them, and so they departed all save Governayle.

And so uppon a day sir Trystrames yode into the foroste for to disporte hym, and there he felle on slepe. And so happynde there cam to sir Trystrames a man that he had slayne his brothir. And so whan this man had founde hym he shotte hym thorow the sholdir ⌜with an arow⌝, and anone sir Trystrames sterte up and kylde that man.

2 downe *not in C* 3 *C* sir Tristram foughte tyl that 5 *C* the peple 10 *C* crackys 12 *C* gete to hym at that tyme Capitulum XXXV Soo whanne 14 sore aftir *not in C* 15 *C** escaped thenne they were passynge gladde 16 *C* with tuels 17–18 *C** asked hem where was la beale Isoud for he wende she had ben had aweye of Andreds peple Sir 23 *C* a foreste 24 *C* and sire Tristram there abode now *not in C* 25–26 *C* men goo from hym For at this tyme I maye not helpe you soo 28–29 *C* and thenne hit happend that there he felle on slepe And there came a man that sire Tristram afore hand had 31–32 *C** sholder with an arow and sir Tristram lepte vp *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 78r, col. 1*) cil le fiert d'une saiette envenimee

And in the meanetyme hit was tolde unto kynge Marke how sir Trystrames and La Beale Isode were in that same maner, and thydir he cam with many knyghtes to sle sir Trystrames. And whan he cam there he founde hym gone, and anone he toke La Beale Isode home with hym and kepte her strayte, that by no meane she myght never wryght nor sende.

And whan sir Trystrames com toward the maner he founde the tracke of many horse, and loked aboute in the place and knew that his lady was gone. And than sir Trystrames toke grete sorow and endured with grete sorow and payne longe tyme, for the arow that he was hurte wythall was envenomed.

So by the meane of La Beale Isode she ⟨b⟩ade a lady that **180v** was cosyn unto dame Brangwayne, and she cam unto sir Trystrames and tolde hym that he myght nat be hole by no meanys, 'for thy lady Isode may nat helpe the; therefore she byddyth you, haste you into Bretayne unto kynge Howell, and there shall ye fynde his doughter that is called Isode le Blaunche Maynes, and there shall ye fynde that she shall helpe you.'

Than sir Trystrames and Governayle gate them shyppyng, and so sayled into Bretayne. And whan kyng Howell knew that hit was sir Trystrames he was full glad of hym.

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I am com unto this contrey to have helpe of youre doughter, ⌜for hit is tolde me that there is none other may hele me but she⌝.'

And so ⌜within a whyle⌝ she heled hym. (36)

There was an erle that hyght Grype, and thys erle made grete warre uppon ⌜the kynge and putte hym⌝ to the worse and beseged hym. And on a tyme sir Keyhydyns that was sonne to the kynge Howell, as he issewed oute he was sore

1 unto *not in C* 3 *C* and as soone as euer he myght thyder 5 *C* and there he 6–7 *C* neuer she myght wete† nor sende vnto Trystram nor he vnto her 8 *C* old manoir 9–10 *C*† horses and ther by he wiste his lady was gone 11–12 *C* with grete payne 14 *W* she made *C* she told 18 *C* haste in to 19 that is called *not in C* 20–21 *C* maynys and she shal helpe the 23 *C* Thenne Howel wist 25 *C* he said 26–27 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 78v, col. 1*) si m'a on dit que vous avés une fille qui tost m'aroit gari s'elle vouloit 28 *Not emended in O*[1] 30–31 *C** vpon the kynge and putte the kynge to the werse *W* vppon hym and putte the kynge *F* (*loc. cit.*) Le roy Hoel y fu desconfit et perdi grant partie de ses gens et de ses chevaliers 32 *W* and as he *C** as he

wounded nyghe to the deth. Than Governayle wente to the kynge and seyde,

'Sir, I counceyle you to desyre my lorde sir Trystrames as in your nede to helpe you.'

5 'I woll do by youre counceyle,' seyde the kynge. And so he yode unto sir Trystrames and prayde hym as in his warrys to helpe hym, 'for my sonne sir Keyhidyns may nat go unto the fylde'.

'Sir', seyde sir Trystrames, 'I woll go to the fylde and do 10 what I may.'

So sir Trystrames issued oute of the towne wyth suche felyshyp as he myght make, and ded suche dedys that all Bretayne spake of hym. And than at the laste by grete force he slew the erle Grype his owne hondys, and mo than an 15 hondred knyghtes he slew that day.

And than sir Trystrames was resceyved into the cyté 181r worshypfully with procession. Than kyng Howell enbraced hym in his armys and seyde,

'Sir Trystrames, all my kyngedom I woll resygne to 20 you.'

'God defende!' seyde sir Trystrames, 'for I am beholdyn thereto for your doughtyrs sake to do for you more than that.'

So by the grete meanes of the kynge and his sonne there 25 grewe grete love betwyxte Isode and sir Trystrames, for that lady was bothe goode and fayre, and a woman of noble bloode and fame. And for because that sir Trystrames had suche chere and ryches and all other plesaunce that he had allmoste forsakyn La Beale Isode.

30 And so uppon a tyme sir Trystrames aggreed to wed this Isode le Blaunche Maynes. And so at the laste they were wedded and solemply hylde their maryayge.

And so whan they were a-bed bothe, sir Trystrames remembirde hym of his olde lady, La Beale Isode, and than 35 he toke suche a thoughte suddeynly that he was all dismayed, and other chere made he none ⌈but⌉ with clyppynge and

6 as *not in C* 13 *C* grete myghte and force 16 into the cyté *not in C* 19–20 *C* to the 21–22 *C* beholden vnto you for 22–23 more than that *not in C*† 24 *C* of kynge Howel & kehydyns his sone by grete profers* there 27 that *not in C* 28–29 *C* hadde all moost he hadde forsaken 30 this *not in C* 36 *C** none but with *W*† none nother with

kyssynge. As for ⌜other⌝ fleyshely lustys, sir Trystrames had never ado with hir: suche mencion makyth the Freynshe booke. Also hit makyth mencion that the lady wente there had be no plesure but kyssynge and clyppynge.

And in the meanetyme there was a knyght in Bretayne, his name was sir Suppynabyles, and he com over the see into Inglonde, and so he com into the courte of kynge Arthure. And there he mette with sir Launcelot du Lake and tolde hym of the maryayge of sir Trystrames. Than seyde sir Launcelot,

'Fye uppon hym, untrew knyght to his lady! That so noble a knyght as sir Trystrames is sholde be founde to his fyrst lady and love untrew, that is the quene of Cornwayle! But sey ye to hym thus,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that of all knyghtes in the worlde I have loved hym [most and had most joye of hym], and all was for his noble dedys. And **181v** lette hym wete that the love betwene hym and me is done for ever, and that I gyff hym warnyng: from this day forthe I woll be his mortall enemy.'

So departed sir Suppynabiles unto Bretayne agayne, and (37) there he founde sir Trystrames and tolde hym that he had bene in kynge Arthures courte. Than sir Trystrames seyde,

'Herd ye onythynge of me?'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Suppynabyles, 'there I harde sir Launcelot speke of you grete shame, and that ye ar a false knyght to youre lady. And he bade me do you to wyte that he woll be youre mortal foo in every place where he may mete you.'

'That me repentyth,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'for of all knyghtes I loved moste to be in his felyshyp.'

Than sir Trystrames was ashamed and made grete mone that ever any knyghtes sholde defame hym for the sake of his lady.

And so in this meanewhyle La Beale Isode made a lettir unto quene Gwenyvere complaynyng her of the untrouthe of

1–2 *C** other flesshly lustes sire Trystram neuer thoughte nor hadde adoo *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 80r, col. 1*) L'autre Yseult ly deffent qu'il ne gise a sa femme charnellement. Mais l'acoler ne le baiser ne lui deffend elle mie. . . . Et Tristan la baise et l'acole 13 *C* lady fals la beale Isoud quene 14 to *not in C* *C* hym this 15–16 *C** loued hym moost and had moost ioye of hym and alle 18–19 *C* forth as his mortal 27 *C* mortal enemy 31–32 *C* made grete mone and was ashamed that noble knyghtes

sir Trystrames, how he had wedded the kynges doughter of Bretayne. So quene Gwenyver sente her another letter and bade her be of goode comforte, for she sholde have joy aftir sorow: for sir Trystrames was so noble a knyght called that by craftes of sorsery ladyes wolde make suche noble [men] to wedde them. 'But the ende', quene Gwenyver seyde, 'shulde be thus, that he shall hate her and love you bettir than ever he dud.'

1 *C* and how hit shal be 3 *C* good chere 6–7 *C* but in the ende Quene Gueneuer said 7–8 *C* better than euer he dyd to fore

BOOK VIII

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR TRISTRAM DE LIONES WAS BORN, AND HOW HIS MOTHER DIED AT HIS BIRTH, WHEREFORE SHE NAMED HIM TRISTRAM.

It was a king that hight Meliodas, and he was lord and king of the country of Liones, and this Meliodas was a likely knight as any was that time living. And by fortune he wedded King Mark's sister of Cornwall, and she was called Elizabeth, that was called both good and fair. And at that time King Arthur reigned, and he was whole king of England, Wales, and Scotland, and of many other realms: howbeit there were many kings that were lords of many countries, but all they held their lands of King Arthur; for in Wales were two kings, and in the north were many kings; and in Cornwall and in the west were two kings; also in Ireland were two or three kings, and all were under the obeisance of King Arthur. So was the King of France, and the King of Brittany, and all the lordships unto Rome.

So when this King Meliodas had been with his wife, within a while she waxed great with child, and she was a full meek lady, and well she loved her lord, and he her again, so there was great joy betwixt them. Then there was a lady in that country that had loved King Meliodas long, and by no mean she never could get his love; therefore she let ordain upon a day, as King Meliodas rode a-hunting, for he was a great chaser, and there by an enchantment she made him chase an hart by himself alone till that he came to an old castle, and there anon he was taken prisoner by the lady that him loved. When Elizabeth, King Meliodas' wife, missed her lord, and she was nigh out of her wit, and also as great with child as she was, she took a gentlewoman with her, and ran into the forest to seek her lord. And when she was far in the forest she

might no farther, for she began to travail fast of her child. And she had many grimly throes; her gentlewoman helped her all that she might, and so by miracle of Our Lady of Heaven she was delivered with great pains. But she had taken such cold for the default of help that deep draughts of death took her, that needs she must die and depart out of this world; there was none other bote.

And when this Queen Elizabeth saw that there was none other bote, then she made great dole, and said unto her gentlewoman: When ye see my lord, King Meliodas, recommend me unto him, and tell him what pains I endure here for his love, and how I must die here for his sake for default of good help; and let him wit that I am full sorry to depart out of this world from him, therefore pray him to be friend to my soul. Now let me see my little child, for whom I have had all this sorrow. And when she saw him she said thus: Ah, my little son, thou hast murdered thy mother, and therefore I suppose, thou that art a murderer so young, thou art full likely to be a manly man in thine age. And because I shall die of the birth of thee, I charge thee, gentlewoman, that thou pray my lord, King Meliodas, that when he is christened let call him Tristram, that is as much to say as a sorrowful birth. And therewith this queen gave up the ghost and died. Then the gentlewoman laid her under an umbre of a great tree, and then she lapped the child as well as she might for cold. Right so there came the barons, following after the queen, and when they saw that she was dead, and understood none other but the king was destroyed[1] ,then certain of them would have slain the child, because they would have been lords of the country of Liones.

[1] Printed by Caxton as part of chap. ii.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE STEPMOTHER OF SIR TRISTRAM HAD ORDAINED POISON FOR TO HAVE POISONED SIR TRISTRAM.

BUT then through the fair speech of the gentlewoman, and by the means that she made, the most part of the barons would not assent thereto. And then they let carry home the dead queen, and much dole was made for her.

Then this meanwhile Merlin delivered King Meliodas out of prison on the morn after his queen was dead. And so when the king was come home the most part of the barons made great joy. But the sorrow that the king made for his queen that might no tongue tell. So then the king let inter her richly, and after he let christen his child as his wife had commanded afore her death. And then he let call him Tristram, the sorrowful born child. Then the King Meliodas endured seven years without a wife, and all this time Tristram was nourished well. Then it befell that King Meliodas wedded King Howell's daughter of Brittany, and anon she had children of King Meliodas: then was she heavy and wroth that her children should not rejoice the country of Liones, wherefore this queen ordained for to poison young Tristram. So she let poison be put in a piece of silver in the chamber whereas Tristram and her children were together, unto that intent that when Tristram were thirsty he should drink that drink. And so it fell upon a day, the queen's son, as he was in that chamber, espied the piece with poison, and he weened it had been good drink, and because the child was thirsty he took the piece with poison and drank freely; and therewithal suddenly the child brast and was dead.

When the queen of Meliodas wist of the death of her son, wit ye well that she was heavy. But yet the king understood nothing of her treason. Notwithstanding the queen would not leave this, but eft she let ordain more poison, and put it in a piece. And by fortune King Meliodas, her husband, found the piece with wine

where was the poison, and he that was much thirsty took the piece for to drink thereout. And as he would have drunken thereof the queen espied him, and then she ran unto him, and pulled the piece from him suddenly. The king marvelled why she did so, and remembered him how her son was suddenly slain with poison. And then he took her by the hand, and said: Thou false traitress, thou shalt tell me what manner of drink this is, or else I shall slay thee. And therewith he pulled out his sword, and sware a great oath that he should slay her but if she told him truth. Ah ! mercy, my lord, said she, and I shall tell you all. And then she told him why she would have slain Tristram, because her children should rejoice his land. Well, said King Meliodas, and therefore shall ye have the law. And so she was condemned by the assent of the barons to be burnt; and then was there made a great fire, and right as she was at the fire to take her execution, young Tristram kneeled afore King Meliodas, and besought him to give him a boon. I will well, said the king again. Then said young Tristram, Give me the life of thy queen, my stepmother. That is unrightfully asked, said King Meliodas, for thou ought of right to hate her, for she would have slain thee with that poison an she might have had her will; and for thy sake most is my cause that she should die.

Sir, said Tristram, as for that, I beseech you of your mercy that you will forgive it her, and as for my part, God forgive it her, and I do; and so much it liked your highness to grant me my boon, for God's love I require you hold your promise. Sithen it is so, said the king, I will that ye have her life. Then, said the king, I give her to you, and go ye to the fire and take her, and do with her what ye will. So Sir Tristram went to the fire, and by the commandment of the king delivered her from the death. But after that King Meliodas would never have ado with her as at bed and board. But by the good means of young Tristram he made the king and her accorded. But then the king would not suffer young Tristram to abide no longer in his court.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS SENT INTO FRANCE, AND HAD ONE TO GOVERN HIM NAMED GOUVERNAIL, AND HOW HE LEARNED TO HARP, HAWK AND HUNT.

And then he let ordain a gentleman that was well learned and taught, his name was Gouvernail; and then he sent young Tristram with Gouvernail into France to learn the language, and nurture, and deeds of arms. And there was Tristram more than seven years. And then when he well could speak the language, and had learned all that he might learn in that country, then he came home to his father, King Meliodas, again. And so Tristram learned to be an harper passing all other, that there was none such called in no country, and so on harping and on instruments of music he applied him in his youth for to learn.

And after, as he grew in might and strength, he laboured ever in hunting and in hawking, so that never gentleman more, that ever we heard read of. And as the book saith, he began good measures of blowing of beasts of venery, and beasts of chase, and all manner of vermin, and all these terms we have yet of hawking and hunting. And therefore the book of venery, of hawking, and hunting, is called the book of Sir Tristram. Wherefore, as meseemeth, all gentlemen that bear old arms ought of right to honour Sir Tristram for the goodly terms that gentlemen have and use, and shall to the day of doom, that thereby in a manner all men of worship may dissever a gentleman from a yeoman, and from a yeoman a villain. For he that gentle is will draw him unto gentle tatches, and to follow the customs of noble gentlemen.

Thus Sir Tristram endured in Cornwall until he was big and strong, of the age of eighteen years. And then the King Meliodas had great joy of Sir Tristram, and so had the queen, his wife. For ever after in her life, because Sir Tristram saved her from the fire, she did never hate him more after, but loved him ever after, and gave Tristram many great gifts; for every estate loved him, where that he went.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR MARHAUS CAME OUT OF IRELAND FOR TO ASK TRUAGE OF CORNWALL, OR ELSE HE WOULD FIGHT THEREFORE.

THEN it befell that King Anguish of Ireland sent unto King Mark of Cornwall for his truage, that Cornwall had paid many winters. And all that time King Mark was behind of the truage for seven years. And King Mark and his barons gave unto the messenger of Ireland these words and answer, that they would none pay; and bade the messenger go unto his King Anguish, and tell him we will pay him no truage, but tell your lord, an he will always have truage of us of Cornwall, bid him send a trusty knight of his land, that will fight for his right, and we shall find another for to defend our right. With this answer the messengers departed into Ireland. And when King Anguish understood the answer of the messengers he was wonderly wroth. And then he called unto him Sir Marhaus, the good knight, that was nobly proved, and a Knight of the Table Round. And this Marhaus was brother unto the queen of Ireland. Then the king said thus: Fair brother, Sir Marhaus, I pray you go into Cornwall for my sake, and do battle for our truage that of right we ought to have; and whatsomever ye spend ye shall have sufficiently, more than ye shall need. Sir, said Marhaus, wit ye well that I shall not be loath to do battle in the right of you and your land with the best knight of the Table Round; for I know them, for the most part, what be their deeds; and for to advance my deeds and to increase my worship I will right gladly go unto this journey for our right.

So in all haste there was made purveyance for Sir Marhaus, and he had all things that to him needed; and so he departed out of Ireland, and arrived up in Cornwall even fast by the Castle of Tintagil. And when King Mark understood that he was there arrived to fight for Ireland, then made King Mark great sorrow when he understood that the good and noble knight Sir Marhaus was come. For they knew no knight that durst have ado with him. For at that time Sir

Marhaus was called one of the famousest and renowned knights of the world. And thus Sir Marhaus abode in the sea, and every day he sent unto King Mark for to pay the truage that was behind of seven year, other else to find a knight to fight with him for the truage. This manner of message Sir Marhaus sent daily unto King Mark.

Then they of Cornwall let make cries in every place, that what knight would fight for to save the truage of Cornwall, he should be rewarded so that he should fare the better, term of his life. Then some of the barons said to King Mark, and counselled him to send to the court of King Arthur for to seek Sir Launcelot du Lake, that was that time named for the marvelloust knight of all the world. Then there were some other barons that counselled the king not to do so, and said that it was labour in vain, because Sir Marhaus was a knight of the Round Table, therefore any of them will be loath to have ado with other, but if it were any knight at his own request would fight disguised and unknown. So the king and all his barons assented that it was no bote to seek any knight of the Round Table. This mean while came the language and the noise unto King Meliodas, how that Sir Marhaus abode battle fast by Tintagil, and how King Mark could find no manner knight to fight for him. When young Tristram heard of this he was wroth, and sore ashamed that there durst no knight in Cornwall have ado with Sir Marhaus of Ireland.

CHAPTER V

HOW TRISTRAM ENTERPRIZED THE BATTLE TO FIGHT FOR THE TRUAGE OF CORNWALL. AND HOW HE WAS MADE KNIGHT.

THEREWITHAL Tristram went unto his father, King Meliodas, and asked him counsel what was best to do for to recover Cornwall from truage. For, as meseemeth, said Sir Tristram, it were shame that Sir Marhaus, the queen's brother of Ireland, should go away unless that he were foughten withal. As for that, said King

Meliodas, wit you well, son Tristram, that Sir Marhaus is called one of the best knights of the world, and Knight of the Table Round; and therefore I know no knight in this country that is able to match with him. Alas, said Sir Tristram, that I am not made knight; and if Sir Marhaus should thus depart into Ireland, God let me never have worship: an I were made knight I should match him. And sir, said Tristram, I pray you give me leave to ride to King Mark; and, so ye be not displeased, of King Mark will I be made knight. I will well, said King Meliodas, that ye be ruled as your courage will rule you. Then Sir Tristram thanked his father much. And then he made him ready to ride into Cornwall.

In the meanwhile there came a messenger with letters of love from King Faramon of France's daughter unto Sir Tristram, that were full piteous letters, and in them were written many complaints of love; but Sir Tristram had no joy of her letters nor regard unto her. Also she sent him a little brachet that was passing fair. But when the king's daughter understood that Sir Tristram would not love her, as the book saith, she died for sorrow. And then the same squire that brought the letter and the brachet came again unto Sir Tristram, as after ye shall hear in the tale.

So this young Sir Tristram rode unto his eme, King Mark of Cornwall. And when he came there he heard say that there would no knight fight with Sir Marhaus. Then yede Sir Tristram unto his eme and said: Sir, if ye will give me the order of knighthood, I will do battle with Sir Marhaus. What are ye, said the king, and from whence be ye come? Sir, said Tristram, I come from King Meliodas that wedded your sister, and a gentleman wit ye well I am. King Mark beheld Sir Tristram and saw that he was but a young man of age, but he was passingly well made and big. Fair sir, said the king, what is young mane, and where were ye born? Sir, said he again, my name is Tristram, and in the country of Liones was I born. Ye say well, said the king; and if ye will do this battle I shall make you knight. Therefore I come to you, said Sir Tristram, and for none other cause. But then King Mark made him knight. And therewithal, anon as he had made him knight, he sent a messenger unto Sir Marhaus with letters that said that he had found a young knight

ready for to take the battle to the uttermost. It may well be, said Sir Marhaus; but tell King Mark I will not fight with no knight but he be of blood royal, that is to say, other king's son, other queen's son, born of a prince or princess.

When King Mark understood that, he sent for Sir Tristram de Liones and told him what was the answer of Sir Marhaus. Then said Sir Tristram: Sithen that he saith so, let him wit that I am come of father side and mother side of as noble blood as he is: for, sir, now shall ye know that I am King Meliodas' son, born of your own sister, Dame Elizabeth, that died in the forest in the birth of me. O Jesu, said King Mark, ye are welcome fair nephew to me. Then in all the haste the king let horse Sir Tristram, and armed him in the best manner that might be had or gotten for gold or silver. And then King Mark sent unto Sir Marhaus, and did him to wit that a better born man than he was himself should fight with him, and his name is Sir Tristram de Liones, gotten of King Meliodas, and born of King Mark's sister. Then was Sir Marhaus glad and blithe that he should fight with such a gentleman. And so by the assent of King Mark and of Sir Marhaus they let ordain that they should fight within an island nigh Sir Marhaus' ships; and so was Sir Tristram put into a vessel both his horse and he, and all that to him longed both for his body and for his horse. Sir Tristram lacked nothing. And when King Mark and his barons of Cornwall beheld how young Sir Tristram departed with such a carriage to fight for the right of Cornwall, there was neither man nor woman of worship but they wept to see and understand so young a knight to jeopardy himself for their right.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM ARRIVED INTO THE ISLAND FOR TO FURNISH THE BATTLE WITH SIR MARHAUS.

So to shorten this tale, when Sir Tristram was arrived within the island he looked to the farther side, and there he saw at an

anchor six ships nigh to the land; and under the shadow of the ships upon the land, there hoved the noble knight, Sir Marhaus of Ireland. Then Sir Tristram commanded his servant Gouvernail to bring his horse to the land, and dress his harness at all manner of rights. And then when he had so done he mounted upon his horse; and when he was in his saddle well apparelled, and his shield dressed upon his shoulder, Tristram asked Gouvernail, Where is this knight that I shall have ado withal? Sir, said Gouvernail, see ye him not? I weened ye had seen him; yonder he hoveth under the umbre of his ships on horseback, with his spear in his hand and his shield upon his shoulder. That is truth, said the noble knight, Sir Tristram, now I see him well enough.

Then he commanded his servant Gouvernail to go to his vessel again: And commend me unto mine eme King Mark, and pray him, if that I be slain in this battle, for to inter my body as him seemed best; and as for me, let him wit that I will never yield me for cowardice; and if I be slain and flee not, then they have lost no truage for me; and if so be that I flee or yield me as recreant, bid mine eme never bury me in Christian burials. And upon thy life, said Sir Tristram to Gouvernail, come thou not nigh this island till that thou see me overcome or slain, or else that I win yonder knight. So either departed from other sore weeping.

CHAPTER VII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT AGAINST SIR MARHAUS AND ACHIEVED HIS BATTLE, AND HOW SIR MARHAUS FLED TO HIS SHIP.

And then Sir Marhaus avised Sir Tristram, and said thus: Young knight, Sir Tristram, what dost thou here? me sore repenteth of thy courage, for wit thou well I have been assayed, and the best knights of this land have been assayed of my hand; and also I have matched with the best knights of the world, and therefore by my

counsel return again unto thy vessel. And fair knight, and well-proved knight, said Sir Tristram, thou shalt well wit I may not forsake thee in this quarrel, for I am for thy sake made knight. And thou shalt well wit that I am a king's son born, and gotten upon a queen; and such promise I have made at my uncle's request and mine own seeking, that I shall fight with thee unto the uttermost, and deliver Cornwall from the old truage. And also wit thou well, Sir Marhaus, that this is the greatest cause that thou couragest me to have ado with thee, for thou art called one of the most renowned knights of the world, and because of that noise and fame that thou hast thou givest me courage to have ado with thee, for never yet was I proved with good knight; and sithen I took the order of knighthood this day, I am well pleased that I may have ado with so good a knight as thou art. And now wit thou well, Sir Marhaus, that I cast me to get worship on thy body; and if that I be not proved, I trust to God that I shall be worshipfully proved upon thy body, and to deliver the country of Cornwall for ever from all manner of truage from Ireland for ever.

When Sir Marhaus had heard him say what he would, he said then thus again: Fair knight, sithen it is so that thou castest to win worship of me, I let thee wit worship may thou none lose by me if thou mayest stand me three strokes; for I let thee wit for my noble deeds, proved and seen, King Arthur made me Knight of the Table Round.

Then they began to feutre their spears, and they met so fiercely together that they smote either other down, both horse and all. But Sir Marhaus smote Sir Tristram a great wound in the side with his spear, and then they avoided their horses, and pulled out their swords, and threw their shields afore them. And then they lashed together as men that were wild and courageous. And when they had stricken so together long, then they left their strokes, and foined at their breaths and visors; and when they saw that that might not prevail them, then they hurtled together like rams to bear either other down. Thus they fought still more than half a day, and either were wounded passing sore, that the blood ran down freshly from them upon the ground. By then Sir Tristram

waxed more fresher than Sir Marhaus, and better winded and bigger; and with a mighty stroke he smote Sir Marhaus upon the helm such a buffet that it went through his helm, and through the coif of steel, and through the brain-pan, and the sword stuck so fast in the helm and in his brain-pan that Sir Tristram pulled thrice at his sword or ever he might pull it out from his head; and there Marhaus fell down on his knees, the edge of Tristram's sword left in his brain-pan. And suddenly Sir Marhaus rose grovelling, and threw his sword and his shield from him, and so ran to his ships and fled his way, and Sir Tristram had ever his shield and his sword.

And when Sir Tristram saw Sir Marhaus withdraw him, he said: Ah ! Sir Knight of the Round Table, why withdrawest thou thee? thou dost thyself and thy kin great shame, for I am but a young knight, or now I was never proved, and rather than I should withdraw me from thee, I had rather be hewn in an hundred pieces. Sir Marhaus answered no word but yede his way sore groaning. Well, Sir Knight, said Sir Tristram, I promise thee thy sword and thy shield shall be mine; and thy shield shall I wear in all places where I ride on mine adventures, and in the sight of King Arthur and all the Round Table.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW SIR MARHAUS AFTER THAT HE WAS ARRIVED IN IRELAND DIED OF THE STROKE THAT SIR TRISTRAM HAD GIVEN HIM, AND HOW TRISTRAM WAS HURT.

ANON Sir Marhaus and his fellowship departed into Ireland. And as soon as he came to the king, his brother, he let search his wounds. And when his head was searched a piece of Sir Tristram's sword was found therein, and might never be had out of his head for no surgeons, and so he died of Sir Tristram's sword; and that piece of the sword the queen, his sister, kept it for ever with her, for she thought to be revenged an she might.

Now turn we again unto Sir Tristram, that was sore wounded, and full sore bled that he might not within a little while, when he had taken cold, unnethe stir him of his limbs. And then he set him down softly upon a little hill, and bled fast. Then anon came Gouvernail, his man, with his vessel; and the king and his barons came with processiòn against him. And when he was come unto the land, King Mark took him in his arms, and the king and Sir Dinas, the seneschal, led Sir Tristram into the castle of Tintagil. And then was he searched in the best manner, and laid in his bed. And when King Mark saw his wounds he wept heartily, and so did all his lords. So God me help, said King Mark, I would not for all my lands that my nephew died. So Sir Tristram lay there a month and more, and ever he was like to die of that stroke that Sir Marhaus smote him first with the spear. For, as the French book saith, the spear's head was envenomed, that Sir Tristram might not be whole. Then was King Mark and all his barons passing heavy, for they deemed none other but that Sir Tristram should not recover. Then the king let send after all manner of leeches and surgeons, both unto men and women, and there was none that would behote him the life. Then came there a lady that was a right wise lady, and she said plainly unto King Mark, and to Sir Tristram, and to all his barons, that he should never be whole but if Sir Tristram went in the same country that the venom came from, and in that country should he be holpen or else never. Thus said the lady unto the king.

When King Mark understood that, he let purvey for Sir Tristram a fair vessel, well victualled, and therein was put Sir Tristram, and Gouvernail with him, and Sir Tristram took his harp with him, and so he was put into the sea to sail into Ireland; and so by good fortune he arrived up in Ireland, even fast by a castle where the king and the queen was; and at his arrival he sat and harped in his bed a merry lay, such one heard they never none in Ireland before that time.

And when it was told the king and the queen of such a knight that was such an harper, anon the king sent for him, and let search his wounds, and then asked him his name. Then he answered, I am of the country of Liones, and my name is Tramtrist, that thus

was wounded in a battle as I fought for a lady's right. So God me help, said King Anguish, ye shall have all the help in this land that ye may have here; but I let you wit, in Cornwall I had a great loss as ever had king, for there I lost the best knight of the world; his name was Marhaus, a full noble knight, and Knight of the Table Round; and there he told Sir Tristram wherefore Sir Marhaus was slain. Sir Tristram made semblant as he had been sorry, and better knew he how it was than the king.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS PUT TO THE KEEPING OF LA BEALE ISOUD FIRST FOR TO BE HEALED OF HIS WOUND.

THEN the king for great favour made Tramtrist to be put in his daughter's ward and keeping, because she was a noble surgeon. And when she had searched him she found in the bottom of his wound that therein was poison, and so she healed him within a while; and therefore Tramtrist cast great love to La Beale Isoud, for she was at that time the fairest maid and lady of the world. And there Tramtrist learned her to harp, and she began to have a great fantasy unto him. And at that time Sir Palamides, the Saracen, was in that country, and well cherished with the king and the queen. And every day Sir Palamides drew unto La Beale Isoud and proffered her many gifts, for he loved her passingly well. All that espied Tramtrist, and full well knew he Sir Palamides for a noble knight and a mighty man. And wit you well Sir Tramtrist had great despite at Sir Palamides, for La Beale Isoud told Tramtrist that Palamides was in will to be christened for her sake. Thus was there great envy betwixt Tramtrist and Sir Palamides.

Then it befell that King Anguish let cry a great jousts and a great tournament for a lady that was called the Lady of the Launds, and she was nigh cousin unto the king. And what man won her, three days after he should wed her and have all her lands. This cry was

made in England, Wales, Scotland, and also in France and in Brittany. It befell upon a day La Beale Isoud came unto Sir Tramtrist, and told him of this tournament. He answered and said: Fair lady, I am but a feeble knight, and but late I had been dead had not your good ladyship been. Now, fair lady, what would ye I should do in this matter? well ye wot, my lady, that I may not joust. Ah, Tramtrist, said La Beale Isoud, why will ye not have ado at that tournament? well I wot Sir Palamides shall be there, and to do what he may; and therefore Tramtrist, I pray you for to be there, for else Sir Palamides is like to win the degree. Madam, said Tramtrist, as for that, it may be so, for he is a proved knight, and I am but a young knight and late made; and the first battle that I did it mishapped me to be sore wounded as ye see. But an I wist ye would be my better lady, at that tournament I will be, so that ye will keep my counsel and let no creature have knowledge that I shall joust but yourself, and such as ye will to keep your counsel, my poor person shall I jeopard there for your sake, that, peradventure, Sir Palamides shall know when that I come. Thereto, said La Beale Isoud, do your best, and as I can, said La Beale Isoud, I shall purvey horse and armour for you at my device. As ye will so be it, said Sir Tramtrist, I will be at your commandment.

So at the day of jousts there came Sir Palamides with a black shield, and he overthrew many knights, that all the people had marvel of him. For he put to the worse Sir Gawaine, Gaheris, Agravaine, Bagdemagus, Kay, Dodinas le Savage, Sagramore le Desirous, Gumret le Petit, and Griflet le Fise de Dieu. All these the first day Sir Palamides struck down to the earth. And then all manner of knights were adread of Sir Palamides, and many called him the Knight with the Black Shield. So that day Sir Palamides had great worship.

Then came King Anguish unto Tramtrist, and asked him why he would not joust. Sir, he said, I was but late hurt, and as yet I dare not adventure me. Then came there the same squire that was sent from the king's daughter of France unto Sir Tristram. And when he had espied Sir Tristram he fell flat to his feet. All that espied La Beale Isoud, what courtesy the squire made unto Sir

Tristram. And therewithal suddenly Sir Tristram ran unto his squire, whose name was Hebes le Renoumes, and prayed him heartily in no wise to tell his name. Sir, said Hebes, I will not discover your name but if ye command me.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR TRISTRAM WON THE DEGREE AT A TOURNAMENT IN IRELAND, AND THERE MADE PALAMIDES TO BEAR NO MORE HARNESS IN A YEAR.

THEN Sir Tristram asked him what he did in those countries. Sir, he said, I came hither with Sir Gawaine for to be made knight, and if it please you, of your hands, that I may be made knight. Await upon me as to-morn secretly, and in the field I shall make you a knight.

Then had La Beale Isoud great suspicion unto Tramtrist, that he was some man of worship proved, and therewith she comforted herself, and cast more love unto him than she had done to-fore. And so on the morn Sir Palamides made him ready to come into the field as he did the first day. And there he smote down the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Scots. Then had La Beale Isoud ordained and well arrayed Sir Tristram in white horse and harness. And right so she let put him out at a privy postern, and so he came into the field as it had been a bright angel. And anon Sir Palamides espied him, and therewith he feutred a spear unto Sir Tramtrist, and he again unto him. And there Sir Tristram smote down Sir Palamides unto the earth. And then there was a great noise of people: some said Sir Palamides had a fall, some said the Knight with the Black Shield had a fall. And wit you well La Beale Isoud was passing glad. And then Sir Gawaine and his fellows nine had marvel what knight it might be that had smitten down Sir Palamides. Then would there none joust with Tramtrist, but all that there were forsook him, most and least. Then Sir Tristram

made Hebes a knight and caused him to put himself forth, and did right well that day. So after Sir Hebes held him with Sir Tristram.

And when Sir Palamides had received this fall, wit ye well that he was sore ashamed, and as privily as he might he withdrew him out of the field. All that espied Sir Tristram, and lightly he rode after Sir Palamides and overtook him, and bade him turn, for better he would assay him or ever he departed. Then Sir Palamides turned him, and either lashed at other with their swords. But at the first stroke Sir Tristram smote down Palamides, and gave him such a stroke upon the head that he fell to the earth. So then Tristram bade yield him, and do his commandment, or else he would slay him. When Sir Palamides beheld his countenance, he dread his buffets so, that he granted all his askings. Well said, said Sir Tristram, this shall be your charge. First, upon pain of your life that ye forsake my lady La Beale Isoud, and in no manner wise that ye draw not to her. Also this twelvemonth and a day that ye bear none armour nor none harness of war. Now promise me this, or here shalt thou die. Alas, said Palamides, for ever am I ashamed. Then he sware as Sir Tristram had commanded him. Then for despite and anger Sir Palamides cut off his harness, and threw them away.

And so Sir Tristram turned again to the castle where was La Beale Isoud; and by the way he met with a damosel that asked after Sir Launcelot, that won the Dolorous Guard worshipfully; and this damosel asked Sir Tristram what he was. For it was told her that it was he that smote down Sir Palamides, by whom the ten knights of King Arthur's were smitten down. Then the damosel prayed Sir Tristram to tell her what he was, and whether that he were Sir Launcelot du Lake, for she deemed that there was no knight in the world might do such deeds of arms but if it were Launcelot. Fair damosel, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well that I am not Sir Launcelot, for I was never of such prowess, but in God is all that he may make me as good a knight as the good knight Sir Launcelot. Now, gentle knight, said she, put up thy visor; and when she beheld his visage she thought she saw never a better man's visage, nor a better faring knight. And then when the damosel knew certainly that he was not Sir Launcelot, then she took her

leave, and departed from him. And then Sir Tristram rode privily unto the postern, where kept him La Beale Isoud, and there she made him good cheer, and thanked God of his good speed. So anon, within a while the king and the queen understood that it was Tramtrist that smote down Sir Palamides; then was he much made of, more than he was before.

CHAPTER XI

HOW THE QUEEN ESPIED THAT SIR TRISTRAM HAD SLAIN HER BROTHER SIR MARHAUS BY HIS SWORD, AND IN WHAT JEOPARDY HE WAS.

THUS was Sir Tramtrist long there well cherished with the king and the queen, and namely with La Beale Isoud. So upon a day the queen and La Beale Isoud made a bain for Sir Tramtrist. And when he was in his bain the queen and Isoud, her daughter, roamed up and down in the chamber; and therewhiles Gouvernail and Hebes attended upon Tramtrist, and the queen beheld his sword thereas it lay upon his bed. And then by unhap the queen drew out his sword and beheld it a long while, and both they thought it a passing fair sword; but within a foot and an half of the point there was a great piece thereof out-broken of the edge. And when the queen espied that gap in the sword, she remembered her of a piece of a sword that was found in the brain-pan of Sir Marhaus, the good knight that was her brother. Alas then, said she unto her daughter, La Beale Isoud, this is the same traitor knight that slew my brother, thine eme. When Isoud heard her say so she was passing sore abashed, for passing well she loved Tramtrist, and full well she knew the cruelness of her mother the queen.

Anon therewithal the queen went unto her own chamber, and sought her coffer, and there she took out the piece of the sword that was pulled out of Sir Marhaus' head after that he was dead. And then she ran with that piece of iron to the sword that lay upon the

bed. And when she put that piece of steel and iron unto the sword, it was as meet as it might be when it was new broken. And then the queen gripped that sword in her hand fiercely, and with all her might she ran straight upon Tramtrist where he sat in his bain, and there she had rived him through had not Sir Hebes gotten her in his arms, and pulled the sword from her, and else she had thrust him through.

Then when she was let of her evil will she ran to the King Anguish, her husband, and said on her knees: O my lord, here have ye in your house that traitor knight that slew my brother and your servant, that noble knight, Sir Marhaus. Who is that, said King Anguish, and where is he? Sir, she said, it is Sir Tramtrist, the same knight that my daughter healed. Alas, said the king, therefore am I right heavy, for he is a full noble knight as ever I saw in field. But I charge you, said the king to the queen, that ye have not ado with that knight, but let me deal with him.

Then the king went into the chamber unto Sir Tramtrist, and then was he gone unto his chamber, and the king found him all ready armed to mount upon his horse. When the king saw him all ready armed to go unto horseback, the king said: Nay, Tramtrist, it will not avail to compare thee against me; but thus much I shall do for my worship and for thy love; in so much as thou art within my court it were no worship for me to slay thee: therefore upon this condition I will give thee leave for to depart from this court in safety, so thou wilt tell me who was thy father, and what is thy name, and if thou slew Sir Marhaus, my brother.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM DEPARTED FROM THE KING AND LA BEALE ISOUD OUT OF IRELAND FOR TO COME INTO CORNWALL.

SIR, said Tristram, now I shall tell you all the truth: my father's name is Sir Meliodas, King of Liones, and my mother hight

Elizabeth, that was sister unto King Mark of Cornwall; and my mother died of me in the forest, and because thereof she commanded, or she died, that when I were christened they should christen me Tristram; and because I would not be known in this country I turned my name and let me call Tramtrist; and for the truage of Cornwall I fought for my eme's sake, and for the right of Cornwall that ye had posseded many years. And wit ye well, said Tristram unto the king, I did the battle for the love of mine uncle, King Mark, and for the love of the country of Cornwall, and for to increase mine honour; for that same day that I fought with Sir Marhaus I was made knight, and never or then did I battle with no knight, and from me he went alive, and left his shield and his sword behind.

So God me help, said the king, I may not say but ye did as a knight should, and it was your part to do for your quarrel, and to increase your worship as a knight should; howbeit I may not maintain you in this country with my worship, unless that I should displease my barons, and my wife and her kin. Sir, said Tristram, I thank you of your good lordship that I have had with you here, and the great goodness my lady, your daughter, hath shewed me, and therefore, said Sir Tristram, it may so happen that ye shall win more by my life than by my death, for in the parts of England it may happen I may do you service at some season, that ye shall be glad that ever ye shewed me your good lordship. With more I promise you as I am true knight, that in all places I shall be my lady your daughter's servant and knight in right and in wrong, and I shall never fail her, to do as much as a knight may do. Also I beseech your good grace that I may take my leave at my lady, your daughter, and at all the barons and knights. I will well, said the king.

Then Sir Tristram went unto La Beale Isoud and took his leave of her. And then he told her all, what he was, and how he had changed his name because he would not be known, and how a lady told him that he should never be whole till he came into this country where the poison was made, wherethrough I was near my death had not your ladyship been. O gentle knight, said La Beale Isoud, full woe am I of thy departing, for I saw never man that I

owed so good will to. And therewithal she wept heartily. Madam, said Sir Tristram, ye shall understand that my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, gotten of King Meliodas, and born of his queen. And I promise you faithfully that I shall be all the days of my life your knight. Gramercy, said La Beale Isoud, and I promise you thereagainst that I shall not be married this seven years but by your assent; and to whom that ye will I shall be married to him will I have, and he will have me if ye will consent.

And then Sir Tristram gave her a ring, and she gave him another; and therewith he departed from her, leaving her making great dole and lamentation; and he straight went unto the court among all the barons, and there he took his leave at most and least, and openly he said among them all: Fair lords, now it is so that I must depart: if there be any man here that I have offended unto, or that any man be with me grieved, let complain him here afore me or that ever I depart, and I shall amend it unto my power. And if there be any that will proffer me wrong, or say of me wrong or shame behind my back, say it now or never, and here is my body to make it good, body against body. And all they stood still, there was not one that would say one word; yet were there some knights that were of the queen's blood, and of Sir Marhaus' blood, but they would not meddle with him.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND KING MARK HURTED EACH OTHER FOR THE LOVE OF A KNIGHT'S WIFE.

So Sir Tristram departed, and took the sea, and with good wind he arrived up at Tintagil in Cornwall; and when King Mark was whole in his prosperity there came tidings that Sir Tristram was arrived, and whole of his wounds: thereof was King Mark passing glad, and so were all the barons; and when he saw his time he rode unto his father, King Meliodas, and there he had all the cheer that

the king and the queen could make him. And then largely King Meliodas and his queen departed of their lands and goods to Sir Tristram.

Then by the license of King Meliodas, his father, he returned again unto the court of King Mark, and there he lived in great joy long time, until at the last there befell a jealousy and an unkindness betwixt King Mark and Sir Tristram, for they loved both one lady. And she was an earl's wife that hight Sir Segwarides. And this lady loved Sir Tristram passingly well. And he loved her again, for she was a passing fair lady, and that espied Sir Tristram well. Then King Mark understood that and was jealous, for King Mark loved her passingly well.

So it fell upon a day this lady sent a dwarf unto Sir Tristram, and bade him, as he loved her, that he would be with her the night next following. Also she charged you that ye come not to her but if ye be well armed, for her lover was called a good knight. Sir Tristram answered to the dwarf: Recommend me unto my lady, and tell her I will not fail but I will be with her the term that she hath set me. And with this answer the dwarf departed. And King Mark espied that the dwarf was with Sir Tristram upon message from Segwarides' wife; then King Mark sent for the dwarf, and when he was come he made the dwarf by force to tell him all, why and wherefore that he came on message from Sir Tristram. Now, said King Mark, go where thou wilt, and upon pain of death that thou say no word that thou spakest with me; so the dwarf departed from the king.

And that same night that the steven was set betwixt Segwarides' wife and Sir Tristram, King Mark armed him, and made him ready, and took two knights of his counsel with him; and so he rode afore for to abide by the way, for to wait upon Sir Tristram. And as Sir Tristram came riding upon his way with his spear in his hand, King Mark came hurtling upon him with his two knights suddenly. And all three smote him with their spears, and King Mark hurt Sir Tristram on the breast right sore. And then Sir Tristram feutred his spear, and smote his uncle, King Mark, so sore, that he rashed him to the earth, and bruised him that he lay still in a swoon, and long it was or ever he might wield himself. And then he ran to the one

knight, and eft to the other, and smote them to the cold earth, that they lay still. And therewithal Sir Tristram rode forth sore wounded to the lady, and found her abiding him at a postern.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM LAY WITH THE LADY, AND HOW HER HUSBAND FOUGHT WITH SIR TRISTRAM.

And there she welcomed him fair, and either halsed other in arms, and so she let put up his horse in the best wise, and then she unarmed him. And so they supped lightly, and went to bed with great joy and pleasaunce; and so in his raging he took no keep of his green wound that King Mark had given him. And so Sir Tristram be-bled both the over sheet and the nether, and pillows, and head sheet. And within a while there came one afore, that warned her that her lord was near-hand within a bow-draught. So she made Sir Tristram to arise, and so he armed him, and took his horse, and so departed. By then was come Segwarides, her lord, and when he found her bed troubled and broken, and went near and beheld it by candle light, then he saw that there had lain a wounded knight. Ah, false traitress, then he said, why hast thou betrayed me? And therewithal he swang out a sword, and said: But if thou tell me who hath been here, here thou shalt die. Ah, my lord, mercy, said the lady, and held up her hands, saying: Slay me not, and I shall tell you all who hath been here. Tell anon, said Segwarides, to me all the truth. Anon for dread she said: Here was Sir Tristram with me, and by the way as he came to me ward, he was sore wounded. Ah, false traitress, said Segwarides, where is he become? Sir, she said, he is armed, and departed on horseback, not yet hence half a mile. Ye say well, said Segwarides.

Then he armed him lightly, and gat his horse, and rode after Sir Tristram that rode straightway unto Tintagil. And within a while he overtook Sir Tristram, and then he bade him, Turn, false traitor

knight. And Sir Tristram anon turned him against him. And therewithal Segwarides smote Sir Tristram with a spear that it all to-brast; and then he swang out his sword and smote fast at Sir Tristram. Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, I counsel you that ye smite no more, howbeit for the wrongs that I have done you I will forbear you as long as I may. Nay, said Segwarides, that shall not be, for either thou shalt die or I.

Then Sir Tristram drew out his sword, and hurtled his horse unto him fiercely, and through the waist of the body he smote Sir Segwarides that he fell to the earth in a swoon. And so Sir Tristram departed and left him there. And so he rode unto Tintagil and took his lodging secretly, for he would not be known that he was hurt. Also Sir Segwarides' men rode after their master, whom they found lying in the field sore wounded, and brought him home on his shield, and there he lay long or that he were whole, but at the last he recovered. Also King Mark would not be aknown of that Sir Tristram and he had met that night. And as for Sir Tristram, he knew not that King Mark had met with him. And so the king askance came to Sir Tristram, to comfort him as he lay sick in his bed. But as long as King Mark lived he loved never Sir Tristram after that; though there was fair speech, love was there none. And thus it passed many weeks and days, and all was forgiven and forgotten; for Sir Segwarides durst not have ado with Sir Tristram, because of his noble prowess, and also because he was nephew unto King Mark; therefore he let it overslip: for he that hath a privy hurt is loath to have a shame outward.

CHAPTER XV

HOW SIR BLEOBERIS DEMANDED THE FAIREST LADY IN KING MARK'S COURT, WHOM HE TOOK AWAY, AND HOW HE WAS FOUGHT WITH.

THEN it befell upon a day that the good knight Bleoberis de Ganis, brother to Blamore de Ganis, and nigh cousin unto the good

knight Sir Launcelot du Lake, this Bleoberis came unto the court of King Mark, and there he asked of King Mark a boon, to give him what gift that he would ask in his court. When the king heard him ask so, he marvelled of his asking, but because he was a knight of the Round Table, and of a great renown, King Mark granted him his whole asking. Then, said Sir Bleoberis, I will have the fairest lady in your court that me list to choose. I may not say nay, said King Mark; now choose at your adventure. And so Sir Bleoberis did choose Sir Segwarides' wife, and took her by the hand, and so went his way with her; and so he took his horse and gart set her behind his squire, and rode upon his way.

When Sir Segwarides heard tell that his lady was gone with a knight of King Arthur's court, then he armed him and rode after that knight for to rescue his lady. So when Bleoberis was gone with this lady, King Mark and all the court was wroth that she was away. Then were there certain ladies that knew that there were great love between Sir Tristram and her, and also that lady loved Sir Tristram above all other knights. Then there was one lady that rebuked Sir Tristram in the horriblest wise, and called him coward knight, that he would for shame of his knighthood see a lady so shamefully be taken away from his uncle's court. But she meant that either of them had loved other with entire heart. But Sir Tristram answered her thus: Fair lady, it is not my part to have ado in such matters while her lord and husband is present here; and if it had been that her lord had not been here in this court, then for the worship of this court per-adventure I would have been her champion, and if so be Sir Segwarides speed not well, it may happen that I will speak with that good knight or ever he pass from this country.

Then within a while came one of Sir Segwarides' squires, and told in the court that Sir Segwarides was beaten sore and wounded to the point of death; as he would have rescued his lady Sir Bleoberis overthrew him and sore hath wounded him. Then was King Mark heavy thereof, and all the court. When Sir Tristram heard of this he was ashamed and sore grieved; and then was he soon armed and on horseback, and Gouvernail, his servant, bare his shield and spear. And so as Sir Tristram rode fast he met with

Sir Andred his cousin, that by the commandment of King Mark was sent to bring forth, an ever it lay in his power, two knights of Arthur's court, that rode by the country to seek their adventures. When Sir Tristram saw Sir Andred he asked him what tidings. So God me help, said Sir Andred, there was never worse with me, for here by the commandment of King Mark I was sent to fetch two knights of King Arthur's court, and that one beat me and wounded me, and set nought by my message. Fair cousin, said Sir Tristram, ride on your way, and if I may meet them it may happen I shall revenge you. So Sir Andred rode into Cornwall, and Sir Tristram rode after the two knights, the which one hight Sagramore le Desirous, and the other hight Dodinas le Savage.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT WITH TWO KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

THEN within a while Sir Tristram saw them afore him, two likely knights. Sir, said Gouvernail unto his master, Sir, I would counsel you not to have ado with them, for they be two proved knights of Arthur's court. As for that, said Sir Tristram, have ye no doubt but I will have ado with them to increase my worship, for it is many day sithen I did any deeds of arms. Do as ye list, said Gouvernail. And therewithal anon Sir Tristram asked them from whence they came, and whither they would, and what they did in those marches. Sir Sagramore looked upon Sir Tristram, and had scorn of his words, and asked him again, Fair knight, be ye a knight of Cornwall? Whereby ask ye it? said Sir Tristram. For it is seldom seen, said Sir Sagramore, that ye Cornish knights be valiant men of arms; for within these two hours there met us one of your Cornish knights, and great words he spake, and anon with little might he was laid to the earth. And, as I trow, said Sir Sagramore, ye shall have the same handsel that he had. Fair lords, said Sir

Tristram, it may so happen that I may better withstand than he did, and whether ye will or nill I will have ado with you, because he was my cousin that ye beat. And therefore here do your best, and wit ye well but if ye quit you the better here upon this ground, one knight of Cornwall shall beat you both.

When Sir Dodinas le Savage heard him say so he gat a spear in his hand, and said, Sir knight, keep well thyself. And then they departed and came together as it had been thunder. And Sir Dodinas' spear brast in-sunder, but Sir Tristram smote him with a more might, that he smote him clean over the horse-croup, that nigh he had broken his neck. When Sir Sagramore saw his fellow have such a fall he marvelled what knight he might be. And he dressed his spear with all his might, and Sir Tristram against him, and they came together as the thunder, and there Sir Tristram smote Sir Sagramore a strong buffet, that he bare his horse and him to the earth, and in the falling he brake his thigh.

When this was done Sir Tristram asked them: Fair knights, will ye any more? Be there no bigger knights in the court of King Arthur? it is to you shame to say of us knights of Cornwall dishonour, for it may happen a Cornish knight may match you. That is truth, said Sir Sagramore, that have we well proved; but I require thee, said Sir Sagramore, tell us your right name, by the faith and troth that ye owe to the high order of knighthood. Ye charge me with a great thing, said Sir Tristram, and sithen ye list to wit it, ye shall know and understand that my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, King Meliodas' son, and nephew unto King Mark. Then were they two knights fain that they had met with Tristram, and so they prayed him to abide in their fellowship. Nay, said Sir Tristram, for I must have ado with one of your fellows, his name is Sir Bleoberis de Ganis. God speed you well, said Sagramore and Dodinas. Sir Tristram departed and rode onward on his way. And then was he ware before him in a valley where rode Sir Bleoberis, with Sir Segwarides' lady, that rode behind his squire upon a palfrey.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT WITH SIR BLEOBERIS FOR A LADY, AND HOW THE LADY WAS PUT TO CHOICE TO WHOM SHE WOULD GO.

THEN Sir Tristram rode more than a pace until that he had overtaken him. Then spake Sir Tristram: Abide, he said, Knight of Arthur's court, bring again that lady, or deliver her to me. I will do neither, said Bleoberis, for I dread no Cornish knight so sore that me list to deliver her. Why, said Sir Tristram, may not a Cornish knight do as well as another knight? this same day two knights of your court within this three mile met with me, and or ever we departed they found a Cornish knight good enough for them both. What were their names? said Bleoberis. They told me, said Sir Tristram, that the one of them hight Sir Sagramore le Desirous, and the other hight Dodinas le Savage. Ah, said Sir Bleoberis, have ye met with them? so God me help, they were two good knights and men of great worship, and if ye have beat them both ye must needs be a good knight; but if it so be ye have beat them both, yet shall ye not fear me, but ye shall beat me or ever ye have this lady. Then defend you, said Sir Tristram. So they departed and came together like thunder, and either bare other down, horse and all, to the earth.

Then they avoided their horses, and lashed together eagerly with swords, and mightily, now tracing and traversing on the right hand and on the left hand more than two hours. And sometime they rushed together with such a might that they lay both grovelling on the ground. Then Sir Bleoberis de Ganis stert aback, and said thus: Now, gentle good knight, a while hold your hands, and let us speak together. Say what ye will, said Tristram, and I will answer you. Sir, said Bleoberis, I would wit of whence ye be, and of whom ye be come, and what is your name? So God me help, said Sir Tristram, I fear not to tell you my name. Wit ye well I am King Meliodas' son, and my mother is King Mark's sister, and my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and King Mark is mine uncle. Truly,

said Bleoberis, I am right glad of you, for ye are he that slew Marhaus the knight, hand for hand in an island, for the truage of Cornwall; also ye overcame Sir Palamides the good knight, at a tournament in an island, where ye beat Sir Gawaine and his nine fellows. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well that I am the same knight; now I have told you my name, tell me yours with good will. Wit ye well that my name is Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, and my brother hight Sir Blamore de Ganis, that is called a good knight, and we be sister's children unto my lord Sir Launcelot du Lake, that we call one of the best knights of the world. That is truth, said Sir Tristram, Sir Launcelot is called peerless of courtesy and of knighthood; and for his sake, said Sir Tristram, I will not with my good will fight no more with you, for the great love I have to Sir Launcelot du Lake. In good faith, said Bleoberis, as for me I will be loath to fight with you; but sithen ye follow me here to have this lady, I shall proffer your kindness, courtesy, and gentleness right here upon this ground. This lady shall be betwixt us both, and to whom that she will go, let him have her in peace. I will well, said Tristram, for, as I deem, she will leave you and come to me. Ye shall prove it anon, said Bleoberis.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW THE LADY FORSOOK SIR TRISTRAM AND ABODE WITH SIR BLEOBERIS, AND HOW SHE DESIRED TO GO TO HER HUSBAND.

So when she was set betwixt them both she said these words unto Sir Tristram: Wit ye well, Sir Tristram de Liones, that but late thou wast the man in the world that I most loved and trusted, and I weened thou hadst loved me again above all ladies; but when thou sawest this knight lead me away thou madest no cheer to rescue me, but suffered my lord Segwarides ride after me; but until that time I weened thou haddest loved me, and therefore now I

will leave thee, and never love thee more. And therewithal she went unto Sir Bleoberis.

When Sir Tristram saw her do so he was wonderly wroth with that lady, and ashamed to come to the court. Sir Tristram, said Sir Bleoberis, ye are in the default, for I hear by this lady's words she before this day trusted you above all earthly knights, and, as she saith, ye have deceived her, therefore wit ye well, there may no man hold that will away; and rather than ye should be heartily displeased with me I would ye had her, an she would abide with you. Nay, said the lady, so God me help I will never go with him; for he that I loved most I weened he had loved me. And therefore, Sir Tristram, she said, ride as thou came, for though thou haddest overcome this knight, as ye was likely, with thee never would I have gone. And I shall pray this knight so fair of his knighthood, that or ever he pass this country, that he will lead me to the abbey where my lord Sir Segwarides lieth. So God me help, said Bleoberis, I let you wit, good knight Sir Tristram, because King Mark gave me the choice of a gift in this court, and so this lady liked me best—notwithstanding, she is wedded and hath a lord, and I have fulfilled my quest, she shall be sent unto her husband again, and in especial most for your sake, Sir Tristram; and if she would go with you I would ye had her. I thank you, said Sir Tristram, but for her love I shall beware what manner a lady I shall love or trust; for had her lord, Sir Segwarides, been away from the court, I should have been the first that should have followed you; but sithen that ye have refused me, as I am true knight I shall her know passingly well that I shall love or trust. And so they took their leave one from the other and departed.

And so Sir Tristram rode unto Tintagil, and Sir Bleoberis rode unto the abbey where Sir Segwarides lay sore wounded, and there he delivered his lady, and departed as a noble knight; and when Sir Segwarides saw his lady, he was greatly comforted; and then she told him that Sir Tristram had done great battle with Sir Bleoberis, and caused him to bring her again. These words pleased Sir Segwarides right well, that Sir Tristram would do so much; and so that lady told all the battle unto King Mark betwixt Sir Tristram and Sir Bleoberis.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW KING MARK SENT SIR TRISTRAM FOR LA BEALE ISOUD TOWARD IRELAND, AND HOW BY FORTUNE HE ARRIVED INTO ENGLAND.

THEN when this was done King Mark cast always in his heart how he might destroy Sir Tristram. And then he imagined in himself to send Sir Tristram into Ireland for La Beale Isoud. For Sir Tristram had so praised her beauty and her goodness that King Mark said that he would wed her, whereupon he prayed Sir Tristram to take his way into Ireland for him on message. And all this was done to the intent to slay Sir Tristram. Notwithstanding, Sir Tristram would not refuse the message for no danger nor peril that might fall, for the pleasure of his uncle, but to go he made him ready in the most goodliest wise that might be devised. For Sir Tristram took with him the most goodliest knights that he might find in the court; and they were arrayed, after the guise that was then used, in the goodliest manner. So Sir Tristram departed and took the sea with all his fellowship. And anon, as he was in the broad sea a tempest took him and his fellowship, and drove them back into the coast of England; and there they arrived fast by Camelot, and full fain they were to take the land.

And when they were landed Sir Tristram set up his pavilion upon the land of Camelot, and there he let hang his shield upon the pavilion. And that same day came two knights of King Arthur's, that one was Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Morganor. And they touched the shield, and bade him come out of the pavilion for to joust, an he would joust. Ye shall be answered, said Sir Tristram, an ye will tarry a little while. So he made him ready, and first he smote down Sir Ector de Maris, and after he smote down Sir Morganor, all with one spear, and sore bruised them. And when they lay upon the earth they asked Sir Tristram what he was, and of what country he was knight. Fair lords, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well that I am of Cornwall. Alas, said Sir Ector, now am I ashamed

that ever any Cornish knight should overcome me. And then for despite Sir Ector put off his armour from him, and went on foot, and would not ride.

CHAPTER XX

HOW KING ANGUISH OF IRELAND WAS SUMMONED TO COME TO KING ARTHUR'S COURT FOR TREASON.

THEN it fell that Sir Bleoberis and Sir Blamore de Ganis, that were brethren, they had summoned the King Anguish of Ireland for to come to Arthur's court upon pain of forfeiture of King Arthur's good grace. And if the King of Ireland came not in, at the day assigned and set, the king should lose his lands. So it happened that at the day assigned, King Arthur neither Sir Launcelot might not be there for to give the judgment, for King Arthur was with Sir Launcelot at the Castle Joyous Garde. And so King Arthur assigned King Carados and the King of Scots to be there that day as judges. So when the kings were at Camelot King Anguish of Ireland was come to know his accusers. Then was there Sir Blamore de Ganis, and appealed the King of Ireland of treason, that he had slain a cousin of his in his court in Ireland by treason. The king was sore abashed of his accusation, for-why he was come at the summons of King Arthur, and or he came at Camelot he wist not wherefore he was sent after. And when the king heard Sir Blamore say his will, he understood well there was none other remedy but for to answer him knightly; for the custom was such in those days, that an any man were appealed of any treason or murder he should fight body for body, or else to find another knight for him. And all manner of murders in those days were called treason.

So when King Anguish understood his accusing he was passing heavy, for he knew Sir Blamore de Ganis that he was a noble knight, and of noble knights come. Then the King of Ireland was

simply purveyed of his answer; therefore the judges gave him respite by the third day to give his answer. So the king departed unto his lodging. The meanwhile there came a lady by Sir Tristram's pavilion making great dole. What aileth you, said Sir Tristram, that ye make such dole? Ah, fair knight, said the lady, I am ashamed unless that some good knight help me; for a great lady of worship sent by me a fair child and a rich, unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and hereby there met with me a knight, and threw me down from my palfrey, and took away the child from me. Well, my lady, said Sir Tristram, and for my lord Sir Launcelot's sake I shall get you that child again, or else I shall be beaten for it. And so Sir Tristram took his horse, and asked the lady which way the knight rode; and then she told him. And he rode after him, and within a while he overtook that knight. And then Sir Tristram bade him turn and give again the child.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM RESCUED A CHILD FROM A KNIGHT. AND HOW GOUVERNAIL TOLD HIM OF KING ANGUISH.

THE knight turned his horse and made him ready to fight. And then Sir Tristram smote him with a sword such a buffet that he tumbled to the earth. And then he yielded him unto Sir Tristram. Then come thy way, said Sir Tristram, and bring the child to the lady again. So he took his horse meekly and rode with Sir Tristram; and then by the way Sir Tristram asked him his name. Then he said, My name is Breuse Saunce Pité. So when he had delivered that child to the lady, he said: Sir, as in this the child is well remedied. Then Sir Tristram let him go again that sore repented him after, for he was a great foe unto many good knights of King Arthur's court.

Then when Sir Tristram was in his pavilion Gouvernail, his man, came and told him how that King Anguish of Ireland was come

thither, and he was put in great distress; and there Gouvernail told Sir Tristram how King Anguish was summoned and appealed of murder. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, these be the best tidings that ever came to me this seven years, for now shall the King of Ireland have need of my help; for I daresay there is no knight in this country that is not of Arthur's court dare do battle with Sir Blamore de Ganis; and for to win the love of the King of Ireland I will take the battle upon me; and therefore Gouvernail bring me, I charge thee, to the king.

Then Gouvernail went unto King Anguish of Ireland, and saluted him fair. The king welcomed him and asked him what he would. Sir, said Gouvernail, here is a knight near hand that desireth to speak with you: he bade me say he would do you service. What knight is he? said the king. Sir, said he, it is Sir Tristram de Liones, that for your good grace that ye showed him in your lands will reward you in this country. Come on, fellow, said the king, with me anon and show me unto Sir Tristram. So the king took a little hackney and but few fellowship with him, until he came unto Sir Tristram's pavilion. And when Sir Tristram saw the king he ran unto him and would have holden his stirrup. But the king leapt from his horse lightly, and either halsed other in their arms. My gracious lord, said Sir Tristram, gramercy of your great goodnesses showed unto me in your marches and lands: and at that time I promised you to do you service an ever it lay in my power. And, gentle knight, said the king unto Sir Tristram, now have I great need of you, never had I so great need of no knight's help. How so, my good lord? said Sir Tristram. I shall tell you, said the king: I am summoned and appealed from my country for the death of a knight that was kin unto the good knight Sir Launcelot; wherefore Sir Blamore de Ganis, brother to Sir Bleoberis hath appealed me to fight with him, outher to find a knight in my stead. And well I wot, said the king, these that are come of King Ban's blood, as Sir Launcelot and these other, are passing good knights, and hard men for to win in battle as any that I know now living. Sir, said Sir Tristram, for the good lordship ye showed me in Ireland, and for my lady your daughter's sake, La Beale Isoud, I

will take the battle for you upon this condition that ye shall grant me two things: that one is that ye shall swear to me that ye are in the right, that ye were never consenting to the knight's death; Sir, then said Sir Tristram, when that I have done this battle, if God give me grace that I speed, that ye shall give me a reward, what thing reasonable that I will ask of you. So God me help, said the king, ye shall have whatsomever ye will ask. It is well said, said Sir Tristram.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT FOR SIR ANGUISH AND OVERCAME HIS ADVERSARY. AND HOW HIS ADVERSARY WOULD NEVER YIELD HIM.

Now make your answer that your champion is ready, for I shall die in your quarrel rather than to be recreant. I have no doubt of you, said the king, that, an ye should have ado with Sir Launcelot du Lake — Sir, said Sir Tristram, as for Sir Launcelot, he is called the noblest knight of the world, and wit ye well that the knights of his blood are noble men, and dread shame; and as for Bleoberis, brother unto Sir Blamore, I have done battle with him, therefore upon my head it is no shame to call him a good knight. It is noised, said the king, that Blamore is the hardier knight. Sir, as for that let him be, he shall never be refused, an as he were the best knight that now beareth shield or spear.

So King Anguish departed unto King Carados and the kings that were that time as judges, and told them that he had found his champion ready. Then by the commandment of the kings Sir Blamore de Ganis and Sir Tristram were sent for to hear the charge. And when they were come before the judges there were many kings and knights beheld Sir Tristram, and much speech they had of him because that he slew Sir Marhaus, the good knight, and because he for-jousted Sir Palamides the good knight. So when

they had taken their charge they withdrew them to make them ready to do battle.

Then said Sir Bleoberis unto his brother, Sir Blamore: Fair dear brother, remember of what kin we be come of, and what a man is Sir Launcelot du Lake, neither farther nor nearer but brother's children, and there was never none of our kin that ever was shamed in battle; and rather suffer death, brother, than to be shamed. Brother, said Blamore, have ye no doubt of me, for I shall never shame none of my blood; howbeit I am sure that yonder knight is called a passing good knight as of his time one of the world, yet shall I never yield me, nor say the loath word: well may he happen to smite me down with his great might of chivalry, but rather shall he slay me than I shall yield me as recreant. God speed you well, said Sir Bleoberis, for ye shall find him the mightiest knight that ever ye had ado withal, for I know him, for I have had ado with him. God me speed, said Sir Blamore de Ganis; and therewith he took his horse at the one end of the lists, and Sir Tristram at the other end of the lists, and so they feutred their spears and came together as it had been thunder; and there Sir Tristram through great might smote down Sir Blamore and his horse to the earth. Then anon Sir Blamore avoided his horse and pulled out his sword and threw his shield afore him, and bade Sir Tristram alight: For though an horse hath failed me, I trust to God the earth will not fail me. And then Sir Tristram alighted, and dressed him unto battle; and there they lashed together strongly as racing and tracing, foining and dashing, many sad strokes, that the kings and knights had great wonder that they might stand; for ever they fought like wood men, so that there was never knights seen fight more fiercely than they did; for Sir Blamore was so hasty that he would have no rest, that all men wondered that they had breath to stand on their feet; and all the place was bloody that they fought in. And at the last, Sir Tristram smote Sir Blamore such a buffet upon the helm that he there fell down upon his side, and Sir Tristram stood and beheld him.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW SIR BLAMORE DESIRED TRISTRAM TO SLAY HIM, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM SPARED HIM, AND HOW THEY TOOK APPOINTMENT.

THEN when Sir Blamore might speak, he said thus: Sir Tristram de Liones, I require thee, as thou art a noble knight, and the best knight that ever I found, that thou wilt slay me out, for I would not live to be made lord of all the earth, for I have liefer die with worship than live with shame; and needs, Sir Tristram, thou must slay me, or else thou shalt never win the field, for I will never say the loath word. And therefore if thou dare slay me, slay me, I require thee. When Sir Tristram heard him say so knightly, he wist not what to do with him; he remembering him of both parties, of what blood he was come, and for Sir Launcelot's sake he would be loath to slay him; and in the other party in no wise he might not choose, but that he must make him to say the loath word, or else to slay him.

Then Sir Tristram stert aback, and went to the kings that were judges, and there he kneeled down to-fore them, and besought them for their worships, and for King Arthur's and Sir Launcelot's sake, that they would take this matter in their hands. For, my fair lords, said Sir Tristram, it were shame and pity that this noble knight that yonder lieth should be slain; for ye hear well, shamed will he not be, and I pray to God that he never be slain nor shamed for me. And as for the king for whom I fight for, I shall require him, as I am his true champion and true knight in this field, that he will have mercy upon this good knight. So God me help, said King Anguish, I will for your sake, Sir Tristram, be ruled as ye will have me, for I know you for my true knight; and therefore I will heartily pray the kings that be here as judges to take it in their hands. And the kings that were judges called Sir Bleoberis to them, and asked him his advice. My lords, said Bleoberis, though my brother be beaten, and hath the worse through might of arms, I dare say, though Sir Tristram hath beaten his body he hath not

beaten his heart, and I thank God he is not shamed this day; and rather than he should be shamed I require you, said Bleoberis, let Sir Tristram slay him out. It shall not be so, said the kings, for his part adversary, both the king and the champion, have pity of Sir Blamore's knighthood. My lords, said Bleoberis, I will right well as ye will.

Then the kings called the King of Ireland, and found him goodly and treatable. And then, by all their advices, Sir Tristram and Sir Bleoberis took up Sir Blamore, and the two brethren were accorded with King Anguish, and kissed and made friends for ever. And then Sir Blamore and Sir Tristram kissed together, and there they made their oaths that they would never none of them two brethren fight with Sir Tristram, and Sir Tristram made the same oath. And for that gentle battle all the blood of Sir Launcelot loved Sir Tristram for ever.

Then King Anguish and Sir Tristram took their leave, and sailed into Ireland with great noblesse and joy. So when they were in Ireland the king let make it known throughout all the land how and in what manner Sir Tristram had done for him. Then the queen and all that there were made the most of him that they might. But the joy that La Beale Isoud made of Sir Tristram there might no tongue tell, for of all men earthly she loved him most.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM DEMANDED LA BEALE ISOUD FOR KING MARK, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND ISOUD DRANK THE LOVE DRINK.

THEN upon a day King Anguish asked Sir Tristram why he asked not his boon, for whatsomever he had promised him he should have it without fail. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now is it time; this is all that I will desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud, your daughter, not for myself, but for mine uncle, King Mark, that shall have

her to wife, for so have I promised him. Alas, said the king, I had liefer than all the land that I have ye would wed her yourself. Sir, an I did then I were shamed for ever in this world, and false of my promise. Therefore, said Sir Tristram, I pray you hold your promise that ye promised me; for this is my desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud to go with me into Cornwall for to be wedded to King Mark, mine uncle. As for that, said King Anguish, ye shall have her with you to do with her what it please you; that is for to say if that ye list to wed her yourself, that is me liefest, and if ye will give her unto King Mark, your uncle, that is in your choice. So, to make short conclusion, La Beale Isoud was made ready to go with Sir Tristram, and Dame Bragwaine went with her for her chief gentlewoman, with many other.

Then the queen, Isoud's mother, gave unto her Dame Bragwaine to be her daughter's gentlewoman, also she and Gouvernail had a drink of the queen and she charged them that what day King Mark should wed, that same day they should give him that drink, so that King Mark should drink to La Beale Isoud, and then, said the queen, I undertake either shall love other the days of their life. So this drink was given unto Dame Bragwaine, and unto Gouvernail. And then anon Sir Tristram took the sea, and La Beale Isoud; and when they were in their cabin, it happed so that they were thirsty ,and they saw a little flasket of gold stand by them, and it seemed by the colour and the taste that it was noble wine. Then Sir Tristram took the flasket in his hand, and said, Madam Isoud, here is the best drink that ever ye drank, that Dame Bragwaine, your maiden, and Gouvernail, my servant, have kept for themselves. Then they laughed and made good cheer, and either drank to other freely, and they thought never drink that ever they drank to other was so sweet nor so good. But by that their drink was in their bodies, they loved either other so well that never their love departed for weal neither for woe. And thus it happed the love first betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, the which love never departed the days of their life.

So then they sailed till by fortune they came nigh a castle that hight Pluere, and thereby arrived for to repose them, weening to

them to have had good harbourage. But anon as Sir Tristram was within the castle they were taken prisoners; for the custom of the castle was such; who that rode by that castle and brought any lady, he must needs fight with the lord, that hight Breunor. And if it were so that Breunor won the field, then should the knight stranger and his lady be put to death, what that ever they were; and if it were so that the strange knight won the field of Sir Breunor, then should he die and his lady both. This custom was used many winters, for it was called the Castle Pluere, that is to say the Weeping Castle.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND ISOUD WERE IN PRISON, AND HOW HE FOUGHT FOR HER BEAUTY, AND SMOTE OFF ANOTHER LADY'S HEAD.

THUS as Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud were in prison, it happed a knight and a lady came unto them where they were, to cheer them. I have marvel, said Tristram unto the knight and the lady, what is the cause the lord of this castle holdeth us in prison: it was never the custom of no place of worship that ever I came in, when a knight and a lady asked harbour, and they to receive them, and after to destroy them that be his guests. Sir, said the knight, this is the old custom of this castle, that when a knight cometh here he must needs fight with our lord, and he that is weaker must lose his head. And when that is done, if his lady that he bringeth be fouler than our lord's wife, she must lose her head: and if she be fairer proved than is our lady, then shall the lady of this castle lose her head. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, this is a foul custom and a shameful. But one advantage have I, said Sir Tristram, I have a lady is fair enough, fairer saw I never in all my life-days, and I doubt not for lack of beauty she shall not lose her head; and rather than I should lose my head I will fight for it on a fair field.

Wherefore, sir knight, I pray you tell your lord that I will be ready as to-morn with my lady, and myself to do battle, if it be so I may have my horse and mine armour. Sir, said that knight, I undertake that your desire shall be sped right well. And then he said: Take your rest, and look that ye be up betimes and make you ready and your lady, for ye shall want no thing that you behoveth. And therewith he departed, and on the morn betimes that same knight came to Sir Tristram, and fetched him out and his lady, and brought him horse and armour that was his own, and bade him make him ready to the field, for all the estates and commons of that lordship were there ready to behold that battle and judgment.

Then came Sir Breunor, the lord of that castle, with his lady in his hand, muffled, and asked Sir Tristram where was his lady: For an thy lady be fairer than mine, with thy sword smite off my lady's head; and if my lady be fairer than mine, with my sword I must strike off her head. And if I may win thee, yet shall thy lady be mine, and thou shalt lose thy head. Sir, said Tristram, this is a foul custom and horrible; and rather than my lady should lose her head, yet had I liefer lose my head. Nay, nay, said Sir Breunor, the ladies shall be first showed together, and the one shall have her judgment. Nay, I will not so, said Sir Tristram, for here is none that will give righteous judgment. But I doubt not, said Sir Tristram, my lady is fairer than thine, and that will I prove and make good with my hand. And whosomever he be that will say the contrary I will prove it on his head. And therewith Sir Tristram showed La Beale Isoud, and turned her thrice about with his naked sword in his hand. And when Sir Breunor saw that, he did the same wise turn his lady. But when Sir Breunor beheld La Beale Isoud, him thought he saw never a fairer lady, and then he dread his lady's head should be off. And so all the people that were there present gave judgment that La Beale Isoud was the fairer lady and the better made. How now, said Sir Tristram, meseemeth it were pity that my lady should lose her head, but because thou and she of long time have used this wicked custom, and by you both have many good knights and ladies been destroyed, for that cause it were no loss to destroy you both. So God me help, said Sir Breunor, for to say the sooth, thy lady is fairer

than mine, and that me sore repenteth. And so I hear the people privily say, for of all women I saw none so fair; and therefore, an thou wilt slay my lady, I doubt not but I shall slay thee and have thy lady. Thou shalt win her, said Sir Tristram, as dear as ever knight won lady. And because of thine own judgment, as thou wouldst have done to my lady if that she had been fouler, and because of the evil custom, give me thy lady, said Sir Tristram. And therewithal Sir Tristram strode unto him and took his lady from him, and with an awk stroke he smote off her head clean. Well, knight, said Sir Breunor, now hast thou done me a despite[1]; now take thine horse: sithen I am ladyless I will win thy lady an I may.

[1] Printed by Caxton as part of chap. xxvi.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT WITH SIR BREUNOR, AND AT THE LAST SMOTE OFF HIS HEAD.

THEN they took their horses and came together as it had been the thunder; and Sir Tristram smote Sir Breunor clean from his horse, and lightly he rose up; and as Sir Tristram came again by him he thrust his horse throughout both the shoulders, that his horse hurled here and there and fell dead to the ground. And ever Sir Breunor ran after to have slain Sir Tristram, but Sir Tristram was light and nimble, and voided his horse lightly. And or ever Sir Tristram might dress his shield and his sword the other gave him three or four sad strokes. Then they rushed together like two boars, tracing and traversing mightily and wisely as two noble knights. For this Sir Breunor was a proved knight, and had been or then the death of many good knights, that it was pity that he had so long endured.

Thus they fought, hurling here and there nigh two hours, and either were wounded sore. Then at the last Sir Breunor rashed

upon Sir Tristram and took him in his arms, for he trusted much in his strength. Then was Sir Tristram called the strongest and the highest knight of the world; for he was called bigger than Sir Launcelot, but Sir Launcelot was better breathed. So anon Sir Tristram thrust Sir Breunor down grovelling, and then he unlaced his helm and struck off his head. And then all they that longed to the castle came to him, and did him homage and fealty, praying him that he would abide there still a little while to fordo that foul custom. Sir Tristram granted thereto. The meanwhile one of the knights of the castle rode unto Sir Galahad, the haut prince, the which was Sir Breunor's son, which was a noble knight, and told him what misadventure his father had and his mother.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW SIR GALAHAD FOUGHT WITH SIR TRISTRAM, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM YIELDED HIM AND PROMISED TO FELLOWSHIP WITH LAUNCELOT.

THEN came Sir Galahad, and the King with the Hundred Knights with him; and this Sir Galahad proffered to fight with Sir Tristram hand for hand. And so they made them ready to go unto battle on horseback with great courage. Then Sir Galahad and Sir Tristram met together so hard that either bare other down, horse and all, to the earth. And then they avoided their horses as noble knights, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords with ire and rancour, and they lashed together many sad strokes, and one while striking, another while foining, tracing and traversing as noble knights; thus they fought long, near half a day, and either were sore wounded. At the last Sir Tristram waxed light and big, and doubled his strokes, and drove Sir Galahad aback on the one side and on the other, so that he was like to have been slain.

With that came the King with the Hundred Knights, and all that fellowship went fiercely upon Sir Tristram. When Sir Tristram saw

them coming upon him, then he wist well he might not endure. Then as a wise knight of war, he said to Sir Galahad, the haut prince: Sir, ye show to me no knighthood, for to suffer all your men to have ado with me all at once; and as meseemeth ye be a noble knight of your hands it is great shame to you. So God me help, said Sir Galahad, there is none other way but thou must yield thee to me, other else to die, said Sir Galahad to Sir Tristram. I will rather yield me to you than die, for that is more for the might of your men than of your hands. And therewithal Sir Tristram took his own sword by the point, and put the pommel in the hand of Sir Galahad.

Therewithal came the King with the Hundred Knights, and hard began to assail Sir Tristram. Let be, said Sir Galahad, be ye not so hardy to touch him, for I have given this knight his life. That is your shame, said the King with the Hundred Knights; hath he not slain your father and your mother? As for that, said Sir Galahad, I may not wite him greatly, for my father had him in prison, and enforced him to do battle with him; and my father had such a custom that was a shameful custom, that what knight came there to ask harbour his lady must needs die but if she were fairer than my mother; and if my father overcame that knight he must needs die. This was a shameful custom and usage, a knight for his harbour-asking to have such harbourage. And for this custom I would never draw about him. So God me help, said the King, this was a shameful custom. Truly, said Sir Galahad, so seemed me; and meseemed it had been great pity that this knight should have been slain, for I dare say he is the noblest man that beareth life, but if it were Sir Launcelot du Lake. Now, fair knight, said Sir Galahad, I require thee tell me thy name, and of whence thou art, and whither thou wilt. Sir, he said, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and from King Mark of Cornwall I was sent on message unto King Anguish of Ireland, for to fetch his daughter to be his wife, and here she is ready to go with me into Cornwall, and her name is La Beale Isoud. And, Sir Tristram, said Sir Galahad, the haut prince, well be ye found in these marches, and so ye will promise me to go unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and accompany with him, ye shall

go where ye will, and your fair lady with you; and I shall promise you never in all my days shall such customs be used in this castle as have been used. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now I let you wit, so God me help, I weened ye had been Sir Launcelot du Lake when I saw you first, and therefore I dread you the more; and sir, I promise you, said Sir Tristram, as soon as I may I will see Sir Launcelot and infellowship me with him; for of all the knights of the world I most desire his fellowship.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT MET WITH SIR CARADOS BEARING AWAY SIR GAWAINE, AND OF THE RESCUE OF SIR GAWAINE.

And then Sir Tristram took his leave when he saw his time, and took the sea. And in the meanwhile word came unto Sir Launcelot and to Sir Tristram that Sir Carados, the mighty king, that was made like a giant, fought with Sir Gawaine, and gave him such strokes that he swooned in his saddle, and after that he took him by the collar and pulled him out of his saddle, and fast bound him to the saddle-bow, and so rode his way with him toward his castle. And as he rode, by fortune Sir Launcelot met with Sir Carados, and anon he knew Sir Gawaine that lay bound after him. Ah, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Gawaine, how stands it with you? Never so hard, said Sir Gawaine, unless that ye help me, for so God me help, without ye rescue me I know no knight that may, but outher you or Sir Tristram. Wherefore Sir Launcelot was heavy of Sir Gawaine's words. And then Sir Launcelot bade Sir Carados: Lay down that knight and fight with me. Thou art but a fool, said Sir Carados, for I will serve you in the same wise. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, spare me not, for I warn thee I will not spare thee. And then he bound Sir Gawaine hand and foot, and so threw him to the ground. And then he gat his spear of his squire, and departed

from Sir Launcelot to fetch his course. And so either met with other, and brake their spears to their hands; and then they pulled out swords, and hurtled together on horseback more than an hour. And at the last Sir Launcelot smote Sir Carados such a buffet upon the helm that it pierced his brain-pan. So then Sir Launcelot took Sir Carados by the collar and pulled him under his horse's feet, and then he alighted and pulled off his helm and struck off his head. And then Sir Launcelot unbound Sir Gawaine. So this same tale was told to Sir Galahad and to Sir Tristram: — here may ye hear the nobleness that followeth Sir Launcelot. Alas, said Sir Tristram, an I had not this message in hand with this fair lady, truly I would never stint or I had found Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud went to the sea and came into Cornwall, and there all the barons met them.

CHAPTER XXIX

OF THE WEDDING OF KING MARK TO LA BEALE ISOUD, AND OF BRAGWAINE HER MAID, AND OF PALAMIDES.

And anon they were richly wedded with great noblesse. But ever, as the French book saith, Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud loved ever together. Then was there great jousts and great tourneying, and many lords and ladies were at that feast, and Sir Tristram was most praised of all other. Thus dured the feast long, and after the feast was done, within a little while after, by the assent of two ladies that were with Queen Isoud, they ordained for hate and envy for to destroy Dame Bragwaine, that was maiden and lady unto La Beale Isoud; and she was sent into the forest for to fetch herbs, and there she was met, and bound feet and hand to a tree, and so she was bounden three days. And by fortune, Sir Palamides found Dame Bragwaine, and there he delivered her from the death, and brought her to a nunnery there beside, for to be recovered. When Isoud the queen missed her maiden, wit ye

well she was right heavy as ever was any queen, for of all earthly women she loved her best: the cause was for she came with her out of her country. And so upon a day Queen Isoud walked into the forest to put away her thoughts, and there she went herself unto a well and made great moan. And suddenly there came Palamides to her, and had heard all her complaint, and said: Madam Isoud, an ye will grant me my boon, I shall bring to you Dame Bragwaine safe and sound. And the queen was so glad of his proffer that suddenly unadvised she granted all his asking. Well, Madam, said Palamides, I trust to your promise, and if ye will abide here half an hour I shall bring her to you. I shall abide you, said La Beale Isoud. And Sir Palamides rode forth his way to that nunnery, and lightly he came again with Dame Bragwaine; but by her good will she would not have come again, because for love of the queen she stood in adventure of her life. Notwithstanding, half against her will, she went with Sir Palamides unto the queen. And when the queen saw her she was passing glad. Now, Madam, said Palamides, remember upon your promise, for I have fulfilled my promise. Sir Palamides, said the queen, I wot not what is your desire, but I will that ye wit, howbeit I promised you largely, I thought none evil, nor I warn you none evil will I do. Madam, said Sir Palamides, as at this time, ye shall not know my desire, but before my lord your husband there shall ye know that I will have my desire that ye have promised me. And therewith the queen departed, and rode home to the king, and Sir Palamides rode after her. And when Sir Palamides came before the king, he said: Sir King, I require you as ye be a righteous king, that ye will judge me the right. Tell me your cause, said the king, and ye shall have right.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW PALAMIDES DEMANDED QUEEN ISOUD, AND HOW LAMBEGUS RODE AFTER TO RESCUE HER, AND OF THE ESCAPE OF ISOUD.

SIR, said Palamides, I promised your Queen Isoud to bring again Dame Bragwaine that she had lost, upon this covenant, that she should grant me a boon that I would ask, and without grudging, outher advisement, she granted me. What say ye, my lady? said the king. It is as he saith, so God me help, said the queen; to say thee sooth I promised him his asking for love and joy that I had to see her. Well, Madam, said the king, and if ye were hasty to grant him what boon he would ask, I will well that ye perform your promise. Then, said Palamides, I will that ye wit that I will have your queen to lead her and govern her whereas me list. Therewith the king stood still, and bethought him of Sir Tristram, and deemed that he would rescue her. And then hastily the king answered: Take her with the adventures that shall fall of it, for as I suppose thou wilt not enjoy her no while. As for that, said Palamides, I dare right well abide the adventure. And so, to make short tale, Sir Palamides took her by the hand and said: Madam, grudge not to go with me, for I desire nothing but your own promise. As for that, said the queen, I fear not greatly to go with thee, howbeit thou hast me at advantage upon my promise, for I doubt not I shall be worshipfully rescued from thee. As for that, said Sir Palamides, be it as it be may. So Queen Isoud was set behind Palamides, and rode his way.

Anon the king sent after Sir Tristram, but in no wise he could be found, for he was in the forest a-hunting; for that was always his custom, but if he used arms, to chase and to hunt in the forests. Alas, said the king, now I am shamed for ever, that by mine own assent my lady and my queen shall be devoured. Then came forth a knight, his name was Lambegus, and he was a knight of Sir Tristram. My lord, said this knight, sith ye have trust in my lord,

Sir Tristram, wit ye well for his sake I will ride after your queen and rescue her, or else I shall be beaten. Gramercy, said the king, as I live, Sir Lambegus, I shall deserve it. And then Sir Lambegus armed him, and rode after as fast as he might. And then within a while he overtook Sir Palamides. And then Sir Palamides left the queen. What art thou, said Palamides, art thou Tristram? Nay, he said, I am his servant, and my name is Sir Lambegus. That me repenteth, said Palamides. I had liefer thou hadst been Sir Tristram. I believe you well, said Lambegus, but when thou meetest with Sir Tristram thou shalt have thy hands full. And then they hurtled together and all to-brast their spears, and then they pulled out their swords, and hewed on helms and hauberks. At the last Sir Palamides gave Sir Lambegus such a wound that he fell down like a dead knight to the earth.

Then he looked after La Beale Isoud, and then she was gone he nist where. Wit ye well Sir Palamides was never so heavy. So the queen ran into the forest, and there she found a well, and therein she had thought to have drowned herself. And as good fortune would, there came a knight to her that had a castle thereby, his name was Sir Adtherp. And when he found the queen in that mischief he rescued her, and brought her to his castle. And when he wist what she was he armed him, and took his horse, and said he would be avenged upon Palamides; and so he rode on till he met with him, and there Sir Palamides wounded him sore, and by force he made him to tell him the cause why he did battle with him, and how he had led the queen unto his castle. Now bring me there, said Palamides, or thou shalt die of my hands. Sir, said Sir Adtherp, I am so wounded I may not follow, but ride you this way and it shall bring you into my castle, and there within is the queen. Then Sir Palamides rode still till he came to the castle. And at a window La Beale Isoud saw Sir Palamides; then she made the gates to be shut strongly. And when he saw he might not come within the castle, he put off his bridle and his saddle, and put his horse to pasture, and set himself down at the gate like a man that was out of his wit that recked not of himself.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM RODE AFTER PALAMIDES, AND HOW HE FOUND HIM AND FOUGHT WITH HIM, AND BY THE MEANS OF ISOUD THE BATTLE CEASED.

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram, that when he was come home and wist La Beale Isoud was gone with Sir Palamides, wit ye well he was wroth out of measure. Alas, said Sir Tristram, I am this day shamed. Then he cried to Gouvernail his man: Haste thee that I were armed and on horseback, for well I wot Lambegus hath no might nor strength to withstand Sir Palamides: alas that I have not been in his stead ! So anon as he was armed and horsed Sir Tristram and Gouvernail rode after into the forest, and within a while he found his knight Lambegus almost wounded to the death; and Sir Tristram bare him to a forester, and charged him to keep him well. And then he rode forth, and there he found Sir Adtherp sore wounded, and he told him how the queen would have drowned herself had he not been, and how for her sake and love he had taken upon him to do battle with Sir Palamides. Where is my lady? said Sir Tristram. Sir, said the knight, she is sure enough within my castle, an she can hold her within it. Gramercy, said Sir Tristram, of thy great goodness. And so he rode till he came nigh to that castle; and then Sir Tristram saw where Sir Palamides sat at the gate sleeping, and his horse pastured fast afore him. Now go thou, Gouvernail, said Sir Tristram, and bid him awake, and make him ready. So Gouvernail rode unto him and said: Sir Palamides, arise, and take to thee thine harness. But he was in such a study he heard not what Gouvernail said. So Gouvernail came again and told Sir Tristram he slept, or else he was mad. Go thou again, said Sir Tristram, and bid him arise, and tell him that I am here, his mortal foe. So Gouvernail rode again and put upon him the butt of his spear, and said: Sir Palamides, make thee ready, for wit ye well Sir Tristram hoveth yonder, and sendeth thee word he is thy mortal foe.

And therewithal Sir Palamides arose stilly, without words, and gat his horse, and saddled him and bridled him, and lightly he leapt upon, and gat his spear in his hand, and either feutred their spears and hurtled fast together; and there Tristram smote down Sir Palamides over his horse's tail. Then lightly Sir Palamides put his shield afore him and drew his sword. And there began strong battle on both parts, for both they fought for the love of one lady, and ever she lay on the walls and beheld them how they fought out of measure, and either were wounded passing sore, but Palamides was much sorer wounded. Thus they fought tracing and traversing more than two hours, that well-nigh for dole and sorrow La Beale Isoud swooned. Alas, she said, that one I loved and yet do, and the other I love not, yet it were great pity that I should see Sir Palamides slain; for well I know by that time the end be done Sir Palamides is but a dead knight: because he is not christened I would be loath that he should die a Saracen. And therewithal she came down and besought Sir Tristram to fight no more. Ah, madam, said he, what mean you, will ye have me shamed? Well ye know I will be ruled by you. I will not your dishonour, said La Beale Isoud, but I would that ye would for my sake spare this unhappy Saracen Palamides. Madam, said Sir Tristram, I will leave fighting at this time for your sake. Then she said to Sir Palamides: This shall be your charge, that thou shalt go out of this country while I am therein. I will obey your commandment, said Sir Palamides, the which is sore against my will. Then take thy way, said La Beale Isoud, unto the court of King Arthur, and there recommend me unto Queen Guenever, and tell her that I send her word that there be within this land but four lovers, that is, Sir Launcelot du Lake and Queen Guenever, and Sir Tristram de Liones and Queen Isoud.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM BROUGHT QUEEN ISOUD HOME, AND OF THE DEBATE OF KING MARK AND SIR TRISTRAM.

And so Sir Palamides departed with great heaviness. And Sir Tristram took the queen and brought her again to King Mark, and then was there made great joy of her home-coming. Who was cherished but Sir Tristram ! Then Sir Tristram let fetch Sir Lambegus, his knight, from the forester's house, and it was long or he was whole, but at the last he was well recovered. Thus they lived with joy and play a long while. But ever Sir Andred, that was nigh cousin to Sir Tristram, lay in a watch to wait betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, for to take them and slander them. So upon a day Sir Tristram talked with La Beale Isoud in a window, and that espied Sir Andred, and told it to the King. Then King Mark took a sword in his hand and came to Sir Tristram, and called him false traitor, and would have stricken him. But Sir Tristram was nigh him, and ran under his sword, and took it out of his hand. And then the King cried: Where are my knights and my men? I charge you slay this traitor. But at that time there was not one would move for his words. When Sir Tristram saw that there was not one would be against him, he shook the sword to the king, and made countenance as though he would have stricken him. And then King Mark fled, and Sir Tristram followed him, and smote upon him five or six strokes flatling on the neck, that he made him to fall upon the nose. And then Sir Tristram yede his way and armed him, and took his horse and his man, and so he rode into that forest.

And there upon a day Sir Tristram met with two brethren that were knights with King Mark, and there he struck off the head of the one, and wounded the other to the death; and he made him to bear his brother's head in his helm unto the king, and thirty more there he wounded. And when that knight came before the king to say his message, he there died afore the king and the queen.

Then King Mark called his council unto him, and asked advice of his barons what was best to do with Sir Tristram. Sir, said the barons, in especial Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, Sir, we will give you counsel for to send for Sir Tristram, for we will that ye wit many men will hold with Sir Tristram an he were hard bestead. And sir, said Sir Dinas, ye shall understand that Sir Tristram is called peerless and makeless of any Christian knight, and of his might and hardiness we knew none so good a knight, but if it be Sir Launcelot du Lake. And if he depart from your court and go to King Arthur's court, wit ye well he will get him such friends there that he will not set by your malice. And therefore, sir, I counsel you to take him to your grace. I will well, said the king, that he be sent for, that we may be friends. Then the barons sent for Sir Tristram under a safe conduct. And so when Sir Tristram came to the king he was welcome, and no rehearsal was made, and there was game and play. And then the king and the queen went a-hunting, and Sir Tristram.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW SIR LAMORAK JOUSTED WITH THIRTY KNIGHTS. AND SIR TRISTRAM AT THE REQUEST OF KING MARK SMOTE HIS HORSE DOWN.

THE king and the queen made their pavilions and their tents in that forest beside a river, and there was daily hunting and jousting, for there were ever thirty knights ready to joust unto all them that came in at that time. And there by fortune came Sir Lamorak de Galis and Sir Driant; and there Sir Driant jousted right well, but at the last he had a fall. Then Sir Lamorak proffered to joust. And when he began he fared so with the thirty knights that there was not one of them but that he gave him a fall, and some of them were sore hurt. I marvel, said King Mark, what knight he is that doth such deeds of arms. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I know him

well for a noble knight as few now be living, and his name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. It were great shame, said the king, that he should go thus away, unless that some of you meet with him better. Sir, said Sir Tristram, meseemeth it were no worship for a noble man to have ado with him: and for because at this time he hath done over much for any mean knight living, therefore, as meseemeth, it were great shame and villainy to tempt him any more at this time, insomuch as he and his horse are weary both; for the deeds of arms that he hath done this day, an they be well considered, it were enough for Sir Launcelot du Lake. As for that, said King Mark, I require you, as ye love me and my lady the queen, La Beale Isoud, take your arms and joust with Sir Lamorak de Galis. Sir, said Sir Tristram, ye bid me do a thing that is against knighthood, and well I can deem that I shall give him a fall, for it is no mastery, for my horse and I be fresh both, and so is not his horse and he; and wit ye well that he will take it for great unkindness, for ever one good knight is loath to take another at disadvantage; but because I will not displease you, as ye require me so will I do, and obey your commandment.

And so Sir Tristram armed him and took his horse, and put him forth, and there Sir Lamorak met him mightily, and what with the might of his own spear, and of Sir Tristram's spear, Sir Lamorak's horse fell to the earth, and he sitting in the saddle. Then anon as lightly as he might he avoided the saddle and his horse, and put his shield afore him and drew his sword. And then he bade Sir Tristram: Alight, thou knight, an thou durst. Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will no more have ado with thee, for I have done to thee over much unto my dishonour and to thy worship. As for that, said Sir Lamorak, I can thee no thank; since thou hast for-jousted me on horse-back I require thee and I beseech thee, an thou be Sir Tristram, fight with me on foot. I will not so, said Sir Tristram; and wit ye well my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and well I know ye be Sir Lamorak de Galis, and this that I have done to you was against my will, but I was required thereto; but to say that I will do at your request as at this time, I will have no more ado with you, for me shameth of that I have done. As for the shame, said

Sir Lamorak, on thy part or on mine, bear thou it an thou wilt, for though a mare's son hath failed me, now a queen's son shall not fail thee; and therefore, an thou be such a knight as men call thee, I require thee, alight, and fight with me. Sir Lamorak, said Sir Tristram, I understand your heart is great, and cause why ye have, to say thee sooth; for it would grieve me an any knight should keep him fresh and then to strike down a weary knight, for that knight nor horse was never formed that alway might stand or endure. And therefore, said Sir Tristram, I will not have ado with you, for me forthinketh of that I have done. As for that, said Sir Lamorak, I shall quit you, an ever I see my time.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW SIR LAMORAK SENT AN HORN TO KING MARK IN DESPITE OF SIR TRISTRAM, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS DRIVEN INTO A CHAPEL.

So he departed from him with Sir Driant, and by the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan le Fay unto King Arthur; and this knight had a fair horn harnessed with gold, and the horn had such a virtue that there might no lady nor gentlewoman drink of that horn but if she were true to her husband, and if she were false she should spill all the drink, and if she were true to her lord she might drink peaceable. And because of the Queen Guenever, and in the despite of Sir Launcelot, this horn was sent unto King Arthur; and by force Sir Lamorak made that knight to tell all the cause why he bare that horn. Now shalt thou bear this horn, said Lamorak, unto King Mark, or else choose thou to die for it; for I tell thee plainly, in despite and reproof of Sir Tristram thou shalt bear that horn unto King Mark, his uncle, and say thou to him that I sent it him for to assay his lady, and if she be true to him he shall prove her. So the knight went his way unto King Mark, and brought him that rich horn, and said that Sir Lamorak

sent it him, and thereto he told him the virtue of that horn. Then the king made Queen Isoud to drink thereof, and an hundred ladies, and there were but four ladies of all those that drank clean. Alas, said King Mark, this is a great despite, and sware a great oath that she should be burnt and the other ladies.

Then the barons gathered them together, and said plainly they would not have those ladies burnt for an horn made by sorcery, that came from as false a sorceress and witch as then was living. For that horn did never good, but caused strife and debate, and always in her days she had been an enemy to all true lovers. So there were many knights made their avow, an ever they met with Morgan le Fay, that they would show her short courtesy. Also Sir Tristram was passing wroth that Sir Lamorak sent that horn unto King Mark, for well he knew that it was done in the despite of him. And therefore he thought to quite Sir Lamorak.

Then Sir Tristram used daily and nightly to go to Queen Isoud when he might, and ever Sir Andred his cousin watched him night and day for to take him with La Beale Isoud. And so upon a night Sir Andred espied the hour and the time when Sir Tristram went to his lady. Then Sir Andred gat unto him twelve knights, and at midnight he set upon Sir Tristram secretly and suddenly, and there Sir Tristram was taken naked abed with La Beale Isoud, and then was he bound hand and foot, and so was he kept until day. And then by the assent of King Mark, and of Sir Andred, and of some of the barons, Sir Tristram was led unto a chapel that stood upon the sea rocks, there for to take his judgement: and so he was led bounden with forty knights. And when Sir Tristram saw that there was none other boot but needs that he must die, then said he: Fair lords, remember what I have done for the country of Cornwall, and in what jeopardy I have been in for the weal of you all; for when I fought for the truage of Cornwall with Sir Marhaus, the good knight, I was promised for to be better rewarded, when ye dall refuse to take the battle; therefore, as ye be good gentle knights, see me not thus shamefully to die, for it is shame to all knighthood thus to see me die; for I dare say, said Sir Tristram, that I never met with no knight but I was as good as he, or better. Fie

upon thee, said Sir Andred, false traitor that thou art, with thine avaunting; for all thy boast thou shalt die this day. O Andred, Andred, said Sir Tristram, thou shouldst be my kinsman, and now thou art to me full unfriendly, but an there were no more but thou and I, thou wouldst not put me to death. No ! said Sir Andred, and therewith he drew his sword, and would have slain him.

When Sir Tristram saw him make such countenance he looked upon both his hands that were fast bounden unto two knights, and suddenly he pulled them both to him, and unwrast his hands, and then he leapt unto his cousin, Sir Andred, and wrested his sword out of his hands; then he smote Sir Andred that he fell to the earth, and so Sir Tristram fought till that he had killed ten knights. So then Sir Tristram gat the chapel and kept it mightily. Then the cry was great, and the people drew fast unto Sir Andred, mo than an hundred. When Sir Tristram saw the people draw unto him, he remembered he was naked, and sperd fast the chapel door, and brake the bars of a window, and so he leapt out and fell upon the crags in the sea. And so at that time Sir Andred nor none of his fellows might get to him, at that time.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS HELPEN BY HIS MEN, AND OF QUEEN ISOUD WHICH WAS PUT IN A LAZAR-COTE, AND HOW TRISTRAM WAS HURT.

So when they were departed, Gouvernail, and Sir Lambegus, and Sir Sentraille de Lushon, that were Sir Tristram's men, sought their master. When they heard he was escaped then they were passing glad; and on the rocks they found him, and with towels they pulled him up. And then Sir Tristram asked them where was La Beale Isoud, for he weened she had been had away of Andred's people. Sir, said Gouvernail, she is put in a lazar-cote. Alas, said Sir Tristram, this is a full ungoodly place for such a fair

lady, and if I may she shall not be long there. And so he took his men and went thereas was La Beale Isoud, and fetched her away, and brought her into a forest to a fair manor, and Sir Tristram there abode with her. So the good knight bade his men go from him: For at this time I may not help you. So they departed all save Gouvernail. And so upon a day Sir Tristram yede into the forest for to disport him, and then it happened that there he fell asleep; and there came a man that Sir Tristram aforehand had slain his brother, and when this man had found him he shot him through the shoulder with an arrow, and Sir Tristram leapt up and killed that man. And in the meantime it was told King Mark how Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud were in that same manor, and as soon as ever he might thither he came with many knights to slay Sir Tristram. And when he came there he found him gone; and there he took La Beale Isoud home with him, and kept her strait that by no means never she might wit nor send unto Tristram, nor he unto her. And then when Sir Tristram came toward the old manor he found the track of many horses, and thereby he wist his lady was gone. And then Sir Tristram took great sorrow, and endured with great pain long time, for the arrow that he was hurt withal was envenomed.

Then by the mean of La Beale Isoud she told a lady that was cousin unto Dame Bragwaine, and she came to Sir Tristram, and told him that he might not be whole by no means. For thy lady, La Beale Isoud, may not help thee, therefore she biddeth you haste into Brittany to King Howell, and there ye shall find his daughter, Isoud la Blanche Mains, and she shall help thee. Then Sir Tristram and Gouvernail gat them shipping, and so sailed into Brittany. And when King Howell wist that it was Sir Tristram he was full glad of him. Sir, he said, I am come into this country to have help of your daughter, for it is told me that there is none other may heal me but she; and so within a while she healed him.

CHAPTER XXXVI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM SERVED IN WAR KING HOWELL OF BRITTANY, AND SLEW HIS ADVERSARY IN THE FIELD.

THERE was an earl that hight Grip, and this earl made great war upon the king, and put the king to the worse, and besieged him. And on a time Sir Kehydius, that was son to King Howell, as he issued out he was sore wounded, nigh to the death. Then Gouvernail went to the king and said: Sir, I counsel you to desire my lord, Sir Tristram, as in your need to help you. I will do by your counsel, said the king. And so he yede unto Sir Tristram, and prayed him in his wars to help him: For my son, Sir Kehydius, may not go into the field. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I will go to the field and do what I may. Then Sir Tristram issued out of the town with such fellowship as he might make, and did such deeds that all Brittany spake of him. And then, at the last, by great might and force, he slew the Earl Grip with his own hands, and more than an hundred knights he slew that day. And then Sir Tristram was received worshipfully with procession. Then King Howell embraced him in his arms, and said: Sir Tristram, all my kingdom I will resign to thee. God defend, said Sir Tristram, for I am beholden unto you for your daughter's sake to do for you.

Then by the great means of King Howell and Kehydius his son, by great proffers, there grew great love betwixt Isoud and Sir Tristram, for that lady was both good and fair, and a woman of noble blood and fame. And for because Sir Tristram had such cheer and riches, and all other pleasaunce that he had, almost he had forsaken La Beale Isoud. And so upon a time Sir Tristram agreed to wed Isoud la Blanche Mains. And at the last they were wedded, and solemnly held their marriage. And so when they were abed both Sir Tristram remembered him of his old lady La Beale Isoud. And then he took such a thought suddenly that he was all dismayed, and other cheer made he none but with clipping and kissing; as for other fleshly lusts Sir Tristram never thought nor had

ado with her: such mention maketh the French book; also it maketh mention that the lady weened there had been no pleasure but kissing and clipping. And in the meantime there was a knight in Brittany, his name was Suppinabiles, and he came over the sea into England, and then he came into the court of King Arthur, and there he met with Sir Launcelot du Lake, and told him of the marriage of Sir Tristram. Then said Sir Launcelot: Fie upon him, untrue knight to his lady, that so noble a knight as Sir Tristram is should be found to his first lady false, La Beale Isoud, Queen of Cornwall; but say ye him this, said Sir Launcelot, that of all knights in the world I loved him most, and had most joy of him, and all was for his noble deeds; and let him wit the love between him and me is done for ever, and that I give him warning from this day forth as his mortal enemy.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HOW SIR SUPPINABILES TOLD SIR TRISTRAM HOW HE WAS DEFAMED IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR, AND OF SIR LAMORAK

THEN departed Sir Suppinabiles unto Brittany again, and there he found Sir Tristram, and told him that he had been in King Arthur's court. Then said Sir Tristram: Heard ye anything of me? So God me help, said Sir Suppinabiles, there I heard Sir Launcelot speak of you great shame, and that ye be a false knight to your lady, and he bade me do you to wit that he will be your mortal enemy in every place where he may meet you. That me repenteth, said Tristram, for of all knights I loved to be in his fellowship. So Sir Tristram made great moan and was ashamed that noble knights should defame him for the sake of his lady. And in this meanwhile La Beale Isoud made a letter unto Queen Guenever, complaining her of the untruth of Sir Tristram, and how he had wedded the king's daughter of Brittany. Queen Guenever sent her another

letter, and bade her be of good cheer, for she should have joy after sorrow, for Sir Tristram was so noble a knight called, that by crafts of sorcery ladies would make such noble men to wed them. But in the end, Queen Guenever said, it shall be thus, that he shall hate her, and love you better than ever he did to-fore.

III

LAMEROK DE GALYS

SO leve we sir Trystrames in Bretayne, and speke we of sir Lameroke de Galys, that as he sayled his shyppe felle on a rocke and disperysshed all save sir Lameroke and his squyer; for he swamme so myghtyly that fysshers of the Ile of Servayge toke hym up, and his squyer was drowned. And the shypmen had grete laboure to save sir Lameroke his lyff **182r** for all the comforte that they coude do.

And the lorde of that ile hyght sir Nabon le Noyre, a grete myghty gyaunte, and thys sir Nabon hated all the knyghtes of kynge Arthures, and in no wyse he wolde do hem no favoure. And thes fysshers tolde sir Lameroke all the gyse of syr Nabon, how there com never knyght of kynge Arthurs but he distroyed hym. And the laste batayle that ever he ded was wyth sir Nanowne le Petyte, and whan he had wonne hym he put hym to a shamefull deth in the despyte of kynge Arthure: he was drawyn lym-meale.

'That forthynkes me,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'for that knyghtes deth, for he was my cosyn, and yf I were at myne ease as well as ever I was, I wolde revenge his deth.'

'Pease,' seyde the fysshers, 'and make here no wordys! For or ever ye departe frome hens sir Nabon muste know that ye have bene here, othir ellis we shall dye for your sake.'

'So that I be hole,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'of my mysse-ease that I have takyn in the see, I woll that ye telle hym that I am a knyght of kynge Arthures, for I was never ferde to renayne my lorde.'

Now turne we unto sir Trystrams, that uppon a day he (38) toke a lytyll barget and hys wyff Isode le Blaunche Maynys wyth syr Keyhydyns, her brother, to sporte hem on the costis. And whan they were frome the londe there was a wynde that drove hem into the coste of Walys uppon this Ile of Servage whereas was sir Lameroke.

And there the barget all to-rove, and there dame Isode

3 *C* and perysshed 4 *C* squyer and there he swam myghtely and fysshers 7 they *omitted in S* 10–11 *C* hem fauoure 13 ever *not in C* 14–15 *C* was slayne syre Nanowne le petyte the which he put to 15 *C* in despyte 16 *C* Arthur for he was drawen lymme meale 22 *C* we shold 23 *C* disease 25 *C* to reneye 28 *W* and and 29 *C* to playe hem in the 30–31 *C* wynde drofe 33 *C* rofe *S*† rose

was hurte, and as well as they myght they gate into the forest. And there by a welle he sye sir Segwarydes, and a
182v damesell with hym, and than aythir salewed other.

'Sir,' seyde sir Segwarydes, 'I know you well for sir Trys-
5 trames de Lyones, the man in the worlde that I have moste cause to hate, bycause ye departed the love betwene me and my wyff. But as for that,' seyde sir Segwarydes, 'I woll never hate a noble knyght for a lyght lady, and therefore I pray you to be my frende, and I woll be yourys unto my
10 power. For wete you well ye ar harde bestadde in this valey, and we shall have inowe ado ayther to succoure other.'

And so sir Segwarydes brought sir Trystrames to a lady thereby that was borne in Cornwayle, and she tolde hym
15 all the perels of that valay, how there cam never knyght there but he were takyn presonere or slayne.

'Wete you well, fayre lady,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'that I slewe sir Marhalte and delyverde Cornwayle frome the trewage of Irelonde. And I am he that delyverde the kynge
20 of Irelonde frome sir Blamoure de Ganys, and I am he that bete sir Palomydes, and wete you welle that I am sir Trystrames de Lyones that by the grace of God shall delyver this wofull Ile of Servage.'

So sir Trystrames was well eased that nyght. Than one
25 tolde hym there was a knyght of kynge Arthurs that wrakked on the rockes.

'What is his name?' seyde sir Trystrames.

'We wote nat,' seyde the fysshers, 'but he kepyth hit no counsel that he is a knyght of kynge Arthurs, and by the
30 myghty lorde [of this yle] he settyth nought.'

'I pray you,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'and ye may, brynge hym hydir that I may se hym. And if he be ony of the noble knyghtes I know hym.'

183r Than the good lady prayde the fysshers to brynge hym
35 to hir place. So on the morne they brought hym thydir in a fysshers garmente, and as sone as sir Trystrames sy hym he

3 with hym *not in C* 4 well *not in C* 9 to *not in C* 11 *C* eyther of vs to
15 *C* and how 24 that nyght *not in C*† 30 *Not emended 'n O*1 *C* nought by
31 *C* Tdestram† 32–33 *C* of the Knyghtes of Arthurs I shalle* knowe
34 good *not in C* 35 *C* morowe 36 *C* fysshers rayment And

smyled uppon hym and knew hym well. But he knew nat sir Trystrams.

'Fayre sir,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'mesemyth be youre chere that ye have bene desesed but late, and also methynkyth I sholde know you heretoforne.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'that ye have seyne me, for the nobelyst knyghtes of the Table Rownde have seyne me and mette with me.'

'Fayre sir,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'telle me youre name.'

'Sir, uppon a covenaunte I woll tell you, so that ye telle me whether that ye be lorde of thys ilonde or no, that is callyd sir Nabon le Noyre.'

'I am nat, nother I holde nat of hym, but I am his foo as well as ye be, and so shall I be founde or I departe of this ile.'

'Well,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'syn ye have seyde so largely unto me, my name is syr Lamerok de Galys, son unto kynge Pellynore.'

'Forsothe, I trow well,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'for and ye seyde other I know the contrary.'

'What ar ye,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'that knowith so me?'

'Forsothe, sir, I am sir Trystrames de Lyones.'

'A, sir, remembir ye nat of the fall ye dud gyff me onys, and aftir that ye refused to fyght on foote with me?'

'Sir, that was nat for no feare that [I had] of you, but me shamed at that tyme to have more ado with you, for as me semed ye had inowe ado. But, sir, wete you well, for my kyndenesse ye put many ladyes to a repreff whan ye sent the horne from Morgan le Fay unto kynge Marke. And hit sholde have gone to kynge Arthure, whereas ye dud that in 183v dispyte of me.'

'Well,' seyde he, 'and hit were to do agayne, so wolde I do, for I had lever stryff and debate felle in kyng Markys courte rether than in kynge Arthurs courte, for the honour of bothe courtes be nat lyke.'

7–8 for the nobelyst knyghtes of the Table Rownde have seyne me *not in* C† (*homoeoteleuton*) 10 *C* you said sir Lamorak that is that ye wil telle 13 *C* For sothe said sir tristram I am not he nor I hold not of hym I am his 14 *C* out of 21 Forsothe *not in C* 23 *C* after ye refused me with me *not in C* 24 *W* feare that of you *C** fere I had of you said sire Tristram but 26 *C* ynough but sire Lamorack for my 27 *C* many ladyes ye putte to a repreef 28–29 And hit sholde have gone to kynge Arthure *not in C*† (*see note*) 34 *C* y lyke

'As to that,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'I know well; but that, that was done for dispyte of me. But all youre malyce, I thanke God, hurte nat gretly. Therefore,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'ye shall leve all youre malyce and so woll I, and lette us assay how we may wynne worshyp betwene you and me uppon this gyaunte sir Nabon le Noyre, that is lorde of this ilonde, to destroy hym.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'now I undirstonde youre knyghthode. Hit may nat be false that all men sey, for of youre bounté, nobles, and worshyp of all knyghtes ye ar pereles. And for your curtesy and jantylnes I shewed you unkyndnesse, and that now me repentyth.'

(39) So in the meanetyme cam worde that sir Nabon had made a cry that all people sholde be at his castell the fifth day aftir, and the same day the sonne of Nabon sholde be made knyght, and all the knyghtes of that valey and thereaboute sholde be there to juste, and all tho of the realme of Logrys sholde be there to juste wyth them of Northe Walys.

And thydir cam fyve hondred knyghtes. And so they of the contrey brought thydir sir Lamerok and sir Trystrames and sir Keyhydyns and sir Segwarydes, for they durste none otherwyse do. And than Nabon lente sir Lamerok horse and armour at his owne desyre. And so sir Lamerok justed and dud suche dedis of armys that sir Nabon and all the people seyde there was never knyght that ever they sie that dud such dedis of armys. For, as the booke seyth, he forjusted all that were there for the moste party of fyve hondred knyghtes, that none abode hym in his sadyll.

184r Than sir Nabon profirde sir Lamerok to play his play with hym, 'for I saw never one knyght do so muche uppon one day.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'play as I may, but I am wery and sore brused.'

And there aythir gate a speare, but this sir Nabone wolde nat encountir with sir Lameroke, but smote his horse in the forhede and so slew hym. And than sir Lameroke yode on

2 *W* was done was done *C* done it was for 11–12 *C* you vngentilnesse 14 *C* alle the peple of that yle* shold 23 *C** at sire Lamoraks desyre 25–26 *C* they sawe do suche 26 *C* the Frensshe book 29–30 *C* profered to playe with hym his playe for I sawe neuer no knyghte 31 *C* a day 34 this sir *not in C*

foote, and turned his shylde and drew his swerde, and there began stronge batayle on foote. But sir Lameroke was so sore brused and shorte brethid that he traced and traversed somwhat abacke.

'Fayre felow,' seyde sir Nabone, 'holde thy honde, and I shall shewe the more curtesy than ever I shewyd knyght, because I have sene this day thy noble knyghthode. And therefore stonde thou by, and I woll wete whethir ony of thy felowys woll have ado with me.'

Whan sir Trystrames harde that he seyde,

'Sir Nabone, lende me horse and sure armoure, and I woll have ado with you.'

'Well, felow,' seyde sir Nabone, 'go thou to yondir pavylyon and arme the of the beste thou fyndyst there, and I shall play sone a mervayles pley wyth the.'

Than seyde sir Trystrames,

'Loke ye play well, other ellys peraventure I shall lerne you a new play.'

'That is well seyde,' seyde sir Nabone.

So whan sir Trystrames was armed as hym lyked beste and well shylded and swerded, he dressed to hym on foote, 'for well I know that sir Nabone wolde nat abyde a stroke with a speare, and therefore he woll sle all knyghtes horse.'

'Now, fayre felow,' seyde sir Nabone, 'latte us play!'

And so they fought longe on foote, trasynge and traversynge, smytynge and foynynge longe withoute ony reste. So at the laste sir Nabone prayde hym to tell hym his name.

'Sir,' seyde he, 'my name ys sir Trystrames de Lyones, a knyght of Cornwayle, whyche am undir kynge Marke.'

'A, thou arte wellcom!' seyde sir Nabone, 'for of all knyghtes I have moste desyred to fyght wyth [the] othir 184v ellys wyth sir Launcelot.'

And so they wente than egerly togydir, that at the laste

10–11 *C* Theune (*S* Thenne) whan sir Tristram herd that he stepte forth and and said Nabon 12 *C* with the 15 sone *not in C* 19 *C* said felawe said 22 *C* wel he knew syr 23 and *not in C* *C* he wold 27–32 *W* (*sidenote*): How sir Nabone and his son were slayne by the hondis of sir Trystramys in the Ile of Servage 29 *C* Syre Nabon I telle the my name is 30 whyche am *not in C*† 31 A *not in C* 32–33 *W* wyth all othir ellys wyth *C* with the or with 34–p. 446, l. 1 *C* Soo thenne they went (*S* wente) egerly to gyders and sire tristram

sir Trystrames slew sir Nabone. And so forthwithall he lepe to his sonne and strake of his hede.

Than all the contrey seyde they wolde holde of sir Trystrames all the whole valay of Servage.

'Nay,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'I woll nat so, for here is a worshypfull knyght, sir Lameroke de Galys, that for me he shall be lorde of this ile: for he hath done here grete dedis of armys.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'I woll nat be lorde of this contrey, for I have nat deserved hit as well as ye. Therefore gyff ye hit where ye woll, for I woll [none] have.'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'syn ye nother I woll nat have hit, lett us gyff hit unto hym that hath nat so well deserved hit.'

'Sir, do as ye lyste, for the gyffte is owres, for I woll none and I had deserved hit.'

And so by assente hit was yevyn unto sir Segwarydes. And he thanked them, and so was he lorde, and worshypfully he dud governe hem. And than sir Segwarydes delyvirde all the presoners and sette good governaunce in that valey.

And so he turned into Cornwayle and tolde kynge Marke and La Beale Isode how sir Trystrames had avaunced hym in the Ile of Servayge. And there he proclaymed in all Cornwayle of all the aventures of thes two knyghtes, and so was hit opynly knowyn. But full wo was La Beale Isode whan she herde telle that sir Trystrames had with hym Isode le Blaunche Maynys.

(40) So turne we unto sir Lamerok that rode towarde kynge Arthures courte.

(And so sir Trystramys wyff and sir Keyhydyns toke a vessel and sayled into Bretayne unto kynge Howell where they were wellcom. And whan they herde of thes adventures they mervayled of his noble dedys.)

1 *C* forth with he lepte 4 all the whole valay of Servage *not in C*† *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 90r, col. 2*) 'Sire, dient tous, vous l'avés conquise, droit est que vous l'ayés.' 5 for *not in C* 7 *C* of this countreye 12 *C* ye nor I wille 15–16 *C* Doo as ye lyst said Segwarydes† for the yefte is yours† for I wil none haue 17 by assente *not in C* 17–18 *C* segwarydes wherof he 19 *C* gouerne hit 22 *C* hym to 26 *C* herd *S* herde *C** Tristram was wedded to Isoud 32 *C* he was welcome *C* whan he herd

Now turne we unto sir Lameroke that whan he was 185r
departed frome sir Trystrames he rode oute of the foreste tyll he cam to an ermytage. And whan the ermyte sawe hym he asked frome whens he com.

'Sir, I am com frome this valey.' 5

'That mervayle we off, for this twenty wyntir,' seyde the ermyte, 'I saw never knyght passe this contrey but he was other slayne other vylansely wounded or passe as a poore presonere.'

'Sir, tho evyll customys are fordone,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'for sir Trystrames hath slayne youre lorde sir Nabone and 10 his sonne.'

Than was the ermyte glade and all his brethirne, for he seyde there was never suche a tirraunte amonge Crystyn men. 'And therefore,' seyde the ermyte, 'this valey and fraunchyse shall ever holde of sir Trystrames.' 15

So on the morne sir Lameroke departed, and as he rode he sawe four knyghtes fyght ayenste one, and that one knyght defended hym well, but at the laste the four knyghtes had hym downe. And than sir Lameroke wente betwexte them and asked them why they wolde sle that one knyght, and 20 seyde hit was shame, four ayenste one.

'Thow shalt well wete,' seyde the four knyghtes, 'that he is false.'

'So that is your tale,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'and whan I here hym speke I woll sey as ye sey. Sir,' seyde sir Lameroke, 25 'how sey you? Can ye nat excuse you none otherwyse but that ye ar a false knyght?'

'Sir, yett can I excuse me bothe with my worde and with my hondys, and that woll I make good uppon one of the beste of them, my body to his body.' 30

Than spake they all at onys: 'We woll nat jouparté oure bodyes, but wete thou welle,' they seyde, 'and kynge Arthure were here hymselff, hit sholde nat lye in his power to save his lyff.'

'That is seyde to largely,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'but many 35 spekyth behynde a man more than he woll seye to his face. 185v

5 *C* sir said sir Lamorak 6–7 *C* sir said the hermyte therof I merueille For this xx wynter I sawe 9 Sir *not in C* 10 *C* slewe 15 *C* fraũceis we wille holde 25 *C* also* speke 25–26 *C* saye Thenne said Lamorak a knyght can ye not excuse you but 28 *C* Syr said he 32 *C* bodyes as for the But 35 *C* is to moche said said sir 36 *C* they wylle

And for because of youre wordis ye shall undirstonde that I am one of the symplyst of kynge Arthures courte, and in the worshyp of my lorde now do your beste, and in the dispyte of you I shall rescow hym!'

5 And than they layshed all at onys to syr Lameroke, but at two strokis he had slayne two of them. Than the other two fled. So than sir Lamerok turned agayne unto that knyght and horsed hym and asked hym his name.

'Sir, my name is sir Froll of the Oute Ilys.'

10 And so he rode with sir Lameroke and bare hym company. And as they rode by the way they sawe a semely knyght rydynge and commynge ayenst them, and all in whyght.

'A,' seyde sir Froll, 'yondir knyght justed but late wyth 15 me and smote me downe, therefore I woll juste with hym.'

'Ye shall nat do so,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'be my counceyle. And ye woll tell me your quarell, where ye justed at his requeste other he at youres.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Froll, 'I justed with hym at my requeste.'

20 'Sir, than woll I counceyle you, deale no more with hym, for, lyke his countenaunce, he sholde be a noble knyght and no japer: for methynkys he sholde be of the Rounde Table.'

'As for that, I woll nat spare,' seyde sir Froll.

Than he cryed and seyde,

25 'Sir knyght, make the redy to juste!'

'That nedyth nat,' seyde the whyghte knyght, 'for I have no luste to jape nother juste.'

So they feautred their sperys, and the whyght knyght overthrewe sir Froll and than he rode his way a soffte pace. 30 Than sir Lameroke rode aftir hym and prayde hym to telle his name, 'for mesemyth ye sholde be of the felyshyp of the Rounde Table.'

186r 'Sir, uppon a covenaunte, that ye woll nat telle my name, and also that ye woll tell me youres.'

1 for *not in C* 3–4 *C* in despyte 5–6 *C* but anone at two strokes syre Lamorak had 8 and horsed hym *not in C*† *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 92r, col. 1*) Lors va querre le cheval au chevalier tant qu'il lui ramena et cil monte 9 *C* syre he sayde 12 and commynge *not in C* 20 *C* Syr said Lamorak thēne 21 *C* for me semeth by his 23 *C* therfor I wil 27 *C* no luste to Iuste with the 33 *C** Vpon a couenaunt said he I wille telle you my name soo that ye wylle not discouer my 34–p. 449, l. 1 *C* yours Thenne said he my name

'Sir, my name is sir Lamerok de Galis.'

'And my name is sir Launcelot du Lake.'

Than they putt up their swerdys and kyssed hertely togydirs, and aythir made grete joy of other.

'Sir,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'and hit please you I woll do you servyse.'

'God deffende, sir, that ony of so noble a blood as ye be sholde do me servyse.' Than seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am in a queste that I muste do myselff alone.'

'Now God spede you!' seyde sir Lameroke.

And so they departed. Than sir Lamerok com to sir Froll and horsed hym agayne.

'Sir, what knyght is that?' seyde sir Froll.

'Sir, hit is nat for you to know, nother is no poynte of youre charge.'

'Ye ar the more uncurteyse,' seyde sir Froll, 'and therefore I woll departe felyshyp.'

'Ye may do as ye lyste, and yett be my company ye have savid the fayryst floure of your garlonde.'

So they departed. Than wythin ⌜two or⌝ three dayes sir (41) Lamerok founde a knyght at a welle slepynge, and his lady sate with hym and waked. Ryght so com sir Gawayne and toke the knyghtes lady and sette hir up behynde hys squyer. So sir Lamerok rode aftir sir Gawayne and seyde,

'Sir, turne ayen!'

Than seyde sir Gawayne,

'What woll ye do with me? I am nevew unto kynge Arthure.'

'Sir, for that cause I woll forbeare you: othir ellys that lady sholde abyde with me, ⟨other⟩ [els ye sholde juste with me].'

Than sir Gawayne turned hym and ran to hym that ought the lady with his speare, but the knyght wyth pure myght smote downe sir Gawayne and toke his lady with hym.

8 *C* Thenne he saide more I am 12–13 *W* agayne and seyde sir what knyght is that seyde sir Froll *C** ageyne what knyght is that said sir Frol 17 *C* departe fro yow 18 *C* lyst said sir Lamorak and yet 20 *C** two or thre dayes *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 93, col.* 2): Lamourat . . . vint la nuit en la maison d'un chevalier . . . A l'andemain se leva et se mist au chemin et chevaucha tant qu'il vint a une fontaine 26 *C* sire Gawayne 27 *C* for I am 29 *C* syre said he *C* wil spare you els 30 *C* or els *Not emended in O*[1] 33 *W* the the lady

And all this sye sir Lamerok and seyde to hymselff, 'but I revenge my felow he woll sey me dishonoure in kynge Arthurs courte.' Than sir Lamerok returned and profyrde that knyght to fyght.

186v 5 'Sir, I am redy,' seyde he.

And there they cam togedyrs with all theire myght, and sir Lamerok smote the knyght thorow bothe sydis that he fylle to the erthe dede.

Than that lady rode to that knyghtis brothir that hyght 10 sir Bellyaunce le Orgulus that dwelled faste thereby and tolde hym how his brother was slayne.

'Alas!' seyde he, 'I woll be revenged.'

And so he horsed hym and armed hym, and within a whyle he overtoke sir Lamerok and bade hym turne, 'and 15 leve that lady, for thou and I muste play a new play: for thow haste slayne my brother sir Froll that was a bettir knyght than ever was thou.'

'Ye may well sey hit,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'but this day in the playne fylde I was founde the bettir knyght.'

20 So they rode togydyrs and unhorsed eche other, and turned their shyldis and drew their swerdys, and fought myghtyly as noble knyghtes preved the space of two owres. So than sir Bellyaunce prayde hym to telle hym his name.

'Sir, my name is sir Lameroke de Galys.'

25 'A,' seyde sir Bellyaunce, 'thou arte the man in the worlde that I moste hate, for I slew my sunnys for thy sake where I saved thy lyff, and now thou haste slayne my brothir sir Froll. Alas, how sholde I be accorded with the? Therefore defende the! Thou shalt dye! There is none other way nor 30 remedy.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Lameroke, 'full well me ought to know you, for ye ar the man that moste have done for me.' And therewithall sir Lamerok kneled adowne and besought hym of grace.

35 'Aryse up!' seyde sir Bellyaunce, 'othir ellys thereas thou knelyste I shall sle the!'

1 *C* sir Lamorak saw 2 *C* say of me 4 *C* knyght to Iuste 5 *C* Syr said he 11 *C* thenne she told 17 *C* were thou 18 *C* It myghte wel be said sir 19 playne *not in C* knyght *not in C* 20 eche *not in C* 22 *C* by the space 24 *C* Syr said he 29 *C* for thou way nor *not in C* 33 *C* knelyd doune 35 up *not in C*

'That shall nat nede,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'for I woll yelde me to you, nat for no feare of you nor of youre strength, but youre goodnesse makyth me to lothe to have ado with you. Wherefore I requyre you, for Goddis sake and for the honour of knyghthode, forgyff me all that I have offended unto you.' 5 **187r**

'Alas!' seyde sir Bellyaunce, 'leve thy knelynge, other ellys I shall sle the withoute mercy.'

Than they yode agayne to batayle and aythir wounded othir, that all the grounde was blody thereas they fought. And at the laste sir Bellyaunce withdrew hym abacke and 10 sette hym downe a lytyll uppon an hylle, for he was faynte for bledynge, that he myght nat stonde.

Than sir Lameroke threw his shylde uppon his backe and cam unto hym and asked hym what chere.

'Well,' seyde sir Bellyaunce. 15

'A, sir, yett shall I shew you favoure in youre male ease.'

'A, knyght,' seyde sir Bellyaunce unto sir Lamerok, 'thou arte a foole, for and I had the at suche avauntage as thou haste me, I sholde sle the. But thy jantylnesse is so good and so large that I muste nedys forgyff the myne evyll wyll.' 20

And than sir Lameroke kneled adowne and unlaced fyrst his umbrere and than his owne, and than aythir kyssed othir with wepynge tearys. Than sir Lamerok led sir Bellyaunce to an abbey faste by, and there sir Lamerok wolde nat departe from sir Bellyaunce tylle he was hole. And than they 25 were sworne togydyrs that none of hem sholde never fyght ayenste other.

So sir Lamerok departed and wente to the courte of Arthur.

HERE LEVYTH OF THE TALE OF SIR LAMEROK AND OF SYR TRYSTRAMYS, AND HERE BEGYNNYTH THE TALE OF SYR LA COTE 30 MALE TAYLE THAT WAS A GOOD KNYGHT.

2 *C* not for fere of you 3 *C* me ful loth 11 *C* doune softely vpon a lytil hylle 14 and cam unto hym *not in C*† 17 *C*† A knyght syr Belliaunce said syr Lamorak *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 95r, col. 2*): Et Belynas lui respont: 'Comment, Amourat, tu sceis que je te vueil mal de mort et tu me paroles de garir? Certes, se je fusse aussi au dessus de toy comme tu es de moy, tout le monde ne te garantiroit mie que je ne t'occeisse 18 *C* had had 25–26 *C* they sware to gyders 28 *C* of kynge Arthur 29 *C* Here leue we of 30–31 *C* the historye of La cote male tayle 31 that was a good knyght *not in C*

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So leave we Sir Tristram in Brittany, and speak we of Sir Lamorak de Galis, that as he sailed his ship fell on a rock and perished all, save Sir Lamorak and his squire; and there he swam mightily, and fishers of the Isle of Servage took him up, and his squire was drowned, and the shipmen had great labour to save Sir Lamorak's life, for all the comfort that they could do.

And the lord of that isle, hight Sir Nabon le Noire, a great mighty giant. And this Sir Nabon hated all the knights of King Arthur's, and in no wise he would do them favour. And these fishers told Sir Lamorak all the guise of Sir Nabon; how there came never knight of King Arthur's but he destroyed him. And at the last battle that he did was slain Sir Nanowne le Petite, the which he put to a shameful death in despite of King Arthur, for he was drawn limb-meal. That forthinketh me, said Sir Lamorak, for that knight's death, for he was my cousin; and if I were at mine ease as well as ever I was, I would revenge his death. Peace, said the fishers, and make here no words, for or ever ye depart from hence Sir Nabon must know that ye have been here, or else we should die for your sake. So that I be whole, said Lamorak, of my disease that I have taken in the sea, I will that ye tell him that I am a knight of King Arthur's, for I was never afeard to reneye my lord.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND HIS WIFE ARRIVED IN WALES, AND HOW HE MET THERE WITH SIR LAMORAK

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram, that upon a day he took a little barget, and his wife Isoud la Blanche Mains, with Sir Kehydius her brother, to play them in the coasts. And when they were from the land, there was a wind drove them in to the coast of Wales upon this Isle of Servage, whereas was Sir Lamorak, and there the barget all to-rove; and there Dame Isoud was hurt; and as well as they might they gat into the forest, and there by a well he saw Segwarides and a damosel. And then either saluted other. Sir, said Segwarides, I know you for Sir Tristram de Liones, the man in the world that I have most cause to hate, because ye departed the love between me and my wife; but as for that, said Sir Segwarides, I will never hate a noble knight for a light lady; and therefore, I pray you, be my friend, and I will be yours unto my power; for wit ye well ye are hard bestead in this valley, and we shall have enough to do either of us to succour other. And then Sir Segwarides brought Sir Tristram to a lady thereby that was born in Cornwall, and she told him all the perils of that valley, and how there came never knight there but he were taken prisoner or slain. Wit you well, fair lady, said Sir Tristram, that I slew Sir Marhaus and delivered Cornwall from the truage of Ireland, and I am he that delivered the King of Ireland from Sir Blamore de Ganis, and I am he that beat Sir Palamides; and wit ye well I am Sir Tristram de Liones, that by the grace of God shall deliver this woful Isle of Servage. So Sir Tristram was well eased.

Then one told him there was a knight of King Arthur's that was wrecked on the rocks. What is his name? said Sir Tristram. We wot not, said the fishers, but he keepeth it no counsel but that he is a knight of King Arthur's, and by the mighty lord of this isle he setteth nought. I pray you, said Sir Tristram, an ye may, bring him hither that I may see him, and if he be any of the knights of

Arthur's I shall know him. Then the lady prayed the fishers to bring him to her place. So on the morrow they brought him thither in a fisher's raiment; and as soon as Sir Tristram saw him he smiled upon him and knew him well, but he knew not Sir Tristram. Fair sir, said Sir Tristram, meseemeth by your cheer ye have been diseased but late, and also methinketh I should know you heretofore. I will well, said Sir Lamorak, that ye have seen me and met with me. Fair sir, said Sir Tristram, tell me your name. Upon a covenant I will tell you, said Sir Lamorak, that is, that ye will tell me whether ye be lord of this island or no, that is called Nabon le Noire. Forsooth, said Sir Tristram, I am not he, nor I hold not of him; I am his foe as well as ye be, and so shall I be found or I depart out of this isle. Well, said Sir Lamorak, since ye have said so largely unto me, my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis, son unto King Pellinore. Forsooth, I trow well, said Sir Tristram, for an ye said other I know the contrary. What are ye, said Sir Lamorak, that knoweth me? I am Sir Tristram de Liones. Ah, sir, remember ye not of the fall ye did give me once, and after ye refused me to fight on foot. That was not for fear I had of you, said Sir Tristram, but me shamed at that time to have more ado with you, for meseemed ye had enough; but, Sir Lamorak, for my kindness many ladies ye put to a reproof when ye sent the horn from Morgan le Fay to King Mark, whereas ye did this in despite of me. Well, said he, an it were to do again, so would I do, for I had liefer strife and debate fell in King Mark's court rather than Arthur's court, for the honour of both courts be not alike. As to that, said Sir Tristram, I know well; but that that was done it was for despite of me, but all your malice, I thank God, hurt not greatly. Therefore, said Sir Tristram, ye shall leave all your malice, and so will I, and let us assay how we may win worship between you and me upon this giant Sir Nabon le Noire that is lord of this island, to destroy him. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, now I understand your knighthood, it may not be false that all men say, for of your bounty, noblesse, and worship, of all knights ye are peerless, and for your courtesy and gentleness I showed you ungentleness, and that now me repenteth.

CHAPTER XXXIX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT WITH SIR NABON, AND OVERCAME HIM, AND MADE SIR SEGWARIDES LORD OF THE ISLE.

In the meantime there came word that Sir Nabon had made a cry that all the people of that isle should be at his castle the fifth day after. And the same day the son of Nabon should be made knight, and all the knights of that valley and thereabout should be there to joust, and all those of the realm of Logris should be there to joust with them of North Wales: and thither came five hundred knights, and they of the country brought thither Sir Lamorak, and Sir Tristram, and Sir Kehydius, and Sir Segwarides, for they durst none otherwise do; and then Sir Nabon lent Sir Lamorak horse and armour at Sir Lamorak's desire, and Sir Lamorak jousted and did such deeds of arms that Nabon and all the people said there was never knight that ever they saw do such deeds of arms; for, as the French book saith, he for-jousted all that were there, for the most part of five hundred knights, that none abode him in his saddle.

Then Sir Nabon proffered to play with him his play: For I saw never no knight do so much upon a day. I will well, said Sir Lamorak, play as I may, but I am weary and sore bruised. And there either gat a spear, but Nabon would not encounter with Sir Lamorak, but smote his horse in the forehead, and so slew him; and then Sir Lamorak yede on foot, and turned his shield and drew his sword, and there began strong battle on foot. But Sir Lamorak was so sore bruised and short breathed, that he traced and traversed somewhat aback. Fair fellow, said Sir Nabon, hold thy hand and I shall show thee more courtesy than ever I showed knight, because I have seen this day thy noble knighthood, and therefore stand thou by, and I will wit whether any of thy fellows will have ado with me. Then when Sir Tristram heard that, he stepped forth and said: Nabon, lend me horse and sure armour, and I will have ado with thee. Well, fellow, said Sir Nabon, go thou

to yonder pavilion, and arm thee of the best thou findest there, and I shall play a marvellous play with thee. Then said Sir Tristram: Look ye play well, or else peradventure I shall learn you a new play. That is well said, fellow, said Sir Nabon. So when Sir Tristram was armed as him liked best, and well shielded and sworded, he dressed to him on foot; for well he knew that Sir Nabon would not abide a stroke with a spear, therefore he would slay all knights' horses. Now, fair fellow, Sir Nabon, let us play. So then they fought long on foot, tracing and traversing, smiting and foining long without any rest. At the last Sir Nabon prayed him to tell him his name. Sir Nabon, I tell thee my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, a knight of Cornwall under King Mark. Thou art welcome, said Sir Nabon, for of all knights I have most desired to fight with thee or with Sir Launcelot.

So then they went eagerly together, and Sir Tristram slew Sir Nabon, and so forthwith he leapt to his son, and struck off his head; and then all the country said they would hold of Sir Tristram. Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will not so; here is a worshipful knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, that for me he shall be lord of this country, for he hath done here great deeds of arms. Nay, said Sir Lamorak, I will not be lord of this country, for I have not deserved it as well as ye, therefore give ye it where ye will, for I will none have. Well, said Sir Tristram, since ye nor I will not have it, let us give it to him that hath not so well deserved it. Do as ye list, said Segwarides, for the gift is yours, for I will none have an I had deserved it. So was it given to Segwarides, whereof he thanked them; and so was he lord, and worshipfully he did govern it. And then Sir Segwarides delivered all prisoners, and set good governance in that valley; and so he returned into Cornwall, and told King Mark and La Beale Isoud how Sir Tristram had advanced him to the Isle of Servage, and there he proclaimed in all Cornwall of all the adventures of these two knights, so was it openly known. But full woe was La Beale Isoud when she heard tell that Sir Tristram was wedded to Isoud la Blanche Mains.

CHAPTER XL

HOW SIR LAMORAK DEPARTED FROM SIR TRISTRAM, AND HOW HE MET WITH SIR FROL, AND AFTER WITH SIR LAUNCELOT.

So turn we unto Sir Lamorak, that rode toward Arthur's court, and Sir Tristram's wife and Kehydius took a vessel and sailed into Brittany, unto King Howell, where he was welcome. And when he heard of these adventures they marvelled of his noble deeds. Now turn we unto Sir Lamorak, that when he was departed from Sir Tristram he rode out of the forest, till he came to an hermitage. When the hermit saw him, he asked him from whence he came. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, I come from this valley. Sir, said the hermit: thereof I marvel. For this twenty winter I saw never no knight pass this country but he was either slain or villainously wounded, or pass as a poor prisoner. Those ill customs, said Sir Lamorak, are fordone, for Sir Tristram slew your lord, Sir Nabon, and his son. Then was the hermit glad, and all his brethren, for he said there was never such a tyrant among Christian men. And therefore, said the hermit, this valley and franchise we will hold of Sir Tristram.

So on the morrow Sir Lamorak departed; and as he rode he saw four knights fight against one, and that one knight defended him well, but at the last the four knights had him down. And then Sir Lamorak went betwixt them, and asked them why they would slay that one knight, and said it was shame, four against one. Thou shalt well wit, said the four knights, that he is false. That is your tale, said Sir Lamorak, and when I hear him also speak, I will say as ye say. Then said Lamorak: Ah, knight, can ye not excuse you, but that ye are a false knight. Sir, said he, yet can I excuse me both with my word and with my hands, that I will make good upon one of the best of them, my body to his body. Then spake they all at once: We will not jeopardy our bodies as for thee. But wit thou well, they said, an King Arthur were here himself, it should not lie in his power to save his life. That is too much said, said Sir

Lamorak, but many speak behind a man more than they will say to his face; and because of your words ye shall understand that I am one of the simplest of King Arthur's court; in the worship of my lord now do your best, and in despite of you I shall rescue him. And then they lashed all at once to Sir Lamorak, but anon at two strokes Sir Lamorak had slain two of them, and then the other two fled. So then Sir Lamorak turned again to that knight, and asked him his name. Sir, he said, my name is Sir Frol of the Out Isles. Then he rode with Sir Lamorak and bare him company.

And as they rode by the way they saw a seemly knight riding against them, and all in white. Ah, said Frol, yonder knight jousted late with me and smote me down, therefore I will joust with him. Ye shall not do so, said Sir Lamorak, by my counsel, an ye will tell me your quarrel, whether ye jousted at his request, or he at yours. Nay, said Sir Frol, I jousted with him at my request. Sir, said Lamorak, then will I counsel you deal no more with him, for meseemeth by his countenance he should be a noble knight, and no japer; for methinketh he should be of the Table Round. Therefore I will not spare, said Sir Frol. And then he cried and said: Sir knight, make thee ready to joust. That needeth not, said the White Knight, for I have no lust to joust with thee; but ye they feutred their spears, and the White Knight overthrew Sir Frol, and then he rode his way a soft pace. Then Sir Lamorak rode after him, and prayed him to tell him his name: For meseemeth should be of the fellowship of the Round Table. Upon a covenant, said he, I will tell you my name, so that ye will not discover my name, and also that ye will tell me yours. Then, said he, my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. And my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Then they put up their swords, and kissed heartily together, and either made great joy of other. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, an it please you I will do you service. God defend, said Launcelot, that any of so noble a blood as ye be should do me service. Then he said: More, I am in a quest that I must do myself alone. Now God speed you, said Sir Lamorak, and so they departed. Then Sir Lamorak came to Sir Frol and horsed him again. What knight is that? said Sir Frol. Sir, he said, it is not for you to know, nor it is no point of my charge. Ye are the more uncourteous, said

Sir Frol, and therefore I will depart from you. Ye may do as ye list, said Sir Lamorak, and yet by my company ye have saved the fairest flower of your garland; so they departed.

CHAPTER XLI

HOW SIR LAMORAK SLEW SIR FROL, AND OF THE COURTEOUS FIGHTING WITH SIR BELLIANCE HIS BROTHER

THEN within two or three days Sir Lamorak found a knight at a well sleeping, and his lady sat with him and waked. Right so came Sir Gawaine and took the knight's lady, and set her up behind his squire. So Sir Lamorak rode after Sir Gawaine, and said: Sir Gawaine, turn again. And then said Sir Gawaine: What will ye do with me? for I am nephew unto King Arthur. Sir, said he, for that cause I will spare you, else that lady should abide with me, or else ye should joust with me. Then Sir Gawaine turned him and ran to him that ought the lady, with his spear, but the knight with pure might smote down Sir Gawaine, and took his lady with him. All this Sir Lamorak saw, and said to himself: But I revenge my fellow he will say of me dishonour in King Arthur's court. Then Sir Lamorak returned and proffered that knight to joust. Sir, said he, I am ready. And there they came together with all their might, and there Sir Lamorak smote the knight through both sides that he fell to the earth dead.

Then that lady rode to that knight's brother that hight Belliance le Orgulus, that dwelt fast thereby, and then she told him how his brother was slain. Alas, said he, I will be revenged. And so he horsed him, and armed him, and within a while he overtook Sir Lamorak, and bade him: Turn and leave that lady, for thou and I must play a new play; for thou hast slain my brother Sir Frol, that was a better knight than ever wert thou. It might well be, said Sir Lamorak, but this day in the field I was found the better. So they rode together, and unhorsed other, and turned their shields, and

drew their swords, and fought mightily as noble knights proved, by the space of two hours. So then Sir Belliance prayed him to tell him his name. Sir, said he, my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. Ah, said Sir Belliance, thou art the man in the world that I most hate, for I slew my sons for thy sake, where I saved thy life, and now thou hast slain my brother Sir Frol. Alas, how should I be accorded with thee; therefore defend thee, for thou shalt die, there is none other remedy. Alas, said Sir Lamorak, full well me ought to know you, for ye are the man that most have done for me. And therewithal Sir Lamorak kneeled down, and besought him of grace. Arise, said Sir Belliance, or else thereas thou kneelest I shall slay thee. That shall not need, said Sir Lamorak, for I will yield me unto you, not for fear of you, nor for your strength, but your goodness maketh me full loath to have ado with you; wherefore I require you for God's sake, and for the honour of knighthood, forgive me all that I have offended unto you. Alas, said Belliance, leave thy kneeling, or else I shall slay thee without mercy.

Then they yede again unto battle, and either wounded other, that all the ground was bloody thereas they fought. And at the last Belliance withdrew him aback and set him down softly upon a little hill, for he was so faint for bleeding that he might not stand. Then Sir Lamorak threw his shield upon his back, and asked him what cheer. Well, said Sir Belliance. Ah, Sir, yet shall I show you favour in your mal-ease. Ah, Knight Sir Belliance, said Sir Lamorak, thou art a fool, for an I had had thee at such advantage as thou hast done me, I should slay thee; but thy gentleness is so good and so large, that I must needs forgive thee mine evil will. And then Sir Lamorak kneeled down, and unlaced first his umberere, and then his own, and then either kissed other with weeping tears. Then Sir Lamorak led Sir Belliance to an abbey fast by, and there Sir Lamorak would not depart from Belliance till he was whole. And then they sware together that none of them should never fight against other. So Sir Lamorak departed and went to the court of King Arthur.

Here leave we of Sir Lamorak and of Sir Tristram. And here beginneth the history of La Cote Male Taile.

IV

LA COTE MALE TAYLE

HERE LEVYTH OF THE TALE OF SIR LAMEROK AND OF SYR TRYSTRAMYS, AND HERE BEGYNNYTH THE TALE OF SYR LA COTE MALE TAYLE THAT WAS A GOOD KNYGHT

TO the courte of kynge Arthure there cam a yonge man (1)
bygly made, and he was rychely beseyne, and he desyred 5
to be made a knyght of the kynges. But his overgarmente
sate overthwartely, howbehit hit was ryche cloth of golde.

'What is youre name?' seyde kynge Arthure. 187v

'Sir, my name is Br[e]wnor le Noyre, and within shorte
space ye shall know that I am comyn of goode kynne.' 10

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Kay the Senesciall, 'but in
mokkynge ye shall be called "La Cote Male Tayle",' that is
as muche to sey 'The Evyll-Shapyn Cote'.

'Hit is a grete thynge that thou askyste,' seyde the kynge.
'But for what cause weryst thou that ryche cote?' 15

'Hit is for som cause, sir,' he answerde. 'I had a fadir, a
noble knyght, and as he rode an-huntyng uppon a day hit
happed hym to ley hym downe to slepe, and there cam a
knyght that had bene longe his enemy. And whan he saw
he was faste on slepe he all to-hew hym, and thys same cote 20
had my fadir on that tyme. And that makyth this coote to
sytte so evyll uppon me, for the strokes be on hit as I founde
hit, and never shall hit be amendid for me. Thus to
have my fadyrs deth in remembraunce I were this coote
tyll I be revenged. And because ye ar called the moste 25
nobelyst kynge of the worlde, I com to you to make me
a knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok and sir Gaheris, 'hit were well
done to make hym knyght, for hym besemyth well of persone
and of countenaunce that he shall preve a good knyght and 30
a myghty. For, sir, and ye be remembird, evyn suche one
was sir Launcelot whan he cam fyrst into this courte, and
full fewe of us knew from whens he cam. And now is he

1 *C* leue we of sire 2 *C* the historye of 3 that was a good knyght *not in C* 4 *C* At the Courte 6 *C* the kyng 9 *C* Syre saide he my 10 comyn *not in C* 11–12 *C* Seneschal but in mockage 14–15 *C* kyng And for 15–16 *C* cote telle me for I can wel thynke for somme cause hit is Syre he 18 *C* doune slepe 21 *C* on the same tyme 22 *C* ben on 23 *C* shalle be 26 *C* you that ye shold make 30–31 *C* good man and a good knyght

preved the man of moste worshyp in the worlde, and all your courte and Rounde Table is by sir Launcelot worshypped and amended, more than by ony knyght lyvynge.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde the kynge, 'and to-morow at youre requeste I shall make hym knyght.'

So on the morne there was an harte founden, and thydir rode kyng Arthure wyth a company of his knyghtes to sle that herte. And this yonge man that sir Kay named La Cote
188r Male Tayle was there leffte behynde wyth quene Gwenyvere.

And by a suddeyne adventure there was an horryble lyon kepte in a towre of stoon, and he brake lowse and cam hurlyng before the quene and her knyghtes. And whan the quene sawe the lyon she cryed oute and fledde and prayed hir knyghtes to rescow her. And there was none but twelve knyghtes that abode, and all the other fledde. Than seyde La Cote Male Tayle,

'Now I se that all cowherde knyghtes be nat dede,' and therewithall he drew his swerde and dressed hym before the lyon. And that lyon gaped wyde and cam uppon hym rawmpyng to have slayne hym, and he agayne smote hym in the myddys of the hede, that hit claff in sundir and so dayshed downe to the erthe.

And anone hit was tolde the quene how the yong ma[n] that sir Kay named La Cote Male Tayle had slayne the lyon, and anone with that the kynge com home and the quene tolde hym of that adventure. He was well pleased and seyde,

'Uppon payne of myne hede, he shall preve a noble man and feythefull and trewe of his promyse!'

And so forthewithall the kynge made hym knyght.

'Now, sir,' seyde this yonge knyght, 'I requyre you and all the knyghtes of the courte that ye calle me none other name but La Cote Mele Tayle: insomuche that sir Kay hath so named me, so woll I be called.'

'I assente me thereto,' seyde the kynge.

2 *C* and alle your Round 3 *C* now lyuynge 6 *C* the morou there 11 *C** a stronge Toure of stone and it happened that he at that tyme brake 13 oute *not in C* 14–15 *C* none of hem alle but twelue that abode 17 *C* ben not 20 *C* he thenne smote 21 *C* myddes *S* mydde 21–22 *C* hede suche a myghty stroke that it clafe his hede in sonder and dasshed to the erthe 23 *W* yong mat *C* yonge man 24 *C** named by scorne La cote 28 *C* and a feythful Knyghte and true 31 *C* of youre courte 34 *C* me wel therto

And so the same day there cam a damesell into the courte, (2)
and she brought wyth hir a grete blacke shylde with a whyght
honde in the myddis holdynge a swerde, and other pyctoure
was there none in that shylde. Whan kynge Arthure saw her
he asked her from whens she cam and what she wolde. 5

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I have rydden longe and many a day with
this shylde many wayes, and for this cause I am com to youre
courte: for there was a good knyght that ought this shylde,
and this knyght had undirtake a grete dede of armys to **188**[v]
encheve hit. And so by myssefortune another stronge knyght 10
mette with hym by suddeyne aventure, and there they fought
longe, and aythir wounded othir passynge sore, and they
were so wery that they lefft that batayle on evyn honde. So
this knyght that ought the shylde sawe none other way but
he muste dye, and than he commaunded me to bere this 15
shylde to the courte of kyng Arthure, he requyrynge and
prayynge som good knyght to take his shylde, and that he
wolde fulfylle the queste that he was in.'

'Now what sey ye to this queste?' seyde kynge Arthure.
'Is there here ony of you that woll take uppon you to welde 20
this shylde?'

Than was there nat one that wolde speke a worde. Than
sir Kay toke the shylde in his hondis and lyfft hit up.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the damesell, 'what is your name?'

'Wete you well my name is sir Kay the Senesciall that 25
wydewhere is knowyn.'

'Sir,' seyde the damesell, 'lay downe that shylde, for wyte
thou well hit fallyth nat for you, for he muste be a bettir
knyght than ye that shall welde this chylde.'

'Damesell,' seyde sir Kay, 'I toke youre shylde nat to that 30
entente. But go whoso go woll, for I woll nat go with you.'

Than the damesell stood styll a grete whyle and behylde
many of the knyghtes. Than spake this yonge knyght La
Cote Male Tayle and seyde,

'Fayre damesell, I woll take this shylde and the adventure 35

1 *C* Thenne that same 3 and *not in C* 8 for *not in C* 10 *C* soo it mysfortuned hym another 13 on *not in C* 14, 17 *C* this shelde 20 *C* you here that wille take vpon hym 22 *C* one word 23 and lyfft hit up *not in C*† 25 *C* wel said he 30–31 *C** kay wete ye wel I toke this sheld in my handes by your leue for to behold it not to that entent but goo where someuer thou wilt for 33 *C* spak the knyght 34 and seyde *not in C* 35 *C* the shelde and that

uppon me, and I wyste whothirward my jurney myght be. For because I was this day made knyght I wolde take this adventure uppon me.'

'What is youre name, fayre yonge man?' seyde the damesell.

'My name is,' he seyde, 'La Cote Male Tayle.'

'Well may thou be callyd so,' seyde the damesell, ' "the knyght wyth the evyll-shapyn coote"! But and thou be so hardy to take on the to beare that shylde and to folowe me, wete thou well thy skynne shall be as well hewyn as thy cote.'

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'As for that,' seyde sir La Cote Male Tayle, 'whan I am so hewyn I woll aske you no salff to heale me withall!'

And forthwithall there com into the courte two squyers and brought hym grete horsis and his armoure and spearys. And anone he was armed and toke his leve.

'Sir, I woll nat,' seyde the kynge, 'be my wyll that ye toke uppon you this harde adventure.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'this adventure is myne, and the fyrste that ever I toke uppon, and that woll I folow whatsomever com of me.'

Than that damesell departed, and so sir La Cote Male Tayle faste folowed afftir. And within a whyle he overtoke the damesell, and anone she mysseseyde hym in the fowlyst maner.

(3) Than sir Kay ordayned sir Dagonet, kynge Arthurs foole, to folow aftir sir La Cote Male Tayle, and there sir Kay ordayned that sir Dagonet was horsed and armed, and bade hym folow sir La Cote Male Tayle and profyr hym to juste. And so he ded, and whan he sawe La Cote Male Tayle he cryed and bade make hym redy to juste. So sir La Cote Male Tayle smote sir Dagonet ovir his horse croupyr.

Than the damesell mocked La Cote Male Tayle and seyde, 'Fye for shame! Now arte thou shamed in kynge Arthurs courte, whan they sende a foole to have ado with the, and specially at thy fyrste justys.'

1 *W* uppon me what and I wyste whothirward *C* vpon me soo† I wyst I shold knowe† wheder ward (*see note*) 6 *C* said he 7 *C* mayst thou 9 *C* vpon the 13 *C* no salue 15 *C* his speres 17 Sir *not in C* *C* I wold not by my will said the kynge 18 *C* that hard 19 *C* said he *W* hthis 20 *C* vpon me 31 *C* badde hym make 32 *W* croupyn

Thus she rode longe and chydde. And so within a whyle there cam sir Bleoberys, the good knyght, and there he justed with sir La Cote Male Tayle. And there syr Bleoberys smote hym so sore that horse and all felle to the erthe. Than sir La Cote Male Tayle arose up lyghtly and dressed his shylde and drew his swerde, and a wolde have done batavle to the uttraunce, for he was woode wroth.

'Nat so,' seyde sir Bleoberys de Ganys, 'as at this tyme I woll nat fyght uppon foote.' 189v

Than the damesell Maledysaunte rebuked hym in the fowleste maner and bade hym 'turne agayne, cowarde!'

'A, damesell,' seyde he, 'I pray you of mercy to myssesay me no more, for my gryff is inow, though ye gryff me no more. Yet I calle me never the worse knyght, though a marys sonne hath fayled me, and also I counte myselff never the worse man for a falle of sir Bleoberys.'

So thus he rode with her two dayes, and by fortune there he encountred wyth sir Palomydes, the noble knyght, and in the same wyse sir Palomydes served hym as ded sir Bleoberys toforehonde. Than seyde the damesell,

'What doste thou here in my felyship? For thou canste nat sytte no knyght nother wythstonde hym one buffette but yf hit were sir Dagonet.'

'A, fayre damesell, I am nat the worse to take a falle of sir Palomydes. And yett grete dysworshyp have I none, for nother sir Bleoberys nother yett sir Palomydes woll not fyght with me on foote.'

'As for that,' seyde the damesell, 'wete you welle they have disdayne and scorne to alyght of their horsis to fyght with suche a lewde knyght as thou arte.'

So in the meanewhyle there com sir Mordred, sir Gawaynes brother, and so he felle in felyshyp with the damesell Maledysaunte.

And than they com before the Castell Orgulus, and there

10–13 *W* (*sidenote*) How La Cote Male Tayle justed with sir Bleoberys and had a falle 12 *P* myssay *R*† myssa 13 *C* ye gyue† me (*see note*) 14 Yet *not in C* *C* whan a 15 *C* fayleth 16 *C* wers knyght 17–19 *C* there came sir Palomydes and encountred with hym and he in the same wyse serued hym 20–21 *C* to fore hand What dost thou here in my felauship saide the damoysel maledysaunt thou canst 26 *C* wold not 28 *C* wete thou 29 *C* to lyghte of 32 *C* in the felauship

was suche a custom that there myght com no knyght by the castell but other he muste juste othir be presonere, othir at the leste to lose his horse and harneyse.

And there cam oute two knyghtes ayenste them, and sir Mordred justyd with the formyste, and that knyght of the castell smote sir Mordred downe of his horse. And than sir La Cote Male Tayle justed with that other, and ayther of hem smote downe other horsis to the erthe. And anone they avoyded their horsis and aythir of hem toke othirs horses.

And than sir La Cote Male Tayle rode unto that knyght
190r that smote downe sir Mordred, and there La Cote Male Tayle wounded hym passynge sore and putte hym frome hys horse, and ⟨he⟩ lay as he had bene dede.

So he turned unto hym that mette hym afore, and he toke the flyght towarde the castell, and sir La Cote Male Tayle rode aftir hym into the Castell Orgulus, and there sir La Cote Male Tayle slew hym.

(4) And anone there cam an hondred knyghtys aboute hym, and all assayled hym. And whan he sawe hys horse sholde be slayne he alyght and voyded his horse [and putte the brydel under his feete,] and so put hym oute of the gate. And whan he had so done he hurled in amonge them and dressed his backe untyll a ladyes chambir wall, thynkynge hymselff that he hadde lever dye there with worshyp than to abyde the rebukes of the Damesell Maledysaunte.

And so in the meanetyme, as he stood and fought, that lady that hylde that chambir wente oute slyly at a posterne, and withoute the gatys she founde sir La Cote Male Tayle his horse.

And lyghtly she gate hym by the brydyll and tyed hym to the posterne, and than she yode unto her chambir slyly agayne for to beholde how that one knyght faught ayenst an hondred knyghtes.

1 *C* myght no knyght come 2 *C* or be prysoner or at 3 *C* his harneis 8–9 *C* smote other doune hors and alle to the erthe And whanne they auoyded their horses thenne eyther 12 *C** and Iusted with hym And there 13 *C* tayle hurte & wounded 14 and lay *not in C*† 21 *Not emended in O*1 24 *C* vnto 28 *C* lady whos was the chamber *C* oute *S* out *C* at her posterne 29–30 *C* tayles hors 32 *C* she wente vnto 33 *S* knyght *C* knyghte

And whan she had beholde hym longe she wente to a wyndow behynde his backe and seyde,

'Thou knyght that fyghtyst wondirly well, but for all that at the laste thou muste nedys dye but yf thou can thorow thy myghty prouesse wynne unto yondir posterne: for there have I fastened th[y] horse to abyde the. But wete thou welle thou muste thynke on thy worshyp and thynke nat to dye, for thou mayste nat wynne unto that posterne withoute thou do nobely and myghtyly.'

Whan sir La Cote Male Tayle harde her sey so he gryped his swerde in his honde and put his shylde fayre before hym, and thorow the thyckyst pres he thryled thorow. And whan he cam to the porsterne he founde there redy four knyghtes, and at two the fyrste strokys he slew two of the knyghtes ⌜and the other fledde⌝, and so he wanne his horse and rode frome them. **190v**

And all hit was rehersed in kynge Arthurs courte, how he slew twelve knyghtes within the Castell Orgulus.

And so he rode on his way, and in the meanewhyle the damesell seyde unto sir Mordred,

'I wene my foolyssh knyght be othir slayne or takyn presonere.'

And than were they ware and saw hym com rydynge, and whan he was com to them he tolde all how he had spedde and escaped in the dispyte of all the castell, 'and som of the beste of hem woll telle no talys.'

'Thow gabbyst falsely,' seyde the damesell, 'that dare I make good! For as a foole and a dastarde to all knyghthode they have latte the passe.'

'That may ye preve,' seyde La Cote Male Tayle.

With that she sente a corroure of hers that allway rode with her, and so he rode thydir lyghtly and spurred how and in what wyse that knyght ascaped oute of that castell. Than

3 *C* knyght thou fyghtest 6 *C* haue I *S* I haue *W* there 11 *C* handes *S* put *C* putt 12 *C* he thrulled thorou them And 13 *C* posterne 14–15 *C** slewe two of the knyghtes & the other fledde *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 102r, col. 2*) vient a une dez portes du chastel que quatre sergens vouloient ja fermer. Et il leur vient a l'espee traite et fait semblant de les occire. Et eulx ourent tel paour qu'ilz ne l'oserent attendre, et cil passe oultre 16 *C* alle as it was it was 22 *C* ware where he came 24 *C* despyte of them alle and 26 *C* Thou lyest falsly 27 *C* good but† as a foole 31 *C** her for to knowe the trouthe of this dede and soo 31–32 *C* and asked how and in what maner that la cote male tayle was escaped 31 *W* haw (a *for* o)

all the knyghtes cursed hym and seyde he was a fende and no man, 'for he hath slayne here twelve of oure beste knyghtis, and we went [unto] this day that hit had bene to muche for sir Trystrames de Lyones othir for sir Launcelot de Lake. And in dyspyte and magré of us all he is departed frome us.'

And so hir curroure com agayne and tolde the damesell all how sir La Cote Male Tayle spedde at the Castell Orgulus. Than she smote downe the hede and seyde but lytyll.

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Mordred to the damesell, 'ye ar gretly to blame so to rebuke hym, for I warne you playnly he is a good knyght, and I doute nat but he shall preve a noble man. But as yette he may nat sytte sure on horsebacke, for he that muste be a good horseman hit muste com of usage and excercise. But whan he commyth to the strokis of his swerde he is than noble and myghty. And that saw sir Bleoberys and sir Palomydes; for wete you well they were wyly
191r men of warre, for they wolde know anone, whan they sye a yonge knyght, by his rydynge, how they were sure to gyffe hym a falle frome his horse othir a grete buffett. But for the moste party they wyll nat lyght on foote with yonge knyghtes, for they ar myghtyly and strongely armed.

'For in lyke wyse syr Launcelot du Lake, whan he was fyrste made knyght, he was oftyn put to the worse on horsebacke, but ever uppon foote he recoverde his renowne and slew and defowled many knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And therefore the rebukes that sir Launcelot ded unto many knyghtes causyth them t[hat] be men of prouesse to beware, for oftyn tyme I have seyne the olde preved knyghtes rebuked and slayne by them that were but yonge begynners.'

Thus they rode sure talkyng by the wey togydyrs.

(5) HERE THIS TALE OVERLEPYTH A WHYLE UNTO SIR LAUNCELOTT, that whan he was com to the courte of kynge Arthure

1 *C* said that he 3 had *omitted in S* 3–4 *C* for sir laūcelot du lake or for sire Tristram de lyones 5–7 *C** in despyte of vs alle he is departed from vs and maulgre oure hedes With this ansuer the curroure departed and came to Maledysaunt his lady and told her alle 7 *C* had spedde 8 *C* her heed but *not in C* 13 *C* knyghte but not yet 14 *C* shalle be of vsage 17–18 *C* are wyly men of armes and anone they knowe whan (*S* when) 19 *C* ar sure 22 *C* are wyght and 25 *C* renomme 26 *C* defoyled *C* of the *S* os the 28 *W* them to be 29 tyme *not in C* 32–33 *C* Here leue we of a whyle of this tale and speke we of sire Launcelot du lake Capitulum Quintum That whan

than harde he telle of the yonge knyghte sir La Cote Male Tayle, how he slew the lyon and how he toke uppon hym the adventures of the blacke shylde, whyche was named at that tyme the hardyest adventure of the worlde.

'So God me save!' seyde sir Launcelot unto many of his 5 felowys. 'Hit was shame to all the good noble knyghtes to suffir suche a yonge knyght to take so hyghe adventure on hym for his distruccion. For I woll that ye wyte,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that this damesell Maledysaunte hath borne that shylde many a day for to seche the moste proved 10 knyghtes. And that was she that sir Breunys Saunze Pité toke the shylde frome, and aftir sir Trystrames de Lyones rescowed that shylde frome hym and gaff hit to the damesell agayne, a lytyll afore that tyme that sir Trystrames faught with my nevew Blamoure de Ga[n]ys for a quarell that was 15 betwyxte the kynge of Irelonde and hym.' **191v**

Than many knyghtes were sory that sir La Cote Male Tayle was gone forthe to that adventure.

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I caste me to ryde aftir hym.'

And so within seven dayes sir Launcelot overtoke 20 sir La Cote Male Tayle, and than he salewed hym and the damesell Maledysaunte. And whan sir Mordred saw Launcelot, than he leffte their felyship, and so sir Launcelot rode with hem all a day. And ever that damesell rebuked sir La Cote Male Tayle, and than sir Launcelot answerde for 25 hym. Than she leffte of and rebuked sir Launcelot.

So thys meanetyme sir Trystramys sente by a damesell a lettir unto sir Launcelot, excusynge hym of the weddynge of Isod le Blaunche Maynes, and seyde in the lettir, as he was a trew knyght, he had never ado fleyshly with Isode le 30 Blaunche Maynys. And passyng curteysly and jantely sir Trystrames wrote unto sir Launcelot, ever besechynge hym to be hys good frende and unto La Beall Isod of Cornwayle, and that sir Launcelot wolde excuse hym if that ever he saw her. And within shorte tyme, by the grace of God, sir Trys- 35 tramys seyd that he wolde speke with La Beall Isode and with hym ryght hastyly.

2–3 *C* the aduenture of 3 *C* the whiche 6 good *not in C* 7 *C* take suche aduenture 12 *C* that sheld from her and after Tristram 33 *W* Cornwarle 35–36 *C* god said sir Tristram that

Than sir Launcelot departed frome the damesell and frome sir La Cote Male Tayle for to oversé that lettir and to wryte another lettir unto sir Trystram.

And in the meanewhyle sir La Cote Male Tale rode with the damesel untyll they cam to a castell that hyght Pendragon. And there were six knyghtes that stood afore hym and one of them profirde to fyght or to juste with hym. And so sir La Cote Male Tayle smote hym over hys horse croupe.

And than the fyve knyght[es] sette uppon hym all at onys with their spearys, and there they smote La Cote Male Tay[le] downe horse and man. And than they ded alyght suddeynly and sette their hondis uppon hym all at onys and toke hym presonere, [and so led hym unto the castel and kepte hym as prysoner.]

And on the morne sir Launcelot arose and delyverde the damesell with lettirs unto sir Trystram, and than he toke hys way aftir sir La Cote Male Tayle. And by the way uppon a
192r brydge there was a knyght that profirde sir Launcelot to juste, and sir Launcelot smote hym downe. And than they faught uppon foote a noble batayle togydirs and a myghty, and at the laste sir Launcelot smote hym downe grovelynge uppon hys hondys and hys kneys. And than that knyght yelded hym, and sir Launcelot resseyved hym fayre.

'Sir,' seyde the knyght, 'I requyre you telle me youre name, for muche my harte yevith unto you.'

'Nay,' seyd sir Launcelot, 'as at thys tyme I woll nat telle you my name onles that ye telle me youre name.'

'Sertaynly,' seyde the knyght, 'my name ys sir Neroveus, that was made knyght of my lorde sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'A, sir Neroveus de Lyle!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am ryght glad that ye ar proved a good knyght, for now wyte you well my name ys sir Launcelot.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Neroveus, 'what have I done!' And therewithall he felle flatlynge to his feete and wolde have

3 *C* Tristram de lyones 6 that *not in C* 7 to fyght or *not in C* *C* with la cote male tayle 12 ded *not in C* 14 *Not emended in O*1 19 that *not in C* 25 *C* requyre the 28 *C* onles thenne that 29 *C*† Nerouens (*F* Veroneus, Neroneus) 32 *C* A Nerouens 34 *C* Launcelot du lake 36 *C* wold *S* would

kyste them, but sir Launcelot wolde nat suffir hym. And than aythir made grete joy of other, and than sir Neroveus tolde sir Launcelot that he sholde nat go by the Castell of Pendragon, 'for there ys a lorde, a myghty knyght, and many myghty knyghtes with hym, and thys nyght I harde sey that they toke a knyght presonere that rode with a damesell, and they sey he ys a knyght of the Rounde Table.'

'A,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that knyght ys my felow, and (6) hym shall I rescowe and borow, or ellis lose my lyff therefore.'

And therewithall he rode faste tyll he cam before the Castell of Pendrag[on. And] anone therewithall there cam six knyghtes, and all [made hem redy] to sette uppon sir Launcelot at onys. Than sir [Launcelot feautryd his] speare and smote the formyst, that he br[ake his bak in sonder], and three of them smote hym and three fa[yled. And than sir Launcelot] passed thorow them, and lyghtly h[e torned in ageyne and smote] anothir knyght thorow the brest [and thorowoute the back] more than an elle, and there[withall his speare brak. Soo than] all the remenaunte of the four k[nyghtes drewe their swerdes and lasshed] at sir Launcelot, and at every s[troke sir Launcelot bestowed so his] strokis **192v** that at four strokis sundry they avoyded their sadyls passynge sore wounded, and furthwithal he rode hurlynge into the castell.

And anone the lorde of that castell which was called sir Bryan de Les Iles, which was a noble man and a grete enemy to kynge Arthure, so within a whyle he was armed and on horsebacke. And than they feautred their spearis and hurled togydirs so strongly that bothe their horsys russhed to the erthe. And than they avoyded their sadyls and dressed their shyldis and drew their swerdis and flowe togydirs as wood men, and there were many strokis a whyle.

At the laste sir Launcelot gaff sir Bryan such a buffette that he kneled uppon hys knees, and than sir Launcelot russhed uppon hym with grete force and pulled of his helme.

1 *C* not lete hym 2 *C* Nerouens 5 myghty *not in C* 6 *C* prysoner yesterday that 9 and borow *not in C* *C* els I shalle lese 11–21 *The bottom corner of the leaf is torn in W* 15 *C*† them hytte and 23 *W* he rorde he *not in S* 24 *C* that castel 25 *C* the castel that was that tyme cleped 26 *S* and grete 31 *C* flange to gyders 32 *C** strokes yeven in a whyle 33 *C* gaf to sir 35 *C* rasshed *C* and with grete force he pulled

And whan sir Bryan sy that he sholde be slayne he yelded hym and put hym in hys mercy and in hys grace.

Than sir Launcelot made hym to delyver all hys presoners that he had within hys castell, and therein sir Launcelot founde of kynge Arthurs knyghtes thirty knyghtes and forty ladyes, and so he delyverde hem and than he rode his way. And anone as sir La Cote Male Tayle was delyverde he gate his horse and hys harneyse and hys damesell Maledysaunte.

The meanewhyle sir Neroveus, that sir Launcelot had foughtyn withall before at the brydge, he sente a damesell aftir sir Launcelot to wete how [he] ⟨ha⟩d spedde at the castell of Pendragon. And than they in the [castell mervey]led what knyght he was that was there when [sir Bryan and his] knyghtes delyverde all tho presoners.

'Syr, [have ye no mervei]le,' seyde the damesell, 'for the beste [knyght in this world] was here and ded thys jurnay, and wyte [ye wel,' she said, '⟨h⟩it was sir Launc]elot.'

Than was sir Bryan full glad, [and so was his lady and al]l hys knyghtes, that he sholde wynne [them. And whan the dame]sell and sir La Cote Male Tayle [understood that ⟨h⟩it was s⟨i⟩r La]uncelot that had rydden with hem [in fel⟨y⟩ship, and that she reme]mbirde her how she had rebuked hym and called hym cowarde, than she was passyng
193r hevy.

(7) So than they toke their horsis and rode forthe a greate pace aftir sir Launcelot, and within two myle they overtoke hym, and salewed hym and thanked hym. And anone the damesell cryed sir Launcelot mercy of hir evyll dede, and seyyng,

'For now I know ye ar the floure of all knyghthode of the worlde, and sir Trystram departe hit even betw[e]ne you. For God knowith, be my good wyll,' seyde the damesell, 'that I have sought you, my lorde sir Launcelot, and sir Trystrams longe, and now I thanke God I have mette with you. And onys at Camelot I mette with sir Trystrams, and

5 *C* of arthurs knyghtes thyrtty and xl 11–22 *The bottom corner of the leaf is torn in W* 12 *C* they within the 13 that was there *not in C*† 15 Syr *not in C* *W* seyde seyde 19 *C* that suche a man shold 21–22 *See Commentary, note 470. 19–24* 23 *C* was she 25 greate *not in C* 30–32 *C* knowe the floure of alle knyghthode is departed euen bitwene sire Tristram and you 32 be my good wyll *not in C*

there he rescowed thys blacke shylde with the whyght honde holdyng a naked swerde that sir Brewnys Saunz Pité had takyn frome me.'

'Now, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'who tolde you my name?' 5

'Sir,' seyde she, 'there cam a damesel frome a knyght that ye fought withall at a brydge, and she tolde [me] that youre name was sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'Blame have she therefore,' seyde he, 'but her lord, sir Neroveus, had tolde hir. But, damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 10 'uppon thys covenaunte I woll ryde with you, so that ye wyll nat rebuke thys knyght sir La Cote Male Tayle no more, for he ys a good knyght, and I doute nat but he shall preve a noble man. And for hys sake and pité, that he sholde nat be destroyed, I folowed hym to succour hym in thys grete nede.' 15

'A, Jesu thanke you!' seyde the damesell, 'for now I woll sey unto you and to hym bothe, I rebuked hym never for none hate that I hated hym, but for grete love that I had to hym, for ever I supposed that he had bene to yonge and to tendur of ayge to take uppon hym thys aventure. And there- 20 fore be my wyll I wolde have dryvyn hym away for jelosy that I had of hys lyff. For hit may be no yonge knyghtes dede that shall enchyve thys adventure to the ende.'

'Perdé!' seyd sir Launcelot, 'hit ys well seyde of you! And where ye ar called the Damesell Maledysaunt, I woll calle 25 you the Damesell Byeau-Pansaunte.'

And so they rode forth togydirs a grete whyle unto they **193v** cam unto the contreye of Surluse, and there they founde a fayre vyllayge wyth a stronge brydge lyke a fortresse. And whan sir Launcelot and they were at the brydge there sterte 30 forthe afore them of jantyllmen and yomen many that seyde,

'Fayre lordis! Ye may nat passe thys brydge and thys fortresse because of that blacke shylde that I se one of you beare, and therefore there shall nat passe but one of you at onys. Therefore chose you whych of you shall entir within 35 thys brydge fyrst.'

1 *C* ther *S* there 7 *C* told me your 9 *C* she thenne said sire Launcelot 10 *C* Neroueus 14 *C* noble knyght 18 *C* no hate 20 of ayge *not in C*† *C* these aduentures 24 *C* Perdieu said sir Launucelot of you *not in C* 25, 26 *C* damoysel 26 *C* Bien pensaunt 27 togydirs *not in C* 28 *C* came to the Bordoure of the countrey

Than sir Launcelot profird hymselfe first to juste and entir within thys brydge.

'Sir,' seyde sir La Cote Male [Tayle], 'I besech you to lette me entir within thys fortresse. And if I may spede well I woll sende for you, and if hit so be that I be slayne, there hit goth. And if I be takyn presonere, than may you rescowe me.'

'Sir, I am loth that ye sholde passe this passage first,' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Sir,' seyde sir La Cote Male Tayle, 'I pray you lat me put my body in that adventure.'

'Now go youre way,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and Jesu be your spede!'

So he entird anone, and there mette with hym two brethirne, the tone hyght sir Playne de Fors and that othir hyght sir Playne de Amoris. And anone they justed with La Cote Male Tayle, and sir La Cote Male Tayle smote downe sir Playne de Fors, and aftir he smote downe sir Playne de Amoris.

And than they dressed their shyldis and swerdys and bade sir La Cote Male Tayle alyght, and so he ded. And there was daysshynge and foynynge with swerdis, and so they began to assayle othir full harde, and they gaff sir La Cote Male Tayle many grete woundis uppon hed and breste and uppon shuldirs. And as he mygh[t] ever amonge he gaff sad strokis agayne, and than the two brethirne traced and traverced for to be of both hondis of sir La Cote Male Tale, but he by fyne forse and knyghtly proues gate hem afore hym. And whan he felte hym so wounded than he doubled hys strokis and gaffe them so many woundis that he felde hem to the erthe, and wolde have slayne them had they nat
194r yelded them.

1 juste and *not in C*† 3 to *not in C* 5 *C* yf if happened that 6 *C* And yf soo be that I am a prysoner taken thenne 8 Sir *not in C* 8–10 *C* I am lothe said sir launcelot to lete you passe this passage Syre said la cote 11 *C* this aduenture 12–19 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir La Cote Male Tayle strake a-downe sir Playne de Fors and sir Playne de Amoris 15 *C* force 16 *P* amours (o *and* r *obliterated in R*) 16–17 *C* they mette with sir la cote 17 *C* and fyrste la cote 18 *C* force 19 *C* amours 20 *C* dressid them to their 23–25 *C* assaile ful hard la cote male tayle and many grete woundes they gaf hym vpon his heed and vpon his brest and vpon his sholders 27 *C** tayle 29 *C* And thenne whan he felte hym self soo

And ryght so sir La Cote Male Tayle toke the beste horse that there was of them three, and so he rode forth hys way to the othir fortres and brydge. And there he mette with the thirde brother, hys name was sir Plenoryus, a full noble knyght, and there they justed togydirs, and aythir smote other downe, horse and man, to the erthe.

And than they avoyded their horsys and dressed their shyldis and swerdis, and than they gaff many sad strokis. And one whyle the one knyght was afore on the brydge, and another whyle the other. And thus they faught two owres and more and never rested, and ever sir Launcelot and the damesell behylde them.

'Alas!' seyde the damesell, 'my knyght fyghttyth passynge sore and overlonge.'

'Now may ye se,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that he ys a noble knyght, for to considir hys first batayle and his grevous woundis. And evyn forthwithall, so wounded as he ys, hit ys mervayle that he may endure thys longe batayle with that good knyght.'

Thys meanewhyle sir La Cote Male Tayle sanke ryght (8) downe uppon the erthe, what forwounded and forbled he myght nat stonde. Than the tothir knyght had pyté off hym and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, dismay you not, for had ye bene freysshe whan ye mette with me as I was, I wote well that I coude nat have endured you. And therefore, [for] youre noble dedys of armys, I shall shew to you kyndenes and jantilnes all that I may.'

And furthewithall thys noble knyght sir Plenoryus toke hym up in hys armys and ledde hym into hys towre. And than he commaunded hym the wyne and made to serch hym and to stop hys bledynge woundys.

'Sir,' seyde sir La Cote Mal Tayle, 'withdraw you from me and hyghe you to yondir brydge agayne, for there woll mete with you another maner a knyght than ever was I.'

4 *C* broder whoos name 7–8 *C* and drewe their swerdes and gat 18 *W* thys longe thys longe 21 *C* what forbled 24 *C** fayr yonge knyghte 25–26 *C** I shold not haue endured so longe as ye haue done and 28–33 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Plenorius smote downe La Cote Male Tayle 31 *P* serche *R* sarche 35 a *not in C*

'Why,' seyde sir Plenoryus, 'ys there behynde ony mo of youre felyship?'

'Ye, sir, wete you well there ys a muche bettir knyght than I am.'

5 'What ys hys name?' seyde sir Plenoryus.

'Sir, ye shall nat know for me.'

'Well,' seyde the knyght, 'he shall be encountird withall,
194v whatsomever he be.'

And anone he herde a knyght calle that seyde,

10 'Sir Plenoryus, where arte thou? Othir thou muste delyver me that presoner that thou haste lad into thy towre, othir ellis com and do batayle with me!'

Than sir Plenoryus gate hys horse and cam, with a speare in hys honde, walopynge towarde sir Launcelot. And than 15 they began to feauter theire spearys, and cam togydir as thundir, and smote aythir othir so myghtyly that their horsis felle downe undir them.

And than they avoyded their horsis and pulled oute their swerdis, and lyke too bullis they laysshed togydirs with grete 20 strokis and foynys. But ever sir Launcelot recoverde grounde uppon hym, and sir Plenoryus traced to have gone aboute hym, but sir Launcelot wolde nat suffir that, but bare hym backer and backer tylle he cam nye hys towre gate. And than seyde sir Launcelot,

25 'I know you well for a good knyght, but wyte thou well thy lyff and deth ys in my honde, and therefore yelde the to me and thy presonere!'

But he answerde no worde, but strake myghtyly uppon sir Launcelotis helme, that the fyre sprange oute of hys yen. 30 Than sir Launcelot doubeled his strokes so thycke, and smote at hym so myghtyly, that he made hym knele uppon his kneys. And therewithall sir Launcelot lepe uppon hym and pulled hym grovelynge downe.

Than sir Plenoryus yelded hym and hys towre and all his 35 presoners at hys wylle. Than sir Launcelot receyved hym and toke hys trowthe.

1–3 *C*† is there another maner knyght behynde of your felauship ye said la cote male tayle ther is 6 Sir *not in C* *C* ye shalle not knowe for me said la cote male tayle 9 *C* Thenne sir Plenorius herd 25 *C* knowe the 29 *W* that the fyre sprange oute of hys helme that the fyre sprange oute of hys yen *C* eyen 32 *C* lepte 34 *W* and hys towre and hys towre

And than he rode to the tothir brydge, and there sir Launcelot justed with othir three of hys brethirn, that one hyght sir Pyllownes, and the othir hyght sir Pellogres, and the thirde hyght sir Pelaundris. And first uppon horsebacke sir Launcelot smote hem doune, and aftirwarde he bete hem on foote and made them to yelde them unto hym.

And than he returned ayen unto sir Plenoryus, and there he founde in hys preson kynge Carados of Scotlonde and many other knyghtes, and all they were delyverde. 195r

And than sir La Cote Male Tale cam to sir Launcelot, and than sir Launcelot wolde have gyvyn hym all thys fortresse and the brydges.

'Nay, sir,' seyde La Cote Male Tayle, 'I woll nat have sir Plenoryus lyvelode. With that he wyll graunte you, my lorde sir Launcelot, to com unto kynge Arthurs house and to be hys knyght and all hys brethirne, I woll pray you, my lorde, to latte hym have hys lyvelode.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyth thys, that [he] woll com to the courte of kyng Arthure and bycom hys man, and hys brethern fyve. And as for you, sir Plenoryus, I woll undirtake,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'at the nexte feste, so there be a place voyde, that ye shall be knyght of the Rounde Table.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Plenoryus, 'at the nexte feste of Pentecoste I woll be at kynge Arthurs courte, and at that tyme I woll be gyded and ruled as kynge Arthure and ye woll have me.'

Than sir Launcelot and sir La Cote Male Tayle reposed them there untyll they were hole of hir woundis, and there they had myry chere and good reste and many good gamys, and there were many fayre ladyes.

And so in the meanewhyle cam sir Kay the Senesciall and (9) sir Brandiles, and anone they felyshipped with them, and so within ten dayes they departed, the knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte, from thes fortres.

And as sir Launcelot cam by the Castell of Pendragon,

2–4 *C* the one hyght Pillounes and the other hyght Pellogris and the thyrdde sir Pellandris 7 ayen *not in C* 11–12 *C* alle these fortresses and these brydges 13 *C* Nay said 15 *C* Arthurs courte and 18–19 *W* that ye woll 21 *C* Lauucelot *S* Launcelot 28 *C* vnto the tyme that sire la cote male tayle was hole of his woundes *S* vnto the tyme sire la cote *&c.* 33 dayes thene departed tho

there he put sir Bryan de Lese Iles from his londes, for because he wolde never be withholde with kynge Arthur. And all the castell of Pendragon and all the londis thereof he gaff to sir La Cote Male Tayle. And than sir Launcelot sente for sir Neroveus that he made onys knyght, and he made hym to have all the rule of that castell and of that contrey undir sir La Cote Male Tayle. And so they rode unto kynge Arthurs courte all hole togydirs.

And at Pentecoste nexte folowynge there was sir Plenoryus, and sir La Cote Male Tayle was called otherwyse be ryght sir Brewne le Noyre. And bothe they were made knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and grete londis kynge Arthure gaff them.

195v And there sir Breune le Noyre wedded that damesell Maledysaunte, and aftir she was called the lady Byeaue-Vyvante. But ever aftir for the more party he was called La Cote Male Tayle, and he preved a passyng noble knyght and a myghty, and many worshipfull dedys he ded aftir in hys lyff.

And sir Plenoryus preved a good knyght and was full of proues, and all the dayes of theyre lyff for the moste party they awayted uppon sir Launcelot.

And sir Plenoryus brethirne were ever knyghtes of kynge Arthurs, and also, as the Freynshe booke makith mencion, sir La Cote Male Tayle revenged the deth of hys fadir.

1–2 *C* for cause 3 *C* that castel 5 *C* Neroneus *S* Neroueus 8 *C* al holy 10 was *not in C* 11 *C* Breunes le noyre bothe maade 15–16 *C* called Beau viuante 18 *C* and myghty 20 *C* a noble knyght and ful 24 *C* Arthur 25 *C* auengyd his faders dethe

BOOK IX

CHAPTER I

HOW A YOUNG MAN CAME INTO THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR, AND HOW SIR KAY CALLED HIM IN SCORN LA COTE MALE TAILE.

At the court of King Arthur there came a young man and bigly made, and he was richly beseen: and he desired to be made knight of the king, but his over-garment sat over-thwartly, howbeit it was rich cloth of gold. What is your name? said King Arthur. Sir, said he, my name is Breunor le Noire, and within short space ye shall know that I am of good kin. It may well be, said Sir Kay, the Seneschal, but in mockage ye shall be called La Cote Male Taile, that is as much to say, the evil-shapen coat. It is a great thing that thou that rich coat? tell me, for I can well think for some cause it is. Sir, he answered, I had a father, a noble knight, and as he rode a-hunting, upon a day it happed him to lay him down to sleep; and there came a knight that had been long his enemy, and when he saw he was fast asleep he all to-hew him; and this same coat had my father on the same time; and that maketh this coat to sit so evil upon me, for the strokes be on it as I found it, and never shall be amended for me. Thus to have my father's death in remembrance I wear this coat till I be revenged; and because ye are called the most noblest king of the world I come to you that ye should make me knight. Sir, said Sir Lamorak and Sir Gaheris, it were well done to make him knight; for him beseemeth well of person and of countenance, that he shall prove a good man, and a good knight, and a mighty; for, Sir, an ye be remembered, even such one was Sir Launcelot du Lake when he came first into this court, and full few of us knew from whence he came; and now is he proved the man of most worship in the world; and all your court and all your Round Table is by Sir Launcelot worshipped and

amended more than by any knight now living. That is truth, said the king, and to-morrow at your request I shall make him knight.

So on the morrow there was an hart found, and thither rode King Arthur with a company of his knights to slay the hart. And this young man that Sir Kay named La Cote Male Taile was there left behind with Queen Guenever; and by sudden adventure there was an horrible lion kept in a strong tower of stone, and it happened that he at that time brake loose, and came hurling afore the queen and her knights. And when the queen saw the lion she cried and fled, and prayed her knights to rescue her. And there was none of them all but twelve that abode, and all the other fled. Then said La Cote Male Taile: Now I see well that all coward knights be not dead; and therewithal he drew his sword and dressed him afore the lion. And that lion gaped wide and came upon him ramping to have slain him. And he then smote him in the midst of the head such a mighty stroke that it clave his head in sunder, and dashed to the earth. Then was it told the queen how the young man that Sir Kay named by scorn La Cote Male Taile had slain the lion. With that the king came home. And when the queen told him of that adventure, he was well pleased, and said: Upon pain of mine head he shall prove a noble man and a faithful knight, and true of his promise: then the king forthwithal made him knight. Now Sir, said this young knight, I require you and all the knights of your court, that ye call me by none other name but La Cote Male Taile: in so much as Sir Kay hath so named me so will I be called. I assent me well thereto, said the king.

CHAPTER II

HOW A DAMOSEL CAME INTO THE COURT AND DESIRED A KNIGHT TO TAKE ON HIM AN ENQUEST, WHICH LA COTE MALE TAILE EMPRISED.

THEN that same day there came a damosel into the court, and she brought with her a great black shield, with a white hand in the midst holding a sword. Other picture was there none in that shield. When King Arthur saw her he asked her from whence she came and what she would. Sir, she said, I have ridden long and many a day with this shield many ways, and for this cause I am come to your court: there was a good knight that ought this shield, and this knight had undertaken a great deed of arms to enchieve it; and so it misfortuned him another strong knight met with him by sudden adventure, and there they fought long, and either wounded other passing sore; and they were so weary that they left that battle even hand. So this knight that ought this shield saw none other way but he must die; and then he commanded me to bear this shield to the court of King Arthur, he requiring and praying some good knight to take this shield, and that he would fulfil the quest that he was in. Now what say ye to this quest? said King Arthur; is there any of you here that will take upon him to wield this shield? Then was there not one that would speak one word. Then Sir Kay took the shield in his hands. Sir knight, said the damosel, what is your name? Wit ye well, said he, my name is Sir Kay, the Seneschal, that wide-where is known. Sir, said that damosel, lay down that shield, for wit ye well it falleth not for you, for the must be a better knight than ye that shall wield this shield. Damosel, said Sir Kay, wit ye well I took this shield in my hands by your leave for to behold it, not to that intent; but go where-somever thou wilt, for I will not go with you.

Then the damosel stood still a great while and beheld many of those knights. Then spake the knight, La Cote Male Taile: Fair damosel, I will take the shield and that adventure upon me, so I

wist I should know whitherward my journey might be; for because I was this day made knight I would take this adventure upon me. What is your name, fair young man? said the damosel. My name is, said he, La Cote Male Taile. Well mayest thou be called so, said the damosel, the knight with the evil-shapen coat; but an thou be so hardy to take upon thee to bear that shield and to follow me, wit thou well thy skin shall be as well hewn as thy coat. As for that, said La Cote Male Taile, when I am so hewn I will ask you no salve to heal me withal. And forthwithal there came into the court two squires and brought him great horses, and his armour, and his spears, and anon he was armed and took his leave. I would not by my will, said the king, that ye took upon you that hard adventure. Sir, said he, this adventure. Sir, said he, this adventure is mine, and the first that ever I took upon me, and that will I follow whatsomever come of me. Then that damosel departed, and La Cote Male Taile fast followed after. And within a while he overtook the damosel, and anon she missaid him in the foulest manner.

CHAPTER III

HOW LA COTE MALE TAILE OVERTHREW SIR DAGONET THE KING'S FOOL, AND OF THE REBUKE THAT HE HAD OF THE DAMOSEL.

THEN Sir Kay ordained Sir Dagonet, King Arthur's fool to follow after La Cote Male Taile; and there Sir Kay ordained that Sir Dagonet was horsed and armed, and bade him follow La Cote Male Taile and proffer him to joust, and so he did; and when he saw La Cote Male Taile, he cried and bade him make him ready to joust. So Sir La Cote Male Taile smote Sir Dagonet over his horse's croup. Then the damosel mocked La Cote Male Taile, and said: Fie for shame ! now art thou shamed in Arthur's court, when they send a fool to have ado with thee, and specially at thy first jousts; thus she rode long, and chid. And within a while there came Sir

Bleoberis, the good knight, and there he jousted with La Cote Male Taile, and there Sir Bleoberis smote him so sore, that horse and all fell to the earth. Then La Cote Male Taile arose up lightly, and dressed his shield, and drew his sword, and would have done battle to the utterance, for he was wood wroth. Not so, said Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, as at this time I will not fight upon foot. Then the damosel Maledisant rebuked him in the foulest manner, and bade him: Turn again, coward. Ah, damosel, he said, I pray you of mercy to missay me no more, my grief is enough though ye give me no more; I call myself never the worse knight when a mare's son faileth me, and also I count me never the worse knight for a fall of Sir Bleoberis.

So thus he rode with her two days; and by fortune there came Sir Palomides and encountered with him, and he in the same wise served him as did Bleoberis to-fore-hand. What dost thou here in my fellowship? said the damosel Maledisant, thou canst not sit no knight, not withstand him one buffet, but if it were Sir Dagonet. Ah, fair damosel, I am not the worse to take a fall of Sir Palomides, and yet great disworship have I none, for neither Bleoberis nor yet Palomides would not fight with me on foot. As for that, said the damosel, wit thou well they have disdain and scorn to light off their horses to fight with such a lewd knight as thou art. So in the meanwhile there came Sir Mordred, Sir Gawaine's brother, and so he fell in the fellowship with the damosel Maledisant. And then they came afore the Castle Orgulous, and there was such a custom that there might no knight come by that castle but either he must joust or be prisoner, or at the least to lose his horse and his harness. And there came out two knights against them, and Sir Mordred jousted with the foremost, and that knight of the castle smote Sir Mordred down off his horse. And then La Cote Male Taile jousted with that other, and either of them smote other down, horse and all, to the earth. And when they avoided their horses, then either of them took other's horses. And then La Cote Male Taile rode unto that knight that smote down Sir Mordred, and jousted with him. And there Sir La Cote Male Taile hurt and wounded him passing sore, and put him from his horse as he had been dead. So he turned unto him that met him afore, and he took the flight towards the

castle, and Sir La Cote Male Taile rode after him into the Castle Orgulous, and there La Cote Male Taile slew him.

CHAPTER IV

HOW LA COTE MALE TAILE FOUGHT AGAINST AN HUNDRED KNIGHTS, AND HOW HE ESCAPED BY THE MEAN OF A LADY.

And anon there came an hundred knights about him and assailed him; and when he saw his horse should be slain he alighted and voided his horse, and put the bridle under his feet, and so put him out of the gate. And when he had so done he hurled in among them, and dressed his back unto a lady's chamber-wall, thinking himself that he had liefer die there with worship than to abide the rebukes of the damosel Maledisant. And in the meantime as he stood and fought, that lady whose was the chamber went out slily at her postern, and without the gates she found La Cote Male Taile's horse, and lightly she gat him by the bridle, and tied him to the postern. And then she went unto her chamber slily again for to behold how that one knight fought against an hundred knights. And when she had beheld him long she went to a window behind his back, and said: Thou knight, thou fightest wonderly well, but for all that at the last thou must needs die, but, an thou canst through thy mighty prowess, win unto yonder postern, for there have I fastened thy horse to abide thee: but wit thou well thou must think on thy worship, and think not to die, for thou mayst not win unto that postern without thou do nobly and mightily. When La Cote Male Taile heard her say so he gripped his sword in his hands, and put his shield fair afore him, and through the thickest press he thrulled through them. And when he came to the postern he found there ready four knights, and at two the first strokes he slew two of the knights, and the other fled; and so he won his horse and rode from them.

And all as it was it was rehearsed in King Arthur's court, how he slew twelve knights within the Castle Orgulous; and so he rode on his way.

And in the meanwhile the damosel said to Sir Mordred: I ween my foolish knight be either slain or taken prisoner: then were they ware where he came riding. And when he was come unto them he told all how he had sped and escaped in despite of them all: And some of the best of them will tell no tales. Thou liest falsely, said the damosel, that dare I make good, but as a fool and a dastard to all knighthood they have let thee pass. That may ye prove, said La Cote Male Taile. With that she sent a courier of hers, that rode alway with her, for to know the truth of this deed; and so he rode thither lightly, and asked how and in what manner that La Cote Male Taile was escaped out of the castle. Then all the knights cursed him, and said that he was a fiend and no man: For he hath slain here twelve of our best knights, and we weened unto this day that it had been too much for Sir Launcelot du Lake or for Sir Tristram de Liones. And in despite of us all he is departed from us and maugre our heads.

With this answer the courier departed and came to Maledisant his lady, and told her all how Sir La Cote Male Taile had sped at the Castle Orgulous. Then she smote down her head, and said little. By my head, said Sir Mordred to the damosel, ye are greatly to blame so to rebuke him, for I warn you plainly he is a good knight, and I doubt not but he shall prove a noble knight; but as yet he may not yet sit sure on horseback, for he that shall be a good horseman it must come of usage and exercise. But when he cometh to the strokes of his sword he is then noble and mighty, and that saw Sir Bleoberis and Sir Palomides, for wit ye well they are wily men of arms, and anon they know when they see a young knight by his riding, how they are sure to give him a fall from his horse or a great buffet. But for the most part they will not light on foot with young knights, for they are wight and strongly armed. For in likewise Sir Launcelot du Lake, when he was first made knight, he was often put to the worse upon horseback, but ever upon foot he recovered his renown, and slew and defoiled many knights of the Round Table. And therefore

the rebukes that Sir Launcelot did unto many knights causeth them that be men of prowess to beware; for often I have seen the old proved knights rebuked and slain by them that were but young beginners. Thus they rode sure talking by the way together.

CHAPTER V

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO THE COURT AND HEARD OF LA COTE MALE TAILE, AND HOW HE FOLLOWED AFTER HIM, AND HOW LA COTE MALE TAILE WAS PRISONER.

HERE leave we off a while of this tale, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake,[1] that when he was come to the court of King Arthur, then heard he tell of the young knight La Cote Male Taile, how he slew the lion, and how he took upon him the adventure of the black shield, the which was named at that time the hardiest adventure of the world. So God me save, said Sir Launcelot unto many of his fellows, it was shame to all the noble knights to suffer such a young knight to take such adventure upon him for his destruction; for I will that ye wit, said Sir Launcelot, that that damosel Maledisant hath borne that shield many a day for to seek the most proved knights, and that was she that Breuse Saunce Pité took that shield from her, and after Tristram de Liones rescued that shield from him and gave it to the damosel again, a little afore that time that Sir Tristram fought with my nephew Sir Blamore de Ganis, for a quarrel that was betwixt the King of Ireland and him. Then many knights were sorry that Sir La Cote Male Taile was gone forth to that adventure. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I cast me to ride after him. And within seven days Sir Launcelot overtook La Cote Male Taile, and then he saluted him and the damosel Maledisant. And when Sir Mordred saw Sir Launcelot, then he left their fellowship; and so Sir Launcelot rode with them all a day, and ever that

[1] Printed by Caxton as part of chap. iv.

damosel rebuked La Cote Male Taile; and then Sir Launcelot answered for him, then she left off, and rebuked Sir Launcelot.

So this meantime Sir Tristram sent by a damosel a letter unto Sir Launcelot, excusing him of the wedding of Isoud la Blanche Mains; and said in the letter, as he was a true knight he had never ado fleshly with Isoud la Blanche Mains; and passing courteously and gentily Sir Tristram wrote unto Sir Launcelot, ever beseeching him to be his good friend and unto La Beale Isoud of Cornwall, and that Sir Launcelot would excuse him if that ever he saw her. And within short time by the grace of God, said Sir Tristram, that he would speak with La Beale Isoud, and with him right hastily. Then Sir Launcelot departed from the damosel and from Sir La Cote Male Taile, for to oversee that letter, and to write another letter unto Sir Tristram de Liones.

And in the meanwhile La Cote Male Taile rode with the damosel until they came to a castle that hight Pendragon; and there were six knights stood afore him, and one of them proffered to joust with La Cote Male Taile. And there La Cote Male Taile smote him over his horse's croup. And then the five knights set upon him all at once with their spears, and there they smote La Cote Male Taile down, horse and man. And then they alighted suddenly, and set their hands upon him all at once, and took him prisoner, and so led him unto the castle and kept him as prisoner.

And on the morn Sir Launcelot arose, and delivered the damosel with letters unto Sir Tristram, and then he took his way after La Cote Male Taile; and by the way upon a bridge there was a knight proffered Sir Launcelot to joust, and Sir Launcelot smote him down, and then they fought upon foot a noble battle together, and a mighty; and at the last Sir Launcelot smote him down grovelling upon his hands and his knees. And then that knight yielded him, and Sir Launcelot received him fair. Sir, said the knight, I require thee tell me your name, for much my heart giveth unto you. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, as at this time I will not tell you my name, unless then that ye tell me your name. Certainly, said the knight, my name is Sir Nerovens, that was made knight of my lord Sir Launcelot du Lake. Ah, Nerovens de Lile, said Sir Launcelot, I am right glad that

ye are proved a good knight, for now wit ye well my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Alas, said Sir Nerovens de Lile, what have I done! And therewithal flatling he fell to his feet, and would have kissed them, but Sir Launcelot would not let him; and then either made great joy of other. And then Sir Nerovens told Sir Launcelot that he should not go by the Castle of Pendragon: For there is a lord, a mighty knight, and many knights with him, and this night I heard say that they took a knight prisoner yesterday that rode with a damosel, and they say he is a Knight of the Round Table.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT FOUGHT WITH SIX KNIGHTS, AND AFTER WITH SIR BRIAN, AND HOW HE DELIVERED THE PRISONERS.

AH, said Sir Launcelot, that knight is my fellow, and him shall I rescue or else I shall lose my life therefore. And therewithal he rode fast till he came before the Castle of Pendragon; and anon therewithal there came six knights, and all made them ready to set upon Sir Launcelot at once; then Sir Launcelot feutred his spear, and smote the foremost that he brake his back in-sunder, and three of them hit and three failed. And then Sir Launcelot passed through them, and lightly he turned in again, and smote another knight through the breast and throughout the back more than an ell, and therewithal his spear brake. So then all the remnant of the four knights drew their swords and lashed at Sir Launcelot. And at every stroke Sir Launcelot bestowed so his strokes that at four strokes sundry they avoided their saddles, passing sore wounded; and forthwithal he rode hurling into that castle.

And anon the lord of the castle, that was that time cleped Sir Brian de les Isles, the which was a noble man and a great enemy unto King Arthur, within a while he was armed and upon horseback. And then they feutred their spears and hurled together so

strongly that both their horses rashed to the earth. And then they avoided their saddles, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords, and flang together as wood men, and there were many strokes given in a while. At the last Sir Launcelot gave to Sir Brian such a buffet that he kneeled upon his knees, and then Sir Launcelot rashed upon him, and with great force he pulled off his helm; and when Sir Brian saw that he should be slain he yielded him, and put him in his mercy and in his grace. Then Sir Launcelot made him to deliver all his prisoners that he had within his castle, and therein Sir Launcelot found of Arthur's knights thirty, and forty ladies, and so he delivered them; and then he rode his way. And anon as La Cote Male Taile was delivered he gat his horse, and his harness, and his damosel Maledisant.

The meanwhile Sir Nerovens, that Sir Launcelot had foughten withal afore at the bridge, he sent a damosel after Sir Launcelot to wit how he sped at the Castle of Pendragon. And then they within the castle marvelled what knight he was, when Sir Brian and his knights delivered all those prisoners. Have ye no marvel, said the damosel, for the best knight in this world was here, and did this journey, and wit ye well, she said, it was Sir Launcelot. Then was Sir Brian full glad, and so was his lady, and all his knights, that such a man should win them. And when the damosel and La Cote Male Taile understood that it was Sir Launcelot du Lake that had ridden with them in fellowship, and that she remembered her how she had rebuked him and called him coward, then was she passing heavy.

CHAPTER VII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT MET WITH THE DAMOSEL NAMED MALEDISANT, AND NAMED HER THE DAMOSEL BIENPENSANT.

So then they took their horses and rode forth a pace after Sir Launcelot. And within two mile they overtook him, and saluted

him, and thanked him, and the damosel cried Sir Launcelot mercy of her evil deed and saying: For now I know the flower of all knighthood is departed even between Sir Tristram and you. For God knoweth, said the damosel, that I have sought you my lord, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram long, and now I thank God I have met with you; and once at Camelot I met with Sir Tristram, and there he rescued this black shield with the white hand holding a naked sword that Sir Breuse Saunce Pité had taken from me. Now, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, who told you my name? Sir, said she, there came a damosel from a knight that ye fought withal at the bridge, and she told me your name was Sir Launcelot du Lake. Blame have she then, said Sir Launcelot, but her lord, Sir Nerovens, hath told her. But, damosel, said Sir Launcelot, upon this covenant I will ride with you, so that ye will not rebuke this knight Sir La Cote Male Taile no more; for he is a good knight, and I doubt not he shall prove a noble knight, and for his sake and pity that he should not be destroyed I followed him to succour him in this great need. Ah, Jesu thank you, said the damosel, for now I will say unto you and to him both, I rebuked him never for no hate that I hated him, but for great love that I had to him. For ever I supposed that he had been too young and too tender to take upon him these adventures. And therefore by my will I would have driven him away for jealousy that I had of his life, for it may be no young knight's deed that shall enchieve this adventure to the end. Pardieu, said Sir Launcelot, it is well said, and where ye are called the Damosel Maledisant I will call you the Damosel Bienpensant.

And so they rode forth a great while unto they came to the border of the country of Surluse, and there they found a fair village with a strong bridge like a fortress. And when Sir Launcelot and they were at the bridge there stert forth afore them of gentlemen and yeomen many, that said: Fair lords, ye may not pass this bridge and this fortress because of that black shield that I see one of you bear, and therefore there shall not pass but one of you at once; therefore choose you which of you shall enter within this bridge first. Then Sir Launcelot proffered himself first to enter within this bridge. Sir, said La Cote Male Taile, I beseech you let me enter

within this fortress, and if I may speed well I will send for you, and if it happened that I be slain, there it goeth. And if so be that I am a prisoner taken, then may ye rescue me. I am loath, said Sir Launcelot, to let you pass this passage. Sir, said La Cote Male Taile, I pray you let me put my body in this adventure. Now go your way, said Sir Launcelot, and Jesu be your speed.

So he entered, and anon there met with him two brethren, the one hight Sir Plaine de Force, and the other hight Sir Plaine de Amours. And anon they met with Sir La Cote Male Taile; and first La Cote Male Taile smote down Plaine de Force, and after he smote down Plaine de Amours; and then they dressed them to their shields and swords, and bade La Cote Male Taile alight, and so he did; and there was dashing and foining with swords, and so they began to assail full hard La Cote Male Taile, and many great wounds they gave him upon his head, and upon his breast, and upon his shoulders. And as he might ever among he gave sad strokes again. And then the two brethren traced and traversed for to be of both hands of Sir La Cote Male Taile, but he by fine force and knightly prowess gat them afore him. And then when he felt himself so wounded, then he doubled his strokes, and gave them so many wounds that he felled them to the earth, and would have slain them had they not yielded them. And right so Sir La Cote Male Taile took the best horse that there was of them three, and so rode forth his way to the other fortress and bridge; and there he met with the third brother whose name was Sir Plenorius, a full noble knight, and there they jousted together, and either smote other down, horse and man, to the earth. And then they avoided their horses, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords, and gave many sad strokes, and one while the one knight was afore on the bridge, and another while the other. And thus they fought two hours and more, and never rested. And ever Sir Launcelot and the damosel beheld them. Alas, said the damosel, my knight fighteth passing sore and over long. Now may ye see, said Sir Launcelot, that he is a noble knight, for to consider his first battle, and his grievous wounds; and even forthwithal so wounded as he is, it is marvel that he may endure this long battle with that good knight.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW LA COTE MALE TAILE WAS TAKEN PRISONER, AND AFTER RESCUED BY SIR LAUNCELOT, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT OVERCAME FOUR BRETHREN.

THIS meanwhile Sir La Cote Male Taile sank right down upon the earth, what for-wounded and what for-bled he might not stand. Then the other knight had pity of him, and said: Fair young knight, dismay you not, for had ye been fresh when ye met with me, as I was, I wot well that I should not have endured so long as ye have done; and therefore for your noble deeds of arms I shall show to you kindness and gentleness in all that I may. And forthwithal this noble knight, Sir Plenorius, took him up in his arms, and led him into his tower. And then he commanded him the wine, and made to search him and to stop his bleeding wounds. Sir, said La Cote Male Taile, withdraw you from me, and hie you to yonder bridge again, for there will meet with you another manner knight than ever was I. Why, said Plenorius, is there another manner knight behind of your fellowship? Yea, said La Cote Male Taile, there is a much better knight than I am. What is his name? said Plenorius. Ye shall not know for me, said La Cote Male Taile. Well, said the knight, he shall be encountered withal whatsomever he be.

Then Sir Plenorius heard a knight call that said: Sir Plenorius, where art thou? either thou must deliver me the prisoner that thou hast led unto thy tower, or else come and do battle with me. Then Plenorius gat his horse, and came with a spear in his hand walloping toward Sir Launcelot; and then they began to feutre their spears, and came together as thunder, and smote either other so mightily that their horses fell down under them. And then they avoided their horses, and pulled out their swords, and like two bulls they lashed together with great strokes and foins; but ever Sir Launcelot recovered ground upon him, and Sir Plenorius traced to have gone about him. But Sir Launcelot would not suffer that, but bare him backer and backer, till he came nigh his tower gate. And

then said Sir Launcelot: I know thee well for a good knight, but wit thou well thy life and death is in my hand, and therefore yield thee to me, and thy prisoner. The other answered no word, but struck mightily upon Sir Launcelot's helm, that the fire sprang out of his eyes. Then Sir Launcelot doubled his strokes so thick, and smote at him so mightily, that he made him kneel upon his knees. And therewith Sir Launcelot leapt upon him, and pulled him grovelling down. Then Sir Plenorius yielded him, and his tower, and all his prisoners at his will.

Then Sir Launcelot received him and took his troth; and then he rode to the other bridge, and there Sir Launcelot jousted with other three of his brethren, the one hight Pillounes, and the other hight Pellogris, and the third Sir Pellandris. And first upon horseback Sir Launcelot smote them down, and afterward he beat them on foot, and made them to yield them unto him; and then he returned unto Sir Plenorius, and there he found in his prison King Carados of Scotland, and many other knights, and all they were delivered. And then Sir La Cote Male Taile came to Sir Launcelot, and then Sir Launcelot would have given him all these fortresses and these bridges. Nay, said La Cote Male Taile, I will not have Sir Plenorius' livelihood; with that he will grant you, my lord Sir Launcelot, to come unto King Arthur's court, and to be his knight, and all his brethren, I will pray you, my lord, to let him have his livelihood. I will well, said Sir Launcelot, with this that he will come to the court of King Arthur and become his man, and his brethren five. And as for you, Sir Plenorius, I will undertake, said Sir Launcelot, at the next feast, so there be a place voided, that ye shall be Knight of the Round Table. Sir, said Plenorius, at the next feast of Pentecost I will be at Arthur's court, and at that time I will be guided and ruled as King Arthur and ye will have me. Then Sir Launcelot and Sir La Cote Male Taile reposed them there, unto the time that Sir La Cote Male Taile was whole of his wounds, and there they had merry cheer, and good rest, and many good games, and there were many fair ladies.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT MADE LA COTE MALE TAILE LORD OF THE CASTLE OF PENDRAGON, AND AFTER WAS MADE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE.

And in the meanwhile came Sir Kay, the Seneschal, and Sir Brandiles, and anon they fellowshipped with them. And then within ten days, then departed those knights of Arthur's court from these fortresses. And as Sir Launcelot came by the Castle of Pendragon there he put Sir Brian de les Isles from his lands, for cause he would never be withhold with King Arthur; and all that Castle of Pendragon and all the lands thereof he gave to Sir La Cote Male Taile. And then Sir Launcelot sent for Nerovens that he made once knight, and he made him to have all the rule of that castle and of that country, under La Cote Male Taile; and so they rode to Arthur's court all wholly together. And at Pentecost next following there was Sir Plenorius and Sir La Cote Male Taile, called otherwise by right Sir Breunor le Noire, both made Knights of the Table Round; and great lands King Arthur gave them, and there Breunor le Noire wedded that damosel Maledisant. And after she was called Beauvivante, but ever after for the more part he was called La Cote Male Taile; and he proved a passing noble knight, and mighty; and many worshipful deeds he did after in his life; and Sir Plenorius proved a noble knight and full of prowess, and all the days of their life for the most part they awaited upon Sir Launcelot; and Sir Plenorius' brethren were ever knights of King Arthur. And also, as the French book maketh mention, Sir La Cote Male Taile avenged his father's death.

SIR GARETH OF ORKNEY

THAT WAS CALLED BEWMAYNES

I

HERE FOLOWYTH SIR GARETHIS TALE OF ORKENEY THAT WAS CALLYD BEWMAYNES BY SIR KAY

IN Arthurs dayes, whan he helde the Rounde Table moste 113v (1)
plenoure, hit fortuned the kynge commaunded that the
hyghe feste of Pentecoste sholde be holden at a cité and a 5
castell, in tho dayes that was called Kynke Kenadonne,
uppon the sondys that marched nyghe Walys. So evir the
kynge had a custom that at the feste of Pentecoste in especiall
afore other festys in the yere, he wolde nat go that day to
mete unto that he had herde other sawe of a grete mervayle. 10
And for that custom all maner of strange adventures com
byfore Arthure, as at that feste before all other festes.

And so sir Gawayne, a lytyll tofore the none of the day of
Pentecoste, aspyed at a wyndowe three men uppon horsebak
and a dwarfe uppon foote. And so the three men alyght, and 15
the dwarff kepte their horsis, and one of the men was hyghar
than the tothir tweyne by a foote and an half. Than sir
Gawayne wente unto the kyng and sayde,

'Sir, go to your mete, for here at hande commyth strange
adventures.' 20

So the kynge wente unto his mete with many other
kynges, and there were all the knyghtes of the Rounde
Table, onles that ony were presoners other slayne at re-
countyrs. Than at the hyghe feste evermore they sholde
be fulfylled the hole numbir of an hondred and fyffty, for 25
than was the Rounde Table fully complysshed.

Ryght so com into the halle two men well besayne and
rychely, and uppon their sholdyrs there lened the goodlyest
yonge man and the fayreste that ever they all sawe. And he
was large and longe and brode in the shuldyrs, well-vysaged, 30
and the largyste and the fayreste handis that ever man sye.
But he fared as he myght nat go nothir bere hymself but
yf he lened uppon their shuldyrs. Anone as the kynge saw
hym there was made peas and rome, and ryght so they yode
with hym unto the hyghe deyse withoute seyynge of ony 35

3 *C* Whan Arthur held his round 4 *C* fortuned that he commaunded 16 *C* the thre men 21 *C* So Arthur 23 *C* table only tho that were 31 *C** handed 33 *C* Anone as Arthur

wordys. Than this yonge muche man pullyd hym abak and easyly [stretched] streyghte upryght, seynge,

'The moste noble kynge, kynge Arthure! God you blysse
114r and all your fayre felyshyp, and in especiall the felyshyp of
5 the Table Rounde. And for this cause I come hydir, to pray you and requyre you to gyff me three gyftys. And they shall nat be unresenablé asked but that ye may worshypfully graunte hem me, and to you no grete hurte nother losse. And the fyrste do[n]e and gyffte I woll aske now, and the
10 tothir two gyfftes I woll aske this day twelve-monthe, where-somever ye holde your hyghe feste.'

'Now aske ye,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'and ye shall have your askynge.'

'Now, sir, this is my petycion at this feste, that ye woll
15 geff me mete and drynke suffyciauntly for this twelve-monthe, and at that day I woll aske myne other two gyfftys.'

'My fayre son,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'aske bettyr, I counseyle the, for this is but a symple askyng; for myne herte gyvyth me to the gretly, that thou arte com of men of
20 worshyp, and gretly my conceyte fayleth me but thou shalt preve a man of ryght grete worshyp.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'thereof be as be may, for I have asked that I woll aske at this tyme.'

'Well,' seyde the kynge, 'ye shall have mete and drynke
25 inowe, I nevir forbade hit my frynde nother my foo. But what is thy name, I wolde wete?'

'Sir, I can nat tell you.'

'That is mervayle,' seyde the kynge, 'that thou knowyste nat thy name, and thou arte one of the goodlyest yonge men
30 that ever I saw.'

Than the kyng betoke hym to sir Kay the Styewarde, and charged hym that he had of all maner of metys and drynkes of the beste, and also that he had all maner of fyndynge as though he were a lordys sonne.

35 'That shall lytyll nede,' seyde sir Kay, 'to do suche coste uppon hym, for I undirtake he is a vylayne borne, and

1 *C* moche yong man 2–3 *C* vp streyghte sayeng kynge Arthur (*not emended in O*[1]) 7–8 *C** worshipfully and honorably 9 *W* dome 14 *C* for thys feest 23 at this tyme *not in C*† 25 *C* neuer deffended þ[t] none nother my 27 *C* you sayd he 29–30 *C*† arte the goodlyest yong man one that 32 *C* he shold gyue hym of al 36 *C* dare vndertake

never woll make man, for and he had be com of jantyllmen, he wolde have axed horse and armour, but as he is, so he askyth. And sythen he hath no name, I shall gyff hym a name whyche shall be called Beawmaynes, that is to say Fayre Handys. And into the kychyn I shall brynge hym, and there he shall have fatte browes every day that he shall be as fatte at the twelve-monthe ende as a porke hog.' 114v

Ryght so the two men departed and lefte hym with sir Kay that scorned and mocked hym. Thereat was sir Gawayne (2) wroth. And in especiall sir Launcelot bade sir Kay leve his mockyng, 'for I dare ley my hede he shall preve a man of grete worshyp.'

'Lette be,' seyde sir Kay, 'hit may not be by reson, for as he is, so he hath asked.'

'Yett beware,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'so ye gaff the good knyght Brunor, sir Dynadans brothir, a name, and ye called hym La Cote Male Tayle, and that turned you to anger aftirwarde.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Kay, 'this shall never preve none suche, for sir Brunor desyred ever worshyp, and this desyryth ever mete and drynke and brotthe. Uppon payne of my lyff, he was fosterde up in som abbey, and howsomever hit was, they fayled mete and drynke, and so hydir he is com for his sustynaunce.'

And so sir Kay bade gete hym a place and sytte downe to mete. So Bewmaynes wente to the halle dore and sette hym downe amonge boyes and laddys, and there he ete sadly. And than sir Launcelot aftir mete bade hym com to his chambir, and there he sholde have mete and drynke inowe, and so ded sir Gawayne; but he refused them all, for he wolde do none other but as sir Kay commaunded hym, for no profyr. But as towchyng sir Gawayne, he had reson to proffer hym lodgyng, mete, and drynke, for that proffer com of his bloode, for he was nere kyn to hym than he wyste off; but that sir Launcelot ded was of his grete jantylnesse and curtesy.

So thus he was putt into the kychyn and lay nyghtly as the kychen boyes dede. And so he endured all that twelve-

1 *C* had com 2 *C* axed of you *C* suche as 4 to say *not in C* 8 *C* belefte hym to syr 13 *C* by no reason 15 Yett *not in C* 21 *C* desyreth breed and drynke 34 *C* wyst But that as syre 37 *C* the boyes of the kechen

monthe and never dyspleased man nother chylde, but allwayes he was meke and mylde. But ever whan he saw ony justyng of knyghtes, that wolde he se and he myght. And ever sir Launcelot wolde gyff hym golde to spende and
115r 5 clothis, and so ded sir Gawayne. And where there were ony mastryes doynge, thereat wolde he be, and there myght none caste barre nother stone to hym by two yardys. Than wolde sir Kay sey, 'How lykyth you my boy of the kychyn?'

So this paste on tyll the feste of Whytsontyde, and at that
10 tyme the kynge hylde hit at Carlyon, in the moste royallyst wyse that myght be, lyke as he dud yerely. But the kyng wolde no mete ete uppon Whytsonday untyll he harde of som adventures.

Than com there a squyre unto the kynge and seyde, 'Sir,
15 ye may go to your mete, for here commyth a damesell with som strange adventures.' Than was the kyng glad and sette hym doune. Ryght so there cam a damesell unto the halle and salewed the kyng and prayde hym of succoure.

'For whom?' seyde the kynge. 'What is the adventure?'

20 'Sir,' she seyde, 'I have a lady of grete worshyp to my sustir, and she is beseged with a tirraunte, that she may nat oute of hir castell. And bycause here ar called the noblyst knyghtes of the worlde, I com to you for succoure.'

'What is youre lady called, and where dwellyth she? And
25 who is he and what is his name that hath beseged her?'

'Sir kynge,' she seyde, 'as for my ladyes name that shall nat ye know for me as at thys tyme, but I lette you wete she is a lady off grete worshyp and of grete londys; and as for that tyrraunte that besegyth her and destroyeth hir londys,
30 he is kallyd the Rede Kn[y]ght of the Rede Laundys.'

'I know hym nat,' seyde the kyng.

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I know hym well, for he is one of the perelest knyghtes of the worlde. Men sey that he hath seven mennys strengthe, and from hym I ascapyd
35 onys full harde with my lyffe.'

'Fayre damesell,' seyde [the] kynge, 'there bene knyghtes here that wolde do hir power for to rescowe your lady, but

6 *C* maystryes done and renomme and she you of socour
12–13 *C* herd some aduentures
21 *C* tyraunte so that she
24 *C* What heteth your lady and
20–21 *C* worship
23 *C* you to praye
37 that *not in C*

bycause ye woll not telle hir name nother where she dwellyth, therfore none of my knyghtes that here be nowe shall go with you be my wylle.'

'Than muste I seke forther,' seyde the damesell.

So with thes wordys com Beawmaynes before the kyng 5(3)115
whyle the damesell was there, and thus he sayde:

'Sir kyng, God tha[n]ke you, I have bene this twelvemonthe in your kychyn and have had my full systynaunce. And now I woll aske my other two gyfftys that bene behynde.'

'Aske on now, uppon my perell,' seyde the kynge. 10

'Sir, this shall be my fyrste gyffte of the two gyfftis: that ye woll graunte me to have this adventure of this damesell, for hit belongyth unto me.'

'Thou shalt have it,' seyde the kynge, 'I graunte hit the.'

'Than, sir, this is that other gyffte that ye shall graunte 15
me: that sir Launcelot du Lake shall make me knyght, for of hym I woll be made knyght and ellys of none. And whan I am paste I pray you lette hym ryde aftir me and make me knyght whan I requyre hym.'

'All thys shall be done,' seyde the kynge. 20

'Fy on the,' seyde the damesell, 'shall I have none but one that is your kychyn knave?' Than she wexed angry and anone she toke hir horse.

And with that there com one to Bewmaynes and tolde hym his horse and armour was com for hym, and a dwarff 25
had brought hym all thyng that neded hym in the rycheste wyse. Thereat the courte had muche mervayle from whens com all that gere. So whan he was armed there was none but fewe so goodly a man as he was.

And ryght so he cam into the halle and toke his leve of 30
kyng Arthure and sir Gawayne and of sir Launcelot, and prayde hym to hyghe aftyr hym. And so he departed and rode after the damesell, but there wente many aftir to beholde (4)
how well he was horsed and trapped in cloth of golde, but

4 *C*† must I speke further 5 *C* came before the kynge Beaumayns 9 *C* my two yeftes 10 *C*† Aske vpon 11 *C* my two gyftes fyrst that 15–16 that ye shall graunt me *not in C*† 16 *C* that ye shal bydde Launcelot du lake to make 22–23 *C* kechyn page thenne was she wrothe and toke her hors and departed 25–26 *C* and there was the dwarf come with all thyng 27 *C* maner therat al the court 30 *C* ryght soo as 32 *C* prayed that he wolde hyhe

he had neyther speare nother shylde. Than sir Kay seyde all opynly in the hall,

'I woll ryde aftir my boy of the kychyn to wete whether he woll know me for his bettir.'

116r 5 'Yet,' seyde sir Launcelot and sir Gawayne, 'abyde at home.'

So sir Kay made hym redy and toke his horse and his speare and rode aftir hym. And ryght as Beawmaynes overtoke the damesell, ryght so com sir Kay and seyde,

10 'Beawmaynes! What, sir, know ye nat me?'

Than he turned his horse and knew hit was sir Kay that had done all the dyspyte to hym, as ye have herde before. Than seyde Beawmaynes,

'Yee, I know you well for an unjantyll knyght of the courte,
15 and therefore beware of me!'

Therewith sir Kay put his spere in the reest and ran streyght uppon hym, and Beawmaynes com as faste uppon hym with his swer[d]e [in his hand, and soo he putte awey his spere with his swerde,] and with a foyne threste hym
20 thorow the syde, that sir Kay felle downe as he had bene dede. Than Beawmaynes alyght down and toke sir Kayes shylde and his speare and sterte uppon his owne horse and rode his way.

All that saw sir Launcelot and so dud the damesell. And
25 than he bade his dwarff sterte uppon sir Kayes horse, and so he ded. By that sir Launcelot was com, and anone he profyrde sir Launcelot to juste, and ayther made hem redy and com togydir so fersly that eyther bare other downe to the erthe and sore were they brused. Than sir Launcelot
30 arose and halpe hym frome his horse, and than Beawmaynes threw his shylde frome hym and profyrd to fyght wyth sir Launcelot on foote.

So they russhed togydyrs lyke two borys, trasyng and traversyng and foynyng the mountenaunce of an houre.
35 And sir Launcelot felte hym so bygge that he mervayled

1 *C* shelde nor spere 1–2 *C* al open 3 *C* boye in the 12 *C* hym alle the despyte as 13–14 *C* Ye sayd beumayns I knowe yow 18–19 *C** his swerd in his hand and soo he putte awey his spere with his swerd and with (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 21 *C* dede & he alyght 25–28 *W* (*sidenote*): Here Beawmaynes had all moste slayne sir Kay 33–34 *C* tracynge rasynge and foynynge to the mountenaunce

of his strengthe, for he fought more lyker a gyaunte than a knyght, and his fyghtyng was so passyng durable and passyng perelous. For sir Launcelot had so much ado with hym that he dred hymself to be shamed, and seyde,

'Beawmaynes, feyght nat so sore! Your quarell and myne is nat grete but we may sone leve of.'

'Truly that is trouth,' seyde Beawmaynes, 'but hit doth me 116v
good to fele your myght. And yet, my lorde, I shewed nat the utteraunce.'

'In Goddys name,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for I promyse (5)
you be the fayth of my body I had as muche to do as I myght have to save myself fro you unshamed, and therefore have ye no dought of none erthely knyght.'

'Hope ye so that I may ony whyle stonde a preved knyght?'

'Do as ye have done to me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and I shall be your warraunte.'

'Than I pray you,' seyde Beawmaynes, 'geff me the Order of Knyghthod.'

'Sir, than muste ye tell me your name of ryght, and of what kyn ye be borne.'

'Sir, so that ye woll nat dyscover me, I shall tell you my name.'

'Nay, sir,' seyde sir Launcelotte, 'and that I promyse you by the feyth of my body, untyll hit be opynly knowyn.'

Than he seyde, 'My name is Garethe, and brothir unto sir Gawayne of fadir syde and modir syde.'

'A, sir, I am more gladder of you than I was, for evir me thought ye sholde be of grete bloode, and that ye cam nat to the courte nother for mete nother drynke.'

Than sir Launcelot gaff hym the Order of Knyghthode; and than sir Gareth prayde hym for to departe, and so he to folow the lady. So sir Launcelot departed frome hym and come to sir Kay, and made hym to be borne home uppon his shylde; and so he was heled harde with the lyff. And all men

2 so passyng *not in C* 7 *C* not so grete but we may leue of 16–17 *C* knyghte sayde Beaumayns ye sayd Launcelot doo as ye haue done and I 21 *C* name seyd launcelot and 23–24 *C* shal sayd Beaumayns 28–29 *C* fader and moder A syr said Lanncelot 33–34 *C* departe and lete hym goo Soo syre

scorned sir Kay, and in especiall sir Gawayne. And sir Launcelot seyde that hit was nat his parte to rebuke no yonge man: 'For full lytyll knowe ye of what byrthe he is com of, and for what cause he com to the courte.'

5 And so we leve of sir Kay and turne we unto Beawmaynes. Whan that he had overtakyn the damesell, anone she seyde,

'What doste thou here? Thou stynkyst all of the kychyn, thy clothis bene bawdy of the grece and talow. What
117r wenyste thou?' seyde the lady, 'that I woll alow the for
10 yondir knyght that thou kylde? Nay, truly, for thou slewyst hym unhappyly and cowardly. Therefore turne agayne, thou bawdy kychyn knave! I know the well, for sir Kay named the Beawmaynes. What art thou but a luske, and a turner of brochis, and a ladyll-waysher?'

15 'Damesell,' seyde sir Beawmaynes, 'sey to me what ye woll, yet woll nat I go fro you whatsomever ye sey, for I have undirtake to kynge Arthure for to encheve your adventure, and so shall I fynyssh hit to the ende, other ellys I shall dye therefore.'

20 'Fye on the, kychyn knave! Wolt thou fynyssh myne adventure? Thou shalt anone be mette withall, that thou woldyst nat for all the broth that ever thou souped onys to loke hym in the face.'

'As for that, I shall assay,' seyde Beawmaynes.

25 So ryght thus as they rode in the wood there com a man fleyng all that ever he myght.

'Whother wolt thou?' seyde Beawmaynes.

'A, lorde,' he seyde, 'helpe me, for hereby in a slade is six theffis that have takyn my lorde and bounde hym sore,
30 and I am aferde lest that they woll sle hym.'

'Brynge me thydir,' seyde Beawmaynes.

And so they rode togydirs unto they com thereas was the knyght bounden; and streyte he rode unto them and strake one to the deth, and than another, and at the thirde stroke
35 he slew the thirde, and than the other three fledde. And he

3 *C* ful lytel knewe he† of what byrth he is comen and 5 *C* leue sir
8–9 *C** talowe that thou gaynest in kyng Arthurs kechyn wenest thou sayd she that I alowe the 9 *W* alow the the 10 *C* kyllest 12 *C* kechyn page
15–16 *C* ye wylle I wylle not goo 22 *C* soupest 24 As for that *not in C*
28–29 *C* are syxe 29–30 *C* hym soo I am 33 *C* and thenne he rode
35 *C* thyrdde theef

rode aftir them and overtoke them, and than they three turned agayne and assayled sir Beawmaynes harde, but at the laste he slew them and returned and unbounde the knyght. And the knyght thanked hym and prayde hym to ryde with hym to his castell there a lytyll besyde, and he sholde worshypfully rewarde hym for his good dedis.

'Sir,' seyde Beawmaynes, 'I woll no rewarde have. Sir, this day I was made knyght of noble sir Launcelot, and therefore I woll no rewarde have but God rewarde me. And also I must folowe thys damesell.'

So whan he com nyghe to hir she bade hym ryde uttir, 117v
'for thou smellyst all of the kychyn. What wenyst thou? That I have joy of the for all this dede? For that thou haste done is but myssehappe, but thou shalt se sone a syght that shall make the to turne agayne, and that lyghtly.'

Than the same knyght rode aftir the damesell and prayde hir to lodge with hym all that nyght. And because hit was nere nyght the damesell rode with hym to his castell and there they had grete chere. And at souper the knyght sette sir Beawmaynes afore the damesell.

'Fy, fy,' than seyde she, 'sir knyght, ye ar uncurtayse to sette a kychyn page afore me. Hym semyth bettir to styke a swyne than to sytte afore a damesell of hyghe parage.'

Than the knyght was ashamed at hir wordys, and toke hym up and sette hym at a sydebourde and sate hymself before hym. So all that nyght they had good chere and myrry reste. And on the morne the damesell toke hir leve (6)
and thanked the knyght, and so departed and rode on hir way untyll they come to a grete foreste. And there was a grete ryver and but one passage, and there were redy two knyghtes on the farther syde to lette the passage.

'What sey[st th]ou?' seyde the damesell. 'Woll ye macche yondir two knyghtis other ellys turne agayne?'

'Nay,' seyde sir Bewmaynes, 'I woll nat turne ayen, and they were six mo!'

And therewithall he russhed unto the watir, and in

1 *C* thenne tho thre theues 11 *C* ryde fro her 12 *C* kechyn Wenest thou
13 *C* this dede that 14 *C* nys but myshappen the sone *not in C*
16 *C** knyght whiche was rescowed of the theues 27 *C* the damoisel & he took their leue 31–32 *C** lette them the passage what saist thou *W* what sey you

myddys of the watir eythir brake her sperys uppon other to their hondys. And than they drewe their swerdis and smote egirly at othir. And at the laste sir Beawmaynes smote the othir uppon the helme, that his hede stoned, and therewithall he felle downe in the watir and there was he drowned. And than he spored his horse uppon the londe, and therewithall the tother knyght felle uppon hym [and] brake his spere. And so they drew hir swerdys and fought longe togydyrs, but at the laste sir Beawmaynes clevid his helme and his hede downe to the shuldyrs. And so he rode unto the
118r damesell and bade hir ryde furth on hir way.

'Alas,' she seyde, 'that ever suche a kychyn payge sholde have the fortune to destroy such two knyghtes. Yet thou wenyste thou haste done doughtyly? That is nat so; for the fyrste knyght his horse stumbled and there he was drowned in the watir, and never hit was be thy force nother be thy myghte. And the laste knyght, by myshappe thou camyste behynde hym, and by myssefortune thou slewyst hym.'

'Damesell,' seyde Beawmaynes, 'ye may sey what ye woll, but whomsomever I have ado withall, I truste to God to serve hym or I and he departe, and therefore I recke nat what ye sey, so that I may wynne your lady.'

'Fy, fy, foule kychyn knave! Thou shalt se knyghtes that shall abate thy boste.'

'Fayre damesell, gyff me goodly langgage, and than my care is paste, for what knyghtes somever they be, I care nat, ne I doute hem nought.'

'Also,' seyde she, 'I sey hit for thyne avayle, for yett mayste thou turne ayen with thy worshyp; for and thou folow [me] thou arte but slayne, for I se all that evir thou doste is by mysseadventure and nat by preues of thy hondys.'

'Well, damesell, ye may sey what ye woll, but where-somever ye go I woll folow you.'

So this Beawmaynes rode with that lady tyll evynsonge, and ever she chydde hym and wolde nat reste. So at the laste they com to a blak launde, and there was a blak

6–7 *C* londe where the other 7–10 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Bewmaynes slew two knyghtes at a passage 12 suche *not in C* 13 *C* that fortune *C** suche two douȝty knyghtes thou 18 *C* and myshappely thou slewe hym 21 I and *not in C*† 30 *Not emended in O*[1] 31 *C* is but by 34 *C* euensong tyme 35–36 *C* reste And they cam

hauthorne, and thereon hynge a baner, and on the other syde there hynge a blak shylde, and by hit stoode a blak speare, grete and longe, and a grete blak horse covered wyth sylk, and a blak stone faste by. Also there sate a knyght all armed (7) in blak harneyse, and his name was called the Knyght of the Blak Laundis.

This damesell, whan she sawe that knyght, she bade hym fle downe that valey, for his hors was nat sadeled.

'Gramercy,' seyde Beawmaynes, 'for allway ye wolde have me a cowarde.' 118v

So whan the Blak Knyght saw hir he seyde, 'Damesell, have ye brought this knyght frome the courte of kynge Arthure to be your champyon?'

'Nay, fayre knyght, this is but a kychyn knave that was fedde in kyng Arthurs kychyn for almys.'

Than sayde the knyght, 'Why commyth he in such aray? For hit is shame that he beryth you company.'

'Sir, I can not be delyverde of hym, for with me he rydyth magré my hede. God wolde,' seyde she, 'that ye wolde putte hym from me, other to sle hym and ye may, for he is an unhappy knave, and unhappyly he hath done this day thorow myssehappe; for I saw hym sle two knyghtes at the passage of the watir, and other dedis he ded beforne ryght mervaylouse and thorow unhappynesse.'

'That mervayles me,' seyde the Blak Knyght, 'that ony man of worshyp woll have ado with hym.'

'Sir, they knewe hym nat,' seyde the damesell, 'and for bycause he rydyth with me they wene that he be som man of worshyp borne.'

'That may be,' seyde the Blak Knyght; 'howbehit as ye say that he is no man of worshyp borne, he is a full lykly persone, and full lyke to be a stronge man. But this muche shall I graunte you,' seyde the knyght, 'I shall put hym downe on foote, and his horse and harneyse he shall leve with me, for hit were shame to me to do hym ony more harme.'

Whan sir Beawmaynes harde hym sey thus, he seyde,

4 *C*† sat knyghte 5 *C* was þe 10–11 *C* coward with that the blak knyghte whanne she came nyghe hym spak & sayd 12 frome the courte *not in C* 15–16 *C* almesse Why 23 *C* besorne† 31 borne *not in C* 32 *C* thus moche 34 *C* vpon one† foote

'Sir knyght, thou arte full large of my horse and harneyse! I lat the wete hit coste the nought, and whether thou lyke well othir evyll, this launde woll I passe magré thyne hede, and horse ne harneyse gettyst thou none of myne but yf thou wynne hem with thy hondys. Therefore lat se what thou canste do.'

'Seyste thou that?' seyde the Blak Knyght. 'Now yelde thy lady fro the! For hit besemed never a kychyn knave to ryde with such a lady.'

'Thou lyest!' seyde Beawmaynes. 'I am a jantyllman
119r borne, and of more hyghe lynage than thou, and that woll I preve on thy body!'

Than in grete wretth they departed their horsis and com togydyrs as hit had bene thundir, and the Blak Knyghtes speare brake, and Beawmaynes threste hym thorow bothe sydis. And therewith his speare brake and the truncheon was left stylle in his syde. But nevirtheles the Blak Knyght drew his swerde and smote many egir strokys of grete myght, and hurte Bewmaynes full sore. But at the laste the Blak Knyght, within an owre and an half, he felle downe of his horse in a sowne and there dyed.

And than sir Bewmaynes sy hym so well horsed and armed, than he alyght downe and armed hym in his armour, and so toke his horse and rode aftir the damesell. Whan she sawe hym com she seyde,

'Away, kychyn knave, oute of the wynde, for the smelle of thy bawdy clothis grevyth me! Alas!' she seyde, 'that ever such a knave sholde by myssehappe sle so good a knyght as thou hast done! But all is thyne unhappynesse. But hereby is one that shall pay the all thy paymente, and therefore yett I rede the flee.'

'Hit may happyn me,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'to be betyn other slayne, but I warne you, fayre damesell, I woll nat fle away nothir leve your company for all that ye can sey; for ever ye sey that they woll sle me othir bete me, but howsomever hit happenyth I ascape and they lye on the grounde.

2–3 *C* whether hit lyketh the or not this 4 *W* of of myne 8 *C* kechyn page 13 *C* with theyr 22–23 *W* (*sidenote*): The deth of the blak knyght slayne by the handis of Bewmaynes 25 *C** come nyghe 29 *C* alle thys is 30 that *not in C* 31 *C* I counceylle the 35 *C* wil kylle me

And therefore hit were as good for you to holde you stylle thus all day rebukyng me, for away wyll I nat tyll I se the uttermuste of this journay, other ellys I woll be slayne othir thorowly betyn. Therefore ryde on your way, for folow you I woll, whatsomever happyn me.'

Thus as they rode togydyrs they sawe a knyght comme (8) dryvande by them, all in grene, bothe his horse and his harneyse. And whan he com nye the damesell he asked hir,

'Is that my brothir the Blak Knyght that ye have brought with you?'

'Nay, nay,' she seyde, 'this unhappy kychyn knave hath slayne thy brothir thorow unhappynes.' 119v

'Alas!' seyde the Grene Knyght, '[that] is grete pyté that so noble a knyght as he was sholde so unhappyly be slayne, and namely of a knavis honde, as ye say that he is. A, traytoure!' seyde the Grene Knyght, 'thou shalt dye for sleyng of my brothir! He was a full noble knyght, and his name was sir Perarde.'

'I defye the,' seyde sir Bewmaynes, 'for I lette the wete, I slew hym knyghtly and nat shamfully.'

Therewythall the Grene Knyght rode unto an horne that was grene, and hit hynge uppon a thorne. And there he blew three dedly motis, and anone there cam two damesels and armed hym lyghtly. And than he toke a grete horse, and a grene shylde, and a grene spere; and than they ran togydyrs with all their myghtes and brake their sperys unto their hondis.

And than they drewe their swerdys and gaff many sad strokys, and eyther of them wounded other full ylle, and at the laste at an ovirtwarte stroke sir Bewmaynes with his horse strake the Grene Knyghtes horse uppon the syde, that he felle to the erthe. And than the Grene Knyght voyded his horse delyverly and dressed hym on foote. That sawe Bewmaynes, and therewithall he alyght and they russhed togydyrs lyke two myghty kempys a longe whyle, and sore they bledde bothe. Wyth that come the damesell and seyde,

'My lorde the Grene Knyght, why for shame stonde ye so longe fyghtynge with that kychyn knave? Alas! hit is shame

4 *C* truly beten 5 me *not in C* 30 *C* at an ouerthwart† Beaumayns
32–33 *C* auoyded his hors lightly

that evir ye were made knyght to se suche a lad to macche you as the wede growyth over the corne.'

Therewith the Grene Knyght was ashamed, and therewithall he gaff a grete stroke of myght and clave his shylde thorow. Whan Beawmaynes saw his shylde clovyn asundir he was a lytyll ashamed of that stroke and of hir langage.

And than he gaff hym suche a buffette uppon the helme that he felle on his kneis, and so suddeynly Bewmaynes pulde hym on the grounde grovelynge. And than the Grene
120r Knyght cryed hym mercy and yelded hym unto Bewmaynes and prayde hym nat to sle hym.

'All is in vayne,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'for thou shalt dye but yf this damesell that cam with me pray me to save thy lyff,' and therewithall he unlaced his helme lyke as he wolde sle hym.

'Fye uppon the, false kychyn payge! I woll never pray the to save his lyff, for I woll nat be so muche in thy daunger.'

'Than shall he dye,' seyde Beawmaynes.

'Nat so hardy, thou bawdy knave!' seyde the damesell, 'that thou sle hym.'

'Alas!' seyde the Grene Knyght, 'suffir me nat to dye for a fayre worde spekyng. Fayre knyght,' seyde the Grene Knyght, 'save my lyfe and I woll forgyff the the deth of my brothir, and for ever to becom thy man, and thirty knyghtes that hold of me for ever shall do you servyse.'

'In the devyls name,' seyde the damesell, 'that suche a bawdy kychyn knave sholde have thirty knyghtes servyse and thyne!'

'Sir knyght,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'all this avaylyth the nought but yf my damesell speke to me for thy lyff,' and therewithall he made a semblaunte to sle hym.

'Lat be,' seyde the dameselle, 'thou bawdy kychyn knave! Sle hym nat, for and thou do thou shalt repente hit.'

'Damesell,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'your charge is to me a plesure, and at youre commaundemente his lyff shall be saved, and ellis nat.' Than he said, 'Sir knyght with the

1–2 *C* matche suche a knyghte as the wede ouer grewe the 17 *C* will neuer be
22 *C* word may saue me 27–28 *C* the and thyrtty knyghtes seruyse
29–32 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir B. overcome the Grene Knyght 30 *C* with me
32 kychyn *not in C*

grene armys, I releyse the quyte at this damesels requeste, for I woll nat make hir wroth, for I woll fulfylle all that she chargyth me.'

And than the Grene Knyght kneled downe and dud hym homage with his swerde. Than sayde the damesell, 5

'Me repentis of this Grene Knyghtes damage, and of your brothirs deth, the Blak Knyght, for of your helpe I had grete mystir; for I drede me sore to passe this foreste.'

'Nay, drede you nat,' seyde the Grene Knyght, 'for ye all shall lodge with me this nyght, and to-morne I shall helpe 10 you thorow this forest.'

Soo they toke their horsys and rode to his maner that was **120v** faste by. And ever this damesell rebuked Bewmaynes and (9) wolde nat suffir hym to sitte at hir table, but as the Grene Knyght toke hym and sate with hym at a syde table. 15

'Damesell, mervayle me thynkyth,' seyde the Grene Knyght, 'why ye rebuke this noble knyghte as ye do, for I warne you he is a full noble man, and I knowe no knyght that is able to macche hym. Therefore ye do grete wronge so to rebuke hym, for he shall do you ryght goode 20 servyse. For whatsomever he makyth hymself he shall preve at the ende that he is com of full noble blood and of kynges lynage.'

'Fy, fy!' seyde the damesell, 'hit is shame for you to sey hym suche worshyp.' 25

'Truly,' seyde the Grene Knyght, 'hit were shame to me to sey hym ony dysworshyp, for he hath previd hymself a bettir knyght than I am; and many is the noble knyght that I have mette withall in my dayes, and never or this tyme founde I no knyght his macche.' 30

And so that nyght they yoode unto reste, and all nyght the Grene Knyght commaundede thirty knyghtes prevyly to wacche Bewmaynes for to kepe hym from all treson.

[And so on the morn] they all arose and herde their

2 *C* wrothe I wille fulfylle 6 *C* me repenteth grene knyghte of your dommage 10 all *not in C* 13 *C* fast there besyde *C* euer she rebuked 15–16 *C* sat hym at a syde table Merueylle 17 *C* knyght to the damoysel 18 *C* you damoysel he is a full noble knyght 19 that *not in C* 20 so *not in C* 21 *C* yet shall 24–25 *C* saye of hym 27 *C* sey of hym 28–30 *C* I am yet haue I mett with many knyghtes in my dayes and neuer or this tyme haue I fond no knyght his matche

masse and brake their faste. And than they toke their horsis and rode their way, and the Grene Knyght conveyed hem thorow the foreste. Than the Grene Knyght seyde,

'My lorde, sir Bewmaynes, my body and this thirty knyghtes shall be allway at your somouns, bothe erly and late at your callynge, and whothir that ever ye woll sende us.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Bewmaynes. 'Whan that I calle uppon you ye muste yelde you unto kynge Arthure, and all your knyghtes, if that I so commaunde you.'

'We shall be redy at all tymes,' seyde the Grene Knyght.

'Fy, fy uppon the, in the devyls name!' seyde the damesell, 'that ever [o]ny good knyght sholde be obedyent unto a kychyn knave!'

So than departed the Grene Knyght and the damesell, 121r and than she seyde unto Bewmaynes,

'Why folowyste thou me, kychyn knave? Caste away thy shylde and thy spere and fle away. Yett I counseyle the betyme, or thou shalt sey ryght sone "Alas!" For and thou were as wyght as sir Launcelot, sir Tristrams or the good knyght sir Lamerok, thou shalt not passe a pace here that is called the Pace Perelus.'

'Damesell,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'who is aferde let hym fle, for hit were shame to turne agayne syth I have ryddyn so longe with you.'

'Well,' seyde she, 'ye shall sone, whether ye woll or woll not.'

(10) So within a whyle they saw a whyght towre as ony snowe, well macchecolde all aboute and double-dyked, and over the towre gate there hynge a fyffty shyldis of dyvers coloures. And undir that towre there was a fayre medow, and therein was many knyghtes and squyres to beholde, scaffoldis and pavylons; for there, uppon the morne, sholde be a grete turnemente.

And the lorde of the towre was within his castell, and loked oute at a wyndow and saw a damesell, a dwarff, and a knyght armed at all poyntis.

4–5 *C* Beaumanys I & these thyrty knyghtes 7 *C* it is wel said 9–10 *C* yf that ye so commaunde vs We 12 *W* eny 16 *C* kechyn boy 18–20 *C** for were thou as wy3te as euer was wade or Laũcelot Trystram or the good knyghte syr lamaryk (*see note*) 27 *C* a toure as whyte ony

'So God me helpe,' seyde the lorde, 'with that knyght woll I juste, for I see that he is a knyght arraunte.'

And so he armed hym and horsed hym hastely. Whan he was on horsebak with his shylde and his spere, hit was all rede, bothe his horse and his harneyse and all that to hym belonged. And whan that he com nyghe hym he wente hit had be his brother the Blak Knyght, and than lowde he cryed and seyde,

'Brothir, what do ye here in this marchis?'

'Nay, nay,' seyde the damesell, 'hit is nat he, for this is but a kychyn knave that was brought up for almys in kynge Arthurs courte.'

'Neverthelesse,' seyde the Rede Knyght, 'I woll speke with hym or he departe.'

'A,' seyde this damesell, 'this knave hathe slayne your brother, and sir Kay named hym Bewmaynes; and this horse and this harneyse was thy brothirs, the Blak Knyght. **121v** Also I sawe thy brothir the Grene Knyght overcom of his hondys. But now may ye be revenged on hym, for I may nevir be quyte of hym.'

Wyth this every knyght departed in sundir and cam togydir all that they myght dryve. And aythir of their horsis felle to the erthe. Than they avoyde theire horsis and put their shyldis before hem and drew their swerdys, and eythir gaff other sad strokys now here now there, trasyng, traversyng, and foynyng, rasyng and hurlyng lyke two borys, the space of two owrys. Than she cryde on hyght to the Rede Knyght:

'Alas, thou noble Rede Knyght! Thynke what worshyp hath evermore folowed the! Lette never a kychyn knave endure the so longe as he doth!'

Than the Rede Knyght wexed wroth and doubled his strokes and hurte Bewmaynes wondirly sore, that the bloode ran downe to the grounde, that hit was wondir to see that stronge batayle. Yet at the laste Bewmaynes strake hym to the erthe. And as he wolde have slayne the Rede Knyght, he cryed,

6 *C* longeth 8 and seyde *not in C* 9 here *not in C* 15 *C* hath kylled 21 *C** eyther knyghtes 22 *C* to gyder with alle their myght and 25–26 *C* rasyng tracyng foynynge and 30 evermore *not in C*

'Mercy, noble knyght, sle me nat, and I shall yelde me to the wyth fyffty knyghtes with me that be at my commaundemente, and forgyff the all the dispyte that thou haste done to me, and the deth of my brothir the Blak Knyght, and the wynnyng of my brothir the Grene Knyght.'

'All this avaylyth nat,' seyde Beawmaynes, 'but if my damesell pray me to save thy lyff.' And therewith he made semblaunte to stryke of his hede.

'Let be, thou Bewmaynes, and sle hym nat, for he is a noble knyght, and nat so hardy uppon thyne hede but that thou save hym.'

Than Bewmaynes bade the Rede Knyght to stonde up, 'and thanke this damesell now of thy lyff.' Than the Rede Knyght prayde hym to se his castell and to repose them all that nyght. So the damesell graunte hym, and there they
122r had good chere. But allwayes this damesell seyde many foule wordys unto Bewmaynes, whereof the Rede Knyght had grete mervayle. And all that nyght the Rede Knyght made three score knyghtes to wacche Bewmaynes, that he sholde have no shame nother vylony.

And uppon the morne they herde masse and dyned, and the Rede Knyght com before Bewmaynes wyth his three score knyghtes, and there he profyrd hym his omage and feawté at all tymes, he and his knyghtes to do hym servyse.

'I thanke you,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'but this ye shall graunte me: whan I calle uppon you, to com before my lorde, kynge Arthure, and yelde you unto hym to be his knyghtes.'

'Sir,' seyde the Rede Knyght, 'I woll be redy and all my felyship at youre somouns.'

So sir Bewmaynes departed and the damesell, and ever she rode chydyng hym in the fowleste maner wyse that she cowde.

(11) 'Damesell,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'ye ar uncurteyse so to rebuke me as ye do, for mesemyth I have done you good servyse, and ever ye thretyn me I shall be betyn wyth

1 *C* mercy sayeng Noble 5 and the wynnyng of my brothir the Grene Knyght *not in C*† 12–14 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Bewmaynes overcom the Rede Knyght 12 to *not in C* 14–15 *C* and to be there al nyghte 15–16 *C* thenne graunted hym and there they had mery chere 29 all *not in C* 32–33 wyse that she cowde *not in C*

knyghtes that we mete, but ever for all your boste they all lye in the duste or in the myre. And therefore y pray you, rebuke me no more, and whan ye se me betyn or yoldyn as recreaunte, than may you bydde me go from you shamfully, but erste, I let you wete, I woll nat departe from you; for than I were worse than a foole and I wolde departe from you all the whyle that I wynne worshyp.'

'Well,' seyde she, 'ryght sone shall mete the a knyght that shall pay the all thy wagys, for he is the moste man of worshyp of the worlde excepte kyng Arthure.'

'I woll well,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'the more he is of worshyp the more shall be my worshyp to have ado with hym.'

Than anone they were ware where was afore them a cyté rych and fayre, and betwyxte them and the cité, a myle and more, there was a fayre medow that semed new mowyn, 122v and therein was many pavylons fayre to beholde.

'Lo,' seyde the damesell, 'yondir is a lorde that owyth yondir cité, and his custom is, whan the wedir is fayre, to lye in this medow, to juste and to turnay. And ever there is aboute hym fyve hondred knyghtes and jantyllmen of armys, and there is all maner of gamys that ony jantyllmen can devyse.'

'That goodly lorde,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'wolde I fayne se.'

'Thou shalt se hym tyme inowe,' seyde the damesell.

And so as she rode nere she aspyed the pavelon where the lorde was.

'Lo!' seyde she, 'syeste thou yondir pavylyon that is all of the coloure of inde?' And all maner of thyng that there is aboute, men and women and horsis, trapped shyldis and sperys, was all of the coloure of inde. 'And his name is sir Parsaunte of Inde, the moste lordlyest knyght that ever thou lokyd on.'

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Bewmaynes, 'but be he never so stoute a knyght, in this felde I shall abyde tyll that I se hym undir his shylde.'

'A, foole!' seyde she, 'thou were bettir to flee betymes.'

1–2 *C* they lye *W* all all lye 5 *C* but fyrste 5–6 *C* for I were 8–9 *C* soone there shall mete a knyght shal paye 15–16 *C* a myle and an (*S* a) half there 26–27 *C* where he was 33 *C* lokest on 37 *C* better flee

'Why?' seyde Bewmaynes. 'And he be suche a knyght as ye make hym he woll nat sette uppon me with all his men, for and there com no more but one at onys I shall hym nat fayle whylys my lyff may laste.'

5 'Fy, fy!' seyde the damesell, 'that evir suche a stynkyng kychyn knave sholde blowe suche a boste!'

'Damesell,' he seyde, 'ye ar to blame so to rebuke me, for I had lever do fyve batayles than so to be rebuked. Lat hym com and than lat hym doo his worste.'

10 'Sir,' she seyde, 'I mervayle what thou art and of what kyn thou arte com; for boldely thou spekyst and boldely thou haste done, that have I sene. Therefore, I pray the, 123r save thyself and thou may, for thyne horse and thou have had grete travayle, and I drede that we dwelle ovirlonge 15 frome the seege; for hit is hens but seven myle, and all perelous passage[s] we are paste sauff all only this passage, and here I drede me sore last ye shall cacche som hurte. Therefore I wolde ye were hens, that ye were nat brused nothir hurte with this stronge knyght. But I lat you wete 20 this sir Persaunte of Inde is nothyng of myght nor strength unto the knyght that lyeth at the seege aboute my lady.'

'As for that,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'be as be may, for sytthen I am com so nye this knyght I woll preve his myght or I departe frome hym, and ellis I shall be shamed and I now 25 withdrawe fro hym. And therefore, damesell, have ye no doute: by the grace of God, I shall so dele with this knyght that within two owrys after none I shall delyver hym, and than shall we com to the seege be daylyght.'

'A, Jesu! mervayle have I,' seyde the damesell, 'what 30 maner a man ye be, for hit may never be other but that ye be com of jantyll bloode, for so fowle and so shamfully dud never woman revyle a knyght as I have done you, and ever curteysly ye have suffyrde me, and that com never but of jantyll bloode.'

35 'Damesell,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'a knyght may lytyll do that may nat suffir a jantyllwoman, for whatsomever ye

2–3 *C** men or with his v C knyghtes For 4 *C* lyf lasteth 11 *C* for *not in C* 13 *C* thou mayst 18 *C* wolde haue ye 21 *C* leid the 22 *C* be it as it be 25 *C* withdrawe me 29 *C* O Ihesu 30 *C* neuer ben otherwyse 31 *C* a noble blood 32 *C** woman rule 36 *C* a damoisel for

seyde unto me I toke none hede to your wordys, for the more ye seyde the more ye angred me, and my wretthe I wrekid uppon them that I had ado withall. [And therefore all] the mysseyyng that ye mysseyde me in my batayle furthered me much and caused me to thynke to shewe and preve myselffe at the ende what I was, for peraventure, thoughe hit lyst me to be fedde in kynge Arthures courte, I myght have had mete in other placis, but I ded hit for to preve my frendys, and that **123v** shall be knowyn another day whether that I be a jantyllman borne or none; for I latte yow wete, fayre damesell, I have done you jantyllmannys servyse, and peraventure bettir servyse yet woll I do or I departe frome you.'

'Alas!' she seyde, 'fayre Bewmaynes, forgyff me all that I have mysseseyde or done ayenste you.'

'With all my wyll,' seyde he, 'I forgeff hit you, for ye dud nothyng but as ye sholde do, for all youre evyll wordys pleased me. Damesell,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'syn hit lykyth you to sey thus fayre unto me, wote ye well hit gladdyth myne herte gretly, and now mesemyth there is no knyght lyvyng but I am able inow for hym.'

Wyth this sir Persaunte of Inde had aspyed them as (12) they hoved in the fylde, and knyghtly he sente unto them whether he cam in warre or in pece.

'Sey to thy lorde I take no force but whether as hym lyste.'

So the messyngere wente ayen unto sir Persaunte and tolde hym all his answere.

'Well, than I woll have ado with hym to the utteraunce!' and so he purveyede hym and rode ayenste hym.

Whan Bewmaynes sawe hym he made hym redy, and [there they] mette with all theire myghtes togedir as faste as their horse myght ren, and braste their spearys eythir in three pecis, and their horsis [rassed so togyders that bothe their horsis] felle downe to the erthe. And delyverly they avayded their horsis and put their shyldis before them and drew their swerdys and gaff many grete strokys, that som-

3 *Not emended in O*[1] 5 much *not in C* 6–7 *C*† though I had mete in kyng Arthurs kechyn yet I my3t haue had mete ynou3 8 *C* but alle that I dyd it for to preue & assaye my 10 for *not in C* 15 *C* alle my herte 24 *C* lord said beaumayns 24–25 *C* lyst hym self 32 *C* euer theyr horses myght renne 33–34 *Not emended in O*[1] 34–35 *C* felle dede to the erthe & ly3tly they auoyded

tyme they hurled so togydir that they felle grovelyng on the grounde.

Thus they fought two owrys and more, that there shyldes and hawbirkes were all forhewyn, and in many placis [were they] wounded. So at the laste sir Bewmaynes smote hym thorow the coste of the body, and than he retrayed hym here and there and knyghtly maynteyned his batayle longe tyme.

And at the laste, though hym loth were, Beawmaynes smote sir Persaunte abovyn uppon the helme, that he felle
124r grovelynge to the erthe, and than he lepte uppon hym overthwarte and unlaced his helme to have slayne hym. Than sir Persaunte yelded hym and asked hym mercy. Wyth that com the damesell and prayde hym to save his lyff.

'I woll well,' he seyde, 'for hit were pyté this noble knyght sholde dye.'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'for now I wote well hit was ye that slew my brother, the Blak Knyght, at the Blak Thorne. He was a full noble knyght! His name was sir Perarde. Also, I am sure that ye ar he that wan myne other brother, the Grene Knyght: his name is sir Pertholepe. Also ye wan my brother the Rede Knyght, sir Perymones. And now, sir, ye have wonne me. This shall I do for to please you: ye shall have homage and feawté of me and of an hondred knyghtes to be allwayes at your commaundemente, to go and ryde where ye woll commaunde us.'

And so they wente unto sir Persauntes pavylyon and dranke wyne and ete spycis. And afterwarde sir Persaunte made hym to reste uppon a bedde untyll supper tyme, and aftir souper to bedde ayen. So whan sir Bewmaynes was a-bedde—sir Persaunte had a doughter, a fayre lady of eyghtene yere of ayge—and there he called hir unto hym and charged hir and commaunded hir uppon his blyssyng to go unto the knyghtis bed:

'And lye downe by his syde and make hym no strange chere but good chere, and take hym in your armys and kysse hym and loke that this be done, I charge you, as ye woll have my love and my good wylle.'

4–5 *C* in many stedys they were wounded 13 hym *not in C* 14 he seyde *not in C* 16–19 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Bewmaynes overcom sir Persaunte of Inde 16 *C* Persaunt gentyl knyȝt & damoysel For certeynly now 22 *C* now syn ye haue wonne these† this 23–24 *C* & an C 30 *C*† had a lady a faire douȝter 34 *C* thyne armes 36 *P* my boue *R* my loue

So sir Persauntis doughter dud as hir fadir bade hir, and so she yode unto sir Bewmaynes bed and pryvyly she dispoyled hir and leyde hir downe by hym. And than he awooke and sawe her and asked her what she was.

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I am sir Persauntis doughter that by the commaundemente of my fadir I am com hydir.'

'Be ye a pusell or a wyff?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I am a clene maydyn.'

'God deffende me,' seyde he, 'than that ever I sholde defoyle you to do sir Persaunte suche a shame! Therefore I pray you, fayre damesell, aryse oute of this bedde, other 124v ellys I woll.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I com nat hydir by myne owne wyll, but as I was commaunded.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Bewmaynes, 'I were a shamefull knyght and I wolde do youre fadir ony disworshyp.'

But so he kyste her, and so she departed and com unto sir Persaunte hir fadir and tolde hym all how she had sped.

'Truly,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'whatsomever he be he is com of full noble bloode.'

And so we leve hem there tyll on the morne.

And so on the morne the damesell and sir Bewmaynes (13) herde masse and brake there faste and so toke their leve.

'Fayre damesell,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'whothirwarde ar ye away ledynge this knyght?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'this knyght is goynge to the Castell Daungerous thereas my systir is beseged.'

'Aha,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'that is the Knyghte of the Rede Launde whyche is the moste perelyste knyght that I know now lyvynge and a man that is wythouten mercy, and men sey that he hath seven mennes strength. God save you, sir Bewmaynes, frome that knyght, for he doth grete wronge to that lady, and that is grete pyté, for she is one of the fayreste ladyes of the worlde, and mesemyth that your damesell is hir sister. Ys nat your name Lyonet?'

'Sir, so I hyght, and my lady my sister hyght dame Lyones.'

2 *C* she wente vnto 7 *C* Be ye a mayde or a wyf 9 me *not in C* *C* he that I 11 I pray you *not in C*† 13 *C* not to you by 17 *C* and so he 20 *C* of a noble 25 *C* way ledyng 26–28 *C*† to the sege that besyegeth my syster in the castle Dangerus *A* a 32 *C* you said he to Beaumayns 35–36 *C* Lynet said he ye sir said she and my lady my susters name is dame

'Now shall I tell you,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'this Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys hath layne longe at that seege, well-nye this two yerys, and many tymes he myght have had hir and he had wolde, but he prolongyth the tyme to this entente, for to have sir Launcelot du Lake to do batayle with hym, or with sir Trystrams, othir sir Lamerok de Galys, other sir Gawayne, and this is his taryynge so longe at the sege. Now, my lorde,' seyde sir Persaunt of Inde, 'be ye stronge and of good herte, for ye shall have ado with a good knyght.'

'Let me dele,' seyde sir Bewmaynes.

125r 'Sir,' seyde this damesell Lyonet, 'I requyre you that ye woll make this jauntyllman knyght or evir he fyght with the Red Knyght.'

'I woll, with all myne herte,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'and hit please hym to take the Order of Knyghthode of so symple a man as I am.'

'Sir,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'I thanke you for [your good will, for] I am bettir spedde, for sertay[n]ly the noble knyghte sir Launcelot made me knyght.'

'A,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'of a more renomed man myght ye nat be made knyghte of, for of all knyghtes he may be called cheff of knyghthode, and so all the worlde seythe that betwyxte three knyghtes is departed clerely knyghthode, that is sir Launcelot du Lake, sir Trystrams de Lyones and sir Lamerok de Galys. Thes bere now the renowne, yet there be many other noble knyghtis, as sir Palomydes the Saresyn and sir Saphir, his brothir, also sir Bleobrys and sir Blamour de Ganys, his brothir; also sir Bors de Ganys, and sir Ector de Marys, and sir Percivale de Galys. Thes and many mo bene noble knyghtes, but there be none that bere the name but thes three abovyn seyde. Therefore God spede you well,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'for and ye may macche that Rede Knyght ye shall be called the fourth of the worlde.'

'Sir,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'I wolde fayne be of good fame and of knyghthode. And I latte you wete, I am com of

8–12 *C*† Now my lord syre Persaunt of ynde saide the damoysel Lynet I requyre you 18–19 *Not emended in O*[1] 22 of *not in C* 26 renommee there 27 noble *not in C* 28 *C* Sasere† 31–32 *C* none þt passe þe iij aboue said 36 *C* I cam of (*S* I am of)

good men, for I dare say my fadir was a nobleman. And so that ye woll kepe hit in cloce and this damesell, I woll tell you of what kynne I am com of.'

'We woll nat discover you,' seyde they bothe, 'tylle ye commaunde us, by the fayth we owe to Jesu.'

'Truly,' than sayde he, 'my name is sir Gareth of Orkenay, and kynge Lott was my fadir, and my modir is kyng Arthurs sister, hir name is dame Morgawse. And sir Gawayne ys my brothir, and sir Aggravayne and sir Gaherys, and I am **125v** yongeste of hem all. And yette wote nat kynge Arthure nother sir Gawayne what I am.'

So the booke seyth that the lady that was beseged had (14) worde of hir sisteris comyng by the dwarff, and a knyght with hir, and how he had passed all the perelus passages.

'What maner a man is he?' seyde the lady.

'He is a noble knyght, truly, madam,' seyde the dwarff, 'and but a yonge man, but he is as lykly a man as ever ye saw ony.'

'What is he, and of what kynne,' seyde the lady, 'is he com, and of whom was he made knyght?'

'Madam,' seyde the dwarff, 'he was kynges son of Orkeney, but his name I woll nat tell you as at this tyme; but wete you well, of sir Launcelot was he made knyght, for of none other wolde he be made knyght, and sir Kay named hym Bewmaynes.'

'How ascaped he,' seyde the lady, 'frome the brethyrn of sir Persaunte?'

'Madam,' he seyde, 'as a noble knyght sholde. First he slew two bretherne at a passage of a watir.'

'A!' seyde she, 'they were two good knyghtes, but they were murtherers. That one hyght sir Gararde le Breuse and that other hyght sir Arnolde le Bruse.'

'Than, madam, he recountird at the Blak Knyght and slew hym in playne batayle, and so he toke his hors and his armoure and fought with the Grene Knyght and wanne hym in playne batayle. And in lyke wyse he served the Rede Knyght, and aftir in the same wyse he served the Blew Knyght and wanne hym in playne batayle.'

3–4 *C* I am We 5 *C* owe vnto god 18–19 *C* is he sayd the damoysel and of what kynne is he comen 20 *C* he is the kynges 31 *C** other knyght hyght 32 *C* recountred with the

'Than,' sayde the lady, 'he hath overcom sir Persaunte of Inde that is one of the noblest knyghtes of the worlde?'

'Trewly, madam,' seyde the dwarff, 'he hath wonne all the four bretherne and slayne the Blak Knyght, and yet he dud more tofore: he overthrew sir Kay and leffte hym nye dede
126r uppon the grounde. Also he dud a grete batayle wyth sir Launcelot, and there they departed on evyn hondis. And than sir Launcelot made hym knyght.'

'Dwarff,' seyde the lady, 'I am gladde of thys tydynges. Therefore go thou unto an hermytage of myne hereby and bere with the of my wyne in too flagons of sylver—they ar of two galons—and also two caste of brede, with the fatte venyson ibake and deynté foules; and a cuppe of golde here I delyver the that is ryche of precious stonys. And bere all this to myne hermytage and putt hit in the hermytis hondis.

'And sytthyn go thou to my sistir and grete her welle, and commaunde me unto that jantyll knyght, and pray hym to ete and drynke and make hym stronge, and say hym I thanke hym of his curtesy and goodnesse that he wolde take uppon hym suche labur for me that never ded hym bounté nother curtesy. Also pray hym that he be of good herte and corrage hymself, for he shall mete with a full noble knyght, but he is nother of curtesy, bounté, nother jantylnesse; for he attendyth unto nothyng but to murther, and that is the cause I can nat prayse hym nother love hym.'

So this dwarff departed and com to sir Persaunt where he founde the damesell Lynet and sir Bewmaynes, and there he tolde hem all as ye have herde. And than they toke their leve, but sir Persaunte toke an amblynge hakeney and conveyed them on their wayes and than betoke he them unto God.

And so within a lytyll whyle they com to the hermytage, and there they dranke the wyne and ete the venyson and the foulys bakyn. And so whan they had repasted them well the dwarff retourned ayen with his vessell unto the castell.

2 that is *not in C* 2–3 *C* world & þe dwarf said he hath 10 *C* in an 10–11 *C* here by and there shalt thow bere 14 *C* ryche and precyous and 19 *C* say ye 23 hymself *not in C* 31–32 *C* belefte hem to god 36 *C*† castel ageyne

And there mette wyth hym the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys and asked hym from whens he com and where he had ben.

'Sir,' seyde the dwarff, 'I have bene with my ladyes sistir of the castell, and she hath bene at kynge Arthurs courte and brought a knyght with her.'

'Than I acompte her travayle but lorne, for though she had brought with hir sir Launcelot, sir Trystrams, sir Lameroke, othir sir Gawayne, I wolde thynke myselfe good inowe for them all.' **126v**

'Hit may well be,' seyde the dwarff, 'but this knyght hathe passed all the perelouse passages and slayne the Blak Knyghte and other two mo, and wonne the Grene Knyght, the Rede Knyght, and the Blew Knyght.'

'Than is he one of thes four that I have before rehersyd?'

'He is none of thes,' seyde the dwarff, 'but he is a kynges son.'

'What is his name?' seyde the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis.

'That woll I nat tell you, but sir Kay on scorne named hym Bewmaynes.'

'I care nat,' seyde the knyght, 'whatsomevir he be, for I shall sone delyver hym, and yf I overmacche hym he shall have a shamfull deth as many othir have had.'

'That were pyté,' seyde the dwarff, 'and hit is pyté that ye make suche shamfull warre uppon noble knyghtes.'

Now leve we the knyght and the dwarff and speke we of (15) Bewmaynes that all nyght lay in the hermytage. And uppon the morne he and the damesell Lynet harde their masse and brake their faste, and than they toke their horsis and rode thorowoute a fayre foreste. And than they com to a playne and saw where was many pavylons and tentys and a fayre castell, and there was muche smoke and grete noyse.

And whan they com nere the sege sir Bewmaynes aspyed on grete trees, as he rode, how there hynge full goodly armed knyghtes by the necke, and their shyldis about their neckys with their swerdis and gylte sporys uppon their helys. And

7 *C* loste For 20 *C* telle you seyd the dwarf but 22 *C* what knyghte soo euer 23 *C*† & yf I euer matche hym 25 *C* it is merueill that 32 *C* where were

so there hynge nyghe a fourty knyghtes shamfully with full ryche armys. Than sir Bewmaynes abated his countenaunce and seyde, 'What menyth this?'

'Fayre sir,' seyde the damesell, 'abate nat youre chere for all this syght, for ye muste corrage youreself, other ellys ye 127r bene all shente. For all these knyghtes com hydir to this sege to rescow my sistir dame Lyones, and whan the Rede Knyght of the Rede Launde had overcom hem he put them to this shamefull deth withoute mercy and pyté. And in the same wyse he woll serve you but yf ye quyte you the bettir.'

'Now Jesu defende me,' seyde sir Bewmaynes, 'frome suche vylans deth and shondeshyp of harmys, for rathir than I sholde so be faryn withall I woll rather be slayne in playne batayle.'

'So were ye bettir,' seyde the damesell, 'for trust nat, in hym is no curtesy, but all goth to the deth other shamfull mourther. And that is pyté,' seyde the damesell, 'for he is a full lykly man and a noble knyght of proues, and a lorde of grete londis and of grete possessions.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Bewmaynes, 'he may be well a good knyght, but he usyth shamefull customys, and hit is mervayle that he enduryth so longe, that none of the noble knyghtes of my lorde Arthurs have nat dalte with hym.'

And than they rode unto the dykes and sawe them double-dyked wyth full warly wallys, [and there were lodged many grete lordes nyghe the wallys,] and there was grete noyse of mynstralsy. And the see bete uppon that one syde of the wallys where were many shyppis and marynars noyse with hale and how.

And also there was faste by a sygamoure tre, and thereon hynge an horne, the grettyst that ever they sye, of an olyvauntes bone, and this Knyght of the Rede Launde hath honged hit up there to this entente, that yf there com ony arraunte knyghte he muste blowe that horne and than woll he make hym redy and com to hym to do batayle.

'But, sir, pray you,' seyde the damesell, 'blow ye nat the

12 *C** suche a vylanous *C* shenship of armes 13 *C* wolde rather be slayn manly in 17 seyde the damesell *not in C* 18 *C** man wel made of body and a ful noble 19 *C* and possessions 27 *C* betyd 33 to this entente *not in C* 36 *C* I pray you

horne tyll hit be hygh none, for now hit is aboute pryme, and now encresyth his myght, that as men say he hath seven mennys strength.'

'A! fy for shame, fayre damesell! Sey ye nevir so more to me, for and he were as good a knyght as ever was ony 5 **127v** I shall never fayle hym in his moste myght, for other I wylle wynne worshyp worshypfully othir dye knyghtly in the felde.'

And therewith he spored his horse streyte to the sygamoure tre and so blew the horne egirly that all the seege 10 and the castell range thereoff. And than there lepe oute many knyghtes oute of their tentys and pavylyons, and they within the castell loked ovir the wallys and oute at wyndowis.

Than the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis armed hym hastely and too barouns sette on his sporys on his helys, and 15 all was blood-rede: his armour, spere, and shylde. And an erle buckled his helme on his hede, and than they brought hym a rede spere and a rede stede. And so he rode into a lytyll vale undir the castell, that all that were in the castell and at the sege myght beholde the batayle. 20

'Sir,' seyde the damesell Lynet unto sir Bewmaynes, 'loke (16) ye be glad and lyght, for yondir is your dedley enemy, and at yondir wyndow is my lady, my sistir dame Lyones.'

'Where?' seyde Bewmaynes.

'Yondir,' seyde the damesell, and poynted with her fyngir. 25

'That is trouth,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'she besemyth afarre the fayryst lady that ever I lokyd uppon, and truly,' he seyde, 'I aske no better quarell than now for to do batayle, for truly she shall be my lady and for hir woll I fyght.'

And ever he loked up to the wyndow with glad coun- 30 tenaunce, and this lady dame Lyones made curtesy to hym downe to the erth, holdynge up bothe her hondys. Wyth that the Rede Knyghte calle unto Bewmaynes and seyde,

'Sir knyght, leve thy beholdyng and loke on me, I coun- 35 sayle the, for I warne the well, she is my lady, and for hir I have done many stronge batayles.'

2 *C* encreaced 5 ony *not in C* 12 many *not in C* 32 *C* erthe with holdynge vp bothe their† handes 33–35 *C* knyghte of the reed laundes called to Beaumayns leue syr knyghte thy lokynge and behold me

128r 'Geff thou so have done,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'mesemyth hit was but waste laboure, for she lovyth none of thy felyshyp, and thou to love that lovyth nat the is but grete foly. For and I undirstoode that she were nat ryght glad of my commynge I wolde be avysed or I dud batayle for hir; but I undirstonde by the segynge of this castell she may forbere thy felyshyp. And therefore wete thou well, thou Rede Knyght, I love hir and woll rescow hir, othir ellys to dye therefore.'

'Sayst thou that?' seyde the Rede Knyght. 'Mesemyth thou oughtyste of reson to beware by yondir knyghtes that thou sawyste hange on yondir treis.'

'Fy for shame!' seyde Bewmaynes, 'that ever thou sholdyst sey so or do so evyll, for in that thou shamest thyself and all knyghthode, and thou mayste be sure there woll no lady love the that knowyth the and thy wykked customs. And now thou wenyste that the syght of tho honged knyghtes shulde feare me? Nay, truly, nat so! That shamefull syght cawsyth me to have courrage and hardynesse ayenst th[e] muche more than I wolde have agaynste the and thou were a well-ruled knyght.'

'Make the redy,' seyde the Rede Knyght, 'and talke no more with me.'

Than they putt their sperys in the reste and com togedyrs with all the myght that they had bothe, and aythir smote other in the myddys of their shyldis, that the paytrels, sursynglys and crowpers braste, and felle to the erthe bothe, and the raynys of their brydyls in there hondys. And so they lay a grete whyle sore astoned, that all that were in the castell and in the sege wente their neckys had bene broste.

Than many a straunger and othir seyde that the straunge knyght was a bygge man and a noble jouster, 'for or now we sawe never no knyght macche the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys.' Thus they seyde bothe within and without.

128v Than lyghtly and delyverly they avoyded their horsis and

4 ryght *not in C* 8 *C* knyghte of the reed laundes 9 therefore *not in C* 14 *C* saye or 15 all *not in C* 16 the and *not in C*† 19 *W* ayenst thou 20 muche *not in C* 22–23 *C* no lenger 24 *C** Thenne syre Beaumayns badde the damoysel goo from hym and thenne they putte 30 *C* ben broken 34 *C* within the castel and 36 and delyverly *not in C*

putt their shyldis afore them and drew theire swerdys and ran togydyrs lyke two fers lyons, and eythir gaff othir suche two buffettys uppon their helmys that they reled bakwarde bothe two stredys. And than they recoverde bothe and hew grete pecis of othyrs harneyse and their shyldys, that a grete parte felle in the fyldes.

And than thus they fought tyll hit was paste none, and never wolde stynte tyll at the laste they lacked wynde bothe, and than they stoode waggyng, stagerynge, pantynge, blowynge, and bledyng, that all that behelde them for the moste party wepte for pyté. So whan they had rested them a whyle they yode to batayle agayne, trasyng, traversynge, foynynge, and rasynge as two borys. And at som tyme they toke their bere as hit had bene two rammys and horled togydyrs, that somtyme they felle grovelynge to the erthe; and at som tyme they were so amated that aythir toke others swerde in the stede of his owne. (17)

And thus they endured tyll evynsonge, that there was none that behelde them myght know whethir was lyke to wynne the batayle. And theire armoure was so forhewyn that men myght se their naked sydys, and in other placis they were naked; but ever the nakyd placis they dud defende. And the Rede Knyghte was a wyly knyght in fyghtyng, and that taught Bewmaynes to be wyse, but he abought hit full sore or he did aspye his fyghtynge.

And thus by assente of them both they graunted aythir othir to reste, and so they sette hem downe uppon two mollehyllys there besydys the fyghtynge place, and eythir of them unlaced othir helmys and toke the colde wynde, for aythir of their pagis was faste by them to com whan they called them to unlace their harneyse and to sette hem on agayne at there commaundemente. And than sir Bew- 129r maynes, whan his helme was off, he loked up to the wyndowe, and there he sawe the fayre lady dame Lyones, and she made hym suche countenaunce that his herte waxed lyght and joly. And therewith he bade the Rede Knyght of the

5 *C* of theire harneis 9 *C* scateryng pontyng 12–13 *C* tracyng racyng foynyng as two bores 14 *C* toke their renne 16 *C* so amased† 18 *C* euensong tyme 20 *C* fer hewen 23–24 *C* knyght of werre and his wyly fyghtyng taughte syr Beaumayns 29 *C* vnlaced his helme 31 them *not in C* 32–33 *C* thenne whan syr Beaumayns helme was of

Rede Laundes make hym redy, 'and lette us do oure batayle to the utteraunce.'

'I woll well,' seyde the knyght. And than they laced on their helmys, and avoyded their pagys, and yede togydyrs and fought freysshly. But the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys wayted hym at an overthwarte and smote hym with[in the honde,] that his swerde felle oute of his honde. And yette he gaff hym another buffette uppon the helme, that he felle grovellynge to the erthe, and the Rede Knyghte felle over hym for to holde hym downe.

Than cryed the maydyn Lynet on hyght and seyde,

'A, sir Bewmaynes! Where is thy corrayge becom? Alas! my lady my sister beholdyth the, and she shrekys and wepys so that hit makyth myne herte hevy.'

Whan sir Bewmaynes herde hir sey so, he abrayded up with a grete myght, and gate hym uppon hys feete, and lyghtly he lepe to his swerde and gryped hit in his honde and dowbled his pace unto the Rede Knyght, and there they fought a new batayle togydir.

But sir Bewmaynes than doubled his strokys and smote so thycke that his swerde felle oute of his honde. And than he smote hym on the helme, that he felle to the erthe, and sir Bewmaynes felle uppon hym and unlaced his helme to have slayne hym. And than he yelded hym and asked mercy and seyde with a lowde voyce,

'A, noble knyght! I yelde me to thy mercy!'

Than sir Bewmaynes bethought hym on his knyghtes that he had made to be honged shamfully, and than he seyde,

'I may nat with my worship to save thy lyff for the shamefull de[the]s that thou haste caused many full good knyghtes to dye.'

129v 'Syr,' seyde the Rede Knyght, 'holde youre hande and ye shall knowe the causis why I putte hem to so shameful a deth.'

'Sey on!' seyde sir Bewmaynes.

1 *C* doo the bataille 3–4 *C* lc ed vp their helmes and their pages auoyded & they stepte to gyders 6 *C* & at an ouerthwart 7 *C* within the hand (*see note*) 11–12 *C* on hyghe O syr 13–14 *C* she sobbeth and wepeth that maketh 15 *C* abrayed 17 *C* he lepte 21 *C* that he smote the swerd oute 23–26 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Bewmaynes overcom the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys 27 *C* vpon the knyghtes 30 *W* dedys 32 *C* knyghte of the reed laundes

'Sir, I loved onys a lady fayre, and she had hir bretherne slayne, and she tolde me hit was sir Launcelot du Lake othir ellys sir Gawayne. And she prayed me as I loved hir hertely that I wolde make hir a promyse by the faythe of my knyghthode for to laboure in armys dayly untyll that I had mette with one of them, and all that I myght overcom I sholde put them to vylans deth. And so I ensured her to do all the vylany unto Arthurs knyghtes, and that I sholde take vengeaunce uppon all these knyghtes. And, sir, now I woll telle the that every day my strengthe encresyth tylle none untyll I have seven mennys strength.'

Than cam there many erlys and barowns and noble (18) knyghtes and prayde that knyght to save his lyff, 'and take hym to your presoner.' And all they felle uppon their kneis and prayde hym of mercy that he wolde save his lyff.

'And, sir,' they all seyde, 'hit were fayrer of hym to take omage and feauté and lat hym holde his londys of you than for to sle hym, for by his deth ye shall have none advauntage, and his myssededys that he done may not be undone. And therefore make ye amendys for all partyes, and we all woll becom youre men and do you omage and feauté.'

'Fayre lordys,' seyde Bewmaynes, 'wete you well I am full loth to sle this knyght, neverthelesse he hath done passynge ylle and shamefully. But insomuche all that he dud was at a ladyes requeste I blame hym the lesse, and so for your sake I woll relece hym, that he shall have his lyff uppon this covenaunte: that he go into this castell and yelde hym to the lady, and yf she woll forgyff and quyte hym I woll well, with this he make hir amendys of all the trespasse that he hath done ayenst hir and hir landys. And also, whan that is done, that he goo unto the courte of kyng Arthur and that he aske sir Launcelot mercy and sir Gawayne for **130**[r] the evyll wylle he hath had ayenst them.'

'Sir,' seyde the Rede Knyght, 'all this woll I do as ye commaunde me, and syker assuraunce and borowys ye shall have.'

1 *C* a lady a faire damoisel 2 *C* and she said hit 5 *C* vnto I mette 7 *C** vnto a vylaynous dethe and this is the cause that I haue putte alle these knyghtes to dethe and soo (*homoeoteleuton in W?*) 8 *C* kynge Arthurs 10–11 *C* none and al this tyme haue I 15 *C* and that 18 for *not in C* 20 *C* therfor he shal make amendys to al 27 *C* goo within the castel 28 *C* hym there to 31 *C* ye goo 32 *C* ye aske 33 *C* wil ye haue 35 me *not in C*

So whan the assurauns was made he made his omage and feauté, and all the erlys and barouns with hym.

And than the maydyn Lynet com to sir Bewmaynes and unarmed hym and serched his woundis and staunched the blood, and in lyke wyse she dud to the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis. And there they suggeourned ten dayes in there tentys. And ever the Rede Knyght made all his lordis and servauntys to do all the plesure unto sir Bewmaynes that they myght do.

And so within a whyle the Rede Knyghte yode unto the castell and putt hym in her grace, and so she resseyved hym uppon suffyciaunte sureté so that all her hertys were well restored of all that she coude complayne. And than he departed unto the courte of kynge Arthure, and there opynly the Rede Knyght putt hymself in the mercy of sir Launcelot and of sir Gawayne; and there he tolde opynly how he was overcom and by whom, and also he tolde all the batayles frome the begynnyng to the endynge.

'Jesu mercy!' seyde kynge Arthure and sir Gawayne, 'we mervayle muche of what bloode he is com, for he is a noble knyght.'

'Have ye no mervayle,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for ye shall ryght well know that he is com of full noble bloode, and as for hys myght and hardynesse, there bene but full few now lyvynge that is so myghty as he is, and of so noble prouesse.'

'Hit semyth by you,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that ye know his name and frome whens he com.'

'I suppose I do so,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'or ellys I wolde not have yeffyn hym the hyghe Order of Knyghthode, but he gaff me suche charge at that tyme that I woll never
130v discover hym untyll he requyre me, or ellis hit be knowyn opynly by som other.'

(19) Now turne we unto sir Bewmaynes that desyred [of] dame Lynet that he myght se hir lady.

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I wolde ye saw hir fayne.'

Than sir Bewmaynes all armed toke his horse and his

4–5 *C* stynted his blood 7 ever *not in C* all *not in C* 8–9 *C* pleasyre that they myghte vnto syre Beaumayns 12 that *not in C* 23 *C* wel wete 24 full *not in C* 25 *C* so noble of 27 *C** come and of what blood he is 29 *C* thordre 30 *C* I shold neuer 31 *C* requyred 34 *C** her syster his lady 35 *C* wold fayne ye sawe her 36 *C* armed hym and toke

spere and rode streyte unto the castell, and whan he com to the gate he founde there men armed, and pulled up the drawbrygge and drew the portcolyse.

Than he mervayled why they wolde nat suffir hym to entir, and than he loked up to a wyndow and there he sawe fayre dame Lyones that seyde on hyght,

'Go thy way, sir Bewmaynes, for as yet thou shalt nat have holy my love unto the tyme that thou be called one of the numbir of the worthy knyghtes. And therefore go and laboure in worshyp this twelve-monthe, and than ye shall hyre newe tydyngis.'

'Alas! fayre lady,' seyde sir Bewmaynes, 'I have nat deserved that ye sholde shew me this straungenesse. And I hadde wente I sholde have had ryght good chere with you, and unto my power I have deserved thanke. And well I am sure I have bought your love with parte of the beste bloode within my body.'

'Fayre curteyse knyghte,' seyde dame Lyonesse, 'be nat displeased, nother be nat overhasty, for wete you well youre grete travayle nother your good love shall nat be loste, for I consyder your grete laboure and your hardynesse, your bounté and your goodnesse as me ought to do. And therefore go on your way and loke that ye be of good comforte, for all shall be for your worshyp and for the best; and, pardé, a twelve-monthe woll sone be done. And trust me, fayre knyght, I shall be trewe to you and never betray you, but to my deth I shall love you and none other.'

And therewithall she turned frome the wyndowe, and sir Bewmaynes rode awaywarde from the castell makynge grete dole. And so he rode now here, now there, he wyste nat whother, tyll hit was durke nyght. And than hit happened **131**[r] hym to com to a pore mannys house, and there he was herborowde all that nyght. But sir Bewmaynes had no reste, but walowed and wrythed for the love of the lady of that castell.

And so uppon the morne he toke his horse and rode untyll undyrn, and than he com to a brode watir, [and thereby

2 *C* many men 3 *C* the porte cloose 6 *C* the fair Lyones *C* on hyghe 19 *C* nor ouer hasty 20 *C* nor good 21–22 *C* trauaill & labour your bounte 26 *C* neuer te bitraye you 30–31 *C* rode here and there & wyste not ne where he rode tyl 34 *C* the castel 36–p. 328, l. 1 *Not emended in O*[1]

was a grete lodge.] And there he alyght to slepe and leyde his hede uppon hys shylde and betoke his horse to the dwarff and commaunded the dwarff to wacche all nyght.

Now turne we to the lady of the same castell that thought
5 muche uppon Bewmaynes. And than she called unto hir sir Gryngamoure, hir brother, and prayde hym in all maner, as he loved hir hertely, that he wolde ryde afftir sir Bewmaynes:

'And ever have ye wayte uppon hym tyll ye may fynde hym slepyng, for I am sure in his hevynesse he woll alyght
10 adowne in som place and lay hym downe to slepe. And therefore have ye youre wayte uppon hym in prevy maner, and take his dwarff and com your way wyth hym as faste as ye may[e or sir Bewmaynes awake:] for my sistir Lynet tellyth me that he can telle of what kynrede he is com of.
15 And in the meanewhyle I and my sistir woll ryde untyll your castell to wayte whan ye brynge with you the dwarff, and than woll I have hym in examynacion myself, for tyll that I know what is his ryght name and of what kynrede he is commyn shall I never be myrry at my herte.'

20 'Sistir,' seyde sir Gryngamour, 'all this shall be done aftir your entente.'

And so he rode all that other day and the nyght tyll he had lodged hym. And whan he sawe sir Bewmaynes faste on slepe he com stylly stalkyng behynde the dwarff and
25 plucked hym faste undir his arme and so rode his way with hym untyll his owne castell. And this sir Gryngamoure was all in blak, his armour and his horse and all that tyll hym
131v longyth. But ever as he rode with the dwarff towarde the castell he cryed untyll his lorde and prayde hym of helpe.
30 And therewyth awoke sir Beawmaynes, and up he lepte lyghtly and sawe where the blak knyght rode his way wyth the dwarff, and so he rode oute of his syght.

(20) Than sir Bewmaynes put on his helme and buckeled on

11–12 *C* hym and in the preuyest manere ye can take 13 *Not emended in O*[1] 14 *C** come and what is his ryghte name 17 *C* thenne whan ye haue broughte hym vnto your Castel I wyll haue *C*† my self vnto the tyme that 22–23 *C** tylle that he fond syre Beaumayns lyenge by a water and his hede vpon his shelde for to slepe And thenne whanne he 25–26 *C* he rode aweye with hym as faste as euer he myghte vnto 26–27 *C* Gryngamours armes were all black and that to hym 29 *S* for helpe 31 *C* the Gryngamor† rode *W* way way 32 *C* so syr Gryngamor rode 33–p. 329, l. 1 *C* buckeled his

his shylde and toke his horse and rode afftir hym all that ever he myght, thorow mores and fellys and grete sloughis, that many tymes his horse and he plunged over their hedys in depe myres, for he knewe nat the way but toke the gayneste way in that woodenesse, that many tymes he was lyke to peryshe. And at the laste hym happened to com to a fayre grene way, and there he mette with a poore man of the contray and asked hym whether he mette nat with a knyght uppon a blak horse and all blak harneyse, and a lytyll dwarff syttynge behynde hym with hevy chere.

'Sir,' seyde the poore man, 'here by me com sir Gryngamoure the knyght with suche a dwarff, and therefore I rede you nat to folow hym, for he is one of the perelyst knyghtes of the worlde, and his castell is here nerehonde but two myle. Therefore we avyse you, ryde nat aftir sir Gryngamour but yf ye owe hym good wylle.'

So leve we sir Bewmaynes rydyng toward the castell, and speke we of sir Gryngamoure and the dwarff. Anone as the dwarff was com to the castell dame Lyonesse and dame Lynet, hir systir, asked the dwarff where was his mastir borne and of what lynage was he com. 'And but yf thou telle me,' seyde dame Lyonesse, 'thou shalt never ascape this castell but ever here to be presonere.'

'As for that,' seyde the dwarff, 'I feare nat gretly to telle his name and of what kynne he is commyn of. Wete you well, he is a kynges son and a quenys, and his fadir hyght kynge Lot of Orkeney, and his modir is sistir to kyng Arthure, and **132r** he is brother to sir Gawayne, and his name is sir Gareth of Orkenay. And now I have tolde you his ryght name, I pray you, fayre lady, lat me go to my lorde agayne, for he woll never oute of this contrey tyll he have me agayne; and yf he be angry he woll do harme or that he be stynted, and worche you wrake in this contrey.'

'As for that, be as be may.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Gryngamoure, 'as for that thretynge, we woll go to dynere.'

2–3 *C* marys and feldes and grete dales that 8 *C** countreye whom he salewed & 12 *C** dwerf mornyng as ye saye & 14 *C* here nyhe hande 25 *C* is come Wete 26–27 and a quenys and his fadir hyght kynge Lot of Orkeney *not in C*† 28 *C* broder to the good knyghte of† syre 32 *C* doo moche harme 34–36 *C* for that thretyng sayd syr Gryngamore be it as it be may We will (*see note*)

And so they wayshed and wente to mete and made hem mery and well at ease. Bycause the lady Lyonesse of the Castell Perelus was there, they made the gretter joy.

'Truly, madam,' seyde Lynet unto hir sistir, 'well may he be a kyngys son, for he hath many good tacchis: for he is curtyese and mylde, and the most sufferynge man that ever I mette withall. For I dare sey there was never jantyllwoman revyled man in so foule a maner a[s] I have rebuked hym. And at all tymes he gaff me goodly and meke answers agayne.'

And as they sate thus talkynge there cam sir Gareth in at the gate with hys swerde drawyn in his honde and cryed alowde that all the castell myght hyre:

'Thou traytour knyght, sir Gryngamoure! delyver me my dwarff agayne, or by the fayth that I owghe to God and to the hygh Ordir of Knyghthode I shall do the all the harme that may lye in my power!'

Than sir Gryngamour loked oute at a wyndow and seyde, 'Sir Gareth of Orkenay, leve thy bostyng wordys, for thou gettyst nat thy dwarff agayne.'

'Than, cowarde knyght,' seyde Gareth, 'brynge hym with the, and com and do batayle with me, and wynne hym and take hym.'

'So woll I do,' seyde sir Gryngamoure, 'and me lyste, but for all thy grete wordys thou gettyst hym nat.'

132v 'A, fayre lady,' seyde dame Lynet, 'I wolde he hadde his dwarff agayne, for I wolde he were nat wroth: for now he hath tolde me all my desyre, I kepe no more of the dwarff. And also, brother, he hath done muche for me and delyverde me from the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis. And therefore, brother, I owe hym my servyse afore all knyghtes lyvynge, and wete you well that I love hym byfore all othyr knyghtes lyvynge, and full fayne I wolde speke with hym. But in no wyse I wolde nat that he wyste what I were but as I were anothir strange lady.'

'Well, sistir,' seyde sir Gryngamour, 'sythen that I know no[w] your wyll I woll obey me now unto hym.' And so

3 Perelus *not in C* 5 *C* tatches on hym for 8 *C* reulyd man 11 *C** with an angry countenaunce and his swerd 12 *C* here hit sayeng 14–15 *C*† owe to the ordre 15–17 *C* harme that I can Thenne 20 *C** Thou coward 25 *C** fayr broder said dame Lyones I wold 31–32 *C* before al other and 33 nat *not in C* 34 *C* that I 35 sistir *not in C* 36 me *not in C*

therewith he wente downe and seyde, 'Sir Gareth, I cry you mercy, and all that I have myssedone I woll amende hit at your wylle. And therefore I pray you that ye wolde alyght and take suche chere as I can make you in this castell.'

'Shall I have my dwarff?' seyde sir Gareth.

'Yee, sir, and all the plesure that I can make you, for as sone as your dwarff tolde me what ye were and of what kynde ye ar com and what noble dedys ye have done in this marchis, than I repented me of my dedys.'

Than sir Gareth alyght, and there com his dwarff and toke his horse.

'A, my felow!' seyde sir Gareth, 'I have had muche adventures for thy sake!'

And so sir Gryngamoure toke hym by the honde and ledde hym into the halle where his owne wyff was. And than com (21) forth dame Lyones arayde lyke a prynces, and there she made hym passyng good chere and he hir agayne, and they had goodly langage and lovely countenaunce.

And sir Gareth thought many tymes: 'Jesu, wolde that the lady of this Castell Perelus were so fayre as she is!' And there was all maner of gamys and playes, of daunsyng and syngynge, and evermore sir Gareth behelde that lady. And the more he loked on her, the more he brenned in love, that he passed hymself farre in his reson. And forth towardys nyght they yode unto souper, and sir Gareth myght nat ete, for his love was so hoote that he wyst nat were he was.

And thes lokys aspyed sir Gryngamour, and than aftir **133r** souper he called his sistir dame Lyonesse untyll a chambir and sayde,

'Fayre sistir, I have well aspyed your countenaunce betwyxte you and this knyght, and I woll, sistir, that ye wete he is a full noble knyght, and yf ye can make hym to abyde here I woll do hym all the plesure that I can, for and ye were bettir than ye ar, ye were well bewared uppon hym.'

'Fayre brother,' seyde dame Lyonesse, 'I undirstond

1 *C* doun vnto syr Gareth aud (*S* and) said syr I 6 *C* the pleasaunce that 9 me *not in C* 12 *C* had many 15 *Wrong chapter-number in C:* xxii *instead of* xxi 18 *C* countenaunce to gyder 20–21 *C* she was there 22–24 *C* And euer the more syre Gareth bihelde that lady the more he loued her and so he brenned in loue that he was past hym self in his reason 27 *C* at after

well that the knyght is a good knyght and com he is oute of a noble house. Natwithstondyng I woll assay hym bettir, howbehit I am moste beholde to hym of ony erthely man, for he hath had grete labour for my love and passed many dangerous passagis.'

Ryght so sir Gryngamour wente unto sir Gareth and seyde, 'Sir, make ye good chere, for ye shall have none other cause, for this lady my sistir is youres at all tymes, hir worshyp saved, for wete you well she lovyth you as well as ye do hir and better, yf bettir may be.'

'And I wyste that,' seyde sir Gareth, 'there lyved nat a gladder man than I wolde be.'

'Uppon my worshyp,' seyde sir Gryngamoure, 'truste unto my promyse. And as longe as hit lykyth you ye shall suggeourne with me, and this lady shall be wyth us dayly and nyghtly to make you all the chere that she can.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Gareth, 'for I have promysed to be nyghe this contray this twelve-monthe, and well I am sure kynge Arthure and other noble knyghtes woll fynde me where that I am wythin this twelve-monthe, for I shall be sought and founden yf that I be on lyve.'

And than sir Gareth wente unto the lady dame Lyonesse and kyssed hir many tymes, and eythir made grete joy of other, and there she promysed hym hir love, sertaynly to love hym and none other dayes of hir lyff. Than this lady dame Lyonesse by the assent of hir brother tolde sir Gareth all the trouthe what she was, and how she was the same lady that he dud batayle fore, and how she was lady of the Castell
133v Perelus. And there she tolde hym how she caused hir
(22) brother to take away his dwarff, 'for this cause: to know the sertayne, what was your name and of what kyn ye were com.' And than she lette fette before hym hir systir Lynet that had ryddyn with hym many a wylsom way. Than was syr Gareth more gladder than he was tofore.

And than they trouthe-plyghte other to love and never to fayle whyle their lyff lastyth. And so they brente bothe in hoote love that they were acorded to abate their lustys

1–2 *C* is good & come he is of 3 *C* beholdyng 22 *C* than the noble knyghte syre 22–23 *C** Lyones whiche he thēne moche loued & kyst 31 *C* certaynte 32 *C* fetche 32–33 *C* hym Lynet the damoysel that 37 hoote *not in C*

secretly. And there dame Lyonesse counceyled sir Gareth to slepe in none other place but in the halle, and there she promysed hym to com to his bed a lytyll afore mydnyght.

This counceyle was nat so prevyly kepte but hit was undirstonde, for they were but yonge bothe and tendir of ayge and had nat used suche craufftis toforne. Wherefore the damesell Lyonett was a lytyll dysplesed; and she thought hir sister dame Lyonesse was a lytyll overhasty that she myght nat abyde hir tyme of maryage, and for savyng of hir worshyp she thought to abate their hoote lustis. And she lete ordeyne by hir subtyle craufftes that they had nat theire intentys neythir with othir as in her delytes untyll they were maryed.

And so hit paste on. At aftir souper was made a clene avoydaunce, that every lorde and lady sholde go unto his reste. But sir Gareth seyde playnly he wolde go no farther than the halle, for in suche placis, he seyde, was convenyaunte for an arraunte knyght to take his reste in. And so there was ordayned grete cowchis and thereon fethir beddis, and there he leyde hym downe to slepe. And within a whyle came dame Lyonesse wrapped in a mantell furred with ermyne, and leyde hir downe by the sydys of sir Gareth. And therewithall he began to clyppe hir and to kysse hir.

And therewithall he loked before hym and sawe an armed knyght with many lyghtes aboute hym, and this knyght had a longe gysarne in his honde and made a grymme countenaunce to smyte hym. Whan sir Gareth sawe hym com **134r** in that wyse he lepte oute of his bedde and gate in his hande a swerde and lepte towarde that knyght. And whan the knyght sawe sir Gareth com so fersly uppon hym he smote hym with a foyne thorow the thycke of the thygh, that the wounde was a shafftemonde brode and had cutte a-too many vaynes and synewys. And therewithall sir Gareth smote hym uppon the helme suche a buffette that he felle grovelyng, and than he lepe over hym and unlaced his helme and smote off his hede from the body. And than he bled so faste

6 *C* vsed none suche 9 *C* sauyng their 20 he *not in C* 22 *C* besydes syr 23 to clyppe hir and *not in C*† 24–25 *C*† hym and there he apperceuyued and sawe come an armed knyght with many lyghtes aboute hym and sawe come an armed knyȝt with many lyghtes about hym 29 *C* his swerd and lepte strayte toward

that he myght not stonde, but so he leyde hym downe uppon his bedde and there he sowned and lay as he had bene dede.

Than dame Lyonesse cryed alowde that sir Gryngamoure harde hit and com downe; and whan he sawe sir Gareth so shamefully wounded he was sore dyspleased and seyde,

'I am shamed that this noble knyght is thus dishonoured. Si⟨sti⟩r,' seyde sir Gryngamour, 'how may this be that this noble knyght is thus wounded?'

'Brothir,' she seyde, 'I can nat telle you, for hit was nat done by me nother by myne assente, for he is my lorde and I am his, and he muste be myne husbonde. Therefore, brothir, I woll that ye wete I shame nat to be with hym nor to do hym all the plesure that I can.'

'Sistir,' seyde Gryngamour, 'and I woll that ye wete hit and Gareth bothe that hit was never done by me, nother be myne assente this unhappy dede was never done.'

And there they staunched his bledyng as well as they myght, and grete sorow made sir Gryngamour and dame Lyonesse. And forthwithall com dame Lyonett and toke up the hede in the syght of them all, and anoynted hit with an oyntemente thereas hit was smyttyn off, and in the same wyse [s]he ded to the othir parte thereas the hede stake. And then she sette hit togydirs, and hit stake as faste as ever hit ded. And the knyght arose lyghtly up and the damesell Lyonett put hym in hir chambir.

All this saw sir Gryngamour and dame Lyonesse, and
134v so ded sir Gareth, and well he aspyed that hit was dame Lyonett that rode with hym thorow the perelouse passages.

'A, well, damesell!' seyde sir Gareth, 'I wente ye wolde nat have done as ye have done.'

'My lorde sir Gareth,' seyde Lyonett, 'all that I have done I woll avowe hit, and all shall be for your worshyp and us all.'

And so within a whyle sir Gareth was nyghe hole and

4–5 *C* that her broder syr Gryngamor herd and 7 *C*† thus honoured 8 *Not emended in O*[1] 8–9 *C* that ye be here and thys noble knyghte wounded 13 *C* shame me 17 *C* assente that this vnhappy dede was done 20, 28–29 *C* Dame Lynet 26 *C* Lynet 30 *C* I wende wold† 32 *C* My lord Gareth said Lynet 33–34 *C* auowe and alle that I haue done shal be for youre honoure and worship and to vs alle

waxed lyght and jocunde, and sange and daunced. Tha[n] agayne sir Gareth and dame Lyonesse were so hoote in brennynge love that they made their covenauntes at the tenth nyght aftir, that she sholde com to his bedde. And because he was wounded afore, he leyde his armour and his swerde nygh his beddis syde.

And ryght as she promysed she com. And she was nat (23) so sone in his bedde but she aspyed an armed knyght commynge towarde the bed, and anone she warned sir Gareth. And lyghtly thorow the good helpe of dame Lyonesse he was armed, and they hurled togydyrs with grete ire and malyce all aboute the halle. And there was grete lyght as hit had be the numbir of twenty torchis bothe byfore and behynde. So sir Gareth strayned hym so that his olde wounde braste ayen on-bledynge. But he was hote and corragyous and toke no kepe, but with his grete forse he strake downe the knyght and avoyded hys helme and strake of his hede.

Than he hew the hede uppon an hondred pecis, and whan he had done so he toke up all tho pecis and threw them oute at a wyndow into the dychis of the castell. And by this done he was so faynte that unnethis he myght stonde for bledynge, and by than he was allmoste unarmed he felle in a dedly sowne in the floure.

Than dame Lyonesse cryed, that sir Gryngamoure herde her, and when he com and founde sir Gareth in that plyght he made grete sorow. And there he awaked sir Gareth and gaff hym a drynke that releved hym wondirly well. But the **135r** sorow that dame Lyonesse made there may no tunge telle, for she so fared with hirself as she wolde have dyed.

Ryght so come this damesell Lyonett before hem all, and she had fette all the gobbettis of the hede that sir Gareth had throwe oute at the wyndow, and there she anoynted hit as she dud tofore, and put them to the body in the syght of hem all.

'Well, damesell Lyonett,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I have nat deserved all this dyspyte that ye do unto me.'

1–2 *C* sange daunced and gamed and he and dame Lyones 1 *W* That 9 *C* bedde there with alle she 14 *C* soo that† syr 19 *C* in an 25 *C* soo that 26 her *not in C* 32 *O*[1] sette *S* goblets *C* gobbets 33–35 *C* enoynted hem* as she had done to fore & set them to gyder ageyn wel damoisel Lynet

'Sir knyght,' she seyde, 'I have nothynge done but I woll avow hit, and all that I have done shall be to your worshyp and to us all.'

Than was sir Gareth staunched of his bledynge, but the lechis seyde there was no man that bare the lyff sholde heale hym thorowly of his wounde but yf they heled them that caused the stroke by enchauntemente.

So leve we sir Gareth there wyth sir Gryngamour and his sisters, and turne we unto kyng Arthure that at the nexte feste of Pentecoste [helde his feste.] There cam the Grene Knyght and fyfty knyghtes with hym, and yeldyd them all unto kynge Arthure. Than there com the Rede Knyghte, his brother, and yelded them to kynge Arthure wyth three score knyghtes with them. Also there com the Blew Knyght, his brother, and yelded hem to kyng Arthure. And the Grene Knyghtes name was sir Partholype, and the Rede Knyghtes name was sir Perymones, and the Blew Knyghtes name was sir Persaunte of Inde.

Thes three bretherne tolde kynge Arthure how they were overcom by a knyght that a damesell had with hir, and she called hym sir Bewmaynes.

'Jesu!' seyde the kynge, 'I mervayle what knyght he is and of what lynage he is com. Here he was with me a twelvemonthe and poorely and shamefully he was fostred. And sir Kay i[n] scorne named hym Bewmaynes.'

So ryght as the kynge stode so talkyng with thes three
135v bretherne there com sir Launcelot du Lake and tolde the kynge that there was com a goodly lorde with fyve hondred knyghtys with hym. Than the kynge was at Carlyon, for there was the feste holde, and thidir com to hym this lorde and salewed the kynge with goodly maner.

'What wolde ye?' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and what is your erande?'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I am called the Rede Knyght of the Rede

1–2 *C* do but I will auowe And 6 *W* hym thorowly of of *C* hym thorou oute of 10 *C** Pentecost helde his feest and there 10–11 *C* knyght with fyfty knyghtes and 12–13 *C** reed knyghte his broder and yelded hym 13 *C* Arthur and 13–14 *C* with hym 14–15 *C** blewe knyghte broder to them with an hondred knyghtes & yelded hem 19 she *not in C* 27–28 *C* with vi C knyghtes 28–29 *C* kynge wente oute of† Carlyon for there was the feest and there came 31 *C* wylle ye 33–p. 337, l. 1 *C* my name† (*S* naname) is the reed knyghte of the reed laundes but my name is

Laundis, but my name is sir Ironsyde; and, sir, wete you well, hydir I am sente unto you frome a knyght that is called sir Bewmaynes, for he wanne me in playne batayle hande for hande, and so ded never knyght but he that ever had the bettir of me this twenty wyntir. And I am commaunded to yelde me to you at your wyll.'

'Ye ar welcom,' seyde the kynge, 'for ye have bene longe a grete foo of owres to me and to my courte, and now, I truste to God, I shall so entrete you that ye shall be my frende.'

'Sir, bothe I and thes fyve hondred knyghtes shall allwayes be at your sommons to do you suche servyse as may lye in oure powers.'

'Gramercy,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I am muche beholdyng unto that knyght that hath so put his body in devoure to worshyp me and my courte. And as to the, sir Ironsyde, that is called the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, thou arte called a perelouse knyght, and yf thou wolte holde of me I shall worshyp the and make the knyght of the Table Rounde, but than thou muste be no man-murtherer.'

'Sir, as to that, I have made my promyse unto sir Bewmaynes nevermore to use such customs, for all the shamefull customs that I used I ded hit at the requeste of a lady that I loved. And therefore I muste goo unto sir Launcelot and unto sir Gawayne and aske them forgyffnesse of the evyll wyll I had unto them; for all tho that I put to deth was all only for the love of sir Launcelot and of sir Gawayne.'

'They bene here,' seyde the kynge, 'before the. Now may ye sey to them what ye woll.' 136r

And than he kneled downe unto sir Launcelot and to sir Gawayne and prayde them of forgeffnesse of his enmyté that he had ayenste them. Than goodly they seyde all at (24)
onys,

'God forgyff you and we do. And we pray you that ye woll telle us where we may fynde sir Bewmaynes.'

'Fayre lorde,' sayde sir Ironsyde, 'I can nat telle you, for

2 *C* of a knyght 4 *C* neuer no knyght 5 *C* xxx wynter the whiche commaunded 8 of owres *not in C* 12 suche *not in C* 14 *C* Ihesu mercy said 15 *C* put soo *C* deuoyre 20 *C* no more a murtherer 21 *C* I haue promysed 26 tho *not in C* 28 *C* here now said 32 *C* that euer he 34 we *not in C*†

hit is full harde to fynde hym: for such yonge knyghtes as he is, whan they be in their adventures, bene never abydyng in no place.'

But to sey the worshyp that the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys and sir Persaunte and his br[other] seyde by hym, hit was mervayle to hyre.

'Well, my fayre lordys,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'wete you well I shall do you honour for the love of sir Bewmaynes, and as sone as ever I may mete with hym I shall make you all uppon a day knyghtes of the Table Rounde. And as to the, sir Persaunte of Inde, thou hast bene ever called a full noble knyght, and so hath evermore thy three bretherne bene called. But I mervayle,' seyde the kynge, 'that I here nat of the Blak Knyght, your brother. He was a full noble knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde Pertolype the Grene Knyght, 'sir Bewmaynes slew hym in a recountir with hys spere. His name was sir Perarde.'

'That was grete pyté,' seyde the kynge, and so seyde many knyghtes, for thes four brethyrne were full well knowyn in kynge Arthures courte for noble knyghtes, for long tyme they had holdyn werre ayenst the knyghtes of the Rownde Table.

Than Partolype the Grene Knyght tolde the kyng that at a passage of the watir of Mortayse there encountird sir Bewmaynes with too bretherne that ever for the moste party kepte that passage, and they were two dedly knyghtes. And there he slew the eldyst brother in the watir and
136v smote hym uppon the hede suche a buffette that he felle downe in the watir and there was he drowned. And his name was sir Garrarde le Brewse. And aftir he slew the other brother uppon the londe: hys name was sir Arnolde le Brewse.

(25, 26) So than the kynge [and they] wente to mete and were served in the beste maner. And as they sate at the mete there com in the quene of Orkenay with ladyes and knyghtes

1–2 *C* he is one 5 *W* bretherne (*not emended in O*[1]) 5–6 *C** his broder said of Beaumayns it was 9 may *not in C* 10 *C* vpon one day 11 *P* of Inde *R* o Inde 12–13 *C* soo haue euer ben thy thre bretheren called 24–25 *C* Thenne sayd Pertolepe the grene knyghte to the kynge atte a 30 *C* he was 34 *C* Capitulum XXVI (XXV *omitted*)

a grete numbir. And than sir Gawayne, sir Aggravayne, and sir Gaherys arose and wente to hir modir and salewed hir uppon their kneis and asked hir blyssynge, for of twelve yere before they had not sene hir. Than she spake uppon hyght to hir brother kynge Arthure:

'Where have ye done my yonge son, sir Gareth? For he was here amongyst you a twelve-monthe, and ye made a kychyn knave of hym, the whyche is shame to you all. Alas! Where have ye done myn owne dere son that was my joy and blysse?'

'A, dere modir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I knew hym nat.'

'Nothir I,' seyde the kynge, 'that now me repentys, but, thanked be God, he is previd a worshypfull knyght as ony that is now lyvyng of his yerys, and I shall nevir be glad tyll that I may fynde [hym].'

'A, brothir!' seyde the quene, 'ye dud yourself grete shame whan ye amongyst you kepte my son in the kychyn and fedde hym lyke an hogge.'

'Fayre sistir,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye shall ryght well wete that I knew hym nat, nother no more dud sir Gawayne, nothir his bretherne. But sytthe hit is so,' seyde the kynge, 'that he thus is gone frome us all, we muste shape a remedy to fynde hym. Also, sistir, mesemyth ye myght have done me to wete of his commynge, and than, if I had nat done well to hym, ye myght have blamed me. For whan he com to this courte he cam lenynge uppon too mennys sholdyrs as though he myght nat have gone. And than he asked me **137r** three gyfftys; and one he asked that same day, and that was that I wolde gyff hym mete inowghe that twelve-monthe. And the other two gyfftys he asked that day twelve-monthe, and that was that he myght have the adventure of the damesel Lyonett; and the thirde, that sir Launcelot sholde make hym knyght whan he desyred hym. And so I graunted hym all [his] desyre. And many in this courte mervayled that he desyred his sustynaunce for a twelve-

2 modir *not in C* 3–4 *C* in xv yere they 4–5 *C* spak on hyghe 6 For *not in C* 9 owne *not in C* 11 *C* O dere 12 *C* Nor I 16 *C** quene vnto kyng Arthur and vnto syr Gawayne and to alle her sones ye dyd 18 *C* a poure hog 20–21 *C* not nor nomore . . . nor 21 *S* it *C* hit 22 *C* is thus 28 *C* the same day that 30 *C* day a twelue moneth 32 *C* Lynet *C* thyrd was that 34 *W* all my desyre *C** alle his desyre

monthe, and thereby we demed many of us that he was nat com oute of a noble house.'

'Sir,' seyde the quene of Orkenay unto kynge Arthure her brother, 'wete you well that I sente hym unto you ryght well armed and horsed and worshypfully besene of his body, and golde and sylver plenté to spende.'

'Hit may be so,' seyde the kyng, 'but thereof sawe we none, save that same day that he departed frome us knyghtes tolde me that there com a dwarff hyder suddeynely and brought hym armour and a good horse full well and rychely beseyne. And thereat all we had mervayle, frome whens that rychesse com. Than we demed all that he was com of men of worshyp.'

'Brother,' seyde the quene, 'all that ye sey we beleve hit, for ever sytthen he was growyn he was [mervaylously wytted, and ever he was] feythfull and trew of his promyse. But I mervayle,' seyde she, 'that sir Kay dud mok and scorne hym and gaff hym to name Bewmaynes; yet sir Kay,' seyde the quene, 'named hym more ryghteously than he wende, for I dare sey he is as fayre an handid man ⌜and wel disposed⌝, and he be on lyve, as ony lyvynge.'

'Sistir,' seyde Arthure, 'lat this langage now be stylle, and by the grace of God he shall be founde and he be within this seven realmys. And lette all this passe and be myrry, for he is preved to [be] a man of worshyp, and that is my joy.'

(27) Than seyde sir Gawayne and his bretherne unto kynge Arthure,

137v 'Sir, and ye woll gyff us leve we woll go seke oure brother.'

'Nay,' sayde sir Launcelot, 'that shall not nede.' And so seyde sir Bawdwyn of Brytaygne. 'For as by oure advyse, the kynge shall sende unto dame Lyonesse a messyngere and pray hir that she wolle come to the courte in all haste that she may. And doute ye nat she woll com, and than she may gyff you the beste counceyle where ye shall fynde sir Gareth.'

5 of *not in S* 7 so *not in C* 11 *C* we al 12 *C* came that we 14–15 *C* I byleue for 15–16 *C** he was merueillously wytted and euer he was feythful (*homoeoteleuton in W; see note*) 17–18 *C* mocke hym and scorne hym and gaf hym that name 20–21 *C** I dare saye and he be on lyue he is as fair an handed man and wel disposed as ony is lyuynge (*see note*) 22 *P* Syre† said Arthur lete (*R*† Arthurle te) 25 *WO*1 to a man 29 *C* shalle ye not 31 *W* lyonesse for as by our avyse a messyngere 34 *C* fynde hym

'This is well seyde of you,' seyde the kynge.

So than goodly lettyrs were made, and the messyngere sente forth, that nyght and day wente tyll he com to the Castell Perelous. And than the lady, dame Lyonesse, was sente fore thereas she was with sir Gryngamour, hir brother, and sir Gareth. And whan she undirstoode this messyngere she bade hym ryde on his way unto kynge Arthure, and she wolde com aftir in all the moste goodly haste.

Than she com unto sir Gryngamour and to sir Gareth, and tolde hem all how kyng Arthure hadde sente for hir.

'That is because of me,' seyde sir Gareth.

'Now avyse ye me,' seyde dame Lyonesse, 'what I shall sey, and in what maner I shall rule me.'

'My lady and my love,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I pray you in no wyse be ye aknowyn where I am. But well I wote my modir is there and all my bretherne, and they woll take uppon hem to seke me: I woll that they do. But this, madam, I woll ye sey and avyse the kynge whan he questyons with you of me: than may ye sey this is your avyse, that and hit lyke his good grace, ye woll do make a cry ayenst the Assumpcion of Oure Lady, that what knyght that prevyth hym beste, he shall welde you and all your lande. And yf so be that he be a wedded man that wynnes the degré, he shall have a coronall of golde sette with stonys of vertu to the valew of a thousand pound, and a whyght jarfawcon.'

So dame Lyonesse departed. And to com off and to breff this tale, whan she com to kynge Arthure she was nobly resseyved, and there she was sore questyonde of the kynge and of the quene of Orkeney. And she answerde where **138r** sir Gareth was she coude not tell, but this muche she seyde unto kynge Arthure:

'Sir, by your avyse I woll let cry a turnemente that shall be done before my castell at the Assumpcion of Oure Lady;

6 *C* this message 8 the moste *not in C* 9–10 *C* Thenne whan she came to syr Gryngamor and to sir Gareth she told 12 *C* what shalle I 17 *C** I wote wel that 18 *C* wold ye sayd and aduysed the kynge whan he questyoned 20–21 *C* ayenst the feest of thassumpcion 21 *C* knyghte there preueth 23–24 *C* a wedded man that his wyf† shall the degre and a coronal of gold besette with stones (*see note*) 26 *C* Lyones 26–27 *C*† departed and came to 27 *C* where she was 30 *C* thus moche 31 kynge *not in C* 32 by your avyse *not in C*

and the cry shall be this, that you, my lorde Arthure, shall be there and your knyghtes, and I woll purvey that my knyghtes shall be ayenste youres; and than I am sure I shall hyre of sir Gareth.'

5 'This is well avysed,' seyde kynge Arthure.

And so she departed; and the kynge and she made grete provysion to the turnemente.

Whan dame Lyonesse was com to the Ile of Avylyon—that was the same ile thereas hir brother, sir Gryngamour, 10 dwelled—than she tolde hem all how she had done, and what promyse she had made to kynge Arthure.

'Alas!' seyde sir Gareth, 'I have bene so sore wounded with unhappynesse sitthyn I cam into this castell that I shall nat be able to do at that turnemente lyke a knyght; for I was 15 never thorowly hole syn I was hurte.'

'Be ye of good chere,' seyde the damesell Lyonett, 'for I undirtake within this fyftene dayes to make you as hole and as lusty as ever ye were.'

And than she leyde an oynemente and salve to hym as 20 hit pleased hir, that he was never so freyshe nother so lusty as he was tho.

Than seyde the damesell Lyonett, 'Sende you unto sir Persaunte of Inde, and assumpne hym that he be redy there with hole assomons of knyghtes, lyke as he made his promyse. 25 Also that ye sende unto Ironsyde that is knyght of the Rede Laundys, and charge hym that he be there with you wyth his hole somme of knyghtes; and than shall ye be able to macche wyth kynge Arthure and his knyghtes.'

So this was done and all knyghtes were sente fore unto 30 the Castell Perelous. Than the Rede Knyght answerde and sayde unto dame Lyonesse and to sir Gareth,

'Ye shall undirstonde that I have bene at the courte of kynge Arthure, and sir Persaunte of Inde and his brotherne, 138v and there we have done oure omage as ye comaunded us. 35 Also,' seyde sir [Ironsyde], 'I have takyn uppon me with

3 *C* ye shall 12 *C* ben *S* been sore *not in C* 17 as *not in C* 19 *C* & a salue 20–22 pleasyd to her that he was neuer so fressh nor soo lusty Thenne 22–25 *C* Persaunt of ynde and assomone hym and his knyghtes to be here with you as they haue promysed Also 25–26 *C* syr Ironsyde that is the reed knyghte of the reed laundys 26 *C* be redy with you 31–32 *C* Gareth Madame & my lord syr Gareth ye shal 35 *W* Also seyde sir Gareth *C* Also syr Ironsyde* sayd

sir Persaunte of Inde and his bretherne to holde party agaynste my lorde sir Launcelot and the knyghtes of that courte, and this have I done for the love of my lady, dame Lyonesse, and you, my lorde sir Gareth.'

'Ye have well done,' seyde sir Gareth, 'but wete ye well, we shall be full sore macched with the moste nobleste knyghtes of the worlde: therefore we muste purvey us of good knyghtes where we may gete hem.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Persaunte, 'and worshypfully.'

And so the cry was made in Ingelonde, Walys, Scotlonde, Irelonde, and Cornuayle, and in all the Oute Iles, and in Bretayne and many contrayes, that at oure Lady Day, the Assumpsion next folowynge, [men] sholde com to the Castell Perelus besyde the Ile of Avylon, and there all knyghtes, whan they com there, sholde chose whethir them lyste to be on the tone party with the knyghtes of the Castell, other to be with kyng Arthur on the tothir party. And two monthis was to the day that the turnamente sholde be.

And so many good knyghtys that were at hir large helde hem for the moste party all this tyme ayenste kynge Arthure and the knyghtes of the Rounde Table: and so they cam in the syde of [them of the] castell. And sir Epynogrys was the fyrste, and he was the kynges son of Northumbirlonde; and sir Palamydes the Saresyn was another, and sir Safere and sir Segwarydes, hys bretherne—but they bothe were crystynde—and sir Malegryne, and sir Bryan de les Iles, a noble knyght, and sir Grummor and Grummorson, two noble knyghtes of Scotland, and sir Carados of the Dolowres Towre, a noble knyght, and sir Terquyne his brother, and sir Arnolde and sir Gauter, two bretherne, good knyghtes of Cornuayle.

Also there com sir Trystrams de Lyones, and with **139r** hym sir Dynas the Senesciall, and sir Saduk. But this

6 *C* moost noble 8 *W* may may gete 9 *C* That is wel said said Persaunt 10–11 *C* England walis and scotland Ireland Cornewaille 12 *C* in many *C* at the feest of our lady 13 *C* next comyng men* shold 14 *C* Auylyon 14–17 *C* there al the knyghtes that ther came shold haue the choyse whether them lyst to be on the one party with the knyghtes of the castel or on the other party with kynge Arthur and 19 *C* & so ther cam many *C* large and helde 20 all this tyme *not in C* 21 and so they *not in C* 22 *O*1 syde of the (*see note*) 25 *C* his broder 26 *C* Malegryne another and 27–28 *C*† Grummore grummursun a good knyghte of Scotland 33 Dynadas† the seneschal

sir Trystrams was nat at that tyme knyght of the Rounde Table; but he was at that tyme one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde. And so all thes noble knyghtes accompanyed hem with the lady of the Castell, and with the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys. But as for sir Gareth, he wolde nat take uppon hym but as othir meane knyghtis.

(28) Than turne we to kynge Arthure that brought wyth hym sir Gawayne, Aggravayne, Gaherys, his brethern; and than his nevewys, as sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes, and sir Agglovale, sir Tor, sir Percivale de Galys, sir Lamerok de Galys. Than com sir Launcelot du Lake with his bretherne, nevewys, and cosyns, as sir Lyonell, sir Ector de Marys, sir Bors de Gaynys, and sir Bleobrys de Gaynes, sir Blamour de Gaynys and sir Galyhodyn, sir Galyhud, and many mo of sir Launcelottys kynne; and sir Dynadan, sir La Cote Male Tayle, his brother, a knyght good, and sir Sagramoure le Desyrus, sir Dodynas le Saveage; and all the moste party of the Rounde Table.

Also there cam with kynge Arthure thes kynges: the kyng of Irelonde, kynge Angwysauns, and the kynge of Scotlonde, kynge Carados, and kynge Uryens of the londe of Gore, and kynge Bagdemagus and his son sir Mellyagauns, and sir Galahalte, the noble prynce,—all thes prynces and erlys, barowns and noble knyghtes, as sir Braundyles, sir Uwayne les Avoutres, and sir Kay, sir Bedyvere, sir Melyot de Logres, sir Petypace of Wynchilsé, sir Gotlake—all thes com with kynge Arthure and mo that be nat here rehersid.

Now leve we of thes knyghtes and kynges, and lette us speke of the grete aray that was made within the castell and aboute the castell; for this lady, dame Ly[o]nesse, ordayned
139v grete aray uppon hir party for hir noble knyghtys, for all maner of lodgynge and vytayle that cam by londe and by

2 at that tyme *not in C* 6 *C* hym more but 7–8 *C* And thenne ther cam with kynge Arthur sir Gawayn 9 as *not in C* 10 *C* and syre Lamorrak 13–14 and sir Bleobrys de Gaynes, sir Blamour de Gaynys *not in C*† 15 *C* Launcelots blood 16 *C* a good knyghte 16–17 *C* Sagramore a good knyght And al 19 *C* these knyghtes† 22–23 *C* Melyaganus† 23 *C* Galahault 23–24 *C* these kynges prynces and Erles Barons and other noble 26 *C* Petypase of wynkelsee *C* Godelake 27–28 *C* that can not ben reherced 29 *C* kynges and knyghtes 31 *C* aboute the castel for bothe partyes the lady Dame Lyones *W* Lynesse

watir, that there lacked nothynge for hir party, nother for the othir party, but there was plenté to be had for golde and sylver for kynge Arthure and all his knyghtes. And than there cam the herbygeours frome kynge Arthure for to herborow hym and his kyngys, deukis, erlys, barons, [and] knyghtes.

Than sir Gareth prayde dame Lyonesse and the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, and sir Persaunte and his bretherne, and sir Gryngamour, that in no wyse there sholde none of them telle his name, and make no more of hym than of the leste knyght that there was: 'for,' he seyde, 'I woll nat be knowyn of neythir more ne lesse, nothir at the begynnynge nother at the endyng.'

Than dame Lyones seyde unto sir Gareth, 'Sir, I wolde leve with you a rynge of myne; but I wolde pray you, as ye love me hertely, lette me have hit agayne whan the turnemente is done: for that rynge encresyth my beawté muche more than hit is of myself. And the vertu of my rynge is this: that that is grene woll turne to rede, and that that is rede woll turne in lyknesse to grene, and that that is blewe woll turne to whyghte, and that that is whyght woll [turne] in lyknesse to blew; and so hit woll do of all maner of coloures; also who that beryth this rynge shall lose no bloode. And for grete love I woll gyff you this rynge.'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Gareth, 'myne owne lady. For this rynge is passynge mete for me; for hit woll turne all maner of lyknesse that I am in, and that shall cause me that I shall nat be knowyn.'

Than sir Gryngamour gaff sir Gareth a bay coursor that was a passynge good horse. Also he gaff hym good armour and sure, and a noble swerde that somtyme sir Gringamours fadir wan uppon an hethyn tyrraunte. And so thus every knyght made hym redy to that turnemente.

And kynge Arthure was commyn two dayes tofore the **140r** Assumpcion of Oure Lady; and there was all maner of

2 *C* other but there 3 all *not in C* 8–9 *C* and his broder 10 *C* telle not 14–15 *C* I wylle lene you a rynge but 18 *C* of hym†self 18 this *not in C* 19–22 *C* it will torne to reed and that is reede it wil torne in lykenes to grene And that is blewe it wil torne to (*S* in) lykenes of whyte and that is whyte it wil torne in lykenes to blewe 23 *C* bereth my rynge 26 *C* hit *S* it 35–p. 346, l. 1 *C* al maner of Royalte of al mynstralsye

royalté, of all maner of mynstralsy that myght be founde. Also there cam quene Gwenyvere and the quene of Orkeney, sir Garethis mother.

And uppon the Assumpcion day, whan masse and matyns was done, there was herodys with trumpettis commaunded to blow to the felde. And so there com oute sir Epynogrys, the kynges son of Northumbirlonde, frome the castell; and there encountyrde with hym sir Sagramoure le Desyrous, and eythir of them brake there sperys to theire handis. And than com in sir Palomydes oute of the castell; and there encountyrd with hym sir Gawayne, and eythir of them smote other so harde that bothe good knyghtes and their horsis felle to the erthe. And than the knyghtes of eythir party rescowed other.

Than cam in sir Safer and sir Segwarydes, bretherne to Palamydes; and there encountyrd sir Aggravayne with sir Safer, and sir Gaherys encountyrd with sir Segwarydes. So sir Safer smote downe sir Aggravayne. And sir Malegryne, a knyght of the castell, encountyrd with sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes, and smote downe sir Malegryne, that he had allmoste broke his necke.

(29) Than sir Bryan de les Iles, and Grummor and Grummorson, knyghtes of the castell, encountyrde with sir Agglovale, and sir Tor smote them of the castell downe.

Than com in sir Carados of the Dolowres Towre, and sir Terquyne, knyghtes of the castell; and there encountyrd with hem sir Percivale de Galys, and sir Lamerok, his brother; and there [encountryd sir Percivale with sir Carados, and eyther brake their speres unto their handes, and than sir Terquyne with sir Lamerok, and eyther] smote downe othir, hors and man, to the erthe; and eythir partyes rescowed other and horsed them agayne.

5 *C* were done 12 *C* the good 13 *C* thenne knyghtes 14 *C* rescowed their knyghtes 18–20 *C** doune Agrauayne syr Gawayns broder and sir Segwarydes syr Saferys broder And sir Malgryne And there syr Vwayne gaf syr Malgryn a falle that 22–23 *C*† Grummore grummorssum 23 encountyrde *not in C*† 24 *C** and syre Tor smote doun syr Gromere Gromorson† to the erth *W* and smote 27–31 *C* syr Persyuale de galys & syr Launcelot† de galys that were two bretheren And there encountred syr Percyuale with syre Caradus and eyther brake their speres vnto their handes & thenne syr Turquyn with syre Lamerak and eyther of hem smote doune others hors and alle† to the *W* there they smote 31 *W* eche othir (*see note*)

And sir Arnolde and sir Gawter, knyghtes of the castell, encountird wyth sir Brandyles and sir Kay; and thes four knyghtes encountyrde myghtely, and brake their sperys to theyre handis.

Than com in sir Trystrams, sir Saduk, and sir Dynas, knyghtes of the castell; and there encountyrd with sir Trys- 140v trams sir Bedyvere, and sir Bedyvere was smyttyn to the erthe bothe horse and man. And sir Sadoke encountyrde wyth sir Petypace, and there sir Sadoke was overthrowyn. And there sir Uwayne les Avoutres smote downe sir Dynas the Senesciall.

Than com in sir Persaunte of Inde, a knyght of the castell; and there encountyrde with hym sir Launcelot du Lake, and there he smote sir Persaunte, horse and man, to the erthe. Than com in sir Pertolype frome the castell; and there encountyrde with hym sir Lyonell, and there sir Pertolype, the Grene Knyght, smote downe sir Lyonell, brothir to sir Launcelot.

And all this was marked wyth noble herrodis, who bare hym beste, and their namys.

And than com into the felde sir Perimones, the Grene Knyght, sir Persauntis brothir, that was a knyght of the castell; and he encountyrde wyth sir Ector de Marys, and aythir of hem smote other so harde that hir sperys and horsys and they felle to the erthe.

And than com in the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis and sir Gareth, frome the castell; and there encountyrde with hem sir Bors de Gaynys and sir Bleobrys. And there the Rede Knyght and sir Bors smote other so harde that hir sperys braste and their horsys felle grovelynge to the erthe. Than sir Blamour brake another spere uppon sir Gareth; but of that stroke sir Blamour felle to the erthe.

That sawe sir Galyhuddyn, and bade sir Gareth kepe hym; and sir Gareth smote hym anone to the erthe. Than sir Galyhud gate a spere to avenge his brother; and in the same wyse sir Gareth served hym. And in the same maner sir Gareth served sir Dynadan and his brother, sir La Kote

6 *C* and there 13 *C* syr Persaunts† hors and man 14 in *not in C* 18 *C* marked by 23–24 *C* that bothe their horses and they felle 30 *C* brake his spere 31–32 *C* erthe whan syr Galyhondyn (*S* Galyhoudyn) sawe that he bad sir gareth 35–36 *C* hym & sir Dynadan

Male Tayle, and sir Sagramoure le Desyrus, and sir Donyas le Saveage: all these knyghtes he bare hem downe with one speare.

141r Whan kynge Anguyshauns of Irelonde sawe sir Gareth fare so, he mervayled what knyght he was; for at one tyme he semed grene, and another tyme at his gayne-commynge hym semed blewe. And thus at every course that he rode too and fro he chonged whyght to rede and blak, that there myght neyther kynge nother knyght have no redy cognyshauns of hym.

Than kynge Anguyshaunce, the kynge of Irelonde, encountyrde with sir Gareth, and there sir Gareth smote hym frome his horse, sadyll and all. And than com in kynge Carados of Scotlonde, and sir Gareth smote hym downe horse and man; and in the same wyse he served kynge Uryens of the londe of Gore. And than come in sir Bagdemagus, and sir Gareth smote hym downe horse and man to the erthe; and kynge Bagdemagus son, sir Mellyagauns, brake a spere uppon sir Gareth myghtyly and knyghtly.

And than sir Galahalte the noble prynce cryed on hyght: 'Knyght with the many coloures, well haste thou justed! Now make the redy, that I may juste with the!'

Sir Gareth herde hym, and gate a grete spere, and so they encountyrde togydir, and there the prynce brake his spere; but sir Gareth smote hym uppon the buff syde of the helme, that he reled here and there, and had falle downe had nat his men recoverde hym.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that same knyght with the many coloures is a good knyght.' Wherefore the kynge called unto hym sir Launcelot and prayde hym to encountir with that knyght.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may well fynde in myne herte for to forbere hym as at this tyme, for he hath had travayle inowe this day. And whan a good knyght doth so well uppon som day, hit is no good knyghtes parte to lette hym of his

1 *C* Sagramor desirus 2 *C* All these he bare doun 4 *C* Aguysaũce† (*F* Anguins) 5–6 *C* what he myght be þt one tyme semed 6–7 *C* ageyne comyng he semed blewe 8–10 *C* chaunged his colour so that ther myghte neyther kynge nor knyghte haue redy conguyssaunce (*S* congnyssaunce) of hym 11 *C* syr Anguyssaunce 13 in *not in C* 18 *C* Melyganus† (*F* Meleagans) 23 *C* he gat 25 *C* the lyfte syde 26 *C* he had falle

worshyp, and namely whan he seyth a good knyghte hath done so grete labur. For peraventure,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'his quarell is here this day, and peraventure he is beste beloved with this lady of all that bene here: for I se well he 141v paynyth hym and enforsyth hym to do grete dedys. And therefore,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'as for me, this day he shall have the honour: thoughe hit lay in my power to put hym frome hit, yet wolde I nat.'

Than whan this was done there was drawynge of swerdys, (30) and than there began a sore turnemente. And there dud sir Lameroke mervaylus dedys of armys; and bytwyxte sir Lameroke and sir Ironsyde, that was the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, there was a stronge batayle. And sir Palomydes and sir Bleobrys, betwyxte them was full grete batayle. And sir Gawayne and sir Trystrams mett; and there sir Gawayne had the worse, for he pulled sir Gawayne frome his horse, and there he was longe uppon foote and defouled.

Than com in sir Launcelot, and he smote sir Terquyn, and he hym. And than cam therein sir Carados, his brother, and bothe at onys they assayled hym, and he as the moste noblyst knyght of the worlde worshypfully fought with hem bothe and helde them hote, that all men wondred of the nobles of sir Launcelot.

And than com in sir Gareth, and knew that hit was sir Launcelot that fought with tho perelous knyghtes, and parted them in sundir; and no stroke wolde he smyte sir Launcelot. That aspyed sir Launcelot and demed hit sholde be the good knyght sir Gareth.

And than sir Gareth rode here and there and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that all folkys myght well aspye where that he rode. And by fortune he mette with his brother, sir Gawayne; and there he put hym to the wors, for he put of his helme. And so he served fyve or six knyghtes of the Rounde Table, that all men seyde he put hym in moste payne and beste he dud his dever.

1 good *not in C* 8 *C* it I wold not 13–15 *C* & betwix syre Palamides & Bleoberys there was a strong batail 19 therein *not in C* 22 and helde them hote *not in C*† 25–26 *C** with tho two peryllous knyghtes And thenne syr Gareth came with his good hors and hurtled hem in sonder 26 *C* smyte to syr Launcelot 30 *C* alle the folke 32–33 *C* put syr Gawayne to 35 *C* in the most *C* his deuoyr

rode, and than he rode aftir with all his myght. That aspyed sir Gareth and rode wyghtly into the [foreste]. For all that sir Gawayne coude do, he wyste nat where he was becom.

And whan sir Gareth wyste that sir Gawayne was paste, he asked the dwarff of beste counsayle.

'Sir,' seyde the dwarff, 'mesemyth hit were beste, now that ye ar ascaped frome spyynge, that ye sende my lady, 143r dame Lyones of the castell, hir rynge.'

'Hit is well avysed,' seyde sir Gareth. 'Now have hit here and bere hit her, and sey that I recommaunde me unto hir good grace; and sey hir I woll com whan I may, and pray hir to be trewe and faythfull to me as I woll be to hir.'

'Sir,' seyde the dwarff, 'hit shall be done as ye commaunde me.'

And so he rode his way and dud his erande unto the lady. Than seyde she, 'Where is my knyght, sir Gareth?'

'Madam, he bade me sey that he wolde nat be longe frome you.'

And so lyghtly the dwarff com agayne unto sir Gareth that wolde full fayne have had a lodgynge, for he had nede to be reposed.

And than fell there a thundir and a rayne, as hevyn and erthe sholde go togydir. And sir Gareth was nat a lytyll wery, for of all that day he had but lytyll reste, nother his horse nor he. So thus sir Gareth rode longe in that foreste untyll nyght cam; and ever hit lyghtend and thundirde as hit had bene wylde. At the laste by fortune he cam to a cas-
(32) tell, and there he herde the waytis uppon the wallys. Than sir Gareth rode unto the barbycan of the castell, and prayed the porter fayre to lette hym into the castell. The porter answerde ungoodly agayne and sayde,

'Thou gettyste no lodgynge here.'

'Fayre sir, sey not so, for I am a knyght of kynge Arthurs; and pray the lorde and the lady of this castell to gyff me herborow for the love of kynge Arthour.'

2–3 *W* the castel (*not emended in O*[1]) *C* rode lyghtely in to the forest* (*cf. l. 26*) that syr Gawayn wist not where 8 of the castell *not in C* 10 *C* to her 11–12 *C* and I pray 15 me *not in C* 18 *C* Madam said the dwerf he 26 *C* this† syr Gareth rode soo longe 27 *C* the nyghte 28 *C* ben woode 35 *C* lord or the

Than the porter wente unto the douches and tolde hir how there was a knyght of kynge Arthures wolde have herborow.

'Latte hym in,' seyde the douches, 'for I woll see that knyght. And for kynge Arthurs love he shall nat be herborowles.'

Than she yode up into a towre over the gate with tourchis ilyght. Whan sir Gareth saw that lyght he cryed on hyghe:

'Whethir thou be lorde or lady, gyaunte other champyon, I take no forse, so that I may have herborow as for this nyght: and yf hit be so that I muste nedis fyght, spare me nat to-morne whan I have rested me; for bothe I and myne horse be wery.' 143v

'Sir knyght,' seyde the lady, 'ye speke knyghtly and boldely; but wete you well the lorde of this castell lovyth nat kynge Arthure nother none of hys courte, for my lorde hath ever bene ayenste hym. And therefore thow were bettir nat to com within his castell; for and thou com in this nyght, thou muste com undir this fourme, that wheresomever thou mete hym, by fylde other by strete, thou muste yelde the to hym as presonere.'

'Madam,' seyde sir Gareth, 'what is your lorde and what is his name?'

'Sir, my lordys name is the deuke de la Rouse.'

'Well, madam,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I shal promyse you in what place I mete youre lorde I shall yelde me unto hym and to his good grace, with that I undirstonde that he woll do me no shame. And yf I undirstonde that he woll, I woll relece myself and I can with my spere and my swerde.'

'Ye say well,' seyde the deuches.

Than she lette the drawbrygge downe; and so he rode into the halle and there he alyght, and the horse was ladde into the stable. And in the halle he unarmed hym and seyde,

'Madam, I woll nat oute of this halle this nyght. And whan hit is daylyght, lat se who woll have ado with me; than he shall fynde me redy.'

5 *C* Arthurs sake 7–8 *C* with greete torche lyght 8 *C* that torche lyght 10 as for *not in C* 13 *C* ben wery 14 *C* thou spekest 15 *C* wete thou 19 *C* in vnder suche fourme 20 *C** mete my lord by sty3 or by strete 28 *C* no harme *C* I wil I (*S* I wil) 32 *C* his hors 35 than *not in C*

Than was he sette unto souper and had many good dysshis. Than sir Gareth lyste well to ete, and full knyghtly he ete his mete and egirly. Also there was many a fayre lady by hym, and som seyd they nevir sawe a goodlyer man nothir so well of etynge. Than they made hym passynge good chere; and shortly, whan he had souped, his bedde was made there, and so he rested hym all nyght. And in the morne he herde masse and brake hys faste, and toke his leve at the douches and at them all, and thanked hir goodly of hir lodgyng and of hir good chere. And than she asked hym his name.

'Truly, madam,' he seyde, 'my name is sir Gareth of
144r Orkeney, and som men call me Bewmaynes.'

Than knew she well hit was the same knyght that faught for dame Lyonesse.

So sir Gareth departed and rode up unto a mountayne, and there mette hym a knyght, his name was sir Bendaleyne. And he seyde to sir Gareth,

'Thou shalt nat passe this way, for other thou shalt juste with me othir ellys be my presonere.'

'Than woll I juste,' seyde sir Gareth.

And so they lette their horsis ren, and there sir Gareth smote hym thorowoute the body, and sir Bendelayne rode forth to his castell there besyde, and there dyed. So sir Gareth wolde have rested hym fayne. So hit happed hym to com to sir Bendalaynes castell. Than his knyghtys and servauntys aspyed that hit was he that had slayne there lorde. Than they armed twenty good men and com oute and assayled sir Gareth. And so he had no spere, but his swerde, and so he put his shylde afore hym, and there they brake ten sperys uppon hym. And they assayled hym passyngly sore, but ever sir Gareth defended hym as a knyght.

(33) So whan they sawe they myght nat overcom hym they rode frome hym, and toke their counceyle to sle his horse. And so they cam in uppon sir Gareth, and so with hir sperys they slewe his horse, and than they assayled hym harde.

2 full *not in C* | 10 *C* of his good | 10–12 *C* asked gym† his name Madame | he saide truly my | 18 he *not in C* | 25–26 *C* rested hym and he cam rydynge | to Bendalaynis | 30 so he *not in C* | 30–31 *C* brake their sperys | 31 *C* assailled hem† | 35 hir *not in C*

But whan he was on foote there was none that he raught but he gaff hym such a buffette that he dud never recover. So he slew hem by one and one tyll they were but four; and there they fledde. And sir Gareth toke a good horse that was one of theires and rode his way. Than he rode a grete pace tyll that he cam to a castell, and there he herde muche mournyng of ladyes and jantyllwomen. So at the laste there cam by hym a payge. Than he asked of hym,

'What noyse is this that I hyre within this castell?'

'Sir knyght,' seyde the payge, 'here be within this castell thirty ladyes, and all they be wydowys. For here is a knyght 144v that waytyth dayly uppon this castell, and he is callyd the Browne Knyght wythoute Pyté, and he is the perelust knyght that now lyvyth. And therefore, sir,' seyde the payge, 'I rede you fle.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I woll nat fle, though thou be aferde of hym.'

Than the payge saw where cam the Browne Knyght, and sayde,

'Lo yondir he commyth!'

'Lat me dele with hym,' seyde sir Gareth. And whan aythir of othir had a syghte, they let theire horsis ren, and the Browne Knyght brake his spere, and sir Gareth smote hym thorow the body, that he overthrewe [hym] to the grounde sterke dede. So sir Gareth rode into the castell and prayde the ladyes that he myght repose hym.

'Alas!' seyde the ladyes, 'ye may nat be lodged here.'

'Yes, hardely, make hym good chere,' seyde the payge, 'for this knyght hath slayne your enemy.'

Than they all made hym good chere as lay in theire power. But wete you well they made hym good chere, for they myght none other do, for they were but poore. And so on the morne he wente to masse and there he sawe the thirty ladyes knele and lay grovelynge uppon dyverse toumbis, makynge grete dole and sorow. Than sir Gareth knew well that in tho tombis lay their lordys.

7 at the laste *not in C* 8–9 *C* page what noyse is this said syr gareth that 12 *C* and his name is 18–20 *C* knyghte loo said the page yonder 23 *C* thorou oute 24 *Not emended in O*[1] 28 Yes, hardely *not in C* 28–30 *W* (*sidenote*): How sir Gareth slew the Browne Knyght 28 *P omits sig. p iiii* 32 *C* otherwyse doo 36 *C* the tombes

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'Fayre ladyes,' seyde sir Gareth, 'ye muste at the next feste be at the courte of kynge Arthure, and sey that I, sir Gareth, sente you thydir.'

'Sir, we shall do your commaundemente,' seyde the ladyes.

5 So he departed; and by fortune he cam to a mountayne, and there he founde a goodly knyght that bade hym 'Abyde, sir knyght, and juste with me!'

'What ar ye?' seyde sir Gareth.

'My name is,' he seyde, 'called deuke de la Rowse.'

10 'A, sir, ye ar the same knyght that I lodged onys within your castell, and there I made promyse unto youre lady that I sholde yelde me to you.'

'A,' seyde the deuke, 'arte thou that proude knyght that profyrde to fyght with my knyghtes? Therefore make the

15 redy, for I woll have ado wyth you.'

So they let their horsis renne, and there sir Gareth smote the deuke downe frome his horse: but the deuke lyghtly

145r avoyded his horse and dressed his shylde and drew his swerde, and bade sir Gareth alyght and fyght with hym.

20 So he dud alyght, and they dud grete batayle togedyrs more than an houre, and eythir hurte other full sore. But at the laste sir Gareth gate the deuke to the erthe, and wolde have slayne hym; and than he yelded hym.

'Than muste ye go,' seyde sir Gareth, 'unto kynge

25 Arthure, my lorde, at the next hyghe feste, and sey that I, sir Gareth, sente you thydir.'

'We shall do this,' seyde the deuke, 'and I woll do you omage and feauté wyth an hondredsom of knyghtes with me, and all the dayes of my lyff to do you servyse where ye

30 woll commaunde me.'

(34) So the deuke departed, and sir Gareth stoode there alone. And as he stoode he sey an armed knyght on horsebak commynge towarde hym. Than sir Gareth mownted uppon horsebak, and so withoute ony wordis they ran togedir as

2 *C* feeste of Pentecost 3–4 *C* thyder we shal doo this said the ladyes 5 *C* monntayne (*S* mountayne) 9 *C* is said he the duke 14 *C* proferest 21 But *not in C* 23 *C* yelded hym to hym 24–25 *C* syr Arthur 26–27 *C* sir Gareth of Orkeney sente you vnto hym hit shal be done said the duke 28 *C* an C kny3tes 31–32 *C* alone and there he sawe 32 on horsebak *not in C* 33–p. 357, l. 1 *C** Gareth toke the dukes shelde and mounted vpon horsbak and soo withoute bydyng they ranne to gyder as it had ben the thonder

thundir. And there that knyght hurte sir Gareth undir the syde with his spere, and than they alyght and drewe there swerdys and gaff grete strokys, that the bloode trayled downe to the grounde; and so they fought two owres. So at the laste there com the damesell Lyonette that som men calle the dame- 5 sell Savyage. And she com rydynge uppon an ambelynge mule, and there she cryed all on hygh:

'Sir Gawayne! leve thy fyghtynge with thy brothir, sir Gareth!'

And whan he herde hir sey so, he threwe away his shylde 10 and his swerde, and ran to sir Gareth and toke hym in his armys, and sytthen kneled downe and asked hym mercy.

'What ar ye,' seyde sir Gareth, 'that ryght now were so stronge and so myghty, and now so sodeynly is yelde to me?'

'A, sir Gareth, I am your brother, sir Gawayne, that for 15 youre sake have had grete laboure and travayle.'

Than sir Gareth unlaced hys helme, and kneled downe to hym and asked hym mercy. Than they arose bothe, and braced eythir othir in there armys, and wepte a grete whyle or they myght speke; and eythir of them gaff other the pryse 20 of the batayle, and there were many kynde wordys betwene them.

'Alas! my fayre brother,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I ought of **145v** ryght to worshyp you, and ye were nat my brother, for ye have worshipte kynge Arthure and all his courte, for ye 25 have sente mo worshypfull knyghtes this twelve-monthe than fyve the beste of the Rounde Table hath done excepte sir Launcelot.'

Than cam the lady Savyaige, that was the lady Lyonet that rode with sir Gareth so long; and there she dud staunche 30 sir Gareths woundis and sir Gawaynes.

'Now what woll ye do?' seyde the damesell Saveaige. 'Mesemyth hit were beste that kynge Arthure had wetynge of you bothe: for your horsis ar so brused that they may not beare.' 35

'Now, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I pray you

3 downe *not in C* 5 *C* ther *S* there 8 *C* syr Gawayne syr Gawayne 14–15 *C* sodenly yelde you to me O Gareth 16–17 *C* grete sorou and labour Thenne 18–19 *C* rose both and enbraced 23–24 *C* gawayn perde I owe of ryghte 26 *C* sente me† to 27 *C* than syxe the best 29, 32 *C* the damoysel saueage 33 *C* me semeth that it were wel do þt Arthur

ryde unto my lorde, myne unkle kynge Arthure, and tell hym what adventure is betydde me here; and I suppose he woll nat tary longe.'

Than she toke hir mule and lyghtly she rode to kynge Arthure, that was but two myle thens. And whan she had tolde hir tydynges to the kynge, the kynge bade, 'Gete me a palefrey!' And whan he was on horsebak he bade the lordys and ladyes com aftir and they wolde; and there was sadelyng and brydelyng of quenys and prynces horsis, and well was he that sonneste myght be redy.

So whan the kynge cam there, he saw sir Gawayne and sir Gareth sitt uppon a lytyll hyllys syde. Than the kynge avoyded his horse, and whan he cam nye to sir Gareth he wolde a spokyn and myght nat, and therewyth he sanke downe in a sowghe for gladnesse.

And so they sterte unto theire uncle and requyred hym of his good grace to be of good comforte. Wete you well the kynge made grete joy! And many a peteuous complaynte he made to sir Gareth, and ever he wepte as he had bene a chylde.

So with this com his modir, the quene of Orkeney, dame Morgawse, and whan she saw sir Gareth redyly in the vysage she myght nat wepe, but sodeynly felle downe in
146r a sowne and lay there a grete whyle lyke as she had bene dede. And than sir Gareth recomforted hir in suche wyse that she recovirde and made good chere.

Than the kynge commaunded that all maner of knyghtes that were undir his obeysaunce sholde make their lodgynge ryght there, for the love of his two nevewys. And so hit was done, and all maner of purveya[n]s purveyde, that there lacked nothynge that myght be gotyn for golde nother sylver, nothir of wylde nor tame.

And than by the meanys of the damesell Saveaige sir Gawayne and sir Gareth were heled of their woundys; and

2 *C* aduenture is to me betyd here 4 *C* lyghtly she came to 6–7 *C* told hym tydynges the kynge bad gete hym a palfroy 7 *C* was vpon his bak he badde 8 *C* after who that wold 9–10 *C* quenes horses and prynces horses & well was hym that soonest 11 *C* there as they were he sawe 13 to *not in C* 14 *C* wold haue spoken but he myghte not 20–21 *C* chyld With that 25 *C* recomforted his moder 30 *C** of purueaunce *WO*1 purveyars 31–33 *C* goten of tame nor wylde for gold or syluer And

there they suggeourned eyght dayes. Than seyde kynge Arthure unto the damesell Saveaige,

'I mervayle that youre sistyr, dame Lyonesse, comyth nat hydir to me; and in especiall that she commyth nat to vysyte hir knyght, my nevewe, sir Gareth, that hath had so muche travayle for hir love.'

'My lorde,' seyde the damesell Lyonette, 'ye muste of your good grace holde hir excused, for she knowyth nat that my lorde sir Gareth is here.'

'Go ye than for hir,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that we may be apoynted what is beste to done accordynge to the plesure of my nevewe.'

'Sir,' seyde the damesell, 'hit shall be do.'

And so she rode unto hir sistir, and as lyghtly as she myght make hir redy she cam on the morne with hir brother, sir Gryngamour, and with hir fourty knyghtes. And so whan she was com she had all the chere that myght be done bothe of the kynge and of many other knyghtes and also quenys. And amonge all thes ladyes she was named the fayryst and (35) pyereles. Than whan sir Gareth mette with hir, there was many a goodly loke and goodly wordys, that all men of worshyp had joy to beholde them.

Than cam kynge Arthure and many othir kynges, and dame Gwenyvere and quene Morgawse, his modir; and there the kynge asked his nevew, sir Gareth, whether he wolde have this lady as peramour, other ellys to have hir to his wyff.

'My lorde, wete you well that I love hir abovyn all ladyes lyvynge.' **146v**

'Now, fayre lady,' sayde kynge Arthure, 'what sey ye?'

'My moste noble kynge,' seyde dame Lyonesse, 'wete you well that my lorde, sir Gareth, ys to me more lever to have and welde as my husbonde than ony kyng other prynce that is crystyned; and if I may nat have hym, I promyse you I woll never have none. For, my lorde Arthure,' seyde dame Lyonesse, 'wete you well he is my fyrste love, and he

4 *C* not here to 10 ye *not in C* 15 *C* made her redy & she 18 *R* many other kynges and quenys *P* many other (kynges and quenes *omitted*) 20 *C*† Gawayn sawe her 24–25 *C* Gweneuer & the quene of Orkeney And there 26 *C* peramour or to haue her 31 My *not in C*

shall be the laste; and yf ye woll suffir hym to have his wyll and fre choyse, I dare say he woll have me.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Gareth, 'and I have nat you and welde you as my wyff, there shall never lady nother jantyllwoman rejoyse me.'

'What, nevewe?' seyde the kynge. 'Is the wynde in that dore? For wete you well I wolde nat for the stynte [of] my crowne to be causer to withdraw your hertys. And wete you well ye can nat love so well but I shall rather encrece hyt than discrece hit; and also ye shall have my love and my lordeshyp in the uttirmuste wyse that may lye in my power.' And in the same wyse seyde sir Garethys modir.

So anone there was made a provision for the day of maryaige, and by the kynges advyse hit was provyded that hit sholde be at Mychaelmasse folowyng, at Kyng Kenadowne, by the seesyde; for there is a plenteuouse contrey. And so hit was cryed in all the placis thorow the realme. And than sir Gareth sente his somons to all tho knyghtes and ladyes that he had wonne in batayle tofore, that they sholde be at his day of maryage at Kyng Kenadowne, by the seeseyde.

And than dame Lyonesse and the damesell Lyonet wyth sir Gryngamour rode to their castell, and a goodly and a ryche rynge she gaff to sir Gareth, and he gaff hir another. And kynge Arthure gaff hir a ryche bye of golde, and so she
147r departed. And kynge Arthure and his felyshyp rode towarde Kyng Kenadowne; and sir Gareth brought his lady on the way, and so cam to the kynge agayne, and rode wyth hym. Lorde, the grete chere that sir Launcelot made of sir Gareth and he of hym! For there was no knyght that sir Gareth loved so well as he dud sir Launcelot; and ever for the moste party he wolde ever be in sir Launcelottis company.

For evir aftir sir Gareth had aspyed sir Gawaynes conducions, he wythdrewe hymself fro his brother sir Gawaynes felyship, for he was evir vengeable, and where he hated he wolde be avenged with murther: and that hated sir Gareth.

4 *C* weld not you 9 *C*† you con not 10 *C*† dystresse hit 13 *C* thenne there was 15, 26 *C* kynkenadon 16 *C* is a (a *not in S*) plentyful 20 *C* kynkenadon by the sandes 24 *C* ryche bee 29 *C* there was neuer no 31 *C* he wolde be 32 *C* for after 34 evir *not in C*

So hit drew faste to Mychaelmas, that hydir cam the lady (36)
dame Lyonesse, the lady of the Castell Perelus, and hir
sister, the damesell Lyonet, with sir Gryngamour, her
brother, with hem; for he had the conduyte of thes ladyes.
And there they were lodged at the devyse of kynge Arthure. 5

And uppon Myghelmas day the bysshop of Caunturbyry
made the weddyng betwene sir Gareth and dame Lyonesse
with grete solempnyté. And kynge Arthure made sir Ga-
herys to wedde the damesell Saveage, dame Lyonet. And
sir Aggravayne kynge Arthure made to wedde dame Lyones- 10
seis neese, a fayre lady; hir name was dame Lawrell.

And so whan this solempnyté was done, than com in the
Grene Knyght, sir Pertolope, with thirty knyghtes; and there
he dud omage and feauté to sir Gareth, and all thes knyghtes
to holde of hym for evermore. Also sir Pertolope seyde, 15

'I pray you that at this feste I may be your chambirlayne.'

'With good wyll,' seyde sir Gareth, 'syth hit lyke you to
take so symple an offyce.'

Than com in the Rede Knyght wyth three score knyghtes
with hym, and dud to sir Gareth omage and feauté, and all 20
tho knyghtes to holde of hym for evermore. And than sir
Perimones prayde sir Gareth to graunte hym to be his chyeff
butler at the hygh feste. 147v

'I woll well,' seyde sir Gareth, 'that ye have this offyce and
hit were bettir.' 25

Than com in sir Persaunte of Inde wyth an hondred
knyghtes with hym, and there he dud omage and feauté,
and all his knyghtes sholde do hym servyse and holde their
londis of hym for evir. And there he prayde sir Gareth to
make hym his sewear cheyff at that hyghe feste. 30

'I woll well,' seyde sir Gareth, 'that ye have hit and hit
were bettir.'

Than com in the deuke de la Rouse with an hondred
knyghtes with hym; and there he dud omage and feauté
to sir Gareth, and so to holde there londis of hym for ever- 35

1–2 *C* and thyder came dame Lyones 1–3 *W* (*sidenote*): The weddynge of sir Gareth and of sir Aggravayne his brothir 9–11 *C* saueage that was dame Lynet and kyng Arthur made syr Agrauayne to wedde dame Lyones nees 11 *C* Laurel 12 *C* solemnacion 17 *C* a good *C* it lyketh 18 *C* on† offyce 21–22 *C* this syr Perymonyes 23 *C* that hyghe 30–31 *C* at the feest I will (*S* wil) 33 *C* dukde† la rowse 35–p. 362, l. 1 *C* for euer And

more. And he requyred sir Gareth that he myght serve hym of the wyne that day of the hyghe feste.

'I woll well,' seyde sir Gareth, 'and hit were bettir.'

Than cam the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundis that hyght sir Ironsyde, and he brought with hym three hondred knyghtes; and there he dud omage and feauté, and all tho knyghtes to holde their londys of hym for ever. And than he asked of sir Gareth to be his kerver.

'I woll well,' seyde sir Gareth, 'and hit please you.'

Than com into the courte thirty ladyes, and all they semed wydows; and tho ladyes brought with hem many fayre jantyllwomen, and all they kneled downe at onys unto kynge Arthure and unto sir Gareth; and there all tho ladyes tolde the kynge how that sir Gareth had delyverde them fro the Dolorous Towre, and slew the Browne Knyght withoute Pyté: 'and therefore all we and oure ayres for evermore woll do omage unto sir Gareth of Orkeney.'

So than the kynges, quenys, pryncis, erlys, barouns, and many bolde knyghtes wente to mete; and well may ye wete that there was all maner of plenté and all maner revels and game, with all maner of mynstralsy that was used tho dayes. Also there was grete justys three dayes, but the kynge wolde nat suffir sir Gareth to juste, because of his new bryde; for, as the Freynsh boke seyth, that dame Lyonesse desyred
148r of the kynge that none that were wedded sholde juste at that feste.

So the fyrste day there justed sir Lameroke de Gelys, for he [o]verthrewe thirty knyghtes and dud passyng mervelus dedis of armys. And than kynge Arthure made sir Persaunte and his bretherne knyghtes o[f] the Rounde Table to their lyvys ende, and gaff hem grete landys.

Also the secunde day there justed sir Trystrams beste, and he overthrew fourty knyghtes, and dud there mervelus dedis of armys. And there kynge Arthure made sir Ironsyde, that was the Rede Knyght of the Rede Laundys, a knyght of the Table Rounde to his lyvis ende, and gaff hym grete landis.

2 *C* day at that feest 4 *C* came in 11 *C* tho thyrtty ladyes 14 had *not in C* 18 *C* prynces & erlys 20–21 *C* there were al maner (*S* manere) of mete plentyuously alle manere rules† and games with al manere of mynstralsy 28 *W* euerthrewe *C* passyng merueillously 30 *W* ot the rounde *C* of the round

Than the thirde day there justed sir Launcelot, and he overthrew fyfty knyghtes and dud many dedis of armys, that all men wondird. And there kynge Arthure made the deuke de la Rowse a knyght of the Table Rounde to his lyvys ende, and gaff hym grete londis to spende. 5

But whan this justis was done, sir Lameroke and sir Trystrams departed suddeynly and wolde nat be knowyn; for the whych kyng Arthure and all the courte was sore dysplesid.

And so they helde the courte fourty dayes with grete 10 solempnyté. And thus sir Gareth of Orkeney was a noble knyght, that wedded dame Lyonesse of the Castell Parelus. And also sir Gaheris wedded her sistir, dame Lyonette, that was called the damesell Saveaige. And sir Aggravayne wedded dame Lawrell, a fayre lady wyth grete and myghty 15 londys, wyth grete ryches igyffyn wyth them, that ryally they myght lyve tyll theire lyvis ende.

AND I PRAY YOU ALL THAT REDYTH THIS TALE TO PRAY FOR HYM THAT THIS WROTE, THAT GOD SENDE HYM GOOD DELYVERAUNCE SONE AND HASTELY. AMEN. 20

HERE ENDYTH THE TALE OF SIR GARETH OF ORKENEY.

1 *C* launcelot du lake 2 *C* many merueyllous dedes 3 *C* wondred on hym 8 *C* were sore 11–12 *C* And this syr Gareth was a noble knyghte and a wel rulyd and fayr langaged Thus endeth this tale of syr Gareth of Orkeney that wedded 15 *C* and grete 16 *C* gaf with them kyng Arthur that ryally 17–21 *C* ende Here foloweth the viii book the which is the first book of sir Tristram de Lyones & who was his fader & his moder & hou he was borne and fosteryd And how he was made knyghte

BOOK VII

CHAPTER I

HOW BEAUMAINS CAME TO KING ARTHUR'S COURT AND DEMANDED THREE PETITIONS OF KING ARTHUR.

WHEN Arthur held his Round Table most plenour, it fortuned that he commanded that the high feast of Pentecost should be holden at a city and a castle, the which in those days was called Kynke Kenadonne, upon the sands that marched nigh Wales. So ever the king had a custom that at the feast of Pentecost in especial, afore other feasts in the year, he would not go that day to meat until he had heard or seen of a great marvel. And for that custom all manner of strange adventures came before Arthur as at that feast before all other feasts. And so Sir Gawaine, a little to-fore noon of the day of Pentecost, espied at a window three men upon horseback, and a dwarf on foot, and so the three men alighted, and the dwarf kept their horses, and one of the three men was higher than the other twain by a foot and an half. Then Sir Gawaine went unto the king and said, Sir, go to your meat, for here at the hand come strange adventures. So Arthur went unto his meat with many other kings. And there were all the knights of the Round Table, save only those that were prisoners or slain at a recounter. Then at the high feast evermore they should be fulfilled the whole number of an hundred and fifty, for then was the Round Table fully complished.

Right so came into the hall two men well beseen and richly, and upon their shoulders there leaned the goodliest young man and the fairest that ever they all saw, and he was large and long, and broad in the shoulders, and well visaged, and the fairest and the largest handed that ever man saw, but he fared as though he might not go nor bear himself but if he leaned upon their shoulders. Anon as Arthur saw him there was made peace and room, and right so

they yede with him unto the high dais, without saying of any words. Then this much young man pulled him aback, and easily stretched up straight, saying, King Arthur, God you bless and all your fair fellowship, and in especial the fellowship of the Table Round. And for this cause I am come hither, to pray you and require you to give me three gifts, and they shall not be unreasonably asked, but that ye may worshipfully and honourably grant them me, and to you no great hurt nor loss. And the first don and gift I will ask now, and the other two gifts I will ask this day twelvemonth, wheresomever ye hold your high feast. Now ask, said Arthur, and ye shall have your asking.

Now, sir, this is my petition for this feast, that ye will give me meat and drink sufficiently for this twelvemonth, and at that day I will ask mine other two gifts.

My fair son, said Arthur, ask better, I counsel thee, for this is but a simple asking; for my heart giveth me to thee greatly, that thou art come of men of worship, and greatly my conceit faileth me but thou shalt prove a man of right great worship. Sir, he said, thereof be as it be may, I have asked that I will ask. Well, said the king, ye shall have meat and drink enough; I never defended that none, neither my friend nor my foe. But what is thy name I would wit? I cannot tell you, said he. That is marvel, said the king, that thou knowest not thy name, and thou art the goodliest young man that ever I saw. Then the king betook him to Sir Kay the steward, and charged him that he should give him of all manner of meats and drinks of the best, and also that he had all manner of finding as though he were a lord's son. That shall little need, said Sir Kay, to do such cost upon him; for I dare undertake he is a villain born, and never will make man, for an he had come of gentlemen he would have asked of you horse and armour, but such as he is, so he asketh. And sithen he hath no name, I shall give him a name that shall be Beaumains, that is Fair-hands, and into the kitchen I shall bring him, and there he shall have fat brose every day, that he shall be as fat by the twelvemonths' end as a pork hog. Right so the two men departed and beleft him to Sir Kay, that scorned him and mocked him.

CHAPTER II

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR GAWAINE WERE WROTH BECAUSE SIR KAY MOCKED BEAUMAINS, AND OF A DAMOSEL WHICH DESIRED A KNIGHT TO FIGHT FOR A LADY.

THEREAT was Sir Gawaine wroth, and in especial Sir Launcelot bade Sir Kay leave his mocking, for I dare lay my head he shall prove a man of great worship. Let be, said Sir Kay, it may not be by no reason, for as he is, so he hath asked. Beware, said Sir Launcelot, so ye gave the good knight Brewnor, Sir Dinadan's brother, a name, and ye called him La Cote Male Taile, and that turned you to anger afterward. As for that, said Sir Kay, this shall never prove none such. For Sir Brewnor desired ever worship, and this desireth bread and drink and broth; upon pain of my life he was fostered up in some abbey, and, howsomever it was, they failed meat and drink, and so hither he is come for his sustenance.

And so Sir Kay bade get him a place, and sit down to meat; so Beaumains went to the hall door, and set him down among boys and lads, and there he ate sadly. And then Sir Launcelot after meat bade him come to his chamber, and there he should have meat and drink enough. And so did Sir Gawaine: but he refused them all; he would do none other but as Sir Kay commanded him, for no proffer. But as touching Sir Gawaine, he had reason to proffer him lodging, meat, and drink, for that proffer came of his blood, for he was nearer kin to him than he wist. But that as Sir Launcelot did was of his great gentleness and courtesy.

So thus he was put into the kitchen, and lay nightly as the boys of the kitchen did. And so he endured all that twelvemonth, and never displeased man nor child, but always he was meek and mild. But ever when that he saw any jousting of knights, that would he see an he might. And ever Sir Launcelot would give him gold to spend, and clothes, and so did Sir Gawaine, and where there were any masteries done, thereat would he be, and there might none

cast bar nor stone to him by two yards. Then would Sir Kay say, How liketh you my boy of the kitchen? So it passed on till the feast of Whitsuntide. And at that time the king held it at Carlion in the most royallest wise that might be, like as he did yearly. But the king would no meat eat upon the Whitsunday, until he heard some adventures. Then came there a squire to the king and said, Sir, ye may go to your meat, for here cometh a damosel with some strange adventures. Then was the king glad and sat him down.

Right so there came a damosel into the hall and saluted the king, and prayed him of succour. For whom? said the king, what is the adventure?

Sir, she said, I have a lady of great worship and renown, and she is besieged with a tyrant, so that she may not out of her castle; and because here are called the noblest knights of the world, I come to you to pray you of succour. What hight your lady, and where dwelleth she, and who is she, and what is his name that hath besieged her? Sir king, she said, as for my lady's name that shall not ye know for me as at this time, but I let you wit she is a lady of great worship and of great lands; and as for the tyrant that besiegeth her and destroyeth her lands, he is called the Red Knight of the Red Launds. I know him not, said the king. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, I know him well, for he is one of the periloust knights of the world; men say that he hath seven men's strength, and from him I escaped once full hard with my life. Fair damosel, said the king, there be knights here would do their power for to rescue your lady, but because you will not tell her name, nor where she dwelleth, therefore none of my knights that here be now shall go with you by my will. Then must I speak further, said the damosel.

CHAPTER III

HOW BEAUMAINS DESIRED THE BATTLE, AND HOW IT WAS GRANTED TO HIM, AND HOW HE DESIRED TO BE MADE KNIGHT OF SIR LAUNCELOT.

WITH these words came before the king Beaumains, while the damosel was there, and thus he said, Sir king, God thank you, I have been this twelvemonth in your kitchen, and have had my full sustenance, and now I will ask my two gifts that be behind. Ask, upon my peril, said the king. Sir, this shall be my two gifts, first that ye will grant me to have this adventure of the damosel, for it belongeth unto me. Thou shalt have it, said the king, I grant it thee. Then, sir, this is the other gift, that ye shall bid Launcelot du Lake to make me knight, for of him I will be made knight and else of none. And when I am passed I pray you let him ride after me, and make me knight when I require him. All this shall be done, said the king. Fie on thee, said the damosel, shall I have none but one that is your kitchen page? Then was she wroth, and took her horse and departed. And with that there came one to Beaumains and told him his horse and armour was come for him; and there was the dwarf come with all thing that him needed, in the richest manner; thereat all the court had much marvel from whence came all that gear. So when he was armed there was none but few so goodly a man as he was; and right so as he came into the hall and took his leave of King Arthur, and Sir Gawaine, and Sir Launcelot, and prayed that he would hie after him, and so departed and rode after the damosel.

CHAPTER IV

HOW BEAUMAINS DEPARTED, AND HOW HE GAT OF SIR KAY A SPEAR AND A SHIELD, AND HOW HE JOUSTED WITH SIR LAUNCELOT.

But there went many after to behold how well he was horsed and trapped in cloth of gold, but he had neither shield nor spear. Then Sir Kay said all open in the hall I will ride after my boy in the kitchen, to wit whether he will know me for his better. Said Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine, Yet abide at home. So Sir Kay made him ready and took his horse and his spear, and rode after him. And right as Beaumains overtook the damosel, right so came Sir Kay and said, Beaumains, what, sir, know ye not me? Then he turned his horse, and knew it was Sir Kay, that had done him all the despite as ye have heard afore. Yea, said Beaumains, I know you for an ungentle knight of the court, and therefore beware of me. Therewith Sir Kay put his spear in the rest, and ran straight upon him; and Beaumains came as fast upon him with his sword in his hand, and so he put away his spear with his sword, and with a foin thrust him through the side, that Sir Kay fell down as he had been dead; and he alighted down and took Sir Kay's shield and his spear, and stert upon his own horse and rode his way.

All that saw Sir Launcelot, and so did the damosel. And then he bade his dwarf stert upon Sir Kay's horse, and so he did. By that Sir Launcelot was come, then he proffered Sir Launcelot to joust; and either made them ready, and they came together so fiercely that either bare down other to the earth, and sore were they bruised. Then Sir Launcelot arose and helped him from his horse. And then Beaumains threw his shield from him, and proffered to fight with Sir Launcelot on foot; and so they rushed together like boars, tracing, rasing, and foining to the mountenance of an hour; and Sir Launcelot felt him so big that he marvelled of his strength, for he fought more liker a giant than a knight, and that his fighting was durable and passing perilous. For Sir Launcelot had so much ado with him that he

dreaded himself to be shamed, and said, Beaumains, fight not so sore, your quarrel and mine is not so great but we may leave off. Truly that is truth, said Beaumains, but it doth me good to feel your might, and yet, my lord, I showed not the utterance.

CHAPTER V

HOW BEAUMAINS TOLD TO SIR LAUNCELOT HIS NAME, AND HOW HE WAS DUBBED KNIGHT OF SIR LAUNCELOT, AND AFTER OVERTOOK THE DAMOSEL.

In God's name, said Sir Launcelot, for I promise you, by the faith of my body, I had as much to do as I might to save myself from you unshamed, and therefore have ye no doubt of none earthly knight. Hope ye so that I may any while stand a proved knight? said Beaumains. Yea, said Launcelot, do as ye have done, and I shall be your warrant. Then, I pray you, said Beaumains, give me the order of knighthood. Then must ye tell me your name, said Launcelot, and of what kin ye be born. Sir, so that ye will not discover me I shall, said Beaumains. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, and that I promise you by the faith of my body, until it be openly known. Then, sir, he said, my name is Gareth, and brother unto Sir Gawaine of father and mother. Ah, sir, said Sir Launcelot, I am more gladder of you than I was; for ever me thought ye should be of great blood, and that ye came not to the court neither for meat nor for drink. And then Sir Launcelot gave him the order of knighthood, and then Sir Gareth prayed him for to depart and let him go.

So Sir Launcelot departed from him and came to Sir Kay, and made him to be borne home upon his shield, and so he was healed hard with the life; and all men scorned Sir Kay, and in especial Sir Gawaine and Sir Launcelot said it was not his part to rebuke no young man, for full little knew he of what birth he is come, and for what cause he came to this court; and so we leave Sir Kay and turn we unto Beaumains.

When he had overtaken the damosel, anon she said, What dost thou here? thou stinkest all of the kitchen, thy clothes be bawdy of the grease and tallow that thou gainest in King Arthur's kitchen; weenest thou, said she, that I allow thee, for yonder knight that thou killest. Nay truly, for thou slewest him unhappily and cowardly; therefore turn again, bawdy kitchen page, I know thee well, for Sir Kay named thee Beaumains. What art thou but a lusk and a turner of broaches and a ladle-washer? Damosel, said Beaumains, say to me what ye will, I will not go from you whatsomever ye say, for I have undertaken to King Arthur for to achieve your adventure, and so shall I finish it to the end, either I shall die therefore. Fie on thee, kitchen knave, wilt thou finish mine adventure? thou shalt anon be met withal, that thou wouldest not for all the broth that ever thou suppest once look him in the face. I shall assay, said Beaumains.

So thus as they rode in the wood, there came a man flying all that ever he might. Whither wilt thou? said Beaumains. O lord, he said, help me, for here by in a slade are six thieves that have taken my lord and bound him, so I am afeard lest they will slay him. Bring me thither, said Beaumains. And so they rode together until they came thereas was the knight bounden; and then he rode unto them, and struck one unto the death, and then another, and at the third stroke he slew the third thief, and then the other three fled. And he rode after them, and he overtook them; and then those three thieves turned again and assailed Beaumains hard, but at the last he slew them, and returned and unbound the knight. And the knight thanked him, and prayed him to ride with him to his castle there a little beside, and he should worshipfully reward him for his good deeds. Sir, said Beaumains, I will no reward have: I was this day made knight of noble Sir Launcelot, and therefore I will no reward have, but God reward me. And also I must follow this damosel.

And when he came nigh her she bade him ride from her, For thou smellest all of the kitchen: weenest thou that I have joy of thee, for all this deed that thou hast done is but mishapped thee: but thou shalt see a sight shall make thee turn again, and that lightly. Then the same knight which was rescued of the thieves

rode after that damosel, and prayed her to lodge with him all that night. And because it was near night the damosel rode with him to his castle, and there they had great cheer, and at supper the knight sat Sir Beaumains afore the damosel. Fie, fie, said she, Sir knight, ye are uncourteous to set a kitchen page afore me; him beseemeth better to stick a swine than to sit afore a damosel of high parage. Then the knight was ashamed at her words, and took him up, and set him at a sideboard, and set himself afore him, and so all that night they had good cheer and merry rest.

CHAPTER VI

HOW BEAUMAINS FOUGHT AND SLEW TWO KNIGHTS AT A PASSAGE.

And on the morn the damosel and he took their leave and thanked the knight, and so departed, and rode on their way until they came to a great forest. And there was a great river and but one passage, and there were ready two knights on the farther side to let them the passage. What sayest thou, said the damosel, wilt thou match yonder knights or turn again? Nay, said Sir Beaumains, I will not turn again an they were six more. And therewithal he rushed into the water, and in midst of the water either brake their spears upon other to their hands, and then they drew their swords, and smote eagerly at other. And at the last Sir Beaumains smote the other upon the helm that his head stonied, and therewithal he fell down in the water, and there was he drowned. And then he spurred his horse upon the land, where the other knight fell upon him, and brake his spear, and so they drew their swords and fought long together. At the last Sir Beaumains clave his helm and his head down to the shoulders; and so he rode unto the damosel and bade her ride forth on her way.

Alas, she said, that ever a kitchen page should have that fortune to destroy such two doughty knights: thou weenest thou hast done

doughtily, that is not so; for the first knight his horse stumbled, and there he was drowned in the water, and never it was by thy force, nor by thy might. And the last knight by mishap thou camest behind him and mishappily thou slew him.

Damosel, said Beaumains, ye may say what ye will, but with whomsomever I have ado withal, I trust to God to serve him or he depart. And therefore I reck not what ye say, so that I may win your lady. Fie, fie, foul kitchen knave, thou shalt see knights that shall abate thy boast. Fair damosel, give me goodly language, and then my care is past, for what knights somever they be, I care not, nor I doubt them not. Also, said she, I say it for thine avail, yet mayest thou turn again with thy worship; for an thou follow me, thou art but slain, for I see all that ever thou dost is but by misadventure, and not by prowess of thy hands. Well, damosel, ye may say what ye will, but wheresomever ye go I will follow you. So this Beaumains rode with that lady till evensong time, and ever she chid him, and would not rest. And they came to a black laund; and there was a black hawthorn, and thereon hung a black banner, and on the other side there hung a black shield, and by it stood a black spear great and long, and a great black horse covered with silk, and a black stone fast by.

CHAPTER VII

HOW BEAUMAINS FOUGHT WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK LAUNDS, AND FOUGHT WITH HIM TILL HE FELL DOWN AND DIED.

THERE sat a knight all armed in black harness, and his name was the Knight of the Black Laund. Then the damosel, when she saw that knight, she bade him flee down that valley, for his horse was not saddled. Gramercy, said Beaumains, for always ye would have me a coward. With that the Black Knight, when she came nigh him, spake and said, Damosel, have ye brought this knight of

King Arthur to be your champion? Nay, fair knight, said she, this is but a kitchen knave that was fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms. Why cometh he, said the knight, in such array? it is shame that he beareth you company. Sir, I cannot be delivered of him, said she, for with me he rideth maugre mine head: God would that ye should put him from me, other to slay him an ye may, for he is an unhappy knave, and unhappily he hath done this day: through mishap I saw him slay two knights at the passage of the water; and other deeds he did before right marvellous and through unhappiness. That marvelleth me, said the Black Knight, that any man that is of worship will have ado with him. They know him not, said the damosel, and for because he rideth with me, they ween that he be some man of worship born. That may be, said the Black Knight; howbeit as ye say that he be no man of worship, he is a full likely person, and full like to be a strong man: but thus much shall I grant you, said the Black Knight; I shall put him down upon one foot, and his horse and his harness he shall leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm.

When Sir Beaumains heard him say thus, he said, Sir knight, thou art full large of my horse and my harness; I let thee wit it cost thee nought, and whether it liketh thee or not, this laund will I pass maugre thine head. And horse nor harness gettest thou none of mine, but if thou win them with thy hands; and therefore let see what thou canst do. Sayest thou that? said the Black Knight, now yield thy lady from thee, for it beseemeth never a kitchen page to ride with such a lady. Thou liest, said Beaumains, I am a gentleman born, and of more high lineage than thou, and that will I prove on thy body.

Then in great wrath they departed with their horses, and came together as it had been the thunder, and the Black Knight's spear brake, and Beaumains thrust him through both his sides, and therewith his spear brake, and the truncheon left still in his side. But nevertheless the Black Knight drew his sword, and smote many eager strokes, and of great might, and hurt Beaumains full sore. But at the last the Black Knight, within an hour and an half, he fell down off his horse in swoon, and there he died. And when

Beaumains saw him so well horsed and armed, then he alighted down and armed him in his armour, and so took his horse and rode after the damosel.

When she saw him come nigh, she said, Away, kitchen knave, out of the wind, for the smell of thy bawdy clothes grieveth me. Alas, she said, that ever such a knave should by mishap slay so good a knight as thou hast done, but all this is thine unhappiness. But here by is one shall pay thee all thy payment, and therefore yet I counsel thee, flee. It may happen me, said Beaumains, to be beaten or slain, but I warn you, fair damosel, I will not flee away, nor leave your company, for all that ye can say; for every ye say that they will kill me or beat me, but howsomever it happeneth I escape, and they lie on the ground. And therefore it were as good for you to hold you still thus all day rebuking me, for away will I not till I see the uttermost of this journey, or else I will be slain, other truly beaten; therefore ride on your way, for follow you I will whatsomever happen.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE BROTHER OF THE KNIGHT THAT WAS SLAIN MET WITH BEAUMAINS. AND FOUGHT WITH BEAUMAINS TILL HE WAS YIELDEN.

THUS as they rode together, they saw a knight come driving by them all in green, both his horse and his harness; and when he came nigh the damosel, he asked her, Is that my brother the Black Knight that ye have brought with you? Nay, nay, she said, this unhappy kitchen knave hath slain your brother through unhappiness. Alas, said the Green Knight, that is great pity, that so noble a knight as he was should so unhappily be slain, and namely of a knave's hand, as ye say that he is. Ah ! traitor, said the Green Knight, thou shalt die for slaying of my brother; he was a full noble knight, and his name was Sir Percard. I defy thee, said Beaumains, for I let thee wit I slew him knightly and not shamefully.

Therewithal the Green Knight rode unto an horn that was green, and it hung upon a thorn, and there he blew three deadly motes, and there came two damosels and armed him lightly. And then he took a great horse, and a green shield and a green spear. And then they ran together with all their mights, and brake their spears unto their hands. And then they drew their swords, and gave many sad strokes, and either of them wounded other full ill. And at the last, at an overthwart, Beaumains with his horse struck the Green Knight's horse upon the side, that he fell to the earth. And then the Green Knight avoided his horse lightly, and dressed him upon foot. That saw Beaumains, and therewithal he alighted, and they rushed together like two mighty kemps a long while, and sore they bled both. With that came the damosel, and said, My lord the Green Knight, why for shame stand ye so long fighting with the kitchen knave? Alas, it is shame that ever ye were made knight, to see such a lad to match such a knight, as the weed overgrew the corn. Therewith the Green Knight was ashamed, and therewithal he gave a great stroke of might, and clave his shield through. When Beaumains saw his shield cloven asunder he was a little ashamed of that stroke and of her language; and then he gave him such a buffet upon the helm that he fell on his knees. And so suddenly Beaumains pulled him upon the ground grovelling. And then the Green Knight cried him mercy, and yielded him unto Sir Beaumains, and prayed him to slay him not. All is in vain, said Beaumains, for thou shalt die but if this damosel that came with me pray me to save thy life. And therewithal he unlaced his helm like as he would slay him. Fie upon thee, false kitchen page, I will never pray thee to save his life, for I will never be so much in thy danger. Then shall he die, said Beaumains. Not so hardy, thou bawdy knave, said the damosel, that thou slay him. Alas, said the Green Knight, suffer me not to die for a fair word may save me. Fair knight, said the Green Knight, save my life, and I will forgive thee the death of my brother, and for ever to become thy man, and thirty knights that hold of me for ever shall do you service. In the devil's name, said the damosel, that such a bawdy kitchen knave should have thee and thirty knights' service.

Sir knight, said Beaumains, all this availeth thee not, but if my damosel speak with me for thy life. And therewithal he made a semblant to slay him. Let be, said the damosel, thou bawdy knave; slay him not, for an thou do thou shalt repent it. Damosel, said Beaumains, your charge is to me a pleasure, and at your commandment his life shall be saved, and else not. Then he said, Sir knight with the green arms, I release thee quit at this damosel's request, for I will not make her wroth, I will fulfil all that she chargeth me. And then the Green Knight kneeled down, and did him homage with his sword. Then said the damosel, Me repenteth, Green Knight, of your damage, and of your brother's death, the Black Knight, for of your help I had great mister, for I dread me sore to pass this forest. Nay, dread you not, said the Green Knight, for ye shall lodge with me this night, and to-morn I shall help you through this forest. So they took their horses and rode to his manor, which was fast there beside.

CHAPTER IX

HOW THE DAMOSEL AGAIN REBUKED BEAUMAINS, AND WOULD NOT SUFFER HIM TO SIT AT HER TABLE, BUT CALLED HIM KITCHEN BOY.

And ever she rebuked Beaumains, and would not suffer him to sit at her table, but as the Green Knight took him and sat him at a side table. Marvel methinketh, said the Green Knight to the damosel, why ye rebuke this noble knight as ye do, for I warn you, damosel, he is a full noble knight, and I know no knight is able to match him; therefore ye do great wrong to rebuke him, for he shall do you right good service, for whatsomever he maketh himself, ye shall prove at the end that he is come of a noble blood and of king's lineage. Fie, fie, said the damosel, it is shame for you to say of him such worship. Truly, said the Green Knight, it were shame for me to say of him any disworship, for he hath proved himself a better

knight than I am, yet have I met with many knights in my days, and never or this time have I found no knight his match. And so that night they yede unto rest, and all that night the Green Knight commanded thirty knights privily to watch Beaumains, for to keep him from all treason.

And so on the morn they all arose, and heard their mass and brake their fast; and then they took their horses and rode on their way, and the Green Knight conveyed them through the forest; and there the Green Knight said, My lord Beaumains, I and these thirty knights shall be always at your summons, both early and late, at your calling and whither that ever ye will send us. It is well said, said Beaumains; when that I call upon you ye must yield you unto King Arthur, and all your knights. If that ye so command us, we shall be ready at all times, said the Green Knight. Fie, fie upon thee, in the devil's name, said the damosel, that any good knights should be obedient unto a kitchen knave. So then departed the Green Knight and the damosel. And then she said unto Beaumains, Why followest thou me, thou kitchen boy? Cast away thy shield and they spear, and flee away; yet I counsel thee betimes or thou shalt say right soon, alas; for wert thou as wight as ever was Wade or Launcelot, Tristram, or the good knight Sir Lamorak, thou shalt not pass a pass here that is called the Pass Perilous. Damosel, said Beaumains, who is afeard let him flee, for it were shame to turn again sithen I have ridden so long with you. Well, said the damosel, ye shall soon, whether ye will or not.

CHAPTER X

HOW THE THIRD BROTHER, CALLED THE RED KNIGHT, JOUSTED AND FOUGHT AGAINST BEAUMAINS, AND HOW BEAUMAINS OVERCAME HIM.

So within a while they saw a tower as white as any snow, well matchecold all about, and double dyked. And over the tower

gate there hung a fifty shields of divers colours, and under that tower there was a fair meadow. And therein were many knights and squires to behold, scaffolds and pavilions; for there upon the morn should be a great tournament: and the lord of the tower was in his castle and looked out at a window, and saw a damosel, a dwarf, and a knight armed at all points. So God me help, said the lord, with that knight will I joust, for I see that he is a knight-errant. And so he armed him and horsed him hastily. And when he was on horseback with his shield and his spear, it was all red, both his horse and his harness, and all that to him longeth. And when that he came nigh him he weened it had been his brother the Black Knight; and then he cried aloud, Brother, what do ye in these marches? Nay, nay, said the damosel, it is not he; this is but a kitchen knave that was brought up for alms in King Arthur's court. Nevertheless, said the Red Knight, I will speak with him or he depart. Ah, said the damosel, this knave hath killed thy brother, and Sir Kay named him Beaumains, and this horse and this harness was thy brother's, the Black Knight. Also I saw thy brother the Green Knight overcome of his hands. Now may ye be revenged upon him, for I may never be quit of him.

With this either knights departed in sunder, and they came together with all their might, and either of their horses fell to the earth, and they avoided their horses, and put their shields afore them and drew their swords, and either gave other sad strokes, now here, now there, rasing, tracing, foining, and hurling like two boars, the space of two hours. And then she cried on high to the Red Knight, Alas, thou noble Red Knight, think what worship hath followed thee, let never a kitchen knave endure thee so long as he doth. Then the Red Knight waxed wroth and doubled his strokes, and hurt Beaumains wonderly sore, that the blood ran down to the ground, that it was wonder to see that strong battle. Yet at the last Sir Beaumains struck him to the earth, and as he would have slain the Red Knight, he cried mercy, saying, Noble knight, slay me not, and I shall yield me to thee with fifty knights with me that be at my commandment. And I forgive thee all the despite that thou hast done to me, and the death of my brother the Black Knight.

All this availeth not, said Beaumains, but if my damosel pray me to save thy life. And therewith he made semblant to strike off his head. Let be, thou Beaumains, slay him not, for he is a noble knight, and not so hardy, upon thine head, but thou save him.

Then Beaumains bade the Red Knight, Stand up, and thank the damosel now of thy life. Then the Red Knight prayed him to see his castle, and to be there all night. So the damosel then granted him, and there they had merry cheer. But always the damosel spake many foul words unto Beaumains, whereof the Red Knight had great marvel; and all that night the Red Knight made three score knights to watch Beaumains, that he should have no shame nor villainy. And upon the morn they heard mass and dined, and the Red Knight came before Beaumains with his three score knights, and there he proffered him his homage and fealty at all times, he and his knights to do him service. I thank you, said Beaumains, but this ye shall grant me: when I call upon you, to come afore my lord King Arthur, and yield you unto him to be his knights. Sir, said the Red Knight, I will be ready, and my fellowship, at your summons. So Sir Beaumains departed and the damosel, and ever she rode chiding him in the foulest manner.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR BEAUMAINS SUFFERED GREAT REBUKES OF THE DAMOSEL, AND HE SUFFERED IT PATIENTLY.

DAMOSEL, said Beaumains, ye are uncourteous so to rebuke me as ye do, for meseemeth I have done you good service, and ever ye threaten me I shall be beaten with knights that we meet, but ever for all your boast they lie in the dust or in the mire, and therefore I pray you rebuke me no more; and when ye see me beaten or yielden as recreant, then may ye bid me go from you shamefully; but first I let you wit I will not depart from you for I were worse than a fool an I would depart from you all the while

that I win worship. Well, said she, right soon there shall meet a knight shall pay thee all thy wages, for he is the most man of worship of the world, except King Arthur. I will well, said Beaumains, the more he is of worship, the more shall be my worship to have ado with him.

Then anon they were ware where was afore them a city rich and fair. And betwixt them and the city a mile and an half there was a fair meadow that seemed new mown, and therein were many pavilions fair to behold. Lo, said the damosel, yonder is a lord that owneth yonder city, and his custom is, when the weather is fair, to lie in this meadow to joust and tourney. And ever there be about him five hundred knights and gentlemen of arms, and there be all manner of games that any gentleman can devise. that goodly lord, said Beaumains, would I fain see. Thou shalt see him time enough, said the damosel, and so as she rode near she espied the pavilion where he was. Lo, said she, seest thou yonder pavilion that is all of the colour of Inde, and all manner of thing that there is about, men and women, and horses trapped, shields and spears were all of the colour of Inde, and his name is Sir Persant of Inde, the most lordliest knight that ever thou lookedst on. It may well be, said Beaumains, but be he never so stout a knight, in this field I shall abide till that I see him under his shield. Ah, fool, said she, thou wert better flee betimes. Why, said Beaumains, an he be such a knight as ye make him, he will not set upon me with all his men, or with his five hundred knights. For an there come no more but one at once, I shall him not fail whilst my life lasteth. Fie, fie, said the damosel, that ever such a stinking knave should blow such a boast. Damosel, he said, ye are to blame so to rebuke me, for I had liefer do five battles than so to be rebuked, let him come and then let him do his worst.

Sir, she said, I marvel what thou art and of what kin thou art come; boldly thou speakest, and boldly thou speakest, and boldly thou hast done, that have I seen; therefore I pray thee save thyself an thou mayest, for thy horse and thou have had great travail, and I dread we dwell over long from the siege, for it is but hence seven mile, and all perilous passages we are passed save all only this

passage; and here I dread me sore lest ye shall catch some hurt, therefore I would ye were hence, that ye were not bruised nor hurt with this strong knight. But I let you wit that Sir Persant of Inde is nothing of might nor strength unto the knight that laid the siege about my lady. As for that, said Sir Beaumains, be it as it be may. For sithen I am come so nigh this knight I will prove his might or I depart from him, and else I shall be shamed an I now withdraw me from him. And therefore, damosel, have ye no doubt by the grace of God I shall so deal with this knight that within two hours after noon I shall deliver him. And then shall we come to the siege by daylight. O Jesu, marvel have I, said the damosel, what manner a man ye be, for it may never be otherwise but that ye be come of a noble blood, for so foul nor shamefully did never woman rule a knight as I have done you, and ever courteously ye have suffered me, and that came never but of a gentle blood.

Damosel, said Beaumains, a knight may little do that may not suffer a damosel, for whatsomever ye said unto me I took none heed to your words, for the more ye said the more ye angered me, and my wrath I wreaked upon them that I had ado withal. And therefore all the mis-saying that ye missaid me furthered me in my battle, and caused me to think to show and prove myself at the end what I was; for peradventure though I had meat in King Arthur's kitchen, yet I might have had meat enough in other places, but all that I did it for to prove and assay my friends, and that shall be known another day; and whether that I be a gentleman born or none, I let you wit, fair damosel, I have done you gentleman's service, and peradventure better service yet will I do or I depart from you. Alas, she said, fair Beaumains, forgive me all that I have missaid or done against thee. With all my heart, said he, I forgive it you, for ye did nothing but as ye should do, for all your evil words pleased me; and damosel, said Beaumains, since it liketh you to say thus fair unto me, wit ye well it gladdeth my heart greatly, and now meseemeth there is no knight living but I am able enough for him.

CHAPTER XII

HOW BEAUMAINS FOUGHT WITH SIR PERSANT OF INDE, AND MADE HIM TO BE YIELDEN.

WITH this Sir Persant of Inde had espied them as they hoved in the field, and knightly he sent to them whether he came in war or in peace. Say to thy lord, said Beaumains, I take no force, but whether as him list himself. So the messenger went again unto Sir Persant and told him all his answer. Well then will I have ado with him to the utterance, and so he purveyed him and rode against him. And Beaumains saw him and made him ready, and there they met with all that ever their horses might run, and brast their spears either in three pieces, and their horses rushed so together that both their horses fell dead to the earth; and lightly they avoided their horses and put their shields afore them, and drew their swords, and gave many great strokes that sometime they hurtled together that they fell grovelling on the ground. Thus they fought two hours and more, that their shields and their hauberks were all forhewen, and in many steads they were wounded. So at the last Sir Beaumains smote him through the cost of the body, and then he retrayed him here and there, and knightly maintained his battle long time. And at the last, though him loath were, Beaumains smote Sir Persant above upon the helm, that he fell grovelling to the earth; and then he leapt upon him overthwart and unlaced his helm to have slain him.

Then Sir Persant yielded him and asked him mercy. With that came the damosel and prayed to save his life. I will well, for it were pity this noble knight should die. Gramercy, said Persant, gentle knight and damosel. For certainly now I wot well it was ye that slew my brother the Black Knight at the black thorn; he was a full noble knight, his name was Sir Percard. Also I am sure that ye are he that won mine other brother the Green Knight, his name was Sir Pertolepe. Also ye won my brother the Red Knight, Sir Perimones. And now since ye have won these, this shall I do for to please you:

ye shall have homage and fealty of me, and an hundred knights to be always at your commandment, to go and ride where ye will command us. And so they went unto Sir Persant's pavilion and drank the wine, and ate spices, and afterward Sir Persant made him to rest upon a bed until supper time, and after supper to bed again. When Beaumains was abed, Sir Persant had a lady, a fair daughter of eighteen year of age, and there he called her unto him, and charged her and commanded her upon his blessing to go unto the knight's bed, and lie down by his side, and make him no strange cheer, but good cheer, and take him in thine arms and kiss him, and look that this be done, I charge you, as ye will have my love and my good will. So Sir Persant's daughter did as her father bade her, and so she went unto Sir Beaumains' bed, and privily she dispoiled her, and laid her down by him, and then he awoke and saw her, and asked her what she was. Sir, she said, I am Sir Persant's daughter, that by the commandment of my father am come hither. Be ye a maid or a wife? said he. Sir, she said, I am a clean maiden. God defend, said he, that I should defoil you to do Sir Persant such a shame; therefore, fair damosel, arise out of this bed or else I will. Sir, she said, I came not to you by mine own will, but as I was commanded. Alas, said Sir Beaumains, I were a shameful knight an I would do your father any disworship; and so he kissed her, and so she departed and came unto Sir Persant her father, and told him all how she had sped. Truly, said Sir Persant, whatsomever he be, he is come of a noble blood. And so we leave them there till on the morn.

CHAPTER XIII

OF THE GOODLY COMMUNICATION BETWEEN SIR PERSANT AND BEAUMAINS, AND HOW HE TOLD HIM THAT HIS NAME WAS SIR GARETH.

And so on the morn the damosel and Sir Beaumains heard mass and brake their fast, and so took their leave. Fair damosel,

said Persant, whitherward are ye way-leading this knight? Sir, she said, this knight is going to the siege that besiegeth my sister in the Castle Dangerous. Ah, ah, said Persant, that is the Knight of the Red Laund, the which is the most perilous knight that I know now living, and a man that is without mercy, and men say that he hath seven men's strength. God save you, said he to Beaumains, from that knight, for he doth great wrong to that lady, and that is great pity, for she is one of the fairest ladies of the world, and meseemeth that your damosel is her sister: is not your name Linet? said he. Yea, sir, said she, and my lady my sister's name is Dame Lionesse. Now shall I tell you, said Sir Persant, this Red Knight of the Red Laund hath lain long at the siege, well-nigh this two years, and many times he might have had her an he had would, but he prolongeth the time to this intent, for to have Sir Launcelot du Lake to do battle with him, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Lamorak de Galis, or Sir Gawaine, and this is his tarrying so long at the siege.

Now my lord Sir Persant of Inde, said the damosel Linet, I require you that ye will make this gentleman knight or ever he fight with the Red Knight. I will with all my heart, said Sir Persant, an it please him to take the order of knighthood of so simple a man as I am. Sir, said Beaumains, I thank you for your good will, for I am better sped, for certainly the noble knight Sir Launcelot made me knight. Ah, said Sir Persant, of a more renowned knight might ye not be made knight; for of all knights he may be called chief of knighthood; and so all the world saith, that betwixt three knights is departed clearly knighthood, that is Launcelot du Lake, Sir Tristram de Liones, and Sir Lamorak de Galis: these bear now the renown. There be many other knights, as Sir Palamides the Saracen and Sir Safere his brother; also Sir Bleoberis and Sir Blamore de Ganis his brother; also Sir Bors de Ganis and Sir Ector de Maris and Sir Percivale de Galis; these and many more be noble knights, but there be none that pass the three above said; therefore God speed you well, said Sir Persant, for an ye may match the Red Knight ye shall be called the fourth of the world.

Sir, said Beaumains, I would fain be of good fame and of knighthood. And I let you wit I came of good men, for I dare say my

father was a noble man, and so that ye will keep it in close, and this damosel, I will tell you of what kin I am. We will not discover you, said they both, till ye command us, by the faith we owe unto God. Truly then, said he, my name is Gareth of Orkney, and King Lot was my father, and my mother is King Arthur's sister, her name is Dame Morgawse, and Sir Gawaine is my brother, and Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris, and I am the youngest of them all. And yet wot not King Arthur nor Sir Gawaine what I am.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THE LADY THAT WAS BESIEGED HAD WORD FROM HER SISTER HOW SHE HAD BROUGHT A KNIGHT TO FIGHT FOR HER, AND WHAT BATTLES HE HAD ACHIEVED.

So the book saith that the lady that was besieged had word of her sister's coming by the dwarf, and a knight with her, and how he had passed all the perilous passages. What manner a man is he? said the lady. He is a noble knight, truly, madam, said the dwarf, and but a young man, but he is as likely a man as ever ye saw any. What is he? said the damosel, and of what kin is he come, and of whom was he made knight? Madam, said the dwarf, he is the king's son of Orkney, but his name I will not tell you as at this time; but wit ye well, of Sir Launcelot was he made knight, for of none other would he be made knight, and Sir Kay named him Beaumains. How escaped he, said the lady, from the brethren of Persant? Madam, he said, as a noble knight should. First, he slew two brethren at a passage of a water. Ah ! said she, they were good knights, but they were murderers, the one hight Gherard le Breuse, and the other knight hight Sir Arnold le Breuse. Then, madam, he recountered with the Black Knight, and slew him in plain battle, and so he took his horse and his armour and fought with the Green Knight and won him in plain battle, and in like wise he served the Red Knight and after in the same wise he served the Blue Knight

and won him in plain battle. Then, said the lady, he hath overcome Sir Persant of Inde, one of the noblest knights of the world, and the dwarf said, He hath won all the four brethren and slain the Black Knight,' and yet he did more to-fore: he overthrew Sir Kay and left him nigh dead upon the ground; also he did a great battle with Sir Launcelot, and there they departed on even hands: and then Sir Launcelot made him knight.

Dwarf, said the lady, I am glad of these tidings, therefore go thou in an hermitage of mine hereby, and there shalt thou bear with thee of my wine in two flagons of silver, they are of two gallons, and also two cast of bread with fat venison baked, and dainty fowls; and a cup of gold here I deliver thee, that is rich and precious; and bear all this to mine hermitage, and put it in the hermit's hands. And sithen go thou unto my sister and greet her well, and commend me unto that gentle knight, and pray him to eat and to drink and make him strong, and say ye him I thank him of his courtesy and goodness, that he would take upon him such labour for me that never did him bounty nor courtesy. Also pray him that he be of good heart and courage, for he shall meet with a full noble knight, but he is neither of bounty, courtesy, nor gentleness; for he attendeth unto nothing but to murder, and that is the cause I cannot praise him nor love him.

So this dwarf departed, and came to Sir Persant, where he found the damosel Linet and Sir Beaumains, and there he told them all as ye have heard; and then they took their leave, but Sir Persant took an ambling hackney and conveyed them on their ways, and then beleft them to God; and so within a little while they came to that hermitage, and there they drank the wine, and ate the venison and the fowls baken. And so when they had repasted them well, the dwarf returned again with his vessel unto the castle again; and there met with him the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and asked him from whence that he came, and where he had been. Sir, said the dwarf, I have been with my lady's sister of this castle, and she hath been at King Arthur's court, and brought a knight with her. Then I account her travail but lost; for though she had brought with her Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, Sir Lamorak, or Sir Gawaine, I would think myself good enough for them all.

It may well be, said the dwarf, but this knight hath passed all the perilous passages, and slain the Black Knight and other two more, and won the Green Knight,the Red Knight, and the Blue Knight. Then is he one of these four that I have afore rehearsed. He is none of those, said the dwarf, but he is a king's son. What is his name? said the Red Knight of the Red Launds. That will I not tell you, said the dwarf, but Sir Kay upon scorn named him Beaumains. I care not, said the knight, what knight so ever he be, for I shall soon deliver him. And if I ever match him he shall have a shameful death as many other have had. That were pity, said the dwarf, and it is marvel that ye make such shameful war upon noble knights.

CHAPTER XV

HOW THE DAMOSEL AND BEAUMAINS CAME TO THE SIEGE. AND CAME TO A SYCAMORE TREE. AND THERE BEAUMAINS BLEW A HORN. AND THEN THE KNIGHT OF THE RED LAUNDS CAME TO FIGHT WITH HIM.

Now leave we the knight and the dwarf, and speak we of Beaumains, that all night lay in the hermitage; and upon the morn he and the damosel Linet heard their mass and brake their fast. And then they took their horses and rode throughout a fair forest; and then they came to a plain, and saw where were many pavilions and tents, and a fair castle, and there was much smoke and great noise; and when they came near the siege Sir Beaumains espied upon great trees, as he rode, how there hung full goodly armed knights by the neck, and their shields about their necks with their swords, and gilt spurs upon their heels, and so there hung nigh a forty knights shamefully with full rich arms.

Then Sir Beaumains abated his countenance and said, What meaneth this? Fair sir, said the damosel, abate not your cheer for all this sight, for ye must courage yourself, or else ye be all shent, for

all these knights came hither to this siege to rescue my sister Dame Lionesse, and when the Red Knight of the Red Launds had overcome them, he put them to this shameful death without mercy and pity. And in the same wise he will serve you but if you quit you the better.

Now Jesu defend me, said Beaumains, from such a villainous death and shenship of arms. For rather than I should so be faren withal, I would rather be slain manly in plain battle. So were ye better, said the damosel; for trust not, in him is no courtesy, but all goeth to the death or shameful murder, and that is pity, for he is a full likely man, well made of body, and a full noble knight of prowess, and a lord of great lands and possessions. Truly, said Beaumains, he may well be a good knight, but he useth shameful customs, and it is marvel that he endureth so long that none of the noble knights of my lord Arthur's have not dealt with him.

And then they rode to the dykes, and saw them double dyked with full warlike walls; and there were lodged many great lords nigh the walls; and there was great noise of minstrelsy; and the sea beat upon the one side of the walls, where were many ships and mariners' noise with "hale and how." And also there was fast by a sycamore tree, and there hung an horn, the greatest that ever they saw, of an elephant's bone; and this Knight of the Red Launds had hanged it up there, that if there came any errant-knight, he must blow that horn, and then will he make him ready and come to him to do battle. But, sir, I pray you, said the damosel Linet, blow ye not the horn till it be high noon, for now it is about prime, and now increaseth his might, that as men say he hath seven men's strength. Ah, fie for shame, fair damosel, say ye never so more to me; for, an he were as good a knight as ever was, I shall never fail him in his most might, for either I will win worship worshipfully, or die knightly in the field. And therewith he spurred his horse straight to the sycamore tree, and blew so the horn eagerly that all the siege and the castle rang thereof. And then there leapt out knights out of their tents and pavilions, and they within the castle looked over the walls and out at windows.

Then the Red Knight of the Red Launds armed him hastily, and

two barons set on his spurs upon his heels, and all was blood red, his armour, spear and shield. And an earl buckled his helm upon his head, and then they brought him a red spear and a red steed, and so he rode into a little vale under the castle, that all that were in the castle and at the siege might behold the battle.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW THE TWO KNIGHTS MET TOGETHER, AND OF THEIR TALKING, AND HOW THEY BEGAN THEIR BATTLE.

SIR, said the damosel Linet unto Sir Beaumains, look ye be glad and light, for yonder is your deadly enemy, and at yonder window is my lady, my sister, Dame Lionesse. Where? said Beaumains. Yonder, said the damosel, and pointed with her finger. That is truth, said Beaumains. She beseemeth afar the fairest lady that ever I looked upon; and truly, he said, I ask no better quarrel than now for to do battle, for truly she shall be my lady, and for her I will fight. And ever he looked up to the window with glad countenance, and the Lady Lionesse made curtsey to him down to the earth, with holding up both their hands.

With that the Red Knight of the Red Launds called to Sir Beaumains, Leave, sir knight, thy looking, and behold me, I counsel thee; for I warn thee well she is my lady, and for her I have done many strong battles. If thou have so done, said Beaumains, meseemeth it was but waste labour, for she loveth none of thy fellowship, and thou to love that loveth not thee is but great folly. For an I understood that she were not glad of my coming, I would be advised or I did battle for her. But I understand by the besieging of this castle she may forbear thy fellowship. And therefore wit thou well, thou Red Knight of the Red Launds, I love her, and will rescue her, or else to die. Sayst thou that? said the Red Knight, meseemeth thou ought of reason to be ware by yonder knights that thou sawest hang upon yonder trees. Fie for shame, said Beaumains, that ever

thou shouldest say or do so evil, for in that thou shamest thyself and knighthood, and thou mayst be sure there will no lady love thee that knoweth thy wicked customs. And now thou weenest that the sight of these hanged knights should fear me. Nay truly, not so; that shameful sight causeth me to have courage and hardiness against thee, more than I would have had against thee an thou wert a well-ruled knight. Make thee ready, said the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and talk no longer with me.

Then Sir Beaumains bade the damosel go from him; and then they put their spears in their rests, and came together with all their might that they had both, and either smote other in midst of their shields that the paitrelles, surcingles, and cruppers brast, and fell to the earth both, and the reins of their bridles in their hands; and so they lay a great while sore astonied, that all that were in the castle and in the siege weened their necks had been broken; and then many a stranger and other said the strange knight was a big man, and a noble jouster, for or now we saw never no knight match the Red Knight of the Red Launds: thus they said, both within the castle and without. Then lightly they avoided their horses and put their shields afore them, and drew their swords and ran together like two fierce lions, and either gave other such buffets upon their helms that they reeled backward both two strides; and then they recovered both, and hewed great pieces off their harness and their shields that a great part fell into the fields.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW AFTER LONG FIGHTING BEAUMAINS OVERCAME THE KNIGHT AND WOULD HAVE SLAIN HIM, BUT AT THE REQUEST OF THE LORDS HE SAVED HIS LIFE, AND MADE HIM TO YIELD HIM TO THE LADY.

And then thus they fought till it was past noon, and never would stint, till at the last they lacked wind both; and then

they stood wagging and scattering, panting, blowing and bleeding, that all that beheld them for the most part wept for pity. So when they had rested them a while they yede to battle again, tracing, racing, foining as two boars. And at some time they took their run as it had been two rams, and hurtled together that sometime they fell grovelling to the earth: and at some time they were so amazed that either took other's sword instead of his own.

Thus they endured till evensong time, that there was none that beheld them might know whether was like to win the battle; and their armour was so forhewn that men might see their naked sides; and in other places they were naked, but ever the naked places they did defend. And the Red Knight was a wily knight of war, and his wily fighting taught Sir Beaumains to be wise; but he abought it full sore or he did espy his fighting.

And thus by assent of them both they granted either other to rest; and so they set them down upon two mole-hills there beside the fighting place, and either of them unlaced his helm, and took the cold wind; for either of their pages was fast by them, to come when they called to unlace their harness and to set them on again at their commandment. And then when Sir Beaumains' helm was off, he looked up to the window, and there he saw the fair lady Dame Lionesse, and she made him such countenance that his heart waxed light and jolly; and therewith he bade the Red Knight of the Red Launds make him ready, and let us do the battle to the utterance. I will well, said the knight, and then they laced up their helms, and their pages avoided, and they stepped together and fought freshly; but the Red Knight of the Red Launds awaited him, and at an overthwart smote him within the hand, that his sword fell out of his hand; and yet he gave him another buffet upon the helm that he fell grovelling to the earth, and the Red Knight fell over him, for to hold him down.

Then cried the maiden Linet on high: O Sir Beaumains, where is thy courage become? Alas, my lady my sister beholdeth thee, and she sobbeth and weepeth, that maketh mine heart heavy. When Sir Beaumains heard her say so, he abraid up with a great might and gat him upon his feet, and lightly he leapt to his sword and gripped

it in his hand, and doubled his pace unto the Red Knight, and there they fought a new battle together. But Sir Beaumains then doubled his strokes, and smote so thick that he smote the sword out of his hand, and then he smote him upon the helm that he fell to the earth, and Sir Beaumains fell upon him, and unlaced his helm to have slain him; and then he yielded him and asked mercy, and said with a loud voice: O noble knight, I yield me to thy mercy.

Then Sir Beaumains bethought him upon the knights that he had made to be hanged shamefully, and then he said: I may not with my worship save thy life, for the shameful deaths that thou hast caused many full good knights to die. Sir, said the Red Knight of the Red Launds, hold your hand and ye shall know the causes why I put them to so shameful a death. Say on, said Sir Beaumains. Sir, I loved once a lady, a fair damosel, and she had her brother slain; and she said it was Sir Launcelot du Lake, or else Sir Gawaine; and she prayed me as that I loved her heartily, that I would make her a promise by the faith of my knighthood, for to labour daily in arms unto I met with one of them; and all that I might over-come I should put them unto a villainous death; and this is the cause that I have put all these knights to death, and so I ensured her to do all the villainy unto King Arthur's knights, and that I should take vengeance upon all these knights. And, sir, now I will thee tell that every day my strength increaseth till noon, and all this time have I seven men's strength.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW THE KNIGHT YIELDED HIM, AND HOW BEAUMAINS MADE HIM TO GO UNTO KING ARTHUR'S COURT, AND TO CRY SIR LAUNCELOT MERCY.

THEN came there many earls, and barons, and noble knights, and prayed that knight to save his life, and take him to your prisoner. And all they fell upon their knees, and prayed him of mercy,

and that he would save his life; and, Sir, they all said, it were fairer of him to take homage and fealty, and let him hold his lands of you than for to slay him; by his death ye shall have none advantage, and his misdeeds that be done may not be undone; and therefore he shall make amends to all parties, and we all will become your men and do you homage and fealty. Fair lords, said Beaumains, wit you well I am full loath to slay this knight, nevertheless he hath done passing ill and shamefully; but insomuch all that he did was at a lady's request I blame him the less; and so for your sake I will release him that he shall have his life upon this covenant, that he go within the castle, and yield him there to the lady, and if she will forgive and quit him, I will well; with this he make her amends of all the trespass he hath done against her and her lands. And also, when that is done, that ye go unto the court of King Arthur, and there that ye ask Sir Launcelot mercy, and Sir Gawaine, for the evil will ye have had against them. Sir, said the Red Knight of the Red Launds, all this will I do as ye command, and siker assurance and borrows ye shall have. And so then when the assurance was made, he made his homage and fealty, and all those earls and barons with him.

And then the maiden Linet came to Sir Beaumains, and unarmed him and searched his wounds, and stinted his blood, and in likewise she did to the Red Knight of the Red Launds. And there they sojourned ten days in their tents; and the Red Knight made his lords and servants to do all the pleasure that they might unto Sir Beaumains. And so within a while the Red Knight of the Red Launds yede unto the castle, and put him in her grace. And so she received him upon sufficient surety, so all her hurts were well restored of all that she could complain. And then he departed unto the court of King Arthur, and there openly the Red Knight of the Red Launds put him in the mercy of Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine, and there he told openly how he was overcome and by whom, and also he told all the battles from the beginning unto the ending. Jesu mercy, said King Arthur and Sir Gawaine, we marvel much of what blood he is come, for he is a noble knight. Have ye no marvel, said Sir Launcelot, for ye shall right well wit that he is come of a full

noble blood; and as for his might and hardiness, there be but few now living that is so mighty as he is, and so noble of prowess. It seemeth by you, said King Arthur, that ye know his name, and from whence he is come, and of what blood he is. I suppose I do so, said Launcelot, or else I would not have given him the order of knighthood; but he gave me such charge at that time that I should never discover him until he required me, or else it be known openly by some other.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW BEAUMAINS CAME TO THE LADY, AND WHEN HE CAME TO THE CASTLE THE GATES WERE CLOSED AGAINST HIM, AND OF THE WORDS THAT THE LADY SAID TO HIM.

Now turn we unto Sir Beaumains that desired of Linet that he might see her sister, his lady. Sir, she said, I would fain ye saw her. Then Sir Beaumains all armed him, and took his horse and his spear, and rode straight unto the castle. And when he came to the gate he found there many men armed, and pulled up the draw-bridge and drew the port close.

Then marvelled he why they would not suffer him to enter. And then he looked up to the window; and there he saw the fair Lionesse that said on high: Go thy way, Sir Beaumains, for as yet thou shalt not have wholly my love, unto the time that thou be called one of the number of the worthy knights. And therefore go labour in worship this twelvemonth, and then thou shalt hear new tidings. Alas, fair lady, said Beaumains, I have not deserved that ye should show me this strangeness, and I had weened that I should have right good cheer with you, and unto my power I have deserved thank, and well I am sure I have bought your love with part of the best blood within my body. Fair courteous knight, said Dame Lionesse, be not displeased nor over-hasty; for wit you well your great travail nor good love shall not be lost, for I consider your

great travail and labour, your bounty and your goodness as me ought to do. And therefore go on your way, and look that ye be of good comfort, for all shall be for your worship and for the best, and perdy a twelvemonth will soon be done, and trust me, fair knight, I shall be true to you, and never to betray you, but to my death I shall love you and none other. And therewithal she turned her from the window, and Sir Beaumains rode awayward from the castle, making great dole, and so he rode here and there and wist not where he rode, till it was dark night. And then it happened him to come to a poor man's house, and there he was harboured all that night.

But Sir Beaumains had no rest, but wallowed and writhed for the love of the lady of the castle. And so upon the morrow he took his horse and rode until underne, and then he came to a broad water, and thereby was a great lodge, and there he alighted to sleep and laid his head upon the shield, and betook his horse to the dwarf, and commanded him to watch all night.

Now turn we to the lady of the same castle, that thought much upon Beaumains, and then she called unto her Sir Gringamore her brother, and prayed him in all manner, as he loved her heartily, that he would ride after Sir Beaumains: And ever have ye wait upon him till ye may find him sleeping, for I am sure in his heaviness he will alight down in some place, and lie him down to sleep; and therefore have ye your wait upon him, and in the priviest manner ye can, take his dwarf, and go ye your way with him as fast as ever ye may or Sir Beaumains awake. For my sister Linet telleth me that he can tell of what kindred he is come, and what is his right name. And the meanwhile I and my sister will ride unto your castle to await when ye bring with you the dwarf. And then when ye have brought him unto your castle, I will have him in examination myself. Unto the time that I know what is his right name, and of what kindred he is come, shall I never be merry at my heart. Sister, said Sir Gringamore, all this shall be done after your intent.

And so he rode all the other day and the night till that he found Sir Beaumains lying by a water, and his head upon his shield, for

to sleep. And then when he saw Sir Beaumains fast asleep, he came stilly stalking behind the dwarf, and plucked him fast under his arm, and so he rode away with him as fast as ever he might unto his own castle. And this Sir Gringamore's arms were all black, and that to him longeth. But ever as he rode with the dwarf toward his castle, he cried unto his lord and prayed him of help. And therewith awoke Sir Beaumains, and up he leapt lightly, and saw where Sir Gringamore rode his way with the dwarf, and so Sir Gringamore rode out of his sight.

CHAPTER XX

HOW SIR BEAUMAINS RODE AFTER TO RESCUE HIS DWARF, AND CAME INTO THE CASTLE WHERE HE WAS.

THEN Sir Beaumains put on his helm anon, and buckled his shield, and took his horse, and rode after him all that ever he might ride through marshes, and fields, and great dales, that many times his horse and he plunged over the head in deep mires, for he knew not the way, but took the gainest way in that woodness, that many times he was like to perish. And at the last him happened to come to a fair green way, and there he met with a poor man of the country, whom he saluted and asked him whether he met not with a knight upon a black horse and all black harness, a little dwarf sitting behind him with heavy cheer. Sir, said the poor man, here by me came Sir Gringamore the knight, with such a dwarf mourning as ye say; and therefore I rede you not follow him, for he is one of the periloust knights of the world, and his castle is here nigh hand but two mile; therefore we advise you ride not after Sir Gringamore, but if ye owe him good will.

So leave we Sir Beaumains riding toward the castle, and speak we of Sir Gringamore and the dwarf. Anon as the dwarf was come to the castle, Dame Lionesse and Dame Linet her sister, asked the dwarf where was his master born, and of what lineage he was

come. And but if thou tell me, said Dame Lionesse, thou shalt never escape this castle, but ever here to be prisoner. As for that, said the dwarf, I fear not greatly to tell his name and of what kin he is come. Wit you well he is a king's son, and his mother is sister to King Arthur, and he is brother to the good knight Sir Gawaine, and his name is Sir Gareth of Orkney. And now I have told you his right name, I pray you, fair lady, let me go to my lord again, for he will never out of this country until that he have me again. And if he be angry he will do much harm or that he be stint, and work you wrack in this country. As for that threatening, said Sir Gringamore, be it as it be may, we will go to dinner. And so they washed and went to meat, and made them merry and well at ease, and because the Lady Lionesse of the castle was there, they made great joy. Truly, madam, said Linet unto her sister, well may he be a king's son, for he hath many good tatches on him, for he is courteous and mild, and the most suffering man that ever I met withal. For I dare say there was never gentlewoman reviled man in so foul a manner as I have rebuked him; and at all times he gave me goodly and meek answers again.

And as they sat thus talking, there came Sir Gareth in at the gate with an angry countenance, and his sword drawn in his hand, and cried aloud that all the castle might hear it, saying: Thou traitor, Sir Gringamore, deliver me my dwarf again, or by the faith that I owe to the order of knighthood, I shall do thee all the harm that I can. Then Sir Gringamore looked out at a window and said, Sir Gareth of Orkney, leave thy boasting words, for thou gettest not thy dwarf again. Thou coward knight, said Sir Gareth, bring him with thee, and come and do battle with me, and win him and take him. So will I do, said Sir Gringamore, an me list, but for all thy great words thou gettest him not. Ah ! fair brother, said Dame Lionesse, I would he had his dwarf again, for I would he were not wroth, for now he hath told me all my desire I keep no more of the dwarf. And also, brother, he hath done much for me, and delivered me from the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and therefore, brother, I owe him my service afore all knights living. And wit ye well that I love him before all other, and full fain I would speak

with him. But in nowise I would that he wist what I were, but that I were another strange lady.

Well, said Sir Gringamore, sithen I know now your will, I will obey now unto him. And right therewithal he went down unto Sir Gareth, and said: Sir, I cry you mercy, and all that I have misdone I will amend it at your will. And therefore I pray you that ye would alight, and take such cheer as I can make you in this castle. Shall I have my dwarf? said Sir Gareth. Yea, sir, and all the pleasaunce that I can make you, for as soon as your dwarf told me what ye were and of what blood ye are come, and what noble deeds ye have done in these marches, then I repented of my deeds. And then Sir Gareth alighted, and there came his dwarf and took his horse. O my fellow, said Sir Gareth, I have had many adventures for thy sake. And so Sir Gringamore took him by the hand and led him into the hall where his own wife was.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW SIR GARETH, OTHERWISE CALLED BEAUMAINS, CAME TO THE PRESENCE OF HIS LADY, AND HOW THEY TOOK ACQUAINTANCE, AND OF THEIR LOVE.

And then came forth Dame Lionesse arrayed like a princess, and there she made him passing good cheer, and he her again; and they had goodly language and lovely countenance together. And Sir Gareth thought many times, Jesu, would that the lady of the Castle Perilous were so fair as she was. There were all manner of games and plays, of dancing and singing. And ever the more Sir Gareth beheld that lady, the more he loved her; and so he burned in love that he was past himself in his reason; and forth toward night they yede unto supper, and Sir Gareth might not eat, for his love was so hot that he wist not where he was.

All these looks espied Sir Gringamore, and then at-after supper he called his sister Dame Lionesse into a chamber, and said: Fair

sister, I have well espied your countenance betwixt you and this knight, and I will, sister, that ye wit he is a full noble knight, and if ye can make him to abide here I will do him all the pleasure that I can, for an ye were better than ye are, ye were well bywaryd upon him. Fair brother, said Dame Lionesse, I understand well that the knight is good, and come he is of a noble house. Notwithstanding, I will assay him better, howbeit I am most beholden to him of any earthly man; for he hath had great labour for my love, and passed many a dangerous passage.

Right so Sir Gringamore went unto Sir Gareth, and said, Sir, make ye good cheer, for ye shall have none other cause, for this lady, my sister, is yours at all times, her worship saved, for wit ye well she loveth you as well as ye do her, and better if better may be. An I wist that, said Sir Gareth, there lived not a gladder man than I would be. Upon my worship, said Sir Gringamore, trust unto my promise; and as long as it liketh you ye shall sojourn with me, and this lady shall be with us daily and nightly to make you all the cheer that she can. I will well, said Sir Gareth, for I have promised to be nigh this country this twelvemonth. And well I am sure King Arthur and other noble knights will find me where that I am within this twelvemonth. For I shall be sought and found, if that I be alive. And then the noble knight Sir Gareth went unto the Dame Lionesse, which he then much loved, and kissed her many times, and either made great of joy of other. And there she promised him her love certainly, to love him and none other the days of her life. Then this lady, Dame Lionesse, by the assent of her brother, told Sir Gareth all the truth what she was, and how she was the same lady that he did battle for, and how she was lady of the Castle Perilous, and there she told him how she caused her brother to take away his dwarf,[1] for this cause, to know the certainty what was your name, and of what kin ye were come.

[1] Printed by Caxton as part of chap. xxii.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW AT NIGHT CAME AN ARMED KNIGHT, AND FOUGHT WITH SIR GARETH, AND HE, SORE HURT IN THE THIGH, SMOTE OFF THE KNIGHT'S HEAD.

And then she let fetch to-fore him Linet, the damosel that had ridden with him many wildsome ways. Then was Sir Gareth more gladder than he was to-fore. And then they troth-plight each other to love, and never to fail whiles their life lasteth. And so they burnt both in love, that they were accorded to abate their lusts secretly. And there Dame Lionesse counselled Sir Gareth to sleep in none other place but in the hall. And there she promised him to come to his bed a little afore midnight.

This counsel was not so privily kept but it was understood; for they were but young both, and tender of age, and had not used none such crafts to-fore. Wherefore the damosel Linet was a little displeased, and she thought her sister Dame Lionesse was a little over-hasty, that she might not abide the time of her marriage; and for saving their worship, she thought to abate their hot lusts. And so she let ordain by her subtle crafts that they had not their intents neither with other, as in their delights, until they were married. And so it passed on. At-after supper was made clean avoidance, that every lord and lady should go unto his rest. But Sir Gareth said plainly he would go no farther than the hall, for in such places, he said, was convenient for an errant-knight to take his rest in; and so there were ordained great couches, and thereon feather beds, and there laid him down to sleep; and within a while came Dame Lionesse, wrapped in a mantle furred with ermine, and laid her down beside Sir Gareth. And therewithal he began to kiss her. And then he looked afore him, and there he apperceived and saw come an armed knight, with many lights about him; and this knight had a long gisarm in his hand, and made grim countenance to smite him. When Sir Gareth saw him come in that wise, he leapt out of his bed, and gat in his hand his sword, and leapt straight

toward that knight. And when the knight saw Sir Gareth come so fiercely upon him, he smote him with a foin through the thick of the thigh that the wound was a shaftmon broad and had cut a-two many veins and sinews. And therewithal Sir Gareth smote him upon the helm such a buffet that he fell grovelling; and then he leapt over him and unlaced his helm, and smote off his head from the body. And then he bled so fast that he might not stand, but so he laid him down upon his bed, and there he swooned and lay as he had been dead.

Then Dame Lionesse cried aloud, that her brother Sir Gringamore heard, and came down. And when he saw Sir Gareth so shamefully wounded he was sore displeased, and said: I am shamed that this noble knight is thus honoured. Sir, said Sir Gringamore, how may this be, that ye be here, and this noble knight wounded? Brother, she said, I can not tell you, for it was not done by me, nor by mine assent. For he is my lord and I am his, and he must be mine husband; therefore, my brother, I will that ye wit I shame me not to be with him, nor to do him all the pleasure that I can. Sister, said Sir Gringamore, and I will that ye wit it, and Sir Gareth both, that it was never done by me, nor by my assent that this unhappy deed was done. And there they staunched his bleeding as well as they might, and great sorrow made Sir Gringamore and Dame Lionesse.

And forthwithal came Dame Linet, and took up the head in the sight of them all, and anointed it with an ointment thereas it was smitten off; and in the same wise she did to the other part thereas the head stuck, and then she set it together, and it stuck as fast as ever it did. And the knight arose lightly up, and the damosel Linet put him in her chamber. All this saw Sir Gringamore and Dame Lionesse, and so did Sir Gareth; and well he espied that it was the damosel Linet, that rode with him through the perilous passages. Ah well, damosel, said Sir Gareth, I weened ye would not have done as ye have done. My lord Gareth, said Linet, all that I have done I will avow, and all that I have done shall be for your honour and worship, and to us all. And so within a while Sir Gareth was nigh whole, and waxed light and jocund, and sang, danced, and

gamed; and he and Dame Lionesse were so hot in burning love that they made their covenant at the tenth night after, that she should come to his bed. And because he was wounded afore, he laid his armour and his sword nigh his bed's side.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW THE SAID KNIGHT CAME AGAIN THE NEXT NIGHT AND WAS BEHEADED AGAIN, AND HOW AT THE FEAST OF PENTECOST ALL THE KNIGHTS THAT SIR GARETH HAD OVERCOME CAME AND YIELDED THEM TO KING ARTHUR.

RIGHT as she promised she came; and she was not so soon in his bed but she espied an armed knight coming toward the bed: therewithal she warned Sir Gareth, and lightly through the good help of Dame Lionesse he was armed; and they hurtled together with great ire and malice all about the hall; and there was great light as it had been the number of twenty torches both before and behind, so that Sir Gareth strained him, so that his old wound brast again a-bleeding; but he was hot and courageous and took no keep, but with his great force he struck down that knight, and voided his helm, and struck off his head. Then he hewed the head in an hundred pieces. And when he had done so he took up all those pieces, and threw them out at a window into the ditches of the castle; and by this done he was so faint that unnethes he might stand for bleeding. And by when he was almost unarmed he fell in a deadly swoon on the floor; and then Dame Lionesse cried so that Sir Gringamore heard; and when he came and found Sir Gareth in that plight he made great sorrow; and there he awaked Sir Gareth, and gave him a drink that relieved him wonderly well; but the sorrow that Dame Lionesse made there may no tongue tell, for she so fared with herself as she would have died.

Right so came this damosel Linet before them all, and she had fetched all the gobbets of the head that Sir Gareth had thrown out

at a window, and there she anointed them as she had done to-fore, and set them together again. Well, damosel Linet, said Sir Gareth, I have not deserved all this despite that ye do unto me. Sir Knight, she said, I have nothing done but I will avow, and all that I have done shall be to your worship, and to us all. And then was Sir Gareth staunched of his bleeding. But the leeches said that there was no man that bare the life should heal him throughout of his wound but if they healed him that caused that stroke by enchantment.

So leave we Sir Gareth there with Sir Gringamore and his sisters, and turn we unto King Arthur, that at the next feast of Pentecost held his feast; and there came the Green Knight with fifty knights, and yielded them all unto King Arthur. And so there came the Red Knight his brother, and yielded him to King Arthur, and three score knights with him. Also there came the Blue Knight, brother to them, with an hundred knights, and yielded them unto King Arthur; and the Green Knight's name was Pertolepe, and the Red Knight's name was Perimones, and the Blue Knight's name was Sir Persant of Inde. These three brethren told King Arthur how they were overcome by a knight that a damosel had with her, and called him Beaumains. Jesu, said the king, I marvel what knight he is, and of what lineage he is come. He was with me a twelvemonth, and poorly and shamefully he was fostered, and Sir Kay in scorn named him Beaumains. So right as the king stood so talking with these three brethren, there came Sir Launcelot du Lake, and told the king that there was come a goodly lord with six hundred knights with him.

Then the king went out of Carlion, for there was the feast, and there came to him this lord, and saluted the king in a goodly manner. What will ye, said King Arthur, and what is your errand? Sir, he said, my name is the Red Knight of the Red Launds, but my name is Sir Ironside; and sir, wit ye well, here I am sent to you of a knight that is called Beaumains, for he won me in plain battle hand for hand, and so did never no knight but he, that ever had the better of me this thirty winter; the which commanded to yield me to you at your will. Ye are welcome, said the king, for ye have

been long a great foe to me and my court, and now I trust to God I shall so entreat you that ye shall be my friend. Sir, both I and these five hundred knights shall always be at your summons to do you service as may lie in our powers. Jesu mercy, said King Arthur, I am much beholden unto that knight that hath put so his body in devoir to worship me and my court. And as to thee, Ironside, that art called the Red Knight of the Red Launds, thou art called a perilous knight; and if thou wilt hold of me I shall worship thee and make thee knight of the Table Round; but then thou must be no more a murderer. Sir, as to that, I have promised unto Sir Beaumains never more to use such customs, for all the shameful customs that I used I did at the request of a lady that I loved; and therefore I must go unto Sir Launcelot, and unto Sir Gawaine, and ask them forgiveness of the evil will I had unto them; for all that I put to death was all only for the love of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Gawaine. They be here now, said the king, afore thee, now may ye say to them what ye will. And then he kneeled down unto Sir Launcelot, and to Sir Gawaine, and prayed them of forgiveness of his enmity that ever he had against them.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW KING ARTHUR PARDONED THEM, AND DEMANDED OF THEM WHERE SIR GARETH WAS.

THEN goodly they said all at once, God forgive you, and we do, and pray you that ye will tell us where we may find Sir Beaumains. Fair lords, said Sir Ironside, I cannot tell you, for it is full hard to find him; for such young knights as he is one, when they be in their adventures be never abiding in no place. But to say the worship that the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and Sir Persant and his brother said of Beaumains, it was marvel to hear. Well, my fair lords, said King Arthur, wit you well I shall do you honour for the love of Sir Beaumains, and as soon as ever I meet

with him I shall make you all upon one day knights of the Table Round. And as to thee, Sir Persant of Inde, thou hast been ever called a full noble knight, and so have ever been thy three brethren called. But I marvel, said the king, that I hear not of the Black Knight your brother, he was a full noble knight. Sir, said Pertolepe, the Green Knight, Sir Beaumains slew him in a recounter with his spear, his name was Sir Percard. That was great pity, said the king, and so said many knights. For these four brethren were full well known in the court of King Arthur for noble knights, for long time they had holden war against the knights of the Round Table. Then said Pertolepe, the Green Knight, to the king: At a passage of the water of Mortaise there encountered Sir Beaumains with two brethren that ever for the most part kept that passage, and they were two deadly knights, and there he slew the eldest brother in the water, and smote him upon the head such a buffet that he fell down in the water, and there he was drowned, and his name was Sir Gherard le Breusse; and after he slew the other brother upon the land, his name was Sir Arnold le Breusse.

CHAPTER XXV[1]

HOW THE QUEEN OF ORKNEY CAME TO THIS FEAST OF PENTECOST, AND SIR GAWAINE AND HIS BRETHREN CAME TO ASK HER BLESSING.

So then the king and they went to meat, and were served in the best manner. And as they sat at the meat, there came in the Queen of Orkney, with ladies and knights a great number. And then Sir Gawaine, Sir Agravaine, and Gaheris arose, and went to her and saluted her upon their knees, and asked her blessing; for in fifteen year they had not seen her. Then she spake on high to

[1] In Caxton's edition this chapter is misnumbered XXVI., setting the numeration wrong to the end of the book.

her brother King Arthur: Where have ye done my young son Sir Gareth? He was here amongst you a twelvemonth, and ye made a kitchen knave of him, the which is shame to you all. Alas, where have ye done my dear son that was my joy and bliss? O dear mother, said Sir Gawaine, I knew him not. Nor I, said the king, that now me repenteth, but thanked be God he is proved a worshipful knight as any is now living of his years, and I shall never be glad till I may find him.

Ah, brother, said the Queen unto King Arthur, and unto Sir Gawaine, and to all her sons, ye did yourself great shame when ye amongst you kept my son in the kitchen and fed him like a poor hog. Fair sister, said King Arthur, ye shall right well wit I knew him not, nor no more did Sir Gawaine, nor his brethren; but sithen it is so, said the king, that he is thus gone from us all, we must shape a remedy to find him. Also, sister, meseemeth ye might have done me to wit of his coming, and then an I had not done well to him ye might have blamed me. For when he came to this court he came leaning upon two men's shoulders, as though he might not have gone. And then he asked me three gifts; and one he asked the same day, that was that I would give him meat enough that twelvemonth; and the other two gifts he asked that day a twelvemonth, and that was that he might have the adventure of the damosel Linet, and the third was that Sir Launcelot should make him knight when he desired him. And so I granted him all his desire, and many in this court marvelled that he desired his sustenance for a twelvemonth. And thereby, we deemed, many of us, that he was not come of a noble house.

Sir, said the Queen of Orkney unto King Arthur her brother, wit ye well that I sent him unto you right well armed and horsed, and worshipfully beseen of his body, and gold and silver plenty to spend. It may be, said the King, but thereof saw we none, save that same day as he departed from us, knights told me that there came a dwarf hither suddenly, and brought him armour and a good horse full well and richly beseen; and thereat we all had marvel from whence that riches came, that we deemed all that he was come of men of worship. Brother, said the queen, all that ye say I believe,

for ever sithen he was grown he was marvellously witted, and ever he was faithful and true of his promise. But I marvel, said she, that Sir Kay did mock him and scorn him, and gave him that name Beaumains; yet, Sir Kay, said the queen, named him more righteously than he weened; for I dare say an he be alive, he is as fair an handed man and well disposed as any is living. Sir, said Arthur, let this language be still, and by the grace of God he shall be found an he be within this seven realms, and let all this pass and be merry, for he is proved to be a man of worship, and that is my joy.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW KING ARTHUR SENT FOR THE LADY LIONESSE, AND HOW SHE LET CRY A TOURNEY AT HER CASTLE, WHEREAS CAME MANY KNIGHTS.

THEN said Sir Gawaine and his brethren unto Arthur, Sir, an ye will give us leave, we will go and seek our brother. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, that shall ye not need; and so said Sir Baudwin of Britain: for as by our advice the king shall send unto Dame Lionesse a messenger, and pray her that she will come to the court in all the haste that she may, and doubt ye not she will come; and then she may give you best counsel where ye shall find him. This is well said of you, said the king. So then goodly letters were made, and the messenger sent forth, that night and day he went till he came unto the Castle Perilous. And then the lady Dame Lionesse was sent for, thereas she was with Sir Gringamore her brother and Sir Gareth. And when she understood this message, she bade him ride on his way unto King Arthur, and she would come after in all goodly haste. Then when she came to Sir Gringamore and to Sir Gareth, she told them all how King Arthur had sent for her. That is because of me, said Sir Gareth. Now advise me, said Dame Lionesse, what shall I say, and in what manner I shall rule me. My lady and my love, said Sir Gareth, I pray you in no wise be ye

aknowen where I am; but well I wot my mother is there and all my brethren, and they will take upon them to seek me, I wot well that they do. But this, madam, I would ye said and advised the king when he questioned with you of me. Then may ye say, this is your advice that, an it like his good grace, ye will do make a cry against the feast of the Assumption of our Lady, that what knight there proveth him best he shall wield you and all your land. And if so be that he be a wedded man, that wins the degree, he shall have a coronal of gold beset with stones of virtue to the value of a thousand pound, and a white gerfalcon.

So Dame Lionesse departed and came to King Arthur, where she was nobly received, and there she was sore questioned of the king and of the Queen of Orkney. And she answered, where Sir Gareth was she could not tell. But thus much she said unto Arthur: Sir, I will let cry a tournament that shall be done before my castle at the Assumption of our Lady, and the cry shall be this: that you, my lord Arthur, shall be there, and your knights, and I will purvey that my knights shall be against yours; and then I am sure ye shall hear of Sir Gareth. This is well advised, said King Arthur; and so she departed. And the king and she made great provision to that tournament.

When Dame Lionesse was come to the Isle of Avilion, that was the same isle thereas her brother Sir Gringamore dwelt, then she told them all how she had done, and what promise she had made to King Arthur. Alas, said Sir Gareth, I have been so wounded with unhappiness sithen I came into this castle that I shall not be able to do at that tournament like a knight; for I was never thoroughly whole since I was hurt. Be ye of good cheer, said the damosel Linet, for I undertake within these fifteen days to make ye whole, and as lusty as ever ye were. And then she laid an ointment and a salve to him as it pleased to her, that he was never so fresh nor so lusty. Then said the damosel Linet: Send you unto Sir Persant of Inde, and assummon him and his knights to be here with you as they have promised. Also, that ye send unto Sir Ironside, that is the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and charge him that he be ready with you with his whole sum of knights, and then shall ye be able to match with King Arthur and his knights. So this was done, and all

knights were sent for unto the Castle Perilous; and then the Red Knight answered and said unto Dame Lionesse, and to Sir Gareth, Madam, and my lord Sir Gareth, ye shall understand that I have been at the court of King Arthur, and Sir Persant of Inde and his brethren, and there we have done our homage as ye commanded us. Also Sir Ironside said, I have taken upon me with Sir Persant of Inde and his brethren to hold part against my lord Sir Launcelot and the knights of that court. And this have I done for the love of my lady Dame Lionesse, and you my lord Sir Gareth. Ye have well done, said Sir Gareth; but wit you well ye shall be full sore matched with the most noble knights of the world; therefore we must purvey us of good knights, where we may get them. That is well said, said Sir Persant, and worshipfully.

And so the cry was made in England, Wales, and Scotland, Ireland, Cornwall, and in all the Out Isles, and in Brittany and in many countries; that at the feast of our Lady the Assumption next coming, men should come to the Castle Perilous beside the Isle of Avilion; and there all the knights that there came should have the choice whether them list to be on the one party with the knights of the castle, or on the other party with King Arthur. And two months was to the day that the tournament should be. And so there came many good knights that were at their large, and held them for the most part against King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table and came in the side of them of the castle. For Sir Epinogrus was the first, and he was the king's son of Northumberland, and Sir Palamides the Saracen was another, and Sir Safere his brother, and Sir Segwarides his brother, but they were christened, and Sir Malegrine another, and Sir Brian de les Isles, a noble knight, and Sir Grummore Grummursum, a good knight of Scotland, and Sir Carados of the dolorous tower, a noble knight, and Sir Turquine his brother, and Sir Arnold and Sir Gauter, two brethren, good knights of Cornwall. There came Sir Tristram de Liones, and with him Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, and Sir Sadok; but this Sir Tristram was not at that time knight of the Table Round, but he was one of the best knights of the world. And so all these noble knights accompanied them with the lady of the castle, and

with the Red Knight of the Red Launds; but as for Sir Gareth, he would not take upon him more but as other mean knights.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW KING ARTHUR WENT TO THE TOURNAMENT WITH HIS KNIGHTS, AND HOW THE LADY RECEIVED HIM WORSHIPFULLY, AND HOW THE KNIGHTS ENCOUNTERED.

And then there came with King Arthur Sir Gawaine, Agravaine, Gaheris, his brethren. And then his nephews Sir Uwaine le Blanchemains, and Sir Aglovale, Sir Tor, Sir Percivale de Galis, and Sir Lamorak de Galis. Then came Sir Launcelot du Lake with his brethren, nephews, and cousins, as Sir Lionel, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Bors de Ganis, and Sir Galihodin, Sir Galihud, and many more of Sir Launcelot's blood, and Sir Dinadan, Sir La Cote Male Taile, his brother, a good knight, and Sir Sagramore, a good knight; and all the most part of the Round Table. Also there came with King Arthur these knights, the King of Ireland, King Agwisance, and the King of Scotland, King Carados and King Uriens of the land of Gore, and King Bagdemagus and his son Sir Meliaganus, and Sir Galahault the noble prince. All these kings, princes, and earls, barons, and other noble knights, as Sir Brandiles, Sir Uwaine les Avoutres, and Sir Kay, Sir Bedivere, Sir Meliot de Logres, Sir Petipase of Winchelsea, Sir Godelake: all these came with King Arthur, and more that cannot be rehearsed.

Now leave we of these kings and knights, and let us speak of the great array that was made within the castle and about the castle for both parties. The Lady Dame Lionesse ordained great array upon her part for her noble knights, for all manner of lodging and victual that came by land and by water, that there lacked nothing for her party, nor for the other, but there was plenty to be had for gold and silver for King Arthur and his knights. And then there

came the harbingers from King Arthur for to harbour him, and his kings, dukes, earls, barons, and knights. And then Sir Gareth prayed Dame Lionesse and the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and Sir Persant and his brother, and Sir Gringamore, that in no wise there should none of them tell not his name, and make no more of him than of the least knight that there was, For, he said, I will not be known of neither more nor less, neither at the beginning neither at the ending. Then Dame Lionesse said unto Sir Gareth: Sir, I will lend you a ring, but I would pray you as you love me heartily let me have it again when the tournament is done, for that ring increaseth my beauty much more than it is of himself. And the virtue of my ring is that, that is green it will turn to red, and that is red it will turn in likeness to green, and that is blue it will turn to likeness of white, and that is white it will turn in likeness to blue, and so it will do of all manner of colours. Also who that beareth my ring shall lose no blood, and for great love I will give you this ring. Gramercy, said Sir Gareth, mine own lady, for this ring is passing meet for me, for it will turn all manner of likeness that I am in, and that shall cause me that I shall not be known. Then Sir Gringamore gave Sir Gareth a bay courser that was a passing good horse; also he gave him good armour and sure, and a noble sword that sometime Sir Gringamore's father won upon an heathen tyrant. And so thus every knight made him ready to that tournament. And King Arthur was come two days to-fore the Assumption of our Lady. And there was all manner of royalty of all minstrelsy that might be found. Also there came Queen Guenever and the Queen of Orkney, Sir Gareth's mother.

And upon the Assumption Day, when mass and matins were done, there were heralds with trumpets commanded to blow to the field. And so there came out Sir Epinogrus, the king's son of Northumberland, from the castle, and there encountered with him Sir Sagramore le Desirous, and either of them brake their spears to their hands. And then came in Sir Palamides out of the castle, and there encountered with him Gawaine, and either of them smote other so hard that both the good knights and their horses fell to the earth. And then knights of either party rescued their

knights. And then came in Sir Safere and Sir Segwarides, brethren to Sir Palamides; and there encountered Sir Agravaine with Sir Safere and Sir Gaheris encountered with Sir Segwarides. So Sir Safere smote down Agravaine, Sir Gawaine's brother; and Sir Segwarides, Sir Safere's brother. And Sir Malegrine, a knight of the castle, encountered with Sir Uwaine le Blanchemains, and there Sir Uwaine gave Sir Malegrine a fall, that he had almost broke his neck.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW THE KNIGHTS BARE THEM IN THE BATTLE.

THEN Sir Brian de les Isles and Grummore Grummursum, knights of the castle, encountered with Sir Aglovale, and Sir Tor smote down Sir Grummore Grummursum to the earth. Then came in Sir Carados of the dolorous tower, and Sir Turquine, knights of the castle; and there encountered with them Sir Percivale de Galis and Sir Lamorak de Galis, that were two brethren. And there encountered Sir Percivale with Sir Carados, and either brake their spears unto their hands, and then Sir Turquine with Sir Lamorak, and either of them smote down other's horse and all to the earth, and either parties rescued other, and horsed them again. And Sir Arnold and Sir Gauter, knights of the castle, encountered with Sir Brandiles and Sir Kay, and these four knights encountered mightily, and brake their spears to their hands. Then came in Sir Tristram, Sir Sadok, and Sir Dinas, knights of the castle, and there encountered Sir Tristram with Sir Bedivere, and there Sir Bedivere was smitten to the earth both horse and man. And Sir Sadok encountered with Sir Petipase, and there Sir Sadok was overthrown. And there Uwaine les Avoutres smote down Sir Dinas, the Seneschal. Then came in Sir Persant of Inde, a knight of the castle, and there encountered with him Sir Launcelot du Lake, and there he smote Sir Persant, horse and man, to the earth. Then came Sir Pertolepe

from the castle, and there encountered with him Sir Lionel, and there Sir Pertolepe, the Green Knight, smote down Sir Lionel, brother to Sir Launcelot. All this was marked by noble heralds, who bare him best, and their names.

And then came into the field Sir Perimones, the Red Knight, Sir Persant's brother, that was a knight of the castle, and he encountered with Sir Ector de Maris, and either smote other so hard that both their horses and they fell to the earth. And then came in the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and Sir Gareth, from the castle, and there encountered with them Sir Bors de Ganis and Sir Bleoberis, and there the Red Knight and Sir Bors either smote other so hard that their spears brast, and their horses fell grovelling to the earth. Then Sir Bleoberis brake his spear upon Sir Gareth, but of that stroke Sir Bleoberis fell to the earth. When Sir Galihodin saw that he bade Sir Gareth keep him, and Sir Gareth smote him to the earth. Then Sir Galihud gat a spear to avenge his brother, and in the same wise Sir Gareth served him, and Sir Dinadan and his brother, La Cote Male Taile, and Sir Sagramore le Desirous, and Sir Dodinas le Savage. All these he bare down with one spear.

When King Agwisance of Ireland saw Sir Gareth fare so, he marvelled what he might be that one time seemed green, and another time, at his again coming, he seemed blue. And thus at every course that he rode to and fro he changed his colour, so that there might neither king nor knight have ready cognisance of him. Then Sir Agwisance, the King of Ireland, encountered with Sir Gareth, and there Sir Gareth smote him from his horse, saddle and all. And then came King Carados of Scotland, and Sir Gareth smote him down horse and man. And in the same wise he served King Uriens of the land of Gore. And then came in Sir Bagdemagus, and Sir Gareth smote him down, horse and man, to the earth. And Bagdemagus' son, Meliganus, brake a spear upon Sir Gareth mightily and knightly. And then Sir Galahault, the noble prince, cried on high: Knight with the many colours, well hast thou jousted; now make thee ready that I may joust with thee. Sir Gareth heard him, and he gat a great spear, and so they encountered together, and there the prince brake his spear; but Sir Gareth smote him

upon the left side of the helm that he reeled here and there, and he had fallen down had not his men recovered him.

So God me help, said King Arthur, that same knight with the many colours is a good knight. Wherefore the king called unto him Sir Launcelot, and prayed him to encounter with that knight. Sir, said Launcelot, I may well find in my heart for to forbear him as at this time, for he hath had travail enough this day; and when a good knight doth so well upon some day, it is no good knight's part to let him of his worship, and namely, when he seeth a knight hath done so great labour; for peradventure, said Sir Launcelot, his quarrel is here this day, and peradventure he is best beloved with this lady of all that be here; for I see well he paineth him and enforceth him to do great deeds, and therefore, said Sir Launcelot, as for me, this day he shall have the honour; though it lay in my power to put him from it I would not.

CHAPTER XXIX

YET OF THE SAID TOURNAMENT.

THEN when this was done there was drawing of swords, and then there began a sore tournament. And there did Sir Lamorak marvellous deeds of arms; and betwixt Sir Lamorak and Sir Ironside, that was the Red Knight of the Red Launds, there was strong battle; and betwixt Sir Palamides and Bleoberis there was a strong battle; and Sir Gawaine and Sir Tristram met, and there Sir Gawaine had the worse, for he pulled Sir Gawaine from his horse, and there he was long upon foot, and defouled. Then came in Sir Launcelot, and he smote Sir Turquine, and he him; and then came Sir Carados his brother, and both at once they assailed him, and he as the most noblest knight of the world worshipfully fought with them both, that all men wondered of the noblesse of Sir Launcelot. And then came in Sir Gareth, and knew that it was Sir Launcelot that fought with the two perilous knights. And then Sir

Gareth came with his good horse and hurtled them in-sunder, and no stroke would he smite to Sir Launcelot. That espied Sir Launcelot, and deemed it should be the good knight Sir Gareth: and then Sir Gareth rode here and there, and smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and all the folk might well espy where that he rode. And by fortune he met with his brother Sir Gawaine, and there he put Sir Gawaine to the worse, for he put off his helm, and so he served five or six knights of the Round Table, that all men said he put him in the most pain, and best he did his devoir. For when Sir Tristram beheld him how he first jousted and after fought so well with a sword, then he rode unto Sir Ironside and to Sir Persant of Inde, and asked them, by their faith, What manner a knight is yonder knight that seemeth in so many divers colours? Truly, meseemeth, said Tristram, that he putteth himself in great pain, for he never ceaseth. Wot ye not what he is? said Sir Ironside. No, said Sir Tristram. Then shall ye know that this is he that loveth the lady of the castle, and she him again; and this is he that won me when I besieged the lady of this castle, and this is he that won Sir Persant of Inde, and his three brethren. What is his name, said Sir Tristram, and of what blood is he come? He was called in the court of King Arthur, Beaumains, but his right name is Sir Gareth of Orkney, brother to Sir Gawaine. By my head, said Sir Tristram, he is a good knight, and a big man of arms, and if he be young he shall prove a full noble knight. He is but a child, they all said, and of Sir Launcelot he was made knight. Therefore he is mickle the better, said Tristram. And then Sir Tristram, Sir Ironside, Sir Persant, and his brother, rode together for to help Sir Gareth; and then there were given many strong strokes.

And then Sir Gareth rode out on the one side to amend his helm; and then said his dwarf: Take me your ring, that ye lose it not while that ye drink. And so when he had drunk he gat on his helm, and eagerly took his horse and rode into the field, and left his ring with his dwarf; and the dwarf was glad the ring was from him, for then he wist well he should be known. And then when Sir Gareth was in the field all folks saw him well and plainly that he was in yellow colours; and there he rased off helms and pulled

down knights, that King Arthur had marvel what knight he was, for the king saw by his hair that it was the same knight.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW SIR GARETH WAS ESPIED BY THE HERALDS, AND HOW HE ESCAPED OUT OF THE FIELD.

BUT before he was in so many colours, and now he is but in one colour; that is yellow. Now go, said King Arthur unto divers heralds, and ride about him, and espy what manner knight he is, for I have spered of many knights this day that be upon his party, and all say they know him not. And so an herald rode nigh Gareth as he could; and there he saw written about his helm in gold, This helm is Sir Gareth of Orkney. Then the herald cried as he were wood, and many heralds with him: — This is Sir Gareth of Orkney in the yellow arms; wherby[1] all kings and knights of Arthur's beheld him and awaited; and then they pressed all to behold him, and ever the heralds cried: This is Sir Gareth of Orkney, King Lot's son. And when Sir Gareth espied that he was discovered, then he doubled his strokes, and smote down Sir Sagramore, and his brother Sir Gawaine. O brother, said Sir Gawaine, I weened ye would not have stricken me.

So when he heard him say so he thrang here and there, and so with great pain he gat out of the press, and there he met with his dwarf. O boy, said Sir Gareth, thou hast beguiled me foul this day that thou kept my ring; give it me anon again, that I may hide my body withal; and so he took it him. And then they all wist not where he was become; and Sir Gawaine had in manner espied where Sir Gareth rode, and then he rode after with all his might. That espied Sir Gareth, and rode lightly into the forest, that Sir Gawaine wist not where he was become. And when Sir Gareth wist that Sir Gawaine was passed, he asked the dwarf of best counsel. Sir, said the dwarf, meseemeth it were best, now that ye are escaped from

spying, that ye send my lady Dame Lionesse her ring. It is well advised, said Sir Gareth; now have it here and bear it to her, and say that I recommend me unto her good grace, and say her I will come when I may, and I pray her to be true and faithful to me as I will be to her. Sir, said the dwarf, it shall be done as ye command: and so he rode his way, and did his errand unto the lady. Then she said, Where is my knight, Sir Gareth? Madam, said the dwarf, he bade me say that he would not be long from you. And so lightly the dwarf came again unto Sir Gareth, that would full fain have had a lodging, for he had need to be reposed. And then fell there a thunder and a rain, as heaven and earth should go together. And Sir Gareth was not a little weary, for of all that day he had but little rest, neither his horse nor he. So this Sir Gareth rode so long in that forest until the night came. And ever it lightened and thundered, as it had been wood. At the last by fortune he came to a castle, and there he heard the waits upon the walls.

[1] So W. de Worde; Caxton "that by."

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW SIR GARETH CAME TO A CASTLE WHERE HE WAS WELL LODGED, AND HE JOUSTED WITH A KNIGHT AND SLEW HIM.

THEN Sir Gareth rode unto the barbican of the castle, and prayed the porter fair to let him into the castle. The porter answered ungoodly again, and said, Thou gettest no lodging here. Fair sir, say not so, for I am a knight of King Arthur's, and pray the lord or the lady of this castle to give me harbour for the love of King Arthur. Then the porter went unto the duchess, and told her how there was a knight of King Arthur's would have harbour. Let him in, said the duchess, for I will see that knight, and for King Arthur's sake he shall not be harbourless. Then she yode up into a tower over the gate, with great torch-light.

When Sir Gareth saw that torch-light he cried on high: Whether thou be lord or lady, giant or champion, I take no force so that I may have harbour this night; and if it so be that I must needs fight, spare me not to-morn when I have rested me, for both I and mine horse be weary. Sir knight, said the lady, thou speakest knightly and boldly; but wit thou well the lord of this castle loveth not King Arthur, nor none of his court, for my lord hath ever been against him; and therefore thou were better not to come within this castle; for an thou come in this night, thou must come in under such form, that wheresomever thou meet my lord, by stigh or by street, thou must yield thee to him as prisoner. Madam, said Sir Gareth, what is your lord, and what is his name? Sir, my lord's name is the Duke de la Rowse. Well madam, said Sir Gareth, I shall promise you in what place I meet your lord I shall yield me unto him and to his good grace; with that I understand he will do me no harm: and if I understand that he will, I will release myself an I can with my spear and my sword. Ye say well, said the duchess; and then she let the drawbridge down, and so he rode into the hall, and there he alighted, and his horse was led into a stable; and in the hall he unarmed him and said, Madam, I will not out of this hall this night; and when it is daylight, let see who will have ado with me, he shall find me ready. Then was he set unto supper, and had many good dishes. Then Sir Gareth list well to eat, and knightly he ate his meat, and eagerly; there was many a fair lady by him, and some said they never saw a goodlier man nor so well of eating. Then they made him passing good cheer, and shortly when he had supped his bed was made there; so he rested him all night.

And on the morn he heard mass, and brake his fast and took his leave at the duchess, and at them all; and thanked her goodly of her lodging, and of his good cheer; and then she asked him his name. Madam, he said, truly my name is Gareth of Orkney, and some men call me Beaumains. Then knew she well it was the same knight that fought for Dame Lionesse. So Sir Gareth departed and rode up into a mountain, and there met him a knight, his name was Sir Bendelaine, and said to Sir Gareth: Thou shalt not pass this way, for either thou shalt joust with me, or else be my prisoner.

Then will I joust, said Sir Gareth. And so they let their horses run, and there Sir Gareth smote him throughout the body; and Sir Bendelaine rode forth to his castle there beside, and there died. So Sir Gareth would have rested him, and he came riding to Bendelaine's castle. Then his knights and servants espied that it was he that had slain their lord. Then they armed twenty good men, and came out and assailed Sir Gareth; and so he had no spear, but his sword, and put his shield afore him; and there they brake their spears upon him, and they assailed him passingly sore. But ever Sir Gareth defended him as a knight.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW SIR GARETH FOUGHT WITH A KNIGHT THAT HELD WITHIN HIS CASTLE THIRTY LADIES, AND HOW HE SLEW HIM.

So when they saw that they might not overcome him, they rode from him, and took their counsel to slay his horse; and so they came in upon Sir Gareth, and with spears they slew his horse, and then they assailed him hard. But when he was on foot, there was none that he fought but he gave him such a buffet that he did never recover. So he slew them by one and one till they were but four, and there they fled; and Sir Gareth took a good horse that was one of theirs, and rode his way.

Then he rode a great pace till that he came to a castle, and there he heard much mourning of ladies and gentlewomen. So there came by him a page. What noise is this, said Sir Gareth, that I hear within this castle? Sir knight, said the page, here be within this castle thirty ladies, and all they be widows; for here is a knight that waiteth daily upon this castle, and his name is the Brown Knight without Pity, and he is the periloust knight that now liveth; and therefore sir, said the page, I rede you flee. Nay, said Sir Gareth, I will not flee though thou be afeard of him. And then the page saw

where came the Brown Knight: Lo, said the page, yonder he cometh. Let me deal with him, said Sir Gareth. And when either of other had a sight they let their horses run, and the Brown Knight brake his spear, and Sir Gareth smote him throughout the body, that he overthrew him to the ground stark dead. So Sir Gareth rode into the castle, and prayed the ladies that he might repose him. Alas, said the ladies, ye may not be lodged here. Make him good cheer, said the page, for this knight hath slain your enemy. Then they all made him good cheer as lay in their power. But wit ye well they made him good cheer, for they might none otherwise do, for they were but poor.

And so on the morn he went to mass, and there he saw the thirty ladies kneel, and lay grovelling upon divers tombs, making great dole and sorrow. Then Sir Gareth wist well that in the tombs lay their lords. Fair ladies, said Sir Gareth, ye must at the next feast of Pentecost be at the court of King Arthur, and say that I, Sir Gareth, sent you thither. We shall do this, said the ladies. So he departed, and by fortune he came to a mountain, and there he found a goodly knight that bade him, Abide sir knight, and joust with me. What are ye? said Sir Gareth. My name is, said he, the Duke de la Rowse. Ah sir, ye are the same knight that I lodged once in your castle; and there I made promise unto your lady that I should yield me unto you. Ah, said the duke, art thou that proud knight that profferest to fight with my knights; therefore make thee ready, for I will have ado with you. So they let their horses run, and there Sir Gareth smote the duke down from his horse. But the duke lightly avoided his horse, and dressed his shield and drew his sword, and bade Sir Gareth alight and fight with him. So he did alight, and they did great battle together more than an hour, and either hurt other full sore. At the last Sir Gareth gat the duke to the earth, and would have slain him, and then he yield him to him. Then must ye go, said Sir Gareth, unto Sir Arthur my lord at the next feast, and say that I, Sir Gareth of Orkney, sent you unto him. It shall be done, said the duke, and I will do to you homage and fealty with an hundred knights with me; and all the days of my life to do you service where ye will command me.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW SIR GARETH AND SIR GAWAINE FOUGHT EACH AGAINST OTHER. AND HOW THEY KNEW EACH OTHER BY THE DAMOSEL LINET.

So the duke departed, and Sir Gareth stood there alone; and there he saw an armed knight coming toward him. Then Sir Gareth took the duke's shield, and mounted upon horseback, and so without biding they ran together as it had been the thunder. And there that knight hurt Sir Gareth under the side with his spear. And then they alighted and drew their swords, and gave great strokes that the blood trailed to the ground. And so they fought two hours.

At the last there came the damosel Linet, that some men called the damosel Savage, and she came riding upon an ambling mule; and there she cried all on high, Sir Gawaine, Sir Gawaine, leave thy fighting with thy brother Sir Gareth. And when he heard her say so he threw away his shield and his sword, and ran to Sir Gareth, and took him in his arms, and sithen kneeled down and asked him mercy. What are ye, said Sir Gareth, that right now were so strong and so mighty, and now so suddenly yield you to me? O Gareth, I am your brother Sir Gawaine, that for your sake have had great sorrow and labour. Then Sir Gareth unlaced his helm, and kneeled down to him, and asked him mercy. Then they rose both, and embraced either other in their arms, and wept a great while or they might speak, and either of them gave other the prize of the battle. And there were many kind words between them. Alas, my fair brother, said Sir Gawaine, perdy I owe of right to worship you an ye were not my brother, for ye have worshipped King Arthur and all his court, for ye have sent him[1] more worshipful knights this twelvemonth than six the best of the Round Table have done, except Sir Launcelot.

[1] So W. de Worde; Caxton "me."

Then came the damosel Savage that was the Lady Linet, that rode with Sir Gareth so long, and there she did staunch Sir Gareth's wounds and Sir Gawaine's. Now what will ye do? said the damosel Savage; meseemeth that it were well done that Arthur had witting of you both, for your horses are so bruised that they may not bear. Now, fair damosel, said Sir Gawaine, I pray you ride unto my lord mine uncle, King Arthur, and tell him what adventure is to me betid here, and I suppose he will not tarry long. Then she took her mule, and lightly she came to King Arthur that was but two mile thence. And when she had told him tidings the king bade get him a palfrey. And when he was upon his back he bade the lords and ladies come after, who that would; and there was saddling and bridling of queens' horses and princes' horses, and well was him that soonest might be ready.

So when the king came thereas they were, he saw Sir Gawaine and Sir Gareth sit upon a little hill-side, and then the king avoided his horse. And when he came nigh Sir Gareth he would have spoken but he might not; and therewith he sank down in a swoon for gladness. And so they stert unto their uncle, and required him of his good grace to be of good comfort. Wit ye well the king made great joy, and many a piteous complaint he made to Sir Gareth, and ever he wept as he had been a child. With that came his mother, the Queen of Orkney, Dame Morgawse, and when she saw Sir Gareth readily in the visage she might not weep, but suddenly fell down in a swoon, and lay there a great while like as she had been dead. And then Sir Gareth recomforted his mother in such wise that she recovered and made good cheer. Then the king commanded that all manner of knights that were under his obeisance should make their lodging right there for the love of his nephews. And so it was done, and all manner of purveyance purveyed, that there lacked nothing that might be gotten of tame nor wild for gold or silver. And then by the means of the damosel Savage Sir Gawaine and Sir Gareth were healed of their wounds; and there they sojourned eight days.

Then said King Arthur unto the damosel Savage: I marvel that your sister, Dame Lionesse, cometh not here to me, and in espe-

cial that she cometh not to visit her knight, my nephew Sir Gareth, that hath had so much travail for her love. My lord, said the damosel Linet, ye must of your good grace hold her excused, for she knoweth not that my lord, Sir Gareth, is here. Go then for her, said King Arthur, that we may be appointed what is best to be done, according to the pleasure of my nephew. Sir, said the damosel, that shall be done, and so she rode unto her sister. And as lightly as she might she made her ready; and she came on the morn with her brother Sir Gringamore, and with her forty knights. And so when she was come she had all the cheer that might be done, both of the king, and of many other kings and queens.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW SIR GARETH ACKNOWLEDGED THAT THEY LOVED EACH OTHER TO KING ARTHUR, AND OF THE APPOINTMENT OF THEIR WEDDING.

And among all these ladies she was named the fairest, and peerless. Then when Sir Gareth met with her there was many a goodly look and goodly words, that all men of worship had joy to behold them. Then came King Arthur and many other kings, and Dame Guenever, and the Queen of Orkney. And there the king asked his nephew, Sir Gareth, whether he would have that lady as paramour, or to have her to his wife. My lord, wit you well that I love her above all ladies living. Now, fair lady, said King Arthur, what say ye? Most noble King, said Dame Lionesse, wit you well that my lord, Sir Gareth, is to me more liefer to have and wield as my husband, than any king or prince that is christened; and if I may not have him I promise you I will never have none. For, my lord Arthur, said Dame Lionesse, wit ye well he is my first love, and he shall be the last; and if ye will suffer him to have his will and free choice I dare say he will have me. That is truth, said Sir Gareth; an I have not you and wield not you as my wife, there

shall never lady nor gentlewoman rejoice me. What, nephew, said the king, is the wind in that door? for wit ye well I would not for the stint of my crown to be causer to withdraw your hearts; and wit ye well ye cannot love so well but I shall rather increase it than distress it. And also ye shall have my love and my lordship in the uttermost wise that may lie in my power. And in the same wise said Sir Gareth's mother.

Then there was made a provision for the day of marriage; and by the king's advice it was provided that it should be at Michaelmas following, at Kink Kenadon by the seaside, for there is a plentiful country. And so it was cried in all the places through the realm. And then Sir Gareth sent his summons to all these knights and ladies that he had won in battle to-fore, that they should be at his day of marriage at Kink Kenadon by the sands. And then Dame Lionesse, and the damosel Linet with Sir Gringamore, rode to their castle; and a goodly and a rich ring she gave to Sir Gareth, and he gave her another. And King Arthur gave her a rich pair of beads[1] of gold; and so she departed; and King Arthur and his fellowship rode toward Kink Kenadon, and Sir Gareth brought his lady on the way, and so came to the king again and rode with him. Lord ! the great cheer that Sir Launcelot made of Sir Gareth and he of him, for there was never no knight that Sir Gareth loved so well as he did Sir Launcelot; and ever for the most part he would be in Sir Launcelot's company; for after Sir Gareth had espied Sir Gawaine's conditions, he withdrew himself from his brother, Sir Gawaine's, fellowship, for he was vengeable, and where he hated he would be avenged with murder, and that hated Sir Gareth.

[1] So W. de Worde; Caxton "bee."

CHAPTER XXXV

OF THE GREAT ROYALTY, AND WHAT OFFICERS WERE MADE AT THE FEAST OF THE WEDDING, AND OF THE JOUSTS AT THE FEAST.

So it drew fast to Michaelmas; and thither came Dame Lionesse, the lady of the Castle Perilous, and her sister, Dame Linet, with Sir Gringamore, her brother, with them, for he had the conduct of these ladies. And there they were lodged at the device of King Arthur. And upon Michaelmas Day the Bishop of Canterbury made the wedding betwixt Sir Gareth and the Lady Lionesse with great solemnity. And King Arthur made Gaheris to wed the Damosel Savage, that was Dame Linet; and King Arthur made Sir Agravaine to wed Dame Lionesse's niece, a fair lady, her name was Dame Laurel.

And so when this solemnization was done, then came in the Green Knight, Sir Pertolepe, with thirty knights, and there he did homage and fealty to Sir Gareth, and these knights to hold of him for evermore. Also Sir Pertolepe said: I pray you that at this feast I may be your chamberlain. With a good will, said Sir Gareth, sith it liketh you to take so simple an office. Then came in the Red Knight, with three score knights with him, and did to Sir Gareth homage and fealty, and all those knights to hold of him for evermore. And then this Sir Perimones prayed Sir Gareth to grant him to be his chief butler at that high feast. I will well, said Sir Gareth, that ye have this office, and it were better. Then came in Sir Persant of Inde, with an hundred knights with him, and there he did homage and fealty, and all his knights should do him service, and hold their lands of him for ever; and there he prayed Sir Gareth to make him his sewer-chief at the feast. I will well, said Sir Gareth, that ye have it, and it were better. Then came the Duke de la Rowse, with an hundred knights with him, and there he did homage and fealty to Sir Gareth, and so to hold their lands of him for ever. And he required Sir Gareth that he might serve him of

the wine that day of that feast. I will well, said Sir Gareth, and it were better. Then came in the Red Knight of the Red Launds, that was Sir Ironside, and he brought with him three hundred knights, and there he did homage and fealty, and all these knights to hold their lands of him for ever. And then he asked Sir Gareth to be his carver I will well, said Sir Gareth, an it please you.

Then came into the court thirty ladies, and all they seemed widows, and those thirty ladies brought with them many fair gentlewomen. And all they kneeled down at once unto King Arthur and unto Sir Gareth, and there all those ladies told the king how Sir Gareth delivered them from the dolorous tower, and slew the Brown Knight without Pity: And therefore we, and our heirs for evermore, will do homage unto Sir Gareth of Orkney. So then the kings and queens, princes and earls, barons and many bold knights, went unto meat; and well may ye wit there were all manner of meat plenteously, all manner revels and games, with all manner of minstrelsy that was used in those days. Also there was great jousts three days. But the king would not suffer Sir Gareth to joust, because of his new bride; for, as the French book saith, that Dame Lionesse desired of the king that none that were wedded should joust at that feast.

So the first day there jousted Sir Lamorak de Galis, for he overthrew thirty knights, and did passing marvellously deeds of arms; and then King Arthur made Sir Persant and his two brethren Knights of the Round Table to their lives' end, and gave them great lands. Also the second day there jousted Tristram best, and he overthrew forty knights, and did there marvellous deeds of arms. And there King Arthur made Ironside, that was the Red Knight of the Red Launds, a Knight of the Table Round to his life's end, and gave him great lands. The third day there jousted Sir Launcelot du Lake, and he overthrew fifty knights, and did many marvellous deeds of arms, that all men wondered on him. And there King Arthur made the Duke de la Rowse a Knight of the Round Table to his life's end, and gave him great lands to spend. But when these jousts were done, Sir Lamorak and Sir Tristram departed suddenly, and would not be known, for the which King Arthur and all the court were

sore displeased. And so they held the court forty days with great solemnity. And this Sir Gareth was a noble knight, and a well-ruled, and fair-languaged.

Thus endeth this tale of Sir Gareth of Orkney that wedded Dame Lionesse of the Castle Perilous. And also Sir Gaheris wedded her sister, Dame Linet, that was called the Damosel Savage. And Sir Agravaine wedded Dame Laurel, a fair lady and great, and mighty lands with great riches gave with them King Arthur, that royally they might live till their lives' end.

Here followeth the viii. book, the which is the first book of Sir Tristram de Liones, and who was his father and his mother, and how he was born and fostered, and how he was made knight.

II

TRISTRAM'S MADNESS AND EXILE

NOW leve we here sir Launcelot du Lake and sir La (10)
Cote Male Tayle, and turne we unto sir Trystram
de Lyones that was in Bretayne, that whan La Beall Isode
undirstood that he was wedded she sente to hym by hir
maydyn, dame Brangwayn, pyteuous lettirs as coude be 5
thought and made, and hir conclusyon was thus, that if hit
pleased sir Trystram, to com to hir courte and brynge with
hym Isode le Blaunche Maynys; and they shulde be kepte
als well as herselff.

Than sir Trystram called unto hym sir Keyhydy⟨ns⟩ and 10
asked hym whether he wolde go with hym into Cornwayle
secretely. He answerde hym and seyde that he was redy at
all tymes. And than he lete ordayne prevayly a lityll
vessel, and therein they sayled, sir Trystram, sir Keyhydyns,
and dame Brangwayne and Governayle, sir Trystrams 15
squyar.

So whan they were in the see a contraryous wynde blew
them unto the costis of North Walis, ny the Foreyste
Perelus. Than seyde sir Trystrames,

'Here shall ye abyde me thes ten dayes, and Governayle, 20
my squyer, with you. And if so be I com nat agayne by that
day, take the nexte way into Cornwayle, for in thys foreyste
ar many strange adventures, as I have harde sey, and som
of hem I caste to preve or that I departe. And whan I may
I shall hyghe me aftir you.' 25

Than sir Trystrams and sir Keyhydyns toke their horsis 196r
and departed frome theire felyship. And so they rode within
that foreyste a myle and more, and at the laste sir Trystramys
saw before them a lykely knyght syttyng armed by a well.
And a stronge myghty horse stood passyng nyghe hym 30
ityed to an oke, and a man hovyng and rydynge by hym,
ledynge an horse lode with spearys. And thys knyght
that sate at the well semyd by hys countenaunce to be

1 sir Launcelot du Lake and *not in C* 3 *C* Bretayne whanne 5 dame *not in C* 6 thus *not in C* *C* and hit 7 *C** that he wold come 9 *C* she her self 10 *W* Kehydy[9] 12 and seyde *not in C*† 14–15 *C* they wente syr Tristram kehydius Dame 18 *C* on the costes 18–19 *C*† castel peryllous *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 108r, col. 2*) prés de la forest des Darnantes 21 *W* a a geyne 24 *C* caste me to preue or I 29 *C* afore hym *C* armed syttynge 30 stood *not in C* 31 *C* teyed 32 *C* lade with

passyng hevy. Than sir Trystramys rode nere hym and seyde,

'Fayre knyght! Why sitte you so droupynge? Ye seme to be a knyghte arraunte by youre armys and harneys, and therefore dresse you to juste with one of us other with bothe!'

Therewithall that knyght made no wordes, but toke hys shylde and buckeled hit aboute hys necke, and lyghtly he toke hys horse and lepte uppon hym, and than he toke a grete speare of hys squyre and departed hys way a furlonge.

Then sir Kehydyns asked leve of sir Trystrames to juste firste.

'Sir, do your beste!' seyde sir Trystrames.

So they mette togydirs, and there sir Kehydi⟨ns⟩ had a falle and was sore wounded an hyghe abovyn the pappis. Than sir Trystramys seyde,

'Knyght, that ys well justed, now make you redy unto me!'

'Sir, I am redy,' seyde the knyght.

And anone he toke a grete speare and encountird with sir Trystramys. And there by fortune and by grete force that knyght smote downe sir Trystramys frome hys horse, and had a grete falle. Than sir Trystramys was sore ashamed, and lyghtly he avoyded hys horse and put hys shylde afore hys shulder and drew hys swerde, and than sir Trystramys requyred that knyght of hys knyghthode to alyghte uppon foote and fyght with hym.

'I woll well,' seyde the knyght.

And so he alyght uppon foote and avoyded hys horse and kest hys shylde uppon hys shulder and drew oute hys swerde, and there they fought a longe batayle togydirs, nyghe two owrys.

Than sir Trystramys seyde,

'Fayre knyght, holde thyne honde a lytyll whyle and telle
196v me of whens thou arte and what is thy name.'

'As for that,' seyde the knyght, 'I woll be avysed; but and ye woll telle me youre name, peradventure I woll telle you myne.'

5 *W* of of 13, 18 Sir *not in C* 14 *W* Kehydi⁹ 19 *C* And thenne that knyght took a gretter spere in his hand and encountred 20 by fortune and *not in C*† 29 oute *not in C* 30 *C* ful nyghe 33 a lytyll whyle *not in C*†

'Now, fayre knyght,' he seyde, 'my name ys sir Trystram (11)
de Lyones.'

'Sir, and my name ys sir Lamerok de Galys.'

'A, sir Lamerok!' seyde sir Trystram, 'well be we mette! And bethynke the now of the despite thou dedist me of the sendynge of the horne unto kynge Markis courte, to the entente to have slayne or dishonourde my lady, quene La Beall Isode. And therefore wyte thou well,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'the tone of us two shall dy or we departe.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'that tyme that we were togydirs in the Ile of Servage ye promysed me bettir frendeship.'

So sir Trystramys wolde make no lenger delayes, but laysshed at sir Lamerok, and thus they faught longe tylle aythir were wery of other. Than sir Trystrams seyde unto sir Lamorak,

'In all my lyff mette I never with such a knyght that was so bygge and so well-brethed. Therefore,' sayde sir Trystramys, 'hit were pité that ony of us bothe sholde here be myscheved.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'for youre renowne and your name I woll that ye have the worship, and therefore I woll yelde me unto you.' And therewith he toke the poynte of hys swerde in hys honde to yelde hym.

'Nay,' seyde sir Trystrames, 'ye shall nat do so, for well I know youre profirs ⟨are⟩ more of your jantilnes than for ony feare or drede ye have of me.'

And therewithall sir Trystramys profferde hym hys swerde and seyde,

'Sir Lamerak, as an overcom knyght I yelde me to you as a man of moste noble proues that I ever mette!'

'Nay,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I woll do you jantylnes: I requyre you, lat us be sworne togydirs that never none of us shall aftir thys day have ado with other.'

And therewithall sir Trystrames and sir Lamorak sware

3 *C* Syre said the other knyght and my name is sir 7 *C* the Quene 10–11 *C* Lamorak remembre that we were to gyders in the yle of seruage and at that tyme ye promysed me grete frendship 14–24 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Trystrams and sir Lamorak fawght tyll they were wery bothe and so they lefte on evyn honde and were swore togydir 17 *C* brethed as ye be 19–20 *C* renomme and name 20 *C* worship of this bataille and 22 in hys honde *not in C*† 24 *C*†, *W*† and more 24–25 *C* for my fere 28–29 *C* as to a mã of the most 29 *C* mette with alle

that never none of hem sholde fyght agaynste othir, for well nother for woo.

(12) And thys meanewhyle com sir Palomydes, the good knyght,
197r folowyng the questyng beste that had in shap lyke a serpentis
5 hede and a body lyke a lybud, buttokked lyke a lyon and footed lyke an harte. And in hys body there was such a noyse as hit had bene twenty couple of houndys questynge, and suche noyse that beste made wheresomever he wente. And thys beste evermore sir Palomydes folowed, for hit was
10 called hys queste.

And ryght so as he folowed this beste, hit cam by sir Trystram, and sone aftir cam sir Palomydes. And to breff thys mater, he smote downe sir Trystramys and sir Lamorak bothe with one speare, and so he departed aftir the Beste
15 Glatyssaunte (that was called the Questynge Beste), wherefore thes two knyghtes were passynge wrothe that sir Palomydes wold nat fyght with hem on foote.

Here men may undirstonde that bene men of worshyp that man was never fourmed that all tymes myght attayne,
20 but somtyme he was put to the worse by malefortune and at som tyme the wayker knyght put the byggar knyght to a rebuke.

Than sir Trystrams and sir Lamerok gate sir Kayhydyns uppon a shylde betwyxte them bothe and led hym to a fosters
25 lodge. And there they gaff hym in charge to kepe hym well, and with hym they abode three dayes. Than thes two knyghtes toke their horsys and at a crosse they departed.

And than seyde sir Trystramys to sir Lamorak,

30 'I requyre you, if ye hap to mete with sir Palomydes, say to hym that he shall fynde me at the same welle there we mette tofore, and there I, sir Trystramys, shall preve whether he be bettir knyght than I.'

And so ayther departed frome othir a sondry way, and
35 sir Trystramys rode nyghe thereas was sir Keyhydyns, and

1–2 *C* nor for wele nor for woo 4 *C** shap a hede lyke 5 *C* a lybard buttocks lyke 7 *C*† ben the noyse of thyrtty coupel *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 109v, col. 2*) comment se vingt brachés glatissent devant elle 17 *C* on foote with hem 18 *C* ben of 19 *C* that he was 19–20 *C* myght stande but 21 *C* the wers knyghte putte the better knyghte 27 *C* at the crosse 30–31 *C* say hym 31–32 *C* there I mette hym and

sir Lamorak rode untyll he cam to a chapell, and there he put hys horse unto pasture.

And anone there cam sir Mellyagaunce that was kynge Bagdemagus sonne, and he there put hys horse to pasture, and was nat ware of sir Lamerok. And than thys knyght sir Mellyagaunce made hys mone of the love that he had to 197v quene Gwenyver, and there he made a wofull complaynte.

All thys harde sir Lamorak, and on the morne sir Lamorake toke hys horse and rode unto the foreyste, and there he mette with two knyghtes hovyng undir the woodshaw.

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'what do ye, hovynge here and wacchynge? And yff ye be knyghtes arraunte that wyll juste, lo I am redy!'

'Nay, sir knyght,' they seyde, 'we abyde nat here for to juste with you, but we lye in a wayte uppon a knyght that slew oure brothir.'

'What knyght was that,' seyde sir Lamorak, 'that ye wolde [fayne] mete withall?'

'Sir,' they seyde, 'hit ys sir Launcelot that [slewe oure broder, and yf ever we maye mete with hym he shal not escape, but] we woll slee [hym] and he com thys way.'

'Ye take uppon you a grete charge,' seyde sir Lamorake, 'for sir Launcelot ys a noble proved knyght.'

'As for that, sir, we doute nat, for there ys none of us but we ar good inowghe for hym.'

'I woll nat beleve that,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'for I harde never yet of no knyght dayes of oure lyff but sir Launcelot was to bygge for hym.'

Ryght as they talked sir Lameroke was ware how sir Laun- (13)
celot com rydynge streyte towarde them. Than sir Lamo-
rak salewed hym and he hym agayne, and than sir Lamorak asked sir Launcelot if there were onythynge that he myght do for hym in thys marchys.

'Nay,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'nat at thys tyme, I thanke you.'

Than ayther departed frome other, and sir Lamorake rode ayen thereas he leffte the two knyghtes, and than he founde them hydde in the leved woode.

14 *C* they said not soo we 15 *C* lye here in a wayte of a 18, 19–21 *Not emended in O*[1] 21 and he com thys way *not in C* 24 sir *not in C* 27 *C* the dayes of my lyf 29 *C* Ryyght soo as they stode talkynge thus syre

'Fye on you!' seyde sir Lamerak, 'false cowardis! That pité and shame hit ys that ony of you sholde take the hyghe Order of Knyghthode!'

So sir Lamerok departed fro them, and within a whyle he mette with sir Mellyagaunce. And than sir Lamorak asked hym why he loved quene Gwenyver as he ded, 'for I was nat far frome you whan ye made youre complaynte by the chapell.'

'Ded ye so?' seyde sir Mellyagaunce. 'Than woll I abyde
198r by hit. I love quene Gwenyver!'

'What woll ye with hit?'

'I woll preve and make hit good that she ys the fayryste lady and moste of beauté in the worlde.'

'As to that,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I say nay thereto, for quene Morgause of Orkeney, modir unto sir Gawayne, for she ys the fayryst lady that beryth the lyff.'

'That ys nat so,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'and that woll I preve with my hondis!'

'Wylle ye so?' seyde sir Lamorak. 'And in a bettir quarell kepe I nat to fyght.'

So they departed [ayther] frome othir in grete wratthe, and than they com rydyng togydir as hit had bene thundir, and aythir smote other so sore that their horsis felle backewarde to the erthe. And than they avoyded their horsys and dressed their shyldis and drew their swerdis, and than they hurteled togydirs as wylde borys, and thus they fought a grete whyle. For sir Mellyagaunce was a good man and of grete myght, but sir Lamorak was harde byg for hym and put hym allwayes abacke, but aythir had wounded othir sore.

And as they stood thus fyghtynge, by fortune com sir Launcelot and sir Bleoberys, and than sir Launcelot rode betwyxte them and asked them for what cause they fought so togydirs, 'and ye ar bothe of the courte of kynge Arthure'.

(14) 'Sir,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'I shall telle you for what cause we do thys batayle. I praysed my lady, quene Gwenyvere, and seyde she was the fayryste lady of the worlde, and

1 That *not in C* 12 hit *not in C* 15–16 *C* moder to sire Gawayne and his moder† is the fayrest quene and lady 18 *C* handes vpon thy body 21 *C** departed eyther from 31 *C* Bleoberys rydynge And 33 *C* bothe knyghtes of kynge Arthur

sir Lameroke seyde nay thereto, for he seyde quene Morgause of Orkeney was fayrar than she and more of beauté.'

'A!' seyde sir ⟨Launcelot, 'sir⟩ Lamorak, why sayst thou so? Hit ys nat thy parte to disprayse thy prynces that thou arte undir obeysaunce and we all.' And therewithall sir Launcelot alyght on foote. 'And therefore make the redy, for I woll preve uppon the that quene Guenever ys the fayryst lady and most of bounté in the worlde.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I am lothe to have ado with you in thys quarell, for every man thynkith hys owne lady fayryste, and thoughe I prayse the lady that I love moste, ye sholde nat be wrothe. For thoughe my lady quene 198v Gwenyver be fayryst in youre eye, wyte you well quene Morgause of Orkeney ys fayryst in myne eye, and so every knyght thynkith his owne lady fayryste. And wyte you well, sir, ye ar the man in the worlde excepte sir Trystramys that I am moste lothyst to have ado withall, but and ye woll nedys have ado with me, I shall endure you as longe as I may.'

Than spake sir Bleoberys and seyde,

'My lorde, sir Launcelot, I wyste you never so mysseadvysed as ye be at thys tyme, for sir Lamerok seyth to you but reson and knyghtly. For I warne you, I have a lady, and methynkith that she ys the fayryst lady of the worlde. Were thys a grete reson that ye sholde be wrothe with me for such langage? And well ye wote that sir Lamorak ys a noble knyght as I know ony lyvynge, and he hath oughte you and all us ever good wyll. Therefore I pray you, be fryndis!'

Than sir Launcelot seyde,

'Sir, I pray you, forgyve me myne offence and evyll wyll, and if I was mysseadvysed I woll make amendis.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'the amendis ys sone made betwyxte you and me.'

And so sir Launcelot and sir Bleoberys departed, and sir Lamerok and sir Mellyagaunce toke their horsis and aythir departed frome othir.

3 *C* A syre Lamorak 5–6 *C* vnder theire obeyssaunce dn† we alle and there with he alyghte on foote and sayd for this quarel make the 17–18 *C* nedes fyghte with me 21 *C* ye are now For to *not in C* 25–26 *C* is as noble knyght as I knowe and he 27 all *not in C* *C* be good frendes 28 *C* sayd vnto sir lamerak 29 offence and *not in C*† 30 *C* will amende hit 34 *C* syr Melyagaunce and sir Lamorak

And within a whyle cam kyng Arthure and mette with sir Lamorak and justed with hym, and there he smote downe sir Lamorak and wounded hym sore with a speare. And so he rode frome hym, wherefore sir Lamerok was wroth that he wolde nat fyght with hym on foote, howbehit that sir Lamerok knew nat kynge Arthure.

(15) Now levith of thys tale and spekith of sir Trystramys, that as he rode he mette with sir Kay the Senescyall, and there sir Kay asked sir Trystramys of what contrey he was. He answerde and seyde he was of the contrey of Cornwaile.

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Kay, 'for as yet harde I never
199r that evir good knyght com oute of Cornwayle.'

'That ys well spokyn,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but and hit please you to telle me your name, I pray you.'

'Sir, wyte you well that my name ys sir Kay the Senesciall.'

'A, sir, ys that youre name?' seyde sir Trystramys. 'Now wyte you well that ye ar named the shamefullyst knyght of your tunge that now ys lyvynge. Howbehit ye ar called a good knyght, but ye ar called unfortunate and passyng overthwart of youre tunge.'

And thus they rode togydirs tylle they cam to a brydge, and there was a knyght that wolde nat latte them passe tylle one of them justed with hym. And so that knyght justed with sir Kay, and there he gaff sir Kay a falle, and hys name was sir Tor, sir Lamerokes halff-brothir.

And than they two rode to their lodgynge, and there they founde sir Braundiles, and sir Tor cam thydir anone aftir. And as they sate at hir souper, thes four knyghtes, three of them spake all the shame by Cornysh knyghtes that coude be seyde. Sir Trystramys harde all that they seyde, and seyde but lytyll, but he thought the more. But at that tyme he discoverde nat hys name.

And uppon the morne sir Trystrams toke hys horse and abode them uppon their way. And there sir Brandiles

7 *C* Now leue we of this tale and speke we of 10 *C* ansuerd that he 12 as *not in C* 14 *C* is euyl spoken *C* bnt *S* but 15 *C* I requyre yon (*S* you) 16 *C* well said sire kay that 17 A sir *not in C* 20 *C* kuyght *S* knyght 23 that *not in C* 25 *C* there that knyght gaf sir kay a falle his 29 hir *not in C* *C* knyghtes *S* knygtes 30 the *not in C* 30–31 that coude be seyde *not in C* 31–32 *C* and he sayd

p[ro]firde to juste with sir Trystram, and there sir Trystram smote hym downe, horse and all, to the erthe.

Than sir Tor le Fyze de Vaysshoure, he encountird with sir Trystram, and there sir Trystram smote hym downe. And than he rode hys way and sir Kay folowed hym, but he wolde none of hys felyship. Than sir Brandiles com to sir Kay and seyde,

'I wolde wyte fayne what ys that knyghtes name.'

'Com one with me,' seyde sir Kay, 'and we shall pray hym to telle us hys name.'

So they rode togydirs tyll they cam nyghe hym, and than they were ware where he sate by a welle and had put of hys helme to drynke at the welle. And whan that he saw them com he laced on hys helme lyghtly and toke hys horse to 199v profir hem to juste.

'Nay!' seyde sir Brandyles, 'we justed late inowe with you, but we com nat in that entente, but we requyre you of knyghthod to telle us youre name.'

'My fayre lordys, sitthyn that hit ys youre [desyre], and now for to please you ye shall wyte that my name ys sir Trystram de Lyones, nevew unto kyng Mark of Cornwayle.'

'In goode tyme,' seyde sir Brandiles, 'and well be ye foundyn! And wyte you well that we be ryght glad that we have founde you, and we be of a felyship that wolde be ryght glad of youre company, for ye ar the knyght in the worlde that the felyship of the Rounde Table desyryth moste to have the company off.'

'God thank them all,' seyde sir Trystram, 'of hir grete goodnes, but as yet I fele well that I am not able to be of their felyship, for I was never yet of such dedys of worthynes to be in the companye of such a felyship.'

'A,' seyde sir Kay, 'and ye be sir Trystrams, ye ar the man called now moste of proues excepte sir Launcelot, for he beryth nat the lyff crystynde nother hethynde that canne fynde such anothir knyght, to speke of hys proues and of his

3 he *not in C* 6 *C* wold not of 9 *C* Come on with 13 that *not in C* 14–15 *C* hors and proferd hym 17 *C* But for this we come to requyre 19 *C* fayre knyghtes 20 now for *not in C* 27 *C* the noble felaushiip *C* mooste desyreth 29 all *not in C* 30 *C* am vnabyl to 33 *C* Tristram (*S* Trystram) de lyones 34 *C* launcelot du lake 35 *C* crysten ne hethen

hondis and hys trouthe withall. For yet cowde there never creature sey hym dishonoure and make hit good.'

Thus they talked a grete whyle, and than they departed ayther frome other such wayes as hem semed beste.

(16) Now shall ye here what was the cause that kyng Arthure cam into the Foreyste Perelous, that was in North Walis, by the meanys of a lady. Her name was Aunowre, and thys lady cam to kynge Arthure at Cardyeff, and she by fayre promyses and fayre behestis made kynge Arthure to ryde with her into that foreyste Perelous. And she was a grete sorseres, and many dayes she had loved kynge Arthure, and bycause she wolde have had hym to lye by her she cam into that contrey.

So whan the kynge was gone with hir, many of hys knyghtes folowed aftir hym whan they myste hym, as sir Launcelot, sir Brandiles, and many other.

200r And whan she had brought hym to hir towre she desired hym to ly by her, and than the kynge remembird hym of hy[s] lady and wolde nat for no crauffte that she cowde do. Than every day she wolde make hym ryde into that foreyste with hy⟨r⟩ owne knyghtes to the entente to have had hym slayne; for whan thys lady Aunowre saw that she myght nat have hym at her wylle, than she laboured by false meanys to have destroyed kynge Arthure and slayne hym.

Than the Lady of the Lake, that was allwayes fryndely to kynge Arthure, she undirstood by hir suttyle craufftes that kynge Arthure was lykely to be destroyed. And therefore thys Lady of the Lake, that hyght Nynyve, she cam into that foreyste to seke aftir sir Launcelot du Lake othir ellis sir Trystramys for to helpe kynge Arthure, for as that same day she knew well that kynge Arthur sholde be slayne onles that he had helpe of one of thes two knyghtes.

And thus ⟨as⟩ she rode uppon a downe she mette with sir Trystram, and anone as she saw hym she knew hym and seyde,

'A, my lorde, sir Trystram, well be ye mette, and blyssed

2 *C* saye of hym 9 *C* promyse 12 had *not in C* 15 *C* after kynge arthur whan 19 *C* not lye by her for 21 *W* hys *C* his *C* had kynge arthur 24 hym *not in C* 27 *C* was lyke to 28 she *not in C* 29 *C* lake or sire 30–31 *C* day this lady of the lake knewe 33 *C* rode vp and donne (*S* doune) tyl she 34–35 and seyde *not in C* 35 *C* Tristram she said well be

be the tyme that I have mette with you, for the same day and within thys [two] owrys shall be done the dolefullyst dede that ever was done in thys londe.'

'A, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'may I amende hit?'

'Yee, sir, therefore comyth on with me in all the haste ye may, for ye shall se the moste worshipfullyst knyght in the worlde harde bestadde.'

Than seyde sir Trystramys, 'I am redy lo to helpe you and suche a noble man as ye sey he ys.'

'Sir, hit ys nother better ne worse,' seyde the damesell, 'but the noble kynge Arthure hymselff.'

'God deffende,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'that ever he shulde be in such distresse!'

Than they rode togydirs a grete pace untyll they cam to a lityll turret in a castell, and undirnethe that castel they saw a knyght stondynge uppon foote fyghtyng with two knyghtes. And so sir Trystramys behelde them. And at the laste thes **200v** two knyghtes smote downe that one knyght, and one of hem unlaced hys helme, and the lady Aunowre gate kynge Arthurs swerde in her honde to have strykyn of his hede.

And therewithall com sir Trystramys as faste as he myght, and seyyng, 'Traytoures! Leve that knyght anone!' And so sir Trystrams smote the tone of hem thorow the body that he felle dede, and than he russhed to the othir and smote hys backe in sundir.

And in the meanewhyle the Lady of the Lake cryed to kyng Arthur, 'Lat nat that false lady ascape!'

Than kynge Arthur overtoke hir and with the same swerd he smote of her hede. And the Lady of the Lake toke up hir hede and hynge hit at hir sadill-bowe by the heyre.

1 *C* this same 2–3 *C* the foulest† dede *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 114v, col. 1*) que chevalerie demourast en joye qui pour la mort d'un homme sera huy en dolour 4 *C* O fair 6 *C* Come on with me she said and that in alle the haste 7 *C* knyȝt of the 9 lo *not in C* 9–11 *C* helpe suche a noble man he is neither better 11–12 *C* said the lady of the lake but 16 in a *not in C*† 18 *C* laste the 19 *C* doune the one *C* and that one 20 *C** helm to haue slayne hym And the lady Annoure 21 *W* have haue 22–28 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Trystrams rescowed kyng Arthur fro the lady Aunowre 22–24 *C* Tristram with alle his myghte cryenge Traytresse Traitresse leue that And anone there sire Tristram smote the one of the knyghtes thorou 25 *C* rasshed 31 *C*† henge it vp by the heyre of her sadel bowe

And than sir Trystramys horsed the kynge agayne and rode forth with hym, but he charged the Lady of the Lake nat to discover hys name as at that tyme. So whan the kynge was horsed he thanked hartely sir Trystramys and desired to wyte hys name, but he wolde nat telle hym none other but that he was a poure knyght aventures. And so he bare kynge Arthure ⌜felyship⌝ tylle he mette with som of hys knyghtes.

And so within a whyle he mette with sir Ector de Marys, and he knew nat kynge Arthur nother yet sir Trystram, and he desired to juste with one of them. Than sir Trystrames rode unto sir Ector and smote hym frome hys horse, and whan he had done so he cam agayne to [the] kynge and seyde,

'My lorde, yondir ys one of youre knyghtes, he may beare you felyshyp. And anothir day, ⟨by⟩ that dede that I have done for you I truste to God ye shall undirstonde that I wolde do you servyse.'

'Alas!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'lat me wyte what ye ar.'

'Nat at thys tyme,' seyde sir Trystramys. So he departed and leffte kynge Arthur and sir Ector togydirs.

(17) And than at a day sette sir Trystrams and sir Lamerok mette at a welle, and than they toke sir Keyhydyns at the
201r fosters house, and so they rode with hym to [the] ship where they leffte dame Brangwayne and Governayle. And so they sayled into Cornuayle all hole togydirs.

And by assente and by enformacion of dame Brangwayne, whan they were londed they rode unto sir Dynas the Senesciall, a trusty frynde of sir Trystramys, and so sir Dynas and dame Brangwayne rode to the courte of kynge Marke and tolde the quene La Beall Isode that sir Trystramys was nyghe hir in the contrey. Than for verry pure joy La Beall Isode sowned, and whan she myght speke she seyde,

'Jantyll senesciall, helpe that I myght speke with hym, othir my harte woll braste!'

Than sir Dynas and dame Brangwayne brought sir

1 *C* horsed kyng Arthur and 5 none other *not in C* 7 *C** Arthur felauship tyl *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 115r, col. 1*) je vous feray compagnie jusques a tant que vous aiez trouvé aucun de vos chevaliers 9 *C* Arthur nor sir Tristram 13 *C* knyghtes *S* knghtes 21 *C* at the welle 24 *C* all holy 26 *C*† whan thye 27–28 *C* so dame Brangwayne and syre Dynas rode 30 *C* in that 33 *C* gentyl kny3t Seneschall help

Trystram and sir Kehydyns prevaly into the courte, unto the chambir whereas La Beall Isode assygned them. And to telle the joyes that were betwyxte La Beall Isode and sir Trystramys, there ys no maker can make hit, nothir no harte can thynke hit, nother no penne can wryte hit, nother no mowth can speke hit.

And as the Freynshe booke makith mension, at the firste tyme that ever sir Kayhidins saw La Beall Isode he was so enamered uppon hir that for very pure love he myght never withdraw hit. And at the laste, as ye shall hyre or the booke be ended, sir Keyhydyns dyed for the love of Isode.

And than pryvaly he wrote unto her lettirs and baladis of the moste goodlyeste that were used in tho dayes. And whan La Beall Isode undirstoode hys lettirs she had pité of hys complaynte, and unavised she wrote another lettir to comforte hym withall.

And sir Trystram was all thys whyle in a turret, at the commaundemente of La Beall Isode, and whan she myght she yeode and come to sir Trystram.

So on a day kynge Marke played at the chesse undir a chambir wyndowe, and at that tyme sir Trystramys and sir Keyhydyns were within the chambir over kynge Marke. And as hit myshapped, sir Trystrams founde the lettir that **201v** sir Kayhydyns sente unto La Beall Isode; also he had founde the lettir that she had sente unto sir Keyhydyns. And at the same tyme La Beall Isode was in the same chambir.

Than sir Trystramys com unto La Beall Isode and seyde,

'Madame, here ys a lettir that was sente unto you, and here ys the lettir that ye sente unto hym that sente you that lettir. Alas! madame, the good love that I have lovyd you, and many londis and grete rychesse have I forsakyn for youre love! And now ye ar a traytouras unto me, whych dothe me grete payne.

'But as for the, sir Keyhydyns, I brought the oute of Bretayne into thys contrey, and thy fadir, kynge Howell, I

2 *C* chamber *S* chambre *C* Isoud hadde assygned hit and 4–7 *C*† there is no tonge can telle it nor herte thynke hit nor pen wryte hit And as 7 *W* makith makith 11 *C* for the loue (*S* for loue) of la beale Isoud 18–19 *C* myght she came vnto sire 24 *C* sent vn o la 25 *C* she wrote vnto Kehydius 25–26 *C* that same 32 grete *not in C* 33 *C* to me the whiche

wan hys londis. Howbehit I wedded thy syster, Isode le Blaunche Maynes, for the goodnes she ded unto me, and yet, as I am a trew knyght, she ys a clene maydyn for me. But wyte thou well, sir Keyhydyns, for thys falshed and treson thou hast done unto me, I woll revenge hit uppon the!' And therewithall sir Trystram drew his swerde and seyde, 'Sir Keyhidyns, kepe the!'

And than La Beall Isode sowned to the erthe.

And whan sir Keyhydyns saw sir Trystrams com uppon hym, he saw none other boote but lepte oute at a bay-wyndow evyn over the hede where sate kynge Marke playyng at the chesse. And whan the kynge saw one com hurlyng over hys hede he seyde,

'Felow, what arte thou, and what ys the cause thou lepe oute at that wyndow?'

'My lorde kynge,' seyde sir Keyhydyns, 'hit fortuned me that I was aslepe in the wyndow abovyn youre hede, and as I slepte I slumbirde, and so I felle downe.'

(18) Thus sir Keyhydyns excused hym, and sir Trystram drad hym leste he were discoverde unto the kyng that he was there. Wherefore he drew hym to the strength of the towre and armed hym in such armour as he had for to fyght with hem that wolde withstonde hym.

202r And so whan sir Trystram saw that there was no resistence agaynste hym he sente Governayle for hys horse and hys speare, and knyghtly he rode forth oute of the castell opynly that was callyd the Castell of Tyntagyll.

And evyn at the gate he mette with sir Gyngalyn, Gawaynes sonne, and anone sir Gyngalyn put hys speare in the reste and ran uppon sir Trystram and brake hys speare. And sir Trystram at that tyme had but a swerde, and gaff hym such a buffet uppon the helme that he fylle downe frome hys sadill, and hys swerde slode adowne and carved asundir his horse necke. And so sir Trystramys rode hys way into the foreyste.

And all thys doynge saw kynge Marke, and than he sente

3 *C* am true 5 *C* done me 6 *C* drewe oute 12 *C* chesses 14 *C* lepest 16 *C* the kynge 18 *C* slommeryd 19–20 *C*† hym Capitulum xiii Thenne sir Tristram dredde sore lest 22 for *not in S* 29–30 *C* in his reyste 33–34 *C* and carf a sonder

a squyer unto the hurte knyght and commaunded hym to com to hym, and so he ded. And whan kynge Marke wyst that hyt was sir Gyngalyn he wellcommyd hym and gaff hym anothir horse, and so he asked hym what knyght was that encountirde with hym.

'Sir,' seyde sir Gyngalyn, 'I wote nat what knyght hit was, but well I wote he syeth and makith grete dole.'

Than sir Trystrames within a whyle mette with a knyght of hys owne—hys name was sir Fergus—and whan he had mette with hym he made such sorow that he felle downe of hys horse in a sowne, and in such sorow he was inne three dayes and three nyghtes. Than at the laste sir Trystramys sente unto the courte by sir Fergus for to spurre what tydyngis.

And so as he rode by the way he mette with a damesell that cam frome sir Palomydes to know and seke how sir Trystramys ded. Than sir Fergus tolde her how he was allmoste oute of hys mynde.

'Alas!' seyde the damesell, 'where shall I fynde hym?'

'In suche a place,' seyde sir Fergus.

Than sir Fergus founde quene Isode syke in hir bedde, makynge the grettyste dole that ever ony erthly woman made.

And whan the damesell founde sir Trystramys she made **202v** grete dole, bycause she myght nat amende hym; for the more she made of hym, the more was hys payne. And at the laste sir Trystram toke hys horse and rode awey frome her.

And than was hit three dayes or that she coude fynde hym, and than she broute hym mete and drynke, but he wolde none. And than another tyme sir Trystramys ascaped away frome the damesell, and hit happened hym to ryde by the same castell where sir Palomydes and sir Trystramys dyd batayle, whan La Beall Isode departed them.

And there by fortune the damesell mette with sir Trystramys ayen, makynge the grettiste dole that ever erthely creature made, and she yode to the lady of that castell and tolde of the myssadventure of sir Trystrames.

'Alas!' seyde the lady of that castell, 'where ys my lorde sir Trystramys?'

4 *C* hym an horse and asked 9 *C* owne that hyghte sir 10 *C* made grete sorowe in so moche that he 13 *C* to spere 21 *C* seke 36 *C* tolde her

'Ryght here by youre castell,' seyde the damesell.

'In good tyme,' seyde the lady, 'ys he so nyghe me: he shall have mete and drynke of the beste. And an harpe I have of hys whereuppon he taught me, for of goodly harpyng he beryth the pryse of the worlde.'

So thys lady and damesell brought hym mete and drynke, but he ete lityll thereoff. Than uppon a nyght he put hys horse frome hym and unlaced hys armour, and so yeode unto the wyldirnes and braste downe the treys and bowis.

And othirwhyle, whan he founde the harpe that the lady sente hym, than wolde he harpe and play thereuppon and wepe togydirs. And somtyme, whan he was in the wood, the lady wyst nat where he was. Than wolde she sette hir downe and play uppon the harpe, and anone sir Trystramys wolde com to the harpe and harkyn thereto, and somtyme he wolde harpe hymselff.

Thus he there endured a quarter off a yere, and so at the
203r laste he ran hys way and she wyst nat where he was becom. And than was he naked, and waxed leane and poore of fleyshe. And so he felle in the felyshyppe of herdemen and shyperdis, and dayly they wolde gyff hym som of their mete and drynke, and whan he ded ony shrewde dede they wolde beate hym with roddis. And so they clypped hym with sherys and made hym lyke a foole.

(19) And so uppon a day sir Dagonet, kynge Arthurs foole, cam into Cornwayle with two squyers with hym, and as they rode thorow that foreyste they cam by a fayre welle where sir Trystramys was wonte to be. And the weddir was hote, and they alyght to drynke of that welle, and in the meanewhyle theyre horsys brake lowse.

Ryght so cam sir Trystramys unto them, and firste he sowsed sir Dagonet in that welle, and aftir that hys squyars, and thereat lowghe the shypperdis. And furthwithall he ran aftir their horsis and brought hem agayne one by one, and ryght so wete as they were he made them lepe up and ryde their wayes.

5 *C* in the world 8–9 *C* And thenne he vnlaced his armour and thenne sir Tristram wold go in to the 12 *C* whan sire Tristram was in the woode that the 14–15 *C* that harp Thenne wold sire Tristram come to that harp 17 *C* yere thēne at 27 *S* came to a 32 *C* after his

Thus sir Trystramys endured there an halff-yere naked, and wolde never com in towne [ne village]. So the meanewhyle the damesell that sir Palomydes sent to seke sir Trystram, she yode unto sir Palomydes and tolde hym off all the myschyff that sir Trystram endured. 5

'Alas!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit ys grete pité that ever so noble a knyght sholde be so myscheved for the love of a lady. But nevertheles I woll go and seke hym and comforte hym and I may.'

Than a lytyll before that tyme La Beall Isode had commaunded sir Kayhydyns oute of the contrey of Cornwayle. 10 So sir Keyhydyns departed with a dolerous harte, and by aventure he mette with sir Palomydes, and they felyshypped togydirs, and aythir complayned to other of there hote love that they loved La Beall Isode. 15

'Now lat us', seyde sir Palomydes, 'seke sir Trystramys that lovyth her as well as we, and let us preve whether we may recover hym.'

So they rode into the foreyste, and three dayes and three **203v** nyghtes they wolde never take lodgynge, but ever sought sir 20 Trystram. And uppon a tyme by adventure they mette with kynge Marke that was rydden frome hys men all alone. And whan they saw hym sir Palomydes knew hym, but sir Keyhydyns knew hym nat.

'A, false knyght!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit ys pité thou 25 haste thy lyff, for thou arte a destroyer of all worshipfull knyghtes, and by thy myschyff and thy vengeaunce thou haste destroyed that moste noble knyght, sir Trystramys de Lyones. And therefore deffende the,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for thou shalt dye thys day!' 30

'That were shame,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for ye too ar armed and I am unarmed.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall fynde a remedy therefore: here ys a knyght with me, and thou shalt have hys harneyse.' 35

'Nay,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I woll nat have ado with you, for cause have ye none to me: for all the mysseease that sir

2 *Not emended in O*1 4 *C* yede off *not in C* 13 *C* enfelaushypped 16 *W* ws *C* vs 17 *C* loued her 19 *C* that forest 24 *C* Kehydins *S* Kehydius 25 *C* fals kynge 28 *S* the mooste

Trystramys hath was for a lettir that he founde. For as for me, I ded to hym no displesure, and God knowith I am full sory for hys maledye and hys myssease.'

So whan the kynge had thus excused hymselff they were fryndys, and kynge Marke wolde have had them unto the Castell of Tyntagyll. But sir Palomydes wolde nat, but turned unto the realme of Logrys, and sir Keyhydyns seyde that he wolde into Bretayne.

Now turne we unto sir Dagonet ayen, that whan he and hys squyers were uppon horsebacke he demyd that the shyperdis had sente that foole to aray hem so bycause that they lawghed at them. And so they rode unto the kepers of the bestis and all to-bete them.

Whan sir Trystramys saw hem betyn that were wonte to gyff hym mete, he ran thydir and gate sir Dagonet by the hede, and there he gaff hym such a falle to the erthe and brusede hym so that he lay stylle. And than he wraste hys
204r swerde oute of hys honde, and therewith he ran to one of hys squyers and smote of hys hede, and hys othir squyer fled. And so sir Trystramys toke his way with the swerde in hys honde, rennynge as he had bene wyld woode.

Than sir Dagonet rode to kynge Marke and tolde hym how he had spedde in the foreyste.

'And therefore,' seyde sir Dagonet, 'beware, kynge Marke, that thou com nat aboute that well in the foreyste, for there ys a foole naked. And that foole and I, foole, mette togydir, and he had allmoste slayne me.'

'A,' seyde kynge Marke, 'that ys sir Matto le Breune that felle oute of hys wytte because he loste hys lady, for whan sir Gaherys smote downe sir Matto and wan hys lady of hym, never syns was he in his mynde, and that was grete pité, for he was a good knyght.'

(20) Than sir Andred that was cousyn unto sir Trystram made a lady that was hys paramour to sey and to noyse hit that she was with sir Trystramys or ever he dyed. And thys tale she brought unto kynge Markis house, that she buryed hym

3 *C* his disease and malady 4 *C* thus xcused hym they 5–6 the Castell of *not in C* 8 *C* wolde goo in to 11 *S* that soole 13 the *not in C* 14 Whan *not in C* 15 *C** mete and drynke thenne he 16 there he *not in C* 16–17 *C* erthe that he brysed hym sore* so 18 *C* swērd *S* swerd 19 *C* & the other fled 20 *C* that swerd 23 *C* that forest 33 *C* vato *S* vnto 36 *C* markes courte that

by a welle, and that or he dyed he besoughte kynge Marke to make hys cousyn, sir Andred, kynge of the contrey of Lyonas, of the whych sir Trystramys was lorde of. And all thys ded sir Andred bycause he wolde have had sir Trystramys londis.

And whan kynge Mark harde telle that sir Trystrames was dede he wepte and made grete dole. But whan quene Isode harde of thes tydyngis, she made such sorow that she was nyghe oute of hir mynde. And so uppon a day she thought to sl[e] hirselff and never to lyve aftir the deth of sir Trystramys.

And so uppon a day La Beall Isode gate a swerde pryvayly, and bare hit into her gardyne, and there she pyghte the swerde thorow a plum-tre up to the hyltis so that hit stake faste, and hit stoode breste-hyghe. And as she wolde have renne uppon the swerde and to have slayne hirselff, all thys aspyed kynge Marke, how she kneled adowne and seyde,

'Sweyte Lorde Jesu, have mercy uppon me, for I may nat **204**[v] lyve aftir the deth of sir Trystram de Lyones, for he was my firste love and shall be the laste!'

And with thes wordis cam kynge Marke and toke hir in hys armys. And than he toke up the swerde and bare hir away with hym into a towre, and there he made hir to be kepte, and wacched hir surely. And aftir that she lay longe syke, nyghe at the poynte of dethe.

So thys meanewhyle ran sir Trystramys naked in the foreyste with the swerde in hys honde, and so he cam to an ermytayge, and there he layde hym downe and slepte. And in the meanewhyle the ermyte stale away the swerde and layde mete downe by hym. Thus was he kepte there a ten dayes, and at the laste he departed and com to the herdemen ayen.

And there was a gyaunte in that contrey that hyght Tauleas, and for feare of sir Trystram more than seven yere he durste never muche go at large, but for the moste party he kepte hym in a sure castell of hys owne. And so thys Tauleas harde telle that sir Trystramys was dede by the noyse of the courte of kynge Marke. Than thys gyaunt Tauleas yode dayly at hys large.

9 *W* slo *C* slee 9–10 *C* after sir tristrams deth 19 *C* and he shalle
28 *C* his swerd 37 gyaunt *not in C* 38 *C* Tauleas wente dayly at large

And so he happyd uppon a day he cam to the herdemen wandrynge and langeryng, and there he sette hym downe to reste amonge them. And in the meanewhyle there cam a knyght of Cornwayle that led a lady with hym, and hys name was sir Dynaunte. And whan the gyaunte saw hym he wente frome the herdemen and hydde hym under a tre.

And so the knyght cam to the well and there he alyght to repose hym. And as sone as he was frome hys horse this gyaunte Tauleas com betwyxte thys knyght and hys horse and [toke the horse and] leped uppon hym, and so forthewith he rode unto sir Dynaunte and toke hym by the coler and pulled hym afore hym uppon hys horse, and wolde have
205r stryken of hys hede.

Than the herdemen seyde unto sir Trystram,

'Helpe yondir knyght!'

'Helpe ye hym,' seyde sir Trystram.

'We dare nat,' seyde the herdemen.

Than sir Trystram was ware of the swerde of the knyght thereas hit lay, and so thydir he ran and toke up the swerde and smote to sir Tauleas, and so strake of hys hede, and so he yode hys way to the herdemen.

(21) Than sir Dynaunte toke up the gyauntes hede and bare hit with hym unto kynge Marke, and tolde hym what adventure betydde hym in the foreyste and how a naked man rescowed hym frome the grymly gyaunte sir Tauleas.

'Where had ye thys aventure?' seyde kynge Marke.

'Forsothe,' seyde sir Dynaunte, 'at the fayre fountayne in the foreyst, where many adventures knyght[es] mete, and there ys the madde man.'

'Well,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I woll se that wood man.'

So within a day or too kynge Marke commaunded hys knyghtes and his hunters to be redy, and seyde that he wolde hunte on the morne. And so uppon the morne he wente into that foreyste.

And whan the kynge cam to that welle he found there

3 And in *not in C* 10 *Not emended in O*1 12 *C* and there wolde 19–23 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Trystram slew Tauleas the Gyaunte 20 *C* smote to sir Tauleas and so *not in C*† *C* of sir tauleas hede 21 *C* yede 22 *C** Thenne the knyght took vp *F* le chevalier 28 *C* in your foreste *C* aduenturous knyȝtes 30 *C* that wild man 32–33 *C* hunters that they shold be redy on the morne for to hunte and soo

lyyng a fayre naked man, and a swerde by hym. Than kynge Marke blew and straked, and therewith hys knyghtes cam to hym, and than he commaunded hys knyghtes to take the naked man with fayrenes, 'and brynge hym to my castell'.

And so they ded savely and fayre, and keste mantels uppon sir Trystramys, and so lad hym unto Tyntagyll. And there they bathed hym and wayshed hym, and gaff hym hote suppyngis, tylle they had brought hym well to hys remembraunce. But all thys whyle there was no creature that knew sir Trystramys nothir what maner man he was.

So hyt befelle uppon a day that the quene La Beall Isode hard of such a man that ran naked in the foreyste, and how the kynge had brought hym home to the courte. Than La Beall Isode called unto her dame Brangwayne and seyde, **205v**

'Com on with me, for we woll go se thys man that my lorde brought frome the foreste the laste day.'

So they passed forth and spirred where was the syke man, and than a squyer tolde the quene that he was in the gardyne takyng hys reste to repose hym ayenst the sunne. So whan the quene loked uppon sir Trystramys she was nat remembird of hym, but ever she seyde unto dame Brangwayne,

'Mesemys I shulde have sene thys man here before in many placis.'

But as sone as sir Trystramys sye her he knew her well inowe, and than he turned away hys vysage and wepte.

Than the quene had allwayes a lytyll brachett that sir Trystramys gaff hir the first tyme that ever she cam into Cornwayle, and never wold that brachet departe frome her but yf sir Trystram were nyghe thereas was La Beall Isode. And thys brachet was firste sente frome the kynges doughter of Fraunce unto sir Trystrams for grete love.

And anone thys lityll bracket felte a savoure of sir Trystram. He lepte uppon hym and lycked hys learys and hys earys, and than he whyned and quested, and she smelled

1 *C* lyenge by that welle 3 *C* thenne the kynge commaunded 6 *C* did saufly *C* cast 8 *C* wasshed hym 11 maner *not in C*† 12 *C* Soo hit felle 20 *C*† rest and repose 22 *C* she heid *S* she seid 23 *C* have sene hym here to fore 25 *W* sye he her he 30 *C* Tristram was 30–34 *W* (*sidenote*) How the brachet of La Beall Isod distreved syr Trystramys 31 firste *not in C*† 33 *C* anone as this 34 *C** she lepte

at hys feete and at hys hondis and on all the partyes of hys body that she myght com to.

'A, my lady!' seyde dame Brangwayne, 'Alas! I se hit ys myne owne lorde sir Trystramys.'

And thereuppon La Beall Isode felle downe in a sowne and so lay a grete whyle. And whan she myght speke she seyde,

'A, my lorde, sir Trystram! Blyssed be God ye have youre lyff! And now I am sure ye shall be discoverde by thys lityll brachet, for she woll never leve you. And also I am sure, as sone as my lorde kynge Marke do know you he woll banysh you oute of the contrey of Cornwayle, othir ellis he woll destroy you. And therefore, for Goddys sake, myne owne lorde, graunte kynge Marke hys wyll, and than draw you unto the courte off kynge Arthure, for there ar ye
206r beloved. And ever whan I may I shall sende unto you, and whan ye lyste ye may com unto me, and at all tymes early and late I woll be at youre commaundement, to lyve as poore a lyff as ever ded quyene or lady.'

'A, madame!' seyde sir Trystramys, 'go frome me, for much angur and daunger have I as⟨say⟩ed for your love.'

(22) Than the quene departed, but the brachet wolde nat frome hym, and therewithall cam kynge Marke, and the brachet sate uppon hym and bayed at them all. And therewithall sir Andred spake and sayde,

'Sir, thys ys sir Trystramys, I se well by that brachet.'

'Nay,' seyde the kynge, 'I can nat suppose that.'

Than the kyng asked hym uppon hys faythe what he was and what was hys name.

'So God me helpe,' seyde he, 'my name ys sir Trystramys de Lyones. Now do by me what ye lyst.'

'A,' sayde kynge Marke, 'me repentis of youre recoverynge.'

And so he lete calle hys barownes to geve jugemente unto sir Trystramys to the dethe. Than many of hys barownes wolde nat assente thereto, and in especiall sir Dynas the

3 *C* Brangwayn vnto la beale Isoud Allas allas said she I *W* Brangwayne seyde Alas 8 A *not in C* 13 And therefore *not in C* 15 *C* Conrte *S* Courte 20 *C* O madame 21 *C* mykel anger *WO*1 ascaped *C* escaped 26 well *not in C*† 29 *C*† was was 32–33 *C* recouer 34–35 *C* to Iuge sir

Senesciall and sir Fergus. And so by the avyse of them all sir Trystramys was banysshed oute of the contrey for ten yere, and thereuppon he toke hys othe uppon a booke before the kynge and hys barownys.

And so he was made to departe oute of the contrey of Cornwayle, and there were many barownes brought hym unto hys shyp, that som were of hys frendis and som were of hys fooys.

And in the meanewhyle there cam a knyght of kynge Arthurs, and hys name was sir Dynadan, and hys commyng was for to seke aftir sir Trystram. Than they shewed hym where he was, armed at all poyntis, going to the shyp.

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'or ye passe thys courte, that ye woll juste with me [I requyre the].'

'With a good wyll,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'and these lordes woll gyffe me leve.'

Than the barownes graunted thereto, and so they ranne **206v** togydir, and there sir Trystramys gaff sir Dynadan a falle. And than he prayde sir Trystram of hys jantylnes to gyff hym leve to go in hys felyshyp.

'Ye shall be ryght wellcom,' seyd he.

And than sir Trystramys and sir Dynadan toke their horsys and rode to their shyppys togydir. And whan sir Trystramys was in the se he seyde,

'Grete well kyng Marke and all myne enemyes, and sey to hem I woll com agayne whan I may. And sey hym well am I rewarded for the fyghtyng with sir Marhalt, and delyverd all hys contrey frome servayge. And well am I rewarded for the fecchynge and costis of quene Isode oute off Irelonde and the daunger that I was in firste and laste. And by the way commyng home what daunger I had to brynge agayne quene Isode frome the Castell Pleure! And well am I rewarded whan I fought with sir Bleoberys for sir Segwarydes wyff. And well am I rewarded whan I faught with sir Blamoure de Ganys for kyng Angwysh, fadir unto La Beall Isode.

1 *C* by thaduyse 5–9 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Trystrams gaff sir Dynadan a falle 7–8 *C* shyp of the whiche somme were his frendes & somme his foes 10 *C* Arthurs his 19 of hys jantylnes *not in C*† 21–22 *C* said thenne sire Tristram and soo they took 26 to *not in C* sey hym *not in C*† 33 *C* I am

'And well am I rewarded whan I smote down the good knyght sir Lamerok de Galis at kynge Markes requeste. And well am I rewarded whan I faught with the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and the kynge of North Galys, and both thes wolde have put hys londe in servayge, and by me they were put to a rebuke. And well am I rewarded for the sleyng of Tauleas, the myghty gyaunte. And many othir dedys have I done for hym, and now have I my waryson!

'And telle kynge Marke that many noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table have spared the barownes of thys contrey for my sake. And also, I am nat well rewarded whan I fought with the good knyght sir Palomydes and rescowed quene Isode frome hym. And at that tyme kynge Marke seyde afore all hys barownes I sholde have bene bettir rewarded.'

And furthewithall he toke the see.

(23) 207r And at the nexte londynge faste by the see there mette with sir Trystram and with sir Dynadan sir Ector de Marys and sir Bors de Ganys, and there sir Ector justed with sir Dynadan and he smote hym and hys horse downe. And than sir Trystram wolde have justed with sir Bors, and sir Bors seyde that he wolde nat juste with no Cornyssh knyghtes, for they ar nat called men of worship. And all thys was done uppon a brydge.

And with thys cam sir Bleoberys and sir Dryaunte, and sir Bleoberys profird to juste with sir Trystram, [and there sir Trystram] smote downe sir Bleoberys. Than seyde sir Bors de Ganys,

'I wyste never Cornysh knyght of so grete a valure nor so valyaunte as that knyght that beryth the trappours enbrowdred with crownys.'

And than sir Trystram and sir Dynadan departed from them into a foreyst, and there mette them a damesell that cam for the love of sir Launcelot to seke aftir som noble knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte for to rescow sir Launcelot. For he was ordayned for by the treson of quene Morgan le

6 *C* I am 10 *C* table roūd 11 And *not in C* *C* am I not 16 *W* and furthe wt all and furthe with all *C* nad forth with alle 29 a *not in C* 35–p. 505, l. 1 *C* launcelot and soo sir launcelott was ordeyned for by the treason of quene Morgan le fay to haue slayne sir launcelot

Fay to have slayne hym, and for that cause she ordayned thirty knyghtes to lye in wayte for sir Launcelot.

And thys damesell knew thys treson, and for thys cause she cam for to seke noble knyghtis to helpe sir Launcelot; for that nyght other the day affter sir Launcelot sholde com where thes thirty knyghtes were.

And so thys damesell mette with sir Bors and sir Ector and with sir Dryaunte, and there she told hem all four of the treson of Morgan le Fay. And than they promysed her that they wolde be nyghe her whan sir Launcelot shold mete with the thirty knyghtes.

'And if so be they sette uppon hym, we woll do rescowis as we can.'

So the damesell departed, and by adventure she mette with sir Trystram and with sir Dynadan, and there the **207v** damesell tolde hem of all the treson that was ordayned for sir Launcelot.

'Now, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Trystram, 'brynge me to that same place where they shold mete with sir Launcelot.'

Than seyde sir Dynadan,

'What woll ye do? Hit ys nat for us to fyght with thirty knyghtes, and wyte you well I woll nat thereoff! As to macche o knyght, two or three ys inow and they be men, but for to matche fiftene knyghtes, that I woll never undirtake.'

'Fy for shame!' seyde sir Trystram, 'do but youre parte!'

'Nay,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll nat thereoff but iff ye woll lende me your shylde. For ye bere a shylde of Cornwayle, and for the cowardyse that ys named to the knyghtes of Cornwayle by youre shyldys ye bene ever forborne.'

'Nay,' sayde sir Trystram, 'I woll nat departe frome my shylde for her sake that gaff hit me. But one thyng,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I promyse the, sir Dynadan: but if thou wolte promyse me to abyde with me ryght here I shall sle the. For I desyre no more of the but answere one knyght. And yf thy harte woll nat serve the, stonde by and loke uppon!'

2 *C* in a wayte 4 *C* the damoysel came 5 the *not in S* 10 *C* nyghe where sire 14 *C* the damoisel met 23 *C* one knyght 28 *C* lene me 34 ryght *not in C* 37 *C* vpon me and them

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll promyse you to looke uppon and to do what I may to save myselff, but I wolde I had nat mette with you.'

So than anone thes thirty knyghtes cam faste by thes four knyghtes, and they were ware of them, and aythir of other. And so thes thirty knyghtes lette ⟨them passe⟩ for thys cause, that they wolde nat wratth them if case be they had ado with sir Launcelot. And the four knyghtes lette them passe to thys entente, that they wolde se and beholde what they wolde do with sir Launcelot. And so the thirty knyghtes paste on and cam by sir Trystram and by sir Dynadan, and than sir Trystramys cryed on hyght:

'Lo here ys a knyght ayenste you for the love of sir Launcelot!'

And there he slew two with a speare and ten with hys swerde. And than cam in sir Dynadan and he ded passyng
208r welle. And so of the thirty knyghtes there yoode but ten away, and they fledde.

And all thys batayle saw sir Bors de Ganys and hys three felowys, and than they saw well hit was the same knyght that justed with hem at the brydge. Than they toke their horsys and rode unto sir Trystramys and praysed hym and thanked hym of hys good dedys. And they all desyred sir Trystram to go with them to their lodgynge, and he seyde he wold nat go to no lodgynge. Than they four knyghtes prayde hym to telle hys name.

'Fayre lordys,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'as at thys tyme I woll nat telle you my name.'

(24) Than sir Trystram and sir Dynadan rode forthe their way tylle they cam to shyperdis and to herdemen. And there they asked them if they knew ony lodgyng there nerehonde.

'Sir,' seyde the herdemen, 'hereby ys good herberow in a castell, but there ys such a custom that there shall no knyght herberow there but if he juste with two knyghtes, and if he be but o knyght he muste juste with two knyghtes. And as ye be, sone shall ye be macched.'

12 *C* on hyghe 15 *C*† with one sperd 17 *C* there wente 24 *C* he said nay he wold not 25 *C* they alle four 26 *C* telle hem his 31 *C* lodgynge or hereberough there nyghe hand 32 *C* Forsothe syrs sayde the *C* good lodgynge in 33–34 *C* knyghte be herberowed but 35 *C* but one 35–36 *C* two And as ye be therin soone

'There ys shrewde herberow!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'Lodge where ye woll, for I woll nat lodge there.'

'Fye for shame!' seyde sir Trystramys, 'ar ye nat a knyght of the Table Rounde? Wherefore ye may nat with your worship reffuse your lodgynge.'

'Not so,' seyde the herdemen, 'for and ye be beatyn and have the warse, ye shall nat be lodged there, and if ye beate them ye shall well be herberowed.'

'A,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I undirstonde they ar two good knyghtes.'

Than sir Dynadan wolde nat lodge there in no maner but as sir Trystramys requyred hym of hys knyghthode, and so they rode thydir. And to make shorte tale, sir Trystram and sir Dynadan smote hem downe bothe, and so they entirde into the castell and had good chere as they cowde thynke or devyse.

And whan they were unarmed and thought to be myry and in good reste, there cam in at the yatis sir Palomydes and sir Gaherys, requyryng to have the custum of [the] castell.

'What aray ys thys?' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I wolde fayne have my reste.'

'That may nat be,' seyde sir Trystram. 'Now muste we **208v** nedis defende the custum of thys castell insomuch as we have the bettir of this lordes of thys castell. And therefor,' seyde sir Trystram, 'nedis muste ye make you redy.'

'In the devyls name,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'cam I into youre company!'

And so they made them redy, and sir Gaherys encountirde with sir Trystram, and sir Gaherys had a falle. And sir Palomydes encountirde with sir Dynadan, and sir Dynadan had a falle: than was hit falle for falle. So than muste they fyght on foote, and that wolde nat sir Dynadan, for he was sore brused of that falle that sir Palomydes gaff hym.

Than sir Trystramys laced on sir Dynadans helme and prayde hym to helpe hym.

'I woll nat,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for I am sore wounded of

8 *C* be wel 9 I undirstonde *not in C* 9–10 *C* two sure knyghtes 12 *C* knygthode *S* knyghthode 21 fayne *not in C*† 25 *C* the lordes 33 and *not in C* 35 *C* Tristram vnlaced syre

the thirty knyghtes that we had ado withall. But ye fare', seyde sir Dynadan, 'as a man [that] were oute of hys mynde that wold caste hymselff away. And I may curse the tyme that ever I sye you, for in all the worlde ar nat such two knyghtes that ar so wood as ys sir Launcelot and ye, sir Trystram! For onys I felle in the felyshyp of sir Launcelot as I have done now with you, and he sette me so a worke that a quarter of a yere I kept my bedde. Jesus deffende me', seyde sir Dynadan, 'frome such two knyghtys, and specially frome youre felyshyp.'

Than seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll fyght with hem bothe!' And anone sir Trystram bade hem com forthe bothe, 'for I woll fyght with you'.

Than sir Palomydes and sir Gaherys dressed and smote at hem bothe. Than sir Dynadan smote at sir Gaherys a stroke or two, and turned frome hym.

'Nay!' seyde sir Palomydes. 'Hit ys to much shame for us two knyghtes to fyght with one!' And than he ded bydde sir Gaherys, 'Stonde asyde with that knyght that hath no lyste to fyght.'

Than they rode togydirs and fought longe, and at the laste sir Trystram doubled hys stroke and drove sir Palo-
209r mydes abak more than three stryddys. And than by one assente sir Gaherys and sir Dynadan wente betwyxte them and departed them in sundir.

And than by the assente of sir Trystramys they wolde have lodged togydirs, but sir Dynadan seyde he wold nat lodge in that castell. And than he cursed the tyme that ever he com in theyre felyship, and so he toke hys horse and hys harneyse and departed.

Than sir Trystram prayde the lordys of that castell to lende hym a man to brynge hym to a lodgyng. And so they ded, and overtoke sir Dynadan and rode to hir lodgynge, two myle thens, with a good man in a pryory; and there they were well at ease.

And that same nyght sir Bors and sir Bleoberys and sir Ector and sir Dryaunt abode stylle in the same place thereas

1 *C* hadde but late agoo to doo with alle as a madde man and as a man þt is oute of
2 *C* Dynadan vnto syr Trystram
5 *C* that ben so
7 so *not in C*
12 *C* Thenne syr
14 *C* dressid them and
22 *C** strokes
26 the *not in C*
27 seyde he *not in C*
29 *C*† their feauship
32 *C* lene hym

sir Trystram faught with [the] thirty knyghtes. And there they mette with sir Launcelot the same nyght, and had made promyse to lodge with sir Collgrevaunce the same nyght.

But anone as sir Launcelot harde of the shylde of Cornwayle, he wyste well hit was sir Trystram that had fought with hys enemyes, and than sir Launcelot praysed sir Trystram and called hym the man of moste worshyp in the worlde. (25)

So there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght sir Pellynore, and he desyred to wete the name of sir Trystram, but in no wyse he coude nat. And so sir Trystram departed and leffte sir Dynadan in that pryory, for he was so wery and so sore brused that he myght nat ryde.

Than thys knyght, sir Pellynore, seyde unto sir Dynadan, 'Sith that ye woll nat telle me that knyghtes name, I shall ryde affter hym and make hym to telle me hys name, other he shall dye therefore.'

'Yet beware, sir knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for and ye folow hym ye woll repente hit.'

So that knyght, sir Pellynor, rode aftir sir Trystram and requyred hym of justis. Than sir Trystram smote hym downe and wounded hym thorow the shulder, and so he paste on hys way. 209v

And on the nexte day folowynge sir Trystram mette with pursyvauntis, and they tolde hym that there was made a grete crye of turnemente betwene kynge Carados of Scotlonde and the kynge of North Galys, and aythir shulde juste agayne othir afore the Castell of Maydyns. And thes pursyvauntis sought all the contrey aftir good knyghtes, and in especiall kynge Carados lete make grete sykynge for sir Launcelot, and the kynge of North Galis lete seke specially for sir Trystramys de Lyones. And at that tyme sir Trystramys thought to be at that justis.

And so by adventure they mette with sir Kay the Senesciall and sir Sagramoure le Desirous, and sir Kay requyred syr Trystram to juste.

1 *W* with sir Trystramys xxx[tl] knyghtes *C** with the thirtty knyghtes 2 *C*† same knyght 4 *C* as the noble Knyghte syre 5 *C* thenne wyst he wel that hyt was 12 *C* the pryory 15 *C* I will 18 Yet *not in C* 19 *C* ye shalle 28 *C* at the 29 *C* the good 30 grete *not in C* *C* launcelot du lake 31 *C* seke after sir

And sir Trystram in a maner refused hym, bycause he wolde nat be hurte nothir brused ayenste the grete justis that shuld [be] before the Castell of Maydyns, and therefore he thought to reste hym and to repose hym. And allway sir Kay cryed,

'Sir knyght of Cornwayle, juste with me, othir ellys yelde the to me as recreaunte!'

Whan sir Trystram herd hym sey so he turned unto hym, and than sir Kay refused hym and turned hys backe. Than sir Trystram sayde,

'As I fynde the, I shall take the!'

Than sir Kay turned with evyll wyll, and sir Trystram smote sir Kay downe, and so he rode forthe.

Than sir Sagramoure le Desirous rode aftir sir Trystram and made hym to juste with hym. And there sir Trystram smote downe sir Sagramoure frome hys horse and rode hys way.

And the same day he mette with a damesell that tolde hym that he sholde wynne grete worshyp of a knyght aventures that ded much harme in all that contrey. Whan sir Trystramys herde her sey so he was glad to go with her to wyn worshyp. And so sir Trystram rode with that
210r damesell a six myle. And than there mette with hym sir Gawayne, and therewithall sir Gawayne knew the damesell, that she was longynge to quyne Morgan le Fay. Than sir Gawayne undirstood that she lad that knyght to som myschyeff, and sayde,

'Fayre knyght, whothir ryde ye now with that damesell?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I wote nat whothir I shall ryde, but as thys damesell woll lede me.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'ye shall nat ryde with her, for she and her lady ded never goode but yll.'

And than sir Gawayne pulled oute hys swerde and seyde,

'Damesell, but yf thou telle me anone for what cause thou ledyst thys knyght, thou shalt dye for hit ryght anone, for I know all youre ladyes treson and yourys.'

4 *C* to repose hym and to reste hym 8 *C* to hym 20 *C* aduenturous 23 *C* thenne mette hym 25 *C** was a damoysel of Quene Morgan 26–28 *C* meschyef Faire knyght said sire Gawayne whyder 28 *C* the damoysel 34 *C*† what what 35–36 *C* knyȝt with the thou shalt dye for hit ryght anon I knowe

'A, mercy, sir Gawayne,' seyde she, 'and yff ye woll save my lyff I woll telle you.'

'Say on,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and thou shalt have thy lyff.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'quene Morgan, my lady, hath ordayned a thirty ladyes to seke and aspye aftir sir Launcelot or aftir sir Trystram, and by the traynys of thes ladyes, who that may fyrste mete ony of thes two knyghtes, they shulde turne hem unto Morgan le Fayes castell, sayyng that they sholde do dedys of worship. And yf ony of tho two knyghtes cam, there be thirty knyghtes liyng and wacchyng in a towre to wayte uppon sir Launcelot or uppon sir Trystramys.'

'Fy for shame,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that evir such false treson sholde be wrought or used in a quene and a kyngys systir, and a kynge and a quenys doughtir! Sir,' seyde sir (26) Gawayne, 'wyll ye stonde with me, and we woll se the malyce of thes knyghtes.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'go ye to them and hit please you, and ye shall se I woll nat fayle you, for hit ys not longe ago syn I and a felow mette with thirty [knyghtes] of the quenys felyship, and God spede us so that we won away with worship.'

So than sir Gawayne and sir Trystram rode towarde the **210v** castell where Morgan le Fay was; and ever sir Gawayne demed that he was sir Trystram de Lyones, bycause he hard that two knyghtes had slayn and beatyn thirty knyghtes. And whan they cam afore the castell sir Gawayne spake on hyght and seyde,

'Quene Morgan, sende oute youre knyghtes that ye have layde in wacche for sir Launcelot and for sir Trystram. Now,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I know youre false treson, and all placis where that I ryde shall know of youre false treson. And now lat se', seyde sir Gawayne, 'whethir ye dare com oute of youre castell, ye thirty knyghtes.'

Than the quene spake and all the thirty knyghtes at onys, and seyde,

'A, sir Gawayne, full well wotist thou what thou dost and seyst, for, pardé, we know the passyng well. But all that

1 A *not in C* *C* she said 4 *C* Morgan le fay 5–6 *C* or sir 10 *C** there there 16 *C* these thyrtty knyghtes 19 *C* of that 20 *C* we may wynne worship 23 *C* demed wel that 27 *C* Morgan le fay 29–30 *C** and thorou all places where that I ryde men shall knowe 31 seyde *not in C*† 35 A *not in C* 36 *C* For by god we

thou spekyst and doyst, thou sayste hit uppon pryde of that good knyght that ys there with the. For there be som of us know the hondys of that good knyght overall well. And wyte thou well, sir Gawayne, ⌈hit is more for his sake than for thyn that we woll not come oute of this castel, for wete ye well, sir Gawayne⌉, the knyght that beryth the armys of Cornwayle, we know hym and what he ys.'

Than sir Gawayne and sir Trystram departed and rode on their wayes a day or two togydirs, and there by adventure they mette with sir Kay and with sir Sagramour le Desyrous. And than they were glad of sir Gawayne and he of them, but they wyst nat what he was with the shylde of Cornwayle but by demyng.

And thus they rode togydirs a day or too, and than they were ware of sir Breuse Saunz Pité chasyng a lady for to have slayne her, for he had slayn her paramour afore.

'Holde you all stylle,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and shew none of you forth, and ye shall se me rewarde yonder false knyght: for and he aspye you, he ys so well horsed that he woll ascape away.'

211r And than sir Gawayne rode betwixt sir Breuse and the lady and sayde,

'False knyght, leve her and have ado with me!'

So whan sir Brewse saw no man but sir Gawayne, he feautred hys speare, and sir Gawayne ayenste hym. And there sir Breuse overthrew sir Gawayne, and than he rode [over] hym and overtwarte hym twenty tymys to have destroyed hym.

And [whan] sir Trystram saw hym do so vylaunce a dede he hurled oute ayenste hym, and whan sir Breuse hym saw with the shylde of Cornwayle he knew hym well that hit was sir Trystram. And then he fledde, and sir Trystrams folowed hym, and so sir Breuse was so horsed that he wente hys way quyte. And sir Trystram folowed hym longe affter, for he wolde fayne have bene avenged uppon hym.

2–3 *C* vs that knowen full wel the handes of that knyght ouer alle wel 4–6 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 103, f. 184v, col. 1*) 'Messire Gauvain, sachiés que la paour de vous ne nous fait pas ceans demourer, ainchois le fait meilleur de vous; car s'il n'eust la hors fors vous, vous trouvissiés bien qui s'alast combatre a vous.' *Homoeoteleuton in W* 24 *C*† syre gayne 30 *W* he so hurled 32–33 *C* folowed after hym and syr Breuse saunce pyte 34 affter *not in C*

And so whan he had longe chaced hym he saw a fayre well, and thydir he rode to repose hym, and tyed hys horse tylle a tre. And than he pulled of hys helme and waysshed hys (27) vysayge and hys hondes, and so he felle on slepe.

And so in the meanewhyle cam a damesell that had sought sir Trystram many wayes and dayes within thys londe. And whan she cam to the welle she loked uppon hym and had forgotyn hym as in remembraunce of sir Trystrames, but by hys horse she knew hym, that hyght Passe-Brewell, that had ben hys horse many yerys; for whan he was madde in the foreyste sir Fergus kepte hym. So thys lady, dame Brangwayne, abode stylle tylle he was awake. And whan she saw hym awaked she salewed hym and he her agayne, for aythir knew other of olde acqueyntaunce. Than she tolde sir Trystram how she had sought hym longe and brode, and there she tolde hym how she had lettirs frome the quene La Beall Isode. Then anone [sir Trystram redde them, and wete ye wel he was gladde, for therein was many a pyteous complaynte. Than sir Trystram] seyde,

'Lady, dame Brangwayne, ye shall ryde with me tylle the turnemente be done at the Castell of Maydyns. And than **211**[v] shall ye beare lettirs and tydynges with you.'

And than sir Trystram toke hys horse and sought lodgynge, and there he mette with a good aunciaunte knyght and prayde hym to lodge with hym. Ryght so com Governayle unto sir Trystram that was glad of the commyng of the lady. And thys olde knyghtes name was sir Pellownes, and he tolde hym of the grete turnemente that shulde be at the Castell of Maydyns:

'And there sir Launcelot and two and twenty knyghtes of hys blood have ordayne shyldis of Cornwayle.'

And ryght so there com one unto sir Pellownes and tolde hym that sir Persides de Bloyse was com home. Than that knyght hylde up hys hondys and thanked God of hys

3 *C*† Capitulum XVII 10 *C* ben sire Tristrams hors 13 *C* hym wake 14–15 *C* told hym how 17–20 *W* anone seyde lady dame Bragwayne *C** anon sire Tristram redde them and wete ye well he was gladde for theryn was many a pyteous complaynte Thenne sir Tristram said lady Brangwayne *W's reading is an example of a 'combined error': a homoeoteleuton caused by the recurrence of* sir Trystram *and followed by the omission of these words* (*see note*) 20 *C* tyl that 25–26 *C*† Gonernaile *S* Gouernaile 26 of the commyng *not in C* 27 *C* that lady 30 *C* and xxxii knyȝtes 31 *C* had ordeyned

commyng home, and there sir Pellownes tolde sir Trystram that of two yere afore he had nat sene hys son, sir Persydes.

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'I know youre son well inowgh for a good knyght.'

And so one tyme sir Trystramys and sir Persydes com to their lodgyng both at onys, and so they unarmed h]em and put uppon them such clothyng as they had. And than thes two knyghtes ech wellcomyd other, and whan sir Persides undirstood that sir Trystram was of Cornwayle he seyde he was onys in Cornwayle:

'And there I justed before kynge Marke, and so hit happened me at that same day to overthrow ten knyghtis. And than cam to me sir Trystramys de Lyonas and overthrew me, and toke my lady fro me, and that shall I never forgete, but I shall remembir me and ever I se my tyme.'

'A', sayde sir Trystram, 'now I undirstonde that ye hate sir Trystram. What deme you? [Wene ye] that sir Trystram ys nat able to withstonde youre malyce?'

'Yes,' seyde sir Persydes, 'I know well that sir Trystram ys a noble knyght and a muche bettir knyght than I am, yet I shall nat owghe hym my good wyll.'

212r Ryght as they stood thus talkynge at a bay-wyndow of that castell, they sye many knyghtes ryde to and fro toward the turnemente. And than was sir Trystram ware of a lykly knyght rydyng uppon a grete black horse, and a blacke coverde shylde.

'What knyght ys that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'with the blacke shylde and the blacke horse?'

'I know hym well,' seyde sir Persides, 'he ys one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde.'

'Than hit ys sir Launcelot,' seyde sir Trystramys.

'Nay,' seyde sir Persides, 'hit ys sir Palomydes that ys yett oncrystynde.'

(28) Than they saw muche people of the contrey salew sir Palomydes, and seyde with a lowde voice,

'Jesu save the and kepe the, thou noble knyght sir Palomydes!'

2 *C* that in two yeres he 5 *C* on a tyme 6 *W* unarmed hym 7 *C* hem their clothynge And 12 *C* that tyme to 14 *C* lady awey from 17 *Not emended in O*[1] 20 am *not in C* 23 *C* rydynge 28–29 *C** black hors & the blak sheld he semeth (*S* semes) a good kny3t I 35–37 and . . . Palomydes *not in C*†

And within a whyle aftir there cam a squyer of that castell that tolde sir Pellownes, that was lorde of that castell, that a knyght with a blacke shylde had smyttyn downe thirtene knyghtes.

'Now, fayre brother,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Persydes, 'lat us caste on us lyght clokys, and lat us go se that play.'

'Not so,' seyde sir Persides, 'we woll nat go lyke knavys thydir, but we woll ryde lyke men and as good knyghtes to withstonde oure enemyes.'

So they armed them and toke their horsys and grete spearys, and thydir they rode thereas many knyghtes assayed themselff byfore the turnemente. And anone sir Palamydes saw sir Persides, and than he sente a squyar unto hym and seyde,

'Go thou to the yondir knyght with the grene shyld and therein a lyon of gooldys, and say hym I requyre hym to juste with me, and telle hym that my name ys sir Palomydes.'

Whan sir Persides undirstood the rekeyst of sir Palomydes he made hym redy. And there anone they mette togydirs, but sir Persides had a falle.

Than sir Trystram dressed hym to be revenged uppon sir Palomydes. And that saw sir Palomydes that was redy, and so was nat sir Trystram, and toke hym at avauntayge and smote hym over hys horse tayle, whan he had no speare **212v** in hys reste.

Than sterte up sir Trystram and toke horse lyghtly, and was wrothe oute of mesure, and sore ashamed of that falle. Than sir Trystramys sente unto sir Palomydes by Governayle and prayde hym to juste with hym at hys rekeyste.

'Nay,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'as at thys tyme I woll nat juste with that knyght, for I know hym bettir than he wenyth. And if he be wroth, he may ryght hit to-morne at the Castell Maydyns, where he may se me and many other knyghtes.'

1–2 *C* the castel 6 *C*† vpon vs clokes 6–7 *C* the play 12 *C* they went 20 *C* that request 28 *C* took his hors 34–p. 516, l. 7 *W* (*side-note*): How sir Trystram was takyn at avauntage or he was redy by sir Palomydes and had a fall 35 *C* castel of maydens

So with that cam sir Dynadan, and whan he saw sir Trystram wroth he lyste nat to jape, but seyde,

'Lo, sir Trystram, here may a man preve, be he never so good yet may he have a falle; and he was never so wyse but he myght be oversayne, and he rydyth well that never felle.'

So sir Trystram was passyng wrothe and seyde to sir Persides and to sir Dynadan,

'I woll revenge me!'

Ryght so as they stoode talkynge, there cam by sir Trystram a lykly knyght, rydyng passyng sobirly and hevyly, with a blacke shylde.

'What knyght ys that?' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Persides.

'I know hym well,' seyde sir Persides, 'for hys name ys sir Bryaunte of Northe Walis.'

And so he paste on amonge other knyghtes of North Walis. And there com in sir Launcelot de Lake with a shylde of the armys of Cornwayle, and he sente a squyer unto sir Bryaunte and requyred hym to juste with hym.

'Well,' seyde sir Bryaunte, 'sytthyn that I am requyred to juste, I woll do what I may.'

And there sir Launcelot smote downe sir Bryaunte frome hys horse a grete falle. And than sir Trystram mervayled what knyght he was that bar the shylde of Cornwayle.

'Sir, whatsoever he be,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I warraunte he ys of king Bannys blode, whych bene knyghtes of the nobelyst proues in the worlde, for to accompte so many for so many.'

Than there cam in two knyghtes of North Galys, that one
213r hyght sir Hew de la Mountayne, and the other sir Madok de la Mountayne, and they chalenged sir Launcelot footehote, sir Launcelot not refusynge hem, but made hym redy, and with one grete speare he smote downe bothe over their horse taylis, and so sir Launcelot rode hys way.

2–3 *C* to Iape lo sayd sir Dynadan here may 3 *C* Be a man neuer 5 *C* ouersene 10 *C* there there 21 *C* Bryannt *S* Bryaunt 23 *C* donne *S* doune 25–26 *C* Cornewaile what so euer 26–27 *C* warante you he 27 *C* blood the whiche 27–28 *C* the moost noble prowesse 30 in *not in C* 31 *C* Hewe 34–35 *C* one spere he smote hem doune bothe ouer their hors croupes and

'By the good Lorde,' seyde sir Trystram, 'he ys a good knyght that beryth the shylde of Cornwayle, and mesemyth he rydith on the beste maner that ever I saw knyght ryde.'

Than the kynge of North Galis rode unto sir Palomydes and prayed him hartely for hys sake 'to juste with that knyght that hath done us of North Galis dispite.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I am full lothe to have ado with that knyght, and cause why as to-morne the grete turnemente shall be. And therefore I wolde kepe myselff freyssh be my wyll.'

'Nay,' seyde the kynge of North Galis, 'I pray you, requyre hym of justis.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll juste at youre requeste, and requyre that knyght to juste with me. And oftyn I have seyne a man at hys owne requeste have a grete falle.'

Than sir Palomydes sente unto sir Launcelot a squyre (29) and requyred hym to juste,

'Fayre felow,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'tell me thy lordis name.'

'Sir, my lordys name ys sir Palomydes, the good knyght.'

'In good owre,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for there ys no knyght I saw thys seven yere that I had levir have ado withall.'

And so ayther knyghtes made them redy with two grete spearys.

'Nay,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'ye shall se that sir Palomydes woll quyte hym ryght well.'

'Hyt may be so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but I undirtake that knyght with the shylde of Cornwayle shall gyff hym a falle.'

'I believe hit nat,' seyde sir Dynadan.

Ryght [so] they spurred their horsis and feautred their spearys, and aythir smote other. And sir Palomydes brake a speare uppon sir Launcelot, and he sate and meved nat. But sir Launcelot smote hym so harde that he made hys horse

3 *C* in the 8 *C* why is for as 9 *C* I wille 15 grete *not in C* 16 *C*† Capitulum XIX 17 *C* of Iustes 20 *C* Syre said the squyre my 22–23 *C* knyght that I sawe thys seuen yeres that I had leuer adoo with all than with hym 33 *C* hytte other 35 *C*† so lyghtly *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 227r, col. 2*) Et Lancelot du Lac fiert Palamedes si roidement de si grant force en mi le piz que il n'a pas tant de pooir que il puisse le cop soustenir, ançois vole du cheval a terre

213v to avoyde the sadill, and the stroke brake hys shylde and the hawbarke, and had he nat fallyn he had be slayne.

'How now?' seyde sir Trystram. 'I wyst well by the maner of their rydynge bothe that sir Palomydes shulde have a falle.'

Ryght so sir Launcelot rode hys way, and rode to a well to drynke and repose hym. And they of North Galis aspyed hym whother he wente. And than there folowed hym twelve knyghtes for to have myscheved hym for thys cause, that upon the morne at the turnemente at the Castell of Maydyns that he sholde nat wyn the victory.

So they com uppon sir Launcelot suddeynly, and unnethe he myght put on hys helme and take hys horse but they were in hondis with hym. And than sir Launcelot gate hys speare in hys honde and ran thorow them, and there he slew a knyght and brake hys speare in hys body. Than he drew hys swerde and smote uppon the ryght honde and uppon the lyffte honde, that within a few strokis he had slayne other three knyghtes, and the remenaunte that abode he wounded hem sore, all that ded abyde. Thus sir Launcelot ascaped fro hys enemyes of Northe Walis.

And than sir Launcelot rode hys way tylle a frynde, and lodged hym tylle on the morowe, for he wolde nat the firste day have ado in the turnemente bycause of hys grete laboure. And on the first day he was with kynge Arthur, thereas he was sette on hye uppon a chafflet to d[i]scerne who was beste worthy of hys dedis. So sir Launcelot was with kynge Arthur and justed nat the first day.

7 *C* whyther he rode 9 *C* of the castel 12 *C* putte vpon hym his 13–14 *C* spere and rode thorou 17 *C* lyfte hand soo that 25 *C* vpon a schaffold

CHAPTER X

HOW LA BEALE ISOUD SENT LETTERS TO SIR TRISTRAM BY HER MAID BRAGWAINE. AND OF DIVERS ADVENTURES OF SIR TRISTRAM.

Now leave we here Sir La Cote Male Taile, and turn we unto Sir Tristram de Liones that was in Brittany. When La Beale Isoud understood that he was wedded she sent to him by her maiden Bragwaine as piteous letters as could be thought and made, and her conclusion was that, an it pleased Sir Tristram, that he would come to her court, and bring with him Isoud la Blanche Mains, and they should be kept as well as she herself. Then Sir Tristram called unto him Sir Kehydius, and asked him whether he would go with him into Cornwall secretly. He answered him that he was ready at all times. And then he let ordain privily a little vessel, and therein they went, Sir Tristram, Kehydius, Dame Bragwaine, and Gouvernail, Sir Tristram's squire. So when they were in the sea a contrarious wind blew them on the coasts of North Wales, nigh the Castle Perilous. Then said Sir Tristram: Here shall ye abide me these ten days, and Gouvernail, my squire, with you. And if so be I come not again by that day take the next way into Cornwall; for in this forest are many strange adventures, as I have heard say, and some of them I cast me to prove or I depart. And when I may I shall hie me after you.

Then Sir Tristram and Kehydius took their horses and departed from their fellowship. And so they rode within that forest a mile and more; and at the last Sir Tristram saw afore him a likely knight, armed, sitting by a well, and a strong mighty horse passing nigh him tied to an oak, and a man hoving and riding by him leading an horse laden with spears. And this knight that sat at the well seemed by his countenance to be passing heavy. Then Sir Tristram rode near him and said: Fair knight, why sit ye so drooping? ye seem to be a knight-errant by your arms and harness, and therefore dress you to joust with one of us, or with both. Therewithal

that knight made no words, but took his shield and buckled it about his neck, and lightly he took his horse and leapt upon him. And then he took a great spear of his squire, and departed his way a furlong. Sir Kehydius asked leave of Sir Tristram to joust first. Do your best, said Sir Tristram. So they met together, and there Sir Kehydius had a fall, and was sore wounded on high above the paps. Then Sir Tristram said: Knight, that is well jousted, now make you ready unto me. I am ready, said the knight. And then that knight took a greater spear in his hand, and encountered with Sir Tristram, and there by great force that knight smote down Sir Tristram from his horse and had a great fall. Then Sir Tristram was sore ashamed, and lightly he avoided his horse, and put his shield afore his shoulder, and drew his sword. And then Sir Tristram required that knight of his knighthood to alight upon foot and fight with him. I will well, said the knight; and so he alighted upon foot, and avoided his horse, and cast his shield upon his shoulder, and drew his sword, and there they fought a long battle together full nigh two hours. Then Sir Tristram said: Fair knight, hold thine hand, and tell me of whence thou art, and what is thy name. As for that, said the knight, I will be avised; but an thou wilt tell me thy name peradventure I will tell thee mine.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM MET WITH SIR LAMORAK DE GALIS, AND HOW THEY FOUGHT, AND AFTER ACCORDED NEVER TO FIGHT TOGETHER.

Now fair knight, he said, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. Sir, said the other knight, and my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. Ah, Sir Lamorak, said Sir Tristram, well be we met, and bethink thee now of the despite thou didst me of the sending of the horn unto King Mark's court, to the intent to have slain or dishonoured my lady the queen, La Beale Isoud; and therefore wit thou well,

said Sir Tristram, the one of us shall die or we depart. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, remember that we were together in the Isle of Servage, and at that time ye promised me great friendship. Then Sir Tristram would make no longer delays, but lashed at Sir Lamorak; and thus they fought long till either were weary of other. Then Sir Tristram said to Sir Lamorak: In all my life met I never with such a knight that was so big and well breathed as ye be, therefore, said Sir Tristram, it were pity that any of us both should here be mischieved. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, for your renown and name I will that ye have the worship of this battle, and therefore I will yield me unto you. And therewith he took the point of his sword to yield him. Nay, said Sir Tristram, ye shall not do so, for well I know your proffers, and more of your gentleness than for any fear or dread ye have of me. And therewithal Sir Tristram proffered him his sword and said: Sir Lamorak, as an overcome knight I yield me unto you as to a man of the most noble prowess that ever I met withal. Nay, said Sir Lamorak, I will do you gentleness; I require you let us be sworn together that never none of us shall after this day have ado with other. And therewithal Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak sware that never none of them should fight against other, nor for weal nor for woe.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR PALOMIDES FOLLOWED THE QUESTING BEAST, AND SMOTE DOWN SIR TRISTRAM AND SIR LAMORAK WITH ONE SPEAR

And this meanwhile there came Sir Palomides, the good knight, following the Questing Beast that had in shape a head like a serpent's head, and a body like a leopard, buttocks like a lion, and footed like an hart; and in his body there was such a noise as it had been the noise of thirty couple of hounds questing, and such a noise that beast made wheresomever he went; and this beast

evermore Sir Palomides followed, for it was called his quest. And right so as he followed this beast it came by Sir Tristram, and soon after came Palomides. And to brief this matter he smote down Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak both with one spear; and so he departed after the beast Galtisant, that was called the Questing Beast; wherefore these two knights were passing wroth that Sir Palomides would not fight on foot with them. Here men may understand that be of worship, that he was never formed that all times might stand, but sometime he was put to the worse by mal-fortune; and at sometime the worse knight put the better knight to a rebuke.

Then Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak gat Sir Kehydius upon a shield betwixt them both, and led him to a forester's lodge, and there they gave him in charge to keep him well, and with him they abode three days. Then the two knights took their horses and at the cross they departed. And then said Sir Tristram to Sir Lamorak: I require you if ye hap to meet with Sir Palomides, say him that he shall find me at the same well where I met him, and there I, Sir Tristram, shall prove whether he be better knight than I. And so either departed from other a sundry way, and Sir Tristram rode nigh thereas was Sir Kehydius; and Sir Lamorak rode until he came to a chapel, and there he put his horse unto pasture. And anon there came Sir Meliagaunce, that was King Bagdemagus' son, and he there put his horse to pasture, and was not ware of Sir Lamorak; and then this knight Sir Meliagaunce made his moan of the love that he had to Queen Guenever, and there he made a woeful complaint. All this heard Sir Lamorak, and on the morn Sir Lamorak took his horse and rode unto the forest, and there he met with two knights hoving under the woodshaw. Fair knights, said Sir Lamorak, what do ye hoving here and watching? and if ye be knights-errant that will joust, lo I am ready. Nay, sir knight, they said, not so, we abide not here to joust with you, but we lie here in await of a knight that slew our brother. What knight was that, said Sir Lamorak, that you would fain meet withal? Sir, they said, it is Sir Launcelot that slew our brother, and if ever we may meet with him he shall not escape, but we shall slay him. Ye take upon you a great charge, said Sir Lamorak, for Sir Launcelot is a noble

proved knight. As for that we doubt not, for there nis none of us but we are good enough for him. I will not believe that, said Sir Lamorak, for I heard never yet of no knight the days of my life but Sir Launcelot was too big for him.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR LAMORAK MET WITH SIR MELIAGAUNCE, AND FOUGHT TOGETHER FOR THE BEAUTY OF DAME GUENEVER.

RIGHT so as they stood talking thus Sir Lamorak was ware how Sir Launcelot came riding straight toward them; then Sir Lamorak saluted him, and he him again. And then Sir Lamorak asked Sir Launcelot if there were anything that he might do for him in these marches. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, not at this time I thank you. Then either departed from other, and Sir Lamorak rode again thereas he left the two knights, and then he found them hid in the leaved wood. Fie on you, said Sir Lamorak, false cowards, pity and shame it is that any of you should take the high order of knighthood.

So Sir Lamorak departed from them, and within a while he met with Sir Meliagaunce. And then Sir Lamorak asked him why he loved Queen Guenever as he did: For I was not far from you when ye made your complaint by the chapel. Did ye so? said Sir Meliagaunce, then will I abide by it: I love Queen Guenever, what will ye with it? I will prove and make good that she is the fairest lady and most of beauty in the world. As to that, said Sir Lamorak, I say nay thereto, for Queen Margawse of Orkney, mother to Sir Gawaine, and his mother is the fairest queen and lady that beareth the life. That is not so, said Sir Meliagaunce, and that will I prove with my hands upon thy body. Will ye so? said Sir Lamorak, and in a better quarrel keep I not to fight. Then they departed either from other in great wrath. And then they came riding together as

it had been thunder, and either smote other so sore that their horses fell backward to the earth. And then they avoided their horses, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords. And then they hurtled together as wild boars, and thus they fought a great while. For Meliagaunce was a good man and of great might, but Sir Lamorak was hard big for him, and put him always aback, but either had wounded other sore.

And as they stood thus fighting, by fortune came Sir Launcelot and Sir Bleoberis riding. And then Sir Launcelot rode betwixt them, and asked them for what cause they fought so together: And ye are both knights of King Arthur !

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SIR MELIAGAUNCE, TOLD FOR WHAT CAUSE THEY FOUGHT. AND HOW SIR LAMORAK JOUSTED WITH KING ARTHUR.

SIR, said Meliagaunce, I shall tell you for what cause we do this battle. I praised my lady, Queen Guenever, and said she was the fairest lady of the world, and Sir Lamorak said nay thereto, for he said Queen Margawse of Orkney was fairer than she and more of beauty. Ah, Sir Lamorak, why sayest thou so? it is not thy part to dispraise thy princess that thou art under her obeisance, and we all. And therewith he alighted on foot, and said: For this quarrel, make thee ready, for I will prove upon thee that Queen Guenever is the fairest lady and most of bounty in the world. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, I am loath to have ado with you in this quarrel, for every man thinketh his own lady fairest; and though I praise the lady that I love most ye should not be wroth; for though my lady, Queen Guenever, be fairest in your eye, wit ye well Queen Margawse of Orkney is fairest in mine eye, and so every knight thinketh his own lady fairest; and wit ye well, sir, ye are the man in the world except Sir Tristram that I am most loathest to have ado withal, but, an ye

will needs fight with me I shall endure you as long as I may. Then spake Sir Bleoberis and said: My lord Sir Launcelot, I wist you never so misadvised as ye are now, for Sir Lamorak sayeth you but reason and knightly; for I warn you I have a lady, and methinketh that she is the fairest lady of the world. Were this a great reason that ye should be wroth with me for such language? And well ye wot, that Sir Lamorak is as noble a knight as I know, and he hath ought you and us ever good will, and therefore I pray you be good friends. Then Sir Launcelot said unto Sir Lamorak. I pray you forgive me mine evil will, and if I was misadvised I will amend it. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, the amends is soon made betwixt you and me. And so Sir Launcelot and Sir Bleoberis departed, and Sir Meliagaunce and Sir Lamorak took their horses, and either departed from other.

And within a while came King Arthur, and met with Sir Lamorak, and jousted with him; and there he smote down Sir Lamorak, and wounded him sore with a spear, and so he rode from him; wherefore Sir Lamorak was wroth that he would not fight with him on foot, howbeit that Sir Lamorak knew not King Arthur.

CHAPTER XV

HOW SIR KAY MET WITH SIR TRISTRAM, AND AFTER OF THE SHAME SPOKEN OF THE KNIGHTS OF CORNWALL, AND HOW THEY JOUSTED.

Now leave we of this tale, and speak we of Sir Tristram, that as he rode he met with Sir Kay, the Seneschal; and there Sir Kay asked Sir Tristram of what country he was. He answered that he was of the country of Cornwall. It may well be, said Sir Kay, for yet heard I never that ever good knight came out of Cornwall. That is evil spoken, said Sir Tristram, but an it please you to tell me your name I require you. Sir, wit ye well, said Sir Kay, that my name is Sir Kay, the Seneschal. Is that your name? said Sir Tristram, now

wit ye well that ye are named the shamefullest knight of your tongue that now is living; howbeit ye are called a good knight, but ye are called unfortunate, and passing overthwart of your tongue. And thus they rode together till they came to a bridge. And there was a knight would not let them pass till one of them jousted with him; and so that knight jousted with Sir Kay, and there that knight gave Sir Kay a fall: his name was Sir Tor, Sir Lamorak's half-brother. And then they two rode to their lodging, and there they found Sir Brandiles, and Sir Tor came thither anon after. And as they sat at supper these four knights, three of them spake all shame by Cornish knights. Sir Tristram heard all that they said and he said but little, but he thought the more, but at that time he discovered not his name.

Upon the morn Sir Tristram took his horse and abode them upon their way. And there Sir Brandiles proffered to joust with Sir Tristram, and Sir Tristram smote him down, horse and all, to the earth. Then Sir Tor le Fise de Vayshoure encountered with Sir Tristram, and there Sir Tristram smote him down, and then he rode his way, and Sir Kay followed him, but he would not of his fellowship. Then Sir Brandiles came to Sir Kay and said: I would wit fain what is that knight's name. Come on with me, said Sir Kay, and we shall pray him to tell us his name. So they rode together till they came nigh him, and then they were ware where he sat by a well, and had put off his helm to drink at the well. And when he saw them come he laced on his helm lightly, and took his horse, and proffered them to joust. Nay, said Sir Brandiles, we jousted late enough with you, we come not in that intent. But for this we come to require you of knighthood to tell us your name. My fair knights, sithen that is your desire, and to please you, ye shall wit that my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, nephew unto King Mark of Cornwall. In good time, said Sir Brandiles, and well be ye found, and wit ye well that we be right glad that we have found you, and we be of a fellowship that would be right glad of your company. For ye are the knight in the world that the noble fellowship of the Round Table most desireth to have the company of. God thank them, said Sir Tristram, of their great goodness, but as yet I feel

well that I am unable to be of their fellowship, for I was never yet of such deeds of worthiness to be in the company of such a fellowship. Ah, said Sir Kay, an ye be Sir Tristram de Liones, ye are the man called now most of prowess except Sir Launcelot du Lake; for he beareth not the life, Christian nor heathen, that can find such another knight, to speak of his prowess, and of his hands, and his truth withal. For yet could there never creature say of him dishonour and make it good. Thus they talked a great while, and then they departed either from other such ways as them seemed best.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW KING ARTHUR WAS BROUGHT INTO THE FOREST PERILOUS, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM SAVED HIS LIFE.

Now shall ye hear what was the cause that King Arthur came into the Forest Perilous, that was in North Wales, by the means of a lady. Her name was Annowre, and this lady came to King Arthur at Cardiff; and she by fair promise and fair behests made King Arthur to ride with her into that Forest Perilous; and she was a great sorceress; and many days she had loved King Arthur, and because she would have him to lie by her she came into that country. So when the king was gone with her many of his knights followed after King Arthur when they missed him, as Sir Launcelot, Brandiles, and many other; and when she had brought him to her tower she desired him to lie by her; and then the king remembered him of his lady, and would not lie by her for no craft that she could do. Then every day she would make him ride into that forest with his own knights, to the intent to have had King Arthur slain. For when this Lady Annowre saw that she might not have him at her will, then she laboured by false means to have destroyed King Arthur, and slain.

Then the Lady of the Lake that was always friendly to King Arthur, she understood by her subtle crafts that King Arthur was

like to be destroyed. And therefore this Lady of the Lake, that hight Nimue, came into that forest to seek after Sir Launcelot du Lake or Sir Tristram for to help King Arthur; foras that same day this Lady of the Lake knew well that King Arthur should be slain, unless that he had help of one of these two knights. And thus she rode up and down till she met with Sir Tristram, and anon as she saw him she knew him. O my lord Sir Tristram, she said, well be ye met, and blessed be the time that I have met with you; for this same day, and within these two hours, shall be done the foulest deed that ever was done in this land. O fair damosel, said Sir Tristram, may I amend it. Come on with me, she said, and that in all the haste ye may, for ye shall see the most worshipfullest knight of the world hard bestead. Then said Sir Tristram: I am ready to help such a noble man. He is neither better nor worse, said the Lady of the Lake, but the noble King Arthur himself. God defend, said Sir Tristram, that ever he should be in such distress. Then they rode together a great pace, until they came to a little turret or castle; and underneath that castle they saw a knight standing upon foot fighting with two knights; and so Sir Tristram beheld them, and at the last the two knights smote down the one knight, and that one of them unlaced his helm to have slain him. And the Lady Annowre gat King Arthur's sword in her hand to have stricken off his head. And therewithal came Sir Tristram with all his might, crying: Traitress, traitress, leave that. And anon there Sir Tristram smote the one of the knights through the body that he fell dead; and then he rashed to the other and smote his back asunder; and in the meanwhile the Lady of the Lake cried to King Arthur: Let not that false lady escape. Then King Arthur overtook her, and with the same sword he smote off her head, and the Lady of the Lake took up her head and hung it up by the hair of her saddle-bow. And then Sir Tristram horsed King Arthur and rode forth with him, but he charged the Lady of the Lake not to discover his name as at that time.

When the king was horsed he thanked heartily Sir Tristram, and desired to wit his name; but he would not tell him, but that he was a poor knight adventurous; and so he bare King Arthur fellowship

till he met with some of his knights. And within a while he met with Sir Ector de Maris, and he knew not King Arthur nor Sir Tristram, and he desired to joust with one of them. Then Sir Tristram rode unto Sir Ector, and smote him from his horse. And when he had done so he came again to the king and said: My lord, yonder is one of your knights, he may bare you fellowship, and another day that deed that I have done for you I trust to God ye shall understand that I would do you service. Alas, said King Arthur, let me wit what ye are? Not at this time, said Sir Tristram. So he departed and left King Arthur and Sir Ector together.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM CAME TO LA BEALE ISOUD, AND HOW KEHYDIUS BEGAN TO LOVE BEALE ISOUD, AND OF A LETTER THAT TRISTRAM FOUND.

And then at a day set Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak met at the well; and then they took Kehydius at the forester's house, and so they rode with him to the ship where they left Dame Bragwaine and Gouvernail, and so they sailed into Cornwall all wholly together. And by assent and information of Dame Bragwaine when they were landed they rode unto Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, a trusty friend of Sir Tristram's. And so Dame Bragwaine and Sir Dinas rode to the court of King Mark, and told the queen, La Beale Isoud, that Sir Tristram was nigh her in that country. Then for very pure joy La Beale Isoud swooned; and when she might speak she said: Gentle knight Seneschal, help that I might speak with him, outher my heart will brast. Then Sir Dinas and Dame Bragwaine brought Sir Tristram and Kehydius privily unto the court, unto a chamber whereas La Beale Isoud had assigned it; and to tell the joys that were betwixt La Beale Isoud and Sir Tristram, there is no tongue can tell it, nor heart think it, nor pen write it. And as the French book maketh mention, at the first time that ever Sir Kehydius saw

La Beale Isoud he was so enamoured upon her that for very pure love he might never withdraw it. And at the last, as ye shall hear or the book be ended, Sir Kehydius died for the love of La Beale Isoud. And then privily he wrote unto her letters and ballads of the most goodliest that were used in those days. And when La Beale Isoud understood his letters she had pity of his complaint, and unavised she wrote another letter to comfort him withal.

And Sir Tristram was all this while in a turret at the commandment of La Beale Isoud, and when she might she came unto Sir Tristram. So on a day King Mark played at the chess under a chamber window; and at that time Sir Tristram and Sir Kehydius were within the chamber over King Mark, and as it mishapped Sir Tristram found the letter that Kehydius sent unto La Beale Isoud, also he had found the letter that she wrote unto Kehydius, and at that same time La Beale Isoud was in the same chamber. Then Sir Tristram came unto La Beale Isoud and said: Madam, here is a letter that was sent unto you, and here is the letter that ye sent unto him that sent you that letter. Alas, Madam, the good love that I have loved you; and many lands and riches have I forsaken for your love, and now ye are a traitress to me, the which doth me great pain. But as for thee, Sir Kehydius, I brought thee out of Brittany into this country, and thy father, King Howell, I won his lands, howbeit I wedded thy sister Isoud la Blanche Mains for the goodness she did unto me. And yet, as I am true knight, she is a clean maiden for me; but wit thou well, Sir Kehydius, for this falsehood and treason thou hast done me, I will revenge it upon thee. And therewithal Sir Tristram drew out his sword and said: Sir Kehydius, keep thee and then La Beale Isoud swooned to the earth. And when Sir Kehydius saw Sir Tristram come upon him he saw none other boot, but leapt out at a bay-window even over the head where sat King Mark playing at the chess. And when the king saw one come hurling over his head he said: Fellow, what art thou, and what is the cause thou leapest out at that window? My lord the king, said Kehydius, it fortuned me that I was asleep in the window above your head, and as I slept I slumbered, and so I fell down. And thus Sir Kehydius excused him.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM DEPARTED FROM TINTAGIL, AND HOW HE SORROWED AND WAS SO LONG IN A FOREST TILL HE WAS OUT OF HIS MIND.

THEN Sir Tristram dread sore lest he were discovered unto the king that he was there; wherefore he drew him to the strength of the Tower, and armed him in such armour as he had for to fight with them that would withstand him. And so when Sir Tristram saw there was no resistance against him he sent Gouvernail for his horse and his spear, and knightly he rode forth out of the castle openly, that was called the Castle of Tintagil. And even at gate he met with Gingalin, Sir Gawaine's son. And anon Sir Gingalin put his spear in his rest, and ran upon Sir Tristram and brake his spear; and Sir Tristram at that time had but a sword, and gave him such a buffet upon the helm that he fell down from his saddle, and his sword slid adown, and carved asunder his horse's neck. And so Sir Tristram rode his way into the forest, and all this doing saw King Mark. And then he sent a squire unto the hurt knight, and commanded him to come to him, and so he did. And when King Mark wist that it was Sir Gingalin he welcomed him and gave him an horse, and asked him what knight it was that had encountered with him. Sir, said Gingalin, I wot not what knight he was, but well I wot that he sigheth and maketh great dole.

Then Sir Tristram within a while met with a knight of his own, that hight Sir Fergus. And when he had met with him he made great sorrow, insomuch that he fell down off his horse in a swoon, and in such sorrow he was in three days and three nights. Then at the last Sir Tristram sent unto the court by Sir Fergus, for to spere what tidings. And so as he rode by the way he met with a damosel that came from Sir Palomides, to know and seek how Sir Tristram did. Then Sir Fergus told her how he was almost out of his mind. Alas, said the damosel, where shall I find him? In such a place, said Sir Fergus. Then Sir Fergus found Queen Isoud sick in her bed,

making the greatest dole that ever any earthly woman made. And when the damosel found Sir Tristram she made great dole because she might not amend him, for the more she made of him the more was his pain. And at the last Sir Tristram took his horse and rode away from her. And then was it three days or that she could find him, and then she brought him meat and drink, but he would none; and then another time Sir Tristram escaped away from the damosel, and it happed him to ride by the same castle where Sir Palomides and Sir Tristram did battle when La Beale Isoud departed them. And there by fortune the damosel met with Sir Tristram again, making the greatest dole that ever earthly creature made; and she yede to the lady of that castle and told her of the misadventure of Sir Tristram. Alas, said the lady of that castle, where is my lord, Sir Tristram? Right here by your castle, said the damosel. In good time, said the lady, is he so nigh me; he shall have meat and drink of the best; and an harp I have of his whereupon he taught me, for of goodly harping he beareth the prize in the world. So this lady and damosel brought him meat and drink, but he ate little thereof. Then upon a night he put his horse from him, and then he unlaced his armour, and then Sir Tristram would go into the wilderness, and brast down the trees and boughs; and otherwhile when he found the harp that the lady sent him, then would he harp, and play thereupon and weep together. And sometime when Sir Tristram was in the wood that the lady wist not where he was, then would she sit her down and play upon that harp: then would Sir Tristram come to that harp, and hearken thereto, and sometime he would harp himself. Thus he there endured a quarter of a year. Then at the last he ran his way, and she wist not where he was become. And then was he naked and waxed lean and poor of flesh; and so he fell in the fellowship of herdmen and shepherds, and daily they would give him some of their meat and drink. And when he did any shrewd deed they would beat him with rods, and so they clipped him with shears and made him like a fool.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM SOUSED DAGONET IN A WELL, AND HOW PALOMIDES SENT A DAMOSEL TO SEEK TRISTRAM, AND HOW PALOMIDES MET WITH KING MARK

And upon a day Dagonet, King Arthur's fool, came into Cornwall with two squires with him; and as they rode through that forest they came by a fair well where Sir Tristram was wont to be; and the weather was hot, and they alighted to drink of that well, and in the meanwhile their horses brake loose. Right so Sir Tristram came unto them, and first he soused Sir Dagonet in that well, and after his squires, and thereat laughed the shepherds; and forthwithal he ran after their horses and brought them again one by one, and right so, wet as they were, he made them leap up and ride their ways. Thus Sir Tristram endured there an half year naked, and would never come in town nor village. The meanwhile the damosel that Sir Palomides sent to seek Sir Tristram, she yede unto Sir Palomides and told him all the mischief that Sir Tristram endured. Alas, said Sir Palomides, it is great pity that ever so noble a knight should be so mischieved for the love of a lady; but nevertheless, I will go and seek him, and comfort him an I may. Then a little before that time La Beale Isoud had commanded Sir Kehydius out of the country of Cornwall. So Sir Kehydius departed with a dolorous heart, and by adventure he met with Sir Palomides, and they enfellow-shipped together; and either complained to other of their hot love that they loved La Beale Isoud. Now let us, said Sir Palomides, seek Sir Tristram, that loved her as well as we, and let us prove whether we may recover him. So they rode into that forest, and three days and three nights they would never take their lodging, but ever sought Sir Tristram.

And upon a time, by adventure, they met with King Mark that was ridden from his men all alone. When they saw him Sir Palomides knew him, but Sir Kehydius knew him not. Ah, false king, said Sir Palomides, it is pity thou hast thy life, for thou art a

destroyer of all worshipful knights, and by thy mischief and thy vengeance thou hast destroyed that most noble knight, Sir Tristram de Liones. And therefore defend thee, said Sir Palomides, for thou shalt die this day. That were shame, said King Mark, for ye two are armed and I am unarmed. As for that, said Sir Palomides, I shall find a remedy therefore; here is a knight with me, and thou shalt have his harness. Nay, said King Mark, I will not have ado with you, for cause have ye none to me; for all the misease that Sir Tristram hath was for a letter that he found; for as to me I did to him no displeasure, and God knoweth I am full sorry for his disease and malady. So when the king had thus excused him they were friends, and King Mark would have had them unto Tintagil; but Sir Palomides would not, but turned unto the realm of Logris, and Sir Kehydius said that he would go into Brittany.

Now turn we unto Sir Dagonet again, that when he and his squires were upon horseback he deemed that the shepherds had sent that fool to array them so, because that they laughed at them, and so they rode unto the keepers of beasts and all to-beat them. Sir Tristram saw them beat that were wont to give him meat and drink, then he ran thither and gat Sir Dagonet by the head, and gave him such a fall to the earth that he bruised him sore so that he lay still. And then he wrast his sword out of his hand, and therewith he ran to one of his squires and smote off his head, and the other fled. And so Sir Tristram took his way with that sword in his hand, running as he had been wild wood. Then Sir Dagonet rode to King Mark and told him how he had sped in that forest. And therefore, said Sir Dagonet, beware, King Mark, that thou come not about that well in the forest, for there is a fool naked, and that fool and I fool met together, and he had almost slain me. Ah, said King Mark, that is Sir Matto le Breune, that fell out of his wit because he lost his lady; for when Sir Gaheris smote down Sir Matto and won his lady of him, never since was he in his mind, and that was pity, for he was a good knight.

CHAPTER XX

HOW IT WAS NOISED HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS DEAD, AND HOW LA BEALE ISOUD WOULD HAVE SLAIN HERSELF.

THEN Sir Andred, that was cousin unto Sir Tristram, made a lady that was his paramour to say and to noise it that she was with Sir Tristram or ever he died. And this tale she brought unto King Mark's court, that she buried him by a well, and that or he died he besought King Mark to make his cousin, Sir Andred, king of the country of Liones, of the which Sir Tristram was lord of. All this did Sir Andred because he would have had Sir Tristram's lands. And when King Mark heard tell that Sir Tristram was dead he wept and made great dole. But when Queen Isoud heard of these tidings she made such sorrow that she was nigh out of her mind; and so upon a day she thought to slay herself and never to live after Sir Tristram's death. And so upon a day La Beale Isoud gat a sword privily and bare it to her garden, and there she pight the sword through a plum tree up to the hilt, so that it stuck fast, and it stood breast high. And as she would have run upon the sword and to have slain herself all this espied King Mark, how she kneeled down and said: Sweet Lord Jesu, have mercy upon me, for I may not live after the death of Sir Tristram de Liones, for he was my first love and he shall be the last. And with these words came King Mark and took her in his arms, and then he took up the sword, and bare her away with him into a tower; and there he made her to be kept, and watched her surely, and after that she lay long sick, nigh at the point of death.

This meanwhile ran Sir Tristram naked in the forest with the sword in his hand, and so he came to an hermitage, and there he laid him down and slept; and in the meanwhile the hermit stole away his sword, and laid meat down by him. Thus was he kept there ten days; and at the last he departed and came to the herdmen again. And there was a giant in that country that hight Tauleas, and for fear of Sir Tristram more than seven year he durst

never much go at large, but for the most part he kept him in a sure castle of his own; and so this Tauleas heard tell that Sir Tristram was dead, by the noise of the court of King Mark. Then this Tauleas went daily at large. And so he happed upon a day he came to the herdmen wandering and langering, and there he set him down to rest among them. The meanwhile there came a knight of Cornwall that led a lady with him, and his name was Sir Dinant; and when the giant saw him he went from the herdmen and hid him under a tree, and so the knight came to that well, and there he alighted to repose him. And as soon as he was from his horse this giant Tauleas came betwixt this knight and his horse, and took the horse and leapt upon him. So forthwith he rode unto Sir Dinant and took him by the collar, and pulled him afore him upon his horse, and there would have stricken off his head. Then the herdmen said unto Sir Tristram: Help yonder knight. Help ye him, said Sir Tristram. We dare not, said the herdmen. Then Sir Tristram was ware of the sword of the knight thereas it lay; and so thither he ran and took up the sword and struck off Sir Tauleas' head, and so he yede his way to the herdmen.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW KING MARK FOUND SIR TRISTRAM NAKED, AND MADE HIM TO BE BORNE HOME TO TINTAGIL, AND HOW HE WAS THERE KNOWN BY A BRACHET.

THEN the knight took up the giant's head and bare it with him unto King Mark, and told him what adventure betid him in the forest, and how a naked man rescued him from the grimly giant, Tauleas. Where had ye this adventure? said King Mark. Forsooth, said Sir Dinant, at the fair fountain in your forest where many adventurous knights meet, and there is the mad man. Well, said King Mark, I will see that wild man. So within a day or two King Mark commanded his knights and his hunters that they

should be ready on the morn for to hunt, and so upon the morn he went unto that forest. And when the king came to that well he found there lying by that well a fair naked man, and a sword by him. Then King Mark blew and straked, and therewith his knights came to him; and then the king commanded his knights to: Take that naked man with fairness, and bring him to my castle. So they did softly and fair, and cast mantles upon Sir Tristram, and so led him unto Tintagil; and there they bathed him, and washed him, and gave him hot suppings till they had brought him well to his remembrance; but all this while there was no creature that knew Sir Tristram, nor what man he was.

So it fell upon a day that the queen, La Beale Isoud, heard of such a man, that ran naked in the forest, and how the king had brought him home to the court. Then La Beale Isoud called unto her Dame Bragwaine and said: Come on with me, for we will go see this man that my lord brought from the forest the last day. So they passed forth, and spered where was the sick man. And then a squire told the queen that he was in the garden taking his rest, and reposing him against the sun. So when the queen looked upon Sir Tristram she was not remembered of him. But ever she said unto Dame Bragwaine: Meseemeth I should have seen him heretofore in many places. But as soon as Sir Tristram saw her he knew her well enough. And then he turned away his visage and wept.

Then the queen had always a little brachet with her that Sir Tristram gave her the first time that ever she came into Cornwall, and never would that brachet depart from her but if Sir Tristram was nigh thereas was La Beale Isoud; and this brachet was sent from the king's daughter of France unto Sir Tristram for great love. And anon as this little brachet felt a savour of Sir Tristram, she leapt upon him and licked his lears and his ears, and then she whined and quested, and she smelled at his feet and at his hands, and on all parts of his body that she might come to. Ah, my lady, said Dame Bragwaine unto La Beale Isoud, alas, said she, I see it is mine own lord, Sir Tristram. And thereupon Isoud fell down in a swoon, and so lay a great while. And when she might speak she said: My lord Sir Tristram, blessed be God ye have your life, and now I am sure

ye shall be discovered by this little brachet, for she will never leave you. And also I am sure as soon as my lord, King Mark, do know you he will banish you out of the country of Cornwall, or else he will destroy you; for God's sake, mine own lord, grant King Mark his will, and then draw you unto the court of King Arthur, for there are ye beloved, and ever when I may I shall send unto you; and when ye list ye may come to me, and at all times early and late I will be at your commandment, to live as poor a life as ever did queen or lady. O Madam, said Sir Tristram, go from me, for mickle anger and danger have I escaped for your love.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW KING MARK, BY THE ADVICE OF HIS COUNCIL, BANISHED SIR TRISTRAM OUT OF CORNWALL THE TERM OF TEN YEARS.

THEN the queen departed, but the brachet would not from him; and therewithal came King Mark, and the brachet set upon him, and bayed at them all. Therewithal Sir Andred spake and said: Sir, this is Sir Tristram, I see by the brachet. Nay, said the king, I cannot suppose that. Then the king asked him upon his faith what he was, and what was his name. So God me help, said he, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones; now do by me what ye list. Ah, said King Mark, me repenteth of your recovery. And then he let call his barons to judge Sir Tristram to the death. Then many of his barons would not assent thereto, and in especial Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, and Sir Fergus. And so by the advice of them all Sir Tristram was banished out of the country for ten year, and thereupon he took his oath upon a book before the king and his barons. And so he was made to depart out of the country of Cornwall; and there were many barons brought him unto his ship, of the which some were his friends and some his foes. And in the meanwhile there came a knight of King Arthur's, his name was Dinadan, and his coming

was for to seek after Sir Tristram; then they showed him where he was armed at all points going to the ship. Now fair knight, said Sir Dinadan, or ye pass this court that ye will joust with me I require thee. With a good will, said Sir Tristram, an these lords will give me leave. Then the barons granted thereto, and so they ran together, and there Sir Tristram gave Sir Dinadan a fall. And then he prayed Sir Tristram to give him leave to go in his fellowship. Ye shall be right welcome, said then Sir Tristram.

And so they took their horses and rode to their ships together, and when Sir Tristram was in the sea he said. Greet well King Mark and all mine enemies, and say them I will come again when I may; and well am I rewarded for the fighting with Sir Marhaus, and delivered all this country from servage; and well am I rewarded for the fetching and costs of Queen Isoud out of Ireland, and the danger that I was in first and last, and by the way coming home what danger I had to bring again Queen Isoud from the Castle Pluere; and well am I rewarded when I fought with Sir Bleoberis for Sir Segwarides' wife; and well am I rewarded when I fought with Sir Blamore de Ganis for King Anguish, father unto La Beale Isoud; and well am I rewarded when I smote down the good knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, at King Mark's request; and well am I rewarded when I fought with the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Northgalis, and both these would have put his land in servage, and by me they were put to a rebuke; and well am I rewarded for the slaying of Tauleas, the mighty giant, and many other deeds have I done for him, and now have I my warison. And tell King Mark that many noble knights of the Table Round have spared the barons of this country for my sake. Also am I not well rewarded when I fought with the good knight Sir Palomides and rescued Queen Isoud from him; and at that time King Mark said afore all his barons I should have been better rewarded. And forthwithal he took the sea.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW A DAMOSEL SOUGHT HELP TO HELP SIR LAUNCELOT AGAINST THIRTY KNIGHTS, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT WITH THEM.

AND at the next landing, fast by the sea, there met with Sir Tristram and with Sir Dinadan, Sir Ector de Maris and Sir Bors de Ganis; and there Sir Ector jousted with Sir Dinadan, and he smote him and his horse down. And then Sir Tristram would have jousted with Sir Bors, and Sir Bors said that he would not joust with no Cornish knights, for they are not called men of worship; and all this was done upon a bridge. And with this came Sir Bleoberis and Sir Driant, and Sir Bleoberis proffered to joust with Sir Tristram, and there Sir Tristram smote down Sir Bleoberis. Then said Sir Bors de Ganis: I wist never Cornish knight of so great valour nor so valiant as that knight that beareth the trappings embroidered with crowns. And then Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan departed from them into a forest, and there met them a damosel that came for the love of Sir Launcelot to seek after some noble knights of King Arthur's court for to rescue Sir Launcelot. And so Sir Launcelot was ordained, for-by the treason of Queen Morgan le Fay to have slain Sir Launcelot, and for that cause she ordained thirty knights to lie in await for Sir Launcelot, and this damosel knew this treason. And for this cause the damosel came for to seek noble knights to help Sir Launcelot. For that night, or the day after, Sir Launcelot should come where these thirty knights were. And so this damosel met with Sir Bors and Sir Ector and with Sir Driant, and there she told them all four of the treason of Morgan le Fay; and then they promised her that they would be nigh where Sir Launcelot should meet with the thirty knights. And if so be they set upon him we will do rescues as we can.

So the damosel departed, and by adventure the damosel met with Sir Tristram and with Sir Dinadan, and there the damosel told them all the treason that was ordained for Sir Launcelot. Fair

damosel, said Sir Tristram, bring me to that same place where they should meet with Sir Launcelot. Then said Sir Dinadan: What will ye do? it is not for us to fight with thirty knights, and wit you well I will not thereof; as to match one knight two or three is enough an they be men, but for to match fifteen knights that will I never undertake. Fie for shame, said Sir Tristram, do but your part. Nay, said Sir Dinadan, I will not thereof but if ye will lend me your shield, for ye bear a shield of Cornwall; and for the cowardice that is named to the knights of Cornwall, by your shields ye be ever forborne. Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will not depart from my shield for her sake that gave it me. But one thing, said Sir Tristram, I promise thee, Sir Dinadan, but if thou wilt promise me to abide with me, here I shall slay thee, for I desire no more of thee but answer one knight. And if thy heart will not serve thee, stand by and look upon me and them. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, I promise you to look upon and to do what I may to save myself, but I would I had not met with you.

So then anon these thirty knights came fast by these four knights, and they were ware of them, and either of other. And so these thirty knights let them pass, for this cause, that they would not wrath them, if case be that they had ado with Sir Launcelot; and the four knights let them pass to this intent, that they would see and behold what they would do with Sir Launcelot. And so the thirty knights passed on and came by Sir Tristram and by Sir Dinadan, and then Sir Tristram cried on high: Lo, here is a knight against you for the love of Sir Launcelot. And there he slew two with one spear and ten with his sword. And then came in Sir Dinadan and he did passing well, and so of the thirty knights there went but ten away, and they fled. All this battle saw Sir Bors de Ganis and his three fellows, and then they saw well it was the same knight that jousted with them at the bridge; then they took their horses and rode unto Sir Tristram, and praised him and thanked him of his good deeds, and they all desired Sir Tristram to go with them to their lodging; and he said: Nay, he would not go to no lodging. Then they all four knights prayed him to tell them his name. Fair lords, said Sir Tristram, as at this time I will not tell you my name.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND SIR DINADAN CAME TO A LODGING WHERE THEY MUST JOUST WITH TWO KNIGHTS.

THEN Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan rode forth their way till they came to the shepherds and to the herdmen, and there they asked them if they knew any lodging or harbour there nigh hand. Forsooth, sirs, said the herdmen, hereby is good lodging in a castle; but there is such a custom that there shall no knight be harboured but if he joust with two knights, and if he be but one knight he must joust with two. And as ye be therein soon shall ye be matched. There is shrewd harbour, said Sir Dinadan; lodge where ye will, for I will not lodge there. Fie for shame, said Sir Tristram, are ye not a knight of the Table Round? wherefore ye may not with your worship refuse your lodging. Not so, said the herdmen, for an ye be beaten and have the worse ye shall not be lodged there, and if ye beat them ye shall be well harboured. Ah, said Sir Dinadan, they are two sure knights. Then Sir Dinadan would not lodge there in no manner but as Sir Tristram required him of his knighthood; and so they rode thither. And to make short tale, Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan smote them down both, and so they entered into the castle and had good cheer as they could think or devise.

And when they were unarmed, and thought to be merry and in good rest, there came in at the gates Sir Palomides and Sir Gaheris, requiring to have the custom of the castle. What array is this? said Sir Dinadan, I would have my rest. That may not be, said Sir Tristram; now must we needs defend the custom of this castle, insomuch as we have the better of the lords of this castle, and therefore, said Sir Tristram, needs must ye make you ready. In the devil's name, said Sir Dinadan, came I into your company. And so they made them ready; and Sir Gaheris encountered with Sir Tristram, and Sir Gaheris had a fall; and Sir Palomides encountered

with Sir Dinadan, and Sir Dinadan had a fall: then was it fall for fall. So then must they fight on foot. That would not Sir Dinadan, for he was so sore bruised of the fall that Sir Palomides gave him. Then Sir Tristram unlaced Sir Dinadan's helm, and prayed him to help him. I will not, said Sir Dinadan, for I am sore wounded of the thirty knights that we had but late ago to do withal. But ye fare, said Sir Dinadan unto Sir Tristram, as a madman and as a man that is out of his mind that would cast himself away, and I may curse the time that ever I saw you, for in all the world are not two such knights that be so wood as is Sir Launcelot and ye Sir Tristram; for once I fell in the fellowship of Sir Launcelot as I have done now with you, and he set me a work that a quarter of a year I kept my bed. Jesu defend me, said Sir Dinadan, from such two knights, and specially from your fellowship. Then, said Sir Tristram, I will fight with them both. Then Sir Tristram bade them come forth both, for I will fight with you. Then Sir Palomides and Sir Gaheris dressed them, and smote at them both. Then Dinadan smote at Sir Gaheris a stroke or two, and turned from him. Nay, said Sir Palomides, it is too much shame for us two knights to fight with one. And then he did bid Sir Gaheris stand aside with that knight that hath no list to fight. Then they rode together and fought long, and at the last Sir Tristram doubled his strokes, and drove Sir Palomides aback more than three strides. And then by one assent Sir Gaheris and Sir Dinadan went betwixt them, and departed them in-sunder. And then by assent of Sir Tristram they would have lodged together. But Sir Dinadan would not lodge in that castle. And then he cursed the time that ever he came in their fellowship, and so he took his horse, and his harness, and departed.

Then Sir Tristram prayed the lords of that castle to lend him a man to bring him to a lodging, and so they did, and overtook Sir Dinadan, and rode to their lodging two mile thence with a good man in a priory, and there they were well at ease. And that same night Sir Bors and Sir Bleoberis, and Sir Ector and Sir Driant, abode still in the same place thereas Sir Tristram fought with the thirty knights; and there they met with Sir Launcelot the same night, and had made promise to lodge with Sir Colgrevance the same night.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM JOUSTED WITH SIR KAY AND SIR SAGRAMORE LE DESIROUS, AND HOW SIR GAWAINE TURNED SIR TRISTRAM FROM MORGAN LE FAY.

BUT anon as the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, heard of the shield of Cornwall, then wist he well that it was Sir Tristram that fought with his enemies. And then Sir Launcelot praised Sir Tristram, and called him the man of most worship in the world. So there was a knight in that priory that hight Pellinore, and he desired to wit the name of Sir Tristram, but in no wise he could not; and so Sir Tristram departed and left Sir Dinadan in the priory, for he was so weary and so sore bruised that he might not ride. Then this knight, Sir Pellinore, said to Sir Dinadan: Sithen that ye will not tell me that knight's name I will ride after him and make him to tell me his name, or he shall die therefore. Beware, sir knight, said Sir Dinadan, for an ye follow him ye shall repent it. So that knight, Sir Pellinore, rode after Sir Tristram and required him of jousts. Then Sir Tristram smote him down and wounded him through the shoulder, and so he passed on his way. And on the next day following Sir Tristram met with pursuivants, and they told him that there was made a great cry of tournament between King Carados of Scotland and the King of North Wales, and either should joust against other at the Castle of Maidens; and these pursuivants sought all the country after the good knights, and in especial King Carados let make seeking for Sir Launcelot du Lake, and the King of Northgalis let seek after Sir Tristram de Liones. And at that time Sir Tristram thought to be at that jousts; and so by adventure they met with Sir Kay, the Seneschal, and Sir Sagramore le Desirous; and Sir Kay required Sir Tristram to joust, and Sir Tristram in a manner refused him, because he would not be hurt nor bruised against the great jousts that should be before the Castle of Maidens, and therefore thought to repose him and to rest him. And alway Sir Kay cried: Sir knight of Cornwall, joust with me, or

else yield thee to me as recreant. When Sir Tristram heard him say so he turned to him, and then Sir Kay refused him and turned his back. Then Sir Tristram said: As I find thee I shall take thee. Then Sir Kay turned with evil will, and Sir Tristram smote Sir Kay down, and so he rode forth.

Then Sir Sagramore le Desirous rode after Sir Tristram, and made him to joust with him, and there Sir Tristram smote down Sir Sagramore le Desirous from his horse, and rode his way; and the same day he met with a damosel that told him that he should win great worship of a knight adventurous that did much harm in all that country. When Sir Tristram heard her say so, he was glad to go with her to win worship. So Sir Tristram rode with that damosel a six mile, and then met him Sir Gawaine, and therewithal Sir Gawaine knew the damosel, that she was a damosel of Queen Morgan le Fay. Then Sir Gawaine understood that she led that knight to some mischief. Fair knight, said Sir Gawaine, whither ride you now with that damosel? Sir, said Sir Tristram, I wot not whither I shall ride but as the damosel will lead me. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall not ride with her, for she and her lady did never good, but ill. And then Sir Gawaine pulled out his sword and said: Damosel, but if thou tell me anon for what cause thou leadest this knight with thee thou shalt die for it right anon: I know all your lady's treason, and yours. Mercy, Sir Gawaine, she said, and if ye will save my life I will tell you. Say on, said Sir Gawaine, and thou shalt have thy life. Sir, she said, Queen Morgan le Fay, my lady, hath ordained a thirty ladies to seek and espy after Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram, and by the trains of these ladies, who that may first meet any of these two knights they should turn them unto Morgan le Fay's castle, saying that they should do deeds of worship; and if any of the two knights came there, there be thirty knights lying and watching in a tower to wait upon Sir Launcelot or upon Sir Tristram. Fie for shame, said Sir Gawaine, that ever such false treason should be wrought or used in a queen, and a king's sister, and a king and queen's daughter.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND SIR GAWAINE RODE TO HAVE FOUGHTEN WITH THE THIRTY KNIGHTS, BUT THEY DURST NOT COME OUT.

SIR, said Sir Gawaine, will ye stand with me, and we will see the malice of these thirty knights. Sir, said Sir Tristram, go ye to them, an it please you, and ye shall see I will not fail you, for it is not long ago since I and a fellow met with thirty knights of that queen's fellowship; and God speed us so that we may win worship. So then Sir Gawaine and Sir Tristram rode toward the castle where Morgan le Fay was, and ever Sir Gawaine deemed well that he was Sir Tristram de Liones, because he heard that two knights had slain and beaten thirty knights. And when they came afore the castle Sir Gawaine spake on high and said: Queen Morgan le Fay, send out your knights that ye have laid in a watch for Sir Launcelot and for Sir Tristram. Now, said Sir Gawaine, I know your false treason, and through all places where that I ride men shall know of your false treason; and now let see, said Sir Gawaine, whether ye dare come out of your castle, ye thirty knights. Then the queen spake and all the thirty knights at once, and said: Sir Gawaine, full well wottest thou what thou dost and sayest; for by God we know thee passing well, but all that thou speakest and dost, thou sayest it upon pride of that good knight that is there with thee. For there be some of us that know full well the hands of that knight over all well. And wit thou well, Sir Gawaine, it is more for his sake than for thine that we will not come out of this castle. For wit ye well, Sir Gawaine, the knight that beareth the arms of Cornwall, we know him and what he is.

Then Sir Gawaine and Sir Tristram departed and rode on their ways a day or two together; and there by adventure, they met with Sir Kay and Sir Sagramore le Desirous. And then they were glad of Sir Gawaine, and he of them, but they wist not what he was with the shield of Cornwall, but by deeming. And thus they rode

together a day or two. And then they were ware of Sir Breuse Saunce Pité chasing a lady for to have slain her, for he had slain her paramour afore. Hold you all still, said Sir Gawaine, and show none of you forth, and ye shall see me reward yonder false knight; for an he espy you he is so well horsed that he will escape away. And then Sir Gawaine rode betwixt Sir Breuse and the lady, and said: False knight, leave her, and have ado with me. When Sir Breuse saw no more but Sir Gawaine he feutred his spear, and Sir Gawaine against him; and there Sir Breuse overthrew Sir Gawaine, and then he rode over him, and overthwart him twenty times to have destroyed him, and when Sir Tristram saw him do so villainous a deed, he hurled out against him. And when Sir Breuse saw him with the shield of Cornwall he knew him well that it was Sir Tristram, and then he fled, and Sir Tristram followed after him; and Sir Breuse Saunce Pité was so horsed that he went his way quite, and Sir Tristram followed him long, for he would fain have been avenged upon him. And so when he had long chased him, he saw a fair well, and thither he rode to repose him, and tied his horse till a tree.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW DAMOSEL BRAGWAINE FOUND TRISTRAM SLEEPING BY A WELL, AND HOW SHE DELIVERED LETTERS TO HIM FROM LA BEALE ISOUD.

And then he pulled off his helm and washed his visage and his hands, and so he fell asleep. In the meanwhile came a damosel that had sought Sir Tristram many ways and days within this land. And when she came to the well she looked upon him, and had forgotten him as in remembrance of Sir Tristram, but by his horse she knew him, that hight Passe-Brewel that had been Sir Tristram's horse many years. For when he was mad in the forest Sir Fergus kept him. So this lady, Dame Bragwaine, abode still till he was

awake. So when she saw him wake she saluted him, and he her again, for either knew other of old acquaintance; then she told him how she had sought him long and broad, and there she told him how she had letters from Queen La Beale Isoud. Then anon Sir Tristram read them, and wit ye well he was glad, for therein was many a piteous complaint. Then Sir Tristram said: Lady Bragwaine, ye shall ride with me till that tournament be done at the Castle of Maidens, and then shall bear letters and tidings with you. And then Sir Tristram took his horse and sought lodging, and there he met with a good ancient knight and prayed him to lodge with him. Right so came Gouvernail unto Sir Tristram, that was glad of that lady. So this old knight's name was Sir Pelloines, and he told of the great tournament that should be at the Castle of Maidens. And there Sir Launcelot and thirty-two knights of his blood had ordained shields of Cornwall. And right so there came one unto Sir Pelloines, and told him that Sir Persides de Bloise was come home; then that knight held up his hands and thanked God of his coming home. And there Sir Pelloines told Sir Tristram that in two years he had not seen his son, Sir Persides. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I know your son well enough for a good knight.

So on a time Sir Tristram and Sir Persides came to their lodging both at once, and so they unarmed them, and put upon them their clothing. And then these two knights each welcomed other. And when Sir Persides understood that Sir Tristram was of Cornwall, he said he was once in Cornwall: And there I jousted afore King Mark; and so it happed me at that time to overthrow ten knights, and then came to me Sir Tristram de Liones and overthrew me, and took my lady away from me, and that shall I never forget, but I shall remember me an ever I see my time. Ah, said Sir Tristram, now I understand that ye hate Sir Tristram. What deem ye, ween ye that Sir Tristram is not able to withstand your malice? Yes, said Sir Persides, I know well that Sir Tristram is a noble knight and a much better knight than I, yet shall I not owe him my good will. Right as they stood thus talking at a bay-window of that castle, they saw many knights riding to and fro toward the tournament. And then was Sir Tristram ware of a likely knight riding upon a

great black horse, and a black-covered shield. What knight is that, said Sir Tristram, with the black horse and the black shield? he seemeth a good knight. I know him well, said Sir Persides, he is one of the best knights of the world. Then is it Sir Launcelot, said Tristram. Nay, said Sir Persides, it is Sir Palomides, that is yet unchristened.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM HAD A FALL WITH SIR PALOMIDES, AND HOW LAUNCELOT OVERTHREW TWO KNIGHTS.

THEN they saw much people of the country salute Sir Palomides. And within a while after there came a squire of the castle, that told Sir Pellounes that was lord of that castle, that a knight with a black shield had smitten down thirteen knights. Fair brother, said Sir Tristram unto Sir Persides, let us cast upon us cloaks, and let us go see the play. Not so, said Sir Persides, we will not go like knaves thither, but we will ride like men and good knights to withstand our enemies. So they armed them, and took their horses and great spears, and thither they went thereas many knights assayed themself before the tournament. And anon Sir Palomides saw Sir Persides, and then he sent a squire unto him and said: Go thou to the yonder knight with the green shield and therein a lion of gold, and say him I require him to joust with me, and tell him that my name is Sir Palomides. When Sir Persides understood that request of Sir Palomides, he made him ready, and there anon they met together, but Sir Persides had a fall. Then Sir Tristram dressed him to be revenged upon Sir Palomides, and that saw Sir Palomides that was ready and so was not Sir Tristram, and took him at an advantage and smote him over his horse's tail when he had no spear in his rest. Then stert up Sir Tristram and took his horse lightly, and was wroth out of measure, and sore ashamed of that fall. Then Sir Tristram sent unto Sir Palomides by Gouvernail, and prayed him

to joust with him at his request. Nay, said Sir Palomides, as at this time I will not joust with that knight, for I know him better than he weeneth. And if he be wroth he may right it to-morn at the Castle of Maidens, where he may see me and many other knights.

With that came Sir Dinadan, and when he saw Sir Tristram wroth he list not to jape. Lo, said Sir Dinadan, here may a man prove, be a man never so good yet may he have a fall, and he was never so wise but he might be overseen, and he rideth well that never fell. So Sir Tristram was passing worth, and said to Sir Persides and to Sir Dinadan: I will revenge me. Right so as they stood talking there, there came by Sir Tristram a likely knight riding passing soberly and heavily with a black shield. What knight is that? said Sir Tristram unto Sir Persides. I know him well, said Sir Persides, for his name is Sir Briant of North Wales; so he passed on among other knights of North Wales. And there came in Sir Launcelot du Lake with a shield of the arms of Cornwall, and he sent a squire unto Sir Briant, and required him to joust with him. Well, said Sir Briant, sithen I am required to joust I will do what I may; and there Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Briant from his horse a great fall. And then Sir Tristram marvelled what knight he was that bare the shield of Cornwall. Whatsoever he be, said Sir Dinadan, I warrant you he is of King Ban's blood, the which be knights of the most noble prowess in the world, for to account so many for so many. Then there came two knights of Northgalis, that one hight Hew de la Montaine, and the other Sir Madok de la Montaine, and they challenged Sir Launcelot foot-hot. Sir Launcelot not refusing them but made him ready, with one spear he smote them down both over their horses' croups; and so Sir Launcelot rode his way. By the good lord, said Sir Tristram, he is a good knight that beareth the shield of Cornwall, and meseemeth he rideth in the best manner that ever I saw knight ride.

Then the King of Northgalis rode unto Sir Palomides and prayed him heartily for his sake to joust with that knight that hath done us of Northgalis despite. Sir, said Sir Palomides, I am full loath to have ado with that knight, and cause why is, for as to-morn the great tournament shall be; and therefore I will keep myself fresh

by my will. Nay, said the King of Northgalis, I pray you require him of jousts. Sir, said Sir Palomides, I will joust at your request, and require that knight to joust with me, and often I have seen a man have a fall at his own request.

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT JOUSTED WITH PALOMIDES AND OVERTHREW HIM. AND AFTER HE WAS ASSAILED WITH TWELVE KNIGHTS.

THEN Sir Palomides sent unto Sir Launcelot a squire, and required him of jousts. Fair fellow, said Sir Launcelot, tell me thy lord's name. Sir, said the squire, my lord's name is Sir Palomides, the good knight. In good hour, said Sir Launcelot, for there is no knight that I saw this seven years that I had liefer ado withal than with him. And so either knights made them ready with two great spears. Nay, said Sir Dinadan, ye shall see that Sir Palomides will quit him right well. It may be so, said Sir Tristram, but I undertake that knight with the shield of Cornwall shall give him a fall. I believe it not, said Sir Dinadan. Right so they spurred their horses and feutred their spears, and either hit other, and Sir Palomides brake a spear upon Sir Launcelot, and he sat and moved not; but Sir Launcelot smote him so lightly that he made his horse to avoid the saddle, and the stroke brake his shield and the hauberk, and had he not fallen he had been slain. How now, said Sir Tristram, I wist well by the manner of their riding both that Sir Palomides should have a fall.

Right so Sir Launcelot rode his way, and rode to a well to drink and to repose him, and they of Northgalis espied him whither he rode; and then there followed him twelve knights for to have mischieved him, for this cause that upon the morn at the tournament of the Castle of Maidens that he should not win the victory. So they came upon Sir Launcelot suddenly, and unnethe he might

put upon him his helm and take his horse, but they were in hands with him; and then Sir Launcelot gat his spear, and rode through them, and there he slew a knight and brake a spear in his body. Then he drew his sword and smote upon the right hand and upon the left hand, so that within a few strokes he had slain other three knights, and the remnant that abode he wounded them sore all that did abide. Thus Sir Launcelot escaped from his enemies of North Wales, and then Sir Launcelot rode his way till a friend, and lodged him till on the morn; for he would not the first day have ado in the tournament because of his great labour. And on the first day he was with King Arthur thereas he was set on high upon a scaffold to discern who was best worthy of his deeds. So Sir Launcelot was with King Arthur, and jousted not the first day.

III

THE CASTLE OF MAIDENS

HERE BEGYNNYTH THE TURNEMENT OF THE CASTEL MAYDYNS.

THE FYRSTE DAY.

NOW turne we unto sir Trystramys de Lyones that (30)
commaunded Governayle, hys servaunte, to ordayne
hym a blacke shylde with none other remembraunce there- 5
in, and so sir Persides and sir Trystramys departed from
sir Pellownes. And they rode erly toward the turnemente,
and than they drew them to kynge Carydos syde of 214r
Scotlonde.

And anone knyghtes began the filde, what of the kynge 10
of North Galys syde and of kynge Carydos; and there began
a grete party. Than there was hurlyng and russhyng.
Ryght so cam in sir Persides and sir Trystram, and so they
ded fare that day that they put the kyng of North Galis
abacke. 15

Than cam in sir Bleoberys de Ganys and sir Gaherys with
them of North Galis. And than was sir Persides smyttyn
adowne and allmoste slayne, for mo than forty horsemen
wente over hym. For sir Bleoberys ded grete dedes of
armys, and sir Gaherys fayled hym not. 20

Whan sir Tristram behylde them and sye them do such
dedis of armys he mervayled what they were. Also sir Trys-
tram thought shame that sir Persides was so done to.
And than he gate a grete speare in hys honde, and rode to
sir Gaherys and smote hym down frome hys horse. 25

And than sir Bleoberys was wrothe, and gate a speare
and rode ayenste sir Trystram in grete ire. And there
sir Trystram smote sir Bleoberys frome hys horse. So than
the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes was wrothe, and
he horsed sir Bleoberys and sir Gaherys agayne, and there 30
began a grete medlé. And ever sir Trystram hylde them
passyng shorte, and ever sir Bleoberys was passyng bysy
upon sir Trystram.

And there cam in sir Dynadan ayenst sir Trystram, and

1–2 *not in C* 6–7 *C* from their hooste syr Pellounes 10–12 *C* what of kynge Northgalys party and what of kynge Carados party & there began grete party 12 *C* rasshynge 14 that day *not in C* 17 *C*† Northaglys 24 *C* and thenne he rode 26 *C* thenne was sire Bleoberys wroth and 28 *C** Trystram mette with hym and smote

sir Trystram gaff hym such a buffette that he sowned uppon hys horse. And so anone sir Dynadan cam to sir Trystram and seyde,

'Sir, I know the bettir than thou wenyst, but here I promyse the my trouth, I woll never com agaynst the more, for I promyse the that swerde of thyne shall never com on my helme.'

So with that come sir Bleoberys, and sir Trystram gaff
214v hym such a buffett that downe he abaysshed hys hede; and than he raught hym so sore by the helme that he pulled hym undir hys [hors] feete. And than kyng Arthure blew to lodgyng. Than sir Trystram departed to hys pavylion, and sir Dynadan rode with hym, and sir Persides.

And kynge Arthure than, and the kyngis uppon bothe partyes, mervayled what knyght that was with the blacke shylde. Many knyghtis seyde their avyse; and som knew hym for sir Trystram and hylde their peace and wolde nat say. So that firste day kynge Arthure and all the kynges and lordis that were juges gaff sir Trystram the pryce, howbehyt they knew hym nat, but named hym the Knyght with the Blacke Shylde.

(31) Than uppon the morne sir Palomydes returned from the kynge of North Galis, and rode to kynge Arthurs syde, where was kynge Carados and the kynge of Irelonde, and sir Launcelottis kynne, and sir Gawaynes kynne. So sir Palomydes sent the damesell unto sir Trystram that he sente to seke hym whan he was oute of hys mynde in the foreyst, and this damesell asked sir Trystramys what was hys name and what he was.

'As for that, telle sir Palomydes that he shall nat wete as at thys tyme, unto the tyme I have brokyn two spearis uppon hym. But lat hym wete thys much, that I am the same knyght that he smote downe in the over-evenynge at the turnemente, and telle hym playnly on what party that he be, I woll be of the contrary party.'

'Sir,' seyde the damesell, 'ye shall undirstonde that sir

1–2 *C* swouned in his sadel Thenne anone 9 *C* he leyd his hede 11 *Not emended in O*[1] 16 knyghtis *not in C* 17–18 *C* wold nought say 30 *C* that said sir Tristram telle ye shalle 32 *C* moche said sir Tristram 33 *C* in ouer euenyng 34 *C* that syre Palomydes

Palomydes woll be on kynge Arthurs party where the moste noble knyghtes of the worlde be.'

'In the name of God,' seyde sir Trystram, 'than woll I be with the kynge of Northe Galis, because of sir Palomydes woll be on kynge Arthurs syde, and ellis I wolde nat but for hys sake.'

So whan kyng Arthure was com they blew unto the fylde, and than there began a grete party. And so kynge Carados **215r** justed with the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and there kynge Carados had a falle. Than was there hurlyng and russhynge. And ryght so com in knyghtes of kyng Arthurs, and they bare on bak the kynge of North Galis knyghtes.

Than sir Trystram cam in, and began so rowghly and so bygly that there was none myght withstonde hym, and thus he endured longe. And at the laste by fortune he felle amonge the felyshyp of kyng Ban. So there fylle uppon hym sir Bors de Ganys, and sir Ector de Marys, and sir Blamour de Ganys, and many othir knyghtes.

And than sir Trystram smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that all lordis and ladyes spake of hys noble dedis. But at the last sir Trystram sholde have had the wars, had nat the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes bene. And than he cam with hys felyshyp and rescowed sir Trystram, and brought hym away frome the knyghtes that bare the shyldis of Cornwayle.

And than sir Trystram saw another felyship by themselff, and there was a forty knyghtes togydir, and sir Kay le Senescial was their governoure. Than sir Trystram rode in amongyst them, and there he smote downe sir Kay frome hys horse, and there he fared amonge the knyghtis as a grehounde amonge conyes.

Than sir Launcelot founde a knyght that was sore wounded uppon the hede.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'who wounded you so sore?'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'a knyght that bearyth a blacke shylde. And I may curse the tyme that ever I mette with hym, for he ys a devyll and no man.'

1 *C* Arthurs syde 2 *C* world ben 4 *C* by cause syr Palomydes 9 *C* kynge of the honderd 11 *C* rasshynge 14–15 *C* thus sire Tristram dured longe And at the last syr Trystram felle 28 *C* Seneschal 30 *C* lyke a

So sir Launcelot departed from hym, and thought to mete with sir Trystram, and so he rode with hys swerde idrawyn in hys honde to seke sir Trystram. And than he aspyed hym hurlynge here and there, and at every stroke
215v 5 sir Trystram well-nyghe smote downe a knyght.

'A! mercy Jesu!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'syth the firste tyme that ever I bare armys saw I never one knyght do so mervaylous dedys of armys. And if I sholde,' seyde sir Launcelot to hymselff, 'sette uppon thys knyght now, I ded
10 shame to myselff.'

And therewithall sir Launcelot put up hys swerde.

And than the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and an hondred mo of North Walis, sette uppon the twenty knyghtes of sir Launcelottes kynne, and they twenty knyghtes hylde
15 them ever togydir as wylde swyne, and none wolde fayle other. So sir Trystram, whan he behylde the nobles of thes twenty knyghtes, he mervayled of their good dedys, for he saw by their fare and rule that they had levyr dye than to avoyde the fylde.

20 'Now, Jesu,' seyde sir Trystram, 'well may [h]e be called valyaunte and full of proues that hath such a sorte of noble knyghtes unto hys kynne. And full lyke ys he to be a nobleman that ys their leder and governoure.'

He mente hit by sir Launcelot du Lake.

25 So whan sir Trystram had beholde them longe he thought s[h]ame to se two hondred knyghtes batteryng uppon twenty knyghtes. Than sir Trystram rode unto the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes and seyde,

'Sir, leve your fyghtynge with tho twenty knyghtes, for
30 ye wynne no worship of them, ye be so many and they so feaw. And wyte you well, they woll nat oute of the fylde, I se by their chere and countenaunce, [and] worship get you none and ye sle them. Therefore leve your fyghtynge with them, for I, to encrese my worship, I woll ryde unto the

3 *C* drawen 4 *C* hym how he hurled here 6 *C*† said the kynge 6–7 *C* syth the tyme I bare 7 *C* neuer no knyght 8–9 *C* shold sette vpon this knyght said sir Launcelot to hym self I dyd 13 knyghtes *not in C* 16 *C* & so whan sir Tristram beheld 18 *C* fare and by theil reule 19 to *not in C* 20 *W* may ye be called *not in C* 26 *W* (*sidenote; later hand*): shame 32 *W* countenaunce that worship *C** countenaunce and worship 34 *C* eucreace *S* encreace

twenty knyghtes and helpe them with all my myght and power.'

'Nay,' seyde the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, 'ye shall nat do so. Now I se youre corayge and curtesye, I woll withdraw my knyghtes for youre plesure, for evermore o good knyght woll favoure another, and lyke woll draw to lyke.' 216r

Than the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes withdrew (32) hys knyghtes.

And all thys whyle and longe tofore sir Launcelot had wacched uppon sir Trystram in veary purpose to have felyshipped with hym. And than suddenly sir Trystram, sir Dynadan and Governayle, hys man, rode their way into the foreyste, that no man perceyved where they wente.

So than kynge Arthure blew unto lodgynge, and gaff the kynge of North Galis the pryce, bycause sir Trystram was uppon hys syde. Than sir Launcelot rode here and there as wode as a lyon that faughted hys fylle, because he had loste sir Trystram, and so he returned unto kynge Arthure.

And than all the felde was in a noyse, that with the wynde hit myght be harde two myle how the lordys and ladyes cryed:

'The Knyght with the Blacke Shylde hath won the fylde!'

'Alas,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'where ys that knyght becom? Hit ys shame to all tho in the fylde so to lette hym ascape away frome you, but with jantylnes and curtesye ye myght have brought hym unto me to thys Castell of Maydyns.'

Than kynge Arthur wente to hys knyghtes and comforted them, and seyde,

'My fayre felowis, be nat dismayde thoughe ye have loste the fylde thys day.' And many were hurte and sore wounded, and many were hole. 'My felowys,' seyde kyng Arthur, 'loke that ye be of good chere, for to-morn I woll be in the fylde with you and revenge you of youre enemyes.'

11 *C* with a very 19 *C* so wood as lyon 21 *C* in alle the felde was a 22 *C* two myle thens how 29 *C* the castel 31 *C* the noble kyng 32 *C** them in the best wyse that he coude and sayd 33 *C* dysmayed how be hit ye haue

So that nyght kynge Arthure and hys knyghtes reposed themselff.

So the damesell that com frome La Beall Isod unto sir Trystram, all the whyle the turnement was a-doyng she was with quyene Gwenyvere, and ever the quene asked her for what cause she cam into that contrey.

'Madame,' she answerde, 'I com for none other cause but frome my [lady], La Beall Isode, to wete of youre wellfare.'

216v For in no wyse she wold nat telle the quene that she cam for sir Trystramys sake.

So thys lady, dame Brangwayn, toke hir leve of quene Gwenyver, and she rode aftir sir Trystram. And as she rode thorow the foreyste she harde a grete cry. Than she commaunded hir squyar to go into that foreyste to wyte what was that noyse. And so he cam to a welle, and there he founde a knyght bounden tyll a tre, cryyng as he had bene woode, and his horse and hys harneys stondyng by hym.

And whan he aspyed the squyar, with a brayde he brake hymselff lowse, and toke hys swerde in hys honde and ran to have slayne that squyer. Than he toke hys horse and fledde to dame Brangwayne and tolde hir of hys adventure. Than she rode unto sir Trystramys pavylon, and tolde sir Trystram what adventure she had founde in the foreyste.

'Alas,' seyde sir Trystram, 'uppon my hede, there ys som good knyght at myschyff.'

Than sir Trystram toke hys horse and hys swerde, and rode thyder, and there he harde how the knyght complayned unto hymselff and sayde,

'I, wofull knyght, sir Palomydes! What mysseadventure befallith me that thus am defoyled with falsehed and treson, thorow sir Bors and sir Ector! Alas!' he seyde, 'why lyve I so longe?'

And than he gate his swerde in hys honde and made many straunge sygnes and tokyns, and so thorow the rageynge he threw hys swerd in that fountayne. Than sir Palomydes wayled and wrange hys hondys, and at the laste, for pure sorow, he ran into that fountayne and sought aftir

9 *C* wold not telle *S* wold telle 18 *C* squyer ther with he abraide and brake 21 *C* fledde all that euer he myght vnto dame 33 *C* handes 34–35 *C* his ragynge 37 *C** ranne in to that Fontayne ouer his bely and soughte (*see note*)

hys swerde. Than sir Trystram saw that, and ran uppon sir Palomydes and hylde hym in hys armys faste.

'What art thou,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that holdith me so?'

'I am a man of thys foreyste that wold the none harme.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I may never wyn worship where sir Trystram ys, for ever where he ys and I be, there gete I no worshyp. And yf he be away, for the moste party I have the gre, onles that sir Launcelot be there, othir ellis sir Lamerok.' Than sir Palomydes sayde, 'Onys in Irelonde sir Trystram put me to the wors, and anothir tyme in Cornwayle and in other placis in thys londe.' 217r

'What wolde ye do,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and ye had sir Trystram?'

'I wolde fyght with hym,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and ease my harte uppon hym. And yet, to say the sothe, sir Trystram ys the jantyllyste knyght in thys worlde lyvynge.'

'Sir, what woll ye do?' seyde sir Trystram, 'woll ye go with me to youre lodgyng?'

'Nay,' he seyde, 'to the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, for he rescowed me frome sir Bors de Ganys and sir Ector, and ellis had I bene slayne traytourly.'

And sir Trystram seyde hym such kynde wordys that sir Palomydes wente with hym to hys lodgynge. Than Governayle wente tofore and charged dame Brangwayne to go oute of the way to hir lodgynge, 'and byd ye sir Persides that he make hym no quarels.'

And so they rode togedirs tyll they cam to sir Trystramys pavylon, and there had sir Palomydes all the chere that myght be had all that nyght. But in no wyse sir Trystram myght nat be knowyn with sir Palomydes. And so aftir souper they yeode to reste, and sir Trystram for grete travayle slepte tylle hit was day. And sir Palomydes myght nat slepe for angwysshe, and so in the dawnyng of the day he toke hys horse prevayly and rode hys way unto Gaherys and to sir Sagramoure le Desirous, where the[y] were in their pavylons, for they three were felowis at the begynnynge of the turnemente.

6–7 *C* there thenne gete 8–9 *C* there or syr 12 *W* seyde seyde 17 Sir *not in C* 19 *C*[e] Nay sayde he I wille goo to the (*In W* seyde *occurs at the end of a line. This may have caused the omission of* I wille goo) 26 *C* he *S* ye 29–30 *C* sire Palomydes my3t not knowe what was syr Tristram

And than uppon the morne the kynge blew unto the turnemente uppon the third day.

(33) So the kynge of Northe Galis and the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes, they two encountird with kynge Carados and the kynge of Irelonde. And there the Kynge with the 217v Hondred Knyghtes smote downe kyng Carados, and the kynge of Northe Galis smote downe the kynge of Irelonde. So with that cam in sir Palomydes, and he made grete worke, for by hys endented shylde he was well knowyn. So there cam in kynge Arthur and ded grete dedis of armys togydirs, and put the kynge of North Gales and the Kyng with the Hondred Knyghtes to the wars.

So with [this] cam in sir Trystram with hys blak shylde, and anone he justed with sir Palomydes, and there by fyne force sir Trystram smote sir Palomydes over hys horse croupe. Than kynge Arthure cryed,

'Knyght with the blacke shylde, make the redy to me!'

And in the same wyse sir Trystram smote kynge Arthure.

And than by forse of kynge Arthurs knyghtes the kynge and sir Palomydes were horsed agayne. Than kynge Arthur with a grete egir harte, he gate a grete speare in hys honde, and there uppon the one syde he smote sir Trystram over hys horse.

Than foote-hote sir Palomydes cam uppon sir Trystram, as he was uppon foote, to have overryddyn hym. Than sir Trystram was ware off hym, and stowped a lytyll asyde, and with grete ire he gate hym by the arme and pulled hym downe frome hys horse.

Than sir Palomydes lyghtly arose, and [they] daysshed togydirs with theire swerdys myghtyly, that many kynges, quenys, lordys and ladyes stoode and behelde them. And at the last sir Trystram smote sir Palomydes uppon the helme three myghty strokes, and at every stroke that he gaff he seyde,

'Have thys for sir Trystramys sake!'

And with that sir Palomydes felle to the erthe grovelynge.

8 *C* and whan he cam he 8–10 *C* With that . . . Soo came 22 *C*† therupon 26 a lytyll *not in C* 30–31 *C* to gyder myghtely with their swerdes and many kynges Quenes and lordes stode and 34 *C* gaf hym 35 *C* Have *not in C*†

Than cam the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes and brought sir Trystram an horse, and so was he horsed agayne. And by that tyme was sir Palomydes horsed, and with grete ire he justed uppon sir Trystram with hys speare as hit was in the reyste, and gaff hym a grete dayssh with hys swerde. Than sir Trystram avoyded hys speare, and gate hym by **218r** the nek with hys bothe hondis, and pulled hym clene oute of hys sadle, and so he bare hym afore hym the lengthe of ten spearys, and than he lete hym falle at hys adventure.

Than sir Trystram was ware of kynge Arthure with a naked swerde in hys honde, and with hys speare sir Trystram ran uppon kyng Arthure. And than kyng Arthure boldely abode hym, and with hys swerde he smote ato hys speare. And therewithall sir Trystram was astooned, and so kynge Arthure gaff hym three or four strokis or he myght gete oute hys swerde. And so sir Trystram drew hys swerde, and aythir of them assayled othir passyng harde, and with that the grete prease departed.

Than sir Trystram rode here and there and ded hys grete payne, that a twelve of the good knyghtes of the bloode of kynge Ban that were of sir Launcelottis [kyn] that day sir Trystram smote down, that all the estatis mervayled of their grete dedis, and all people [cryede] uppon the knyght with the blacke shylde.

So thys cry was so large that sir Launcelot harde hit, and (34) than he gate a grete speare in hys honde and cam towardis the cry. Than sir Launcelot cryed,

'Knyght with the blacke shylde, make ye redy to juste with me!'

Whan sir Trystram harde hym sey so, he gate hys speare in hys honde, and ayther abeysed their hedys downe lowe and cam togydir as thundir, that sir Trystrams speare brake in pecis. And sir Launcelot by malefortune stroke sir Trystram on the syde a depe wounde nyghe to the dethe. But yet sir Trystram avoyded nat hys sadyll, and so the speare brake therewithall. And yete sir Trystram gate oute

1 *C* kynge with the 2–3 *C* ageyn By thenne was 9 *C* thenne in the presence of hem al he lete (*see note*) 14 *C* Tristram stonyed 15 *C* four grete strokis 16 *C* and at the last sir 17 aythir of them *not in C*† 20 *C* that xi of the 22–23 *C** of his grete 23 people *not in C* 31–32 *C* eyther abeyshed doun their hedes and 36 *C** ther with all sir tristram that was wounded gate oute

hys swerde, and he russhed to sir Launcelot and gaff hym three grete strokes uppon the helme, that the fyre sprange oute, that sir Launcelot abeysed hys hede low toward hys sadyll-bow. And so therewithall Trystram departed frome
218v 5 the fylde, for he felte hym so wounded that he wente he sholde have dyed. And sir Dynadan aspyed hym and folowed hym into the foreyste.

Than sir Launcelot abode and ded mervaylous dedys.

So whan sir Trystram was departed by the foreystis syde,
10 he alyght and unlaced hys harneys and freysshed hys wounde. Than wente sir Dynadan that he sholde have dyed, and wepte.

'Nay, nay,' seyde sir Trystram, 'never drede you, sir Dynadan, for I am harte-hole, and of thys wounde I shall sone
15 be hole, by the mercy of God!'

And anone sir Dynadan was ware where cam sir Palomydes rydynge streyte uppon them. Than sir Trystram was ware that sir Palomydes com to have destroyed hym, and so sir Dynadan gaff hym warnynge and seyde,

20 'Sir Trystram, my lorde, ye ar so sore wounded that ye may nat have ado with hym. Therefore I woll ryde agaynste hym and do to hym what I may, and yf I be slayne ye may pray for my soule. And so in the meanewhyle ye may withdraw you and go into the castell or into the foreyste, that
25 he shall nat mete with you.'

Sir Trystram smyled and seyde,

'I thanke you, sir Dynadan, ⌜of your good wylle⌝, but ye shall undirstond that I am able to handyll hym.'

And anone hastely he armed hym, and toke hys horse and
30 a grete speare in hys honde, and seyde to sir Dynadan 'Adew', and rode toward sir Palomydes a soffte pace.

Whan sir Palomydes saw hym he alyght and made a countenaunce to amende hys horse, but he ded hit for thys cause, for he abode sir Gaherys that cam aftir hym. And
35 whan he was com he rode towards sir Trystram.

2–3 *C* sprange there oute and sir launcelot abeyshed his hede lowely toward 8 *C* dyd many merueyllous dedes 11 *W* dyed *repeated in the margin in a later hand* 11–12 and wepte *not in C*† 13–14 *C* Dynadan neuer drede the 16 *C* By that sir Dynadan 27 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 247v, col. 1*) quant il entendi la grant franchise de Dynadam et la grant debonnaireté 28 *C* shalle wete that 32 *C*† sawe that he made countenaunce

Than sir Trystram sente unto sir Palomydes and requyred hym to juste with hym; and if he smote downe sir Palomydes he wolde do no more to hym, and if sir Palomydes smote downe sir Trystram, he bade hym do hys utteraunce. And so they were accorded and mette togydirs.

And sir Trystram smote downe sir Palomydes, that he **219r** had a vylaunce falle and lay stylle as he had bene dede. And than sir Trystram ran uppon sir Gaherys, and he wold nat have justed, but whethir he wolde or wolde nat sir Trystram smote hym over hys horse croupe, that he lay stylle. And sir Trystram rode hys way and lefft sir Persides hys squyar within the pavelons.

And sir Trystram and sir Dynadan rode to an olde knyghtes place to lodge them; and thys olde knyght had fyve sonnes at the turnement that prayde God hartely for their commynge home. And so, as the Freynshe booke sayeth, they com home all fyve well beatyn.

And whan sir Trystram departed into the foreyste sir Launcelot hylde allwayes the stowre lyke harde, as a man araged that toke none hede to hymselff. And wyte you well there was many a noble knyght ayenste hym. And whan kyng Arthure saw sir Launcelot do so mervaylous dedis of armys he than armed hym and toke hys horse and hys armour, and rode into the fylde to helpe sir Launcelot, and so many knyght[es] cam with kynge Arthur.

And to make shorte tale in conclusion, the kyng of North Galis and the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes were put to the wars. And bycause sir Launcelot abode and was the laste in the fylde, the pryse was gyvyn hym. But sir Launcelot, nother for kynge, quene, nother knyght, wolde thereoff. And where the cry was cryed thorow the fylde,

'Sir Launcelot hath wonne the filde thys day!'

Sir Launcelot made another cry contrary,

3–4 *C* yf it so happend that sire Palomydes 5 *C* accorded thenne they mette 8 *C* a greuous falle soo that he laye 10 *C* or not 12 *C** stylle as though he had ben dede And thenne syr 12–13 *C* Persydes squyer 16 *C** turnement for whome he prayed 27 *C* conclnsion *S* conclusion 29 *C* pntte *S* putte 31–32 *C* Laũcelot wold neyther for kyng Qnene (*S* Quene) ne knyghte haue the pryce but where 34–35 *C* Launcelot lete make an other crye

'Sir Trystram hath won the fylde, for he began firste, and lengyst hylde on, and so hathe he done the firste day, the secunde, and the thirde day!'

(35) Than all the astatis and degrees, hyghe and lowe, seyde [of] sir Launcelot grete worship for the honoure that he ded to sir Trystram, and for the honour doyng by sir Launcelot he was at that tyme more praysed and renowmed than [and] he had overthrowyn fyve hondred knyghtes. And all the 219v peple hole for hys jantilness, firste the astatis, hyghe and lowe, and after the comynalté, at onys cryed,

'Sir Launcelot hath won the gre, whosoever sayth nay!'

Than was sir Launcelot wrothe and ashamed, and so therewithall he rode to kynge Arthure.

'Alas,' seyde the kynge, 'we ar all dismayde that sir Trystram ys thus departed frome us! Pardé,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'he ys one of the nobelyst knyghtes that ever I saw holde speare in honde or swerde, and the moste curtayse knyght in hys fyghtyng. For full harde I sye hym bestad,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'whan he smote sir Palomydes uppon the helme thryse, that he abaysshed hys helme with hys strokis. And also he seyde "here ys a stroke for sir Trystram", and thus he seyde thryse.'

Than kynge Arthur and sir Launcelot and sir Dodynas le Saveage toke their horsis to seke aftir sir Trystram. And by the meanys of sir Persides he had tolde kynge Arthure where sir Trystramys pavylyon was. But whan they cam there, sir Trystram and sir Dynadan was gone. Than kynge Arthur and sir Launcelot was hevy and returned ayen to the Castell Maydyns makyng grete dole for the hurte of sir Trystram, and hys suddeyne departynge.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'I am more hevy that I can nat mete with hym than I am for all the hurtys that all my knyghtes have had at the turnement.'

And so furthwith cam sir Gaherys and told kynge Arthur

1–2 *C* fyrst and last he hath endured and soo hath he 4 *W* and of degrees *C* and degrees 6–7 *C* doyng to sir Tristram he was 9 *C* estates both hyhe 10 *C* cryed at ones 11 *C* wonne the felde who soo euer saye nay 15 *C* vs By god said 17 *C* spere or swerd in hand *C* curteyst 18 bestad *not in C* 24 aftir *not in C* 26 *C* Tristram was in his pauelione but 27 *C* were gone 28 *C* were heny (*S* heuy) 32 *C* hym thenne for al 34 *C* Ryght soo came sir Gaherys

how sir Trystram had smytten downe sir Palomydes, and hit was at hys owne requeste.

'Alas,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'that was grete dishonoure to sir Palomydes, inasmuch as sir Trystram was so sore wounded. And may we all, kyngis and knyghtes and men of worship, sey that sir Trystram may be called a [noble] knyght and one of the beste knyghtes that ever y saw dayes of my lyff. For I woll that ye all, kyngis and knyghtes, know,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'that I never saw knyght do so mervaylously as he hath done thes three dayes, for he was the firste that began, and the lengyst that hylde on, save thys laste day; and thoughe he were hurte hit was a manly adventure of two noble knyghtes. And whan two noble men encountir, nedis muste the tone have the worse, lyke as God wyll suffir at that tyme.' 220r

'Sir, as for me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for all the londys that ever my fadir leffte I wolde nat have hurt sir Trystram and I had knowyn hym at that tyme that I hurte hym: for I saw nat hys shylde. For and I had seyne hys blacke shylde, I wolde nat have medled with hym for many causis,' seyde sir Launcelot. 'For but late he ded as muche for me as ever ded knyght, and that ys well knowyn, that he had ado with thirty knyghtes and no helpe only save sir Dynadan. And one thynge shall I promyse you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'sir Palomydes shall repente hit, as in hys unknyghtly delynge so for to folow that noble knyght that I be mysfortune hurte hym thus.'

So sir Launcelot seyd all the worship that myght be spokyn by sir Trystram.

Than kyng Arthure made a grete feste to all that wolde com.

And thus we lat passe kynge Arthure, and a lityll we woll turne unto sir Palomydes, that aftir he had a falle of sir Trystram he was nyghehonde araged oute of hys wytte for despite of sir Trystram, and so he folowed hym by adventure. And as he cam by a ryver, in hys woodnes he wolde

2 *C* atte syr Palomydes owne request 4 so *not in C* 5 *C* and now may 6 *Not emended in O*[1] 7 *C* the dayes 11 *C* and that lengest held on sauf 16 *C* As for me 17 *C* lefte me 18–19 *C* that I hurt hym was for I sawe 20–21 *C* causes for late 23 only *not in C* 24 you *not in C* 25–26 *C* his vnkyndely delynge for 26–27 *C* by myshap hurted thus 29 *C* said by

have made hys horse to have lopyn over the watir, and the horse fayled footyng and felle in the ryver, wherefore sir Palomydes was adrad leste he shulde have bene drowned. And than he avoyde hys horse and swam to the londe,
(36) 5 and lete hys horse go downe by adventure. And whan he cam to the londe he toke of hys harnys and sate romynge and cryynge as a man oute of hys mynde.

Ryght so cam a damessell evyn by sir Palomydes, that was sente [fro] sir Gawayne and hys brothir unto sir Mordred
10 that lay syke in the same place with that olde knyght where sir Trystram was. For, as the booke seythe, sir Persides
220v hurte so sir Mordred a ten dayes afore, and had hit nat bene for the love of sir Gawayne and hys brethirn, sir Persides had slayne sir Mordred.

15 And so this damysell cam by sir Palomydes, and he and she had langage togyder, whych pleased neythir of them. And so thys damesell rode her wayes tyll she cam to that olde knyghtes place, and there she tolde that olde knyght how she mette with the woodist knyght by adventure that
20 ever she mette withall.

'What bare he in hys shylde?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, hit was endented with whyght and blacke,' seyde the damesell.

'A,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that was Palamydes, the good
25 knyght. For well I know hym,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for one of the beste knyghtes lyvyng in thys realme.'

Than that olde knyght toke a lityll hakeney and rode for sir Palomydes, and brought hym unto hys owne maner. And full well knew sir Trystram hym, but he sayde but lytill.

30 For at that tyme sir Trystram was walkyng uppon hys feete and well amended of hi[s] hurtis, and allwayes whan sir Palomydes saw sir Trystram he wolde beholde hym full mervaylously, and ever hym semed that he had sene hym. Than wolde he sey unto sir Dynadan,

35 'And ever I may mete with sir Trystram, he shall nat escape myne hondis.'

1 *C* haue lepte ouer the watir *not in C* 4 *C* auoyded 6 *C* rorynge 9 *W* sente for 11 *C* the Frensshe book 12 hit *not in C* 13 *C* broder 15–16 *C* she and he 16 *C* the whiche 22 Sir *not in C* 29 *C* Trystram syr Palomydes but 31 *W* hir hurtis

'I mervayle,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that ye do boste behynde sir Trystram so, for hit ys but late that he was in youre hondys and ye in hys hondis. Why wolde ye nat holde hym wnan ye had hym? For I saw myselff twyse or thryse that ye gate but lytyll worship of sir Trystram.'

Than was sir Palomydes ashamed. So leve we them a lytyll whyle in the castell with the olde knyght sir Darras.

Now shall we speke of kynge Arthure, that seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Had nat ye bene, we had nat loste sir Trystram, for he was here dayly unto the tyme ye mette with hym. And in an evyll tyme,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye encountred with hym.'

'My lorde Arthure,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye shall undir- 221r
stonde the cause. Ye put now uppon me that I sholde be causer of hys departicion; God knowith hit was ayenste my wyll! But whan men bene hote in dedis of armys, oftyn hit ys seyne they hurte their frendis as well as their foys. And, my lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye shall undirstonde that sir Trystram ys a man that I am ryght lothe to offende to, for he hath done more for me than ever y ded for hym as yet.'

But than sir Launcelot mad brynge forthe a boke, and than seyde sir Launcelot,

'Here we ar ten knyghtes that woll swere uppon thys booke never to reste one nyght where we reste another thys twelve-month, untyll that we fynde sir Trystram. And as for me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I promyse you uppon thys booke that, and I may mete with hym, other with fayrenes othir with fowlnes I shall brynge hym to thys courte, other elles I shall dye therefore.'

And the namys of thes ten knyghtes that had undirtake thys queste [were these folowynge]: first was sir Launcelot; sir Ector de Marys, sir Bors de Ganys, and sir Bleoberys, sir Blamour de Ganys, sir Lucan de Butler, sir Uwayne, sir Galyhud, sir Lyonel, and sir Galyodyn. So thes ten noble

1 do *not in C* 2 so *not in C* 7 *C* the old castel 14–15 ye shall undirstonde the cause *not in C*† 15–16 *C* ben cause 17–18 hit ys seyne *not in C* 20 *C* offende for 24 *C* sir launcelot said 25–26 *C* vpon a book 29–30 *C* fayrenes or foulnesse

knyghtes departed frome the courte of kynge Arthur, and so they rode uppon theire queste togydirs tyll they com to a crosse where departed four wayes, and there departed the felyship in four to seke sir Trystram.

And as sir Launcelot rode, by adventure he mette with dame Brangwayne that was sente into that contrey to seke sir Trystram, and she fled as faste as her palfrey myght go. So sir Launcelot mette with her and asked why she fled.

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde dame Brangwayne, 'I fle for drede of my lyff, for here folowith me sir Breuse Saunz Pité to sle me.'

'Holde you nyghe me,' seyde sir Launcelot.

And whan he sye sir Breuse Saunz Pité ⟨he⟩ cryed unto hym and seyde,

'False knyght, destroyer of ladyes and damesels, now thy laste dayes be com!'

221v Whan sir Breuse Saunce Pité saw sir Launcelottis shylde he knew hit well, for at that tyme he bare nat the shylde of Cornwayle, but he bare hys owne. And than sir Breuse returned and fled, and sir Launcelot folowed aftir hym. But sir Breuse was so well horsed that whan hym lyst to fle he myght fle whan he wolde and abyde whan he wolde. And than sir Launcelot returned unto dame Brangwayne, and [she] thanked sir Launcelot of hys curtesy and grete laboure.

(37) Now woll we speke of sir Lucan de Butler, that by fortune he cam rydynge to the same place thereas was sir Trystram, and in he cam for none other entente but to aske herberow. Than the porter asked what was hys name.

'Sir, telle youre lorde that my name ys sir Lucan de Butler, a knyght of the Rounde Table.'

So the porter yode unto sir Darras, lorde of the place, and tolde hym who was there to aske herberow.

'Nay, nay,' seyde sir Daname that was nevew unto sir Darras, 'sey hym that he shall nat be lodged here. But lat

14 *C** Thenne whanne sire Launcelot sawe sir Breuse saunce pyte syr launcelot cryed 19–20 *C** the armes of 20 *C** owne shelde 21 returned and *not in C* *C*† and syr Tristram 23–24 *C* myght wel flee and also abyde whan hym lyst And thenne 25 *C* she thanked hym of his grete 30–31 *C* his name Telle 33 *C* porter wente vnto

hym wete that I, sir Danam, woll mete with hym anone, and byd hym make hym redy.'

So sir Danam com forthe on horseback, and there they met togydirs with spearys. And sir Lucan smote downe sir Danam over hys horse croupe, and than he fled into that place, and sir Lucan rode aftir hym [and asked after hym] many tymys.

Than sir Dynadan seyde to sir Trystram,

'Hit ys shame to se the lordys cousyne of thys place defoyled.'

'Abyde,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and I shall redresse hit.'

And in the meanewhyle sir Dynadan was on horsebacke, and he justed with sir Lucan, and he smote sir Dynadan thorow the thycke of [the] thyghe, and so he rode hys way. And sir Trystram was wroth that sir Dynadan was hurte, and he folowed aftir and thought to avenge hym. And within a whyle he overtoke sir Lucan and bade hym turne, and so they mette togydirs. And sir Trystram hurte sir Lucane passynge sore and gaff hym a falle.

So with that com sir Uwayne, a jantill knyght, and whan he saw sir Lucan so hurte he called to sir Trystram to juste. 222r

'Fayre knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'telle me youre name, I requyre you.'

'Sir knyght, wite you well my name ys sir Uwayne, le Fyze de Roy Ureyne.'

'A,' seyde sir Tristram, 'be my wylle I wolde nat have ado with you at no tyme.'

'Sir, ye shall nat do so,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'but ye shall have ado with me.'

And than sir Trystram saw none other boote but rode ayenste hym, and overthrew sir Uwayne and hurte hym in the syde, and so he departed unto hys lodgynge agayne.

And whan sir Danam undirstood that sir Trystram had hurte sir Lucan he wolde have ryddyn aftir hym for to have slayne hym. But sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym. Than sir Uwayne lete ordayne an horse-litter, and brought sir Lucan to the abbay of Ganys. And the castell thereby hyght the Castell off Ganys, of the whych sir Bleoberys was lorde.

12 *C* with Lucan þ^e botteler & ther sir lucan smote dynadā (*S* smote doune dynadā) 15 he *not in C* 17 *C* to gyders soo that sire Tristram 20 to *not in C* *C* Iuste with hym 26–27 *C*† no tyme ye shalle not soo (*see note*) 32 *C*† sire Dynadan (*see note*) 33 *C* hnrte *S* hurte *C* after syr Lucan for

And at that castell sir Launcelot promysed all hys felowis there to mete in the queste of sir Trystram.

So whan sir Trystram was com to hys lodgynge, there cam a damsell that tolde sir Darras that three of his sunnys were slayne at that turnemente, and two grevously wounded so that they were never lyke to helpe themselff: and all thys was done by a noble knyght that bare a blacke shylde, and that was he that bare the pryce.

Than cam one and tolde sir Darras that the same knyght was within hys courte that bare the blacke shylde. Than sir Darras yode unto sir Trystramys chambir, and there he founde hys shylde and shewed hit to the damesell.

'A, sir,' seyde the damesell, 'thys same ys he that slewe youre three sunnys.'

Than withoute ony taryynyge sir Darras put sir Tristram, sir Palomydes, and sir Dynadan within a stronge preson, and there sir Trystram was lyke to have dyed of grete syknes. And every day sir Palomydes wolde repreve sir Trystram of olde hate betwyxt them, and ever sir Trystram spake fayre and seyde lytyll. But whan sir Palomydes se that sir
222v Trystram was falle in syknes, than was he hevy for hym and comforted hym in all the beste wyse he coude.

And, as the Freynshe booke sayth, there cam fourty knyghtes to sir Darras that were of hys owne kynne, and they wolde have slayne sir Trystram and hys felowis, but sir Darras wolde nat [suffre that,] but ⌜kepte⌝ them in preson, and mete and drynke they had.

So sir Trystram endured there grete payne, for syknes had undirtake hym, and that ys the grettist payne a presoner may have. For all the whyle a presonere may have hys helth of body, he may endure undir the mercy of God and in hope of good delyveraunce; but whan syknes towchith a presoners body, than may a presonere say all welth ys hym berauffte, and than hath he cause to wayle and wepe. Ryght so ded sir Trystram whan syknes had undirtake hym, for than he toke such sorow that he had allmoste slayne hymselff.

2 there *not in C* 3–4 *C* ther came *S* ther cam 7 *C* the black 10 *C* within hym that 15–16 *C* Tristram and syre 20–21 *C* Palomydes sawe the fallynge of sekenesse of sir Tristram thenne was he 25 *C* his two felawes 26 *W* wolde nat but put them (*see note*). *Not emended in O*1 34 *C* he hath *C* and to wepe

CHAPTER XXX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM BEHAVED HIM THE FIRST DAY OF THE TOURNAMENT, AND THERE HE HAD THE PRIZE.

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram de Liones, that commanded Gouvernail, his servant, to ordain him a black shield with none other remembrance therein. And so Sir Persides and Sir Tristram departed from their host Sir Pellounes, and they rode early toward the tournament, and then they drew them to King Carados' side, of Scotland; and anon knights began the field what of King Northgalis' part, and what of King Carados' part, and there began great party. Then there was hurling and rashing. Right so came in Sir Persides and Sir Tristram, and so they did fare that they put the King of Northgalis aback. Then came in Sir Bleoberis de Ganis and Sir Gaheris with them of Northgalis, and then was Sir Persides smitten down and almost slain, for more than forty horsemen went over him. For Sir Bleoberis did great deeds of arms, and Sir Gaheris failed him not. When Sir Tristram beheld them, and saw them do such deeds of arms, he marvelled what they were. Also Sir Tristram

thought shame that Sir Persides was so done to; and then he gat a great spear in his hand, and then he rode to Sir Gaheris and smote him down from his horse. And then was Sir Bleoberis wroth, and gat a spear and rode against Sir Tristram in great ire; and there Sir Tristram met with him, and smote Sir Bleoberis from his horse. So then the King with the Hundred Knights was wroth, and he horsed Sir Bleoberis and Sir Gaheris again, and there began a great medley; and ever Sir Tristram held them passing short, and ever Sir Bleoberis was passing busy upon Sir Tristram; and there came Sir Dinadan against Sir Tristram, and Sir Tristram gave him such a buffet that he swooned in his saddle. Then anon Sir Dinadan came to Sir Tristram and said: Sir, I know thee better than thou weenest; but here I promise thee my troth I will never come against thee more, for I promise thee that sword of thine shall never come on mine helm.

With that came Sir Bleoberis, and Sir Tristram gave him such a buffet that down he laid his head; and then he caught him so sore by the helm that he pulled him under his horse's feet. And then King Arthur blew to lodging. Then Sir Tristram departed to his pavilion,and Sir Dinadan rode with him; and Sir Persides and King Arthur then, and the kings upon both parties, marvelled what knight that was with the black shield. Many said their advice, and some knew him for Sir Tristram, and held their peace and would nought say. So that first day King Arthur, and all the kings and lords that were judges, gave Sir Tristram the prize; howbeit they knew him not, but named him the Knight with the Black Shield.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM RETURNED AGAINST KING ARTHUR'S PARTY BECAUSE HE SAW SIR PALOMIDES ON THAT PARTY.

THEN upon the morn Sir Palomides returned from the King of Northgalis, and rode to King Arthur's side, where was King

Carados, and the King of Ireland, and Sir Launcelot's kin, and Sir Gawaine's kin. So Sir Palomides sent the damosel unto Sir Tristram that he sent to seek him when he was out of his mind in the forest, and this damosel asked Sir Tristram what he was and what was his name? As for that, said Sir Tristram, tell Sir Palomides ye shall not wit as at this time unto the time I have broken two spears upon him. But let him wit thus much, said Sir Tristram, that I am the same knight that he smote down in over-evening[1] at the tournament; and tell him plainly on what party that Sir Palomides be I will be of the contrary party. Sir, said the damosel, ye shall understand that Sir Palomides will be on King Arthur's side, where the most noble knights of the world be. In the name of God, said Sir Tristram, then will I be with the King of Northgalis, because Sir Palomides will be on King Arthur's side, and else I would not but for his sake. So when King Arthur was come they blew unto the field; and then there began a great party, and so King Carados jousted with the King of the Hundred Knights, and there King Carados had a fall: then was there hurling and rushing, and right so came in knights of King Arthur's, and they bare aback the King of Northgalis' knights.

Then Sir Tristram came in, and began so roughly and so bigly that there was none might withstand him, and thus Sir Tristram dured long. And at the last Sir Tristram fell among the fellowship of King Ban, and there fell upon him Sir Bors de Ganis, and Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Blamore de Ganis, and many other knights. And then Sir Tristram smote on the right hand and on the left hand, that all lords and ladies spake of his noble deeds. But at the last Sir Tristram should have had the worse had not the King with the Hundred Knights been. And then he came with his fellowship and rescued Sir Tristram, and brought him away from those knights that bare the shields of Cornwall. And then Sir Tristram saw another fellowship by themself, and there were a forty knights together, and Sir Kay, the Seneschal, was their governor. Then Sir Tristram rode in amongst them, and there he smote down Sir Kay

[1] "the evening afore," W. de W.

from his horse; and there he fared among those knights like a greyhound among conies.

Then Sir Launcelot found a knight that was sore wounded upon the head. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, who wounded you so sore? Sir, he said, a knight that beareth a black shield, and I may curse the time that ever I met with him, for he is a devil and no man. So Sir Launcelot departed from him and thought to meet with Sir Tristram, and so he rode with his sword drawn in his hand to seek Sir Tristram; and then he espied him how he hurled here and there, and at every stroke Sir Tristram well-nigh smote down a knight. O mercy Jesu ! said the king, sith the times I bare arms saw I never no knight do so marvellous deeds of arms. And if I should set upon this knight, said Sir Launcelot to himself, I did shame to myself, and therewithal Sir Launcelot put up his sword. And then the King with the Hundred Knights and an hundred more of North Wales set upon the twenty of Sir Launcelot's kin: and they twenty knights held them ever together as wild swine, and none would fail other. And so when Sir Tristram beheld the noblesse of these twenty knights he marvelled of their good deeds, for he saw by their fare and by their rule that they had liefer die than avoid the field. Now Jesu, said Sir Tristram, well may he be valiant and full of prowess that hath such a sort of noble knights unto his kin, and full like is he to be a noble man that is their leader and governor. He meant it by Sir Launcelot du Lake. So when Sir Tristram had beholden them long he thought shame to see two hundred knights battering upon twenty knights. Then Sir Tristram rode unto the King with the Hundred Knights and said: Sir, leave your fighting with those twenty knights, for ye win no worship of them, ye be so many and they so few; and wit ye well they will not out of the field I see by their cheer and countenance; and worship get ye none an ye slay them. Therefore leave your fighting with them, for I to increase my worship I will ride to the twenty knights and help them with all my might and power. Nay, said the King with the Hundred Knights, ye shall not do so; now I see your courage and courtesy I will withdraw my knights for your pleasure, for evermore a good knight will favour another, and like will draw to like.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM FOUND PALOMIDES BY A WELL, AND BROUGHT HIM WITH HIM TO HIS LODGING.

THEN the King with the Hundred Knights withdrew his knights. And all this while, and long to-fore, Sir Launcelot had watched upon Sir Tristram with a very purpose to have fellowshipped with him. And then suddenly Sir Tristram, Sir Dinadan, and Gouvernail, his man, rode their way into the forest, that no man perceived where they went. So then King Arthur blew unto lodging, and gave the King of Northgalis the prize because Sir Tristram was upon his side. Then Sir Launcelot rode here and there, so wood as lion that fauted his fill, because he had lost Sir Tristram, and so he returned unto King Arthur. And then in all the field was a noise that with the wind it might be heard two mile thence, how the lords and ladies cried: The Knight with the Black Shield hath won the field. Alas, said King Arthur, where is that knight become? It is shame to all those in the field so to let him escape away from you; but with gentleness and courtesy ye might have brought him unto me to the Castle of Maidens. Then the noble King Arthur went unto his knights and comforted them in the best wise that he could, and said: My fair fellows, be not dismayed, howbeit ye have lost the field this day. And many were hurt and sore wounded, and many were whole. My fellows, said King Arthur, look that ye be of good cheer, for to-morn I will be in the field with you and revenge you of your enemies. So that night King Arthur and his knights reposed themself.

The damosel that came from La Beale Isoud unto Sir Tristram, all the while the tournament was a-doing she was with Queen Guenever, and ever the queen asked her for what cause she came into that country. Madam, she answered, I come for none other cause but from my lady La Beale Isoud to wit of your welfare. For in no wise she would not tell the queen that she came for Sir Tristram's sake. So this lady, Dame Bragwaine, took her leave of

Queen Guenever, and she rode after Sir Tristram. And as she rode through the forest she heard a great cry; then she commanded her squire to go into the forest to wit what was that noise. And so he came to a well, and there he found a knight bounden till a tree crying as he had been wood, and his horse and his harness standing by him. And when he espied that squire, therewith he abraid and brake himself loose, and took his sword in his hand, and ran to have slain the squire. Then he took his horse and fled all that ever he might unto Dame Bragwaine, and told her of his adventure. Then she rode unto Sir Tristram's pavilion, and told Sir Tristram what adventure she had found in the forest. Alas, said Sir Tristram, upon my head there is some good knight at mischief.

Then Sir Tristram took his horse and his sword and rode thither, and there he heard how the knight complained unto himself and said: I, woful knight Sir Palomides, what misadventure befalleth me, that thus am defoiled with falsehood and treason, through Sir Bors and Sir Ector. Alas, he said, why live I so long ! And then he gat his sword in his hands, and made many strange signs and tokens; and so through his raging he threw his sword into that fountain. Then Sir Palomides wailed and wrang his hands. And at the last for pure sorrow he ran into that fountain, over his belly, and sought after his sword. Then Sir Tristram saw that, and ran upon Sir Palomides, and held him in his arms fast. What art thou, said Palomides, that holdeth me so? I am a man of this forest that would thee none harm. Alas, said Sir Palomides, I may never win worship where Sir Tristram is; for ever where he is an I be there, then get I no worship; and if he be away for the most part I have the gree, unless that Sir Launcelot be there or Sir Lamorak. Then Sir Palomides said: Once in Ireland Sir Tristram put me to the worse, and another time in Cornwall, and in other places in this land. What would ye do, said Sir Tristram, an ye had Sir Tristram? I would fight with him, said Sir Palomides, and ease my heart upon him; and yet, to say thee sooth, Sir Tristram is the gentlest knight in this world living. What will ye do, said Sir Tristram, will ye go with me to your lodging? Nay, said he, I will go to the King with the Hundred Knights, for he rescued me from Sir Bors de Ganis

and Sir Ector, and else had I been slain traitorly. Sir Tristram said him such kind words that Sir Palomides went with him to his lodging. Then Gouvernail went to-fore, and charged Dame Bragwaine to go out of the way to her lodging And bid ye Sir Persides that he make him no quarrels. And so they rode together till they came to Sir Tristram's pavilion, and there Sir Palomides had all the cheer that might be had all that night. But in no wise Sir Palomides might not know what was Sir Tristram; and so after supper they yede to rest, and Sir Tristram for great travail slept till it was day. And Sir Palomides might not sleep for anguish; and in the dawning of the day he took his horse privily, and rode his way unto Sir Gaheris and unto Sir Sagramore le Desirous, where they were in their pavilions; for they three were fellows at the beginning of the tournament. And then upon the morn the king blew unto the tournament upon the third day.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM SMOTE DOWN SIR PALOMIDES. AND HOW HE JOUSTED WITH KING ARTHUR. AND OTHER FEATS.

So the King of Northgalis and the King with the Hundred Knights, they two encountered with King Carados and with the King of Ireland; and there the King with the Hundred Knights smote down King Carados, and the King of Northgalis smote down the King of Ireland. With that came in Sir Palomides, and when he came he made great work, for by his indented shield he was well known. So came in King Arthur, and did great deeds of arms together, and put the King of Northgalis and the King with the Hundred Knights to the worse. With this came in Sir Tristram with his black shield, and anon he jousted with Sir Palomides, and there by fine force Sir Tristram smote Sir Palomides over his horse's croup. Then King Arthur cried: Knight with the Black Shield, make

thee ready to me, and in the same wise Sir Tristram smote King Arthur. And then by force of King Arthur's knights the King and Sir Palomides were horsed again. Then King Arthur with a great eager heart he gat a spear in his hand, and there upon the one side he smote Sir Tristram over his horse. Then foot-hot Sir Palomides came upon Sir Tristram, as he was upon foot, to have overridden him. Then Sir Tristram was ware of him, and there he stooped aside, and with great ire he gat him by the arm, and pulled him down from his horse. Then Sir Palomides lightly arose, and then they dashed together mightily with their swords; and many kings, queens, and lords, stood and beheld them. And at the last Sir Tristram smote Sir Palomides upon the helm three mighty strokes, and at every stroke that he gave him he said: This for Sir Tristram's sake. With that Sir Palomides fell to the earth grovelling.

Then came the King with the Hundred Knights, and brought Sir Tristram an horse, and so was he horsed again. By then was Sir Palomides horsed, and with great ire he jousted upon Sir Tristram with his spear as it was in the rest, and gave him a great dash with his sword. Then Sir Tristram avoided his spear, and gat him by the neck with his both hands, and pulled him clean out of his saddle, and so he bare him afore him the length of ten spears, and then in the presence of them all he let him fall at his adventure. Then Sir Tristram was ware of King Arthur with a naked sword in his hand, and with his spear Sir Tristram ran upon King Arthur; and then King Arthur boldly abode him and with his sword he smote a-two his spear, and therewithal Sir Tristram stonied; and so King Arthur gave him three or four strokes or he might get out his sword, and at the last Sir Tristram drew his sword and either assailed other passing hard. With that the great press departed them. Then Sir Tristram rode here and there and did his great pain, that eleven of the good knights of the blood of King Ban, that was of Sir Launcelot's kin, that day Sir Tristram smote down; that all the estates marvelled of his great deeds and all cried upon the Knight with the Black Shield.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT HURT SIR TRISTRAM, AND HOW AFTER SIR TRISTRAM SMOTE DOWN SIR PALOMIDES.

THEN this cry was so large that Sir Launcelot heard it. And then he gat a great spear in his hand and came towards the cry. Then Sir Launcelot cried: The Knight with the Black Shield, make thee ready to joust with me. When Sir Tristram heard him say so he gat his spear in his hand, and either abashed down their heads, and came together as thunder; and Sir Tristram's spear brake in pieces, and Sir Launcelot by malfortune struck Sir Tristram on the side a deep wound nigh to the death; but yet Sir Tristram avoided not his saddle, and so the spear brake. Therewithal Sir Tristram that was wounded gat out his sword, and he rushed to Sir Launcelot, and gave him three great strokes upon the helm that the fire sprang thereout, and Sir Launcelot abashed his head lowly toward his saddle-bow. And therewithal Sir Tristram departed from the field, for he felt him so wounded that he weened he should have died; and Sir Dinadan espied him and followed him into the forest. Then Sir Launcelot abode and did many marvellous deeds.

So when Sir Tristram was departed by the forest's side he alighted, and unlaced his harness and freshed his wound; then weened Sir Dinadan that he should have died. Nay, nay, said Sir Tristram, Dinadan never dread thee, for I am heart-whole, and of this wound I shall soon be whole, by the mercy of God. By that Sir Dinadan was ware where came Palomides riding straight upon them. And then Sir Tristram was ware that Sir Palomides came to have destroyed him. And so Sir Dinadan gave him warning, and said: Sir Tristram, my lord, ye are so sore wounded that ye may not have ado with him, therefore I will ride against him and do to him what I may, and if I be slain ye may pray for my soul; and in the meanwhile ye may withdraw you and go into the castle, or in the forest, that he shall not meet with you. Sir Tristram smiled and said: I thank you, Sir Dinadan, of your good will, but ye shall wit

that I am able to handle him. And then anon hastily he armed him, and took his horse, and a great spear in his hand, and said to Sir Dinadan: Adieu; and rode toward Sir Palomides a soft pace. Then when Sir Palomides saw that, he made countenance to amend his horse, but he did it for this cause, for he abode Sir Gaheris that came after him. And when he was come he rode toward Sir Tristram. Then Sir Tristram sent unto Sir Palomides, and required him to joust with him; and if he smote down Sir Palomides he would do no more to him; and if it so happened that Sir Palomides smote down Sir Tristram, he bade him do his utterance. So they were accorded. Then they met together, and Sir Tristram smote down Sir Palomides that he had a grievous fall, so that he lay still as he had been dead. And then Sir Tristram ran upon Sir Gaheris, and he would not have jousted; but whether he would or not Sir Tristram smote him over his horse's croup, that he lay still as though he had been dead. And then Sir Tristram rode his way and left Sir Persides' squire within the pavilions, and Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan rode to an old knight's place to lodge them. And that old knight had five sons at the tournament, for whom he prayed God heartily for their coming home. And so, as the French book saith, they came home all five well beaten.

And when Sir Tristram departed into the forest Sir Launcelot held alway the stour like hard, as a man araged that took no heed to himself, and wit ye well there was many a noble knight against him. And when King Arthur saw Sir Launcelot do so marvellous deeds of arms he then armed him, and took his horse and his armour, and rode into the field to help Sir Launcelot; and so many knights came in with King Arthur. And to make short tale in conclusion, the King of Northgalis and the King of the Hundred Knights were put to the worse; and because Sir Launcelot abode and was the last in the field the prize was given him. But Sir Launcelot would neither for king, queen, nor knight, have the prize, but where the cry was cried through the field: Sir Launcelot, Sir Launcelot hath won the field this day, Sir Launcelot let make another cry contrary: Sir Tristram hath won the field, for he began first, and last he hath endured, and so hath he done the first day, the second, and the third day.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW THE PRIZE OF THE THIRD DAY WAS GIVEN TO SIR LAUNCELOT, AND SIR LAUNCELOT GAVE IT TO SIR TRISTRAM.

THEN all the estates and degrees high and low said of Sir Launcelot great worship, for the honour that he did unto Sir Tristram; and for that honour doing to Sir Tristram he was at that time more praised and renowned than an he had overthrown five hundred knights; and all the people wholly for this gentleness, first the estates both high and low, and after the commonalty cried at once: Sir Launcelot hath won the field whosoever say nay. Then was Sir Launcelot wroth and ashamed, and so therewithal he rode to King Arthur. Alas, said the king, we are all dismayed that Sir Tristram is thus departed from us. By God, said King Arthur, he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw hold spear or sword in hand, and the most courteoust knight in his fighting; for full hard I saw him, said King Arthur, when he smote Sir Palomides upon the helm thrice, that he abashed his helm with his strokes, and also he said: Here is a stroke for Sir Tristram, and thus thrice he said. Then King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Dodinas le Savage took their horses to seek Sir Tristram, and by the means of Sir Persides he had told King Arthur where Sir Tristram was in his pavilion. But when they came there, Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan were gone.

Then King Arthur and Sir Launcelot were heavy, and returned again to the Castle of Maidens making great dole for the hurt of Sir Tristram, and his sudden departing. So God me help, said King Arthur, I am more heavy that I cannot meet with him than for all the hurts that all my knights have had at the tournament. Right so came Sir Gaheris and told King Arthur how Sir Tristram had smitten down Sir Palomides, and it was at Sir Palomides' own request. Alas, said King Arthur, that was great dishonour to Sir Palomides, inasmuch as Sir Tristram was sore wounded, and now

may we all, kings, and knights, and men of worship, say that Sir Tristram may be called a noble knight, and one of the best knights that ever I saw the days of my life. For I will that ye all, kings and knights, know, said King Arthur, that I never saw knight do so marvellously as he hath done these three days; for he was the first that began and that longest held on, save this last day. And though he was hurt, it was a manly adventure of two noble knights, and when two noble men encounter needs must the one have the worse, like as God will suffer at that time. As for me, said Sir Launcelot, for all the lands that ever my father left me I would not have hurt Sir Tristram an I had known him at that time; that I hurt him was for I saw not his shield. For an I had seen his black shield, I would not have meddled with him for many causes; for late he did as much for me as ever did knight, and that is well known that he had ado with thirty knights, and no help save Sir Dinadan. And one thing shall I promise, said Sir Launcelot, Sir Palomides shall repent it as in his unkindly dealing for to follow that noble knight that I by mishap hurted thus. Sir Launcelot said all the worship that might be said by Sir Tristram. Then King Arthur made a great feast to all that would come. And thus we let pass King Arthur, and a little we will turn unto Sir Palomides, that after he had a fall of Sir Tristram, he was nigh-hand araged out of his wit for despite of Sir Tristram. And so he followed him by adventure. And as he came by a river, in his woodness he would have made his horse to have leapt over; and the horse failed footing and fell in the river, wherefore Sir Palomides was adread lest he should have been drowned; and then he avoided his horse, and swam to the land, and let his horse go down by adventure.

CHAPTER XXXVI

HOW PALOMIDES CAME TO THE CASTLE WHERE SIR TRISTRAM WAS, AND OF THE QUEST THAT SIR LAUNCELOT AND TEN KNIGHTS MADE FOR SIR TRISTRAM.

And when he came to the land he took off his harness, and sat roaring and crying as a man out of his mind. Right so came a damosel even by Sir Palomides, that was sent from Sir Gawaine and his brother unto Sir Mordred, that lay sick in the same place with that old knight where Sir Tristram was. For, as the French book saith, Sir Persides hurt so Sir Mordred a ten days afore; and had it not been for the love of Sir Gawaine and his brother, Sir Persides had slain Sir Mordred. And so this damosel came by Sir Palomides, and she and he had language together, the which pleased neither of them; and so the damosel rode her ways till she came to the old knight's place, and there she told that old knight how she met with the woodest knight by adventure that ever she met withal. What bare he in his shield? said Sir Tristram. It was indented with white and black, said the damosel. Ah, said Sir Tristram, that was Sir Palomides, the good knight. For well I know him, said Sir Tristram, for one of the best knights living in this realm. Then that old knight took a little hackney, and rode for Sir Palomides, and brought him unto his own manor; and full well knew Sir Tristram Sir Palomides, but he said but little, for at that time Sir Tristram was walking upon his feet, and well amended of his hurts; and always when Sir Palomides saw Sir Tristram he would behold him full marvellously, and ever him seemed that he had seen him. Then would he say unto Sir Dinadan: An ever I may meet with Sir Tristram he shall not escape mine hands. I marvel, said Sir Dinadan, that ye boast behind Sir Tristram, for it is but late that he was in your hands, and ye in his hands; why would ye not hold him when ye had him? for I saw myself twice or thrice that ye gat but little worship of Sir Tristram. Then was Sir Palomides

ashamed. So leave we them a little while in the old castle with the old knight Sir Darras.

Now shall we speak of King Arthur, that said to Sir Launcelot: Had not ye been we had not lost Sir Tristram, for he was here daily unto the time ye met with him, and in an evil time, said Arthur, ye encountered with him. My lord Arthur, said Launcelot, ye put upon me that I should be cause of his departition; God knoweth it was against my will. But when men be hot in deeds of arms oft they hurt their friends as well as their foes. And my lord, said Sir Launcelot, ye shall understand that Sir Tristram is a man that I am loath to offend, for he hath done for me more than ever I did for him as yet. But then Sir Launcelot made bring forth a book: and then Sir Launcelot said: Here we are ten knights that will swear upon a book never to rest one night where we rest another this twelvemonth until that we find Sir Tristram. And as for me, said Sir Launcelot, I promise you upon this book that an I may meet with him, either with fairness or foulness I shall bring him to this court, or else I shall die therefore. And the names of these ten knights that had undertaken this quest were these following: First was Sir Launcelot, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Bors de Ganis, and Bleoberis, and Sir Blamore de Ganis, and Lucan the Butler, Sir Uwaine, Sir Galihud, Lionel, and Galiodin. So these ten noble knights departed from the court of King Arthur, and so they rode upon their quest together until they came to a cross where departed four ways, and there departed the fellowship in four to seek Sir Tristram.

And as Sir Launcelot rode by adventure he met with Dame Bragwaine that was sent into that country to seek Sir Tristram, and she fled as fast as her palfrey might go. So Sir Launcelot met with her and asked her why she fled. Ah, fair knight, said Dame Bragwaine, I flee for dread of my life, for here followeth me Sir Breuse Saunce Pité to slay me. Hold you nigh me, said Sir Launcelot. Then when Sir Launcelot saw Sir Breuse Saunce Pité, Sir Launcelot cried unto him, and said: False knight, destroyer of ladies and damosels, now thy last days be come. When Sir Breuse Saunce Pité saw Sir Launcelot's shield he knew it well, for at that time he bare not the arms of Cornwall, but he bare his own shield.

And then Sir Breuse fled, and Sir Launcelot followed after him. But Sir Breuse was so well horsed that when him list to flee he might well flee, and also abide when him list. And then Sir Launcelot returned unto Dame Bragwaine, and she thanked him of his great labour.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM, SIR PALOMIDES, AND SIR DINADAN WERE TAKEN AND PUT IN PRISON.

Now will we speak of Sir Lucan the butler, that by fortune he came riding to the same place thereas was Sir Tristram, and in he came in none other intent but to ask harbour. Then the porter asked what was his name. Tell your lord that my name is Sir Lucan, the butler, a Knight of the Round Table. So the porter went unto Sir Darras, lord of the place, and told him who was there to ask harbour. Nay, nay, said Sir Daname, that was nephew to Sir Darras, say him that he shall not be lodged here, but let him wit that I, Sir Daname, will meet with him anon, and bid him make him ready. So Sir Daname came forth on horseback, and there they met together with spears, and Sir Lucan smote down Sir Daname over his horse's croup, and then he fled into that place, and Sir Lucan rode after him, and asked after him many times.

Then Sir Dinadan said to Sir Tristram: It is shame to see the lord's cousin of this place defoiled. Abide, said Sir Tristram, and I shall redress it. And in the meanwhile Sir Dinadan was on horseback, and he jousted with Lucan the butler, and there Sir Lucan smote Dinadan through the thick of the thigh, and so he rode his way; and Sir Tristram was wroth that Sir Dinadan was hurt, and followed after, and thought to avenge him; and within a while he overtook Sir Lucan, and bade him turn; and so they met together so that Sir Tristram hurt Sir Lucan passing sore and gave him a fall. With that came Sir Uwaine, a gentle knight, and when he saw Sir

Lucan so hurt he called Sir Tristram to joust with him. Fair knight, said Sir Tristram, tell me your name I require you. Sir knight, wit ye well my name is Sir Uwaine le Fise de Roy Ureine. Ah, said Sir Tristram, by my will I would not have ado with you at no time. Ye shall not so, said Sir Uwaine, but ye shall have ado with me. And then Sir Tristram saw none other bote, but rode against him, and overthrew Sir Uwaine and hurt him in the side, and so he departed unto his lodging again. And when Sir Dinadan understood that Sir Tristram had hurt Sir Lucan he would have ridden after Sir Lucan for to have slain him, but Sir Tristram would not suffer him. Then Sir Uwaine let ordain an horse litter, and brought Sir Lucan to the abbey of Ganis, and the castle thereby hight the Castle of Ganis, of the which Sir Bleoberis was lord. And at that castle Sir Launcelot promised all his fellows to meet in the quest of Sir Tristram.

So when Sir Tristram was come to his lodging there came a damosel that told Sir Darras that three of his sons were slain at that tournament, and two grievously wounded that they were never like to help themself. And all this was done by a noble knight that bare the black shield, and that was he that bare the prize. Then came there one and told Sir Darras that the same knight was within, him that bare the black shield. Then Sir Darras yede unto Sir Tristram's chamber, and there he found his shield and showed it to the damosel. Ah sir, said the damosel, that same is he that slew your three sons. Then without any tarrying Sir Darras put Sir Tristram, and Sir Palomides, and Sir Dinadan, within a strong prison, and there Sir Tristram was like to have died of great sickness; and every day Sir Palomides would reprove Sir Tristram of old hate betwixt them. And ever Sir Tristram spake fair and said little. But when Sir Palomides saw the falling of sickness of Sir Tristram, then was he heavy for him, and comforted him in all the best wise he could. And as the French book saith, there came forty knights to Sir Darras that were of his own kin, and they would have slain Sir Tristram and his two fellows, but Sir Darras would not suffer that, but kept them in prison, and meat and drink they had. So Sir Tristram endured there great pain, for sickness had undertaken him, and that is the greatest pain a prisoner may have.

For all the while a prisoner may have his health of body he may endure under the mercy of God and in hope of good deliverance; but when sickness toucheth a prisoner's body, then may a prisoner say all wealth is him bereft, and then he hath cause to wail and to weep. Right so did Sir Tristram when sickness had undertaken him, for then he took such sorrow that he had almost slain himself.

IV

THE ROUND TABLE

NOW woll we speke and leve sir Trystram, sir Palomydes, (38)
and sir Dynadan in preson, and speke we of othir knyghtes that sought aftir sir Trystram many dyverse partyes of thys londe.

And some yode into Cornwayle, and by adventure sir Gaherys, nevew unto kynge Arthure, cam unto kynge Marke. And there he was well resseyved and sate at kynge Markys owne table and at hys owne messe. Than kynge Marke asked sir Gaherys what tydynges there was within the realme of Logrys.

'Sir,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'the kynge regnys as a noble knyght, and now but late there was a grete justis and turnemente that ever y saw within thys reallme of Logres, and the moste nobelyste knyghtes were at that justis. But there was one knyght that ded mervaylously three dayes, and he bare a blacke shylde, and on all the knyghtes that ever y saw he preved the beste knyght.'

'That was,' seyde kynge Marke, 'sir Launcelot, other ellis sir Palomydes the paynym.'

'Not so,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for they were both of the 223r
contrary party agaynste the knyght with the blacke shylde.'

'Than was hit sir Trystram de Lyones,' seyde [the] kynge.

And therewithall he smote downe hys hede, and in hys harte he feryd sore that sir Trystram sholde gete hym such worship in the realme of Logrys wherethorow hymselff shuld nat be able to withstonde hym.

Thus sir Gaherys had grete chere with kynge Marke and with the quene. La Beall Isode was glad of his wordis, for well she wyste by hys dedis and maners that hit was sir Trystram.

And than the kynge made a feste royall, and to that feste cam sir Uwayne le Fyze de Roy Urayne (and som called hym sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes). And thys sir Uwayne chalenged all the knyghtes of Cornwayle. Than

8 *C* & ete of his owne 9 *C* there were in the 13 *C* I sawe ony in the realme 14 *C* moost noble 16 *C* and of alle knyghtes 17–19 *C* knyȝt thrnne said Kyng mark that was syre launcelot or syre 20 *C* Gaherys for bothe syre launcelot and sire Palomydes were on the 22 de Lyones *not in C* 22–23 *C** the kyng ye said sir Gaheryse And there with all the Kyng 25 *C* where thorou that he hym self 28 *C* with quene la Beale Isoud the whiche was gladde of syr Gaheryse wordes

was the kynge wood wrothe that he had [no] knyghtes to answere hym.

Than sir Andred, nevew unto kynge Marke, lepe up and sayde,

5 'I woll ancountir with sir Uwayne.'

Than he yode and armyd hym, and horsed hym in the beste maner. And there sir Uwayne mette with sir Andred and smote hym downe, that he sowned on the erthe. Than was kynge Marke sory and wrot[h]e oute of mesure that he had 10 no knyght to revenge hys nevew, sir Andret. So the kynge called unto hym sir Dynas le Senesciall, and prayde hym for hys sake to take uppon hym for to juste with sir Uwayne.

'Sir,' seyd sir Dynas, 'I am full lothe to have ado with ony of the knyghtes of the Rounde Table.'

15 'Yet, for my love, take uppon you for to juste.'

So sir Dynas made hym redy to juste, and anone they encountirde togydirs with grete spearys. But sir Dynas was overthrowyn, horse and man, a grete falle. Who was wroth than but kynge Marke!

20 'Alas!' he seyde, 'have I no knyght that woll encounter with yondir knyght?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for youre sake I woll just.'

So sir Gaherys made hym redy, and whan he was armed he rode into the fylde. And whan sir Uwayne saw sir Ga-
223v 25 herys shylde he rode to hym and seyde,

'Sir, ye do nat youre parte, for the firste tyme that ever ye were made knyght of the Rounde Table ye sware that ye shuld nat have ado with none of youre felyship wyttyngly. And, pardé, sir Gaherys, ye know me well inow by my 30 shylde, and so do I know you by youre shylde. And thaughe ye wolde breke youre othe, I woll nat breke myne. For there ys nat one here nother ye that shall thynk I am aferde of you, but that I durst ryght well have ado with you. And yet we be syster sonnys!'

35 Than was sir Gaherys ashamed. And so therewithall every knyght wente their way, and sir Uwayne rode oute of the contrey.

3 *C* lepte vp take vpon the to | 13–14 *C* ony knyght | 15 *C* yet said the kyng for my loue | 16 to juste *not in C* | 19 than *not in C* | 26–27 *C* For sire the fyrst tyme ye were | 29 *C** ye knewe | 33 that *not in C*† | 36–37 *C* rode in to the

Than kynge Marke armed hym and toke hys horse and hys speare with a squyar with hym, and than he rode afore sir Uwayne and suddeynly, at a gap, he ran uppon hym as he that was nat ware of hym. And there he smote hym allmoste thorow the body, and so there leffte hym. 5

So within a whyle there cam sir Kay and founde sir Uwayne, and asked hym how he was hurte.

'I wote nat,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'why nother wherefore, but by treson, I am sure, I gate thys hurte. For here cam a knyght suddeynly uppon me or that I was ware, and 10 suddeynly hurte me.'

Than there was com sir Andred to seke kyng Marke.

'Thou traytoure knyght!' seyde sir Kay, 'and I wyst hit were thou that thus traytourely haste hurte thys noble knyght, thou shuldist never passe my hondys!' 15

'Sir,' seyed sir Andred, 'I ded never hurte hym, and that I reporte me to hymselff.'

'Fy on you, false knyghtes of Cornwayle,' seyde sir Kay, 'for ye [are] naught worth!'

So sir Kay made cary sir Uwayne to the Abbay of the 20 Black Crosse, and the[re] was he heled.

Than sir Gaherys toke hys leve of kyng Marke, but or he departed he seyde,

'Sir kynge, ye ded a fowle shame whan ye flemyd sir Trystram oute of thys contrey, for ye nedid nat to have doughted 25 no knyght and he had bene here.'

And so he departed.

Than there cam sir Kay the Senesciall unto kynge Marke, (39) and there he had god chere shewynge outewarde. **224r**

'Now, fayre lordys,' sayde kynge Marke, 'woll ye preve 30 ony adventure in this foreyste of Morrys, whych ys an harde adventure as I know ony?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Kay, 'I woll preve hit.'

And sir Gaherys seyde he wolde be avysed, for kynge Marke was ever full of treson. And therewithall sir Gaherys de- 35 parted and rode hys way. And by the same way that sir Kay

5 so *not in C* 17 *C* I wylle reporte me 18–19 *C** knyghtes said syr Kay for ye of Cornewaile ar nought 24 *C** shame vnto you & your Courte whan ye bannysshed sir 30 *C†* said he 31–32 *C* the forest of Morris in the whiche I knowe wel is as hard an aduenture

sholde ryde, he leyde hym downe to reste, chargynge hys squyar to wayte uppon hym:

'And yf sir Kay comme, warne me whan he commyth.'

So within a whyle sir Kay com rydyng that way. And than sir Gaherys toke hys horse and mette hym, and seyde,

'Sir Kay, ye ar nat wyse to ryde at the rekeyste of kynge Marke, for he delith all with treson.'

Than seyde sir Kay,

'I requyre you that we may preve well thys adventure.'

'I woll nat fayle you,' seyde sir Gaherys.

And so they rode that tyme tylle a lake that was that tyme called the Perelous Lake, and there they abode under the s[h]awe of the wood.

The meanewhyle kynge Marke within the castell of Tyntagyll avoyded all hys barownes, and all othir, save such as were prevy with hym, were avoyded oute of the chambir. And than he let calle hys nevew, sir Andred, and bade arme hym and horse hym lyghtly, for by that tyme hit was nyghe mydnyght. And so kynge Marke was armed all in blacke, horse and all, and so at a prevy postern they two yssued oute with their verlattes with them, and so rode tylle they cam to that lake.

Than sir Kay aspyed them firste, and gate hys spear in hys honde, and profirde to juste. And kynge Marke rode ayenst hym, and smote ech other full harde, for the moone shone as the bryght day. And at that justis sir Kayes horse felle downe, for hys horse was nat so bygge as the kynges horse was, and sir Kayes horse brused hym full sore.

224v Than sir Gaherys was wrothe that sir Kay had a falle. Than he cryed,

'Knyght, sitte thou faste in thy sadle, for I wolle revenge my felow!'

Than kyng Marke was aferde of sir Gaherys, and so with evyll wylle kynge Marke rode ayenste hym, and sir Gaherys gaff hym such a stroke that he felle downe. And so forthwithall sir Gaherys ran unto sir Andred and smote hym

2–3 *C* vpon sir kay and warne me whanne he 9 *C* requyre you lete vs preue this aduenture 12–13 *C** the shawe of 16 *C*† pryny *S* pryuy *W* that were 19 nyghe *not in C* all *not in C* 21 so *not in C* 23–24 in hys honde *not in C* 26 *C* there at 28 was *not in C*

frome hys horse quyte, that hys helme smote in the erthe and nyghe had brokyn hys neke. And therewithall sir Gaherys alyght, and gate up sir Kay, and than they yeode both on foote to them, and bade them yelde them and telle their namys, othir ellis they sholde dey. Than with grete payne sir Andred spake firste and seyde,

'Hit ys kynge Marke of Cornwayle, therefore be ye ware what ye do. And I am sir Andred, hys cousyn.'

'Fy on you bothe!' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for ye ar false traytours, and false treson have ye wrought undir youre semble chere that ye made us. For hit were pité that ye sholde lyve ony lenger,' seyde sir Gaherys.

'Save my lyff,' seyde kynge Marke, 'and I woll make amendys. And concider that I am a kynge anoynted.'

'Hit were the more shame,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'to save thy lyff! For thou arte a kynge anoynted with creyme, and therefore thou sholdist holde with all men of worship. And therefore thou arte worthy to dye.'

And so with that he laysshed at kynge Marke, and he coverde hym with hys shylde and defended hym as he myght. And than sir Kay laysshed at sir Andret. And therewithall kynge Marke yelded hym unto sir Gaherys, and than he kneled adowne and made hys othe uppon the crosse of the swerde that never whyle he lyved he wolde be ayenste arraunte knyghtes. And also he sware to be good fryende unto sir Trystram, if ever he cam into Cornwayle. And by that tyme sir Andret was on the erthe, and sir Kay wolde have slayne hym.

'Lat be,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'sle hym nat, I pray you.'

'Sir, hit were pité,' seyde syr Kay, 'that he sholde lyve **225r** ony lenger, for he ys cousyn nyghe unto sir Trystram, and ever he hath bene a traytoure unto hym, and by hym he was exhyled oute of Cornwayle. And therefore I woll sle hym,' seyde sir Kay.

'Ye shall nat do so,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for sytthyn I have yevyn the kynge hys lyff, I pray you gyff hym hys lyffe.'

5 ellis *not in C* 9–12 *C*† for a fals traitour and fals treason hast thou wrou3t and he both vnder the fayned chere ye made vs it were pyte said sir Gaherys that thou sholdest lyue 19–20 *C* Mark without sayeng ony more & couerd 26–27 *C* Cornewaile By thenne sir Andred 30 Sir *not in C* 31 *C* for this is nygh cosyn vnto 35 *C* not said Gaherys sythen

And therewithall sir Kay lete hym go.

And so they rode her wayes unto sir Dynas le Senesciall, for bycause they harde sey that he loved well sir Trystram. So they reposed them, and sone aftir they rode unto the realme of Logrys.

And so within a lityll while they mette with sir Launcelot that allwayes had dame Brangwayne with hym, to that entente, he wente to have mette the sunner with sir Trystram. And sir Launcelot asked what tydynges in Cornwayle, and whethir they harde of sir Trystram. Sir Kay and sir Gaherys answerde that they harde nat of hym, and so they tolde worde by worde of their adventure. Than sir Launcelot smyled and seyde,

'Harde hit ys to take oute off the fleysshe that ys bredde in the boone!'

And so they made hem myrry togydirs.

(40) Now leve we of thys tale and speke we of sir Dynas that had within the castell a paramour, and she loved anothir knyght bettir than hym. And so whan sir Dynas was oute an-huntynge, she slypped downe by a towell, and toke with hir two brachettis, and so she yode to the knyght that she loved [and he her ageyne.]

And whan sir Dynas cam home and myste hys paramoure and hys brachettes, than was he the more wrother for hys brachettis, more than for hys lady. So than he rode aftir the knyghte that had hys paramoure, and bade hym turne and juste. So sir Dynas smote hym downe, that with the falle he brake hys legge and hys arme. And than hys lady and paramour cryed and seyde, 'Sir Dynas, mercy!' and she wolde love hym bettir than ever she ded.

225v 'Nay,' seyde sir Dynas, 'I shall never truste them that onys betrayeth me, and therefore as ye have begunne so ende, for I woll nevir meddill with you.'

And so sir Dynas departed and toke his brachettis with hym, and so he rode to hys castell.

Now woll we turne unto sir Launcelot that was ryght

2 *C* And soo sir Kay and syre Gaherys rode 4 *C* them there and 10 *C* Tristram or not 11 *C* ansuerd and said that 11–12 *C* told sir launcelot word 19 *C* wente oute 20 *C* a tuell 22 *Not emended in O*[1] 25 more *not in C* 29 *C* cryed sire Dynas mercy and said she 32 *C* betrayed

hevy that he cowth never hyre no tydynges of sir Trystram, for all this whyle he was in preson with sir Darras, sir Palomydes, and sir Dynadan. Than dame Brangwayne toke hyr leve to go into Cornwayle, and sir Launcelot, sir Kay and sir Gaherys rode to seke the contrey of Surluse.

Now spekith thys tale of sir Trystram and of hys two felowis, for every day sir Palomydes brawled and seyde langayge ayenste sir Tristram.

Than seyde sir Dynadan,

'I mervayle of the, sir Palomydes, whethir, and thou haddyst sir Tristram here, I trow, thou woldiste do none harme. For and a wolff and a sheepe were togydir in a preson, the wolff wolde suffir the sheepe to be in pees. And wyte thou well,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'thys same ys sir Trystram at a worde, and now mayst thou do thy beste with hym, and latte se [yf ye] now skyffte hit with youre handys.'

Than was sir Palomydes abaysshed, and seyde lityll. Than seyde sir Trystram to sir Palomydes,

'I have harde muche of youre magré ayenste me, but I woll nat meddill with you at thys tyme be my wylle, bycause [I drede] the lorde of this place that hath us in governaunce. For and I dred hym nat more than I do the, sone hit sholde be skyffte.'

And so they peaced hemselff.

Ryght so cam in a damesell and seyde,

'Knyghtes, be of good chere, for ye ar sure of youre lyves, and that I harde my lorde sir Darras sey.'

So than were they all glad, for dayly they wente to have dyed.

Than sone aftir thys sir Trystram fyll syke, that he wente to have dyed. Than sir Dynadan wepte, and so ded sir Palo- 226r
mydes, undir them bothe makynge grete sorow. So a damesell cam in to them and founde them mournynge. Than she wente unto sir Darras and tolde hym how the myghty knyght that bare the blacke shylde was lykly to dye.

1 *C* he coude 5 *C** seke sir Tristram in the 9–10 *C* I merueyle said sir Dynadan of the 10 whethir *not in C* 11 I trow *not in C* *C* do hym no 16 *C** see now yf ye can skyfte 17–19 *C* lytyl syr Palomydes thenne said syr Tristram I haue 27 *C* herd say my lord syre Darras 28 *C* Thenne were they gladde alle thre For dayly they wende they shold haue 34 *C* how that myghty

'That shall nat be,' seyde sir Darras, 'for God deffende, whan knyghtes com to me for succour, that I sholde suffir hem to dye within my preson. Therefore,' seyde sir Darras, 'go fecche me that syke knyght and hys felowis afore me.'

And whan sir Darras saw sir Trystram ibrought afore hym, he seyde,

'Sir knyght, me repentis of youre sykenes, for ye ar called a full noble knyght, and so hit semyth by you. And wyte you well that hit shall never be seyde that I, sir Darras, shall destroy such a noble knyght as ye ar in preson, howbehit that ye have slayne three of my sunnes, wherefore I was gretely agreved. But now shalt thou go and thy felowys, and take youre horse and youre armour, for they have bene fayre and clene kepte, and ye shall go where hit lykith you uppon this covenaunte, that ye, knyght, woll promyse me to be good frynde to my sunnys two that bene now on lyve, and also that ye telle me thy name.'

'Sir, as for [me], my name ys sir Trystram de Lyones, and in Cornwayle was I borne, and nevew I am unto kyng Marke. And as for the dethe of youre two sunnes, I myght nat do withall. For and they had bene the nexte kyn that I have, I myght have done none othirwyse; and if I had slayne hem by treson other trechory, I had bene worthy to have dyed.'

'All thys I co[n]sider,' seyde sir Darras, 'that all that ye ded was by fors of knyghthode, and that was the cause I wolde nat put you to dethe. But sith ye be sir Trystram the good knyght, I pray you hartyly to be my good frynde and ⟨unto⟩ my sunnes.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I promyse you by the faythe of
226v my body, ever whyle I lyve I woll do you servyse, for ye have done to us but as a naturall knyght ought to do.'

Than sir Trystram reposed hym there a whyle tyll that he was amended of hys syknes, and whan he was bygge and stronge they toke their leve, and every knyght toke their horses and harneys, and so departed and rode togydirs tyll they cam to a crosseway.

3–4 *C* Darras to the damoysel fetche that kny3t 7–8 *C* thy sekenesse . . . thou arte . . . the 9 I *not in C* 10 *C* as thou arte 11 *C* where by I 12–13 *C*† felawes and youre harneis & horses haue ben 15–17 *C* that thou . . . thou telle 18 *C* Syr said he 28 *C** to my 32 a whyle *not in C* 35 and harneys *not in C*†

'Now, felowis,' seyde sir Trystram, 'here woll we departe in sundir.'

And bycause sir Dynadan had the firste adventure, of hym I woll begyn.

So as sir Dynadan rode by a well, he founde a lady makyng grete dole. (41)

'What aylith you?' seyde sir Dynadan.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the lady, 'I am the wofullyst lady of the worlde, for within thys fyve dayes here com a knyght called sir Breuse Saunz Pité, and he slewe myne owne brothir, and ever syns he hath kepte me at hys owne wylle, and of all men in the worlde I hate hym moste. And therefore I requyre you of knyghthode to avenge me, for he woll nat tarry but be here anone.'

'Lat hym com!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'And bycause of honoure of all women I woll do my parte.'

So with this cam sir Breuse, and whan he saw a knyght with his lady he was wood wrothe, and than he seyde,

'Kepe the, sir knyght, from me!'

And so they hurled togydirs as the thundir, and aythir smote othir passynge sore. But sir Dynadan put hym thorow the shuldir a grevous wounde, and or ever sir Dynadan myght turne hym sir Breuse was gone and fledde.

Than the lady prayde hym to brynge hyr to a castell there besyde but four myle; and so sir Dynadan brought her there and she was wellcom, for the lorde of that castell was hir uncle. And so sir Dynadan rode hys way uppon hys adventure.

Now turnyth thys tale unto sir Trystram, that by adventure he cam to a castell to aske lodgyng, wherein was quene 227r
Morgan le Fay. And so whan sir Trystram was let into that castell he had good chere all that nyght. And so uppon the morne, whan he wolde have departed, the quene seyde,

'Wyte you well ye shall nat departe lyghtly, for ye ar here as a presonere.'

'Jesu deffende me!' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I was but late a presonere.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde the quene, 'ye shall abyde with me tyll that I wyte what ye ar, and frome whens ye cam.'

2 *C* in sondry wayes 19 *C* sir knyght kepe the from 20 the *not in C*
25 *C* myle thens 28 *C* torne we this 35 me *not in C* 37 Now *not in C*

And ever the quene wolde sette sir Trystram on her one syde, and her paramour on hir other syde, and evermore the quene wolde beholde sir Trystram. And thereat thys othir knyght was jeleous, and was in wyll suddeynly to have ronne uppon hym with a swerde, but he forbare for shame. Than the quene seyde unto sir Trystram,

'Telle me your name, and I shall suffir you to departe whan ye wyll.'

'Uppon that covenaunte, madame, I woll telle you: my name ys sir Trystram de Lyones.'

'A!' seyde quene Morgan le Fay, 'and I had wyst that, thou sholdist nat have departed so sone as thou shalte. But sitthyn I have made a promyse, I wolde holde hit, with that thou wolte promyse me to beare uppon the a shylde I shall delyver the [unto] the castell of the Harde Roche, where kynge Arthure hath cryed a grete turnemente. And there I pray you that ye woll be, and to do as much of dedys of armys for me as ye may do. For at the Castell of Maydyns, sir Trystram, ye ded mervaylous dedis of armys as ever I harde knyght do.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Trystram, 'let me se the shylde that I shall beare.'

Than the shylde was brought forthe, and the fylde was gouldes with a kynge and a quene therein paynted, and a knyght stondynge aboven them with hys one foote standynge uppon the kynges hede and the othir uppon the quenys hede.

'Madame,' seyde sir Trystram, 'thys ys a fayre shylde and a myghty, but what signyfyeth this kynge and this quene and that knyght stondynge uppon bothe their hedis?'

227v 'I shall telle you,' seyde Morgan le Fay. 'Hit signyfieth kynge Arthure and que[ne] Gwenyver, and a knyght that holdith them bothe in bondage and in servage.'

'Madame, who ys that knyght?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, that shall ye nat wyte as at thys tyme,' seyde the quene.

1 *C** her owne 2 *C* the other 2–3 *C* euer Quene Morgan 3–4 *C* ther at the knyght 5 *C* vpon syr Tristram with he lefte it for 6 *W* quenene 7 *C* thy name . . . suffre you 9 *C* couenaunt I telle 11 quene *not in C* 15 *W* for at the (*see note*) 16 *C* had cryed 23–24 *C*† feld was guldyssh (*see note*) 25 with hys one foote standynge *not in C*† 26–27 *C* quenes Madame 29 *C*† standynge vp bothe 33 Madame *not in C* 34 Sir *not in C*

But, as the Freynshe booke seyde, quene Morgan loved sir Launcelot beste, and ever she desired hym, and he wolde never love her nor do nothynge at her rekeyste, and therefore she hylde many knyghtes togydir to have takyn hym by strengthe. And bycause that she demed that sir Launcelot loved quene Gwenyver paramour and she hym agayne, therefore dame Morgan ordayned that shylde to put sir Launcelot to a rebuke, to that entente, that kynge Arthure myght undirstonde the love betwene them.

So sir Trystram toke that shylde and promysed hir to beare hit at the turnemente of the castell of Harde Rooche. But sir Trystram knew nat of that shylde that hit was ordayned ayenste sir Launcelot, but aftirwarde he knew hit. So sir Trystram toke hys leve of the quene, and toke the shylde with hym. (42)

Than cam the knyght that hylde Morgan le Fay, whos name was sir Hemyson, and he made hym redy to folow sir Trystram.

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde Morgan, 'ryde ye nat aftir that knyght, for ye shall wynne no worshyp of hym.'

'Fye on hym, coward knyght!' seyde sir Hemyson. 'For I wyste nevir good knyght com oute of Cornwayle but yf hit were sir Trystram de Lyones.'

'Sir, what and that be he?'

'Nay, nay,' he seyde, 'he ys with La Beall Isode, and thys ys but a daffysshe knyght.'

'Alas, my fayre frynde, ye shall fynde hym the beste knyght that ever ye mette withall, for I know hym bettir than ye do.'

'Madame, for youre sake,' seyde sir Hemyson, 'I shall sle hym.'

'A! fayre frynde,' seyde the quene, 'me repentith that ye woll folow that knyght, for I feare me sore of your agayne-commynge.' 228r

And so with thys the kynght rode hys way wood wrothe aftir sir Trystram as faste as he had be chaced with knyghtes.

1 *C* book saith Quene Morgan loued *S* book saith Quene Morgan le fay loued 7 *C* Quene Morgan le fay ordeyned 11 *C* atte turnement at the castel of the hard 12 *C* not that that sheld was 15–16 *C* his name 16 *C*† Hymeson 18 Now *not in C* *C* fayr frende *S* Morgan le fay *C* ryde not 19 *C* shalle not wynne no 20 knyght *not in C* 23 Sir *not in C* *C* he said she 28 Madame *not in C* 33 And so *not in C* *C* this this knyghte 33–34 *C* wrothe and he rode after syr Tristram 34 *C* hadde ben

So whan sir Trystram harde a knyght com aftir hym so faste, he returned aboute and saw a knyght commynge agaynste hym. And whan he cam nyghe to sir Trystram he cryed on hyght and seyde,

5 'Sir knyght, kepe the fro me!'

Than they russhed togydirs as hit had bene thundir. And sir Hemyson brused hys speare uppon sir Trystram, but hys harneys was so good that he myght nat hurte hym. And sir Trystram smote hym harder, and bare hym thorow the 10 body, and fylle over hys horse croupe. Than sir Trystram turned to have done more with hys swerde, but he sy so much bloode go frome hym that hym semed lyckly to dye. And so he departed frome hym, and cam to a fayre maner to an olde knyght, and there sir Trystram lodged.

(43) 15 Nowe leve we sir Trystram and speke we of the knyght that was wounded to the dethe. Than hys varlette alyght, and toke of hys helme, and than he asked hys lorde whether there were ony lyff in hym.

'There ys in me lyff,' seyde the knyght, 'but hit ys but 20 lytyll, and therefore lepe thou up behynde me whan thou haste holpen me up, and holde me faste that I falle nat, and brynge me to quene Morgan, for the deepe drawghtes of dethe drawith to my harte, that I may nat lyve. For I wolde speke with her fayne or I dyed, for my soule woll be in grete perell and I dye.'

25 For with grete payne hys varlet brought hym to the castell, and there sir Hemyson fylle downe dede. Whan Morgan le Fay saw hym dede she made grete sorow oute of reson, and than she lette dispoyle hym unto hys shurte, and so she lete put hym into a tombe. And aboute the tombe she lete wryte:

30 HE[RE] LYETH SIR HEMYSON, SLAYNE BY THE HONDIS OF SIR TRYSTRAM DE LYONES.

Now turne we unto sir Trystram that asked the knyght, 228v hys oste, if he saw late ony knyghtes aventures.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'here lodged the laste nyght sir Ector de 35 Marys and a damesell with hym. And that damesell tolde me that he was one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde.'

4 and seyde *not in C* 11 *C* he sawe soo 12 *C* semed he was lykely
15 *C*† Now leue to speke of sir Tristram 22 *C* Morgan le fay for depe
C drawen 23–24 *C* I wold fayne speke with her or I 24 *C* for els
28–29 *C*† lete hym putte in to 34 *C* the last nyght here lodged with me Ector

'That ys nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I know four bettir knyghtes of his owne blood. And the firste ys sir Launcelot du Lake, calle hym the beste knyght, and sir Bors de Ganys, sir Bleoberys de Ganys, and sir Blamour de Ganys, and also sir Gaherys.'

'Nay,' seyde hys oste, 'sir Gawayne ys the bettir knyght.'

'That ys nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I have mette with hem bothe, and I have felte sir Gaherys for the bettir knyght. And sir Lamorak, I calle hym as good as ony of them, excepte sir Launcelot.'

'Sir, why name ye nat sir Trystram?' sayde hys oste. 'For I accompte hym as good a knyght as ony of them.'

'I knowe nat sir Trystram,' seyde sir Trystram.

Thus they talked and bourded as longe as them thought beste, and than wente to reste.

And on the morne sir Trystram departed and toke hys leve of hys oste, and rode towarde the Roche Deure, and none adventure [had] ⟨he⟩ but that. And so he rested nat tylle he cam to the castell where he saw fyve hondred tentes.

So the Kynge of Scottes and the Kynge of Irelonde hylde (44)
agaynste kynge Arthurs knyghtes, and there began a grete medlé.

So there cam in sir Trystram and ded mervaylous dedis of armys, for he smote downe many knyghtes, and ever he was before kynge Arthure with that shylde. And whan kynge Arthure saw that shylde he mervayled gretly in what entent hit was made. But que[ne] Gwenyver demed as hit was, wherefore she was hevy.

Than was there a damesell of quene Morgan in a chambir by kynge Arthure, and whan she harde kynge Arthure speke of that shylde, than she spake opynly unto kynge Arthure:

'Sir kynge, wyte you well thys shylde was ordayned for you, to warn you of youre shame and dishonoure that longith to you and youre quene.'

And than anone that damesell pycked her away pryvayly,

4–5 *C* Bleoberys syr Blamor de ganys and syr 6 *C* is a better knyght than he 8 *C* I felte 10–11 *C* launcelot Why name 12 *C* a knyght *not in C* 14–15 *C* them lyste and thenne 18 *C** none (*S* anone) aduenture had sire Tristram (*see note*) 21 *C*† Capitulum XLIIII Thenne the kynge 24 there *not in C* 25 *C* for there he 34 *C* dishonour and that

229r that no man wyste where she was becom. Than was kynge Arthure sad and wrothe, and asked frome whens com that damesell. And there was nat one that knew her nother wyst nat where she was becom.

Than quene Gwenyvere called to sir Ector de Marys, and there she made hyr complaynte to hym and seyde,

'I wote well thys shylde was made by Morgan le Fay in the dispite of me and of sir Launcelot, wherefore I drede me sore leste I shall be distroyed.'

And ever the kynge behylde sir Trystram that ded so mervaylous dedis of armys that he wondred sore what knyght hit myght be, and well he wyste hit was nat sir Launcelot. And also hit was tolde hym that sir Trystram was in Bretayne with Isode le Blaunche Maynys, for he demed, and he had bene in the realme of Logrys, sir Launcelot other som of hys felowis that were in the queste of sir Trystram, that they sholde have founde hym or that tyme. So kynge Arthure had mervayle what knyght he myght be. And ever kynge Arthurs ye was on that shylde. And all that aspyed the quene and that made hir sore aferde.

Than ever sir Trystram smote downe knyghtes wondirly to beholde, what uppon the ryght honde and uppon the lyffte honde, that unnethe no knyght myght withstonde hym. And the Kynge of Scottes and the Kynge of Irelonde began to withdraw them. Whan kynge Arthur aspyed that, he thought the knyght with the straunge shylde sholde nat ascape hym. Than he called unto sir Uwayne le Blaunche Maynes and bade hym arme hym and make hym redy. So anone kyng Arthure and sir Uwayn dressed them before sir Trystram and requyred hym to telle where he hadde that shylde.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I had hit of quene Morgan le Fay, suster to kynge Arthure.'

So HERE LEVITH OF THIS BOOKE, FOR HIT YS THE FIRSTE BOOKE OF SIR TRYSTRAM DE LYONES. AND THE SECUNDE

5 *C** to her 8 the *not in C* *S* and sir 9 *C* I shold 12 *C* he myght 13 also *not in C* 13–14 *C** in petyte Bretayne 19 *C* syr Arthurs eye 26 *C* thought that that Knyght 27–28 *C* vnto hym syre Vwayn la blaunche maynys 29 *W* sir sir Vwayne 30 *C* telle hem where 34 *C* soo here endeth this history of this book 35–p. 559, l. 1 *C* the second book of sir tristram foloweth Here begynneth the second book of sire Tristram How syre Tristram smote

BOKE BEGYNNYTH WHERE SIR TRYSTRAM SMOTE DOWNE KYNGE ARTHURE AND SIR UWAYNE, BYCAUSE WHY HE WOLDE NAT TELLE HEM WHEREFORE THAT SHYLDE WAS MADE. BUT TO SEY THE SOTH, SIR TRYSTRAM COUDE NAT TELLE THE CAUSE, FOR HE KNEW HIT NAT.

'And yf hit be so ye can dyscryve what ye beare, ye ar worthy to beare armys.' 229v (1)

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll answere you. For this shylde was yevyn me, not desyred, of quene Morgan le Fay. And as for [me], I can nat dyscryve this armys, for hit is no poynte of my charge, and yet I truste to God to beare hit with worship.'

'Truly,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye ought nat to beare none armys but yf ye wyste what ye bare. But I pray you telle me youre name.'

'To what entente?' seyde sir Trystram.

'For I wolde wete,' seyde kynge Arthure.

'Sir, ye shall nat wete for me at this tyme.'

'Than shall ye and I do batayle togydir.'

'Why,' seyde sir Trystram, 'woll ye do batayle with me but yf I telle you my name? For sothe, that lytyll nedyth you. And ye were a man of worshyp ye wolde nat have ado with me, for ye have sene me this day have had grete travayle. And therefore ye ar no valyaunte knyght to aske batayle of me, consyderynge my grete travayle. Howbehit, I woll nat fayle you, and have ye no doute that I feare nat you. Though ye thynke ye have me at a grete avauntage, yet shall I ryght well endure you.'

And therewithall kynge Arthure dressid his shylde and his speare, and sir Trystram ayenst hym, and they come egirly togydyrs. And there kynge Arthure brake his speare all to pecis on sir Trystrams shylde. But sir Trystram smote kynge Arthur agayne so sore that horse and man felle to the erthe, and there was kynge Arthure woundid on the lyfte syde a grete wounde and a perelous.

Whan sir Uwayne saw his lorde kynge Arthur ly on the

6 *C* The tenth book Capitulum primum And yf so be 7 *C* bere the armes 8–9 *W* you As for this *C* you this 12 *C* bere hem with 18 *C* wete as at this 19 *C* to gyders sayd kyng Arthur 21 *C* name and that lytyl 22 ye wolde nat have ado with me *not in C*† 24 *C* are a vylaynous knyght 30 *C* so egerly 31–32 *C* Tristram hitte Arthur 32 so sore *not in C* 35–p. 560, l. 1 *C* on the ground sore wounded

erthe sore woundid, he was passynge hevy. And than he dressid his shylde and his speare, and cryed alowde unto sir Trystram and seyde,

'Knyght, defende the!'

5 So they come togydir as faste as their horse myght ren,
230r and sir Uwayne brused his speare all to pecis uppon sir Trystrams shylde. And sir Trystram smote hym harder and sorer with such a myght that he bare hym clene oute of his sadyll to the erthe. With that sir Trystram turned hys horse aboute
10 and sayde to them,

'Fayre knyghtes, I had now no nede to juste with you, for I have had inowghe to do this day.'

Than arose up kynge Arthure and went to sir Uwayne, and than he seyde to sir Trystrams,

15 'We have now as we have deservyd, for thorowe oure owne o[r]gulyté we demaunded batayle of you, and yet youre name we know nat.'

'Neverthelesse, by Seynte Crosse,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'he is a stronge knyght, at myne advyse, as ony is lyvynge.'

20 Than sir Trystram departed, and in every place he asked aftir sir Launcelot. But in no place he cowde hyre of hym whether he were dede other on lyve, wherefore sir Trystram made grete dole and sorowe.

So sir Trystram rode by a foreyste and than was he ware
25 of a fayre toure by a marys on the tone syde, and on that other syde was a fayre medow, and there he sawe ten knyghtes fyghtynge togydyrs. And ever the nere he cam, he saw how there was but one knyght ded batyle ayenst a nine knyghtes, and that one knyght ded so mervaylousely
30 that sir Trystram had grete wondir that ever one knyght myght do so grete dedis of armys. And than within a lytyll whyle he had slayne halff theire horsys and unhorsid them, and their horsys ran into the feldys and forestes.

Than sir Trystram had so grete pité of that one knyght
35 that endured so grete payne, and ever hym thought hit sholde be sir Palomydes, by his shylde. So he rode unto the

5–6 *C* to gyder as thonder and syr 9 hys horse *not in C* 10 to them *not in C* 11, 15 now *not in C* 13 up kynge *not in C* 14 *C* and said 16 owne *not in C* 19 *C* now lyuyng 20 *C** asked & demaunded 21 *C* coude not 29 a *not in C* *C* one dyd 33 *C* foreste 35 *C* he thought

knyghtys and cryed unto them and bade them sease of that batayle, for they ded themself grete shame, so many knyghtes to feyght wyth one. Than answerde the maystir of tho knyghtes, hys name was called sir Brunys Saunze Pyté, that was at that tyme the moste myschevuste knyght lyvynge, and seyde thus:

'Sir knyght, what have ye ado with us to medyll? And therefore, and ye be wyse, departe on youre way as ye cam, for this knyght shall nat scape us.' **230v**

'That were grete pyté,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that so good a knyght as he is sholde be slayne so cowardly. And therefore I make you ware I woll succour hym with all my puyssaunce.'

So sir Trystram alyght of hys horse, because they were on foote, that they sholde nat sle his horse. And than sir Trystram dressyd his shylde with hys swerde in his honde, and he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde passynge sore, that well-nye every stroke he strake downe a knyghte. And whan they aspyed his strokys they fledde, bothe sir Brunys Saunze Pyté and hys felyship, unto the towre, and sir Trystram folowed faste aftir wyth hys swerde in his honde, but they ascaped into the towre and shut sir Trystram wythoute the gate. (2)

And whan sir Trystram sawe that, he returned abacke unto sir Palomydes and founde hym syttynge undir a tre sore woundid.

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'well be ye founde!'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'of youre grete goodnesse, for ye have rescowed me of my lyff, and savyd me of my dethe.'

'What is your name?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, my name ys sir Palomydes.'

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Trystram, 'thou haste a fayre grace of me this day that I sholde rescowe the, and thou art the man in the worlde that I most hate! But now make the redy, for I shall do batayle with the!'

1–2 *C* of their bataille 5 *C*† lynyng 9 *C* not escape vs 10 grete *not in C* 12 *C* I warne you I will socoure 14–15 sir Trystram *not in C* 17 *C* nygh at euery 19 *C* fled all with Breuse saũce pyte vnto 23 *C* sawe this 28–29 *C* saued me from my 31 *C* he said my name is 32 *C* O Ihesu 33–p. 562, l. 4 *W* (*sidenote*): How sir Trystram rescowed sir Palomydes from sir Brunes saunz Pité and from nine knyghtis

'What is your name?' seyde sir Palomydes.

'My name is sir Trystram, your mortall enemy.'

'Hit may be so,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but ye have done overmuche for me this day that I sholde fyght with you, for inasmuche as ye have saved my lyff hit woll be no worshyp for you
231r to have ado with me; for ye ar freyshe and I am sore woundid. And therefore, and ye woll nedys have ado with me, assygne me a day, and than shall I mete with you withoute fayle.'

'Ye say well,' seyde sir Trystramys. 'Now I assygne you to mete me in the medowe by the ryver of Camelot, where Merlyon sette the perowne.'

So they were agreed. Than sir Trystram asked sir Palomydes why the nine knyghtes ded batayle with hym.

'For this cause,' seyde sir Palomydes. 'As I rode uppon myne adventures in a foreyste here besyde, I aspyed where lay a dede knyght, and a lady wepynge besydys hym. And whan I sawe her makynge suche doole, I asked her who slew her lorde. "Sir," she seyde, "the falsyste knyght of the worlde, and moste he is of vilany; and his name is sir Br[e]wnes Saunze Pité." Than for pité I made the damsell to lepe on her palferey, and I promysed her to be her waraunte and to helpe to entyre hir lorde. And suddeynly, as I cam rydyng by this towre, there come oute sir Brewnys Saunce Pité, and suddeynly he strake me fro my horse. And or ever I myghte recovir my horse, this sir Brewnys slew the damesell. And so I toke my horse agayne, and I was sore ashamyd, and so began this medlé betwyxte us. And this is the cause wherefore we ded this batayle.'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'now I undirstonde the maner of your batayle. But in ony wyse, that ye have remembraunce of your promyse that ye have made with me to do batayle this day fourtenyght.'

'I shall nat fayle you,' sayde sir Palomydes.

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'as at this tyme I woll nat fayle you tylle that ye be oute of the damage of your enemyes.'

6 *C* wounded sore 8 *C* I shal 13 *C*† the ten knyghtes 14–15 *C*† rode vp myn 16 *C* besyde hym 19–20 *C** world now lyuyng and he is the moost vylayne that euer man herd speke of and his name is sir Breuse saunce pyte 22 helpe her to 27 *S* this is is 30 *C* bataylle *S* bataiylle that ye *not in C* 31–32 *C*† made with me to doo bataille with me this day 35 *C** oute of the daũger of your

So they amowntid uppon their horsys and rode togydyrs unto the foreyste, and there they founde a fayre welle with clere watir burbelynge.

'Fayre sir,' seyde sir Trystramys, 'to drynke of that water I have grete currage.' 5 **231v**

And than they alyght of their horsys. And than were they ware besyde them where stoode a grete horse tyed tylle a tre, and ever he nayed. Than they aspyed farthermore, and than were they ware of a fayre knyght armed undir a tre, lackynge no pece of harnes, save hys helme lay undir his hede. 10

'By the good Lorde,' seyde sir Tristram, 'yonder lyeth a well-farynge knyght. What is beste to do?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Awake hym!' seyde sir Palomydes.

So sir Trystram awakyd hym wyth the butte of hys speare. 15 And so the knyght arose up hastely, and put his helme uppon his hede, and mowntyd uppon his horse, and gate a grete speare in his honde. And withoute ony mo wordis he hurled unto sir Trystram and smote hym clene from his sadyll to the erthe and hurte hym on the lyffte syde. Than 20 sir Trystram lay stylle in grete perell.

Then he waloppyd further and fette his course and come hurlynge uppon sir Palomydes. And there he strake hym aparte thorow the body, that he felle frome hys horse to the erthe. And than this straunge knyght lefte them there and 25 toke his way thorow the foreyste.

So wyth this sir Trystram and sir Palomydes were on foote, and gate their horsys agayne, and aythir asked counceyle of other what was beste to done.

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll folow this 30 stronge knyght that thus hath shamed us.'

'Well,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and I woll repose me here with a frende of myne.'

'Beware,' seyde sir Trystram to sir Palomydes, 'loke that ye fayle nat that day that ye have sette with me, for, as I 35

1 *C* they mounted 2 *C* vnto that 5 *C* haue I courage 7 *C* ware by them 7–8 *C* to a tree 8 Than they aspyed farthermore *not in C*† 12–13 seyde sir Trystram *not in C* 16 *W* his shys helme ('shys' *partly deleted*) 17 and mowntyd uppon his horse *not in C*† 18 *W* and with with oute ony 20–21 *C* syde that sir stylle *not in C* 27 *C* sir Palomydes and sire Tristram 32–33 *C* here by with 34 loke *not in C* 35 *S* day ye *C** me to do battaille for

deme, ye woll nat holde your day, for I am muche bygger than ye ar.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'be as be may, for I feare you nat. For and I be nat syke nother presoner, I woll
232r 5 nat fayle you, but I have more doute of you that ye woll nat mete with me, for ye woll ryde aftir yondir stronge knyght, and yf ye mete with hym, hit is in adventure and ever ye scape his hondys.'

So sir Trystram and sir Palomydes departyd and ayther
10 toke their wayes dyverse.

(3) And so sir Trystram rode longe aftir this stronge knyght, and at the laste he sye where lay a lady overtwarte a dede knyght.

'Fayre lady,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'who hath slayne your
15 lorde?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'here came a knyght rydynge, as my lorde and I restyd us here, and askyd hym of whens he was, and my lorde seyde of kynge Arthurs courte. "Therefore," seyde the stronge knyght, "I woll juste with the, for I hate
20 all tho that be of Arthurs courte." And my lorde that lyeth here dede amownted uppon hys horse, and the stronge knyght and my lorde recountyrd togydir, and there he smote my lorde thorowoute with his speare. And thus he hath brought me in grete woo and damage.'

25 'That me repentys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'of youre grete hevynesse. But please hit you to tell me your husbondys name?'

'Sir, his name was sir Galardonne, that wolde have prevyd a good knyght.'

30 So departed sir Trystram frome that dolorous lady and had much evyll lodgynge. Than on the thirde day sir Trystram mette with sir Gawayne and sir Bleoberys in a foreyste at a lodge, and ayther were sore wounded. Than sir Trystram askyd sir Gawayne and sir Bleoberys yf they mette
35 with suche a knyght with suche a conyssaunce, wyth a coverde shylde.

2 ar *not in C* 3 *C* as hit be maye 5 *C* But I haue cause to haue 6 woll *not in C* 7–8 *C* is an harde aduenture and euer ye escape 9 *C* Ryght soo 20 *C* all these that ben 22 *C* encountred 25–26 *C* grete anger and hit please you telle 28 *C* syre said she his

'Fayre knyght,' seyde these wounded knyghtes, 'such a knyght mette with us to oure damage. And fyrste he smote downe my felowe, sir Bleoberys, and sore woundid hym, bycause he bade me I sholde nat have ado with hym for why he was over stronge for me. That stronge knyght toke his wordis at scorne, and seyde he seyde hit for mockery. And than they rode togedyrs, and so he hurte my felowe. And whan he had done so I myght nat for shame but I muste juste wyth hym. And at the fyrste course he smote me downe 232v and my horse to the erthe, and there he had allmoste slayne me, and frome us he toke his horse and departed. And in an evyll tyme we mette with hym!'

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'so he mette wyth me and with another knyght, sir Palomydes, and he smote us bothe downe with one speare and hurte us ryght sore.'

'Be my faythe,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'be my counceyle ye shall lette hym passe and seke hym no farther, for at the nexte feste of the Rounde Table, uppon payne of myne hede, ye shall fynde hym there.'

'Be my faythe,' sayde sir Trystram, 'I shall never reste tyll that I fynde hym.'

And than syr Gawayne askyd hys name. [Than he sayde, 'My name is sir Trystram.'

And so ayther told other their names and than] aythir departed. And so sir Trystram rode his way. And by fortune in a medowe he mette with sir Kay the Senescyall and with sir Dynadan.

'What tydynges,' seyde sir Trystram, 'with you knyghtes?'

'Nat good,' seyde these knyghtes.

'Why so?' seyde sir Trystram. 'I pray you tell me, for I ryde to seke a knyght.'

'What conyssaunce beryth he?' seyde sir Kay.

'He beryth', seyde sir Trystram, 'a shylde covyrde close.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Kay, 'that is the same knyght that

1 *C* Faire syr wounded *not in C* 2 *C* to oure grete dommage 14 *C* knyght that hyght Palomydes 22–25 *W* name and so aythir departed and so sir Trystram rode C* name Thenne he said my name is sir Tristram and so eyther told other their names and thenne departed syr Tristram and rode (*see note*) 26 *C* sire Tristram mette 26–27 *C* seneschal and sir 28 *C*† tydynges with you said sir Tristram with you Knyghtes 33 *C* a couered sheld close with a clothe (*S* with clothe)

mette with us! For this nyght we were lodged hereby in a wydows house, and there was that knyght lodged. And when he wyste we were of kynge Arthurs courte, he spake grete vylony by the kynge, and specially by the quene Gwenyver. And than on the morne was waged batayle with hym for that cause. And at the fyrste recountir he smote me downe,' seyde sir Kay, 'fro myne horse, and hurte me passyngly sore. And whan my felowe, sir Dynadan, saw me smytten downe and hurte sore, yet he wolde nat revenge me, but fledde fro me. And thus is he departed from us.'

And than sir Trystram asked what was their namys, and so ayther tolde other their namys. And so sir Trystram departed from sir Kay and frome sir Dynadan, and so he paste
233r thorow a grete foreyste into a playne tyll he was ware of a pryory. And there he reposyd hym with a good man six dayes.

(4) And than he sente his squyer Gover[n]ayle and commaunded hym to go to a cité thereby to fecche hym newe harneyse, for hit was longe tyme afore that sir Trystram had bene refreysshed; for his harneyse was brused and brokyn sore. And whan Governayle was com with his apparayle, he toke his leve at the wydow, and mownted uppon his horse and rode his way erly on the morne.

And by suddayne adventure he mette with sir Sagramour le Desyrus and wyth sir Dodynas le Saveayge. And this two knyghtes mette with sir Trystram and questyonde with hym and askyd hym yf he wolde juste wyth hem.

'Fayre knyghtes,' sayde sir Trystram, 'with good wyll I wolde juste with you, but I have promysed a day isette nerehonde to do batayle wyth a stronge knyght, and therefore am I loth to have ado with you. For and hit mysfortuned me to be hurte here, I sholde nat be able to do my batayle whyche I promysed.'

'As for that,' sayde sir Sagramour, 'magré your hede ye shall juste with us or ye passe frome us.'

1–2 *C* lodged within a 6–7 *C* recoütre said sir kay he smote me doune from my 8 *C* passynge 9 *C* hurte he wold 11 from us *not in C* 12 *C* asked them theyr 18 *C* his man that hyght Gouernaile 20 *C* afore that syre *S* afore that that syre 22 *C* Gouernaile his seruaunt was 25 *C* aduenture syr Tristram mette 26 *C* these two 29 *C* a good 30 *C* at a day sette

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yf ye force me thereto I muste do what I may.'

And than they dressed their shyldis and cam rennynge togydir with grete ire. But thorow sir Trystrams grete force he strake sir Sagramoure frome his horse. Than he hurled his horse further and seyde to sir Dodynas,

'Knyght, make the redy!'

And so, thorow fyne forse, sir Trystram strake downe sir Dodynas frome hys horse. And whan he sawe hem ly on the erthe he toke his brydyll and rode furth on his way, and his man Governayle with hym.

And anone as sir Trystram was paste, sir Sagramour and sir Dodynas gate their horsys and mownted up lyghtly and folowed aftir sir Trystram. And whan sir Trystram sawe them com so faste aftir hym, he returned his horse to them and asked them what they wolde.

'Methynkyth hit is nat longe ago sytthen I smote you 233v
downe to the erthe at your owne desyre, and I wolde have ryddyn by you and ye wolde have suffyrd me. But now mesemyth ye wolde do more batayle with me.'

'That is trowthe,' seyde sir Sagramour and sir Dodynas, 'for we woll be revengyd of the dyspyte that ye have done to us.'

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that shall lytyll nede you, for all that I ded to you, ye caused hit. Wherefore I requyre you of your knyghthode, leve me as at this tyme, for I am sure, and I do batayle with you, I shall nat ascape withoute grete hurtes, and, as I suppose, ye shall nat ascape all lotles. And this is the cause why that I am so loth to have ado wyth you, for I muste fyght within this three dayes with a good knyght and a valyaunte as ony now is lyvynge. And yf I be hurte I shall nat be able to do batayle with hym.'

'What knyght is that,' seyde sir Sagramoure, 'that ye shall fyght wythall?'

'Sir, hit is a good knyght callyd sir Palomydes.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Sagramour and sir Dodynas, 'ye have a cause to drede hym, for ye shall fynde hym a passynge

1 *C* ye enforce 8, 18 downe *not in C* 13 *C* gate ageyne their 15 *C* retorned with his 17 Methynkyth *not in C*† 18 *C* owne request and desyre I 19 *C* you but ye wold not suffre me and now 22 that *not in C* 30 *C* these thre 31 *C* as valyaunt 35 *C* Syrs said he it is 37 *C* haue cause

good knyght and a valyaunte. And bycause ye shall have ado wyth hym, we woll forbeare you as at this tyme, and ellys ye sholde nat ascape us lyghtly. But, fayre knyght,' sayde sir Sagramoure, 'telle us your name.'

5 'Syrrys, my name is sir Trystram.'

'A!' sayde sir Sagramoure and sir Dodynas, 'well be ye founde, for muche worshyp have we harde of you.'

And than aythir toke leve of other and departed on there way.

(5) 10 And sir Trystram rode streyte to Camelot to the perowne that Merlyon had made tofore, where sir Launceor, that was the kynges son of Irelonde, was slayne by the hondys
234r of sir Balyn. And in the same place was the fayre lady Columbe slayne that was love unto sir Launceor, for aftir
15 he was dede she toke hys swerde and threste hit thorow her body. And so by the crafte of Merlyon he made to entyre this knyght Launceor and his lady Columbe undir one stone. And at that tyme Merlyon profecied that in that same place sholde fyght two the beste knyghtes that ever were in kynge
20 Arthurs dayes, and two of the beste lovers.

So whan sir Trystram come to the towmbe of stone he loked aboute hym aftyr sir Palomydes. Than was he ware where come a semely knyght rydynge ayenst hym, all in whyght, and the coverde shylde. Whan he cam nyghe sir
25 Trystram, he seyde on hyght,

'Ye be wellcom, sir knyght, and well and trewly have ye holdyn your promyse.'

And than they dressid their shyldis and spearys, and cam togydyrs with all her myghtes of their horsys. And they
30 mette so fersely that bothe the horsys and knyghtes felle to the erthe, and as faste as they myght avoyde there horsys and put their shyldis afore them, and they strake togedyrs wyth bryght swerdys as men that were of myght, and aythir woundid othir wondirly sore, that the bloode ran
35 oute uppon the grasse. And thus they fought the space of

5 *C* Syr said he my name is sir Tristram de lyones 10 *C* Capitulum V Thenne departed sire Tristram and rode streyghte vnto 12 *W* Irelonde that was *C** Irland was 13 *C* in that same *C* the fayr *S* a fayr 16 *C* entiere 20 two of *not in C* 21–22 *C* tombe where lancyor and his lady were buryed he loked 22–23 *C* ware of a semely knyght came rydyng 24 *C** whyte with a couerd 25 *C* on hyghe 26–27 *C* ye hold 30 *C* their horses

four owres, that never one wolde speke to other. And of their harneys they had hewyn of many pecis.

'A, lorde Jesu!' seyde Governayle, 'I mervayle gretely of the grete strokis my maystir hath yevyn to youre maystir.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Launcelottis servaunte, 'youre maystir hath not yevyn hym so many, but your maystir hath resseyvede so many or more.'

'A, Jesu!' seyde Governayle, 'hit is to muche for sir Palomydes to suffir, other sir Launcelot. And yet pyté hit were that aythir of these good knyghtes sholde dystroy otheris bloode.'

So they stoode and wepte bothe, and made grete dole whan they sawe their swerdys overcoverde with bloode of there bodyes. Than at the laste sir Launcelot spake and 234v seyde,

'Knyght, thou fyghtyst wondir well as ever I sawe knyghte. Therefore, and hit please you, tell me your name.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that is me loth to telle ony man my name.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and I were requyred, I was never loth to tell my name.'

'Ye say well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'than I requyre you to tell me your name.'

'Fayre knyght, my name is sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Trystram, 'what have I done! For ye ar the man in the worlde that I love beste.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'telle me your name.'

'Truly, sir, I hyght sir Trystram de Lyones.'

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what aventure is befall me!'

And therewyth sir Launcelott kneled adowne and yeldid hym up his swerde. And therewithall sir Trystram kneled adowne and yeldid hym up his swerde, and so aythir gaff other the gre. And than they bothe forthwithall went to the stone and set hem downe uppon hit and toke of their

1 *C* other one word 4 grete *not in C* 6 hym *not in C* 7 *C* as many 13 *C* sawe the bryghte swerdes 14 *C* spake syr launcelot 16 *C* wonderly wel 22 *C* Hit is wel said said sir Tristram 24 *C* knyghte he said 27 Now *not in C* 29 *C* Truly said he my name is sir 30 *C* O Ihesu 35 *C* the degree *W* forth with all they went *C** forth with all went

helmys to keele them, and aythir kyste other an hondred tymes.

And than anone aftir they toke their horsis and rode to Camelot, and there they mette with sir Gawayne and with sir Gaherys that had made promyse to kynge Arthure never to com agayne to the courte tyll they had brought sir Trystram with hem.

(6) 'Returne agayne,' sayde sir Launcelot, 'for youre queste is done, for I have mette with sir Trystram. Lo, here is his owne person!'

Than was sir Gawayne glad and seyde to sir Trystram,

'Ye ar wellcom, for now have ye easid me gretly of my grete laboure. For what cause,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'com ye into this contrey?'

'Fayre sir,' sayde sir Trystram, 'I come into this contrey
235r because of sir Palomydes, for he and I assigned at this day to have done batayle togydyrs at the peroune, and I mervayle I hyre nat of hym. And thus by adventure my lorde syr Launcelot and I mette togydirs.'

So wyth this come kynge Arthure, and when he wyste sir Trystram was there, he yode unto hym, and toke hym by the honde, and seyde,

'Sir Trystram, ye ar as wellcom as ony knyght that ever com unto this courte.'

And whan the kynge herde how sir Launcelot and he had foughtyn, and aythir had wounded other wondirly sore, then the kynge made grete dole. Than sir Trystram tolde the kynge how he com thydir to have ado with sir Palomydes. And than he tolde the kynge how he had rescowed hym from the nine knyghtes and sir Breunes Saunze Pité, and how he founde a knyght lyynge by a welle, 'and that knyghte smote downe bothe sir Palomydes and me, and hys shylde was coverde with a clothe. So sir Palomydes leffte me, and I folowed aftir that knyght, and in many placis I founde where he had slayne knyghtes and forjustyd many.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that same knyght

3 *C*† took of their helmes (*see note*) 5 kynge *not in C* 13 grete *not in C* 16 *C* I had 20 *C* With this came 20–21 *C* wyst that there was sir Tristram thenne he ranne vnto 25 *C* had herd 28 *C* for to 32 bothe *not in C* 32 *C* me but his

smote me downe and sir Bleoberys and hurte us sore bothe, he wyth the coverde shylde.'

'A!' sayde sir Kay, 'that same knyght smote me downe and hurte me passynge sore.'

'Jesu mercy!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'what knyght was that wyth the coverde shylde?'

'We knew hym not,' seyde sir Trystram, and so seyde they all.

'No?' seyde kynge Arthure. 'Than wote I, for hit is sir Launcelot.'

Than they all lokyd uppon sir Launcelot and seyde,

'Sir, ye have begyled us all wyth youre coverde shylde.'

'Hit is not the fyrste tyme,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'he hath done so.'

'My lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'truly, wete you well, I was the same knyght that bare the coverde shylde, and bycause I wolde nat be knowyn that I was of youre courte, 235v I seyde no worshyp be youre house.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Gawayne, syr Kay and sir Bleoberys.

Than kynge Arthure toke sir Trystram by the honde and wente to the Table Rounde. Than com quene Gwenyver and many ladyes with her, and all tho ladyes seyde at one voyce,

'Wellcom, sir Trystram!'

'Wellcom!' seyde [the] damesels.

'Wellcom,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for one of the beste knyghtes and the jentyllyst of the wo[r]lde and the man of moste worship. For [of] all maner of huntynge thou beryste the pryce, and of all mesures of blowynge thou arte the begynnynge, of all the termys of huntynge and hawkynge ye are the begynner, of all instirmentes of musyk ye ar the beste. Therefore, jantyll knyghte,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye ar wellcom to this courte. And also, I pray you,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'graunte me a done.'

3 same *not in C* *C* me adoune & 4 *C** sore & fayne wolde I haue knowen hym but I myȝt not 7 *C* I knowe not saide 9 *C* Now said 12 Sir *not in C* 18 *C* worship of your 23 *C* ladyes sayden 26–27 *C** the damoysels welcome sayd knyghtes welcome said Arthur 28 *C* gentylst of the world 29 *Not emended in O*[1] 30–31 *C* begynnynge and of 31–32 *W* hawkynge and ye are *C** haukyng ye are 35 *C* a bone

'Sir, hit shall be at youre commaundemente,' seyde sir Trystram.

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I wyll desyre that ye shall abyde in my courte.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'thereto me is lothe, for I have to do in many contreys.'

'Not so,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye have promysed me, ye may not say nay.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll as ye woll.'

Than wente kynge Arthure unto the seges aboute the Rounde Table, and loked on every syege whyche were voyde that lacked knyghtes. And than the kynge sye in the syege of sir Marhalt lettyrs that seyde: THIS IS THE SYEGE OF THE NOBLE KNYGHT SIR TRYSTRAMYS. And than kynge Arthure made sir Trystram a knyght of the Rounde Table wyth grete nobeley and a feste as myght be thought.

For sir Marhalte was slayne afore by the hondis of sir Trystram in an ilonde, and that was well knowyn at that tyme in the courte of kynge Arthure. For this sir Marhalte
236r was a worthy knyght, and for evyll dedis that he ded to the contreye of Cornwayle sir Trystram and he fought so longe tyll they felle bledynge to the erthe, for they were so sore wounded that they myght nat stonde for bledynge. And sir Trystram by fortune recoverde, and sir Marhalte dyed thorow the stroke he had in the hede.

SO LEVE WE SIR TRYSTRAM AND TURNE WE UNTO KYNGE MARKE.

1 Sir *not in C* 3–4 *C* desyre of you that ye wille abyde 5 *C* is me 5–6 *C* haue adoo in 7 *C* promysed hit me 11 *C* loked in euery syege the whiche 13 that saiden 15 a *not in C* *C* table round 16 *C* and grete feest 17 *C* Marhaus afore *not in S* 21–22 *C* foughte And they foughte soo longe tracyng and trauercynge tylle they 25 *C* stroke on the hede 26–27 *C* Soo leue we of sir Tristram and speke we of Kyng Marke

CHAPTER XXXVIII

HOW KING MARK WAS SORRY FOR THE GOOD RENOWN OF SIR TRISTRAM. SOME OF KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS JOUSTED WITH KNIGHTS OF CORNWALL.

Now will we speak, and leave Sir Tristram, Sir Palomides, and Sir Dinadan in prison, and speak we of other knights that sought after Sir Tristram many divers parts of this land. And some yede into Cornwall; and by adventure Sir Gaheris, nephew unto King Arthur, came unto King Mark, and there he was well received and sat at King Mark's own table and ate of his own mess. Then King Mark asked Sir Gaheris what tidings there were in the realm of Logris. Sir, said Sir Gaheris, the king reigneth as a noble knight; and now but late there was a great jousts and tournament as ever I saw any in the realm of Logris, and the most noble knights were at that jousts. But there was one knight that did marvellously three days, and he bare a black shield, and of all knights that ever I saw he proved the best knight. Then, said King Mark, that was Sir Launcelot, or Sir Palomides the paynim. Not so, said Sir Gaheris, for both Sir Launcelot and Sir Palomides were on the contrary party against the Knight with the Black Shield. Then was it Sir Tristram, said the king. Yea, said Sir Gaheris. And therewithal the king smote down his head, and in his heart he feared sore that Sir Tristram should get him such worship in the realm of Logris wherethrough that he himself should not be able to withstand him. Thus Sir Gaheris had great cheer with King Mark, and with Queen La Beale

Isoud, the which was glad of Sir Gaheris' words; for well she wist by his deeds and manners that it was Sir Tristram. And then the king made a feast royal, and to that feast came Sir Uwaine le Fise de Roy Ureine, and some called him Uwaine le Blanchemains. And this Sir Uwaine challenged all the knights of Cornwall. Then was the king wood wroth that he had no knights to answer him. Then Sir Andred, nephew unto King Mark, leapt up and said: I will encounter with Sir Uwaine. Then he yede and armed him and horsed him in the best manner. And there Sir Uwaine met with Sir Andred, and smote him down that he swooned on the earth. Then was King Mark sorry and wroth out of measure that he had no knight to revenge his nephew, Sir Andred.

So the king called unto him Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, and prayed him for his sake to take upon him to joust with Sir Uwaine. Sir, said Sir Dinas, I am full loath to have ado with any knight of the Round Table. Yet, said the king, for my love take upon thee to joust. So Sir Dinas made him ready, and anon they encountered together with great spears, but Sir Dinas was overthrown, horse and man, a great fall. Who was wroth but King Mark ! Alas, he said, have I no knight that will encounter with yonder knight? Sir, said Sir Gaheris, for your sake I will joust. So Sir Gaheris made him ready, and when he was armed he rode into the field. And when Sir Uwaine saw Sir Gaheris' shield he rode to him and said: Sir, ye do not your part. For, sir, the first time ye were made Knight of the Round Table ye sware that ye should not have ado with your fellowship wittingly. And pardie, Sir Gaheris, ye knew me well enough by my shield, and so do I know you by your shield, and though ye would break your oath I would not break mine; for there is not one here, nor ye, that shall think I am afeard of you, but I durst right well have ado with you, and yet we be sisters' sons. Then was Sir Gaheris ashamed, and so therewithal every knight went their way, and Sir Uwaine rode into the country.

Then King Mark armed him, and took his horse and his spear, with a squire with him. And then he rode afore Sir Uwaine, and suddenly at a gap he ran upon him as he that was not ware of him, and there he smote him almost through the body, and there left

him. So within a while there came Sir Kay and found Sir Uwaine, and asked him how he was hurt. I wot not, said Sir Uwaine, why nor wherefore, but by treason I am sure I gat this hurt; for here came a knight suddenly upon me or that I was ware, and suddenly hurt me. Then there was come Sir Andred to seek King Mark. Thou traitor knight, said Sir Kay, an I wist it were thou that thus traitorly hast hurt this noble knight thou shouldst never pass my hands. Sir, said Sir Andred, I did never hurt him, and that I will report me to himself. Fie on you false knight, said Sir Kay, for ye of Cornwall are nought worth. So Sir Kay made carry Sir Uwaine to the Abbey of the Black Cross, and there he was healed. And then Sir Gaheris took his leave of King Mark, but or he departed he said: Sir king, ye did a foul shame unto you and your court, when ye banished Sir Tristram out of this country, for ye needed not to have doubted no knight an he had been here. And so he departed.

CHAPTER XXXIX

OF THE TREASON OF KING MARK, AND HOW SIR GAHERIS SMOTE HIM DOWN AND ANDRED HIS COUSIN.

THEN there came Sir Kay, the Seneschal, unto King Mark, and there he had good cheer showing outward. Now, fair lords, said he, will ye prove any adventure in the forest of Morris, in the which I know well is as hard an adventure as I know any. Sir, said Sir Kay, I will prove it. And Sir Gaheris said he would be avised, for King Mark was ever full of treason: and therewithal Sir Gaheris departed and rode his way. And by the same way that Sir Kay should ride he laid him down to rest, charging his squire to wait upon Sir Kay; And warn me when he cometh. So within a while Sir Kay came riding that way, and then Sir Gaheris took his horse and met him, and said: Sir Kay, ye are not wise to ride at the request of King Mark, for he dealeth all with treason. Then said Sir Kay: I require you let us prove this adventure. I shall not fail

you, said Sir Gaheris. And so they rode that time till a lake that was that time called the Perilous Lake, and there they abode under the shaw of the wood.

The meanwhile King Mark within the castle of Tintagil avoided all his barons, and all other save such as were privy with him were avoided out of his chamber. And then he let call his nephew Sir Andred, and bade arm him and horse him lightly; and by that time it was midnight. And so King Mark was armed in black, horse and all; and so at a privy postern they two issued out with their varlets with them, and rode till they came to that lake. Then Sir Kay espied them first, and gat his spear, and proffered to joust. And King Mark rode against him, and smote each other full hard, for the moon shone as the bright day. And there at that jousts Sir Kay's horse fell down, for his horse was not so big as the king's horse, and Sir Kay's horse bruised him full sore. Then Sir Gaheris was wroth that Sir Kay had a fall. Then he cried: Knight, sit thou fast in thy saddle, for I will revenge my fellow. Then King Mark was afeard of Sir Gaheris, and so with evil will King Mark rode against him, and Sir Gaheris gave him such a stroke that he fell down. So then forthwithal Sir Gaheris ran unto Sir Andred and smote him from his horse quite, that his helm smote in the earth, and nigh had broken his neck. And therewithal Sir Gaheris alighted, and gat up Sir Kay. And then they yode both on foot to them, and bade them yield them, and tell their names outher they should die. Then with great pain Sir Andred spake first, and said: It is King Mark of Cornwall, therefore be ye ware what ye do, and I am Sir Andred, his cousin. Fie on you both, said Sir Gaheris, for a false traitor, and false treason hast thou wrought and he both, under the feigned cheer that ye made us ! it were pity, said Sir Gaheris, that thou shouldst live any longer. Save my life, said King Mark, and I will make amends; and consider that I am a king anointed. It were the more shame, said Sir Gaheris, to save thy life; thou art a king anointed with cream, and therefore thou shouldst hold with all men of worship; and therefore thou art worthy to die. With that he lashed at King Mark without saying any more, and covered him with his shield and defended him as he might. And then Sir Kay lashed at Sir

Andred, and therewithal King Mark yielded him unto Sir Gaheris. And then he kneeled adown, and made his oath upon the cross of the sword, that never while he lived he would be against errant-knights. And also he sware to be good friend unto Sir Tristram if ever he came into Cornwall.

By then Sir Andred was on the earth, and Sir Kay would have slain him. Let be, said Sir Gaheris, slay him not I pray you. It were pity, said Sir Kay, that he should live any longer, for this is nigh cousin unto Sir Tristram, and ever he hath been a traitor unto him, and by him he was exiled out of Cornwall, and therefore I will slay him, said Sir Kay. Ye shall not, said Sir Gaheris; sithen I have given the king his life, I pray you give him his life. And therewithal Sir Kay let him go. And so Sir Kay and Sir Gaheris rode their way unto Dinas, the Seneschal, for because they heard say that he loved well Sir Tristram. So they reposed them there, and soon after they rode unto the realm of Logris. And so within a little while they met with Sir Launcelot that always had Dame Bragwaine with him, to that intent he weened to have met the sooner with Sir Tristram; and Sir Launcelot asked what tidings in Cornwall, and whether they heard of Sir Tristram or not. Sir Kay and Sir Gaheris answered and said, that they heard not of him. Then they told Sir Launcelot word by word of their adventure. Then Sir Launcelot smiled and said: Hard it is to take out of the flesh that is bred in the bone; and so made them merry together.

CHAPTER XL

HOW AFTER THAT SIR TRISTRAM, SIR PALOMIDES, AND SIR DINADAN HAD BEEN LONG IN PRISON THEY WERE DELIVERED.

Now leave we off this tale, and speak we of Sir Dinas that had within the castle a paramour, and she loved another knight better than him. And so when Sir Dinas went out a-hunting she

slipped down by a towel, and took with her two brachets, and so she yede to the knight that she loved, and he her again. And when Sir Dinas came home and missed his paramour and his brachets, then was he the more wrother for his brachets than for the lady. So then he rode after the knight that had his paramour, and bade him turn and joust. So Sir Dinas smote him down, that with the fall he brake his leg and his arm. And then his lady and paramour cried Sir Dinas mercy, and said she would love him better than ever she did. Nay, said Sir Dinas, I shall never trust them that once betrayed me, and therefore, as ye have begun, so end, for I will never meddle with you. And so Sir Dinas departed, and took his brachets with him, and so rode to his castle.

Now will we turn unto Sir Launcelot, that was right heavy that he could never hear no tidings of Sir Tristram, for all this while he was in prison with Sir Darras, Palomides, and Dinadan. Then Dame Bragwaine took her leave to go into Cornwall, and Sir Launcelot, Sir Kay, and Sir Gaheris rode to seek Sir Tristram in the country of Surluse.

Now speaketh this tale of Sir Tristram and of his two fellows, for every day Sir Palomides brawled and said language against Sir Tristram. I marvel, said Sir Dinadan, of thee, Sir Palomides, an thou haddest Sir Tristram here thou wouldst do him no harm; for an a wolf and a sheep were together in a prison the wolf would suffer the sheep to be in peace. And wit thou well, said Sir Dinadan, this same is Sir Tristram at a word, and now must thou do thy best with him, and let see now if ye can skift it with your hands. Then was Sir Palomides abashed and said little. Sir Palomides, then said Sir Tristram, I have heard much of your maugre against me, but I will not meddle with you as at this time by my will, because I dread the lord of this place that hath us in governance; for an I dread him not more than I do thee, soon it should be skift: so they peaced themself. Right so came in a damosel and said: Knights, be of good cheer, for ye are sure of your lives, and that I heard say my lord, Sir Darras. Then were they glad all three, for daily they weened they should have died.

Then soon after this Sir Tristram fell sick that he weened to have died; then Sir Dinadan wept, and so did Sir Palomides under them

both making great sorrow. So a damosel came in to them and found them mourning. Then she went unto Sir Darras, and told him how that mighty knight that bare the black shield was likely to die. That shall not be, said Sir Darras, for God defend when knights come to me for succour that I should suffer them to die within my prison. Therefore, said Sir Darras to the damosel, fetch that knight and his fellows afore me. And then anon Sir Darras saw Sir Tristram brought afore him. He said: Sir knight, me repenteth of thy sickness, for thou art called a full noble knight, and so it seemeth by thee; and wit ye well it shall never be said that Sir Darras shall destroy such a noble knight as thou art in prison, howbeit that thou hast slain three of my sons, whereby I was greatly aggrieved. But now shalt thou go and thy fellows, and your harness and horses have been fair and clean kept, and ye shall go where it liketh you, upon this covenant, that thou, knight, wilt promise me to be good friend to my sons two that be now alive, and also that thou tell me thy name. Sir, said he, as for me my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and in Cornwall was I born, and nephew I am unto King Mark. And as for the death of your sons I might not do withal, for an they had been the next kin that I have I might have done none otherwise. And if I had slain them by treason or treachery I had been worthy to have died. All this I consider, said Sir Darras, that all that ye did was by force of knighthood, and that was the cause I would not put you to death. But sith ye be Sir Tristram, the good knight, I pray you heartily to be my good friend and to my sons. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I promise you by the faith of my body, ever while I live I will do you service, for ye have done to us but as a natural knight ought to do. Then Sir Tristram reposed him there till that he was amended of his sickness; and when he was big and strong they took their leave, and every knight took their horses, and so departed and rode together till they came to a cross way. Now fellows, said Sir Tristram, here will we depart in sundry ways. And because Sir Dinadan had the first adventure of him I will begin.

CHAPTER XLI

HOW SIR DINADAN RESCUED A LADY FROM SIR BREUSE SAUNCE PITÉ, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM RECEIVED A SHIELD OF MORGAN LE FAY.

So as Sir Dinadan rode by a well he found a lady making great dole. What aileth you? said Sir Dinadan. Sir knight, said the lady, I am the wofullest lady of the world, for within these five days here came a knight called Sir Breuse Saunce Pité, and he slew mine own brother, and ever since he hath kept me at his own will, and of all men in the world I hate him most; and therefore I require you of knighthood to avenge me, for he will not tarry, but be here anon. Let him come, said Sir Dinadan, and because of honour of all women I will do my part. With this came Sir Breuse, and when he saw a knight with his lady he was wood wroth. And then he said: Sir knight, keep thee from me. So they hurtled together as thunder, and either smote other passing sore, but Sir Dinadan put him through the shoulder a grievous wound, and or ever Sir Dinadan might turn him Sir Breuse was gone and fled. Then the lady prayed him to bring her to a castle there beside but four mile thence; and so Sir Dinadan brought her there, and she was welcome, for the lord of that castle was her uncle; and so Sir Dinadan rode his way upon his adventure.

Now turn we this tale unto Sir Tristram, that by adventure he came to a castle to ask lodging, wherein was Queen Morgan le Fay; and so when Sir Tristram was let into that castle he had good cheer all that night. And upon the morn when he would have departed the queen said: Wit ye well ye shall not depart lightly, for ye are here as a prisoner. Jesu defend ! said Sir Tristram, for I was but late a prisoner. Fair knight, said the queen, ye shall abide with me till that I wit what ye are and from whence ye come. And ever the queen would set Sir Tristram on her own side, and her paramour on the other side. And ever Queen Morgan would behold Sir Tristram, and thereat the knight was jealous, and was in will

suddenly to have run upon Sir Tristram with a sword, but he left it for shame. Then the queen said to Sir Tristram: Tell me thy name, and I shall suffer you to depart when ye will. Upon that covenant I tell you my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. Ah, said Morgan le Fay, an I had wist that, thou shouldst not have departed so soon as thou shalt. But sithen I have made a promise I will hold it, with that thou wilt promise me to bear upon thee a shield that I shall deliver thee, unto the castle of the Hard Rock, where King Arthur had cried a great tournament, and there I pray you that ye will be, and to do for me as much deeds of arms as ye may do. For at the Castle of Maidens, Sir Tristram, ye did marvellous deeds of arms as ever I heard knight do. Madam, said Sir Tristram, let me see the shield that I shall bear. Then the shield was brought forth, and the field was goldish, with a king and a queen therein painted, and a knight standing above them, one foot upon the king's head, and the other upon the queen's. Madam, said Sir Tristram, this is a fair shield and a mighty; but what signifieth this king and this queen, and the knight standing upon both their heads? I shall tell you, said Morgan le Fay, it signifieth King Arthur and Queen Guenever, and a knight who holdeth them both in bondage and in servage. Who is that knight? said Sir Tristram. That shall ye not wit as at this time, said the queen. But as the French book saith, Queen Morgan loved Sir Launcelot best, and ever she desired him, and he would never love her nor do nothing at her request, and therefore she held many knights together for to have taken him by strength. And because she deemed that Sir Launcelot loved Queen Guenever paramour, and she him again, therefore Queen Morgan le Fay ordained that shield to put Sir Launcelot to a rebuke, to that intent that King Arthur might understand the love between them. Then Sir Tristram took that shield and promised her to bear it at the tournament at the Castle of the Hard Rock. But Sir Tristram knew not that that shield was ordained against Sir Launcelot, but afterward he knew it.

CHAPTER XLII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM TOOK WITH HIM THE SHIELD, AND ALSO HOW HE SLEW THE PARAMOUR OF MORGAN LE FAY.

So then Sir Tristram took his leave of the queen, and took the shield with him. Then came the knight that held Queen Morgan le Fay, his name was Sir Hemison, and he made him ready to follow Sir Tristram. Fair friend, said Morgan, ride not after that knight, for ye shall not win no worship of him. Fie on him, coward, said Sir Hemison, for I wist never good knight come out of Cornwall but if it were Sir Tristram de Liones. What an that be he? said she. Nay, nay, said he, he is with La Beale Isoud, and this is but a daffish knight. Alas, my fair friend, ye shall find him the best knight that ever ye met withal, for I know him better than ye do. For your sake, said Sir Hemison, I shall slay him. Ah, fair friend, said the queen, me repenteth that ye will follow that knight, for I fear me sore of your again coming. With this this knight rode his way wood wroth, and he rode after Sir Tristram as fast as he had been chased with knights. When Sir Tristram heard a knight come after him so fast he returned about, and saw a knight come after him so fast he returned about, and saw a knight coming against him. And when he came nigh to Sir Tristram he cried on high: Sir knight, keep thee from me. Then they rushed together as it had been thunder, and Sir Hemison brised his spear upon Sir Tristram, but his harness was so good that he might not hurt him. And Sir Tristram smote him harder, and bare him through the body, and he fell over his horse's croup. Then Sir Tristram turned to have done more with his sword, but he saw so much blood go from him that him seemed he was likely to die, and so he departed from him and came to a fair manor to an old knight, and there Sir Tristram lodged.

CHAPTER XLIII

HOW MORGAN LE FAY BURIED HER PARAMOUR, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM PRAISED SIR LAUNCELOT AND HIS KIN.

Now leave to speak of Sir Tristram, and speak we of the knight that was wounded to the death. Then his varlet alighted, and took off his helm, and then he asked his lord whether there were any life in him. There is in me life, said the knight, but it is but little; and therefore leap thou up behind me when thou hast holpen me up, and hold me fast that I fall not, and bring me to Queen Morgan le Fay; for deep draughts of death draw to my heart that I may not live, for I would fain speak with her or I died: for else my soul will be in great peril an I die. Forthwith with great pain his varlet brought him to the castle, and there Sir Hemison fell down dead. When Morgan le Fay saw him dead she made great sorrow out of reason; and then she let despoil him unto his shirt, and so she let him put into a tomb. And about the tomb she let write: Here lieth Sir Hemison, slain by the hands of Sir Tristram de Liones.

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram, that asked the knight his host if he saw late any knights adventurous. Sir, he said, the last night here lodged with me Ector de Maris and a damosel with him, and that damosel told me that he was one of the best knights of the world. That is not so, said Sir Tristram, for I know four better knights of his own blood, and the first is Sir Launcelot du Lake, call him the best knight, and Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Blamore de Ganis, and Sir Gaheris. Nay, said his host, Sir Gawaine is a better knight than he. That is not so, said Sir Tristram, for I have met with them both, and I felt Sir Gaheris for the better knight, and Sir Lamorak I call him as good as any of them except Sir Launcelot. Why name ye not Sir Tristram? said his host, for I account him as good as any of them. I know not Sir Tristram, said Tristram. Thus they talked and bourded as long as them list, and

then went to rest. And on the morn Sir Tristram departed, and took his leave of his host, and rode toward the Roche Dure, and none adventure had Sir Tristram but that; and so he rested not till he came to the castle, where he saw five hundred tents.

CHAPTER XLIV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AT A TOURNAMENT BARE THE SHIELD THAT MORGAN LE FAY DELIVERED TO HIM.

THEN the King of Scots and the King of Ireland held against King Arthur's knights, and there began a great medley. So came in Sir Tristram and did marvellous deeds of arms, for there he smote down many knights. And ever he was afore King Arthur with that shield. And when King Arthur saw that shield he marvelled greatly in what intent it was made; but Queen Guenever deemed as it was, wherefore she was heavy. Then was there a damosel of Queen Morgan in a chamber by King Arthur, and when she heard King Arthur speak of that shield, then she spake openly unto King Arthur. Sir King, wit ye well this shield was ordained for you, to warn you of your shame and dishonour, and that longeth to you and your queen. And then anon that damosel picked her away privily, that no man wist where she was become. Then was King Arthur sad and wroth, and asked from whence came that damosel. There was not one that knew her nor wist where she was become. Then Queen Guenever called to her Sir Ector de Maris, and there she made her complaint to him, and said: I wot well this shield was made by Morgan le Fay in despite of me and of Sir Launcelot, wherefore I dread me sore lest I should be destroyed. And ever the king beheld Sir Tristram, that did so marvellous deeds of arms that he wondered sore what knight he might be, and well he wist it was not Sir Launcelot. And it was told him that Sir Tristram was in Petit Britain with Isoud la Blanche Mains, for he deemed, an he had been in the realm of Logris, Sir Launcelot or some of his fellows

that were in the quest of Sir Tristram that they should have found him or that time. So King Arthur had marvel what knight he might be. And ever Sir Arthur's eye was on that shield. All that espied the queen, and that made her sore afeard.

Then ever Sir Tristram smote down knights wonderly to behold, what upon the right hand and upon the left hand, that unnethe no knight might withstand him. And the King of Scots and the King of Ireland began to withdraw them. When Arthur espied that, he thought that that knight with the strange shield should not escape him. Then he called unto him Sir Uwaine le Blanche Mains, and bade him arm him and make him ready. So anon King Arthur and Sir Uwaine dressed them before Sir Tristram, and required him to tell them where he had that shield. Sir, he said, I had it of Queen Morgan le Fay, sister unto King Arthur.

So here endeth this history of this book, for it is the first book of Sir Tristram de Liones and the second book of Sir Tristram followeth.

BOOK X

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR TRISTRAM JOUSTED, AND SMOTE DOWN KING ARTHUR, BECAUSE HE TOLD HIM NOT THE CAUSE WHY HE BARE THAT SHIELD.

And if so be ye can descrive what ye bear, ye are worthy to bear the arms. As for that, said Sir Tristram, I will answer you; this shield was given me, not desired, of Queen Morgan le Fay; and as for me, I can not descrive these arms, for it is no point of my charge, and yet I trust to God to bear them with worship. Truly, said King Arthur, ye ought not to bear none arms but if ye wist what ye bear: but I pray you tell me your name. To what intent? said Sir Tristram. For I would wit, said Arthur. Sir, ye shall not wit as at this time. Then shall ye and I do battle together, said King Arthur. Why, said Sir Tristram, will ye do battle with me but if I tell you my name? and that little needeth you an ye were a man of worship, for ye have seen me this day have had great travail, and therefore ye are a villainous knight to ask battle of me, considering my great travail; howbeit I will not fail you, and have ye no doubt that I fear not you; though you think you have me at a great advantage yet shall I right well endure you. And therewithal King Arthur dressed his shield and his spear, and Sir Tristram against him, and they came so eagerly together. And there King Arthur brake his spear all to pieces upon Sir Tristram's shield. But Sir Tristram hit Arthur again, that horse and man fell to the earth. And there was King Arthur wounded on the left side, a great wound and a perilous.

Then when Sir Uwaine saw his lord Arthur lie on the ground sore wounded, he was passing heavy. And then he dressed his shield and his spear, and cried aloud unto Sir Tristram and said: Knight, defend thee. So they came together as thunder, and Sir Uwaine brised his spear all to pieces upon Sir Tristram's shield, and

Sir Tristram smote him harder and sorer, with such a might that he bare him clean out of his saddle to the earth. With that Sir Tristram turned about and said: Fair knights, I had no need to joust with you, for I have had enough to do this day. Then arose Arthur and went to Sir Uwaine, and said to Sir Tristram: We have as we have deserved, for through our orgulyté we demanded battle of you, and yet we knew not your name. Nevertheless, by Saint Cross, said Sir Uwaine, he is a strong knight at mine advice as any is now living.

Then Sir Tristram departed, and in every place he asked and demanded after Sir Launcelot, but in no place he could not hear of him whether he were dead or alive; wherefore Sir Tristram made great dole and sorrow. So Sir Tristram rode by a forest, and then was he ware of a fair tower by a marsh on that one side, and on that other side a fair meadow. And there he saw ten knights fighting together. And ever the nearer he came he saw how there was but one knight did battle against nine knights, and that one did so marvellously that Sir Tristram had great wonder that ever one knight might do so great deeds of arms. And then within a little while he had slain half their horses and unhorsed them, and their horses ran in the fields and forest. Then Sir Tristram had so great pity of that one knight that endured so great pain, and ever he thought it should be Sir Palomides, by his shield. And so he rode unto the knights and cried unto them, and bade them cease of their battle, for they did themselves great shame so many knights to fight with one. Then answered the master of those knights, his name was called Breuse Saunce Pité, that was at that time the most mischievoust knight living, and said thus: Sir knight, what have ye ado with us to meddle? and therefore, an ye be wise, depart on your way as ye came, for this knight shall not escape us. That were pity, said Sir Tristram, that so good a knight as he is should be slain so cowardly; and therefore I warn you I will succour him with all my puissance.

CHAPTER II

HOW SIR TRISTRAM SAVED SIR PALOMIDES' LIFE, AND HOW THEY PROMISED TO FIGHT TOGETHER WITHIN A FORTNIGHT.

So Sir Tristram alighted off his horse because they were on foot, that they should not slay his horse, and then dressed his shield, with his sword in his hand, and he smote on the right hand and on the left hand passing sore, that well-nigh at every stroke he struck down a knight. And when they espied his strokes they fled all with Breuse Saunce Pité unto the tower, and Sir Tristram followed fast after with his sword in his hand, but they escaped into the tower, and shut Sir Tristram without the gate. And when Sir Tristram saw this he returned aback unto Sir Palomides, and found him sitting under a tree sore wounded. Ah, fair knight, said Sir Tristram, well be ye found. Gramercy, said Sir Palomides, of your great goodness, for ye have rescued me of my life, and saved me from my death. What is your name? said Sir Tristram. He said: My name is Sir Palomides. O Jesu, said Sir Tristram, thou hast a fair grace of me this day that I should rescue thee, and thou art the man in the world that I most hate; but now make thee ready, for I will do battle with thee. What is your name? said Sir Palomides. My name is Sir Tristram, your mortal enemy. It may be so, said Sir Palomides; but ye have done over much for me this day that I should fight with you; for inasmuch as ye have saved my life it will be no worship for you to have ado with me, for ye are fresh and I am wounded sore, and therefore, an ye will needs have ado with me, assign me a day and then I shall meet with you without fail. Ye say well, said Sir Tristram, now I assign you to meet me in the meadow by the river of Camelot, where Merlin set the peron. So they were agreed.

Then Sir Tristram asked Sir Palomides why the ten knights did battle with him. For this cause, said Sir Palomides; as I rode upon mine adventures in a forest here beside I espied where lay a dead knight, and a lady weeping beside him. And when I saw her making

such dole, I asked her who slew her lord. Sir, she said, the falsest knight of the world now living, and he is the most villain that ever man heard speak of, and his name is Sir Breuse Saunce Pité. Then for pity I made thè damosel to leap on her palfrey, and I promised her to be her warrant, and to help her to inter her lord. And so, suddenly, as I came riding by this tower, there came out Sir Breuse Saunce Pité, and suddenly he struck me from my horse. And then or I might recover my horse this Sir Breuse slew the damosel. And so I took my horse again, and I was sore ashamed, and so began the medley betwixt us: and this is the cause wherefore we did this battle. Well, said Sir Tristram, now I understand the manner of your battle, but in any wise have remembrance of your promise that ye have made with me to do battle with me this day fortnight. I shall not fail you, said Sir Palomides. Well, said Sir Tristram, as at this time I will not fail you till that ye be out of the danger of your enemies.

So they mounted upon their horses, and rode together unto that forest, and there they found a fair well, with clear water bubbling. Fair sir, said Sir Tristram, to drink of that water have I courage; and then they alighted off their horses. And then were they ware by them where stood a great horse tied to a tree, and ever he neighed. And then were they were of a fair knight armed, under a tree, lacking no piece of harness, save his helm lay under his head. By the good lord, said Sir Tristram, yonder lieth a well-faring knight; what is best to do? Awake him, said Sir Palomides. So Sir Tristram awaked him with the butt of his spear. And so the knight rose up hastily and put his helm upon his head, and gat a great spear in his hand; and without any more words he hurled unto Sir Tristram, and smote him clean from his saddle to the earth, and hurt him on the left side, that Sir Tristram lay in great peril. Then he walloped farther, and fetched his course, and came hurling upon Sir Palomides, and there he struck him a part through the body, that he fell from his horse to the earth. And then this strange knight left them there, and took his way through the forest. With this Sir Palomides and Sir Tristram were on foot, and gat their horses again, and either asked counsel of other, what was best to do. By my head, said Sir Tristram, I will follow this strong knight that thus hath

shamed us. Well, said Sir Palomides, and I will repose me hereby with a friend of mine. Beware, said Sir Tristram unto Palomides, that ye fail not that day that ye have set with me to do battle, for, as I deem, ye will not hold your day, for I am much bigger than ye. As for that, said Sir Palomides, be it as it be may, for I fear you not, for an I be not sick nor prisoner, I will not fail you; but I have cause to have more doubt of you that ye will not meet with me, for ye ride after yonder strong knight. And if ye meet with him it is an hard adventure an ever ye escape his hands. Right so Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides departed, and either took their ways diverse.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR TRISTRAM SOUGHT A STRONG KNIGHT THAT HAD SMITTEN HIM DOWN, AND MANY OTHER KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

And so Sir Tristram rode long after this strong knight. And at the last he saw where lay a lady overthwart a dead knight. Fair lady, said Sir Tristram, who hath slain your lord? Sir, she said, here came a knight riding, as my lord and I rested us here, and asked him of whence he was, and my lord said of Arthur's court. Therefore, said the strong knight, I will joust with thee, for I hate all these that be of Arthur's court. And my lord that lieth here dead amounted upon his horse, and the strong knight and my lord encountered together, and there he smote my lord throughout with his spear, and thus he hath brought me in great woe and damage. That me repenteth, said Sir Tristram, of your great anger; an it please you tell me your husband's name. Sir, said she, his name was Galardoun, that would have proved a good knight. So departed Sir Tristram from that dolorous lady, and had much evil lodging. Then on the third day Sir Tristram met with Sir Gawaine and with Sir Bleoberis in a forest at a lodge, and either were sore wounded. Then Sir Tristram asked Sir Gawaine and Sir Bleoberis

if they met with such a knight, with such a cognisance, with a covered shield. Fair sir, said these knights, such a knight met with us to our great damage. And first he smote down my fellow, Sir Bleoberis, and sore wounded him because he bade me I should not have ado with him, for why he was over-strong for me. That strong knight took his words at scorn, and said he said it for mockery. And they they rode together, and so he hurt my fellow. And when he had done so I might not for shame but I must joust with him. And at the first course he smote me down and my horse to the earth. And there he had almost slain me, and from us he took his horse and departed, and in an evil time we met with him. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, so he met with me, and with another knight that hight Palomides, and he smote us both down with one spear, and hurt us right sore. By my faith, said Sir Gawaine, by my counsel ye shall let him pass and seek him no further; for at the next feast of the Round Table, upon pain of my head ye shall find him there. By my faith, said Sir Tristram, I shall never rest till that I find him. And then Sir Gawaine asked him his name. Then he said: My name is Sir Tristram. And so either told other their names, and then departed Sir Tristram and rode his way.

And by fortune in a meadow Sir Tristram met with Sir Kay, the Seneschal, and Sir Dinadan. What tidings with you, said Sir Tristram, with you knights? Not good, said these knights. Why so? said Sir Tristram; I pray you tell me, for I ride to seek a knight. What cognisance beareth he? said Sir Kay. He beareth, said Sir Tristram, a covered shield close with cloth. By my head, said Sir Kay, that is the same knight that met with us, for this night we were lodged within a widow's house, and there was that knight lodged; and when he wist we were of Arthur's court he spoke great villainy by the king, and specially by the Queen Guenever, and then on the morn was waged battle with him for that cause. And at the first recounter, said Sir Kay, he smote me down from my horse and hurt me passing sore; and when my fellow, Sir Dinadan, saw me smitten down and hurt he would not revenge me, but fled from me; and thus he departed. And then Sir Tristram asked them their names, and so either told other their names. And so Sir

Tristram departed from Sir Kay, and from Sir Dinadan, and so he passed through a great forest into a plain, till he was ware of a priory, and there he reposed him with a good man six days.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM SMOTE DOWN SIR SAGRAMORE LE DESIROUS AND SIR DODINAS LE SAVAGE.

And then he sent his man that hight Gouvernail, and commanded him to go to a city thereby to fetch him new harness; for it was long time afore that that Sir Tristram had been refreshed, his harness was brised and broken. And when Gouvernail, his servant, was come with his apparel, he took his leave at the widow, and mounted upon his horse, and rode his way early on the morn. And by sudden adventure Sir Tristram met with Sir Sagramore le Desirous, and with Sir Dodinas le Savage. And these two knights met with Sir Tristram and questioned with him, and asked him if he would joust with them. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, with a good will I would joust with you, but I have promised at a day set, near hand, to do battle with a strong knight; and therefore I am loath to have ado with you, for an it misfortuned me here to be hurt I should not be able to do my battle which I promised. As for that, said Sagramore, maugre your head, ye shall joust with us or ye pass from us. Well, said Sir Tristram, if ye enforce me thereto I must do what I may. And then they dressed their shields, and came running together with great ire. But through Sir Tristram's great force he struck Sir Sagramore from his horse. Then he hurled his horse farther, and said to Sir Dodinas: Knight, make thee ready; and so through fine force Sir Tristram struck Dodinas from his horse. And when he saw them lie on the earth he took his bridle, and rode forth on his way, and his man Gouvernail with him.

Anon as Sir Tristram was passed, Sir Sagramore and Sir Dodinas gat again their horses, and mounted up lightly and followed after

Sir Tristram. And when Sir Tristram saw them come so fast after him he returned with his horse to them, and asked them what they would. It is not long ago sithen I smote you to the earth at your own request and desire: I would have ridden by you, but ye would not suffer me, and now meseemeth ye would do more battle with me. That is truth, said Sir Sagramore and Sir Dodinas, for we will be revenged of the despite ye have done to us. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, that shall little need you, for all that I did to you ye caused it; wherefore I require you of your knighthood leave me as at this time, for I am sure an I do battle with you I shall not escape without great hurts, and as I suppose ye shall not escape all lotless. And this is the cause why I am so loath to have ado with you; for I must fight within these three days with a good knight, and as valiant as any is now living, and if I be hurt I shall not be able to do battle with him. What knight is that, said Sir Sagramore, that ye shall fight withal? Sirs, said he, it is a good knight called Sir Palomides. By my head, said Sir Sagramore and Sir Dodinas, ye have cause to dread him, for ye shall find him a passing good knight, and a valiant. And because ye shall have ado with him we will forbear you as at this time, and else ye should not escape us lightly. But, fair knight, said Sir Sagramore, tell us your name. Sir, said he, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. Ah, said Sagramore and Sir Dodinas, well be ye found, for much worship have we heard of you. And then either took leave of other, and departed on their way.

CHAPTER V

HOW SIR TRISTRAM MET AT THE PERON WITH SIR LAUNCELOT, AND HOW THEY FOUGHT TOGETHER UNKNOWN.

THEN departed Sir Tristram and rode straight unto Camelot, to the peron that Merlin had made to-fore, where Sir Lanceor, that was the king's son of Ireland, was slain by the hands of Balin.

And in that same place was the fair lady Colombe slain, that was love unto Sir Lanceor; for after he was dead she took his sword and thrust it through her body. And by the craft of Merlin he made to inter this knight, Lanceor, and his lady, Colombe, under one stone. And at that time Merlin prophesied that in that same place should fight two the best knights that ever were in Arthur's days, and the best lovers. So when Sir Tristram came to the tomb where Lanceor and his lady were buried he looked about him after Sir Palomides. Then was he ware of a seemly knight came riding against him all in white, with a covered shield. When he came nigh Sir Tristram he said on high: Ye be welcome, sir knight, and well and truly have ye holden your promise. And then they dressed their shields and spears, and came together with all their might of their horses; and they met so fiercely that both their horses and knights fell to the earth, and as fast as they might avoided their horses, and put their shields afore them; and they struck together with bright swords, as men that were of might, and either wounded other wonderly sore, that the blood ran out upon the grass. And thus they fought the space of four hours, that never one would speak to other one word, and of their harness they had hewn off many pieces. O Lord Jesu, said Gouvernail, I marvel greatly of the strokes my master hath given to your master. By my head, said Sir Launcelot's servant, your master hath not given so many but your master has received as many or more. O Jesu, said Gouvernail, it is too much for Sir Palomides to suffer or Sir Launcelot, and yet pity it were that either of these good knights should destroy other's blood. So they stood and wept both, and made great dole when they saw the bright swords over-covered with blood of their bodies.

Then at the last spake Sir Launcelot and said: Knight, thou fightest wonderly well as ever I saw knight, therefore, an it please you, tell me your name. Sir, said Sir Tristram, that is me loath to tell any man my name. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, an I were required I was never loath to tell my name. It is well said, said Sir Tristram, then I require you to tell me your name? Fair knight, he said, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Alas, said Sir Tristram, what have

I done ! for ye are the man in the world that I love best. Fair knight, said Sir Launcelot, tell me your name? Truly, said he, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. O Jesu, said Sir Launcelot, what adventure is befallen me ! And therewith Sir Launcelot kneeled down and yielded him up his sword. And therewith Sir Tristram kneeled down, and yielded him up his sword. And so either gave other the degree. And then they both forthwithal went to the stone, and set them down upon it, and took their horses to cool them, and either kissed other an hundred times. And then anon after they took off their helms and rode to Camelot. And there they met with Sir Gawaine and with Sir Gaheris that had made promise to Arthur never to come again to the court till they had brought Sir Tristram with them.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BROUGHT SIR TRISTRAM TO THE COURT, AND OF THE GREAT JOY THAT THE KING AND OTHER MADE FOR THE COMING OF SIR TRISTRAM.

RETURN again, said Sir Launcelot, for your quest is done, for I have met with Sir Tristram: lo, here is his own person ! Then was Sir Gawaine glad, and said to Sir Tristram: Ye are welcome, for now have ye eased me greatly of my labour. For what cause, said Sir Gawaine, came ye into this court? Fair sir, said Sir Tristram, I came into this country because of Sir Palomides; for he and I had assigned at this day to have done battle together at the peron, and I marvel I hear not of him. And thus by adventure my lord, Sir Launcelot, and I met together. With this came King Arthur, and when he wist that there was Sir Tristram, then he ran unto him and took him by the hand and said: Sir Tristram, ye are as welcome as any knight that ever came to this court. And when the king had heard how Sir Launcelot and he had foughten, and either had wounded other wonderly sore, then the king made great dole.

Then Sir Tristram told the king how he came thither for to have had ado with Sir Palomides. And then he told the king how he had rescued him from the nine knights and Breuse Saunce Pité; and how he found a knight lying by a well, and that knight smote down Sir Palomides and me, but his shield was covered with a cloth. So Sir Palomides left me, and I followed after that knight; and in many places I found where he had slain knights, and for-jousted many. By my head, said Sir Gawaine, that same knight smote me down and Sir Bleoberis, and hurt us sore both, he with the covered shield. Ah, said Sir Kay, that knight smote me down and hurt me passing sore, and fain would I have known him, but I might not. Jesu, mercy, said Arthur, what knight was that with the covered shield? I know not, said Sir Tristram; and so said they all. Now, said King Arthur, then wot I, for it is Sir Launcelot. Then they all looked upon Sir Launcelot and said: Ye have beguiled us with your covered shield. It is not the first time, said Arthur, he hath done so. My lord, said Sir Launcelot, truly wit ye well I was the same knight that bare the covered shield; and because I would not be known that I was of your court I said no worship of your house. That is truth, said Sir Gawaine, Sir Kay, and Sir Bleoberis.

Then King Arthur took Sir Tristram by the hand and went to the Table Round. Then came Queen Guenever and many ladies with her, and all the ladies said at one voice: Welcome, Sir Tristram! Welcome, said the damosels. Welcome, said knights. Welcome, said Arthur, for one of the best knights, and the gentlest of the world, and the man of most worship; for of all manner of hunting thou bearest the prize, and of all measures of blowing thou art the beginning, and of all the terms of hunting and hawking ye are the beginner, of all instruments of music ye are the best; therefore, gentle knight, said Arthur, ye are welcome to this court. And also, I pray you, said Arthur, grant me a boon. It shall be at your commandment, said Tristram. Well, said Arthur, I will desire of you that ye will abide in my court. Sir, said Sir Tristram, thereto is me loath, for I have ado in many countries. Not so, said Arthur, ye have promised it me, ye may not say nay. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I will as ye will. Then went Arthur unto the sieges about the Round Table,

and looked in every siege the which were void that lacked knights. And then the king saw in the siege of Marhaus letters that said: This is the siege of the noble knight, Sir Tristram. And then Arthur made Sir Tristram Knight of the Table Round, with great nobley and great feast as might be thought. For Sir Marhaus was slain afore by the hands of Sir Tristram in an island; and that was well known at that time in the court of Arthur, for this Marhaus was a worthy knight. And for evil deeds that he did unto the country of Cornwall Sir Tristram and he fought. And they fought so long, tracing and traversing, till they fell bleeding to the earth; for they were so sore wounded that they might not stand for bleeding. And Sir Tristram by fortune recovered, and Sir Marhaus died through the stroke on the head. So leave we of Sir Tristram and speak we of King Mark.

V
KING MARK

THAN kynge Marke had grete dispyte at sir Trystram. (7)
And whan he chaced hym oute of Cornwayle (yette was he nevew unto kynge Marke, but he had grete suspeccion unto sir Trystram bycause of his quene, La Beall Isode, for hym semed that there was muche love betwene them twayne), 5 so whan sir Trystram was departed oute of Cornwayle into Ingelonde, kynge Marke harde of the grete proues that sir Trystram ded there, wyth the whyche he greved.

So he sente on his party men to aspye what dedis he ded, and the quene sente pryvaly on hir party spyes to know what dedis 10 he had done, for full grete love was there betwene them. So whan the messyngers were com home they tolde the trouthe as they herde, and how he passed all other knyghtes but yf hit were sir Launcelot. Than kynge Marke was ryght hevy of tho tydynges, and as glad was La Beale Isode. 15

Than grete dispyte kynge Marke had at hym, and so he toke wyth hym two knyghtes and two squyers, and disgysed hymself, and toke his way into Ingelonde to the entente to sle sir Trystram. And one of tho knyghtes hyght sir Bersules, and the other knyght was callyd Amaunte. So as 20 they rode kynge Marke asked a knyght that he mette, where he myght fynde kynge Arthure.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'at Camelot.'

Also he asked that knyght aftir sir Trystrams, whether [he] herde of hym in the courte of kynge Arthure. 25

'Wete you well,' seyde that knyght, 'ye shall fynde sir Trystram there for a man of worshyp moste that is now 236v lyvynge, for thorow his proues he wan the turnement at the Castell of Maydyns that stondyth by the Roche Dure. And

1–2 *C** despyte of the renoume of sir Tristram and Thanne he *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 302r, col. 2*) aprés ce que les granz fez de Trystram . . . en commencierent a parler et a dire que toutes les greingnours merveilles du monde aloit feisant Trystram par mi le roiaume de Logres par force de chevalerie et par prouesce de cors. Le roy Marc, quant il entendi ces nouveles . . . si en est tant a malaise que il ne set que il en puisse dire (*see note*) 5 *C* to moche 5–6 *C* them bothe Soo 8–9 *C* there the whiche greued hym sore Soo 11 full *not in C* *C* them tweyn 13 *C* had herd that he 15 *C* of these 16–17 *C* Thenne in grete despyte he took 17 *C* two good Knyghtes *C* desguysed *S* desguyfed 18–19 *C* entente for to 19 *C* of these ii Knyghtes 20 *C* Amant 22 *C* he shold fynde 23 Sir *not in C* 27 *C* of as grete worship as is now 28 *C* tournement of the 29 *C* the hard roche And

sytthen he hath wonne wyth his hondys thirty knyghtes that were men of grete honoure. And the laste batayle that ever he ded he fought with sir Launcelot, and that was a mervaylus batayle. And by love and not by force sir Launcelotte brought sir Trystram to the courte. And of hym kynge Arthure made passynge grete joy, and so made hym knyght of the Table Rounde, and his seate is in the same place where sir Marhalte the good knyghtes seate was.'

Than was kynge Marke passynge sory whan he harde of the honour of sir Trystram, and so they departed. Than seyde kynge Marke unto his two knyghtes,

'Now I woll tell you my counsell, for ye ar the men that I moste truste on lyve. And I woll that ye wete my commynge hydir is to this entente, for to destroy sir Trystram by som wylys other by treson, and hit shall be harde and ever he ascape oure hondis.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Bersules, 'my lorde, what meane you? For and ye be sette in such a way, ye ar disposed shamfully, for sir Trystram is the knyght of worshyp moste that we knowe lyvynge. And therefore I warne you playnly, I woll not consente to the deth of hym, and therefore I woll yelde hym my servyse and forsake you.'

Whan kynge Marke harde hym say so, suddeynly he drewe hys swerde and seyde, 'A, traytoure!', and smote sir Bersules on the hede that the swerde wente to his teithe. Whan sir Amant, his felow, sawe hym do that vylaunce dede, and his squyers also, [they] seyde to the kynge,

'Hit was foule done and myschevously, wherefore we woll do you no more servyse. And wete you well we woll appele you of treson afore kynge Arthure.'

Than was kynge Marke wondirly wrothe, and wolde have
237r ⌈slayne⌉ Amaunte, but he and the two squyers hylde them togydirs and sette nought by his malyce. So whan kynge

1 *C* his owne handes 3 *P* dyde *R* dy e 4 by love and *not in C*† 7–8 *C* seate was where the good Knyghtes sir Marhaus seate was 12 *C* wille I for *not in C* 13 *C* trust moost to on 15 *C* by wyles or by treason 15–16 *C* yf euer 17 *C* my lorde *not in C* 18 and *not in C*† 19 *C* of moost worship 20–21 *C* wyll neuer consente to doo hym to the dethe and 22 hym *not in C* 26 *C* Amant the knyghte sawe 27–28 *W* alse *C* squyers they said hit 29 *C* the no 29–30 *C* appeche the of 32 *C** slayne Amant *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 303v, col. 2*) lors court sus le roy au chevalier et le vouloit ferir de l'espee par mi la teste, mes les escuiers se mistrent entre deux

Marke sawe he myght nat be revenged on them, he seyde thus unto the knyght Amante:

'Wyte thou well, and thou appeyche me of treson, I shall thereof defende me afore kynge Arthure, but I requyre the that thou telle nat my name that I am kynge Marke, whatsomevir com of me.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Amante, 'I woll nat discover your name.'

And so they departed. And sir Amante and his felowys toke the body of sir Bersules and buryed hit.

Than kynge Marke rode tyll he come to a fountayne, and (8) there he rested hym by that fountayne, and stoode in a dwere whether he myght ryde to kynge Arthurs courte other none, or to returne agayne to his contrey.

And as he thus restyd hym by that fountayne, there cam by hym a knyght well armed on horsebacke, and he alyght and tyed his horse and sette hym downe by the brynke of the fountayne, and there he made grete langoure and dole. And so he made the dolefullyst complaynte of love that ever man herde, and all this whyle was he nat ware of kynge Marke. And this was a grete complay[n]te: he cryed and wepte and sayde,

'O, thou fayre quene of Orkeney, kynge Lottys wyff and modir unto sir Gawayne and to sir Gaherys, and modir to many other, for thy love I am in grete paynys!'

Than kynge Marke arose and wente nere hym and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, ye have made a piteuos complay[n]te.'

'Truly,' seyde the knyght, 'hit is an hondred parte more rufullyer than myne herte can uttir.'

'I requyre you,' seyde kynge Marke, 'telle me youre name.'

'Sir, as for my name, I wyll not hyde hit from no knyght that beryth a shylde. Sir, my name is sir Lameroke de Galys.'

But whan sir Lameroke herde kynge Marke speke, than wyste he well by his speche that he was a Cornysh knyght.

3 *C* thou apoeche me 12 by that fountayne *not in C* *C* in a doubte 13 *C* he wold ryde 14 *C* or retorne 17 *C* hors vntyl a tree and sette (*see note*) 19 so he *not in C* 21 *C** grete parte of his complaynte 22 *C* wepte sayenge 23 thou *not in C*† 24 *C* moder of sir Gawayne 27 a *not in C* 32 *C* Sir said he as 33 *C* shelde and my

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'I undirstonde by your tunge that ye be of Cornewayle, wherein there dwellyth the
237v shamfullist knyght of a kynge that is now lyvynge, for he is a grete enemy to all good knyghtes. And [that] prevyth
5 well, for he hath chased oute of that contrey sir Trystram that is the worshypfullyst knyght that now is lyvynge, and all knyghtes spekyth of hym worship; and for the jeleousnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his contrey. Hit is pité', seyde sir Lameroke, 'that ony suche false kynge
10 cowarde as kynge Marke is shulde be macched with suche a fayre lady and a good as La Beall Isode is, for all the wo[r]lde of hym spekyth shame, and of her grete worshyp as ony quene may have.'

'I have nat ado in this mater,' seyde kynge Marke,
15 ['neyther noughte woll I speke thereof.'

'Well seyde', seyde sir Lameroke.]

'But, sir, can you tell me ony tydyngis?'

'I can telle you,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'there shall be a grete turnemente in haste bysyde Camelot, at the Castell of
20 Jagent. And the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtys and the kynge of Irelonde, as I suppose, makyth that turnemente.'

Than cam there a knyght that was callyd sir Dynadan, and salewed them bothe. And whan he wyste that kynge Marke was a knyght of Cornwayle, he repreved hym for the
25 love of kynge Marke a thousand-folde more than ded sir Lameroke. And so he profirde to juste with kynge Marke. And he was full lothe thereto, but sir Dynadan egged hym so that he justed wyth sir Lameroke. And sir Lameroke smote kynge Marke so sore that he bare hym on his speare
30 ende over his horse tayle.

And than kynge Marke arose, and gate his horse agayne, and folowed aftir sir Lameroke. But sir Dynadan wolde nat juste with sir Lameroke, but he tolde kynge Marke that sir Lameroke was sir Kay the Senescyall.

35 'That is nat s[o,]' seyde kynge Marke, 'for he is muche bygger than sir Kay.'

1 knyght *not in C* 3 knyght of a *not in C* 6 *C* uow *S* now 7 *C* speken 9–10 *C* that euer ony suche fals knyght coward 11 *C* and good 12 grete *not in C* *C* that ony 15–17 *Not emended in O*[1] *C* wille I speke therof wel said said syre Lamorak syre 21 *C* make 22 *C* there came 27 *C* edgyd hym 31 *C* arose ageyne and gate his horse *not in C* 35 *W* nat se

And so he folowed and overtoke hym and bade hym abyde.

'What woll ye do?' seyde sir Lameroke.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I woll fyght wyth a swerde, for ye have shamed me with a speare.'

And therewyth they daysshed togydyrs wyth swerdis. And 238r
sir Lamerok suffyrde hym and forbare hym, and kynge Marke was passyng besy and smote thycke strokys. Than sir Lameroke saw he wolde nat stynte, he waxed somwhat wrothe, and doubled his strokys, for he was of the nobelyste of the worlde. And he beete hym so on the helme that his hede [henge] nyghe on the sadyll-bowe. Whan sir Lameroke saw hym fare so, he sayde,

'Knyght, what chere? Mesemyth ye have nyghe youre fylle of fyghtynge. Hit were pyté to do you ony more harme, for ye ar but a meane knyght. Therefore I gyff you leve to go where ye lyst.'

'Gramercy,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for ye and I be no macchis.'

Than sir Dynadan mocked kynge Marke and seyde,

'Ye ar nat able to macche a good knyght!'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Marke, 'at the fyrste tyme that [I] justed with this knyght, ye refused hym.'

'Thynke ye that a shame?' seyde sir Dynadan. 'Nay, sir, hit is ever worshyp to a knyght to refuse that thynge that he may nat attayne. Therefore your worshyp had bene muche more to have refused hym as I ded, for I warne you playnly he is able to beate suche fyve as ye ar and I be: for ye knyghtis of Cornwayle ar no men of worshyp as other knyghtes ar, and bycause ye ar nat of worshyp, ye hate all men of worship, for never in your contrey was bredde suche a knyght as sir Trystram.'

Than they rode furth all togydyrs, kynge Marke, sir La- (9)
meroke and sir Dynadan, tylle that they com to a brygge, and at the ende thereof stood a fayre toure. Than saw they a knyght on horsebacke well armed, braundisshynge a speare, cryynge, and profyrde hymself to juste.

6 *C* And *S* and 8 *C* passyng hasty Than *not in C* 9 *C* stynte and waxyd 10–11 *C* was one of the noblest knyghtes of the world 14 *C* syr knyght 24 *C* that it is a shame to me said 28 ar *not in C* 30 *C* no men of worship 30–31 *C* neuer was bredde in your countrey suche a Knyght as is sir 36 *C** proferynge

'Now,' seyde sir Dynadan unto kynge Marke, 'yondir ar too bretherne, that one hyght Alyne and that other hyght Tryan, that woll juste with ony that passyth this passayge. Now profyr youreself,' seyde sir Dynadan unto kynge Marke, 'for ever ye be leyde to the erthe.'

238v Than kynge Marke was ashamed, and therewith he feautyrde hys speare and hurteled to sir Tryan, and aythir brake their spearys all to pecis, and passed thorow anone. Than sir Tryan s⌈en⌉te kyng Marke another speare to juste more, but in no wyse he wolde nat juste no more.

Than they com to the castell, all thre knyghtes, and prayde the lorde of that castell of herborow.

'Ye ar ryght wellcom,' seyde the knyghtes of the castell, 'for the love of the lorde of this towre', the whyche hyght sir Torre le Fyze Aryes.

And than they com into a fayre courte well repayred, and so they had passynge good chere tyll the lyefftenaunte of that castell that hyght Berluse aspyed kynge Marke of Cornwayle. Than seyde sir Berluse,

'Sir knyght, I know you well, better than ye wene, for ye ar kynge Marke that slew my fadir afore myne owne yghen, and me had ye slayn had I not ascapyd into a woode. But wyte you well, for the love of my lorde sir Torre, whyche is lorde of this castell, I woll nat at this tyme nother hurte nor harme you, nothir none of your felyship. But wyte you well, whan ye ar paste this loggynge I shall hurte you and I may, for ye slew my [fader] traytourly and cowardly. But fyrste, for my lorde sir Torre, and for the love of sir Lameroke the honorable knyght that here is lodgid, ye sholde have [none] evyll lodgynge. For hit [is] pyté that ever ye sholde be in the company of good knyghtes, for ye ar the moste vylaunce knyght of a kynge that is now lyvynge, for ye ar a dystroyer of good knyghtes, and all that ye do is but by treson.'

(10) Than was kynge Marke sore ashamyd and seyde but lytyll

2 *C* the other 9 *W* Tryan smote kyng *C** Trian sent Kynge *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 308v, col. 1*) fet aporter un glaive pour lui 12 *C* the castel 14 *C* this castel 20 well *not in C* 23–24 *C*† lord of this castel (*homoeoteleuton*) 24 nat at this tyme *not in C* 27 and cowardly *not in C* 28 *C* for the loue of my lord sir Tor *W* the love love of 29–30 *C** ye shal haue none ylle lodgynge 31 *C* most *S* moost 31–32 *C* vylaynous knyght or kynge that is now knowen on lyue 33 by *not in C*

agayne. But whan sir Lameroke and sir Dynadan wyste that he was kynge Marke they were sory of [his] felyshyp. So aftir supper they went to lodgynge.

So on the morne they arose, and kynge Marke and sir Dynadan rode togydyrs. And three myle of there mette with hem three knyghtes, and sir Berluse was one, and other two of hys cosyns. 239r

Whan sir Berluse saw kynge Marke he cryed on hyghte:

'Traytoure, kepe the from me, for wete thou well that I am sir Berluse!'

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I counceyle you as at this tyme medyll nat wyth hym, for he is rydynge to kynge Arthure. And bycause I promysed to conduyte hym to my lorde kynge Arthure, nedis muste I take a parte wyth hym; howbeit I love nat his condision, and fayne I wolde be from hym.'

'Well, sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Berluse, 'me repentys that ye woll take party with hym, but now do youre beste!'

Than he hurteled to kynge Marke and smote hym sore uppon the shylde, that he bare hym clene oute of his sadill to the erthe. That saw sir Dynadan, and he feautyrd hys speare and ran to one of his felowys and smote hym of hys sadyll. Than sir Dynadan turned his horse and smote the thirde knyght in the same wyse, that he went to the erthe, for this sir Dynadan was a good knyght on horsebacke.

And so there began a grete batayle, for sir Berluse and hys felowys hylde them togydyrs strongely on foote. And so thorow the grete force of sir Dynadan kynge Marke had sir Berluse at the erthe, and his two felowys fled. And had nat sir Dynadan bene, kynge Marke wolde have slayne hym; and so sir Dynadan rescowed hym of his lyff, for this kynge Marke was but a murtherer.

And than they toke their horsys and departed, and lefte sir Berluse there sore woundid. Than kynge Marke and

2 *W* of youre felyshyp *C* sory of his felaushiip 4 *C* arose erly 5 *C* myle fro their lodgynge there 6–7 *C* and that other his two cosyns 8 Whan *not in C* *C* Marke and thenne he 11–12 *C* you to leue of at this tyme for he 13 *C* I haue promysed 17 *C* wel dynadan 18 *C* uow *S* now 22 *C* of Berluses felawes *C** hym doune of 24 that he went *not in C* 25 this *not in C* 26 *C* Berlnse *S* Berluse 29 *C* to the erthe 30 *C* not ben syre Dynadan *C* Mark *S* Marke 31 this *not in C*

sir Dynadan rode forth a four leagis Englyshe tyll that they com to a brydge where hoved a knyght on horsebacke, armyd redy to juste.

'Lo,' seyde sir Dynadan unto kynge Marke, 'yonder hovyth a knyght that woll juste, for there shall none passe this brydge but he muste juste with that knyght.'

'Ye say well,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for this justys fallyth for you.'

239v But sir Dynadan knew the knyght for a noble knyght, and fayne he wolde have justyd, but he had levir that kynge Marke had justed with hym. But by no meane kynge Marke wolde nat juste. Than sir Dynadan myght nat refuse hym in no maner, and so ayther dressed their spearys and their shyldys and smote togydyrs, that thorow fyne force sir Dynadan was smyttyn to the erthe. And lyghtly he arose up and gate his horse and requyred that knyght to do batayle with swerdys. And he answerde and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, as at this tyme I may nat have ado with you no more, for the custom of this passage is suche.'

Than was sir Dynadan passynge wrothe that he myght nat be revenged of that knyght, and so he departed. And in no wyse wolde that knyght telle hys name, but ever sir Dynadan thought he sholde know hym by his shylde that he sholde be sir Torre.

(11) So as they rode by the way kynge Marke than began to mocke sir Dynadan, and seyde,

'I wente you knyghtes of the Rounde Table myght in no wyse fynde youre macchis.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Dynadan. 'As for you, on my lyff, [I] calle you none of the good knyghtes. But syth ye have such dispyte at me, I requere you to juste with me to preve my strengthe.'

'Nat so,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for I woll nat have ado with you in no maner; but I requyre you of one thynge, that whan ye com to kynge Arthures courte, discover nat my name, for I am sore there behatyd.'

2 *C* came 2–3 *C* armed and redy 7 *C* Hit is wel 7–8 *C* falleth with the 9 *C* knyght wel that he was a noble 10 *C*† had had that *not in C* 11 had *not in C* 23 *C* that it shold 27 *C* myȝt not in 28 *C* their matches 30 *C* the best knyghtes 36 *C* am there soo hated

'Hit is shame to you,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that ye governe you so shamfully, for I se by you ye ar full of cowardyse, and ye ar also a murtherar, and that is the grettyst shame that ony knyght may have, for nevir had knyght murthere[r] worshyp, nother never shall have. For I sawe but late thorow my forse ye wolde have slayne sir Ber[lus]es, a better knyght than ever ye were or ever shall be, and more of proues.' 240r

Thus they rode forth talkynge tyll they com to a fayre place where stoode a knyghte and prayde them to take their lodgynge with hym. So at the requeste of that knyght they reposyd them there and made them well at ease and had grete chere, for all araunte knyghtes to hym were welcom, and specially all tho of kynge Arthurs courte.

Than sir Dynadan demaunded his oste what was the knyghtes name that kepte the brydge.

'For what cause aske you?' seyde his oste.

'For hit is nat longe ago,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'sytthen he gaff me a falle.'

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde his oste, 'thereof have ye no mervayle, for he is a passynge good knyght, and his name is sir Torre, the sonne of Aryes le Vaysshere.'

'A!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'was that sir Torre? Truly so ever me thought.'

So ryght as they stood thus talkynge togydyrs they saw com rydynge by them over a playne six knyghtes of the courte of kynge Arthure well armyd at all poyntys; and by their shyldys sir Dynadan knew them well. The fyrste was the good knyght sir Uwayne, the sonne of kynge Uryen. The secunde was the noble knyght sir Brandyles. The thirde was Ozanna le Cure Hardy. The fourth was sir Uwayne les Adventurys. The fyfth was sir Agravayne, the sixth, sir Mordred, to brethirne to sir Gawayne.

Whan sir Dynadan had aspyed thes six knyghtes he thought to hymself he wolde brynge kynge Marke by som wyle to juste with one of them. And than anone they toke

3 also *not in C* 3–4 *C* that a knyght 4 *W* murthered (d *expuncted*) 4–5 *C* neuer a Knyght beynge a murtherer hath worship nor neuer 6 *WO*1 Bersules *C** Berluses 6–7 *C*† than ye or euer ye shal be 12 *C* were welcom to hym 15 *P* knygytes *R* Knyghtes 16 *C* you it said 21 *C* Tor the sone of aries le vayshere 22 *C* Tor for truly 32 *C* Mordred broder to 33 *C* had sene these 34 *C* thought in hym self

their horsys and ran aftir these six knyghtes well-nye a three myle Englyshe. Than was kynge Marke ware where they sate all six aboute a welle and ete and dranke suche metys as they had, and their horsis walkynge and som tyed, and their shyldys hynge in dyverse placis about them.

'Lo!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'yondir ar knyghtes arraunte that woll juste with us.'

'God forbede,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for they be six, and we but two.'

240v 'As for that,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'lat us nat spare, for I woll assay the formyst.'

And therewith he made hym redy. Whan kynge Marke sawe hym do so, as faste as sir Dynadan rode towardis them, kynge Marke rode frowarde them with all his mayneall mayné.

So whan sir Dynadan saw that kynge Marke was gone, he sette the speare oute of the reaste and threwe hys shylde uppon his backe and cam rydynge to the felyshyp of the Rounde Table. And anone sir Uwayne knew sir Dynadan, (12) and welcomed hym, and so ded all his felyshyp. And than they asked hym of aventures, and whether that he sawe of sir Trystram othir sir Launcelot.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'as for me, I sawe none of them sytthyn we departed fro Camelot.'

'What knyght is that,' seyde sir Braundyles, 'that so sodeynly departed frome you and rode over yondir fylde?'

'Sir, hit is a knyght of Cornwayle, and the moste orryble cowarde that ever bestrode horse.'

'What is his name?' seyde all thos knyghtes.

'I wote nat,' seyde sir Dynadan.

So whan they had reposed them and spokyn togydyrs they toke there horsys and rode to a castell where dwellyd an olde knyght that made all knyghtes arraunte good chere.

So in the meanewhyle that they were talkynge, com into the castell sir Gryfflet le Fyz de Deu. And there was he

1 six *not in C* nye *not in C* 15 *O*1 mayne 19 *C* table round 21 *C* of his aduentures 21–22 *C* whether he had sene syr Tristram 23 as for me *not in C* 24 *C* sythen I departed from 27 *C* syr said he *C* horryble 29 *C* these knyghtes

wellcom, and they all askyd hym whethir he sye sir Launcelot other sir Trystram. He answerde and seyde,

'I sawe hem nat sytthyn they departed frome Camelot.'

So as sir Dynadan walked and behylde the castell, thereby in a chambir he aspyed kynge Marke, and than he rebuked hym and asked why he departed so.

'Sir, for I durst nat abyde, for they were so many. But how ascaped ye?' seyde kynge Marke.

'Sir, they be better frendis than I went they had ben.'

'Who is captayne of this felyshyp?' seyde kynge Marke.

For to feare hym sir Dynadan seyde hit was sir Launcelot. **241r**

'A, Jesu!' seyde kynge Marke, 'myght ye knowe sir Launcelot by his shylde?'

'Ye,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for he beryth a shylde of sylver and blacke bendis.'

All this he seyde to feare kynge Marke, for sir Launcelot was nat in the felyshyp.

'Now I pray you,' seyde kynge Marke, 'that ye woll ryde in my felyshyp.'

['That is me lothe to doo,' said sir Dynadan, 'bycause ye forsoke my felyshyp.'

Ryght so sir Dynadan went from kyng Marke and went to his own felyshyp]; and so they mownted uppon there horsys and rode on their wayes and talked of the Cornyshe knyght, for sir Dynadan tolde them that he was in the castell where they were lodged.

'Hit is well seyde,' seyde sir Gryfflet, 'for here have I brought sir Dagonet, kynge Arthurs foole, that is the beste felow and the meryeste in the worlde.'

'Woll ye than do well?' seyde sir Dynadan. 'I have tolde the Cornyshe knyght that here is sir Launcelot, and the Cornyshe knyght asked me what shylde he bare, and I tolde hym that he bare the same shylde that sir Mordred beryth.'

'Woll ye do well?' seyde sir Mordred. 'I am hurte and

1 *C* he had sene 2–3 *C* Tristram Syrs he ansuerd I sawe hym not sythen he 6 *C* asked hym 7 *C* Syr said he for I durst not abyde by cause they 9 *C* syr said sir Dinadan they were better 10–11 *C* said the Kynge thenne for 12 *C*† myghte I knowe 16 *C* fere the kyng for 17 *C* in his felauship 20–23 *C** that is me lothe to doo said syre Dynadan by cause ye forsoke my felauship Ryght soo sir Dynadan went from kyng Mark & wente to his own felauship 30 than *not in C* 32 *C* bare Truly I 33 *S* he bereth

may nat well beare my shylde nother harneys, and therefore put my harneys and my shylde uppon sir Dagonet and let hym sette uppon the Cornyshe knyght.'

'That shall be done,' seyde sir Dagonet, 'be my fayth.'

And so anone sir Dagonet was armed in sir Mordredis harneys and hys shylde, and he was sette on a grete horse and a speare in his honde.

'Now,' seyde sir Dagonet, 'sette me to that knyght and I trowe I shall beare hym downe.'

So all thes knyghtes rode to a woodis syde and abode tyll kynge Marke cam by the way. Than they put forth sir Dagonet, and he cam on all the whyle his horse myght renne uppon kynge Marke. And whan he cam nye to kynge Marke he cryed as he were woode, and sayde,

'Kepe the, knyght of Cornwayle, for I woll sle the!'

And anone as kynge Marke behylde his shylde, he seyde to hymself,

'Yondyr is sir Launcelot. Alas, now am I destroyed!'

And therewithall he made his horse to ren and fledde as faste as he myght thorow thycke and thorow thynne. And ever sir Dagonet folowed aftir kynge Marke, cryynge and
241v ratynge hym as a woode man, thorow a grete foreste.

Whan sir Uwayne and sir Brandules saw sir Dagonet so chace kynge Marke, they lawghed all as they were wylde, and than they toke their horsys and rode aftir to se how sir Dagonet spedde, for theym behoved for no good that sir Dagonet were shente, for kynge Arthure loved hym passynge well and made hym knyght hys owne hondys. And at every turnemente he bega[n] to make kynge Arthure to lawghe. Than the knyghtes rode here and there cryynge and chasynge aftir kynge Marke, that all the foreyste range of the noyse.

(13) So kynge Marke by fortune rode by a welle, in the way where stood a knyght arraunte on horsebacke, armed at all poyntys, with a grete spere in his honde. And whan he saw kyng Marke com fleynge he sayde to the knyght,

'Returne agayne for shame and stonde with me, and I shall be thy waraunte.'

5 *C*† was Dagonet armed hym in 8 shewe me the Knyght 12 *C* renne streyght vpon 19–20 *C*† renne as fast as it 20 *C* thycke and thynne 24 *C* were wood 26 *C* they wold not for 35 *C* he said Knyght

'A, fayre knyght,' seyde kynge Marke, 'lette me passe, for yondir commyth aftir me the beste knyght of the worlde, wyth the blacke beanded shylde.'

'Fy, for shame,' seyde the knyght, 'for he is none of the worthy knyghtes. And yf he were sir Launcelot othir sir Trystram I shall nat doute to mete the bettyr of them bothe.'

Whan kyng Marke harde hym sey that worde, he returned his horse and abode by hym. And than that stronge knyght bare a speare to sir Dagonet and smote hym so sore that he bare hym over his horse tayle, that nyghe he had brokyn his necke.

And anone aftir hym cam sir Braundules, and whan he sawe sir Dagonette have that falle he was passynge wrothe, and seyde,

'Kepe the, knyght!'

And so they hurled togydyrs wondir sore. But the knyghte smote sir Braundules so sore that he went to the erthe, horse and man. Sir Uwayne com aftir and sy all this.

'Jesu!' he seyde, 'yondyr is a stronge knyght!'

And than they feautred their spearys, and this knyght com so egirly that he smote downe sir Uwayne. Than cam sir Ozanna wyth the Hardy Harte, and he was smyttyn downe.

'Now,' seyde sir Gryfflet, 'be my counceyle lat us sende **242r** to yondir arraunte knyghte and wete whether he be of kynge Arthurs courte, for, as I deme, hit is sir Lameroke de Galys.'

So they sente unto hym and prayde that stronge knyght to telle 'us his name', and whethir he were of kynge Arthurs courte other nat.

'As for my name, telle tho knyghtes I am a knyght arraunte as they ar, but my name they shall nat wete at this tyme. And lat them wete that I am no knyght of kynge Arthurs.'

And so the squyer rode ayen and tolde as he seyde.

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Aggravayne, 'he is one of the strongyst knyghtes that ever I saw, for he hathe overthrowyn three noble knyghtes, and nedis we muste encountyr with hym for shame.'

5 *W* knyghtes but and yf 7–8 *C* he torned his 10 *C* and nyghe 14 *C* and cryed 16 *C* hurtled 19 *C* said he 25 *C* it *S* hit 26 *C* prayd the straunge Knyghte 27 *C* us *not in C* 29–31 *C* name they shalle not wete but telle hem I am a Kny3t arraunt as they ar and lete 31 *C* Arthurs Courte 32–33 *C* told them his ansuer of hym By my

So sir Aggravayne feautred his speare, and that othir was redy and smote hym downe over his horse tayle to the erthe. And in the same wyse he smote sir Uwayne les Avoutres, and also sir Gryfflot. Than had he served them all but sir Dynadan, for he was behynde, and sir Mordrede whyche sir Dagonet had his harneys.

So whan this was done this stronge knyght rode on his way a soffte pace, and kynge Marke rode aftir hym praysynge hym mykyll. But he wolde answere no wordys but syghed wondirly sore, and hongynge downe his hede, takynge no hyde to his wordys. Thus they rode well-nyghe a three myle Englysh. And than this knyght callyd to hym a varlet and bade hym:

'Ryde untyll yondir fayre maner, and commaunde me to the lady of that castell and place, and pray hir to sende me som refresshynge of good metys and drynkys. And yf she aske the what I am, telle her that I am the knyght that folowyth the Glatysaunte Beste.' (That is in Englysh to sey, the questynge beste, for the beste, wheresomever he yode, he quested in the bealy with suche a noyse as hit had bene a thirty couple of howndis.)

Than the varlet wente his way and cam to the maner and
242v salewed the lady, and tolde her frome whens he come. And whan [s]he undirstode that he cam fro the knyght that folowed the questynge beste,

'A! swete Lord Jesu!' she seyde, 'whan shall I se that jantyll knyght, my dere sonne sir Palomydes! Alas! woll he nat abyde with me?'

And therewith she sowned and wepte and made passynge grete dole. But allso sone as she myght she gaff the varlet mete all that he axed. And than the varlet returned unto sir Palomydes, for he was a varlet of kynge Markis. And as sone as he cam he tolde the knyghtes name was sir Palomydes.

'I am well pleased,' seyde kynge Marke, 'but holde the stylle and sey nothynge.'

2 tayle *not in C*† 4 *C** Gryflet 5–6 *C** Mordred was vnarmed and Dagonet had 7 *S* his his 10 and *not in C* 11 nyghe *not in C* 14 *C* yonder *S* younder *C* recommaunde me 16 som *not in C* 19 *C* that beest 20 *C* it *S* hit 25 *W* folowed the the questynge 26 *C* O swete 27 *C* noble Knyghte 30 *C* And thenne also soone 31 mete *not in C*†

Than they alyght and sette them downe and reposed them a whyle. And anone wythall kynge Marke fylle on slepe. So whan sir Palomydes sawe hym sounde on slepe he toke his horse and rode his way and seyde to them,

'I woll nat be in the company of a slepynge knyght.'

And so he rode a grete pace.

Now turne we unto sir Dynadan that founde thes seven (14) knyghtes passynge hevy, and whan he wyste how that they had sped, [as hevy was he.]

'Sir Uwayne,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I dare ley thereon my hede, hit is sir Lameroke de Galys. I promyse you all I shall fynde hym, and he may be founde in this contrey.'

And so sir Dynadan rode aftir this knyght, and so ded kynge Marke that sought hym thorow the foreyste. And so as kynge Marke rode aftir sir Palomydes he harde a noyse of a man that made grete dole. Than kynge Marke rode as nye that noyse as he myght and as he durste. Than was he ware of a knyght that was dissended of his horse, and he had putte of his helme, and there he made a peteuous complay[n]te and a dolerous of love.

Now leve we off, and talke we of sir Dynadan that rode to seke sir Palomydes. And as he cam wythin a foreyste, he mette with a knyght, a chacer of deore.

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'mette ye wyth ony knyght wyth as shylde of sylver and lyons hedys?'

'Ye, fayre knyght,' seyde the other, 'with suche a knyght 243r mette I wyth but a whyle agone, and streyte yondir way he yeode.'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for myght I fynde the tracke of his horse, I sholde nat fayle to fynde that knyght.'

Ryght so as sir Dynadan rode in the evenynge late, he harde a dolefull noyse as hit were of a man. Than sir Dynadan rode towarde that noyse, and whan he cam nyghe that noyse he alyght of his horse and wente nere hym on foote. Than was he ware of a knyght that stoode undir a tre, and his horse tyed by hym, and his helme off; and ever that

8–10 *C** wyst how that they sped as heuy was he My lord Vwayne said Dynadan *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 316v, col. 2*) 'Ce n'est mie de merveilles se il vos en poise,' fet Dynadam. '. . . se Diex me saut, il me poise moult durement de vostre courouz tout autretant comme se chascun de vos fust mon frere charnel' 10 thereon *not in C* 21 *C* we that and 31 *C* euen late 36 *C** the helme of his hede

knyght made a dolefull complaynte as evir made knyght, and allwayes he complayned of La Beale Isode, the quene of Cornwayle, and sayde,

'A, fayre lady, why love I the? For thou arte fayryst of all
5 othir, and as yet shewdyst thou never love to me nother bounté. Pardé, and yet, alas! muste I love the. And I may nat blame the, fayre lady, for myne eyen caused me. And yet to love the I am but a foole, for the beste knyght of the worlde lovyth the and ye hym agayne, that is sir Trystram
10 de Lyones. And the falsyst knyght and kynge of the worlde is your husbande, and the moste cowarde and full of treson is youre lorde kynge Marke. And alas! so beawteuous a lady and pereles of all othir sholde be matched with the moste vylaunce knyght of the worlde!'

15 And all this langage harde kynge Marke, what sir Palomydes seyde by hym. Wherefore he was adrad, whan he sawe sir Dynadan, leste that he had aspyed hym, and that he wolde tell sir Palomydes that he was kynge Marke; wherefore he wythdrewe hym, and toke his horse and rode to his
20 men where he commaunded hem to abyde. And so he rode as faste as he myght unto Camelot.

And the same day he founde there sir Amant, the knyght,
243v redy that afore kynge Arthure had appelyd hym of treson. And so lyghtly the kynge commaunded them to do batayle.
25 And by mysadventure kynge Marke smote sir Amante thorow the body; and yet was sir Amaunte in the ryghtuous quarell And ryght so he toke his horse and departed frome the courte for drede of sir Dynadan, that he wolde telle sir Trystram and sir Palomydes what he was.

30 Than was there damesels that La Beale Isode had sente
(15) to sir Trystram that knew sir Amante well. Than by the lycence of kynge Arthure they wente to hym and spake with hym, for whyle the truncheon of the speare stake in his body he spake.

35 'A, fayre damesels,' seyde sir Amant, 'recommaunde me

2 *C* he made his complaynte of 5 *C* and yet shewest 6 *C* bounte Allas yet must 7–8 *C** eyen ben cause of this sorowe And yet 10 *C* kynge and knyghte of the worlde *not in C* 12 *C* Allas that euer so fayre a lady 17–18 *C* lest and he aspyed hym that he wold 18–19 *C* Marke and therefor he withdrewe 30 *C* Thenne were ther maydens that 35 *C* Amant ye recommaũde

unto La Beale Isode, and telle her that I am slayne for the love of her and of syr Trystram.'

And there he tolde the damessels how cowardly kyng Marke had slayne hym and sir Bersules, his felow:

'And for that dede I appeled hym of treson, and here am I slayne in a ryghtuous quarell, and all was bycause sir Bersules and I wolde nat consente by treason to sle the noble knyght sir Trystram.'

Than the two maydyns cryed alowde, that all the courte myght hyre, and seyde,

'A, swete Jesu that knowyste all hydde thynges! Why sufferyst Thou so false a traytoure to venqueyshe and sle a trewe knyght that faught in a ryghteuous quarell!'

Than anone hit was spronge to the kynge and the quene and to all the lordis that hit was kynge Marke that had slayne sir Amante and sir Bersules aforehonde, wherefore they did there that batayle. Than was kynge Arthure wrothe oute of mesure, and so was all other knyghtes.

But whan sir Trystram wyste all, he wepte for sorow for the losse of sir Bersules and of sir Amante. Whan sir Launcelot aspyed sir Trystram wepe he wente hastely to kynge Arthure and sayde,

'Sir, I pray you, gyff me leve to returne ayen yondir false **244r** kynge and knyght.'

'I pray you,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'fetche hym agayne, but I wolde nat ye slew hym, for my worshyp.'

Than sir Launcelot armed hym in all haste, and mownted uppon a grete horse and toke a spere in his honde and rode aftir kynge Marke. And frome thens a three myle Englysh sir Launcelot overtoke hym and bade hym turne hym:

'Recreaunte kynge and knyght! For whethir thou wylte othir nylt, thou shalt go with me to kynge Arthurs courte!'

Than kynge Marke returned and loked uppon sir Launcelot and sayde,

6 *C* of sir Bersyles 10 *C* here it 11 *C* O swete lord Ihesu 17 that *not in C* 18 *C* were alle the other 19 *C** Tristram knewe alle the matere he maade grete dole and sorowe oute of mesure and wepte for sorou 20 *C* losse of the noble knyghtes syr Bersyles 23 *C*† returne ageyne to yonder *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 320r, col. 1*) Sire se il vos plesoit je feroie le chevalier retourner 30–31 *C* torne recreaunt 32 *C* wilt or not thow

'Fayre sir, what is your name?'

'Wyte you well my name is sir Launcelot, and therefore defende the!'

And whan kynge Marke knew that hit was sir Launcelot, and cam so faste uppon hym with a speare, he cryed than alowde and seyde,

'I yelde me to the, sir Launcelot, honorable knyght.'

But sir Launcelot wolde nat hyre hym, but cam faste uppon hym. Kynge Marke saw that, and made no deffence but tumbeled adowne oute of his sadyll to the erthe as a sak, and there he lay stylle and cryed:

'Sir Launcelot, have mercy uppon me!'

'Aryse, recreaunte kynge and knyght!'

'Sir, I woll nat fyght,' seyde kynge Marke, 'but whother that ye woll I woll go wyth you.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Launcelotte, 'that I myght nat gyff the one buffette for the love of sir Trystram and of La Beale Isode, and for tho two knyghtes that thou haste slayne trayturly!'

And so he mownte uppon his horse and brought hym to kynge Arthure. And there kynge Marke alyght in that same place, and threwe his helme frome hym uppon the erthe and his swerde, and felle flatte to the erthe at kynge Arthurs feete, and put hym in his grace and mercy.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye ar wellcom in a maner, and in a maner ye ar nat wellcom. In this maner ye ar wellcom, that [ye] com hydir magré your hede, as I suppose.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde kynge Marke, 'and ellys I had nat
244v bene here now, for my lorde sir Launcelot brought me hydir by fyne force, and to hym am I yoldyn to as recreaunte.'

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye ought to do me servyse, omayge and feauté, and never wolde ye do me none, but ever ye have bene ayenste me, and a dystroyer of my knyghtes. Now, how woll ye acquyte you?'

'Sir,' seyde kynge Marke, 'ryght as youre lordshyp woll

2 *C* wel said he my 4 *C* Marke wiste that 6–7 *C* on lowde I yelde me 11–13 *C* cryed sire launcelot mercy Aryse 13 *C* knyghte and kynge 14 Sir *not in C* 16 *C* Allas Allas 17 *C*† Tdestram 23 *C*† of kynge 27 *C* thy hede 30–31 *C* hyder thurgh his fyne 32 *C** ye vnderstande ye oughte 33 *C* homage

requyre me, unto my power I woll make a large amendys.' For he was a fayre speker, and false thereundir.

Than for the grete plesure of sir Trystram, to make them two accordid, the kynge withhylde kynge Marke as at that tyme and made a brokyn love day betwene them.

Now turne we agayne unto sir Palomydes, how sir Dynadan (16) comfortyd hym in all that he myght frome his grete sorowe.

'What knyght ar ye?' seyde sir Palomydes.

'Sir, I am a knyght arraunte as ye be, that have sought you longe by your shylde.'

'Here is my shylde,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'wete you well, and ye wolde ought therewith, I woll deffende hit.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll nat have ado with you but in good maner.'

'And yf ye wyll, ye shall fynde me sone redy.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'whotherwarde ryde ye this way?'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I wote nat whother, but as fortune ledyth me.'

'But harde ye other sawe ye ought of sir Trystram?'

'So God me helpe, of sir Trystram I bothe herde and sawe, and natforthan we love nat inwardly well togydyrs, yet at my myscheffe sir Trystram rescowed me fro my deth. And yet or he and I departed, by bothe oure assentys we assygned a day that we sholde have mette at the stony grave that Merlyon sette besyde Camelot, and there to have done batayle togydyrs. Howbehit I was letted,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that I myght nat holde my day, whyche grevyth me 245r sore; but I have a layrge excuse, for I was presonere with a lorde and many other mo, and that shall sir Trystram well undirstonde that I brake hit of no feare of cowardyse.'

And than sir Palomydes tolde sir Dynadan the same day that they sholde have mette.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that same day mette sir Launcelot and sir Trystram at the same grave of stone, and there was the moste myghtyeste batayle that ever was sene in this londe betwyxte two knyghtes, for they

3 the *not in C* 3–4 *C* them tweyne 12 *C* ye wille oughte 18 whother *not in C* 19–20 *C* me Herde ye 28 *C* the whiche 30 *C* ryght wel 31 *C* hit not of fere 35 *C* grane *S* graue 36–37 *C* euerwas *S* euer was

fought more than fyve owres, and there they bothe bled so muche blood that all men mervayled that ever they myght endure hit. And so by bothe their assentys they were made frendys and sworne brethirne for ever, and no man cowde juge the bettir knyght. And now is sir Trystram made a knyght of the Rounde Table, and he syttyth in the syege of the noble knyght sir Marhalte.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'sir Trystram ys farre bygger than is sir Launcelot, and the hardyer knyght.'

'Sir, have ye assayde them bothe?' seyde sir Dynadan.

'I have [sene] sir Trystramys myght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but never sir Launcelot, to my wyttynge, but at the fountayne where lay sir Launcelot on slepe. And there with one speare he smote downe sir Trystram and me,' [seyde] sir Palomydes. 'But at that tyme they knewe nat, but aftyrwarde.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'as for sir Launcelot and sir [Trystram], lette them be, for the warre of them woll nat be lyghtly macchid of no knyghtes that I knowe lyvynge.'

'No,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'God deffende, but and I hadde a quarell to the bettir of them bothe, I wolde with as good a wyll fyght with hem as with you.'

'Sir, I requere you,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'telle me your name, and in good fayth I shall holde you company tyll that we com to Camelot, and there shall ye have grete worshyp now at this grete turnemente, for there shall be quene Gwenyver and La Beale Isode of Cornwayle.'

'Wyte you well, sir knyght, for the love of La Beale Isode
245v I woll be there, and ellis nat, but I woll nat have ado in kynge Arthurs courte.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I shall ryde with you and do you servyse, so ye woll tell me youre name.'

'Syr, ye shall undirstonde my name is Palomydes, brothir unto sir Saphyre, the good knyght, and sir Segwarydes. And we [b]e Sarezyns borne.'

1 *C* two houres so *not in S* 3 *C* And so at the laste by 4–5 *C* can Iuge 10 Sir *not in C* 11 *W* have sayde sir Trystramys myght *C** I haue sene syre Trystram fyghte 13 *C* where sire Lanncelot (*S* Launcelot) lay on slepe 15–16 *C** not eyther other Fayre Knyght 17 *W* and sir Palomydes lette *C* the werst of them 21 *C* with hym 22 seyde sir Dynadan *not in C* 33 *C* to Safere the good and noble Knyghte 34 *W* and were Sarezyns borne *C* and I† we be* Sarasyns borne of fader and moder

'Sir, I thanke you,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for I am glad that I knowe your name. And by me ye shall nat be hurte but rathir avaunced, and I may, on my lyff. For ye shall wynne worshyp in the courte of kynge Arthure and be ryghte wellcom.'

And so they dressed on their helmys and put on there shyldis and mownted uppon their horsys and toke the brode way towarde Camelot. And than were they ware of a castell that was fayre and ryche and also passynge stronge as ony was within this realme. So sir Palomydes seyde to sir Dynadan, (17)

'Here is a castell that I knowe well, and therein dwellyth quene Morgan le Fay, kynge Arthurs systyr. And kynge Arthure gaff hir this castell by the whyche he hath repented hym sytthyn a thousand tymes, for sytthen kynge Arthur and she hath bene at debate and stryff; but this castell coude he never gete nother wynne of hir by no maner of engyne. And ever as she myght she made warre on kynge Arthure, and all daungerous knyghtes she wytholdyth with her for to dystroy all thos knyghtes that kynge Arthure lovyth. And there shall no knyght passe this way but he muste juste with one knyght other wyth two other with three. And yf hit hap that kynge Arthurs knyght be beatyn, he shall lose his horse and harnes and all that he hath, and harde yf that he ascape but that he shall be presonere.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'this is a shamefull and a vylaunce usage for a quene to use, and namely to make suche warre uppon her owne lorde that is called the floure of chevalry that is Crystyn othir hethyn, and with all my harte I woll destroy that shamefull custom. And I woll 246r that all the worlde wyte she shall have no servyse of me. And yf she sende oute ony knyghtes, as I suppose she woll, to juste, they shall have bothe there hondys full.'

'And I shall nat fayle you,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'unto my puyssaunce, uppon my lyff!'

1–3 *C** Syre said sire Dynadan I thanke you moche for the tellyng of your name For I am gladde of that I knowe your name & I promyse you by the feyth of my body ye shalle not be hurte by me by my will but rather be auaunced And therto wille I helpe yow with all my power I promyse you doubte ye not And certaynly on my lyf ye shalle wynne grete worship 9 *C* Syr Palomydes said Dynadan 12 by *not in C* 18 *C* these knyghtes 21 *C* hit *S* it *W* knyght*es* *C** knyght 24–25 *C* shameful customme and a vylaynous vsaunce 28 *C* wold destroye 30–31 *C** wil for to

So as they stoode on horsebacke afore the castell, there cam a knyght wyth a rede shylde and two squyers aftir hym; and he cam strayte unto sir Palomydes and sayde,

'Fayre knyght arraunte, I requyre the for the love thou owyste unto knyghthode, that thou wylt not have ado here with this men of this castell.' (Thus sir Lamerok seyde.) 'For I cam hydir to seke this dede, and hit is my rekeyste. And therefore I beseche you, knyght, lette me deale, and yf I be beatyn, revenge me.'

'In the name of God,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'lat se how ye woll spede, and we shall beholde you.'

Than anone come furth a knyght of the castell and profyrde to juste with the knyght wyth the rede shylde. And anone they encountyrd togydyrs, and he with the rede shylde smote hym so harde that he bare hym over to the erthe. And therewith anone cam another knyght of the castell, and he was smyttyn so sore that he avoyded hys sadyll. And furthwithall cam the thirde knyght, and the knyght with the rede shylde smote hym to the erthe. Than cam sir Palomydes and besought hym that he myght helpe hym to juste.

'Now, sir knyght,' he seyde, 'suffir me as at this tyme to have my wyll, for and they were twenty knyghtes I shall nat doute them.'

And ever there were uppon the wallys of the castell many lordys that cryed and seyde,

'Well have ye justed, knyght with the rede shylde!'

But as sone as the knyght had smyttyn hem downe, his squyers toke their horsys and avoyded there sadyls and brydyls of the horsis, and turnede theym into the foreyste, and made the knyghtes to be kepte to the ende of the justys.

246v Ryght so cam forth of the castell the fourthe knyght, and freyshly profyrde to juste wyth the knyght with the rede shylde. And he was redy, and he smote hym so harde that horse and man felle to the erthe, and the knyghtes backe brake with the falle, and his necke also.

3 *C* Palomydes the good Knyghte and sayd to hym knyȝt 4 *C* Fayre and gentyl 5 *C* that ye wille not haue adone here 6 *P* thefe men *R* these men *C* castell for this was sire Lamorack that thus said 22 *C* Faire knyght said he vnto hym suffre 26 *C* lordes and ladyes that 29 *C* squyer 32 *C* came oute of

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Palomydes. 'That yondir is a passynge good knyght and the beste juster that ever I sawe.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'he is as good as ever was sir Launcelot othir sir Trystram, what knyght soever he be.'

Than furthwithall cam a knyght oute of the castell with a shylde bended with blak and with whyght. And anone the knyght wyth the rede shylde and he encountyrd so harde that he smote the knyght of the castell thorowoute the bended shylde and thorow the body, and brake the horse backe. 5 (18)

'Fayre knyght,' sayde sir Palomydes, 'ye have overmuche on hande, therefore I pray you, lette me juste, for ye had nede to be reposed.' 10

'Why, sir,' seyde the knyght, 'seme ye that I am weyke and fyeble? A, sir, methynkyth ye proffir me grete wronge and shame whan I do well inowe, for I telle you now as I tolde you arste, and they were twenty knyghtes I shall beate theym. And yf I be beatyn other slayne, than may ye revenge me. And yf ye thynke that I be wery, and ye have an appety[t]e to juste with me, I shall fynde [you] justynge inowghe.' 15

'Syr,' seyde he, 'I sayde hit nat because that I wolde juste with you, but mesemyth ye have overmuche on hande.' 20

'And therefore, and ye were jantyll,' sayde the knyght with the red shylde, 'ye wolde nat profyr me no shame. Therefore I requyre you to juste with me, and ye shall fynde that I am nat wery.' 25

'Syth ye requyre me,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'take kepe to youreselff.'

Than they two knyghtes com togydyrs as faste as their horsys myght ren, and the knyght smote sir Palomydes so sore on the shylde that the speare wente into hys syde and hurte hym a grete wounde and a perelous. And therewith sir Palomydes avoyded his sadyll. And that knyght turned 247r unto sir Dynadan, and whan he sawe hym commynge he cryed alowde and sayde, 30

'Sir, I woll nat have ado with you!' 35

But for that he spared nat, but com strayte uppon [hym]. So sir Dynadan for shame put forth hys speare and all to-

4 *C* someuer 7 *C*† and And he 14–15 *C* and to me shame 15 for *not in C* 15–16 *C* you erst for and they 18 *W* appetyde 19 *W* fynde hym justynge 20 *C* said Palomydes I said 23 *C* ye shold not profer me shame 30–31 and hurte hym *not in C*† 31–32 *C* there with all sir 36 *C* he lete it not

shyvirde hit uppon the knyght; but he smote sir Dynadan agayne so harde that he bare hym frome his horse. But he wolde nat suffyr his squyer to meddyll wyth there horsys, and bycause they were knyghtes arraunte.

Than he dressid hym agayne to the castell and justed with seven knyghtes mo, and there was none of hem that myght withstonde hym, but he bare them to the erthe. And of those a twelve knyghtes he slewe in playne justys four; and the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on the crosse of a swerde that they sholde never use the evyll customs of the castell. And whan he made them to swere that othe, he let them passe. And stoode the lordis and the ladyes on the castell wallys, cryynge and seynge:

'Knyght with the rede [shylde], ye have mervaylously well done as ever we sawe knyght do.'

And therewith come a knyght oute of the castell unarmed, and seyde,

'Knyght with the rede shylde, overmuche damage have ye done this same day! And therefore returne whother ye woll, for here ar no mo that woll have ado with the, for we repente sore that ever ye cam here, for by the is fordone all the olde customes of this castell.'

And with that worde he turned agayne into the castell, and shett the yatys. Than the knyght wyth the rede shylde turned and called his squyers, and so paste forth on his way and rode a grete pace.

And whan he was paste, sir Palomydes wente to sir Dynadan and seyde to hym,

'I had never suche a shame of one knyght that ever I mette, and therefore I caste me to ryde aftir hym and to be revenged uppon hym with my swerde, for on horsebacke I deme I shall gete no worshyp of hym.'

['Sir Palomydes,' seyde Dynadan, 'ye shalle not medle

1–4 *C* that he smote hym clene from his sadel but their horses he wold not suffre his squyers to medle with and by cause 7 *C* he *not in C* *C*† bare hym 8 *C* of these twelue 11 *C* had made 12 *C* And euer stode 19 *C* hast thou done to vs this 20 that *not in C* 21 *C* thou camest 22 all *not in C* 28 to hym *not in C* 31 uppon hym *not in C* 33–p. 601, l. 2 *C** Syre Palomydes said Dynadan ye shalle not medle with hym by my counceil for ye shal gete no worship of hym *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 324r, col. 1*) 'Quant tu vois que il a encore plus fet que il n'avoit devant, si te veuls combatre encontre lui ? Cuides-tu que ce soit courtoisie a tel chevalier comme tu doiz estre ?'

with hym by my counceil, for ye shale gete no worship of hym,] and for this cause: that ye have sene hym this day 247v have had evermuche to done and overmuche travayled.'

'Be Allmyghty Jesu,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall never be at ease tyll that I have had ado with hym.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I shall gyff you my beholdynge.'

'Well,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'than shall ye se how we shall redresse oure myghtes.' So they toke there horsys of their varlettis and rode aftir the knyght with the rede shylde. And downe in a valay, besyde a fountayne, they were ware where he was alyght to repose hym, and had done of his helme for to drynke at the welle. Than sir Palomydes rode (19) faste tyll he cam nyghe hym, and than he seyde,

'Knyght, remembir ye me, and of the same dede that ye ded to me late at the castell. Therefore redresse the, for I woll have ado with the.'

'Fayre knyght,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'of me ye wynne no worshyp, for ye have sene this [daye] that I have be travayled sore.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll nat lette, for wyte you well, I woll be revenged.'

'Well,' seyde the knyght, 'I may happyn to endure you.'

And therewithall he mownted uppon his horse and toke a grete speare in his honde redy to juste.

'Nay,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll nat juste, for I am sure at justynge I gete no pryce.'

'Now, fayre knyght,' sayde he, 'hit wolde beseme a knyght to juste and to fyght on horsebacke.'

'Ye shall se what I woll do,' seyde sir Palomydes.

And therewith he alyght downe uppon foote, and dressed his shylde afore hym and pulled oute his swerde. Than the knyght with the rede shylde descended downe frome his horse and dressed his shylde afore hym, and so he drewe oute his swerde. And than they come togydyrs a soffte pace, and wondirly they layshed togydyrs passynge thycke, the mowntenaunce of an owre, or ever they breethid. Than they trased and traverced and wexed wondirly wrothe, and aythir

2 that *not in C* 3 *C* ouer moche to done 13 *C* thēne *S* theñe 14 me and *not in C*† 15 *C* to me ryght now at the *C* dresse the 17 *C* said he to Palomydes of 23 *C* redy for to 24 *P* fure *R* sure 26 *C* Fair knyght said that Knyghte It

248r behyght other deth. They hewe so faste wyth there swerdis that they kutte downe half their shyldis, and they hewe togydyrs on helmys and mayles, that the bare fleysshe in som places stoode abovyn there harneys.

And whan sir Palomydes behylde his felowys swerde overheled with his blood, hit greved hym sore. And som whyle they foyned and somwhyle they strake downe as wylde men. But at the laste sir Palomydes waxed wondir faynte bycause of his fyrste wounde that he had at the castell wyth a speare, for that wounde greved hym wondirly sore.

'Now, fayre knyght,' sayde sir Palomydes, 'mesemyth we have assayed ayther other passyngly well, and yf hit may please you [I requyre you] of your knyghthode to tell me your name.'

'Sir,' he sayde, 'that is me ryght loth, for ye have done me grete wronge and no knyghthode to proffir me batayle, consyderynge my grete travayle. But and ye woll telle me youre name, I woll telle you myne.'

'Sir, wyte you well, my name is sir Palomydes.'

'Than, sir, ye shall undirstonde my name is sir Lameroke de Galys, sonne and ayre unto the good knyght and kynge, kynge Pellynore. And sir Torre, the good knyght, is my halff brothir.'

Whan sir Palomydes had herde hym sey so, he kneled adowne and asked mercy:

'For outrageously have I done to you this day, consyderynge the grete dedis of armys I have sene you done, and shamefully and unknyghtly I have requyred you to do batayle with me.'

'A, sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'overmuche have ye done and seyde to me!'

And therewyth he pulled hym up wyth his bothe hondis, and seyde,

'Sir Palomydes, the worthy knyght, in all this londe is no

2–3 *C* cutte in doune half theire swerdes† and mayles 3–4 *C*† in some place 7 *C* faymed downe *not in C* 8 wondir *not in C* 11 Now *not in C* 12–13 C* passyng sore and yf hit may please the I requyre the of thy knyghthode telle me thy name 14 *C* Sir said the kny3t to Palomydes that is me loth to doo for thou hast done 16 grete *not in C* 16–17 *C* thou wolt . . . thy . . . the myn 18 *C* Syr said he wete thou wel 19 *C* A syr 23 had *not in C* 25 *C* oultragyously *S* oultraguously 26 and *not in C* 28 with me *not in C* 31 *C*† he enbraced hym with his (*see note*)

bettir than ye be, nor more of proues, and me repentys sore that we sholde fyght togydirs.'

'So hit doth nat me,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and yett I am sorer wounded than ye be; but as for that, I shall sone be 248v hole. But sertaynly I wolde nat, for the fayryst castell in this londe, but yf ye and I had mette: for I shall love you dayes of my lyff afore all other knyghtes excepte my brother sir Saphir.'

'I say the same,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'excepte my brother sir Torre.'

Than cam sir Dynadan, and he made grete joy of sir Lamerok. Than their squyers dressed bothe their shyldis and their harnes, and stopped hir woundis. And thereby at a pryory they rested them all nyght.

Now turne we agayne, that whan sir Uwayne and sir (20) Braundyles with his felowys cam to the courte of kynge Arthure, and they tolde the kynge, sir Launcelot, and sir Trystram, how sir Dagonet, the foole, chaced kynge Marke thorowoute the foreste, and how the stronge knyght smote them downe all seven with one speare, than there was grete lawghynge and japynge at kynge Marke and at sir Dagonet. But all thos knyghtes coude nat telle what knyght hit was that rescowed kynge Marke. Than they asked of kynge Marke yf that he knewe hym, and he answerde and sayde,

'He named hymself the knyght that folowed the Questynge Beste, and in that name he sent oute one of my varlettes to a place where was his modir. And whan she harde from whens he cam she made passyng grete dole, and so discoverde to my varlette his name, and seyde: "A, my dere son, sir Palomydes, why wolt thou nat se me?" And therefore, sir,' seyde kynge Marke, 'hit is to undirstonde his name is sir Palomydes, a noble knyght.'

Than were all the seven knyghtys passynge glad that they knewe his name.

Now turne we agayne, for on the morne they toke their horsys, bothe sir Lameroke, sir Palomydes, and sir Dynadan,

1 be *not in C* 4 *C* ye ben *C* soone therof be 7 *C* the dayes 15 *C*† whan sir Gaynys 19 *C* thurgh the forest 22 *C* these knyghtes 23 of *not in C* 26 *C* on that oute *not in C* 29 *C* O my 33 *W* Than Than were passynge *not in C* 35 *W* agayne for for 36 *C*† Lamorak Palomydes Dynadā

wyth their squyers and varlettis, tylle they sawe a fayre castell that stoode on a mountayne well closyd, and thydir they rode.

249r And there they founde a knyght that hyght sir Galahalte, that was lorde of that castell. And there they had grete chere and were well eased.

'Sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'what woll ye do?'

'Sir, I woll to-morne to the courte of kynge Arthure.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll nat ryde this three dayes, for I am sore hurte and muche have I bledde, and therefore I woll repose me here.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'and I woll abyde here wyth you. And whan ye ryde, than woll I ryde, onles that ye tary overlonge; than woll I take myne horse. Therefore I pray you, sir Dynadan, abyde ye and ryde with us.'

'Faythfully,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll nat abyde, for I have suche a talente to se sir Trystram that I may nat abyde longe from hym.'

'A! sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'now do I undirstonde that ye love my mortall enemy, and therefore how sholde I truste you?'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I love my lorde sir Trystram abovyn all othir knyghtes, and hym woll I serve and do honoure.'

'So shall I,' seyde sir Lameroke, 'in all that I may with my power.'

So on the morne sir Dynadan rode unto the courte of kynge Arthur. And by the way as he rode he sawe where stoode an arraunte knyght, and made hym redy for to juste.

'Nat so,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for I have no wyll to juste.'

'Wyth me shall ye juste,' seyde the knyght, 'or that ye passe this way.'

'Sir, whether aske you justys of love othir of hate?'

The knyghte answerde and seyde,

'Wyte you well I aske hit for loove and nat of hate.'

7–8 *W* So sir Dynadan seyde to sir Lameroke what woll ye do Sir I woll tomorne to the courte of kynge Arthure *C** Syr Dynadan said sire Lamorak what wil ye doo sir said Dynadan I wylle etc. 15 ye *not in C* 22 Wyte you *not in C*† 23 knyghtes *not in C* 25–26 *C* that may lye in my 29 *C* stode *S* stoode 33 Sir *not in C* *C* loue or by hate 34 and seyde *not in C* 35 *C* loue & not *S* loue & and not

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'but ye proffyr me harde love whan ye wolde juste with me wyth an harde speare! But, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'sytthyn ye woll juste with me, mete wyth me in the courte of kynge Arthure, and there I shall juste wyth you.'

'Well,' seyde the knyght, 'sytthyn ye woll not juste wyth me, I pray you tell me your name.' 249v

'Sir knyght, my name ys sir Dynadan.'

'A, sir,' seyde that knyght, 'full well knowe I you for a good knyght and a jantyll, and wyte you well, sir, I love you hertyly.'

'Than shall here be no justys,' seyde syr Dynadan, 'betwyxte us.'

So they departed.

And the same day he com to Camelot where lay kynge Arthure. And there he salewed the kynge and the quene, sir Launcelot and sir Trystram; and all the courte was glad of sir Dynadans commynge home, for he was jantyll, wyse, and a good knyght. And in aspeciall sir Trystram loved sir Dynadan passyngly well.

Than the kynge askyd sir Dynadan what adventures he had sene.

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I have seyne many adventures, and of som kynge Marke knowyth, but nat all.'

Than the kynge herkened to sir Dynadan how he tolde that sir Palomydes and he were byfore the castell of Morgan le Fay, and how sir Lameroke toke the justys afore them, and how he forjusted twelve knyghtes and of them four he slew, and how aftir that 'he smote downe sir Palomydes and me bothe'.

'I may nat belyve that,' seyde the kynge, 'for sir Palomydes is a passynge good knyght.'

'That is verry trouthe,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'but yett I sawe hym bettyr preved hande for hande.'

And than he tolde the kynge of all that batayle, and how

1 *C* be soo 2 *C* ye wylle 2–3 *C* a sharp spere 5 *C* shalle I 10 *C* A said the Knyghte 11 sir *not in C* 19 commynge home *not in C*† 19–20 *C* wyse and curteys and a good 20 *C* in especyal the valyaunt Knyght sir Tristram 21 *C* passyng wel aboue all other knyghtes sauf sir launcelot 26 to *not in C* 27 *C* were afore 30 that *not in C* 36 of *not in C*

sir Palomydes was the more wayker and sorer was hurte, and more he loste of his blood than sir Lameroke.

'And withoute doute,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'had the batayle lasted ony lenger, sir Palomydes had be slayne.'

5 'A, Jesu!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'this is to me a grete mervayle.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'mervayle ye nothynge thereof, for, at myne advyce, there is nat a valyaunter knyght in the worlde lyvynge, for I know his myght. And now woll I say 10 you, I was never so wery of knyght but yf hit were my lorde 250r sir Launcelot. And there is no knyght in the worlde excepte sir Launcelot that I wolde ded so well as sir Lamerok.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde the kynge, 'I wolde fayne that knyght sir Lamerok wolde com to this courte.'

15 'Sir,' seyd sir Dynadan, 'he woll be here in shorte space and sir Palomydes bothe, but I feare me that sir Palomydes may nat yett travayle.'

(21) So wythin three dayes after the kynge lete make a justenynge at a pryory frome the justys. And there made them 20 redy many knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and sir Gawayne and his bretherne they made them redy to juste. But sir Launcelot, syr Trystram, nother sir Dynadan wolde nat juste, but suffyrd sir Gawayne for the love of kynge Arthure wyth his bretherne to wynne the degré yf they myght.

25 So on the morn they apparayled hem to juste; sir Gawayne and his four bretherne, they ded grete dedis of armys, and sir Ector de Marys ded mervaylously well. But sir Gawayne passed all that felyship, wherefore kynge Arthure and all the knyghtes gave sir Gawayne the honoure [at] the begynnynge.

30 Ryght so was kynge Arthure ware of a knyght and two squyers that com oute of a foreystis syde wyth a covyrd shylde of lethir. Than he cam in ⌜slyly⌝, and hurled here and there, and anone with one speare he had smyttyn downe

1 *C* and more hurte 2–3 *C* more lost of his blood And 3–4 *C* bataille lenger lasted palomydes 5 *C* O Ihesu 10 my lorde *not in C* 12 that *not in C* 13 fayne *not in C* 14 *C* Lamorak came 16 me *not in C* 19 frome the justys *not in C* 20 *C* For syr 21 they *not in C* 21–22 *C* But Tristram Laŭcelot nor Dynadan 26 *C* brethren and dyd there grete 29 *W* honoure and the 30 *C* kynge Arthur was 31–32 *C* with a sheld couerd with leder 32 *W* cam in styffly *C** came slyly *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 329r, col. 2*) lors s'en vet le petit pas vers l'assemblee

two knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And so wyth his hurtelynge he loste the coverynge of his shylde. Than was the kynge and all ware that he bare a rede shylde.

'A, Jesu!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'se where rydyth a strong knyght, he wyth the rede shylde.'

And there was a noyse and a grete cry:

'Beware the knyght with the rede shylde!'

So wythin a lytyll whyle he had overthrowyn three bretherne of sir Gawaynes.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'mesemyth yondir is the beste juster that ever I sawe.'

So he loked aboute and saw hym encountir with sir Gawayne, and he smote hym downe with so grete force that he made his horse to avoyde his sadyll. 250v

'How now?' seyde the kynge to sir Gawayne. 'Methynkyth ye have a falle! Well were me and I knew what knyght he were with the rede shylde.'

'I know hym well inowghe,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'but as at this tyme ye shall nat know his name.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Trystram, 'he justyth better than sir Palomydes, and yf ye lyste to know, his name is sir Lameroke de Galys.'

And as they stood thus, they saw sir Gawayne and he encountyrd togedir agayne, and there he smote sir Gawayne from his horse and brused hym sore. And in the syght of kynge Arthure he smote downe twenty knyghtes besyde sir Gawayne, and so clyerly was the pryce yevyn hym as a knyght piereles. Than slyly and mervaylously sir Lameroke wythdrewe hym from all the felyshyp into the foreystys syde. All this aspyed kynge Arthure, for his yghe went never frome hym.

Than the kynge, sir Launcelot, and sir Trystram, and sir Dynadan toke there hakeneyes and rode streyte aftir the good knyght sir Lameroke de Galis, and there founde hym. And thus seyde [the] kynge:

'A, fayre knyght, well be ye founde!'

1 *C* his *S* this 3 *C* alle other ware 4 *C* O Ihesu 4–5 *C* a stoute Knyghte 6 *C* noyse & cryenge 12 *C* with that he sawe hym 14 *S* the sadel 15–16 *C* Kyng sire Gawayne hath a falle 18 inowghe *not in C* 21 *C* name wete ye wel his name is 23 they saw *not in C* 27 *C* Gawayne and his bretheren

Whan he sawe the kynge he put of his helme and salewed hym. And whan he sawe sir Trystram he alyght adowne of his horse and ran to [hym to] take hym by the ⌜thyes⌝; but sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym, but he alyght or that he cam and ayther toke othir in armys and made grete joy of other.

Than the kynge was gladde and so was all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table except sir Gawayne and his bretherne. And whan they wyste that hit was sir Lameroke they had grete despyte of hym, and were wondirly wrothe wyth hym that he had put hym to such a dishonoure that day. Than
251r he called to hym prevaly in counceyle all his bretherne, and to them seyde thus:

'Fayre bretherne, here may ye se: whom that we hate kynge Arthure lovyth, and whom that we love he hatyth. And wyte you well, my fayre bretherne, that this sir Lameroke woll nevyr love us, because we slew his fadir, kynge Pellynor, for we demed that he slew oure fadir, kynge Lotte of Orkenay; and for the deth of kynge Pellynor sir Lameroke ded us a shame to oure modir. Therefore I woll be revenged.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawaynes brethrene, 'lat se: devyse how ye woll be revenged, and ye shall fynde us redy.'

'Well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'holde ye styll and we shall aspye oure tyme.'

(22) Now passe we on oure mater and leve we sir Gawayne, and speke we of kynge Arthure, that on a day seyde unto kynge Marke,

'Sir, I pray you, gyff me a gyffte that I shall aske you.'

'Sir,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I woll gyff you what gyffte I may gyff you.'

'Sir, gramercy,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'this woll I aske you, that ye be good lorde unto sir Trystram, for he is a man of grete honoure, and that ye woll take hym with you into

3 hym to *not in O*1 *W* by the styroppe *C** by the thyes *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 330r, col. 1*) et la ou il voit Trystram il court a lui et l'acole par mi la cuisse 6 *C* and also 9 *C* at hym 10 such a *not in C* 10–11 *C* Thenne Gawayn 11 to hym *not in C* 18 Lotte *not in C* *C* Orkeney And for the despyte of Pellenore 21–22 *C* lete see how ye wylle or maye be 29–30 *C** what someuer ye desyre and hit be in my power *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 330v, col. 1–2*) ce que vos me demanderoiz pour tant que ce soit chose que je puisse avoir 31 *C* I wille 32 *C* ye wille be

Cornwayle and lat hym se his fryndis, and there cherysh hym for my sake.'

'Sir,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I promyse you be my fayth and by the fayth that I owe unto God and to you, I shall worship hym for youre sake all that I can or may.'

'Sir,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and I woll forgyff you all the evyll wyll that ever I ought you, and ye swere that uppon a booke afore me.'

'Wyth a good wyll,' seyde kynge Marke.

And so he there sware uppon a booke afore hym and all his knyghtes, and therewith kynge Marke and sir Trystram toke ayther othir by the hondis harde knytte togydyrs. But for all this kynge Marke thought falsely, as hit preved aftir; for he put sir Trystram in preson, and cowardly wolde have slayne hym.

Then sone aftyr kynge Marke toke his leve to ryde into 251v
Cornwayle, and sir Trystram made hym redy to ryde with hym, whereof the moste party of the Rounde Table were wrothe and hevy. And in especiall sir Launcelot and sir Lameroke and sir Dynadan were wrothe oute of mesure, for well they wyste that kynge Marke wolde sle or destroy sir Trystram.

'Alas!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that my lorde sir Trystram shall departe!'

And sir Trystram toke suche a sorow that he was amased.

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure, 'what have ye done? For ye shall lose the man of moste worshyp that ever cam into youre courte.'

'Sir, hit was his owne desyre,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and therefore I myght nat do wythall, for I have done all that I can and made them at accorde.'

'Acorde?' seyde sir Launcelotte. 'Now fye on that accorde! For ye shall here that he shall destroy sir Trystram other put hym into preson, for he is the moste cowarde and the vylaunste kynge and knyght that is now lyvynge.'

3–4 *C* yow by the feythe of my body and 5 *C* sake in all 7 *C* and so be that ye swere that vpon (*S* swere vpon) 21 that *not in C* 25 *C* suche sorowe 26 *C** amasyd lyke a foole 28 *C* moost man of 30 Sir *not in C* 33 Now *not in C* *C* fy vpon 34 *C* he shalle slee sir 35 *C* in a pryson

And therewith sir Launcelot departed and cam to kynge Marke and sayde to hym thus:

'Sir kynge, wyte [th]ou well the good knyght sir Trystram shall go with the. Beware, I rede the, of treson, for and thou myschyff that knyght by ony maner of falsehode or treson, by the fayth I awghe to God and to the Order of Knyghthode, I shall sle the myne owne hondis!'

'Sir Launcelot, overmuch have ye sayde unto me, and I have sworne and seyde over largely afore kynge Arthure, in hyrynge of all hys knyghtes, and overmuch shame hit were to me to breke my promyse.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but ye ar called so false and full of felony that no man may beleve you. Pardé, hit is knowyn well for what cause ye cam into this contrey: and for none other cause but to sle syr [Tristram.'

Soo with grete dole kynge Marke and sir Tristram rode togyders. For hit was by sir Tristrams wil and his meanes to goo with kyng Marke, and all was for the entente to see La Beale Isoud, for without the syghte of her syr Tristram myght not endure.

(23) Now torne we ageyne unto syr Lamorak and speke we of his bretheren: syr Tor, whiche was kynge Pellenors fyrst sone and bygoten of Aryes wyf, the couherd, for he was a bastard; and sire Aglovale was his fyrste sone begoten in wedlok; syre Lamorak, Dornar, Percyvale, these were his sones to in wedlok.

So whanne kynge Marke and sire Tristram were departed from the courte there was made grete dole and sorowe for the departynge of sir Tristram. Thenne the kynge and his knyghtes made no manere of joyes eyghte dayes after.

And atte eyghte dayes ende ther cam to the courte a knyghte with a yonge squyer with hym, and whanne this knyghte was unarmed he went to the kynge and requyred hym to make the yonge squyer a knyghte.

'Of what lygnage is he come?' said kynge Arthur.

'Syre,' sayd the knyght, 'he is the sone of kynge Pellenore

3 *W* you 8 *C* launcelot said the kyng 10–11 *C** knyghtes that I shal not sle nor bitraye hym It were to me ouer moche shame to breke 13–14 *C* of treason that no man man† byleue you For soth it is knowen wel wherfor ye 15 *C* but for slee *S* but to slee 15–p. 612, l. 1 *Folio 252 is missing in W. The text in square brackets is based on C. For p. 611, l. 38 see note.*

that dyd you somtyme good servyse, and he is broder unto syr Lamorak de Galys, the good knyghte.'

'Wel,' sayd the kynge, 'for what cause desyre ye that of me that I shold make hym knyghte?'

'Wete you wel, my lord the kynge, that this yonge squyer is broder to me as wel as to sir Lamorak, and my name is Aglavale.'

'Syre Aglovayle,' sayd Arthur, 'for the love of sire Lamorak and for his faders love he shalle be made knyghte tomorowe. Now telle me,' said Arthur, 'what is his name?'

'Syre,' sayd the knyght, 'his name is Percyvale de Galys.'

Soo on the morne the kynge made hym knyght in Camelott. But the kynge and alle the knyghtes thoughte hit wold be longe or that he preved a good knyghte.

Thenne at the dyner, whanne the kynge was set at the table, and every knyght after he was of prowesse, the kyng commaunded hym to be sette amonge meane knyghtes; and soo was sire Percyvale sette as the kynge commaunded.

Thenne was there a mayden in the quenes court that was come of hyhe blood, and she was domme and never spak word. Ryght so she cam streyght into the halle, and went unto sir Percyvale, and toke hym by the hand and said alowde, that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit,

'Aryse, syr Percyvale, the noble knyght and Goddes knyght, and go with me!'

And so he dyd, and there she broughte hym to the ryght syde of the Sege Perillous and said,

'Fair knyghte, take here thy sege, for that sege apperteyneth to the and to none other.'

Ryght soo she departed and asked a preste, and as she was confessid and houseld thenne she dyed. Thenne the kynge and alle the courte made grete joye of syr Percyvale.

Now torne we unto sir Lamorak that moche was there (24) preysed. Thenne by the meane of sir Gawayn and his bretheren they sente for her moder there besydes, fast by a castel besyde Camelot, and alle was to that entente to slee sir Lamorak. The quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle, but sir Lamorak wyst of ⟨her⟩ beynge and was ful fayne.

And for to make an ende of this matere, he sente unto her, and ther betwixe them was a nyght assygned that

W 253r sir Lamorak shold come to her. Therof] was ware sir Gaherys, and rode afore the same nyght, and wayted uppon sir Lamerok. And than he sy where he cam rydynge all armed, and where he alyght and tyed his horse to a prevay postren, and so he wente into a parler and unarmed hym. And than he wente unto the quenys bed, and she made of hym passynge grete joy and he of her agayne, for ayther lovid other passynge sore.

So whan sir Gaherys sawe his tyme he cam to there beddis syde all armed, wyth his swerde naked, and suddaynly he gate his modir by the heyre and strake of her hede. Whan sir Lameroke sawe the blood daysshe uppon hym all hote, whyche was the bloode that he loved passyng well, wyte you well he was sore abaysshed and dismayed of that dolerous syght. And therewithall sir Lameroke lepte oute of the bed in his shurte as a knyght dismayed, saynge thus:

'A, sir Gaherys, knyght of the Table Rounde! Fowle and evyll have ye done, and to you grete shame! Alas, why have ye slayne youre modir that bare you? For with more ryght ye shulde have slayne me!'

'The offence haste thou done,' seyde sir Gaherys. 'Natwithstondynge a man is borne to offir his servyse, but yett sholdyst thou beware with whom thou medelyst, for thou haste put my bretherne and me to a shame; and thy fadir slew oure fadir, and thou to ly by oure modir is to muche shame for us to suffir. And as for thy fadir, kynge Pellynor, my brothir sir Gawayne and I slew hym.'

'Ye ded the more wronge,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'for my fadir slew nat your fadir: hit was Balyn le Saveage! And as yett my fadyrs deth is nat revenged.'

'Leve tho wordy[s],' seyde sir Gaherys, 'for and thou speke vylaunsly I woll sle the, but bycause thou arte naked I am ashamed to sle the. But wyte thou well, in what place I may gete the, I woll sle the! And now is my modir quytte of the, for she shall never shame her chyldryn. And therefore hyghe

3 rydynge *not in C* 4 *C* sire Lamorak alyghte he teyed 9 *C* whan the knyght syr 10 he *not in C* 13 *C* the whiche *W* ppassyng 14–15 *C*† dolorous knyght 19 For *not in C* 24 *C* putte me and my bretheren to 28 *C* ye dyd hym the more 31–32 *C* speke felonsly 34 *C* I shalle slee *C* my moder is quyte 35–p. 613, l. 1 for she shall never shame her chyldryn. And therefore hyghe the *not in C*† (*homœoteleuton*)

the and wythdrawe the and take thyne armour, that thou 253v
were gone.'

So sir Lameroke saw there was none other boote, but faste armed hym and toke his horse and roode his way makynge grete sorow; but for shame and sorowe he wolde nat ryde to kynge Arthurs courte, but rode another way.

But whan hit was knowyn that sir Gaherys had slayne his modir the kynge was wrothe and commaunded hym to go oute of his courte. Wyte you well sir Gawayne was wrothe that sir Gaherys had slayne his modir and lete sir Lameroke ascape. And for this mater was the kynge passynge wrothe and many other knyghtes.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'here is a grete myscheff fallyn by fellony and by forecaste [treason], that your syster is thus shamfully islayne. And I dare say hit was wrought by treson, and I dare say also that ye shall lose that good knyght sir Lamerok. And I wote well, and sir Trystram wyste hit, he wolde never com within your courte.'

'God deffende', seyde kynge Arthur, 'that I sholde lese sir Lamerok [or sir Trystram, for than tweyne of my chief knyghtes of the Table Rounde were gone.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am sure ye shall lose sir Lamerok,] for sir Gawayne and his bretherne woll sle hym by one meane other by another.'

'That shall I lette,' seyde kynge Arthur.

NOW LEVE WE OF SIR LAMEROK AND SPEKE WE OF SIR (25)
GAWAYNE AND HIS BRETHERNE, SIR AGGRAVAYNE AND SIR MORDRED.

As they rode on their adventures they mette wyth a knyght flyynge sore wounded, and they asked hym what tydynges.

'Fayre knyghtes,' sayde he, 'here commyth a knyght aftir me that woll sle me.'

So wyth that come sir Dynadan fast rydynge to them by

5 *C* for the shame and doloure he 8 *C* passynge wrothe 12 *C*† wrothe and soo was sir Lamorak and many 13–14 *C* befallen by 16 *C* also that *not in C* 17 *C* Lamorak the whiche is grete pyte I wote wel and am sure and sir 18 *C** neuer more come within your courte the whiche shold greue yow moche more and alle youre knyghtes 19 *C* the noble Kynge 20–23 *WO*[1] Lamerok yes seyde sir Launcelot for sir Gawayne 24 *C** or other for they amonge them haue concluded and sworne to slee hym and euer they may see their tyme 27 *C* Gawayns bretheren & specially of sire 33 fast *not in C*

adventure, but he wolde promyse them none helpe. But sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred promysed to rescowe hym.

And therewithall come that knyght streyte unto them, and anone he profyrde to juste. That sawe sir Mordred and rode to hym and strake hym, but he smote sir Mordred over his horse tayle.

That sawe sir Aggravayne ⌜and streyghte he rode toward that knyght⌝. And ryght so as he served sir Mordred, so he
254r served sir Aggravayne and [seyde],

'Wyte you well, syrrys bothe, that I am sir Brewnys Saunze Pité that hath done thus to you.'

And yet he rode over sir Aggravayne fyve or six tymes.

Whan sir Dynadan saw this, he muste nedis juste with hym for shame. And so sir Dynadan and he encountyrd togydyrs, but wyth pure strengthe sir Dynadan smote hym over hys horse tayle. Than he toke his horse and fledde. (For he was on foote one of the valyaunte knyghtes in Arthurs dayes, and a grete dystroyer of all good knyghtes).

Than rode sir Dynadan unto sir Mordred and unto sir Aggravayne.

'Sir knyght, well have ye done, and well have ye revenged us, wherefore we pray you tell us your name.'

'Fayre syrs, ye ought to knowe my name whyche is called sir Dynadan.'

Whan they undirstode that hit was sir Dynadan they were more wrothe than they were before, for they hated hym oute of mesure bycause of sir Lameroke. For sir Dynadan had suche a custom that he loved all good knyghtes that were valyaunte, and he hated all tho that were destroyers of good knyghtes. And there was none that hated sir Dynadan but tho that ever were called murtherers.

Than spake the hurte knyght that Brewnes Saunze Pité had chaced, his name was Dalan, and sayde,

'Yf thou be sir Dynadan, thou slewe my fadir.'

'Hit myght well be so,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'but than hit was in my deffence and at his requeste.'

1 *C* no help 5 *C*† hym but he strake Mordred 7–8 *F* Agravains . . . lesse courre vers Breuz 9–10 *C* said to them Syrs wete ye wel bothe 11 *C* done this 18 *C* valyauntest 21 *C** knyght said they alle wel *O*1 knyght said they all ryght well 23 *C* the whiche 30 *C* were none 34 *C* slewest

'Be my hede,' seyde Dalyn, 'thou shalt dye therefore!'

And therewith he dressed his speare and his shylde. And to make shorte tale, sir Dynadan smote hym downe of his horse, that his necke was nye brokyn. And in the same wyse he smote sir Mordred and sir Aggravayne. And aftir, in the queste of the Sankgreal, cowardly and felonsly they slew 254v sir Dynadan, whyche was a ⌜grete dammage, for he was a⌝ grete bourder and a passynge good knyght.

And so sir Dynadan rode to a castall that hyght Beall Valet, and there he founde sir Palamydes that was nat hole of the wounde that sir Lamerok gaff hym. And there sir Dynadan tolde sir Palomydes all the tydynges that he harde and sawe of sir Trystram, and how he was gone with kynge Marke, and wyth hym he hath all his wyll and desyre. Therewith sir Palomydes wexed wrothe, for he loved la Beale Isode, and than he wyste well that sir Trystram enjoyed her.

Now leve we sir Palomydes and sir Dynadan in the castell (26) of Beale Valet, and turne we agayne unto kynge Arthure. There cam a knyght oute of Cornwayle, his name was sir Fergus, a felow of the Rounde Table, and there he tolde the kynge and sir Launcelot good tydyngis of sir Trystram (and there was brought goodly letters), and how he leffte hym in the castell of Tyntagyll.

Than cam a damesell that brought goodly lettyrs unto kynge Arthure and unto sir Launcelot, and there she had passynge good chere of the kynge and of the quene and of sir Launcelot. And so they wrote goodly lettyrs agayne. But sir Launcelot bade ever sir Trystram beware of kynge Marke, for ever he called hym in hys lettirs Kynge Foxe, as who saythe he faryth allwey with wylys and treson; whereof sir Trystram in his herte thanked sir Launcelot.

Than the damesell wente unto La Beale Isode and bare

3 *C* make the shorter tale 7–8 *C** the whiche was grete dammage for he was a grete bourder *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 334, f. 334v, col. 1*) bien eust Dynadam mort et lui et l'autre se il li pleust, mes pour ce que il ne vouloit mie avoir blasme du roy Artus ne de celui lingnage ne de nul autre chevalier, les lessa il a mettre a mort . . . si li tourna puis a domage, car aprés la queste du Seint Graal . . . l'ocist Agravain entre lui et Mordret 10 *C* not yet hole 23 *C* were brought 25 *C* the damoysel 27 *C* Quene Gueneuer and 31 *C* fareth alle with

hir lettirs frome the kyng and from sir Launcelot, whereof she was in grete joy.

'Fayre damesell,' seyde Isode, 'how faryth my lorde Arthure, and quene Gwenyver, and the noble knyght sir Launcelot?'

255r She answerd, and to make shorte tale, 'Muche the bettir that ye and sir Trystram bene in joy.'

'God rewarde them,' seyde Isode, 'for sir Trystram hath suffirde grete payne for me and I for hym.'

So the damesell departed and brought the lettirs to kynge Marke. And whan he had rad them and undirstonde them, he was wroth wyth sir Trystram, for he demed that he had sente the damesell to kynge Arthure. For kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot in a maner thretned kynge Marke in ⟨t⟩his letters, and as kynge Marke red this lettyrs he demede treson by sir Trystram.

'Damesell,' seyde kynge Marke, 'woll ye ryde agayne and beare lettyrs frome me unto kynge Arthure?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'I woll be at youre commaundement to ryde whan ye wyll.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde the kynge. 'Com ye agayne tomorne and fecche youre lettyrs.'

Than she departed and cam to La Beall Isode and to sir Trystram and tolde hem how she sholde ryde agayne with lettyrs to kynge Arthure.

'Than we pray you,' seyde they, 'that whan ye have resceyved youre lettyrs that ye wolde com by us, that we may se the prevyté of your lettirs.'

'All that I may do, madame, ye wote well I muste do for sir Trystram, for I have be longe his owne maydyn.'

So on the morne the damesell wente unto kynge Marke to have resceyved his lettyrs and to departe.

'Damesell, I am nat avysed,' seyde kynge Marke, 'as at this tyme to sende my lettyrs.'

But so pryvayly and secretely he sente lettirs unto kynge

2 *C* in passynge grete 3, 8 *C* said la Beale Isoud 8–9 *C*† Tristram suffereth 10 the *not in C* 11 *C* vnderstood 13–14 *C* For Arthur and Launcelot 14 *C* threted 15 in his letters *not in C* 21 *C* come ageyne said the Kyng 23–24 and cam to La Beall Isode and to sir Trystram *not in C*† 26 *C* said la beale Isoud and sir Tristram 30 *C* ben longe 32 *C* haue had his 33 Damesell *not in C* 35 *C* Thenne pryuely

Arthure and unto quene Gwenyver and unto sir Launcelot. So the varlet departed and founde the kynge and the quene in Walys, at Carlyon. And as the kynge and the quene was at masse the varlet cam wyth the lettyrs, and whan masse was done the kynge and the quene opened the lettirs pre- 5 **255v**
vayly. And to begyn, the kyngis lettirs spake wondirly shorte unto kynge Arthur, and bade hym entermete with hymself and wyth hys wyff, and of his knyghtes, for he was able to rule his wyff and his knyghtes.

Whan kynge Arthure undirstode the lettir, he mused of 10 (27)
many thynges, and thought of his systyrs wordys, quene Morgan le Fay, that she had seyde betwyxte quene Gwenyver and sir Launcelot, and in this thought he studyed a grete whyle. Than he bethought hym agayne how his owne sistir was his enemy, and that she hated the quene and sir Launce- 15
lot to the deth, and so he put that all oute of his thought.

Than kynge Arthur rad the letter agayne, and the lattir clause seyde that kynge Marke toke sir Trystram for his mortall enemy, wherefore he put kynge Arthure oute of doute he wolde be revenged of sir Trystram. Than was 20
kynge Arthure wrothe wyth kynge Marke.

And whan quene Gwenyver rad hir lettir and undirstode hyt, she was wrothe oute of mesure, for the letter spake shame by her and by sir Launcelot. And so prevayly she sente the lettir unto sir Launcelot. And when he wyste the 25
entente of the letter he was so wrothe that he layde hym downe on his bed to slepe, whereof sir Dynadan was ware, for hit was his maner to be prevy with all good knyghtes. And as sir Launcelot slepte, he stale the lettir oute of his honde and rad hit worde by worde, and than he made grete 30
sorow for angir. And sir Launcelot so wakened, and wente to a wyndowe and redde the letter agayne, whyche made hym angry.

'Syr,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'wherefore be ye angry? I **256r**
pray you, discover your harte to me, for, pardé, ye know 35
well that I wolde you but well, for I am a poor knyght and

3–4 *C* were at 5–6 *C** pryuely by them self And the begynnynge of the kynges 8–10 *C* able ynough to rule and kepe his wyf Capitulum xvii (*sic*) Whanne 14–15 *C*† his syster was his owne enemy 16 to the deth *not in C* 34–35 I pray you *not in C* 35–36 *C* For sothe ye wote wel I owe yow good wylle how be hit I am

a servyture unto you and to all good knyghtes. For though I be nat of worship myself, I love all tho that bene of worship.'

'Hit is trouthe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye ar a trusty knyght, and for grete truste I woll shewe you my counceyle.'

And whan sir Dynadan undirstoode hit well he seyde,

'Sir, thus is my counceyle: sette you ryght naught by thes thretenynges, for kynge Marke is so vylaunce a knyght that by fayre speche shall never man gete ought of hym. But ye shall se what I shall do: I woll make a lay for hym, and whan hit is made, I shall make an harpere to syng hit afore hym.'

And so anone he wente and made hit, and taught hit to an harpere that hyght Elyot, and whan he cowde hit he taught hit to many harpers. And so by the wyll of kynge Arthure and of sir Launcelot the harpers wente into Walys and into Cornwayle to synge the lay that sir Dynadan made by kynge Marke, whyche was the worste lay that ever harper songe with harpe or with ony other instrument.

(28) Now turne we agayne unto sir Trystram and to kynge Marke. Now as sir Trystram was at a justys and at a turnemente hit fortuned he was sore hurte bothe with a speare and with a swerde, but yet allwayes he wan the gre. And for to repose hym he wente to a good knyght that dwelled in Cornwayle in a castell, whos name was sir Dynas the Senesciall.

So by myssefortune there come oute of Syssoyne a grete
256v numbre of men of armys, and an hedeous oste, and they entyrd nye the castell of Tyntagyll; and hir captens name was sir Elyas, a good man of armys.

Whan kynge Marke undirstood his enemyes were entyrd into his londe he made grete dole and sorow, for in no wyse by his good wylle kynge Marke wolde nat sende for sir Trystram, for he hated hym dedly. So whan his counceyle was com, they devysed and caste many perellys of the grete

6–7 *C* vnderstood alle he said this is my counceyl 8 *C* thretys a knyght *not in C* 9 ought *not in C*† 11–12 *W* made make an harpere to syng hit I shall afore *C** made I shalle make 13 to *not in C* 15–16 *C* of sire Launcelot and of Arthur 16 *C* went streyghte in to 18 by *not in S* 19 *C* Instrumentys 21–22 *C* at Iustes and att turnement 23 *C* yet he wanne alweyes the degre 33 good *not in C* 35 grete *not in C*

strengthe of hir enemyes. And than they concluded all at onys, and seyde thus unto kynge Marke:

'Sir, wyte you well ye muste sende for sir Trystram, the good knyght, other ellys they woll never be overcom, for by sir Trystram they muste be foughtyn withall, other ellys we rowe ayenste the streme.'

'Well,' seyde kynge Marke, 'I woll do by youre counceyle.'

But yette he was full lothe thereto, but nede constrayned hym to sende for hym. And so he was sente fore in all haste that myght be, that he sholde com to kynge Marke. And whan he undirstoode that he had sente for hym, he bestrode a soffte ambular and rode to kynge Marke. And whan he was com the kynge seyde thus:

'Fayre nevew, sir Trystram, this is all: here be come oure enemyes off Sessoyne that ar here nyhonde, and without taryynge they muste be mette wyth shortly, other ellys they woll destroy this contrey.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'wyte you well all my power is at your commaundement. But, sir, this eyght dayes I may beare none armys, for my woundis be nat hole. And by that day I shall do what I may.'

'Ye say well,' seyde kynge Marke. 'Than go ye agayne and repose you and make you freysh, and I shall go mete the Sessoynes with all my power.'

So the kynge departed unto Tyntagyll and sir Trystram wente to repose hym.

And the kynge made a grete oste and departed them in three. The fyrste parte ledde sir Dynas the Senescyall, and sir Andret led the secunde parte, and sir Arguys led the thirde parte, and he was of the bloode of kynge Marke. And **257r** the Sessoynes had three grete batayles and many good men of armys.

And so kynge Marke by the advyce of his knyghtes yssued oute of the castell of Tyntagyll uppon his enemyes. And sir Dynas, the good knyght, rode oute afore and slewe two good knyghtes his owne hondis. And then began the

10 *C* Thenne was he sente 12 *C* Kynge Marke had sente 12–13 *C* he mounted vpon a softe 16 *C* nyghe hand 20 *C* commaundement And wete ye wel syre these eyght 21 *C* not yet hole 24 *C* go and mete 37 good *not in C*

batayles. And there was mervaylous brekynge of spearys and smytynge of swerdys, and bylled downe many good knyghtes. And ever was sir Dynas the Senesciall beste of kynge Markys party.

And thus the batayle endured longe with grete mor[t]alyté, but at the laste kynge Marke and sir Dynas, were they never so loth, they were dryvyn to the castall of Tyntagyll with grete slaughter of people. And the Syssoynes folowed on faste, that ten of them were getyn wythin the yatys and four slayne wyth the portecolyes.

Than kynge Marke sente for sir Trystram by a varlet agayne that tolde hym of all the mor[t]alyté. Than he sente the varlet agayne and bade hym:

'Telle kynge Marke that I woll com as sone as I am hole, for arste I may do hym no goode.'

Than kynge Marke hadde hys answere.

And therewith cam Elyas, and bade the kynge yelde up the castell, 'for ye may not holde hit nowhyle.'

'Sir Elyas,' seyde kynge Marke, 'and yf I be nat the sonner rescowed, I muste yelde up this castell.'

And anone the kynge sente ayen for rescow to sir Trystram. And by that tyme sir Trystram was nyghe hole, and he had getyn hym ten good knyghtes of kynge Arthurs, and wyth hem he rode unto Tyntagyll.

And whan he sawe the grete oste of Sessoynes he marvayled wondir gretly. And than sir Trystram rode by the woddys and by the dychis as secretely as he myght, tyll he cam ny the gatis. And anone there dressed a knyght to hym,
257v whan he sawe that sir Trystram wolde have entird. Than sir Trystram ran to hym and smote hym downe dede. And so he served three mo. And everyche of these ten knyghtes slewe a man of armys. So sir Trystram entyrde into the yatys of Tyntagyll.

2 *C* and slewe doune 7 *C* they withdrewen hem to 8 *C* and *S* And 9 *C* were put within 12 agayne *not in C* 19–21 *C* said the kyng so wyll I yelde vp the castel yf I be not soone rescoued Anone Kyng Marke sente 21–22 *C* Tristram By thenne sir Tristram was hoole 23 *C* goten hym 29–30 *C* wold entre & sir tristram smote 30 ran to hym *not in C*† *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 369r, col. 2*) quant Tristan le voit venir il ne fait mie semblant qu'il ait paour, ains li adresce la teste du cheval et le fiert si durement en son venir, *etc.* 32–33 *C* in to the castel of

And whan kynge Marke wyste that sir Trystram was com he was glad of his commynge, and so was all the felyship, and of hym they made grete joy. And on the morne Elyas (29) the captayne cam and bade kynge Marke:

'Com oute and do batay[le], for now the good knyght 5 sir Trystram is entyrd. And hit woll be shame,' seyde Elyas, 'for to keep thy wallys.'

Whan kynge Marke undirstoode this he was wrothe and seyde no worde, but wente to sir Trystram and axed hym his counceyle. 10

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'woll ye that I gyff hym his answere?'

'I woll well,' seyde kynge Marke.

Than sir Trystram seyde thus to the messengere:

'Beare thy lorde worde frome the kynge and me and sey 15 how that we woll do batayle to-mor[n]e wyth hym in the playne fylde.'

'Sir, what is your name?' seyde the messyngere.

'Sir, wyte [th]ou well my name is sir Trystram de Lyones.'

So therewithall the messyngere departed and tolde his 20 lorde Elyas.

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I pray o⟨f⟩ you gyff me leve to have the rule of youre oste to-morowe.'

'Sir, I pray you take the rule,' seyde kynge Marke.

Than sir Trystram lete devyse the batayle in what maner 25 that they sholde be. So he lete his oste be departed in ⌜six⌝ batayles, and ordayned sir Dynas the Senesciall to have the voward, and other good knyghtes to rule the remenaunte. And the same nyght sir Trystram gart bren all the Sessoynes shyppis unto the colde water. And anone, as Elyas wyst 30 that, he seyde hit was of sir Trystrams doynge:

'For he castyth that we shall never ascape, modyrs sonne of us. Therefore, fayre felowys, fyght frely to-morow, and myscomfort you nought for one knyght, for though he be 258r

6 *C* shame to the 15–16 and sey how *not in C* 16 *C* with hym to morne
18, 19 Sir *not in C* 19 *W* wyte you well 21 *C* Elyas alle that he had herd
22 *C** Tristram vnto Kynge Marke 23–24 *C* rule of the bataill I pray
26 *W* in vii 26–27 *C** it shold be He lete departe his hoost in syxe partyes
F (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 370r, col. 1*) Tristan ordonne sa gent et fait iiii batailles aussi bonnes et grandes, et ii ou il ot moins de gent 27–28 *C* haue the fore ward
29 *C* Tristram brente alle 32 *C* moder 34 *C* onyꝑknyȝt though

the beste knyght of the worlde he may nat have ado with us all.'

Than they ordayned their batayles [in] four partyes, wondirly well apparayled and garnysshed [with] men of armys. Thus they wythin issued oute, and they wythoute sette frely uppon them. And there sir Dynas ded grete dedis of armys; natforthan sir Dynas and his felyshyp were put to the wors.

So with that cam sir Trystram and slew two knyghtes with one speare. Than he slew on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that men mervayled that ever he myght do suche dedis of armys. And than he myght se somtyme the batayle was dryvyn a bow-draught frome the castell, and somtyme hit was at the yatys of the castell.

Than cam Elyas the captayne, russhynge here and there, and smote kynge Marke so sore uppon the helme that he made hym to avoyde his sadyll. And than sir Dynas gate kynge Marke agayne to horsebacke.

And therewyth cam syr Trystram lyke a lyon, and there he mette wyth sir Elyas, and he smote hym so sore on the helme that he avayded his sadyll. And thus they fought tylle hit was nyght, and for grete slaughtir of peple and for wounded peple every party withdrew to theire resseyte.

And whan kynge Marke was com wythin the castell of Tyntagyll he lacked of his knyghtes an hondred, and they withoute lacked two hondred. Than they serched the wounded men on bothe partyes, and than they wente to counceyle. And wyte you well eythir party were loth to fyght more, so that aythir myght ascape with their worshyp.

Whan Elyas the captayne undirstoode the deth of his men
258v he made grete dole; also whan he knew that they were loth to go to batayle agayne, he was wrothe oute of mesure. Than Elyas sente unto kynge Marke in grete dispyte uppon hede whether he wolde fynde a knyght that wolde fyght with hym body for body, and yf that he myght sle kynge Markis knyght, he to have the trewayge of Cornwayle

1 *C* in the world 4 *W* appararayled apparayled 5 oute *not in C* 16 *C* and hytte kynge 17 *C* the sadel 19 *C* There with alle 22 of peple *not in C* 23 *C* eueryche party drewe to their reste 31 *C* he wyst that 33–34 *C* sente word vnto Kyng Mark in grete despyte whether 34–35 *C* fyghte for hym

yerely, and yf that his knyght sle ⌜hym⌝, 'I fully releace my clayme for ever.'

Than the messynge departed unto kynge Marke and tolde hym how that his lorde Elyas had sent hym worde to fynde a knyght to do batayle wyth hym body for body. 5 Whan kynge Marke undirstood the messynge he bade hym abyde and he sholde have his answere. Than callyd he all the batayle togydir to wyte what was best counceyle, and they seyde all at onys,

'To fyght in a fylde we have no luste, for had nat bene the 10 proues of sir Trystram, hit hadde bene lykly that we never sholde have scaped. And therefore, sir, as we deme, hit were well done to fynde a knyght that wolde do batayle wyth hym, for he knyghtly proferyth.'

Natforthan whan all this was seyde they coude fynde no 15 (30) knyght that wolde do batayle with hym.

'Sir kynge,' seyde they all, 'here is no knyght that dare fyght with Elyas.'

'Alas!' seyde kynge Marke, 'than am I shamed and uttirly distroyed, onles that my nevew sir Trystram wolde 20 take the batayle uppon hym.'

'Sir, wyte you well,' they seyde all, 'he had yesterday overmuche on hande, and he is wery and travayled and sore wounded.'

'Where is he?' seyde kynge Marke. 25

Than one answeryd and sayde, 'Sir, he lyeth in his bedde for to repose hym.'

'Alas!' seyde kynge Marke, 'but I have the succour of 259r my nevew sir Trystram, I am utterly destroyed for ever.'

And therewithall one wente to sir Trystram there he lay, 30 and tolde hym what kynge Marke seyde. And therewith sir Trystram arose lyghtly and put on hym a longe gowne, and cam afore the kynge and the lordis. And whan he saw them so dismayed he axed them what tydynges.

1 *W* sle myne *C** sle hym *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 373r, col. 1*) se vous en champ le [= Helyas] povés conquerre 3 *C* messager 6 *C* messagyer 7–8 *C** alle the Baronage to gyder 11 *C* syr Tristrams prowesse 19 *C* am I vtterly ashamed and 20–21 *C* wylle take 22 Sir *not in C* 23 *C* wery for trauaille and 26–27 *C* Syr said they he is in his bedde to repose 31 *C* had sayd 33 *C* al the lordes 34 *C* hem alle soo desmayed he asked the Kynge and the lordes what tydynges were with hem

'Never worse,' seyde the kynge. And therewyth he tolde hym all as ye have herde aforehonde. 'And as for you,' seyde the kynge, 'we may aske no more of you for shame, for thorow youre hardynesse yestirday ye saved all oure lyvys.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'now I undirstonde ye wolde have my succour, and reson wolde that I sholde do all that lyyth in me to do, savynge my worshyp and my lyff, howbe-[hit] that I am sore brused and hurte. And sytthyn sir Elyas proferyth so largely, I shall fyght with hym. Other ellys I woll be slayne in the fylde, othir ellys delyver Cornwayle of the olde trewage. And therefore lyghtly calle his messyngere, and he shall be answerde. For as yett my woundis bene grene, and they woll be sorer hereaftir sevennyght than they be now, and therefore he shall have his answere that I woll do batayle to-morne.'

Than was the messyngere brought before kynge Marke.

'Now herkyn, my felow,' seyde sir Trystram, 'go faste unto thy lorde, and bid hym make a trewe assurance on his party for the trwayge, as the kynge here shall on his party. And than tell thy lorde that sir Trystram, kynge Arthurs knyght and knyght of the Table Rounde, wyll as to-morne mete with thy lorde on horsebak to do batayle as longe as I may endure, and aftir that to do batayle with hym on foote to the uttraunce.'

The messyngere behylde sir Trystram frome the top to the too, and therewythall he departed. And so he cam to his
259v lorde and tolde hym how he was answere[d] of sir Trystram.

And therewithall was made ostage on bothe partyes, and made hit as sure as hit myght be that whethirsomever party had the victory, so for to ende. And than were bothe ostys assembeled on bothe partyes the fylde wythoute the castell of Tyntagyll, and there was none that bare armys but sir Trystram and sir Elyas.

2 *W* ȝe have *C** alle how he had word of Elyas to fynde a knyȝt to fyghte for the truage of Cornewail and none can I fynde And 3 *C** the kynge and alle the lordes we maye 4 *C*† your lyues 7 *C* in my power to doo 13–14 *C* sorer a seuen nyght after than they ben now 15 *C* to morn with hym 16 *C*† messager departed brought 17 *C* Herke my 18 *C* make true 19 *C* shalle make on 20 *C* lord sir Elyas that I sir Tristram 22–23 *C** as longe as my hors maye endure 26 so he *not in C* 29 somever *not in C* 30 for *not in C* 31 *C* of the 32–p. 625, l. 1 *C* none but sir Tristram and sir Elyas armed Soo

So whan all the poyntemente was made they departed in sundir and cam togydirs wyth all the myght that there horsys myght ren, that ayther knyght smote othir so harde that bothe horsis and knyghtes wente to the erthe. Natforthan they bothe arose lyghtly, and dressed their shyldis on their sholdyrs with naked swerdys in their hondis, and they daysshed togydirs so that hit semed a flamynge fyre aboute them. Thus they traced and traversced, and hewe on helmys and hawberkes, and cut away many cantellys of their shyldis, and aythir wounded othir passynge sore, that the hoote blood ran freyshly uppon the erthe.

And by than they had foughtyn the mowntenaunce of an owre, sir Trystram waxed faynte and wery, and bled sore, and gaff sore abak. That sawe sir Elyas, and folowed fyersly uppon hym and wounded hym in many placis. And ever sir Trystram traced and traverced and wente froward hym here and there, and coverde hym with his shylde as he myght all waykely, that all men sayde he was overcom; for sir Elyas had gyvyn hym twenty strokes ayenste one. Than was there lawghynge amonge the Sessoynes party, and grete dole on kynge Markis party.

'Alas,' seyde the kynge, 'we ar all shamed and destroyed for ever!'

For, as the booke seyth, sir Trystram was never so macched but yf hit were of sir Launcelot.

Thus as they stode and behylde bothe partyes, that one party laughynge and the othir party wepynge, sir Trystram **260r** remembird hym of his lady, La Beale Isode, that loked uppon hym, and how he was never lykly to com in hir presence. Than he pulled up his shylde that before hynge full lowe, and than he dressed hym unto sir Elyas and gaff hym many sad strokys, twenty ayenst one, and all to-brake his shylde and his hawberke, that the hote bloode ran downe as hit had been rayne. Than began kynge Marke and all Cornyshemen to lawghe, and the other party to wepe.

And ever sir Trystram seyde to sir Elyas, 'Yelde the!'

1 all *not in C* 3 *C* renne And eyther 11 *C* blood felle fresshly 13–14 *C* faynte and forbledde and gaf 20 *C* laughyng of the Sessoyns 29 *C* lykely neuer 31 *C* dressid vp his shelde vnto Elyas 33 *C** ranne doune to the erthe as hit had bene rayne *not in C*† 34 *C* Marke to laughe and alle Cornysshe men 35 *C* that other

And whan sir Trystram saw hym so stakir on the grounde, he seyde,

'Sir Elyas, I am ryght sory for the, for thou arte a passynge good knyght as ever I mette withall excepte sir Launcelot.'

And therewithall sir Elyas fell to the erthe and there dyed.

'Now what shall I do?' seyde sir Trystram unto kynge Marke, 'for this batayle ys at an ende.'

Than they [of Elyas party] departed, and kynge Marke toke of hem many presoners to redresse the harmys and the scathis, and the remenaunte he sente into her countrey to borow oute their felowys.

Than was sir Trystram serched and well healed. Yett for all this kynge Marke wolde have slayne sir Trystram, but for all that ever sir Trystram saw other herde by kynge Marke, he wolde never beware of his treson; but evir he wolde be thereas La Beale Isode was.

(31) Now woll we passe over this mater and speke we of the harpers that sir Launcelot and sir Dynadan had sente into Cornwayle. And at the grete feste that kynge Marke made for the joy that the Sessoynes were put oute of his contrey, than cam Elyas the harper with the lay that sir Dynadan had made, and secretly brought hit unto sir Trystram, and tolde hym the lay that sir Dynadan had made by kynge Marke.
260v And whan sir Trystram harde hit, he sayde,

'O Lord Jesu! That sir Dynadan can make wondirly well and yll. There he sholde make evyll!'

'Sir,' seyde Elyas, 'dare I synge this songe afore kynge Marke?'

'Yee, on my perell,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I shall be thy waraunte.'

So at the mete in cam Elyas the harper amonge other mynstrels and began to harpe. And because he was a coryous harper men harde hym synge the same lay that sir Dynadan made, whyche spake the moste vylany by kynge Marke and of his treson that ever man herde. And whan the harper had sunge his songe to the ende, kynge Marke was wondirly wrothe and sayde,

1 *C* so stakkerynge 6 Now *not in C* 8 *Not emended in O*1 9–10 *C* scathes that he had of them and the remenaunte 13 *C* wold fayne haue 14–15 *C* Marke yet wold he neuer 17 *C* passe of 26 *C*† ylle there as it shalle be 31–32 among other mynstrels and began to harpe *not in C* 34 and *not in C*†

'Harper, how durste thou be so bolde, on thy hede, to synge this songe afore me?'

'Sir,' seyde Elyas, 'wyte thou well I am a mynstrell, and I muste do as I am commaunded of thos lordis that I beare the armys of. And, sir, wyte you well that sir Dynadan, a knyght of the Table Rounde, made this songe and made me to synge hit afore you.'

'Thou seyste well,' seyde kynge Marke, 'and bycause thou arte a mynstrell thou shalt go quyte. But I charge the, hyghe the faste oute of my syght!'

So Elyas the harper departed and wente to sir Trystram and tolde hym how he had sped. Than sir Trystram let make lettyrs as goodly as he cowde to ⌜Launcelot⌝ and to sir Dynadan, and so he let conduyte the harper oute of the contrey. But to sey that kynge Marke was wondirly wrothe, [he was], for he demed that the lay that was songe afore hym was made by sir Trystrams counceyle, wherefore he thought to sle hym and all his well-wyllers in that contrey.

1 *C* thow harper 4 *C* of these 11 Elyas *not in C* 13 *W* to Camelot *C** to launcelot *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 376ᵛ, col. 1*) Me salueras Lancelot du Lac. A cellui diras tu *etc.*

CHAPTER VII

HOW FOR THE DESPITE OF SIR TRISTRAM KING MARK CAME WITH TWO KNIGHTS INTO ENGLAND, AND HOW HE SLEW ONE OF THE KNIGHTS.

THEN King Mark had great despite of the renown of Sir Tristram, and then he chased him out of Cornwall: yet was he nephew unto King Mark, but he had great suspicion unto Sir Tristram because of his queen, La Beale Isoud; for him seemed that there was too much love between them both. So when Sir Tristram departed out of Cornwall into England King Mark heard of the great prowess that Sir Tristram did there, the which grieved him sore. So he sent on his part men to espy what deeds he did. And the queen sent privily on her part spies to know what deeds he had done, for great love was between them twain. So when the messengers were come home they told the truth as they had heard, that he passed all other knights but if it were Sir Launcelot. Then King Mark was right heavy of these tidings, and as glad was La

Beale Isoud. Then in great despite he took with him two good knights and two squires, and disguised himself, and took his way into England, to the intent for to slay Sir Tristram. And one of these two knights hight Bersules, and the other knight was called Amant. So as they rode King Mark asked a knight that he met, where he should find King Arthur. He said: At Camelot. Also he asked that knight after Sir Tristram, whether he heard of him in the court of King Arthur. Wit you well, said that knight, ye shall find Sir Tristram there for a man of as great worship as is now living; for through his prowess he won the tournament of the Castle of Maidens that standeth by the Hard Rock. And sithen he hath won with his own hands thirty knights that were men of great honour. And the last battle that ever he did he fought with Sir Launcelot; and that was a marvellous battle. And not by force Sir Launcelot brought Sir Tristram to the court, and of him King Arthur made passing great joy, and so made him Knight of the Table Round; and his seat was where the good knight's Sir Marhaus, seat was. Then was King Mark passing sorry when he heard of the honour of Sir Tristram; and so they departed.

Then said King Mark unto his two knights: Now will I tell you my counsel: ye are the men that I trust most to alive, and I will that ye wit my coming hither is to this intent, for to destroy Sir Tristram by wiles or by treason; and it shall be hard if ever he escape our hands. Alas, said Sir Bersules, what mean you? for ye be set in such a way ye are disposed shamefully; for Sir Tristram is the knight of most worship that we know living, and therefore I warn you plainly I will never consent to do him to the death; and therefore I will yield my service, and forsake you. When King Mark heard him say so, suddenly he drew his sword and said: Ah, traitor; and smote Sir Bersules on the head, that the sword went to his teeth. When Amant, the knight, saw him do that villainous deed, and his squires, they said it was foul done, and mischievously: Wherefore we will do thee no more service, and wit ye well, we will appeach thee of treason afore Arthur. Then was King Mark wonderly wroth and would have slain Amant; but he and the two squires held them together, and set nought by his malice.

When King Mark saw he might not be revenged on them, he said thus unto the knight, Amant: Wit thou well, an thou appeach me of treason I shall thereof defend me afore King Arthur; but I require thee that thou tell not my name, that I am King Mark, whatsomever come of me. As for that, said Sir Amant, I will not discover your name; and so they departed, and Amant and his fellows took the body of Bersules and buried it.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW KING MARK CAME TO A FOUNTAIN WHERE HE FOUND SIR LAMORAK COMPLAINING FOR THE LOVE OF KING LOT'S WIFE.

THEN King Mark rode till he came to a fountain, and there he rested him, and stood in a doubt whether he would ride to Arthur's court or none, or return again to his country. And as he thus rested him by that fountain there came by him a knight well armed on horseback; and he alighted, and tied his horse until a tree, and set him down by the brink of the fountain; and there he made great languor and dole, and made the dolefullest complaint of love that ever man heard; and all this while was he not ware of King Mark. And this was a great part of his complaint: he cried and wept, saying: O fair Queen of Orkney, King Lot's wife, and mother of Sir Gawaine, and to Sir Gaheris, and mother to many other, for thy love I am in great pains. Then King Mark arose and went near him and said: Fair knight, ye have made a piteous complaint. Truly, said the knight, it is an hundred part more ruefuller than my heart can utter. I require you, said King Mark, tell me your name. Sir, said he, as for my name I will not hide it from no knight that beareth a shield, and my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. But when Sir Lamorak heard King Mark speak, then wist he well by his speech that he was a Cornish knight. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, I understand by your tongue ye be of Cornwall, wherein there dwelleth

the shamefullest king that is now living, for he is a great enemy to all good knights; and that proveth well, for he hath chased out of that country Sir Tristram, that is the worshipfullest knight that now is living, and all knights speak of him worship; and for jealousness of his queen he hath chased him out of his country. It is pity, said Sir Lamorak, that ever any such false knight-coward as King Mark is, should be matched with such a fair lady and good as La Beale Isoud is, for all the world of him speaketh shame, and of her worship that any queen may have. I have not ado in this matter, said King Mark, neither nought will I speak thereof. Well said, said Sir Lamorak. Sir, can ye tell me any tidings? I can tell you, said Sir Lamorak, that there shall be a great tournament in haste beside Camelot, at the Castle of Jagent; and the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Ireland, as I suppose, make that tournament.

Then there came a knight that was called Sir Dinadan, and saluted them both. And when he wist that King Mark was a knight of Cornwall he reproved him for the love of King Mark a thousand fold more than did Sir Lamorak. Then he proffered to joust with King Mark. And he was full loath thereto, but Sir Dinadan edged him so, that he jousted with Sir Lamorak. And Sir Lamorak smote King Mark so sore that he bare him on his spear end over his horse's tail. And then King Mark arose again, and followed after Sir Lamorak. But Sir Dinadan would not joust with Sir Lamorak, but he told King Mark that Sir Lamorak was Sir Kay, the Seneschal. That is not so, said King Mark, for he is much bigger than Sir Kay; and so he followed and overtook him, and bade him abide. What will you do? said Sir Lamorak. Sir, he said, I will fight with a sword, for ye have shamed me with a spear; and therewith they dashed together with swords, and Sir Lamorak suffered him and forbare him. And King Mark was passing hasty, and smote thick strokes. Sir Lamorak saw he would not stint, and waxed somewhat wroth, and doubled his strokes, for he was one of the noblest knights of the world; and he beat him so on the helm that his head hung nigh on the saddle bow. When Sir Lamorak saw him fare so, he said: Sir knight, what cheer? meseemeth you have nigh your fill of fight-

ing, it were pity to do you any more harm, for ye are but a mean knight, therefore I give you leave to go where ye list. Gramercy, said King Mark, for ye and I be not matches.

Then Sir Dinadan mocked King Mark and said: Ye are not able to match a good knight. As for that, said King Mark, at the first time I jousted with this knight ye refused him. Think ye that it is a shame to me? said Sir Dinadan: nay, sir, it is ever worship to a knight to refuse that thing that he may not attain, therefore your worship had been much more to have refused him as I did; for I warn you plainly he is able to beat such five as ye and I be; for ye knights of Cornwall are no men of worship as other knights are. And because ye are no men of worship ye hate all men of worship, for never was bred in your country such a knight as is Sir Tristram.

CHAPTER IX

HOW KING MARK, SIR LAMORAK, AND SIR DINADAN CAME TO A CASTLE, AND HOW KING MARK WAS KNOWN THERE.

THEN they rode forth all together, King Mark, Sir Lamorak, and Sir Dinadan, till that they came to a bridge, and at the end thereof stood a fair tower. Then saw they a knight on horseback well armed, brandishing a spear, crying and proffering himself to joust. Now, said Sir Dinadan unto King Mark, yonder are two brethren, that one hight Alein, and the other hight Trian, that will joust with any that passeth this passage. Now proffer yourself, said Dinadan to King Mark, for ever ye be laid to the earth. Then King Mark was ashamed, and therewith he feutred his spear, and hurtled to Sir Trian, and either brake their spears all to pieces, and passed through anon. Then Sir Trian sent King Mark another spear to joust more; but in no wise he would not joust no more. Then they came to the castle all three knights, and prayed the lord of the castle of harbour. Ye are right welcome, said the knights of the

castle, for the love of the lord of this castle, the which hight Sir Tor le Fise Aries. And then they came into a fair court well repaired, and they had passing good cheer, till the lieutenant of this castle, that hight Berluse, espied King Mark of Cornwall. Then said Berluse: Sir knight, I know you better than you ween, for ye are King Mark that slew my father afore mine own eyen; and me had ye slain had I not escaped into a wood; but wit ye well, for the love of my lord of this castle I will neither hurt you nor harm you, nor none of your fellowship. But wit ye well, when ye are past this lodging I shall hurt you an I may, for ye slew my father traitorly. But first for the love of my lord, Sir Tor, and for the love of Sir Lamorak, the honourable knight that here is lodged, ye shall have none ill lodging; for it is pity that ever ye should be in the company of good knights; for ye are the most villainous knight or king that is now known alive, for ye are a destroyer of good knights, and all that ye do is but treason.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR BERLUSE MET WITH KING MARK, AND HOW SIR DINADAN TOOK HIS PART.

THEN was King Mark sore ashamed, and said but little again. But when Sir Lamorak and Sir Dinadan wist that he was King Mark they were sorry of his fellowship. So after supper they went to lodging. So on the morn they arose early, and King Mark and Sir Dinadan rode together; and three mile from their lodging there met with them three knights, and Sir Berluse was one, and that other his two cousins. Sir Berluse saw King Mark, and then he cried on high: Traitor, keep thee from me, for wit thou well that I am Berluse. Sir knight, said Sir Dinadan, I counsel you to leave off at this time, for he is riding to King Arthur; and because I have promised to conduct him to my lord King Arthur needs must I take a part with him; howbeit I love not his condition, and fain I would

be from him. Well, Dinadan, said Sir Berluse, me repenteth that ye will take part with him, but now do your best. And then he hurtled to King Mark, and smote him sore upon the shield, that he bare him clean out of his saddle to the earth. That saw Sir Dinadan, and he feutred his spear, and ran to one of Berluse's fellows, and smote him down off his saddle. Then Dinadan turned his horse, and smote the third knight in the same wise to the earth, for Sir Dinadan was a good knight on horseback; and there began a great battle, for Berluse and his fellows held them together strongly on foot. And so through the great force of Sir Dinadan King Mark had Berluse to the earth, and his two fellows fled; and had not been Sir Dinadan King Mark would have slain him. And so Sir Dinadan rescued him of his life, for King Mark was but a murderer. And then they took their horses and departed, and left Sir Berluse there sore wounded.

Then King Mark and Sir Dinadan rode forth a four leagues English, till that they came to a bridge where hoved a knight on horseback, armed and ready to joust. Lo, said Sir Dinadan unto King Mark, yonder hoveth a knight that will joust, for there shall none pass this bridge but he must joust with that knight. It is well, said King Mark, for this jousts falleth with thee. Sir Dinadan knew the knight well that he was a noble knight, and fain he would have jousted, but he had had liefer King Mark had jousted with him, but by no mean King Mark would not joust. Then Sir Dinadan might not refuse him in no manner. And then either dressed their spears and their shields, and smote together, so that through fine force Sir Dinadan was smitten to the earth; and lightly he rose up and gat his horse, and required that knight to do battle with swords. And he answered and said: Fair knight, as at this time I may not have ado with you no more, for the custom of this passage is such. Then was Sir Dinadan passing wroth that he might not be revenged of that knight; and so he departed, and in no wise would that knight tell his name. But ever Sir Dinadan thought he should know him by his shield that it should be Sir Tor.

CHAPTER XI

HOW KING MARK MOCKED SIR DINADAN, AND HOW THEY MET WITH SIX KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

So as they rode by the way King Mark then began to mock Sir Dinadan, and said: I weened you knights of the Table Round might not in no wise find their matches. Ye say well, said Sir Dinadan; as for you, on my life I call you none of the best knights; but sith ye have such a despite at me I require you to joust with me to prove my strength. Not so, said King Mark, for I will not have ado with you in no manner; but I require you of one thing, that when ye come to Arthur's court discover not my name, for I am there so hated. It is shame to you, said Sir Dinadan, that ye govern you so shamefully; for I see by you ye are full of cowardice, and ye are a murderer, and that is the greatest shame that a knight may have; for never a knight being a murderer hath worship, nor never shall have; for I saw but late through my force ye would have slain Sir Berluse, a better knight than ye, or ever ye shall be, and more of prowess. Thus they rode forth talking till they came to a fair place, where stood a knight, and prayed them to take their lodging with him. So at the request of that knight they reposed them there, and made them well at ease, and had great cheer. For all errant-knights were welcome to him, and specially all those of Arthur's court. Then Sir Dinadan demanded his host what was the knight's name that kept the bridge. For what cause ask you it? said the host. For it is not long ago, said Sir Dinadan, sithen he gave me a fall. Ah, fair knight, said his host, thereof have ye no marvel, for he is a passing good knight, and his name is Sir Tor, the son of Aries le Vaysher. Ah, said Sir Dinadan, was that Sir Tor? for truly so ever me thought.

Right as they stood thus talking together they saw come riding to them over a plain six knights of the court of King Arthur, well armed at all points. And there by their shields Sir Dinadan knew them well. The first was the good knight Sir Uwaine, the son of

King Uriens, the second was the noble knight Sir Brandiles, the third was Ozanna le Cure Hardy, the fourth was Uwaine les Aventurous, the fifth was Sir Agravaine, the sixth Sir Mordred, brother to Sir Gawaine. When Sir Dinadan had seen these six knights he thought in himself he would bring King Mark by some wile to joust with one of them. And anon they took their horses and ran after these knights well a three mile English. Then was King Mark ware where they sat all six about a well, and ate and drank such meats as they had, and their horses walking and some tied, and their shields hung in divers places about them. Lo, said Sir Dinadan, yonder are knights-errant that will joust with us. God forbid, said King Mark, for they be six and we but two. As for that, said Sir Dinadan, let us not spare, for I will assay the foremost; and therewith he made him ready. When King Mark saw him do so, as fast as Sir Dinadan rode toward them, King Mark rode froward them with all his menial meiny. So when Sir Dinadan saw King Mark was gone, he set the spear out of the rest, and threw his shield upon his back, and came riding to the fellowship of the Table Round. And anon Sir Uwaine knew Sir Dinadan, and welcomed him, and so did all his fellowship.

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE SIX KNIGHTS SENT SIR DAGONET TO JOUST WITH KING MARK, AND HOW KING MARK REFUSED HIM.

And then they asked him of his adventures, and whether he had seen Sir Tristram or Sir Launcelot. So God me help, said Sir Dinadan, I saw none of them sithen I departed from Camelot. What knight is that, said Sir Brandiles, that so suddenly departed from you, and rode over yonder field? Sir, said he, it was a knight of Cornwall, and the most horrible coward that ever bestrode horse. What is his name? said all these knights. I wot not, said Sir Dinadan. So when they had reposed them, and spoken together,

they took their horses and rode to a castle where dwelt an old knight that made all knights-errant good cheer. Then in the meanwhile that they were talking came into the castle Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu, and there was he welcome; and they all asked him whether he had seen Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram. Sirs, he answered, I saw him not sithen he departed from Camelot. So as Sir Dinadan walked and beheld the castle, thereby in a chamber he espied King Mark, and then he rebuked him, and asked him why he departed so. Sir, said he, for I durst not abide because they were so many. But how escaped ye? said King Mark. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, they were better friends than I weened they had been. Who is captain of that fellowship? said the king. Then for to fear him Sir Dinadan said that it was Sir Launcelot. O Jesu, said the king, might I know Sir Launcelot by his shield? Yea, said Dinadan, for he beareth a shield of silver and black bends. All this he said to fear the king, for Sir Launcelot was not in his fellowship. Now I pray you, said King Mark, that ye will ride in my fellowship. That is me loath to do, said Sir Dinadan, because ye forsook my fellowship.

Right so Sir Dinadan went from King Mark, and went to his own fellowship; and so they mounted upon their horses, and rode on their ways, and talked of the Cornish knight, for Dinadan told them that he was in the castle where they were lodged. It is well said, said Sir Griflet, for here have I brought Sir Dagonet, King Arthur's fool, that is the best fellow and the merriest in the world. Will ye do well? said Sir Dinadan: I have told the Cornish knight that here is Sir Launcelot, and the Cornish knight asked me what shield he bare. Truly, I told him that he bare the same shield that Sir Mordred beareth. Will ye do well? said Sir Mordred; I am hurt and may not well bear my shield nor harness, and therefore put my shield and my harness upon Sir Dagonet, and let him set upon the Cornish knight. That shall be done, said Sir Dagonet, by my faith. Then anon was Dagonet armed him in Mordred's harness and his shield, and he was set on a great horse, and a spear in his hand. Now, said Dagonet, shew me the knight, and I trow I shall bear him down. So all these knights rode to a woodside, and abode

till King Mark came by the way. Then they put forth Sir Dagonet, and he came on all the while his horse might run, straight upon King Mark. And when he came nigh King Mark, he cried as he were wood, and said: Keep thee, knight of Cornwall, for I will slay thee. Anon, as King Mark beheld his shield, he said to himself: Yonder is Sir Launcelot; alas, now am I destroyed; and therewithal he made his horse to run as fast as it might through thick and thin. And ever Sir Dagonet followed after King Mark, crying and rating him as a wood man, through a great forest. When Sir Uwaine and Sir Brandiles saw Dagonet so chase King Mark, they laughed all as they were wood. And then they took their horses, and rode after to see how Sir Dagonet sped, for they would not for no good that Sir Dagonet were shent, for King Arthur loved him passing well, and made him knight with his own hands. And at every tournament he began to make King Arthur to laugh. Then the knights rode here and there, crying and chasing after King Mark, that all the forest rang of the noise.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR PALOMIDES BY ADVENTURE MET KING MARK FLYING, AND HOW HE OVERTHREW DAGONET AND OTHER KNIGHTS.

So King Mark rode by fortune by a well, in the way where stood a knight-errant on horseback, armed at all points, with a great spear in his hand. And when he saw King Mark coming flying he said: Knight, return again for shame and stand with me, and I shall be thy warrant. Ah, fair knight, said King Mark, let me pass for yonder cometh after me the best knight of the world, with the black bended shield. Fie, for shame, said the knight, he is none of the worthy knights, and if he were Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram I should not doubt to meet the better of them both. When King Mark heard him say that word, he turned his horse and abode by

him. And then that strong knight bare a spear to Dagonet, and smote him so sore that he bare him over his horse's tail, and nigh he had broken his neck. And anon after him came Sir Brandiles, and when he saw Dagonet have that fall he was passing wroth, and cried: Keep thee, knight, and so they hurtled together wonder sore. But the knight smote Sir Brandiles so sore that he went to the earth, horse and man. Sir Uwaine came after and saw all this. Jesu, said he, yonder is a strong knight. And then they feutred their spears, and this knight came so eagerly that he smote down Sir Uwaine. Then came Ozanna with the hardly heart, and he was smitten down. Now, said Sir Griflet, by my counsel let us send to yonder errant-knight, and wit whether he be of Arthur's court, for as I deem it is Sir Lamorak de Galis. So they sent unto him, and prayed the strange knight to tell his name, and whether he were of Arthur's court or not. As for my name they shall not wit, but tell them I am a knight-errant as they are, and let them wit that I am no knight of King Arthur's court; and so the squire rode again unto them and told them his answer of him. By my head, said Sir Agravaine, he is one of the strongest knights that ever I saw, for he hath overthrown three noble knights, and needs we must encounter with him for shame. So Sir Agravaine feutred his spear, and that other was ready, and smote him down over his horse to the earth. And in the same wise he smote Sir Uwaine les Avoutres and also Sir Griflet. Then had he served them all but Sir Dinadan, for he was behind, and Sir Mordred was unarmed, and Dagonet had his harness.

So when this was done, this strong knight rode on his way a soft pace, and King Mark rode after him, praising him mickle; but he would answer no words, but sighed wonderly sore, hanging down his head, taking no heed to his words. Thus they rode well a three mile English, and then this knight called to him a varlet, and bade him ride until yonder fair manor, and recommend me to the lady of that castle and place, and pray her to send me refreshing of good meats and drinks. And if she ask thee what I am, tell her that I am the knight that followeth the glatisant beast: that is in English to say the questing beast; for that beast wheresomever

he yede he quested in the belly with such a noise as it had been a thirty couple of hounds. Then the varlet went his way and came to the manor, and saluted the lady, and told her from whence he came. And when she understood that he came from the knight that followed the questing beast: O sweet Lord Jesu, she said, when shall I see that noble knight, my dear son Palomides? Alas, will he not abide with me? and therewith she swooned and wept, and made passing great dole. And then also soon as she might she gave the varlet all that he asked. And the varlet returned unto Sir Palomides, for he was a varlet of King Mark. And as soon as he came, he told the knight's name was Sir Palomides. I am well pleased, said King Mark, but hold thee still and say nothing. Then they alighted and set them down and reposed them a while. Anon withal King Mark fell asleep. When Sir Palomides saw him sound asleep he took his horse and rode his way, and said to them: I will not be in the company of a sleeping knight. And so he rode forth a great pace.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW KING MARK AND SIR DINADAN HEARD SIR PALOMIDES MAKING GREAT SORROW AND MOURNING FOR LA BEALE ISOUD.

Now turn we unto Sir Dinadan, that found these seven knights passing heavy. And when he wist how that they sped, as heavy was he. My lord Uwaine, said Dinadan, I dare lay my head it is Sir Lamorak de Galis. I promise you all I shall find him an he may be found in this country. And so Sir Dinadan rode after this knight; and so did King Mark, that sought him through the forest. So as King Mark rode after Sir Palomides he heard the noise of a man that made great dole. Then King Mark rode as nigh that noise as he might and as he durst. Then was he ware of a knight that was descended off his horse, and had put off his helm, and there

he made a piteous complaint and a dolorous, of love.

Now leave we that, and talk we of Sir Dinadan, that rode to seek Sir Palomides. And as he came within a forest he met with a knight, a chaser of a deer. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, met ye with a knight with a shield of silver and lions' heads? Yea, fair knight, said the other, with such a knight met I with but a while agone, and straight yonder way he yede. Gramercy, said Sir Dinadan, for might I find the track of his horse I should not fail to find that knight. Right so as Sir Dinadan rode in the even late he heard a doleful noise as it were of a man. Then Sir Dinadan rode toward that noise; and when he came nigh that noise he alighted off his horse, and went near him on foot. Then was he ware of a knight that stood under a tree, and his horse tied by him, and the helm off his head; and ever that knight made a doleful complaint as ever made knight. And always he made his complaint of La Beale Isoud, the Queen of Cornwall, and said: Ah, fair lady, why love I thee ! for thou art fairest of all other, and yet showest thou never love to me, nor bounty. Alas, yet must I love thee. And I may not blame thee, fair lady, for mine eyes be cause of this sorrow. And yet to love thee I am but a fool, for the best knight of the world loveth thee, and ye him again, that is Sir Tristram de Liones. And the falsest king and knight is your husband, and the most coward and full of treason, is your lord, King Mark. Alas, that ever so fair a lady and peerless of all other should be matched with the most villainous knight of the world. All this language heard King Mark, what Sir Palomides said by him; wherefore he was adread when he saw Sir Dinadan, lest he espied him, that he would tell Sir Palomides that he was King Mark; and therefore he withdrew him, and took his horse and rode to his men, where he commanded them to abide. And so he rode as fast as he might unto Camelot; and the same day he found there Amant, the knight, ready that afore Arthur had appealed him of treason; and so, lightly the king commanded them to do battle. And by misadventure King Mark smote Amant through the body. And yet was Amant in the righteous quarrel. And right so he took his horse and departed from the court for dread of Sir Dinadan, that he would tell Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides what he was.

Then were there maidens that La Beale Isoud had sent to Sir Tristram, that knew Sir Amant well.

CHAPTER XV

HOW KING MARK HAD SLAIN SIR AMANT WRONGFULLY TO-FORE KING ARTHUR, AND SIR LAUNCELOT FETCHED KING MARK TO KING ARTHUR.

THEN by the license of King Arthur they went to him and spake with him; for while the truncheon of the spear stuck in his body he spake: Ah, fair damosels, said Amant, recommend me unto La Beale Isoud, and tell her that I am slain for the love of her and of Sir Tristram. And there he told the damosels how cowardly King Mark had slain him, and Sir Bersules, his fellow. And for that deed I appealed him of treason, and here am I slain in a righteous quarrel; and all was because Sir Bersules and I would not consent by treason to slay the noble knight, Sir Tristram. Then the two maidens cried aloud that all the court might hear it, and said: O sweet Lord Jesu, that knowest all hid things, why sufferest Thou so false a traitor to vanquish and slay a true knight that fought in a righteous quarrel? Then anon it was sprung to the king, and the queen, and to all the lords, that it was King Mark that had slain Sir Amant, and Sir Bersules aforehand; wherefore they did their battle. Then was King Arthur wroth out of measure, and so were all the other knights. But when Sir Tristram knew all the matter he made great dole and sorrow out of measure, and wept for sorrow for the loss of the noble knights, Sir Bersules and of Sir Amant.

When Sir Launcelot espied Sir Tristram weep he went hastily to King Arthur, and said: Sir, I pray you give me leave to return again to yonder false king and knight. I pray you, said King Arthur, fetch him again, but I would not that ye slew him, for my worship. Then Sir Launcelot armed him in all haste, and mounted upon a great

horse, and took a spear in his hand and rode after King Mark. And from thence a three mile English Sir Launcelot overtook him, and bade him: Turn recreant king and knight, for whether thou wilt or not thou shalt go with me to King Arthur's court. King Mark returned and looked upon Sir Launcelot, and said: Fair sir, what is your name? Wit thou well, said he, my name is Sir Launcelot, and therefore defend thee. And when King Mark wist that it was Sir Launcelot, and came so fast upon him with a spear, he cried then aloud: I yield me to thee, Sir Launcelot, honourable knight. But Sir Launcelot would not hear him, but came fast upon him. King Mark saw that, and made no defence, but tumbled adown out of his saddle to the earth as a sack, and there he lay still, and cried Sir Launcelot mercy. Arise, recreant knight and king. I will not fight, said King Mark, but whither that ye will I will go with you. Alas, alas, said Sir Launcelot, that I may not give thee one buffet for the love of Sir Tristram and of La Beale Isoud, and for the two knights that thou has slain traitorly. And so he mounted upon his horse and brought him to King Arthur; and there King Mark alighted in that same place, and threw his helm from him upon the earth, and his sword, and fell flat to the earth of King Arthur's feet, and put him in his grace and mercy. So God me help, said Arthur, ye are welcome in a manner, and in a manner ye are not welcome. In this manner ye are welcome, that ye come hither maugre thy head, as I suppose. That is truth, said King Mark, and else I had not been here, for my lord, Sir Launcelot, brought me hither through his fine force, and to him am I yolden to as recreant. Well, said Arthur, ye understand ye ought to do me service, homage, and fealty. And never would ye do me none, but ever ye have been against me, and a destroyer of my knights; now, how will ye acquit you? Sir, said King Mark, right as your lordship will require me, unto my power, I will make a large amends. For he was a fair speaker, and false thereunder. Then for great pleasure of Sir Tristram, to make them twain accorded, the king withheld King Mark as at that time, and made a broken love-day between them.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR DINADAN TOLD SIR PALOMIDES OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR TRISTRAM.

Now turn we again unto Sir Palomides, how Sir Dinadan comforted him in all that he might, from his great sorrow. What knight are ye? said Sir Palomides. Sir, I am a knight-errant as ye be, that hath sought you long by your shield. Here is my shield, said Sir Palomides, wit ye well, an ye will ought, therewith I will defend it. Nay, said Sir Dinadan, I will not have ado with you but in good manner. And if ye will, ye shall find me soon ready. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, whitherward ride you this way? By my head, said Sir Palomides, I wot not, but as fortune leadeth me. Heard ye or saw ye ought of Sir Tristram? So God me help, of Sir Tristram I both heard and saw, and not for then we loved not inwardly well together, yet at my mischief Sir Tristram rescued me from my death; and yet, or he and I departed, by both our assents we assigned a day that we should have met at the stony grave that Merlin set beside Camelot, and there to have done battle together; howbeit I was letted, said Sir Palomides, that I might not hold my day, the which grieveth me sore; but I have a large excuse. For I was prisoner with a lord, and many other more, and that shall Sir Tristram right well understand, that I brake it not of fear of cowardice. And then Sir Palomides told Sir Dinadan the same day that they should have met. So God me help, said Sir Dinadan, that same day met Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram at the same grave of stone. And there was the most mightiest battle that ever was seen in this land betwixt two knights, for they fought more than two hours. And there they both bled so much blood that all men marvelled that ever they might endure it. And so at the last, by both their assents, they were made friends and sworn-brethren for ever, and no man can judge the better knight. And now is Sir Tristram made a knight of the Round Table, and he sitteth in the siege of the noble knight, Sir Marhaus. By my head, said Sir

Palomides, Sir Tristram is far bigger than Sir Launcelot, and the hardier knight. Have ye assayed them both? said Sir Palomides, but never Sir Launcelot to my witting. But at the fountain where Sir Launcelot lay asleep, there with one spear he smote down Sir Tristram and me, said Palomides, but at that time they knew not either other. Fair knight, said Sir Dinadan, as for Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram let them be, for the worst of them will not be lightly matched of no knights that I know living. No, said Sir Palomides, God defend, but an I had a quarrel to the better of them both I would with as good a will fight with him as with you. Sir, I require you tell me your name, and in good faith I shall hold you company till that we come to Camelot; and there shall ye have great worship now at this great tournament; for there shall be the Queen Guenever, and La Beale Isoud of Cornwall. Wit you well, sir knight, for the love of La Beale Isoud I will be there, and else not, but I will not have ado in King Arthur's court. Sir, said Dinadan, I shall ride with you and do you service, so you will tell me your name. Sir, ye shall understand my name is Sir Palomides, brother to Safere, the good and noble knight. And Sir Segwarides and I, we be Saracens born, of father and mother. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, I thank you much for the telling of your name. For I am glad of that I know your name, and I promise you by the faith of my body, ye shall not be hurt by me by my will, but rather be advanced. And thereto will I help you with all my power, I promise you, doubt ye not. And certainly on my life ye shall win great worship in the court of King Arthur, and be right welcome. So then they dressed on their helms and put on their shields, and mounted upon their horses, and took the broad way towards Camelot. And then were they ware of a castle that was fair and rich, and also passing strong as any was within this realm.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR LAMORAK JOUSTED WITH DIVERS KNIGHTS OF THE CASTLE WHEREIN WAS MORGAN LE FAY.

SIR PALOMIDES, said Dinadan, here is a castle that I know well, and therein dwelleth Queen Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister; and King Arthur gave her this castle, the which he hath repented him sithen a thousand times, for sithen King Arthur and she have been at debate and strife; but this castle could he never get nor win of her by no manner of engine; and ever as she might she made war on King Arthur. And all dangerous knights she witholdeth with her, for to destroy all these knights that King Arthur loveth. And there shall no knight pass this way but he must joust with one knight, or with two, or with three. And if it hap that King Arthur's knight be beaten, he shall lose his horse and his harness and all that he hath, and hard, if that he escape, but that he shall be prisoner. So God me help, said Palomides, this is a shameful custom, and a villainous usance for a queen to use, and namely to make such war upon her own lord, that is called the Flower of Chivalry that is christian or heathen; and with all my heart I would destroy that shameful custom. And I will that all the world wit she shall have no service of me. And if she send out any knights, as I suppose she will, for to joust, they shall have both their hands full. And I shall not fail you, said Sir Dinadan, unto my puissance, upon my life.

So as they stood on horseback afore the castle, there came a knight with a red shield, and two squires after him; and he came straight unto Sir Palomides, the good knight, and said to him: Fair and gentle knight-errant, I require thee for the love thou owest unto knighthood, that ye will not have ado here with these men of this castle; for this was Sir Lamorak that thus said. For I came hither to seek this deed, and it is my request; and therefore I beseech you, knight, let me deal, and if I be beaten revenge me. In the name of God, said Palomides, let see how ye will speed, and

we shall behold you. Then anon came forth a knight of the castle, and proffered to joust with the Knight with the Red Shield. Anon they encountered together, and he with the red shield smote him so hard that he bare him over to the earth. Therewith anon came another knight of the castle, and he was smitten so sore that he avoided his saddle. And forthwithal came the third knight, and the Knight with the Red Shield smote him to the earth. Then came Sir Palomides, and besought him that he might help him to joust. Fair knight, said he unto him, suffer me as at this time to have my will, for an they were twenty knights I shall not doubt them. And ever there were upon the walls of the castle many lords and ladies that cried and said: Well have ye jousted, Knight with the Red Shield. But as soon as the knight had smitten them down, his squire took their horses, and avoided their saddles and bridles of the horses, and turned them into the forest, and made the knights to be kept to the end of the jousts. Right so came out of the castle the fourth knight, and freshly proffered to joust with the Knight with the Red Shield: and he was ready, and he smote him so hard that horse and man fell to the earth, and the knight's back brake with the fall, and his neck also. O Jesu, said Sir Palomides, that yonder is a passing good knight, and the best jouster that ever I saw. By my head, said Sir Dinadan, he is as good as ever was Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram, what knight somever he be.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW SIR PALOMIDES WOULD HAVE JOUSTED FOR SIR LAMORAK WITH THE KNIGHTS OF THE CASTLE.

THEN forthwithal came a knight out of the castle, with a shield bended with black and with white. And anon the Knight with the Red Shield and he encountered so hard that he smote the knight of the castle through the bended shield and through the body, and brake the horse's back. Fair knight, said Sir Palomides,

ye have overmuch on hand, therefore I pray you let me joust, for ye had need to be reposed. Why sir, said the knight, seem ye that I am weak and feeble? and sir, methinketh ye proffer me wrong, and to me shame, when I do well enough. I tell you now as I told you erst; for an they were twenty knights I shall beat them, and if I be beaten or slain then may ye revenge me. And if ye think that I be weary, and ye have an appetite to joust with me, I shall find you jousting enough. Sir, said Palomides, I said it not because I would joust with you, but meseemeth that ye have overmuch on hand. And therefore, an ye were gentle, said the Knight with the Red Shield, ye should not proffer me shame; therefore I require you to joust with me, and ye shall find that I am not weary. Sith ye require me, said Sir Palomides, take keep to yourself. Then they two knights came together as fast as their horses might run, and the knight smote Sir Palomides so sore on the shield that the spear went into his side a great wound, and a perilous. And therewithal Sir Palomides avoided his saddle. And that knight turned unto Sir Dinadan; and when he saw him coming he cried aloud, and said: Sir, I will not have ado with you; but for that he let it not, but came straight upon him. So Sir Dinadan for shame put forth his spear and all to-shivered it upon the knight. But he smote Sir Dinadan again so hard that he smote him clean from his saddle; but their horses he would not suffer his squires to meddle with, and because they were knights-errant.

Then he dressed him again to the castle, and jousted with seven knights more, and there was none of them might withstand him, but he bare him to the earth. And of these twelve knights he slew in plain jousts four. And the eight knights he made them to swear on the cross of a sword that they should never use the evil customs of the castle. And when he had made them to swear that oath he let them pass. And ever stood the lords and the ladies on the castle walls crying and saying: Knight with the Red Shield, ye have marvellously well done as ever we saw knight do. And therewith came a knight out of the castle unarmed, and said: Knight with the Red Shield, overmuch damage hast thou done to us this day, therefore return whither thou wilt, for here are no more will have ado

with thee; for we repent sore that ever thou camest here, for by thee is fordone the old custom of this castle. And with that word he turned again into the castle, and shut the gates. Then the Knight with the Red Shield turned and called his squires, and so passed forth on his way, and rode a great pace.

And when he was past Sir Palomides went to Sir Dinadan, and said: I had never such a shame of one knight that ever I met; and therefore I cast me to ride after him, and to be revenged with my sword, for a-horseback I deem I shall get no worship of him. Sir Palomides, said Dinadan, ye shall not meddle with him by my counsel, for ye shall get no worship of him; and for this cause, ye have seen him this day have had overmuch to do, and overmuch travailed. By almighty Jesu, said Palomides, I shall never be at ease till that I have had ado with him. Sir, said Dinadan, I shall give you my beholding. Well, said Palomides, then shall ye see how we shall redress our mights. So they took their horses of their varlets, and rode after the Knight with the Red Shield; and down in a valley beside a fountain they were ware where he was alighted to repose him, and had done off his helm for to drink at the well.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW SIR LAMORAK JOUSTED WITH SIR PALOMIDES, AND HURT HIM GRIEVOUSLY.

THEN Palomides rode fast till he came nigh him. And then he said: Knight, remember ye of the shame ye did to me right now at the castle, therefore dress thee, for I will have ado with thee. Fair knight, said he to Palomides, of me ye win no worship, for ye have seen this day that I have been travailed sore. As for that, said Palomides, I will not let, for wit ye well I will be revenged. Well, said the knight, I may happen to endure you. And therewithal he mounted upon his horse, and took a great spear in his hand ready for to joust. Nay, said Palomides, I will not joust, for I am sure at

jousting I get no prize. Fair knight, said that knight, it would beseem a knight to joust and to fight on horseback. Ye shall see what I will do, said Palomides. And therewith he alighted down upon foot, and dressed his shield afore him and pulled out his sword. Then the Knight with the Red Shield descended down from his horse, and dressed his shield afore him, and so he drew out his sword. And then they came together a soft pace, and wonderly they lashed together passing thick the mountenance of an hour or ever they breathed. Then they traced and traversed, and waxed wonderly wroth, and either behight other death; they hewed so fast with their swords that they cut in down half their swords and mails, that the bare flesh in some place stood above their harness. And when Sir Palomides beheld his fellow's sword over-hylled with his blood it grieved him sore: some while they foined, some while they struck as wild men. But at the last Sir Palomides waxed faint, because of his first wound that he had at the castle with a spear, for that wound grieved him wonderly sore. Fair knight, said Palomides, meseemeth we have assayed either other passing sore, and if it may please thee, I require thee of thy knighthood tell me thy name. Sir, said the knight to Palomides, that is me loath to do, for thou hast done me wrong and no knighthood to proffer me battle, considering my great travail, but an thou wilt tell me thy name I will tell thee mine. Sir, said he, wit thou well my name is Palomides. Ah, sir, ye shall understand my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis, son and heir unto the good knight and king, King Pellinore, and Sir Tor, the good knight, is my half brother. When Sir Palomides heard him say so he kneeled down and asked mercy, For outrageously have I done to you this day; considering the great deeds of arms I have seen you do, shamefully and unknightly I have required you to do battle. Ah, Sir Palomides, said Sir Lamorak, overmuch have ye done and said to me. And therewith he embraced him with his both hands, and said: Palomides, the worthy knight, in all this land is no better than ye, nor more of prowess, and me repenteth sore that we should fight together. So it doth not me, said Sir Palomides, and yet am I sorer wounded than ye be; but as for that I shall soon thereof be whole. But

certainly I would not for the fairest castle in this land, but if thou and I had met, for I shall love you the days of my life afore all other knights except my brother, Sir Safere. I say the same, said Sir Lamorak, except my brother, Sir Tor. Then came Sir Dinadan, and he made great joy of Sir Lamorak. Then their squires dressed both their shields and their harness, and stopped their wounds. And thereby at a priory they rested them all night.

CHAPTER XX

HOW IT WAS TOLD SIR LAUNCELOT THAT DAGONET CHASED KING MARK, AND HOW A KNIGHT OVERTHREW HIM AND SIX KNIGHTS.

Now turn we again. When Sir Ganis and Sir Brandiles with his fellows came to the court of King Arthur they told the king, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram, how Sir Dagonet, the fool, chased King Mark through the forest, and how the strong knight smote them down all seven with one spear. There was great laughing and japing at King Mark and at Sir Dagonet. But all these knights could not tell what knight it was that rescued King Mark. Then they asked King Mark if that he knew him, and he answered and said: He named himself the Knight that followed the Questing Beast, and on that name he sent one of my varlets to a place where was his mother; and when she heard from whence he came she made passing great dole, and discovered to my varlet his name, and said: Oh, my dear son, Sir Palomides, why wilt thou not see me? And therefore, sir, said King Mark, it is to understand his name is Sir Palomides, a noble knight. Then were all these seven knights glad that they knew his name.

Now turn we again, for on the morn they took their horses, both Sir Lamorak, Palomides, and Dinadan, with their squires and varlets, till they saw a fair castle that stood on a mountain well closed, and thither they rode; and there they found a knight that

hight Galahalt, that was lord of that castle, and there they had great cheer and were well eased. Sir Dinadan, said Sir Lamorak, what will ye do? Oh sir, said Dinadan, I will to-morrow to the court of King Arthur. By my head, said Sir Palomides, I will not ride these three days, for I am sore hurt, and much have I bled, and therefore I will repose me here. Truly, said Sir Lamorak, and I will abide here with you; and when ye ride, then will I ride, unless that ye tarry over long; then will I take my horse. Therefore I pray you, Sir Dinadan, abide and ride with us. Faithfully, said Dinadan, I will not abide, for I have such a talent to see Sir Tristram that I may not abide long from him. Ah, Dinadan, said Sir Palomides, now do I understand that ye love my mortal enemy, and therefore how should I trust you. Well, said Dinadan, I love my lord Sir Tristram, above all other, and him will I serve and do honour. So shall I, said Sir Lamorak, in all that may lie in my power.

So on the morn Sir Dinadan rode unto the court of King Arthur; and by the way as he rode he saw where stood an errant knight, and made him ready for to joust. Not so, said Dinadan, for I have no will to joust. With me shall ye joust, said the knight, or that ye pass this way. Whether ask ye jousts, by love or by hate? The knight answered: Wit ye well I ask it for love, and not for hate. It may well be so, said Sir Dinadan, but ye proffer me hard love when ye will joust with me with a sharp spear. But, fair knight, said Sir Dinadan, sith ye will joust with me, meet with me in the court of King Arthur, and there shall I joust with you. Well, said the knight, sith ye will not joust with me, I pray you tell me your name. Sir knight, said he, my name is Sir Dinadan. Ah, said the knight, full well know I you for a good knight and a gentle, and wit you well I love you heartily. Then shall there be no jousts, said Dinadan, betwixt us. So they departed. And the same day he came to Camelot, where lay King Arthur. And there he saluted the king and the queen, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram; and all the court was glad of Sir Dinadan, for he was gentle, wise, and courteous, and a good knight. And in especial, the valiant knight Sir Tristram loved Sir Dinadan passing well above all other knights save Sir Launcelot.

Then the king asked Sir Dinadan what adventures he had seen. Sir, said Dinadan, I have seen many adventures, and of some King Mark knoweth, but not all. Then the king hearkened Sir Dinadan, how he told that Sir Palomides and he were afore the castle of Morgan le Fay, and how Sir Lamorak took the jousts afore them, and how he for-jousted twelve knights, and of them four he slew, and how after he smote down Sir Palomides and me both. I may not believe that, said the king, for Sir Palomides is a passing good knight. That is very truth, said Sir Dinadan, but yet I saw him better proved, hand for hand. And then he told the king all that battle, and how Sir Palomides was more weaker, and more hurt, and more lost of his blood. And without doubt, said Sir Dinadan, had the battle longer lasted, Palomides had been slain. O Jesu, said King Arthur, this is to me a great marvel. Sir, said Tristram, marvel ye nothing thereof, for at mine advice there is not a valianter knight in the world living, for I know his might. And now I will say you, I was never so weary of knight but if it were Sir Launcelot. And there is no knight in the world except Sir Launcelot that did so well as Sir Lamorak. So God me help, said the king, I would that knight, Sir Lamorak, came to this Court. Sir, said Dinadan, he will be here in short space, and Sir Palomides both, but I fear that Palomides may not yet travel.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW KING ARTHUR LET DO CRY A JOUSTS, AND HOW SIR LAMORAK CAME IN, AND OVERTHREW SIR GAWAINE AND MANY OTHER.

THEN within three days after the king let make a jousting at a priory. And there made them ready many knights of the Round Table, for Sir Gawaine and his brethren made them ready to joust; but Tristram, Launcelot, nor Dinadan, would not joust, but suffered Sir Gawaine, for the love of King Arthur, with his brethren, to win the gree if they might. Then on the morn they apparelled them to

joust, Sir Gawaine and his four brethren, and did there great deeds of arms. And Sir Ector de Maris did marvellously well, but Sir Gawaine passed all that fellowship; wherefore King Arthur and all the knights gave Sir Gawaine the honour at the beginning.

Right so King Arthur was ware of a knight and two squires, the which came out of a forest side, with a shield covered with leather, and then he came slyly and hurtled here and there, and anon with one spear he had smitten down two knights of the Round Table. Then with his hurtling he lost the covering of his shield, then was the king and all other ware that he bare a red shield. O Jesu, said King Arthur, see where rideth a stout knight, he with the red shield. And there was noise and crying: Beware the Knight with the Red Shield. So within a little while he had overthrown three brethren of Sir Gawaine's. So God me help, said King Arthur, meseemeth yonder is the best jouster that ever I saw. With that he saw him encounter with Sir Gawaine, and he smote him down with so great force that he made his horse to avoid his saddle. How now, said the king, Sir Gawaine hath a fall; well were me an I knew what knight he were with the red shield. I know him well, said Dinadan, but as at this time ye shall not know his name. By my head, said Sir Tristram, he jousted better than Sir Palomides, and if ye list to know his name, wit ye well his name is Sir Lamorak de Galis.

As they stood thus talking, Sir Gawaine and he encountered together again, and there he smote Sir Gawaine from his horse, and bruised him sore. And in the sight of King Arthur he smote down twenty knights, beside Sir Gawaine and his brethren. And so clearly was the prize given him as a knight peerless. Then slyly and marvellously Sir Lamorak withdrew him from all the fellowship into the forest side. All this espied King Arthur, for his eye went never from him. Then the king, Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Dinadan, took their hackneys, and rode straight after the good knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, and there found him. And thus said the king: Ah, fair knight, well be ye found. When he saw the king he put off his helm and saluted him, and when he saw Sir Tristram he alighted down off his horse and ran to him to take him

by the thighs, but Sir Tristram would not suffer him, but he alighted or that he came, and either took other in arms, and made great joy of other. The king was glad, and also was all the fellowship of the Round Table, except Sir Gawaine and his brethren. And when they wist that he was Sir Lamorak, they had great despite at him, and were wonderly wroth with him that he had put him to dishonour that day.

Then Gawaine called privily in council all his brethren, and to them said thus: Fair brethren, here may ye see, whom that we hate King Arthur loveth, and whom that we love he hateth. And wit ye well, my fair brethren, that this Sir Lamorak will never love us, because we slew his father, King Pellinore, for we deemed that he slew our father, King of Orkney. And for the despite of Pellinore, Sir Lamorak did us a shame to our mother, therefore I will be revenged. Sir, said Sir Gawaine's brethren, let see how ye will or may be revenged, and ye shall find us ready. Well, said Gawaine, hold you still and we shall espy our time.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW KING ARTHUR MADE KING MARK TO BE ACCORDED WITH SIR TRISTRAM, AND HOW THEY DEPARTED TOWARD CORNWALL.

Now pass we our matter, and leave we Sir Gawaine, and speak of King Arthur, that on a day said unto King Mark: Sir, I pray you give me a gift that I shall ask you. Sir, said King Mark, I will give you whatsomever ye desire an it be in my power. Sir, gramercy, said Arthur. This I will ask you, that ye will be good lord unto Sir Tristram, for he is a man of great honour; and that ye will take him with you into Cornwall, and let him see his friends, and there cherish him for my sake. Sir, said King Mark, I promise you by the faith of my body, and by the faith that I owe to God and to you, I shall worship him for your sake in all that I can or may. Sir,

said Arthur, and I will forgive you all the evil will that ever I ought you, an so be that you swear that upon a book before me. With a good will, said King Mark; and so he there sware upon a book afore him and all his knights, and therewith King Mark and Sir Tristram took either other by the hands hard knit together. But for all this King Mark thought falsely, as it proved after, for he put Sir Tristram in prison, and cowardly would have slain him.

Then soon after King Mark took his leave to ride into Cornwall, and Sir Tristram made him ready to ride with him, whereof the most part of the Round Table were wroth and heavy, and in especial Sir Launcelot, and Sir Lamorak, and Sir Dinadan, were wroth out of measure. For well they wist King Mark would slay or destroy Sir Tristram. Alas, said Dinadan, that my lord, Sir Tristram, shall depart. And Sir Tristram took such sorrow that he was amazed like a fool. Alas, said Sir Launcelot unto King Arthur, what have ye done, for ye shall lose the most man of worship that ever came into your court. It was his own desire, said Arthur, and therefore I might not do withal, for I have done all that I can and made them at accord. Accord, said Sir Launcelot, fie upon that accord, for ye shall hear that he shall slay Sir Tristram, or put him in a prison, for he is the most coward and the villainest king and knight that is now living.

And therewith Sir Launcelot departed, and came to King Mark, and said to him thus: Sir King, wit thou well the good knight Sir Tristram shall go with thee. Beware, I rede thee, of treason, for an thou mischief that knight by any manner of falsehood or treason, by the faith I owe to God and to the order of knighthood, I shall slay thee with mine own hands. Sir Launcelot, said the king, overmuch have ye said to me, and I have sworn and said over largely afore King Arthur in hearing of all his knights, that I shall not slay nor betray him. It were to me overmuch shame to break my promise. Ye say well, said Sir Launcelot, but ye are called so false and full of treason that no man may believe you. Forsooth it is known well wherefore ye came into this country, and for none other cause but for to slay Sir Tristram. So with great dole King Mark and Sir Tristram rode together, for it was by Sir Tristram's

will and his means to go with King Mark, and all was for the intent to see La Beale Isoud, for without the sight of her Sir Tristram might not endure.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW SIR PERCIVALE WAS MADE KNIGHT OF KING ARTHUR, AND HOW A DUMB MAID SPAKE, AND BROUGHT HIM TO THE ROUND TABLE.

Now turn we again unto Sir Lamorak, and speak we of his brethren, Sir Tor, which was King Pellinore's first son and begotten of Aryes, wife of the cowherd, for he was a bastard; and Sir Aglovale was his first son begotten in wedlock; Sir Lamorak, Dornar, Percivale, these were his sons too in wedlock. So when King Mark and Sir Tristram were departed from the court there was made great dole and sorrow for the departing of Sir Tristram. Then the king and his knights made no manner of joys eight days after. And at the eight days' end there came to the court a knight with a young squire with him. And when this knight was unarmed, he went to the king and required him to make the young squire a knight. Of what lineage is he come? said King Arthur. Sir, said the knight, he is the son of King Pellinore, that did you some time good service, and he is a brother unto Sir Lamorak de Galis, the good knight. Well, said the king, for what cause desire ye that of me that I should make him knight? Wit you well, my lord the king, that this young squire is brother to me as well as to Sir Lamorak, and my name is Aglovale. Sir, Aglovale, said Arthur, for the love of Sir Lamorak, and for his father's love, he shall be made knight tomorrow. Now tell me, said Arthur, what is his name? Sir, said the knight, his name is Percivale de Galis. So on the morn the king made him knight in Camelot. But the king and all the knights thought it would be long or that he proved a good knight.

Then at the dinner, when the king was set at the table, and every

knight after he was of prowess, the king commanded him to be set among mean knights; and so was Sir Percivale set as the king commanded. Then was there a maiden in the queen's court that was come of high blood, and she was dumb and never spake word. Right so she came straight into the hall, and went unto Sir Percivale, and took him by the hand and said aloud, that the king and all the knights might hear it: Arise, Sir Percivale, the noble knight and God's knight, and go with me; and so he did. And there she brought him to the right side of the Siege Perilous, and said, Fair knight, take here thy siege, for that siege appertaineth to thee and to none other. Right so she departed and asked a priest. And as she was confessed and houselled then she died. Then the king and all the court made great joy of Sir Percivale.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW SIR LAMORAK VISITED KING LOT'S WIFE, AND HOW SIR GAHERIS SLEW HER WHICH WAS HIS OWN MOTHER.

Now turn we unto Sir Lamorak, that much was there praised. Then, by the mean of Sir Gawaine and his brethren, they sent for their mother there besides, fast by a castle beside Camelot; and all was to that intent to slay Sir Lamorak. The Queen of Orkney was there but a while, but Sir Lamorak wist of their being, and was full fain; and for to make an end of this matter, he sent unto her, and there betwixt them was a night assigned that Sir Lamorak should come to her. Thereof was ware Sir Gaheris, and there he rode afore the same night, and waited upon Sir Lamorak, and then he saw where he came all armed. And where Sir Lamorak alighted he tied his horse to a privy postern, and so he went into a parlour and unarmed him; and then he went unto the queen's bed, and she made of him passing great joy, and he of her again, for either loved other passing sore. So when the knight, Sir Gaheris, saw his time, he came to their bedside all armed, with his sword naked,

and suddenly gat his mother by the hair and struck off her head.

When Sir Lamorak saw the blood dash upon him all hot, the which he loved passing well, wit you well he was sore abashed and dismayed of that dolorous knight. And therewithal, Sir Lamorak leapt out of the bed in his shirt as a knight dismayed, saying thus: Ah, Sir Gaheris, knight of the Table Round, foul and evil have ye done, and to you great shame. Alas, why have ye slain your mother that bare you? with more right ye should have slain me. The offence hast thou done, said Gaheris, notwithstanding a man is born to offer his service; but yet shouldst thou beware with whom thou meddlest, for thou hast put me and my brethren to a shame, and thy father slew our father; and thou to lie by our mother is too much shame for us to suffer. And as for thy father, King Pellinore, my brother Sir Gawaine and I slew him. Ye did him the more wrong, said Sir Lamorak, for my father slew not your father, it was Balin le Savage: and as yet my father's death is not revenged. Leave those words, said Sir Gaheris, for an thou speak feloniously I will slay thee. But because thou art naked I am ashamed to slay thee. But wit thou well, in what place I may get thee I shall slay thee; and now my mother is quit of thee; and withdraw thee and take thine armour, that thou were gone. Sir Lamorak saw there was none other bote, but fast armed him, and took his horse and rode his way making great sorrow. But for the shame and dolour he would not ride to King Arthur's court, but rode another way.

But when it was known that Gaheris had slain his mother the king was passing wroth, and commanded him to go out of his court. Wit ye well Sir Gawaine was wroth that Gaheris had slain his mother and let Sir Lamorak escape. And for this matter was the king passing wroth, and so was Sir Launcelot, and many other knights. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, here is a great mischief befallen by felony, and by forecast treason, that your sister is thus shamefully slain. And I dare say that it was wrought by treason; and I dare say ye shall lose that good knight, Sir Lamorak, the which is great pity. I wot well and am sure, an Sir Tristram wist it, he would never more come within your court, the which should grieve you much more and all your knights. God defend, said the noble King Arthur,

that I should lose Sir Lamorak or Sir Tristram, for then twain of my chief knights of the Table Round were gone. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, I am sure ye shall lose Sir Lamorak, for Sir Gawaine and his brethren will slay him by one mean or other; for they among them have concluded and sworn to slay him an ever they may see their time. That shall I let, said Arthur.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW SIR AGRAVAINE AND SIR MORDRED MET WITH A KNIGHT FLEEING, AND HOW THEY BOTH WERE OVERTHROWN, AND OF SIR DINADAN.

Now leave we of Sir Lamorak, and speak of Sir Gawaine's brethren, and specially of Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred. As they rode on their adventures they met with a knight fleeing, sore wounded; and they asked him what tidings. Fair knights, said he, here cometh a knight after me that will slay me. With that came Sir Dinadan riding to them by adventure, but he would promise them no help. But Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred promised him to rescue him. Therewithal came that knight straight unto them, and anon he proffered to joust. That saw Sir Mordred and rode to him, but he struck Mordred over his horse's tail. That saw Sir Agravaine, and straight he rode toward that knight, and right so as he served Mordred so he served Agravaine, and said to them: Sirs, wit ye well both that I am Breuse Saunce Pité, that hath done this to you. And yet he rode over Agravaine five or six times. When Dinadan saw this, he must needs joust with him for shame. And so Dinadan and he encountered together, that with pure strength Sir Dinadan smote him over his horse's tail. Then he took his horse and fled, for he was on foot one of the valiantest knights in Arthur's days, and a great destroyer of all good knights.

Then rode Sir Dinadan unto Sir Mordred and unto Sir Agravaine. Sir knight, said they all, well have ye done, and well have ye

revenged us, wherefore we pray you tell us your name. Fair sirs, ye ought to know my name, the which is called Sir Dinadan. When they understood that it was Dinadan they were more wroth than they were before, for they hated him out of measure because of Sir Lamorak. For Dinadan had such a custom that he loved all good knights that were valiant, and he hated all those that were destroyers of good knights. And there were none that hated Dinadan but those that ever were called murderers. Then spake the hurt knight that Breuse Saunce Pité had chased, his name was Dalan, and said: If thou be Dinadan, thou slewest my father. It may well be so, said Dinadan, but then it was in my defence and at his request. By my head, said Dalan, thou shalt die therefore, and therewith he dressed his spear and his shield. And to make the shorter tale, Sir Dinadan smote him down off his horse, that his neck was nigh broken. And in the same wise he smote Sir Mordred and Sir Agravaine. And after, in the quest of the Sangreal, cowardly and feloniously they slew Dinadan, the which was great damage, for he was a great bourder and a passing good knight.

And so Sir Dinadan rode to a castle that hight Beale-Valet. And there he found Sir Palomides that was not yet whole of the wound that Sir Lamorak gave him. And there Dinadan told Palomides all the tidings that he heard and saw of Sir Tristram, and how he was gone with King Mark, and with him he hath all his will and desire. Therewith Sir Palomides waxed wroth, for he loved La Beale Isoud. And then he wist well that Sir Tristram enjoyed her.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW KING ARTHUR, THE QUEEN, AND LAUNCELOT RECEIVED LETTERS OUT OF CORNWALL, AND OF THE ANSWER AGAIN.

Now leave we Sir Palomides and Sir Dinadan in the Castle of Beale-Valet, and turn we again unto King Arthur. There came

a knight out of Cornwall, his name was Fergus, a fellow of the Round Table. And there he told the king and Sir Launcelot good tidings of Sir Tristram, and there were brought goodly letters, and how he left him in the castle of Tintagil. Then came the damosel that brought goodly letters unto King Arthur and unto Sir Launcelot, and there she had passing good cheer of the king, and of the Queen Guenever, and of Sir Launcelot. Then they wrote goodly letters again. But Sir Launcelot bade ever Sir Tristram beware of King Mark, for ever he called him in his letters King Fox, as who saith, he fareth all with wiles and treason. Whereof Sir Tristram in his heart thanked Sir Launcelot. Then the damosel went unto La Beale Isoud, and bare her letters from the king and from Sir Launcelot, whereof she was in passing great joy. Fair damosel, said La Beale Isoud, how fareth my Lord Arthur, and the Queen Guenever, and the noble knight, Sir Launcelot? She answered, and to make short tale: Much the better that ye and Sir Tristram be in joy. God reward them, said La Beale Isoud, for Sir Tristram suffereth great pain for me, and I for him.

So the damosel departed, and brought letters to King Mark. And when he had read them, and understood them, he was wroth with Sir Tristram, for he deemed that he had sent the damosel unto King Arthur. For Arthur and Launcelot in a manner threated King Mark. And as King Mark read these letters he deemed treason by Sir Tristram. Damosel, said King Mark, will ye ride again and bear letters from me unto King Arthur? Sir, she said, I will be at your commandment to ride when ye will. Ye say well, said the king; come again, said the king, to-morn, and fetch your letters. Then she departed and told them how she should ride again with letters unto Arthur. Then we pray you, said La Beale Isoud and Sir Tristram, that when ye have received your letters, that ye would come by us that we may see the privity of your letters. All that I may do, madam, ye wot well I must do for Sir Tristram, for I have been long his own maiden.

So on the morn the damosel went to King Mark to have had his letters and to depart. I am not avised, said King Mark, as at this time to send my letters. Then privily and secretly he sent letters

unto King Arthur, and unto Queen Guenever, and unto Sir Launcelot. So the varlet departed, and found the king and the queen in Wales, at Carlion. And as the king and the queen were at mass the varlet came with the letters. And when mass was done the king and the queen opened the letters privily by themself. And the beginning of the king's letters spake wonderly short unto King Arthur, and bade him entermete with himself and with his wife, and of his knights; for he was able enough to rule and keep his wife.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS WROTH WITH THE LETTER THAT HE RECEIVED FROM KING MARK, AND OF DINADAN WHICH MADE A LAY OF KING MARK

When King Arthur understood the letter, he mused of many things, and thought on his sister's words, Queen Morgan le Fay, that she had said betwixt Queen Guenever and Sir Launcelot. And in this thought he studied a great while. Then he bethought him again how his sister was his own enemy, and that she hated the queen and Sir Launcelot, and so he put all that out of his thought. Then King Arthur read the letter again, and the latter clause said that King Mark took Sir Tristram for his mortal enemy; wherefore he put Arthur out of doubt he would be revenged of Sir Tristram. Then was King Arthur wroth with King Mark. And when Queen Guenever read her letter and understood it, she was wroth out of measure, for the letter spake shame by her and by Sir Launcelot. And so privily she sent the letter unto Sir Launcelot. And when he wist the intent of the letter he was so wroth that he laid him down on his bed to sleep, whereof Sir Dinadan was ware, for it was his manner to be privy with all good knights. And as Sir Launcelot slept he stole the letter out of his hand, and read it word by word. And then he made great sorrow for anger. And so Sir

Launcelot awaked, and went to a window, and read the letter again, the which made him angry.

Sir, said Dinadan, wherefore be ye angry? discover your heart to me: forsooth ye wot well I owe you good will, howbeit I am a poor knight and a servitor unto you and to all good knights. For though I be not of worship myself I love all those that be of worship. It is truth, said Sir Launcelot, ye are a trusty knight, and for great trust I will shew you my counsel. And when Dinadan understood all, he said: This is my counsel: set you right nought by these threats, for King Mark is so villainous, that by fair speech shall never man get of him. But ye shall see what I shall do; I will make a lay for him, and when it is made I shall make an harper to sing it afore him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it an harper that hight Eliot. And when he could it, he taught it to many harpers. And so by the will of Sir Launcelot, and of Arthur, the harpers went straight into Wales, and into Cornwall, to sing the lay that Sir Dinadan made by King Mark, the which was the worst lay that ever harper sang with harp or with any other instruments.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS HURT, AND OF A WAR MADE TO KING MARK; AND OF SIR TRISTRAM HOW HE PROMISED TO RESCUE HIM.

Now turn we again unto Sir Tristram and to King Mark. As Sir Tristram was at jousts and at tournament it fortuned he was sore hurt both with a spear and with a sword, but yet he won always the degree. And for to repose him he went to a good knight that dwelled in Cornwall, in a castle, whose name was Sir Dinas le Seneschal. Then by misfortune there came out of Sessoin a great number of men of arms, and an hideous host, and they entered nigh the Castle of Tintagil; and their captain's name was Elias, a good man of arms. When King Mark understood his enemies were

entered into his land he made great dole and sorrow, for in no wise by his will King Mark would not send for Sir Tristram, for he hated him deadly.

So when his council was come they devised and cast many perils of the strength of their enemies. And then they concluded all at once, and said thus unto King Mark: Sir, wit ye well ye must send for Sir Tristram, the good knight, or else they will never be overcome. For by Sir Tristram they must be foughten withal, or else we row against the stream. Well, said King Mark, I will do by your counsel; but yet he was full loath thereto, but need constrained him to send for him. Then was he sent for in all haste that might be, that he should come to King Mark. And when he understood that King Mark had sent for him, he mounted upon a soft ambler and rode to King Mark. And when he was come the king said thus: Fair nephew, Sir Tristram, this is all. Here be come our enemies of Sessoin, that are here nigh hand, and without tarrying they must be met with shortly, or else they will destroy this country. Sir, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well all my power is at your commandment. And wit ye well, sir, these eight days I may bear none arms, for my wounds be not yet whole. And by that day I shall do what I may. Ye say well, said King Mark; then go ye again and repose you and make you fresh, and I shall go and meet the Sessoins with all my power.

So the king departed unto Tintagil, and Sir Tristram went to repose him. And the king made a great host, and departed them in three; the first part led Sir Dinas the Seneschal, and Sir Andred led the second part, and Sir Argius led the third part; and he was of the blood of King Mark. And the Sessoins had three great battles, and many good men of arms. And so King Mark by the advice of his knights issued out of the Castle of Tintagil upon his enemies. And Dinas, the good knight, rode out afore, and slew two knights with his own hands, and then began the battles. And there was marvellous breaking of spears and smiting of swords, and slew down many good knights. And ever was Sir Dinas the Seneschal the best of King Mark's party. And thus the battle endured long with great mortality. But at the last King Mark and Sir Dinas, were

they never so loath, they withdrew them to the Castle of Tintagil with great slaughter of people; and the Sessoins followed on fast, that ten of them were put within the gates and four slain with the portcullis.

Then King Mark sent for Sir Tristram by a varlet, that told him all the mortality. Then he sent the varlet again, and bade him: Tell King Mark that I will come as soon as I am whole, for erst I may do him no good. Then King Mark had his answer. Therewith came Elias and bade the king yield up the castle: For ye may not hold it no while. Sir Elias, said the king, so will I yield up the castle if I be not soon rescued. Anon King Mark sent again for rescue to Sir Tristram. By then Sir Tristram was whole, and he had gotten him ten good knights of Arthur's; and with them he rode unto Tintagil. And when he saw the great host of Sessoins he marvelled wonder greatly. And then Sir Tristram rode by the woods and by the ditches as secretly as he might, till he came nigh the gates. And there dressed a knight to him when he saw that Sir Tristram would enter; and Sir Tristram smote him down dead, and so he served three more. And everych of these ten knights slew a man of arms. So Sir Tristram entered into the Castle of Tintagil. And when King Mark wist that Sir Tristram was come he was glad of his coming, and so was all the fellowship, and of him they made great joy.

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM OVERCAME THE BATTLE, AND HOW ELIAS DESIRED A MAN TO FIGHT BODY FOR BODY.

So on the morn Elias the captain came, and bade King Mark: Come out and do battle; for now the good knight Sir Tristram is entered it will be shame to thee, said Elias, for to keep thy walls. When King Mark understood this he was wroth and said no word, but went unto Sir Tristram and asked him his counsel. Sir, said Sir Tristram, will ye that I give him his answer? I will well, said King

Mark. Then Sir Tristram said thus to the messenger: Bear thy lord word from the king and me, that we will do battle with him tomorn in the plain field. What is your name? said the messenger. Wit thou well my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. Therewithal the messenger departed and told his lord Elias all that he had heard. Sir, said Sir Tristram unto King Mark, I pray you give me leave to have the rule of the battle. I pray you take the rule, said King Mark. Then Sir Tristram let devise the battle in what manner that it should be. He let depart his host in six parties, and ordained Sir Dinas the Seneschal to have the foreward, and other knights to rule the remnant. And the same night Sir Tristram burnt all the Sessoins' ships unto the cold water. Anon, as Elias wist that, he said it was of Sir Tristram's doing: For he casteth that we shall never escape, mother son of us. Therefore, fair fellows, fight freely tomorrow, and miscomfort you nought; for any knight, though he be the best knight in the world, he may not have ado with us all.

Then they ordained their battle in four parties, wonderly well apparelled and garnished with men of arms. Thus they within issued, and they without set freely upon them; and there Sir Dinas did great deeds of arms. Not for then Sir Dinas and his fellowship were put to the worse. With that came Sir Tristram and slew two knights with one spear; then he slew on the right hand and on the left hand, that men marvelled that ever he might do such deeds of arms. And then he might see sometime the battle was driven a bow-draught from the castle, and sometime it was at the gates of the castle. Then came Elias the captain rushing here and there, and hit King Mark so sore upon the helm that he made him to avoid the saddle. And then sir Dinas gat King Mark again to horseback. Therewithal came in Sir Tristram like a lion, and there he met with Elias, and he smote him so sore upon the helm that he avoided his saddle. And thus they fought till it was night, and for great slaughter and for wounded people everych party drew to their rest.

And when King Mark was come within the Castle of Tintagil he lacked of his knights an hundred, and they without lacked two hundred; and they searched the wounded men on both parties. And then they went to council; and wit you well either party were

loath to fight more, so that either might escape with their worship. When Elias the captain understood the death of his men he made great dole; and when he wist that they were loath to go to battle again he was wroth out of measure. Then Elias sent word unto King Mark, in great despite, whether he would find a knight that would fight for him body for body. And if that he might slay King Mark's knight, he to have the truage of Cornwall yearly. And if that his knight slay mine, I fully release my claim forever. Then the messenger departed unto King Mark, and told him how that his lord Elias had sent him word to find a knight to do battle with him body for body. When King Mark understood the messenger, he bade him abide and he should have his answer. Then called he all the baronage together to wit what was the best counsel. They said all at once: To fight in a field we have no lust, for had not been Sir Tristram's prowess it had been likely that we never should have escaped; and therefore, sir, as we deem, it were well done to find a knight that would do battle with him, for he knightly proffereth.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW SIR ELIAS AND SIR TRISTRAM FOUGHT TOGETHER FOR THE TRUAGE, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM SLEW ELIAS IN THE FIELD.

Not for then when all this was said, they could find no knight that would do battle with him. Sir king, said they all, here is no knight that dare fight with Elias. Alas, said King Mark, then am I utterly ashamed and utterly destroyed, unless that my nephew Sir Tristram will take the battle upon him. Wit you well, they said all, he had yesterday overmuch on hand, and he is weary for travail, and sore wounded. Where is he? said King Mark. Sir, said they, he is in his bed to repose him. Alas, said King Mark, but I have the succour of my nephew Sir Tristram, I am utterly destroyed for ever.

Therewith one went to Sir Tristram where he lay, and told him what King Mark had said. And therewith Sir Tristram arose lightly, and put on him a long gown, and came afore the king and all the lords. And when he saw them all so dismayed he asked the king and the lords what tidings were with them. Never worse, said the king. And therewith he told him all, how he had word of Elias to find a knight to fight for the truage of Cornwall, and none can I find. And as for you, said the king and all the lords, we may ask no more of you for shame; for through your hardiness yesterday ye saved all our lives. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now I understand ye would have my succour, reason would that I should do all that lieth in my power to do, saving my worship and my life, howbeit I am sore bruised and hurt. And sithen Sir Elias proffereth so largely, I shall fight with him, or else I will be slain in the field, or else I will deliver Cornwall from the old truage. And therefore lightly call his messenger and he shall be answered, for as yet my wounds be green, and they will be sorer a seven night after than they be now; and therefore he shall have his answer that I will do battle to-morn with him.

Then was the messenger departed brought before King Mark. Hark, my fellow, said Sir Tristram, go fast unto thy lord, and bid him make true assurance on his part for the truage, as the king here shall make on his part; and then tell thy lord, Sir Elias, that I, Sir Tristram, King Arthur's knight, and knight of the Table Round, will as to-morn meet with thy lord on horseback, to do battle as long as my horse may endure, and after that to do battle with him on foot to the utterance. The messenger beheld Sir Tristram from the top to the toe; and therewithal he departed and came to his lord, and told him how he was answered of Sir Tristram. And therewithal was made hostage on both parties, and made it as sure as it might be, that whether party had the victory, so to end. And then were both hosts assembled on both parts of the field, without the Castle of Tintagil, and there was none but Sir Tristram and Sir Elias armed.

So when the appointment was made, they departed in-sunder, and they came together with all the might that their horses might

run. And either knight smote other so hard that both horses and knights went to the earth. Not for then they both lightly arose and dressed their shields on their shoulders, with naked swords in their hands, and they dashed together that it seemed a flaming fire about them. Thus they traced, and traversed, and hewed on helms and hauberks, and cut away many cantels of their shields, and either wounded other passing sore, so that the hot blood fell freshly upon the earth. And by then they had foughten the mountenance of an hour Sir Tristram waxed faint and for-bled, and gave sore aback. That saw Sir Elias, and followed fiercely upon him, and wounded him in many places. And ever Sir Tristram traced and traversed, and went froward him here and there, and covered him with his shield as he might all weakly, that all men said he was overcome; for Sir Elias had given him twenty strokes against one.

Then was there laughing of the Sessions' party, and great dole on King Mark's party. Alas, said the king, we are ashamed and destroyed all for ever: for as the book saith, Sir Tristram was never so matched, but if it were Sir Launcelot. Thus as they stood and beheld both parties, that one party laughing and the other party weeping, Sir Tristram remembered him of his lady, La Beale Isoud, that looked upon him, and how he was likely never to come in her presence. Then he pulled up his shield that erst hung full low. And then he dressed up his shield unto Elias, and gave him many sad strokes, twenty against one, and all to-brake his shield and his hauberk, that the hot blood ran down to the earth. Then began King Mark to laugh, and all Cornish men, and that other party to weep. And ever Sir Tristram said to Sir Elias: Yield thee.

Then when Sir Tristram saw him so staggering on the ground, he said: Sir Elias, I am right sorry for thee, for thou art a passing good knight as ever I met withal, except Sir Launcelot. Therewithal Sir Elias fell to the earth, and there died. What shall I do, said Sir Tristram unto King Mark, for this battle is at an end? Then they of Elias' party departed, and King Mark took of them many prisoners, to redress the harms and the scathes that he had of them; and the remnant he sent into their country to borrow out their fellows. Then was Sir Tristram searched and well healed. Yet for all this

King Mark would fain have slain Sir Tristram. But for all that ever Sir Tristram saw or heard by King Mark, yet would he never beware of his treason, but ever he would be thereas La Beale Isoud was.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW AT A GREAT FEAST THAT KING MARK MADE AN HARPER CAME AND SANG THE LAY THAT DINADAN HAD MADE.

Now will we pass of this matter, and speak we of the harpers that Sir Launcelot and Sir Dinadan had sent into Cornwall. And at the great feast that King Mark made for joy that the Sessions were put out of his country, then came Eliot the harper with the lay that Dinadan had made, and secretly brought it unto Sir Tristram, and told him the lay that Dinadan had made by King Mark. And when Sir Tristram heard it, he said: O Lord Jesu, that Dinadan can make wonderly well and ill, thereas it shall be. Sir, said Eliot, dare I sing this song afore King Mark? Yea, on my peril, said Sir Tristram, for I shall be thy warrant. Then at the meat came in Eliot the harper, and because he was a curious harper men heard him sing the same lay that Dinadan had made, the which spake the most villainy by King Mark of his treason that ever man heard.

When the harper had sung his song to the end King Mark was wonderly wroth, and said: Thou harper, how durst thou be so bold on thy head to sing this song afore me. Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a minstrel, and I must do as I am commanded of these lords that I bear the arms of. And sir, wit ye well that Sir Dinadan, a knight of the Table Round, made this song, and made me to sing it afore you. Thou sayest well, said King Mark, and because thou art a minstrel thou shalt go quit, but I charge thee hie thee fast out of my sight. So the harper departed and went to Sir Tristram, and told him how he had sped. Then Sir Tristram let make letters as

goodly as he could to Launcelot and to Sir Dinadan. And so he let conduct the harper out of the country. But to say that King Mark was wonderly wroth, he was, for he deemed that the lay that was sung afore him was made by Sir Tristram's counsel, wherefore he thought to slay him and all his well-willers in that country.

HYT BEFELLE whan kyng Arthur had wedded quene 71r
Gwenyvere and fulfylled the Rounde Table, and so [MA: 26]
aftir his mervelous knyghtis and he had venquyshed the
moste party of his enemyes, than sone aftir com sir Launcelot
de Lake unto the courte, and sir Trystrams come that tyme 5
also, and than ⌜kyng Arthur helde a ryal feeste and Table
Rounde⌝.

So hit befelle that the Emperour Lucius, ⌜Procurour of [78]
the publyke wele of Rome⌝, sente unto Arthure messyngers
commaundynge hym to pay his trewage that his auncettryes 10
have payde before hym. Whan kynge Arthure wyste what
they mente he loked up with his gray yghen and angred at
the messyngers passyng sore. Than were this messyngers
aferde and knelyd stylle and durste nat aryse, they were so
aferde of his grymme countenaunce. Than one of the 15
knyghtes messyngers spake alowde and seyde, [124]

'Crowned kynge, myssedo no messyngers, for we be com
at his commaundemente, as servytures sholde.'

Than spake the Conquerrour, 'Thou recrayedest coward

CWHanne kyng Arthur had after longe werre rested and held a (1)
Ryal feeste and table rounde* (*MA* 74: thus on ryall araye he
helde his rounde table) with his alyes of kynges prynces and noble
knyghtes all of the round table there cam in to his halle he syttynge in
his throne Ryal xij aūcyen men berynge eche of them a braunche of 5
Olyue in token that they cam as Embassatours* (*Geoffrey* 247 'ecce
duodecim viri maturae aetatis, reverendi vultus, ramos olivae in signum
legationis in dextris ferentes'; *Wace* 115–16 'Es vous douse homes
blans, quenus, Bien atornés et bien vestus . . . Douse estoient, et douse
rains D'olive portent en lor mains'; *Huth Merlin* 180 'Es vous par 10
laiens entrer douze hommes qui tout estoient vestu de blanc samit. Et
estoient tout li honme viel et anchiien et tout blanc de kenissure(s), et
portoit chascuns en sa main un rain d'olive par senefiance') and messa-
gers fro the Emperour Lucyus whiche was called at that tyme Dicta-
tour or procurour of the publyke wele of Rome* (*W* Emperour of 15
Roome Lucius; *Geoffrey* 247 reipublicae procurator), whiche sayde
messagers after their entryng & comyng in to the presence of kynge
Arthur dyd to hym theyr obeyssaūce in makyng to hym reuerence said
to hym in this wyse The hyghe & myghty Emperour Lucyus sendeth

8 *W* Emperour of Roome Lucius

knyghte, why feryst thou my countenaunce? There be in this halle, and they were sore aggreved, thou durste nat for a deukedom of londis loke in their facis.'

[136] 'Sir,' seyde one of the senatoures, 'so Cryste me helpe, I was so aferde whan I loked in thy face that myne herte wolde nat serve for to sey my message. But sytthen hit is [86] my wylle for to sey myne erande, the gretis welle Lucius, the Emperour of Roome, and commaundis the uppon payne that woll falle to sende hym the trewage of this realme that thy fadir Uther Pendragon payde, other ellys he woll bereve the all thy realmys that thou weldyst, ⌜and thou as rebelle, not knowynge hym as thy soverayne, withholdest and reteynest, contrary to the statutes and decrees maade [115] by the noble and worthy Julius Cezar, conquerour of this realme⌝.'

[140] 'Thow seyste well,' seyde Arthure, 'but for all thy brym wordys I woll nat be to over-hasty, and therfore thou and 71v thy felowys shall abyde here seven dayes; and shall calle unto me my counceyle of my moste trusty knyghtes and deukes and regeaunte kynges and erlys and barowns and of my moste wyse doctours, and whan we have takyn oure avysement ye shall have your answere playnly, suche as I shall abyde by.'

⌜Than somme of the yonge knyghtes, heryng this their

to the kyng of Bretayne gretyng cōmaūdyng the to knouleche hym for thy lord and to sende hym the truage due of this Royamme vnto thempyre whiche thy fader and other to fore thy precessours haue paid as is of record And *thou as rebelle not knowynge hym as thy soue-*rayne withholdest and reteynest contrary to the statutes and decrees *maade by the noble and worthy Iulius Cezar conquerour of this *Royame* (*MA* 103–15 Why thow arte rebelle to Rome and rentez them wythholdez . . . That Iulius Cesar wan) and fyrst Emperour of Rome And yf thou refuse his demaunde and commaundement knowe thou for certayne that he shal make stronge werre ageynst the thy Royames & londes and shall chastyse the and thy subgettys that it shal be ensample (*S* ensamble) perpetuel vnto alle kynges and prynces for to denye their truage vnto that noble empyre whiche domyneth vpon the vnyuersal world Thenne whan they had shewed theffecte of their message the kyng commaunded them to withdrawe them And said he shold take auyce of counceylle and gyue to them an ansuere Thenne *somme of the yonge knyghtes heryng this their message wold haue

message, wold have ronne on them to have slayne them, sayenge that it was a rebuke to alle the knyghtes there beyng present to suffre them to saye so to the kynge. And anone the kynge commaunded that none of them upon payne of dethe to myssaye them ne doo them ony harme.⌉ 5

Than the noble kyng commaunded sir Clegis to loke that [155] thes men be seteled and served with the beste, that there be no deyntés spared uppon them, that nother chylde nor horse faught nothynge, 'for they ar full royall peple. And thoughe they have greved me and my courte, yet we muste 10 remembir on oure worshyp.' So they were led into chambyrs and served as rychely of deyntés that myght be gotyn. So the Romaynes had therof grete mervayle.

Than the kynge unto counsayle called his noble ⌈lordes [243] and⌉ knyghtes, and within a towre there they assembled, the 15 moste party of the knyghtes of the Rounde Table. Than the kynge commaunded hem of theire beste counceyle.

'Sir,' seyde sir Cador of Cornuayle, 'as for me, I am nat [427] hevy of this message, for we have be many dayes rested now. The lettyrs of Lucius the Emperoure lykis me well, 20 for now shall we have warre and worshyp.'

*ronne on them to haue slayne them sayenge that it was a rebuke to *alle the knyghtes there beyng present to suffre them to saye so to the *kynge And anone the kynge commaunded that none of them vpon *payne of dethe to myssaye them ne doo them ony harme* (*Vulgate Merlin* 425 'Si dient et jurent qu'il deshoneureront les messages qui les 5 lettres avoient aportees. Si lor eusent fait assés de honte et de laidure se li rois Artus ne fust qui lor dist moult doucement: "Biaus signeur, laisés les!" '; *Wace* 119–20 'Que cil seront deshonoré Qui le message ont aporté, Et lors ont mult as messagiers Dit ramprones et reproviers Mais li rois se leva em piés, Si lor cria: "Taisiés, taisiés!" ') and com- 10 maūded a knyghte to brynge them to their lodgynge and see that they haue alle that is necessary and requysyte for them with the best chere and that noo deyntee be spared For the Romayns ben grete lordes and though theyr message please me not ne my court yet I must remembre myn honour After this the kyng lete calle alle his lordes* and knyghtes 15 (*MA* 244 lordes) of the round table to counceyl vpon this mater and desyred them to saye theire aduys thenne syr Cador of Cornewaile spacke fyrste and sayd Syre this message lyketh me wel for we haue many days rested vs and haue ben ydle and now I hope ye shalle make sharp warre on the Romayns where I doubte not we shal gete honour 20

[259] 'Be Cryste, I leve welle,' seyde the kyng, 'sir Cador, this message lykis the. But yet they may nat be so answerde, for their spyteuous speche grevyth so my herte. That truage to Roome woll I never pay. Therefore counceyle me, my knyghtes, for Crystes love of Hevyn. For this muche have I founde in the cronycles of this londe, that `sir Belyne and sir Bryne, of my bloode elders' that borne were in Bretayne, and they hath ocupyed the empyreship eyght score wyntyrs; and aftir `Constantyne, oure kynnesman, conquerd hit,' and
72r `dame Elyneys son, of Ingelonde, was Emperour of Roome'; and he `recoverde the Crosse that Cryste dyed uppon.' And thus was the Empyre kepte be my kynde elders, and thus have we evydence inowghe to the empyre of holé Rome.'

[288] Than answerde kynge Angwysshaunce unto Arthure: 'Sir, thou oughte to be aboven all othir Crysten kynges for of knyghthode and of noble counceyle that is allway in the. And Scotlonde had never scathe syne ye were crowned kynge, and `whan the Romaynes raynede uppon us they raunsomed oure elders' and raffte us of oure lyves. `Therefore I make myne avow unto mylde Mary' and unto Jesu Cryste that I shall be avenged uppon the Romayns, and to farther thy fyght I shall brynge the ferce men of armys, fully twenty thousand of tyred men. I shall yeff hem my wages

I byleue wel sayd Arthur that this mater pleaseth the wel but these ansuers may not be ansuerd for (*S* sor) the demaunde greueth me sor For truly I wyl neuer paye truage to Rome wherfore I pray yow to counceylle me I haue vnderstande that Bellinus* and Brenius* (*Geoffrey* 250 Belinus, Brennius) kynges of (*S* os) Bretayne haue had thempyre in their handes many dayes And also Constantyn the sone of Heleyne whiche is an open euydence that we owe noo trybute to Rome but of ryght we that ben descended of them haue ryght to clayme the tytle of thempyre

(2) Thenne ansuerd kynge Anguysshe of Scotland Syr ye oughte of ryght to be aboue al other kynges for vnto yow is none lyke ne pareylle in Crystendome of knyȝthode ne of dygnyte & I counceylle you neuer to obeye the Romayns for whan they regned on vs they destressyd oure elders and putte this land to grete extorcions & taylles wherfore I make here myn auowe to auenge me on them and for to strengthe youre quarel I shall furnysshe xx M good men of warre and wage them on my costes whiche shal awayte on yow with my self whan it

for to go and warre on the Romaynes and to dystroy hem, and all shall be within two ayges to go where the lykes.'

Than the kyng of Lytyll Brytayne sayde unto kynge [304] Arthure, 'Sir answere thes alyauntes and gyff them their answere, and I shall somen my peple, and thirty thousand men shall ye have at my costis and wages.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde the kynge Arthure.

Than spake a myghty deuke that was lorde of Weste Walys: 'Sir, I make myne avowe to God to be revenged on [320] the Romaynes, and to have the vawarde, and there to `vynquysshe with vyctory the vyscounte of Roome.' For onys `as I paste on pylgrymage all by the Poynte Tremble', than the vyscounte was in Tu⟨s⟩kayne, and toke up my knyghtys and raunsomed them unresonablé. And than `I complayned me to the Potestate the Pope hymself', but I had nothynge ellys but plesaunte wordys; other reson at Roome myght I none have, and so I yode my way sore 72v rebuked. And therefore to be avenged I woll arere of my wyghteste Walshemen, and of myne owne fre wagis brynge you thirty thousand.'

Than sir Ewayne and his son Ider that were nere cosyns [337] unto the Conquerrour, yet were they cosyns bothe twayne, and `they helde Irelonde and Argayle and all the Oute Iles:' 'Sir,' seyde they unto kynge Arthure, 'here we make oure avowes untoo Cryste manly to ryde into Lumbardy and so unto Melayne wallys, and so over the Poynte Tremble `into the vale of Vyterbe, and there to vytayle my knyghtes;' and for to be avenged on the Romayns we shall bryng the thirty thousand of good mennys bodyes.'

Than leepe in yong `sir Launcelot de Laake with a lyght [368] herte' and seyde unto kynge Arthure, 'Thoughe my londis

shal please yow and the kyng of lytel Bretayne graunted hym to the same xxx M wherfor kynge Arthur thanked them And thenne euery man agreed to make warre and to ayde after their power that is to wete the lorde of westwalis promysed to brynge xxx M men And syr Vwayne syre Ider his sone with their cosyns promysed to brynge xxx M thenne syre launcelot with alle other promysed in lyke wyse euery man a grete multytude And whan kynge Arthur vnderstood theire courages and good wylles he thanked them hertely and after

13 *W* Tulkayne

marche nyghe thyne enemyes, yet shall I make myne avow aftir my power that of good men of armys aftir my bloode thus many I shall brynge with me: twenty thousand helmys in haubirkes attyred that shall never fayle you whyles oure lyves lastyth.'

[382] Than lowghe sir Bawdwyn of Bretayne and carpys to the kynge: 'I make myne avow unto the vernacle noble for to brynge with me ten thousand good mennys bodyes that shall never fayle whyle there lyvis lastyth.'

[395] 'Now I thanke you,' seyde the kynge, 'with all my trew herte. I suppose by the ende be done and dalte the Romaynes had bene bettir to have leffte their proude message.'

[415] So whan the sevennyghte was atte an end the Senatours besought the kynge to have an answere.

'Hit is well,' seyde the kynge. 'Now sey ye to youre Emperour that I shall in all haste me redy make with my
73r keene knyghtes, and `by the rever of Rome holde my Rounde Table.' And I woll brynge with me the beste peple of fyftene realmys, and with hem ryde on the mountaynes in the maynelondis, `and myne doune the wallys of Myllayne the proude,' `and syth ryde unto Roome with my royallyst knyghtes.' Now ye have youre answere, hygh you that ye were hense, and `frome this place to the porte there ye shall passe over;' and I shall gyff you seven dayes to passe unto Sandwyche.

[449] "`Now spede you, I counceyle you, and spare nat youre horsis,'`and loke ye go by Watlynge strete and no way ellys,' and where nyght fallys on you, loke ye there abyde, be hit

lete calle thembassatours to here theire ansuere And in presence of alle his lordes and knyghtes* (*MA* 417 The kyng in his concell) he sayd to them in thys wyse I wylle that ye retorne vnto your lord and procurour of the comyn wele for the Romayns and saye ye to hym Of his demaunde and commaundement I sette nothyng And that I knowe of no truage ne trybute that I owe to hym ne to none erthely prynce Crysten ne hethen but I pretende to haue and occupye the souerayntе of thempyre wherin I am entytled by the ryght of my predecessours somtyme kynges of this lond and saye to hym that I am delybered and fully concluded to goo wyth myn armye with strengthe and power vnto Rome by the grace of god to take possession in thempyre and subdue them that ben rebelle wherfore I commaunde hym

felle other towne, I take no kepe; for hit longyth nat to none alyauntis for to ryde on nyghtes. And may ony be founde a spere-lengthe oute of the way and that ye be in the watir by the sevennyghtes ende, there shall no golde undir God pay for youre raunsom.'

'Sir,' seyde this senatoures, 'this is an harde conduyte. [467] We beseche you that we may passe saufly.'

`'Care ye nat,' seyde the kynge, 'youre conduyte is able.'´

Thus they passed fro Carleyle unto Sandwyche-warde [479] that hadde but seven dayes for to passe thorow the londe, and so sir Cador brought hem on her wayes. But the senatours spared for no horse, but hyred hem hakeneyes frome towne to towne, and `by the sonne was sette at the seven dayes ende´ they come unto Sandwyche; so blythe were they never. And so the same nyght they toke the watir and passed into [493] Flaundres, ⌜Almayn⌝, and aftir that over the grete mountayne that hyght Godarde, and so aftir thorow Lumbardy and thorow Tuskayne, and sone aftir they come to the Emperour Lucius, and there they shewed hym the lettyrs of kynge 73v Arthure, and how he was the gastfullyst man that ever they on loked. Whan the Emperour Lucius hadde redde the [507] lettyrs and undirstoode them welle of theire credence, he fared as a man were rased of his wytte:

'I wente that Arthure wold have obeyed you and served you ⌜hymself⌝ unto your honde, for so he besemed, other ony kynge crystynde, for to obey ony senatour that is sente fro my persone.'

and alle them of Rome that incontynent they make to me their homage & (*S* or) to knouleche me for their Emperour and gouernour vpon payne that shalle ensiewe And thenne he commaunded his tresorer to gyue to them grete and large yeftes and to paye alle theyr dispencys and assygned syre Cador to conueye them oute of the land and soo they took theire leue and departed and tooke theyr shyppynge at Sandwyche and passed forthe by flaundrys Almayn* (*MA* 496 Till Akyn in Almayn) the montayns and all ytalye vntyl they cam vnto Lucius And after the reuerence made they made relacyon of their ansuer lyke as ye to fore haue herd whan themperour Lucyus had wel vnderstonde theyre credence he was sore meued as he had ben al araged & sayd I had supposed that Arthur wold haue obeyed to my commaundement and haue serued yow hym self* (*MA* 514 hafe

[515] `'Sir,' sayde the senatours, 'lette be suche wordis,' for that we have ascaped on lyve we may thonke God ever; for we wolde nat passe ayen to do that message for all your brode londis. And therfore, sirres, truste to our sawys, ye shall fynde hym your uttir enemye; and seke ye hym and ye lyste, for into this londis woll he com, and that shall ye fynde within this half-yere, for he thynkys to be Emperour hymself. For he seyth ye have ocupyed the Empyre with grete wronge, for all his trew auncettryes sauff his fadir Uther were Emperoures of Rome.

[532] 'And of all the soveraynes that we sawe ever he is the royallyst kynge that lyvyth on erthe, for we sawe on Newerys day at his Rounde Table nine kyngis, and the fayryst felyship of knyghtes ar with hym that durys on lyve, and thereto of wysedome and of fayre speeche and all royalté and rychesse they fayle of none. Therefore, sir, be my counsayle, rere up your lyege peple and sende kynges and dewkes to loke unto your marchis, and that `the mountaynes of Almayne be myghtyly kepte.'

[554] 'Be Estir,' seyde the Emperour, 'I caste me for to passe Almayne and so furth into Fraunce and there bereve hym his londis. I shall brynge with me many gyauntys of Geene, that one of them shall be worth an hondred of knyghtes,

seruede þe hym seluen) as hym wel bysemed or ony other kyng to doo O syre sayd one of the senatours late be suche vayn wordes for we late yow wete that I and my felawes were ful sore aferd to beholde his countenaunce I fere me ye haue made a rodde for your self for he entendeth to be lord of this empyre whiche sore is to be doubted yf he com for he is al another mā than ye wene and holdeth the most noble courte of the world alle other kynges ne prynces maye not compare vnto his noble mayntene On newe yeres daye we sawe hym in his estate whiche was the ryallest that euer we sawe for he was serued at his table with ix kynges and the noblest felauship of other prynces lordes and knyghtes that ben in the world and euery knyghte approued and lyke a lord and holdeth table roūd And in his persone the moost manly man that lyueth and is lyke to conquere alle the world for vnto his courage it is to lytel wherfore I aduyse yow to kepe wel youre marches and straytes in the montayns For certaynly he is a lord to be doubted Wel sayd Lucius bifore Eester I suppose to passe the moūtayns and soo forth in to fraunce and there byreue hym his londes with Ianeweyes and other myghty warryours of Tuskane and

and perleous passage shall be surely kepte with my good knyghtes.'

Than the Emperour sente furth his messyngers of wyse [570] 74r
olde knyghtes unto a contrey callyd `Ambage, and Arrage,
and unto Alysundir,' to Ynde, to Ermony that the rever 5
of Eufrate rennys by, `and to Assy, Aufryke, and Europe
the large,' `and to Ertayne, and Elamye, to the Oute Yles,'
to Arrabé, to Egypte, to Damaske, and to Damyake, and to
noble deukis and erlys. Also the kynge of Capydos, and
the kyng of Tars, and of Turké, `and of Pounce, and of 10
Pampoyle, and oute of Preter Johanes londe,' also the
sowdon of Surre. And frome Nero unto Nazareth, and frome
Garese to Galely, there come Sarysyns and becom sudgettis
unto Rome. So they come glydyng in galyes. Also ther
come the kynge of Cypres, and `the Grekis were gadirde 15
and goodly arayed' with the kynge of Macidony, and `of
Calabe and of Catelonde bothe kynges and deukes,' and the
kynge of Portyngale with many thousande Spaynardis.

Thus all thes kynges and dukys and admyrallys noblys [609]
assembled with syxtene kynges at onys, and so they com 20
unto Rome with grete multytude of peple. Whan the
Emperour undirstood their comynge he made redy all his
noble Romaynes and all men of warre betwyxte hym and
Flaundyrs. Also he had gotyn with hym `fyffty gyauntys
that were engendirde with fendis,' and all tho he lete ordeyne 25
for to awayte on his persone and for to breke the batayle of

lombardye And I shall sende for them all that ben subgettys and alyed
to thēpyre of Rome to come to myn ayde and forthwith sente old wyse
knyghtes vnto these countrayes folowynge fyrste to ambage and arrage
to Alysaundrye to ynde to hermonye where as the ryuer of Eufrates
renneth in to Asye to Auffryke and Europe the large to ertayne and 5
Elamye to Arabye Egypte and to damaske to damyete and Cayer to
Capadoce to tarce Turkye pounce and pampoylle to Surrye and gallacye
And alle these were subgette to Rome and many moo as Grece Cypres
Macydone Calabre Cateland portyngale with many thousandes of
spaynardys Thus alle these kynges dukes and admyrals assembled 10
aboute Rome with xvj kynges attones with grete multytude of peple
whan themperour vnderstood their comyng he made redy his Romayns
and alle the peple bytwene hym & Flaundres Also he hadde goten wyth
hym fyfty Geaunts whiche had ben engendred of fendys And they

the frunte of Arthurs knyghtes, but they were so muche of their bodyes that horsys myght nat bere them. And thus the Emperour with all hys horryble peple drew to passe Almayne to dystroy Arthures londys that he wan thorow warre of his noble knyghtes.

[623] And so Lucius `com unto Cullayne, and thereby a castelle besegys,´ and wanne hit within a whyle, and feffyd hit with Saresyns. And thus Lucius within a whyle destryed many 74v fayre contrayes that Arthure had wonne before of the myghty kynge Claudas. So this Lucius dispercled abrode his oste syxty myle large, and commaunde hem to mete with hym in Normandy, in the contray of Constantyne, 'and at Barflete there ye me abyde, for the douchery of Bretayne I shall thorowly dystroy hit.'

[625] Now leve we sir Lucius and speke we of kyng Arthure that commaunded all that were undir his obeysaunce, aftir the utas of Seynte Hyllary that all shulde be assembled for to holde a parlement at Yorke, within the wallys. And there they concluded shortly to arest all the shyppes of this londe, and within fyftene dayes to be redy at Sandwych.

'Now, sirrys,' seyde Arthure, `'I purpose me to passe many perelles wayes´ and to ocupye the Empyre that myne elders afore have claymed. Therefore I pray you, counseyle me that may be beste and most worshyp.'

The kynges and knyghtes gadirde hem unto counsayle

were ordeyned to garde his persone and to breke the frounte of the bataylle of kynge Arthur And thus departed fro Rome and came doune the montayns for to destroye the londes that Arthur had conquerd and cam vnto Coleyne and byseged a Castel there by and wanne it soone and stuffed hit with two honderd sarasyns or Infydeles and after destroyed many fayr countrees whiche Arthur had wonne of kyng Claudas And thus Lucius cam with alle his hoost whiche were disperplyd lx myle in brede and commaunded them to mete with hym in Burgoyne for he purposed to destroye the Royame of lytyl Bretayne.

(3) Now leue we of Lucius the emperour and speke we of kynge Arthur that commaunded alle them of his retenue to be redy atte vtas of hyllary for to holde a parlement at yorke And at that parlement was concluded to areste alle the nauye of the lond and to be redy within xv dayes at sandwyche and there he shewed to his armye how he purposed to conquere thempyre whiche he ought to haue of ryght And there

and were condecended for to make two chyfftaynes, that was sir Baudwen of Bretayne, an auncient and an honorable knyght, for to counceyle and comforte; sir Cadore son of Cornuayle, that was at the tyme called sir Constantyne, that aftir was kynge aftir Arthurs dayes. And there in the presence of all the lordis the kynge res[yn]ed all the rule unto thes two lordis and quene Gwenyvere.

And sir Trystrams at that tyme beleft with kynge Marke of Cornuayle for the love of La Beale Isode, wherefore sir Launcelot was passyng wrothe.

Than quene Gwenyver made grete sorow that the kynge [715] and all the lordys sholde so be departed, and there she fell doune on a swone, and hir ladyes bare hir to her chambir. Than the kynge commaunded hem to God and belefte the quene in sir Constantynes and sir Baudewens hondis, and 75r all Inglonde holy to rule as themselfe demed beste. And whan the kynge was an horsebak he seyde in herynge of all the lordis,

'If that I dye in this jurney, here I make the, sir Constantyne, my trew ayre, for thou arte nexte of my kyn save sir Cadore, thy fadir, and therefore, if that I dey, I woll that ye be crowned kynge.'

Ryght so he sought and his knyghtes towarde Sandewyche where he founde before hym many galyard knyghtes, [720] for there were the moste party of all the Rounde Table redy on tho bankes for to sayle whan the kynge lyked. Than in

he ordeyned two gouernours of this (*S* his) Royame that is to say Syre Bawdewyn of Bretayne for to counceille to the best and syr Constantyn sone to syre Cador of Cornewaylle whiche after the dethe of Arthur was kyng of this Royamme And in the presence of all his lordes he resyned the rule of the royame and Gweneuer his quene to them wherfore syre launcelot was wrothe for he lefte syre Trystram with kynge marke for the loue of beal Isoulde Thenne the quene Gweneuer made grete sorowe for the departynge of her lord and other and swouned in suche wyse that the ladyes bare her in to her chambre Thus the kyng with his grete armye departed leuyng the queene and Royamme in the gouernaunce of syre Bawduyn and Constantyn And whan he was on his hors he sayd with an hyhe voys yf I dye in this iourney I wyl that syre Constantyn be myn heyer and kyng crowned of this royame

6 *WO*[1] resceyved

all haste that myght be they shypped their horsis and harneyse and all maner of ordynaunce that fallyth for the werre, and tentys and pavylyons many were trussed, and so they shotte frome the bankes many grete caryckes and many shyppes of forestage with coggis and galeyes and spynnesse full noble with galeyes and galyottys, rowing with many ores. And thus `they strekyn forth into the stremys many sadde hunderthes.´

[756] HERE FOLOWYTH THE DREME OF KYNGE ARTHURE.

As the kynge was in his cog and lay in his caban, he felle in a slumberyng and `dremed how a dredfull dragon dud drenche muche of his peple´ and com fleyng one wynge oute of the weste partyes. And his hede, hym semed, was enamyled with asure, and his shuldyrs shone as the golde, and his wombe was lyke mayles of a merveylous hew, and his tayle was fulle of tatyrs, and `his feete were florysshed as hit were fyne sable.´ And his clawys were lyke clene golde, ⌜and⌝ `an hydeouse flame of fyre there flowe oute of his mowth,´ lyke as the londe and the watir had flawmed all on fyre.

[774] 75v Than hym semed there com oute of the Oryent a grymly beare, all blak, in a clowde, and his pawys were as byg as a poste. He was all to-rongeled with lugerande lokys, and he was the fowlyst beste that ever ony man sye. He romed and rored so rudely that merveyle hit were to telle.

[786] `Than the dredfull dragon dressyd hym ayenste hym´ and come in the wynde lyke a faucon, and freyshely strykis

as next of my blood And after departed and entred in to the see atte Sandwyche with alle his armye with a greete multitude of shyppes galeyes Cogges and dromoundes sayllynge on the see.

(4) And as the kyng laye in his caban in the shyp he fyll in a slomerynge and dremed a merueyllous dreme hym semed that a dredeful dragon dyd drowne moche of his people and he cam fleynge oute of the west and his hede was enameled with asure and his sholders shone as gold his bely lyke maylles of a merueyllous hewe his taylle ful of tatters his feet ful of fyne sable & his clawes lyke fyne gold And* (*W* with; *MA* 772 and) an hydous flamme of fyre flewe oute of his mouthe lyke as the londe and water had flammed all of fyre After hym semed there came oute of thoryent a grymly bore al blak in a clowde and his pawes as bygge as a post he was rugged lokynge roughly he was the foulest beest that euer man sawe he rored and romed soo hydously that it were merueill to here Thenne the dredeful dragon auaunced

the beare. And agayne the gresly beare kuttis with his grysly tuskes, that his breste and his bray⟨l⟩e was bloodé, and ⌈the reed blood⌉ rayled all over the see. Than the worme wyndis away and fleis uppon hyght and com downe with such a sowghe, and towched the beare on the rydge that ‵fro the toppe to the tayle was ten foote large′. And so he rentyth the beare and brennys hym up clene that all felle on pouder, both the fleysh and the bonys, and so hit flotered abrode on the sea.

Anone the kynge waked ⌈and was sore abasshed⌉ of his [806] dreme, and in all haste he sente for a philozopher and charged hym to telle what sygnyfyed his dreme.

'Sir,' seyde the phylozopher, 'the dragon thou dremyste [814] of betokyns thyne owne persone that thus here sayles with thy syker knyghtes; and the coloure of his wyngys is thy kyngdomes that thou haste with thy knyghtes wonne. And his tayle that was all to-tatered sygnyfyed your noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And the beare that the dragon slowe above in the clowdis ‵betokyns som tyraunte that turmentis thy peple,′ other thou art lyke to fyght with som gyaunt boldely in batayle be thyself alone. Therefore ‵of this dredfull dreme drede the but a lytyll,′ and ‵care nat now, sir conquerroure, but comfort⌈h⌉ thyself.′′

hym and cam in the wynde lyke a fawcon gyuynge grete strokes on the bore and the bore hytte hym ageyne with his grysly tuskes that his brest was al blody and that the hote blood* made alle the see reed* of his blood (*W* and hit rayled; *MA* 795 Rynnande on reede blode as rayne of the heuen). Thenne the dragon flewe awey al on an heyȝte and came doune with suche a swough and smote the bore on the rydge whiche was x foote large fro the hede to the taylle and smote the bore all to powdre bothe flesshe and bonys that it flytteryd (*S* flutteryd) al abrode on the see And therwith the kynge awoke anone and was sore abasshed* (*MA* 806 wery foretrauaillede) of this dreme And sente anone for a wyse philosopher commaundynge to telle hym the sygnyfycacion of his dreme Syre sayd the philosopher the dragon that thow dremedest of betokeneth thyn owne persone that sayllest here & the colours of his wynges ben thy Royames that thow haste wonne And his taylle whiche is al to tatterd sygnefyeth the noble knyghtes of the round table And the bore that the dragon slough comyng fro

2 *W* brayre (*cf. MA* 793) 3 *W* and hit rayled 23 *W* comforte

[834] Than within a whyle they had a syght of the bankys of Normandy, and at the same tyde the kynge aryved at Barfflete and founde there redy many of his grete lordis, as he
76 had commaunded at Crystemasse before hymselfe.

5 And than come there an husbandeman oute of the contrey and talkyth unto the kyng wondourfull wordys and sayde, 'Sir, here is ⌈besyde⌉ a ⌈grete⌉ gyaunte of Gene that turmentyth thy peple; mo than fyve hundred and many mo of oure chyldren, `that hath bene his sustynaunce all this
10 seven wynters.' Yet is the sotte never cesid, but in the contrey of Constantyne he hath kylled ⌈and destroyed⌉ all oure knave chyldren, and this nyght he hath cleyghte the duches of Bretayne `as she rode by a ryver with her ryche knyghtes,' and ledde hir unto yondir mounte to ly by hir
15 whyle hir lyff lastyth.

[856] `'Many folkys folowed hym, mo than fyve hundird' barounes and bachelers and knyghtes full noble, but ever she sh[r]yked wondirly lowde, that the sorow of the lady

the clowdes betokeneth some tyraunt that tormenteth the people or else thow arte lyke to fyghte with somme Geaunt thy self beynge horryble and abhomynable whoos pere ye sawe neuer in your dayes wherfore of this dredeful dreme doubte the no thynge but as a Con-
5 querour come forth* (*W* comforte; *MA* 830 comforth) thy self Thenne after this soone they had syghte of londe and saylled tyl they arryued atte Barflete in Flaundres and whanne they were there he fond many of his grete lordes redy as they had ben commaunded to awayte vpon hym

(5) 10 Thenne came to hym an husbond man of the countrey and told hym how there was in the countre of Constantyn besyde* Bretayne a grete* (*W* here is a foule gyaunte of Gene; *MA* 842 Here es a teraunt besyde that tourmentez thi pople, A grett geaunte of Geen) gyaunt whiche hadde slayne murthered and deuoured moche people
15 of the countreye and had ben susteyned seuen yere with the children of the comyns of that land in soo moche that alle the children ben alle slayne and destroyed* (*MA* 850 clenly dystroyede) and now late he hath taken the duchesse of Bretayne as she rode (*S* rode by) with her meyne and hath ledde her to his lodgynge whiche is in a montayne
20 for to rauysshe and lye by her to her lyues ende and many people folowed her moo than v C but alle they myghte not rescowe her but they lefte her shrykyng* and cryenge lamentably wherfore I suppose

4–5 *W* hymselfe etc Than 7 *W* a foule gyaunte

cover shall we never. She was thy cousyns wyff, sir Howell the Hende, a man that we calle nyghe of thy bloode. Now, ‘as thou arte oure ryghtwos kynge, rewe on this lady’ and on thy lyege peple, and revenge us as a noble conquerroure sholde.’

‘Alas,’ seyde kynge Arthure, ‘this is a grete myscheffe! [868] I had levir than all the realmys I welde unto my crowne that ‘I had bene before that freyke a furlonge way’ for to have rescowed that lady, and I wolde have done my payne. Now, felow,’ seyde Arthure, ‘woldist thow ken me where that carle dwellys? I trowe I shall trete with hym or I far passe.’

‘Sir Conquerrour,’ seyde the good man, ‘beholde yondir [880] two fyrys, for there shalte thou fynde that carle beyonde the colde strendys, and tresoure oute of numbir there mayste thou sykerly fynde, more tresoure, as I suppose, than is in all Fraunce aftir.’

The kynge seyde, ‘Good man, pees! and carpe to me no [887] **76v** more. ‘Thy soth sawys have greved sore my herte.’ Than he turnys towarde his tentys and carpys but lytyll.

Than the kynge ⌜called to hym⌝ sir Kay in counceyle, [892] and to sir Bedwere the bolde thus seyde he: ‘Loke that ye two aftir evynsonge be surely armed, and your beste horsis, for I woll ryde on pylgrymage prevayly, and none but we

that he hath slayn her in fulfyllynge his fowle lust of lechery She was wyf vnto thy Cosyn syre Howel whome we calle ful nyhe of thy blood Now as thow a ryghtful kynge haue pyte on this lady and reuenge vs al as thow arte a noble conquerour Alas sayd kynge Arthur this is a grete meschyef I had leuer than the best Royame that I haue that I hadde ben a forlonge way to fore hym for to haue rescowed that lady Now felawe sayd kynge Arthur canst thou brynge me there as thys gyaunt haunteth ye syre sayd the good man loo yonder where as thow seest tho two grete fyres there shalt thou fynde hym and more tresour than I suppose is in al Fraunce whanne the kynge hadde vnderstanden this pyteous caas he retorned in to his tente Thenne he callyed* to hym syre kaye (*W* seyde unto sir Kay; *MA* 892 He calles sir Cayous) and syre Bedewere & commaunded them secretely to make redy hors and harneis for hym self and them tweyne For after euensonge he wold ryde on pylgremage with them two only

21 *W* the kynge seyde unto sir Kay

three. And whan my lordis is served we woll ryde `to Seynte Mychaels Mounte where mervayles ar shewed.'′

[900] Anone sir Arthure wente to his wardrop and caste on his armoure, bothe his gesseraunte and his basnet with his brode shylde. And so he buskys hym tyll his stede that on the bente hoved. Than he stertes uppon loffte and hentys the brydyll, and stirres hym stoutly, and sone he fyndis his knyghtes two full clenly arayed. And than they trotted on stylly togedir over a blythe contray full of many myrry byrdis, and whan they com to the forlonde Arthure and they alyght on hir foote. ⌈And the kynge commaunded them to tarye there.⌉

'Now fastenys,' seyde Arthure, 'oure horsis that none nyghe other, `for I woll seche this seynte be myself alone′ and speke wyth this maystir-man that kepys this mountayne.'

[941] Than the kynge yode up to the creste of the cragge, and than he comforted hymself with the colde wynde; and than he yode forth by two welle-stremys, and there `he fyndys two fyres flamand full hyghe.′ And at that one fyre he founde a carefull wydow wryngande hir handys, syttande on a grave that was new marked. Than Arthure salued hir and she hym agayne, and asked hir why she sate sorowyng.

[957] 'Alas,' she seyde, '`carefull knyght! Thou carpys over lowde!′ Yon is a werlow woll destroy us bothe. I holde the unhappy. What doste thou on this mountayne? Thoughe
77r here were suche fyffty, ye were to feyble for to macche hym

vnto saynt Mychels mounte And thenne anone he maad hym redy and armed hym* (*MA* 902) at alle poyntes and tooke his hors and his sheld And soo they thre departed thens and rode* (*MA* 920 they roode) forthe as faste as euer they myȝt tyl that they cam to the forlond of that mount And there they alyghted and the kynge commaunded them to tarye there* (*MA* 935–6 comandyde his knyghtez For to byde) for he wold hym self goo vp in to that mounte And soo he ascended vp in to that hylle tyl he came to a grete fyre and there he fonde a careful wydowe wryngynge her handes and makyng grete sorowe syttynge by a graue newe made And thenne kynge Arthur salewed her and demaunded of her wherfore she made suche lamentacion to whome she ansuerd and sayd Syre knyghte speke softe for yonder is a deuyll yf he here the speke he wylle come and destroye the I hold the vnhappy what dost thow here in this mountayne For yf ye were suche fyfty as ye be ye were not able to make resystence

all at onys. Whereto berys thou armoure? Hit may the lytyll avayle, for he nedys none other wepyn but his bare fyste. Here is a douches dede, the fayryst that lyved; `he hath murthered that mylde withoute ony mercy;′ he forced hir by fylth of hymself, and so aftir slytte hir unto the navyll.'

'Dame,' seyde the kynge, 'I com fro the ⌈noble⌉ Conquerrour, sir Arthure, for to trete with the tirraunte for his lyege peple.' [986]

'Fy on suche tretyse,' she seyde than, 'for he settys nought by the kynge nother by no man ellys. But and thou have brought Arthurs wyff, dame Gwenyvere, he woll be more blyther of hir than thou haddyste geffyn hym halfendele Fraunce. And but yf thou have brought hir, prese hym nat to nyghe. Loke what he hath done unto fyftene kynges: he hath made hym a coote full of precious stonys, and the bordoures thereof is the berdis ⟨of⟩ fyftene kynges, and they were of the grettyst blood that dured on erthe. Othir farme had he none of fyftene realmys. This presente was sente hym to this laste Crystemasse, they sente hym in faythe for savyng of their peple. And for Arthurs wyffe he lodgys hym here, for he hath more tresoure `than ever had Arthure or ony of his elders.′ And now thou shalt fynde hym at souper with syx knave chyldirne, and there he hath made `pykyll and powder with many precious wynes,′ and [993]

ageynst this deuyl here lyeth a duchesse deede the whiche was the fayrest of alle the world wyf to syre Howel duc of Bretayne he hath murthred her in forcynge her and hath slytte her vnto the nauyl Dame sayd the kynge I come (*S* came) fro the noble* Conqueroure (*MA* 987 þe conquerour curtaise and gentill) kynge Arthur for to treate with that tyraunt for his lyege peple Fy on suche treatys sayd she he setteth not by the kynge ne by no man els But and yf thou haue broughte Arthurs wyf dame Gweneuer he shalle be gladder than thow haddest gyuen to hym half fraunce Beware approche hym not to nygh for he hath vaynquysshed xv kynges and hath maade hym a cote ful of precious stones enbrowdred with theyre berdes whiche they sente hym to haue his loue for sauacion of theyr peple at this laste Crystemasse And yf thow wylt speke with hym at yonder grete fyre at souper wel sayd Arthur I wyll accomplysshe my message for al your ferdful wordes and wente forth by the creast of that hylle and sawe where he satte atte souper gnawynge on a lymme of a man bekynge his brode lymmes by the fyre and bercheles and thre fayr damoysels tornynge

three fayre maydens that turnys the broche that bydis to go to his bed, for they three shall be dede within four oures `or the fylth is fulfylled that his fleyshe askys'′.

'Well,' seyde Arthure, 'I woll fulfylle my message for alle your grym wordis.'

[1041] `'Than fare thou to yondir fyre that flamys so hyghe,′ and there thou shalt fynde hym sykerly for sothe.'

Than he paste forth to the creste of the hylle `and syghe where he sate at his soupere alone′ gnawyng on a lymme of a large man, and there `he beekys his brode lendys by the
77v bryght fyre′ and brekelys hym s⟨e⟩mys. And three damesels turned three brochis, and thereon was twelve chyldir but late borne, and they were broched in maner lyke birdis. Whan the kynge behylde that syght his herte was nyghe bledyng for sorow. Than he haylesed hym with angirfull wordys:

[1059] 'Now He that all weldys geff the sorow, theeff, there thou syttes! `For thou art the fowlyste freyke that ever was fourmed,′ and fendly thou fedyst the, the devill have thy soule! And `by what cause, thou carle, hast thou kylled thes Crysten chyldern?′ `Thou haste made many martyrs by mourtheryng of this londis.′ Therefore thou shalt have thy mede thorow Mychael that owyth this mounte. And also, why haste thou slayne this fayre douches? Therefore dresse the, doggys son, `for thou shalt dye this day thorow the dynte of my hondis.'′

[1074] `Than the gloton gloored and grevid full foule.′ He had teeth lyke a grayhounde, he was the foulyst wyghte that ever man sye, and there was never suche one fourmed on erthe, for there was never devil in helle more horryblyer made: for he was `fro the hede to the foote fyve fadom longe′ and large. And therewith sturdely he sterte uppon his leggis and `caughte a clubbe in his honde all of clene iron.′

thre broches wheron were broched twelue yonge children late borne lyke yonge byrdes Whanne kynge Arthur beheld that pyteous syȝte he had grete compassion on them so that his hert bledde for sorowe and hayled hym sayeng in this wyse he that alle the world weldeth gyue the shorte lyf & shameful dethe And the deuyl haue thy soule why hast thow murthred these yonge Innocent children and murthred this duchesse Therfore aryse and dresse the thow gloton For this day shall thou dye of my hand Thenne the gloton anone starte vp and tooke a

'Than he swappis at the kynge with that kyd wepyn.' 'He cruysshed downe with the club the coronal doune' to the colde erthe. The kynge coverede hym with his shylde and rechis a boxe evyn infourmede in the myddis of his forehede, that the slypped blade unto the brayne rechis. Yet he shappis at sir Arthure, but the kynge shuntys a lytyll and rechis hym a dynte hyghe uppon the haunche, and there he swappis his genytrottys in sondir.

Than he rored and brayed and yet angurly he strykes, [1124] and fayled of sir Arthure and the erthe hittis, that he kutte into the swarffe a large swerde-length and more. Than the kynge sterte up unto hym and raught hym a buffette and **78r** kut his baly in sundir, that oute wente the gore, that 'the grasse and the grounde all foule was begone.'

'Than he kaste away the clubbe and caughte the kynge' [1132] in his armys and handeled the kynge so harde that he crusshed his rybbes. Than the balefull maydyns wronge hir hondis and kneled on the grounde and to Cryste called ⌜for helpe and comforte of Arthur⌝. With that the warlow wrath Arthure undir, and so they waltyrde and tumbylde over the craggis and busshys, and eythir cleyght other full faste in their armys. And other whyles Arthure was aboven and other whyle undir, and so ⌜weltryng and walowynge they rolled doune the hylle, and⌝ they never leffte tyll they fylle thereas the floode marked. But ever in the walterynge Arthure ⌜smyttes and⌝ hittis hym with a shorte dagger up to the hyltys, and in his fallynge there braste of the gyauntes rybbys three evyn at onys.

grete clubbe in his hand and smote at the kynge that his coronal fylle to the erthe and the kynge hytte hym ageyn that he carf his bely* (*MA* 1122 Ewyn into [þe] inmette the gyaunt he hyttez) and cutte of his genytours that his guttes & his entraylles fylle doune to the ground thenne the gyaunt threwe awey his clubbe and caught the kynge in his armes that he crusshyd his rybbes Thenne the thre maydens knelyd doune and callyd to Cryst for helpe and comforte of Arthur* (*MA* 1138 Criste comforthe ȝone knyghte and kepe hym fro sorowe And latte neuer ȝone fende fell hym o lyfe) And thenne Arthur weltred and wrong that he was other whyle vnder and another tyme aboue And so weltryng and walowynge they rolled doune the hylle* (*MA* 1142 Welters and walowes ouer within þase [wilde] buskez) tyl they came to the see marke and euer as they soo weltred Arthur smote*

[1152] And by fortune they felle thereas the two knyghtes aboode with theire horsis. Whan sir Kay saw the kynge and the gyaunte so icelyght togyder,

'Alas,' sayd sir Kay, 'we ar forfete for ever! Yondir is our lorde overfallen with a fende.'

'Hit is nat so,' seyde the kynge, 'but helpe me, sir Kay, for this corseynte have I clegged oute of the yondir clowys.'

'In fayth,' seyde sir Bedwere, 'this is a foule carle,' `and caughte the corseynte oute of the kynges armys´ and there he seyde, 'I have mykyll wondir, and Mychael be of suche a makyng, that ever God wolde suffir hym to abyde in hevyn. `And if seyntis be suche that servys Jesu,´ I woll never seke for none, be the fayth of my body!'

[1170] The kynge than lough at Bedwers wordis and seyde,

'This seynte have I sought nyghe unto my grete daunger. But stryke of his hede and sette hit on a trouncheoune of a speare, and geff hit to thy servaunte that is swyffte-horsed, and bere hit unto sir Howell that is in harde bondis, and bydde hym be mery, for his enemy is destroyed. And aftir
78v in Barflete lette brace hit on a barbycan, that all the comyns of this contrey may hit beholde.

[1184] 'And than ye two go up ⌜to the montayn⌝ and fecche me my shelde, my swerde, and the boystouse clubbe of iron, and yf ye lyste ony tresoure, take what ye lyst, for there may ye fynde tresoure oute of numbir. So I have the curtyll ⌜and the clubbe⌝, I kepe no more. For this was a freysh
[1174] gyaunte and mykyll of strength, for I mette nat with suche

(*MA* 1148–9 smyttez and hittez) hym with his daggar and it fortuned they came to the place where as the two knyghtes were and kept Arthurs hors thenne when they sawe the kynge fast in the gyaunts armes they came and losed hym And thenne the kynge commaunded syr kaye to smyte of the gyaunts hede and to sette it vpon a truncheon of a spere and bere it to syre howel and telle hym that his enemy was slayne and after late this hede be bounden to a barbycan that alle the peple may see and behold hit and go ye two up to the montayn* (*MA* 1185) and fetche me my sheld my suerd and the clubbe of yron And as for the tresour take ye it for ye shalle fynde there good oute of nombre So I haue the kertyl and the clubbe* (*MA* 1191 Haue I the kyrtyll and þe clubb) I desyre no more This was the fyerst gyaunt that euer I mette with sauf one in the mount of Arabe whiche I

one this fyftene wyntir sauff onys in the mounte of Arrabé I mette with suche another, but this was ferser; that had I nere founden, had nat my fortune be good.'

Than the knyghtes fecched the clubbe and the coote and [1192] all the remenaunte, and toke with hem what tresoure that hem lyked. Than the kynge and they sterte uppon their horsys, and so they rode fro thens thereas they come fro.

And anone the clamoure was howge aboute all the contrey, [1198] and than they wente with one voyse tofore the kynge and thanked God and hym that their enemy was destroyed.

'All thanke ye God,' seyde Arthure, 'and no man ellys. Looke that the gooddys be skyffted, that none playne of his parte.'

Than he commaunded his cosyn, sir Howell, to make a kyrke on that same cragge in the worshyppe of Seynte Mychael.

On the morne frome Barflete remevyth the kynge with [1222] all his grete batayle proudly arayed, and so they shooke over the stremys into a fayre champayne, and thereby doune in a valey they pyght up hir tentys. And evyn at the mete- [1231] whyle come two messyngers, that one was the marchall of Fraunce, that seyde to the kynge how the Emperour was ⌜entryd⌝ into Fraunce, 'and hath destroyed much of oure marchis, and is com into Burgayne, and many borowys hath destroyed, and hath made grete slaughtir of your noble people. And where that he rydyth all he destroyes. And now 79r he is comyn into Dowse Fraunce, and there he brennys all

ouercame but this was gretter and fyerser Thenne the knyghtes fette the clubbe and the kyrtyl and some of the tresour they took to them self and retorned ageyne to the host And anone this was knowen thurgh alle the countrey wher for the peple came and thanked the kynge And he sayd ageyne yeue the thanke to god and departe the goodes among yow And after that kynge Arthur sayd and commaunded his Cosyn howel that he shold ordeyne for a chirche to be bylded on the same hylle in the worship of saynte Mychel And on the morne the kynge remeuyd with his grete bataylle and came in to Champayne and in a valeye and there they pyght their tentys and the kynge beynge set at his dyner ther cam in two messagers of whome that one was Marchal of fraūce and sayd to the kyng that themperour was entryd* (*W* was

22–23 *W* was com into

clene. Now all the ⟨dowseperys⟩, bothe deukys and other, and the peerys of Parys towne, ar fledde downe into the Lowe Contrey towarde Roone, and but yf thou helpe them the sunner they muste yelde hem all at onys, bothe the bodyes and townys. They can none othir succour, but nedys they muste yelde them in haste.'

[1263] Than `the kynge byddis sir Borce: 'Now bowske the blythe' and sir Lyonel and sir Bedwere, loke that ye fare with sir Gawayne, my nevew, with you, and take as many good knyghtes, and looke that ye ryde streyte unto sir Lucius and sey I bydde hym in haste to remeve oute of my londys. And yf he woll nat, so bydde hym dresse his batayle and lette us redresse oure ryghtes with oure handis, and that is more worshyppe than thus to overryde maysterlesse men.'

[1279] Than anone in all haste they dressed hem to horsebak, thes noble knyghtes, and whan they com to the grene wood they sawe before hem many prowde pavylyons of sylke of dyverse coloures that were sette in a medow besyde a ryver, and the Emperoures pavylyon was in the myddys with an egle displayed on loffte. Than thorow the wood oure knyghtes roode tylle that they com unto the Emperoures tente. But behynde them they leffte stuff of men of armys in a boyshemente; and there he leffte in the boyshemente sir Lyonel and sir Bedwere. Sir Gawayne and sir Borce wente with the message.

com; *MA* 1239 es entirde) in to fraunce and had destroyed a grete parte and was in Burgoyn and had destroyed and made grete slaughter of peple & brente townes and borowes wherfor yf thou come not hastely they must yelde vp their bodyes and goodes

(6) Thenne the kynge dyd doo calle syre Gawayne syre Borce syr Lyonel and syre Bedewere and commaunded them to goo strayte to syre Lucius and saye ye to hym that hastely he remeue oute of my land And yf he wil not bydde hym make hym redy to bataylle and not distresse the poure peple* (*MA* 1276 raunsone the pople) Thenne anone these noble knyghtes dressyd them to horsbak And whanne they came to the grene wood they sawe many pauelions sette in a medowe of sylke of dyuerse colours besyde a ryuer And themperours pauelione was in the myddle with an egle displayed aboue To the which tente our knyghtes rode toward and ordeyned syr Gawayn and syre Bors to doo the message And lefte in a busshement syre

1 *W* Dowse leperys

So they rode worthyly into the Emperoures tente and [1301]
spoke bothe at onys with hawté wordys: ‘Now geff the
sorow, sir Emperour, and all thy sowdyars the aboute.’
For why ocupyest thou with wronge the empyreship of
Roome? That is kynge Arthures herytage be kynde of his 5
noble elders: there lakked none but Uther, his fadir. There-
fore the kynge commaundyth the to ryde oute of his londys,
other ellys to fyght for all and knyghtly hit wynne.' 79v

'Ye sey well,' seyde the Emperour, 'as youre lorde hath [1326]
you commaunded. But ⌜saye to⌝ your lorde I sende hym 10
gretynge, but I have no joy of youre renckys thus to rebuke
me and my lordys. But sey youre lorde I woll ryde downe
by Sayne and wynne all that thereto longes, and aftir ryde
unto Roone and wynne hit up clene.'

'Hit besemys the ylle,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that ony such 15 [1342]
an elffe sholde bragge suche wordys, for I had levir than all
Fraunce to fyght ayenste the.'

'Other I,' seyde sir Borce, 'than to welde all Bretayne other
Burgayne the noble.'

Than a knyght that hyght sir Gayus that was cosyn unto 20 [1347]
the Emperour, he seyde thes wordys: ⌜'Loo! how⌝ thes
Englyshe Bretouns be braggars of kynde, for ye may see
how ‘they boste and bragge as they durste bete all the
worlde.’′

‘Than grevid sir Gawayne at his grete wordys′, and ‘with 25
his bowerly bronde that bryght semed′ he stroke of the hede
of sir Gayus the knyght.

Lyonel and syre Bedwere And thenne syre Gawayn and syr Borce
dyd their message and commaunded Lucius in Arthurs name to auoyde
his lond or shortly to adresse hym to bataylle To whome Lucius
ansuerde* and sayd (*MA* 1326 The emperour ansuerde) ye shalle
retorne to your lord and saye* ye to (*W* But telle; *MA* 1330 But say 5
to) hym that I shall subdue hym and alle his londes Thenne syre
Gawayn was wrothe and sayde I hadde leuer than alle Fraunce fyghte
ageynste the and so hadde I saide syr Borce leuer than alle Bretayne
or burgoyne Thenne a knyght named syre Gaynus nyghe cosyn
to the Emperour sayde loo how* (*MA* 1349 loo how he brawles 10
hym) these Bretons ben ful of pryde and boost and they bragge as
though they bare vp alle the world Thenne syre Gawayne was sore
greued with these wordes and pulled oute his swerd and smote of his

10 *W* But tell your 26–27 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of sir Gayus

[1355] And so they turned their horsis and rode over watyrs and woodys into they com ny the busshemente there sir Lyonell and sir Bedwere were hovyng stylle. Than the Romaynes folowed faste on horsebak and ‘on foote over a fayre champeyne unto a fayre wood.’

Than turnys hym sir Borce wyth a freyshe wylle and sawe a gay knyght ⌜come fast on⌝, all floryshed in golde, that bare downe of Arthures knyghtes wondirfull many. Than sir Borce aspyed hym, he kaste in feautir a spere and gyrdis hym thorowoute the body, that his guttys fylle oute and the knyght ⌜fylle doune⌝ to the grounde that gresly gronyd.

[1374] Than preced in a bolde barowne all in purpull arayed. He threste into the prece of kyng Arthures knyghtes and fruysshed downe many good knyghtes, and he was called
80r Calleborne, the strengyste of Pavynes Londis. And sir Borce turned hym to and ‘bare hym thorow the brode shylde and the brode of his breste’, that he felle to the erthe as dede as a stone.

[1382] Than sir Feldenake the myghty that was a praysed man of armys, ‘he gurde to sir Gawayne for greff of sir Gayus’ and his other felowys, and sir Gawayne was ware and drew Galantyne, his swerde, and hyt hym such a buffette that he cleved hym to the breste, and than he caughte his courser and wente to his ferys.

[1391] Than a rych man of Rome, one of the senatours, called

hede And therwith torned theyr horses and rode ouer waters and thurgh woodes tyl they came to theyre busshement where as syr Lyonel and syr Bedeuer were houyng The romayns folowed fast after on horsbak and on foote ouer a chāpayn vnto a wood thenne syre Boors torned his hors and sawe a knyghte come fast on* (*MA* 1367 folowes faste on owre folke) whome he smote thurgh the body with a spere that he fylle dede doune* (*MA* 1372 at þe grounde lyggez) to the erthe thenne cam Callyburne one of the strengest of pauye and smote doun many of Arthurs knyghtes And whan syr Bors sawe hym do soo moche harme he adressyd toward hym & smote hym thurȝ the brest that he fylle doune dede to the erthe Thenne syr Feldenak thought to reuenge the dethe of gaynus vpon syre Gawayn but syre gawayn was ware therof and smote hym on the hede whiche stroke stynted not tyl it came to his breste And thenne he retorned

22–24 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of sir Feldenak

to his felowys and bade hem returne, 'for yondir ar shrewed messengers and bolde boosters. If we folow them ony farther the harme shall be owrys.' And so the Romaynes returned lyghtly to theire tentys and tolde the Emperour how they had spedde, and how the marchall of Rome was slayne, and mo than fyve thousand in the felde dede.

But yet ore they wente and departe, `oure bushemente [1407] brake on bothe sydys´ of the Romaynes, and there the bolde Bedwer and sir Lyonel bare downe the Romaynes on every syde. There oure noble knyghtes of mery Ingelonde bere hem thorow the helmys and bryght sheldis and slew hem downe, and there the hole roughte returned unto the Emperour and tolde hym at one worde his men were destroyed, ten thousand, by batayle of tyred knyghtes, 'for they ar the brymmyst men that evir we saw in felde.'

But allwayes sir Borce and sir Gawayne freyshly folowed [1426] on the Romaynes evyn unto the Emperoures tentes. Than oute ran the Romaynes on every syde, bothe on horse and on foote, to many oute of numbir. But sir Borce and sir Berel`were formeste in the frunte and freyshly faught´ as ever dud ony knyghtes. But sir Gawayne was on the ryght honde and dud what he myght, but there were so many hym agaynste he myght nat helpe there his ferys, but was fayne to turne on his horse othir his lyffe muste he lese. Sir Borce **80v** and sir Berell, the good barounnes, fought as two boorys that myght no farther passe. But at the laste, thoughe they loth were, they were yolden and takyn and saved their lyves, yet the stale stoode a lytyll on fer with sir Gawayne that made sorow oute of mesure for thes two lordys.

But than cam in a freysh knyght clenly arayed, sir Idres, [1439] sir Uwaynes son, a noble man of armys. He brought fyve hondred good men in haubirkes attyred, and whan he wyste

and came to his felawes in the busshement And there was a recountre for the busshement brake on the Romayns and slewe and hewe doune the Romayns and forced the Romayns to flee and retorne whome the noble knyghtes chaced vnto theyr tentes Thenne the Romayns gadred more peple and also foote men cam on and ther was a newe bataille and soo moche peple that syr Bors and syr Berel were taken but whan syre gawayn sawe that he tooke with hym syre Idrus the good knyght and sayd he wold neuer see kynge Arthur but yf be (*S* he) rescued

sir Borce and sir Berel were cesed of werre, 'Alas,' he sayde, 'this is to muche shame and overmuche losse! For with kynge Arthure, and he know that thes two knyghtes bene thus loste, he woll never mery be tyll this be revenged.'

'A, fayre knyght,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'thou moste nedis be a good man, for so is thy fadir. I knowe full well thy modir. In Ingelonde was thou borne. Alas, thes Romaynes this day have chaced us as wylde harys, and they have oure noble chyfften takyn in the felde. There was never a bettir knyght that strode uppon a steede. Loo `where they lede oure lordys over yondir brode launde.´ I make myne avowe,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I shall never se my lorde Arthure but yf I reskew hem that so lyghtly ar ledde us fro.'

'That is knyghtly spokyn,' seyde sir Idres, and pulde up her brydyls and halowed over that champayne. There was russhynge of sperys and swappyng of swerdis, and sir Gawayne with Galantyne, his swerde, dud many wondyrs. Than he threste thorow the prece unto hym that lad sir Bors, and bare hym thorow up to the hyltys, and lade away sir Bors strayte unto his ferys. Than sir Idrus the yonge, sir Uwaynes son, he threste unto a knyght that had sir Berell, that the brayne and the blode clevid on his swerde.

[1476] There was a proude senatoure preced aftir sir Gawayne, and gaff hym a grete buffet. That sawe sir Idres and aftir rydyth, and had slayne the senatour but that he yelded hym
81r in haste. Yet he was loth to be yoldyn but that he nedys muste, and with that sir Idrus ledde hym oute of the prees unto sir Lyonel and unto sir Lovel, Idrus brothir, and commaunded hem to kepe hym on payne of theire hedis.

Than there began a passynge harde stoure, for the Romaynes ever wexed ever bygger. Whan sir Gawayne that aspyed he sente forth a knyght unto kyng Arthure. 'And

them and pulled out galatyn his good swerd and folowed them that ledde tho ij knyghtes awaye and he smote hym that lad syre Bors and took syr Bors fro hym and delyuerd hym to his felawes And syre Idrus in lyke wyse rescowed syr Berel thenne beganne the bataill to be grete that our knyȝtes were in grete Ieopardy wherfore syre Gawayn sente to kyng Arthur for socour and that he hye hym for I am sore wounded and that our prysoners may paye good oute of nombre. And

telle hym what sorow we endure, and how we have takyn the chefe chaunceler of Rome. And Petur is presoner, a [1543] senatoure full noble, and odir proude pryncis, we knowe nat theire namys. And pray hym, as he is oure lorde, to rescowe us betyme, for oure presoners may pay rychesse 5 oute of numbir; and telle hym that I am wounded wondirly sore.'

Whan the messyngers com to the kyng and tolde hym [1559] thes wordys, the kynge thanked Cryste clappyng his hondys. 'And for thy trew sawys, and I may lyve many wyntyrs, 10 there was never no knyght better rewardid. But there is no golde undir God that shall save their lyvys, I make myne avow to God, and sir Gawayne be in ony perell of deth; for I had levir that the Emperour and all his chyff lordis were sunkyn into helle than ony lorde of the Rounde Table were 15 byttyrly wounded.'

So forth the presoners were brought before Arthure, and he commaunded hem into kepyng of the conestablys warde, surely to be kepte as noble presoners. So within a whyle com in the foreryders, that is for to say sir Bors, sir Bedwere, 20 sir Lyonell, and sir Gawayne that was sore wounded, with all hir noble felyshyp. They loste no man of worshyppe. So anone the kyng lete rensake sir Gawayne anone in his syght and sayde,

'Fayre cosyn, me ruys of thy hurtys! And yf I wyste hit 25 myght glad thy hert othir fare the bettir with hit, I sholde presente the with hir hedys thorow whom thou art thus rebuked.'

'That were lytyll avayle,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'for theire hedys had they lorne, and I had wolde myself, and hit were 30 shame to sle knyghtes whan they be yolden.' 81v

the messager came to the kyng and told hym his message And anon the kynge dyd doo assemble his armye but anone or he departed the prysoners were comen and syre gawayn and his felawes gate the felde and put the Romayns to flyght and after retorned and came with their felauship in suche wyse that no man of worship was loste of them sauf 5 that syr Gawayn was sore hurte Thenne the kynge dyd do ransake his woundes and comforted hym And thus was the begynnynge of the fyrst iourney of the brytons and Romayns and ther were slayne of the Romayns moo than ten thousand and grete ioye and myrthe was made

Than was there joy and game amonge the knyghtes of Rounde Table, and spoke of the grete prouesse `that the messyngers ded that day thorow dedys of armys.'

[1601] So on the morne whan hit was day the kyng callyd unto hym sir Cador of Cornuayle, `and sir Clarrus of Clereounte, a clene man of armys,' and sir Cloudres, sir Clegis, two olde noble knyghtes, and sir Bors, sir Berell, noble good men of armys, and also sir Bryan de les Ylyes, and sir Bedwere the bolde, and also he called sir Launcelot in heryng of all peple, and seyde,

'I pray the, sir, as thow lovys me, take hede to thes other knyghtes and boldely lede thes presoners unto Paryse towne there for to be kepte surely as they me love woll have, and yf ony rescowe befalle, moste I affye the in me, as Jesu me helpe.'

Than sir Launcelot and sir Cador with thes other knyghtes attyred oute of their felyshyp ten thousand be tale of bolde men arayed of the beste of their company, and then they unfolde baners and let hem be displayed.

[1621] Now turne we to the Emperour of Rome that wyste by a spye whethir this presoners sholde wende. He callyd unto hym sir Edolf and sir Edwarde, two myghty kynges, and `sir Sextore of Lybye, and senatours many,' and the kynge of Surré, and the senatoure of Rome Sawtre. All thes turned towarde Troyes with many proved knyghtes to betrappe the kynges sondismen that were charged with the presoners.

Thus ar oure knyghtes passed towarde Paryse. A busshemente lay before them of sixty thousand men of armys.

'Now, lordis,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I pray you, herkyns me a whyle. I drede that in this woodys be leyde afore us many

that nyghte in the hoost of kynge Arthur And on the morne he sente alle the prysoners in to parys vnder the garde of syre launcelot with many knyghtes & of syr Cador

(7) Now torne we to the Emperour of Rome whiche aspyed that these prysoners shold be sente to Parys and anone he sente to leye in a busshement certayne knyghtes and prynces with syxty thousand men for to rescowe his knyghtes and lordes that were prysoners And so on the morne as Launcelot and syre Cador chyuetayns and gouernours of all them that conueyed the prysoners as they sholde passe thurgh a wode syr Laũcelot sente certayne knyghtes tespye yf ony were in

of oure enemyes. Therefore be myne advyse sende we three good knyghtes.'

'I assente me,' seyde sir Cador, and all they seyde the same, and were aggreed that sir Claryon and sir Clement the noble that they sholde dyscover the woodys, bothe the dalys and the downys. So forth rode thes three knyghtes and aspyed 82r in the woodis men of armys rydyng on sterne horsys. Than [1649] sir Clegys cryed on lowde, 'Is there ony knyght, kyng, other cayser, that dare for his lordis love that he servyth recountir with a knyght of the Rounde Table? `Be he kyng other knyght, here is his recounter redy.'′

`An erle hym answeryd angirly agayne′ and seyde, 'Thy [1661] lorde wennys with his knyghtes to wynne all the worlde! I trow your currage shall be aswaged in shorte tyme.'

'Fye on the, `cowarde!' seyde sir Clegis, 'as a cowarde [1671] thou spekyste,′ for, by Jesu, myne armys ar knowyn thorowoute all Inglonde and Bretayne, and I am com of olde barounes of auncetry noble, and sir Clegis is my name, a knyght of the Table Rounde. And frome Troy Brute brought myne elders.'

'Thou besemeste well,' seyde the kyng, 'to be one of the good be thy bryght browys, but for all that thou canst conjeoure other sey, there shall none that is here medyll with the this tyme.'

Than sir Clegis returned fro the ryche kyng and rode [1706] streyghte to sir Launcelot and unto sir Cador and tolde hem what he had seyne in the woodis of the fayryste syght of men of armys to the numbir of sixty thousand.

'And therefore, lordynges, fyght you behovys, `other ellys shunte for shame, chose whether ye lykys.'′

'Nay, be my fayth,' sayde sir Launcelot, 'to turne is no [1718] tyme, for here is all olde knyghtes of grete worshyp that were never shamed. And as for me and my cousyns of my bloode, we ar but late made knyghtes, yett wolde we be loth to lese the worshyp that oure eldyrs have deservyd.'

the woodes to lette them And whanne the said knyghtes cam in to the wood anone they aspyed and sawe the grete enbusshement and retorned and told syr Laūcelot that ther lay in a wayte for them thre score thousand Romayns And thenne syr Launcelot with suche knyghtes as he hadde and men of warre to the nombre of x M put

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Cador and all these knyghtes; 'of youre knyghtly wordis comfortis us all. And I suppose here is none woll be glad to returne, and as for me,' seyde sir Cador, 'I had lever dye this day than onys to turne my bak.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Borce, 'lette us set on hem freyshly, 82v and the worshyp shall be oures, and cause oure kyng to honoure us for ever and to gyff us lordshyppis and landys for oure noble dedys. And he that faynes hym to fyght, the devyl have his bonys! And who save ony knyghtes for lycoure of goodys tylle all be done and know who shall have the bettir, he doth nat knyghtly, so Jesu me helpe!'

Than anone sir Launcelot and sir Cador, tho two myghty dukis, dubbed knyghtys worshyp to wynne. Joneke was the fyrste, a juster full noble; sir Hectimer and sir Alyduke, bothe of Inglonde borne; `and sir Hamerel and sir Hardolf, full hardy men of armys´; also sir Harry and sir Harygall that good men were bothe.

'Now, felowys,' seyde sir Launcelot and sir Cador the [1744] kene, 'com hydir, sir Bedwere and sir Berel, take with you `sir Raynolde and sir Edwarde that ar sir Roulondis chyldir,´ and loke that ye take kepe to thes noble presoners. What chaunce so us betyde, save them and yourself. This commaundement we geff you as ye woll answere to oure soverayne lorde, and for ony stowre that ever ye se us bestadde `stondys in your stale and sterte ye no ferther.´ And yf hit befalle that ye se oure charge is to muche, than recover yourself unto som kydde castell, and than ryde you faste unto oure kynge and pray hym of soccour, as he is oure kynde lorde.'

[1753] And than they fruyshed forth all at onys, `of the bourelyest knyghtes that ever brake brede,´ `with mo than fyve hondred at the formyst frunte,´ and caste their spears in feawter all at onys, and save trumpettes there was no noyse ellys. Than the Romaynes oste remeved a lytyll, and the lorde that was kynge of Lybye, that lad all the formyste route, he keste them in araye and met wyth them and foughte with them manly and slewe and dretenchid many of the Romayns and slewe many knyghtes & admyrals of the party of the Romayns and sarasyns ther was slayne the kynge of lylye and thre grete lordes Aladuke herawde

his spere in feautyr and bare his course evyn to sir Berel, and strake hym thorow the gorge, that he and his horse felle to the grounde, and so he was brought oute of his lyff.

'Alas,' sayde sir Cadore, 'now carefull is myne herte that now lyeth dede my cosyn that I beste loved.' 5

He alyght off his horse and toke hym in his armys and 83r
`there commaunded knyghtes to kepe well the corse.´ Than the kynge craked grete wordys on lowde and seyde, [1781]

'One of yon prowde knyghtes is leyde full lowe.'

"`Yondir kyng,' seyde sir Cador, 'carpis grete wordis.´ 10
But and I may lyve or this dayes ende `I shall countir with yondir kynge, so Cryste me helpe!´"

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'meve you nat to sore, but take your spear in your honde and we shall you not fayle.'

Than sir Cador, sir Launcelot, and sir Bors, the good 15 [1790]
men of armys, thes three feawtyrd their sperys and threste into the myddys and ran thorowoute the grete oste twyse other three tymes, and whan their sperys were brokyn `they swange oute their swerdis and slowe of noble men´ of armys mo than an hondred, and than they rode ayen to their ferys. 20
Than alowde the kynge of Lybye cryed unto sir Cador,

'Well have ye revenged the deth of your knyght, for I have loste for one knyght an hondred by seven score.'

And therewith the batayle began to joyne, and grete [1809]
slaughter there was on the Sarysens party, but thorow the 25
noble prouesse of kyng Arthurs knyghtes ten were takyn and lad forth as presoners. That greved sore sir Launcelot, sir Cador, and sir Bors the brym. The kynge of Lybye behelde their dedis and sterte on a sterne horse and umbelyclosed oure knyghtes and drove downe to the grounde 30
many a good man, for there was sir Aladuke slayne, and also sir Ascamour sore wounded, and `sir Herawde and sir Heryngale hewyn to pecis,´ and sir Lovell was takyn, and sir Lyonell also, and nere had sir Clegis, sir Cleremonde had nat bene, with the knyghthode of sir Launcelot: tho 35
newe made knyghtes had be slayne everych one.

and heryngdale but syr Launcelot fought soo nobly that no man myght endure a stroke of his hande but where he came he shewed his prowesse

2–4 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of Sir Berel 32–36 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of iii. knyghtes Sir Aladuke Sir Herawde & Sir Heryngale

[1830] Than sir Cador rode unto the kyng of Lybye with a swerde well stelyd and smote hym an hyghe uppon the hede, that the brayne folowed. 'Now haste thow,' seyde sir Cador, 'corne-boote agaynewarde, and the devyll have thy bonys that ever thou were borne!' Than the sowdan of Surré was wood wroth, for the deth of that kynge grevid
83v hym at his herte, and recomforted his peple and sette sore on oure knyghtes.

Than sir Launcelot and sir Bors encountyrs with hym sone, and within a whyle, as tellyth the romaynes, they had slayne
[1864] of the Sarazens mo than fyve thousand. And sir Kay the kene had takyn a captayne, and Edwarde had takyn two erlys, and the sawdon of Surré yeldid hym up unto sir Launcelot, and the senatur of Sautre yeldid hym unto sir Cador.

[1872] Whan the Romaynes and the Sarezens aspyed how the game yode they fledde with all hir myght to hyde there hedis. Than oure knyghtes folowed with a freysshe fare and slew downe of the Sarezens ⌜on every syde⌝.

And sir Launcelot ded so grete dedys of armys that day that sir Cador and all the Romaynes had mervayle of his myght, for there was nother kynge, cayser, nother knyght that day myght stonde hym ony buffette. Therefore was he honoured dayes of his lyff, for never ere or that day was he proved so well, for he and sir Bors and sir Lyonel was but late afore at an hyghe feste made all three knyghtes.

And thus were the Romaynes and the Sarezens slayne adowne clene, save a fewe were recovirde thereby into a
[1882] lytyll castell. And than the noble renckys of the Rounde Table, thereas the felde was, toke up hir good bodyes of the noble knyghtes and garte sende them unto kyng Arthure into the erthe to be caste. So they all rode unto Paryse and beleffte the presoners there with the pure proveste,

and myght for he slewe doune ryght on euery syde And the Romayns and sarasyns fledde from hym as the sheep fro the wulf or fro the lyon and putt them alle that abode alyue to flyght And so longe they fouȝte that tydynges came to kynge Arthur And anone he graythed hym and came to the bataille and sawe his knyghtes how they had vaynquysshed the bataylle he enbraced them knyght by knyȝte in

4–5 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of the kyng of lybye 18 *W* Sarezens and folowed with a freysshe fare (*see note*)

and than they were delyverde into sure sauffgarde. Than every knyght toke a spere and dranke of the colde wyne, and than fersely in a brayde returned unto the kynge.

Whan the kynge his knyghtes sawe he was than mervelously rejoyced and cleyght knyght be knyght in his armys and sayde, 'All the worshyp in the worlde ye welde! Be my fayth, there was never kyng sauff myselff that welded evir such knyghtes.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Cador, 'there was none of us that fayled 84r [1892] othir, but of the knyghthode of sir Launcelot hit were mervayle to telle. And of his bolde cosyns ar proved full noble knyghtes, but of wyse wytte and of grete strengthe of his ayge sir Launcelot hath no felowe.'

Whan the kynge herde sir Cador sey such wordys he seyde, 'Hym besemys for to do such dedis.' And sir Cadore tolde Arthure whyche of the good knyghtis were slayne: 'the kynge of Lybye, and he slew the fyrste knyght on oure [1900] syde, that was sir Berell; and sir Aladuke was another, a noble man of armys, and sir Maurel and sir Mores that were two brethyrn, with sir Manaduke and sir Mandyff, two good knyghtes.'

Than the kynge ⌜wepte and⌝ with a keuerchoff wyped his [1920] iyen and sayde, 'Youre corrage and youre hardynesse nerehande had you destroyed, for and ye had turned agayne ye had loste no worshyp, for I calle hit but foly to abyde whan knyghtes bene overmacched.'

'Not so,' sayde sir Launcelot, 'the shame sholde ever have bene oures.'

his armes and said ye be worthy to welde all your honour and worship there was neuer kynge sauf my self that had so noble knyghtes Syre sayd Cador there was none of vs failled other but of the prowesse and manhode of syre Launcelot were more than wonder to telle and also of his cosyns whiche dyd that daye many noble feates of werre And also syre Cador tolde who of his knyghtes were slayne as syr beriel & other syr Morys and syr Maurel two good knyghtes thenne the kynge wepte* (*MA* 1920 the worthy kynge wrythes and wepede with his eygh[e]ne) and dryed his eyen with a keuerchyef & sayd your courage had nere hand destroyed yow For though ye had retorned ageyne ye had lost no worship For I calle hit foly knyghtes to abyde

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Clegis and sir Bors, 'for knyghtes ons shamed recoverys hit never.'

Now leve sir Arthure and his noble knyghtes and speke we of a senatoure that ascaped fro the batayle. Whan he com to Lucius the Emperour of Rome he seyde,

'Sir, withdraw the! What doste thou here in this marchis [1954] and to overren poore peple? Thou shalt wynne nothyng ellys, and if thou dele with kynge Arthure and his doughty knyghtes thou wynnys naught ellys but grete strokys oute of mesure. For this day one of Arthurs knyghtes was worth in batayle an hondred of oures.'

'Fye on the,' seyde Lucyus, 'for cowardly thou spekyste! Yf my harmys me greve, thy wordys greveth me muche more.' Than he called to hym his counceyle, men of noble bloode. So by all theire advyse he sent forth a knyght that 84v [1971] hyght sir Leomye. He dressed his peple and hyghe hym he bade, and take hym of the beste men of armys many sad hundrethis, 'and go before, and we woll follow aftir'.

[1973] But the kynge of their commynge was prevely warned, and than into Sessoyne he dressid his peple and forstalled the Romaynes from the kyd castels and the walled townes. And there `sir Vyllers the valyaunte made his avow evyn byfore the kynge´ to take other to sle the vycounte of Rome, or ellys to dye therefore.

Than the kynge commaunded sir Cadore to take hede to the rereward: 'And take renkys of the Rounde Table

whan they be ouermatched Nay sayd Launcelot and the other For ones shamed maye neuer be recouerd

(8) Now leue we kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche had wonne the felde and had brought theyre prysoners to parys and speke we of a senatour whiche escaped fro the bataille and came to Lucius themperour & sayd to hym Syre emperour I aduyse the for to withdrawe the what dost thow here thow shalt wynne noo thynge in these marches but grete strokes oute of al mesure For this day one of Arthurs knyghtes was worth in the batayll an hondred of ours Fy on the sayd Lucius thow spekest cowardly for thy wordes greue me more than alle the losse that I had this day and anone he sende forth a kynge whiche hyghte syr leomye with a grete armye and badde hym hye hym fast to fore and he wold folowe hastely after kynge Arthur was warned pryuely & sente his peple to Sessoyne and toke vp the townes & castels fro the Romayns Thenne the kyng commaunded syr Cador to take

that the beste lykes, sauff sir Launcelot and sir Bors, with many mo othir. Sir Kay, sir Clegis shall be there als, and sir Marroke, sir Marhaulte shall be with me in fere, and all thes with mo other shall awayte uppon my persone.'

Thus kynge Arthure dispercled all his oste in dyverse partyes that they sholde nat ascape, but to fyght them behovys.

Whan the Emperour was entyrd into the vale of Sessoyne [2006] he myght se where kyng Arthure hoved in batayle with baners displayed. On every syde was he besette, that he myght nat ascape but other to fyght other to yelde hym, there was none other boote.

'Now I se well,' seyde sir Lucyus, 'yondir traytour hath betrayed me.'

Than he redressis his knyghtes on dyverse partyes, and sette up a dragon with eglys many one enewed with sabyl, and than he lete blow up with trumpettes and with tabours, that all the vale dyndled. And than he lete crye on lowde, that all men myght here: 'Syrs, ye know well that the [2033] honoure and worshyp hath ever folowyd the Romaynes. And this day let hit nevir be loste for the defaughte of herte, for I se well by yondyr ordynaunce this day shall dye much peple. And therefore do doughtly this day, and the felde is **85r** ourys.'

Than anone the Welshe kyng was so nygh that he herde [2044]

the rereward & to take with hym certayne knyghtes of the round table and syre Launcelot syre Bors syr kay syre Marrok with syre Marhaus shalle awayte on our persone Thus the kynge Arthur disperplyd his hoost in dyuerse partyes to thende that his enemyes shold not escape whanne the Emperour was entryd in to the vale of Sessoyne he myghte see where kynge Arthur was enbatailled and his baner dysplayed and he was bysette round aboute with his enemyes that nedes he must fyghte or yelde hym for he myght not flee But sayd openly vnto the Romayns syrs I admoneste you that this day ye fyghte and acquyte yow as men and remembre how Rome domyneth and is chyef and hede ouer alle the erthe* (*MA* 2035 that regnede in erthe) and vynuersal world and suffre not these bretons thys day to abyde ageynste vs & ther with he dyd commaunde hys trōpettes to blowe the blody sownes in suche wyse that the ground trembled and dyndled Thenne the batails approuched and shoue and showted on bothe sydes and grete strokes

18 *W* lowde with trumpettes and with tabours that all the vale dyned and than (*see note*)

sir Lucyus. Than he dressed hym to the vycounte his avow for to holde. His armys were full clene and therein was a dolefull dragon, and into the vawarde he p⟨r⟩ykys hym with styff spere in honde, and there he mette wyth `the valyaunte Vyllers hymself that was vycounte of Rome,' and there he smote hym thorow the shorte rybbys with a speare, that the bloode braste oute on every syde, and so fylle to the erthe [2066] and never spake mo wordys aftir. Than the noble sir Uwayne boldely approched and gyrde thorowoute the Emperoures batayle where was the thyckest prece, and slew a grete lorde by the Emperours standard, and than flow to the baner and strake hit thorowoute with his bryght swerde, and so takyth hit fro hem and rydyth with hit away unto his felyship.

[2073] Than sir Launcelot lepe forth with his stede evyn streyght unto sir Lucyus, and in his wey he smote thorow a kynge that stoode althirnexte hym, and his name was Jacounde, a Sarezen full noble. And than he russhed forth unto sir Lucyus and smote hym on the helme with his swerde, that he felle to the erthe; and syth he rode thryse over hym on a rowe, and so toke the baner of Rome and rode with hit away unto Arthure hymself. And all seyde that hit sawe there was never knyght dud more worshyp in his dayes.

[2085] Than dressed hym sir Bors unto a sterne knyght and smote hym on the umbrell, that his necke braste. Than he joyned his horse untyll a sterne gyaunte, and smote hym thorow bothe sydys, and yet he slewe in his way turnyng two other knyghtes.

[2095] Be than the bowemen of Inglonde and of Bretayne began
85v to shote, and these othir, Romaynes and Sarezens, shotte with dartis and with crosse-bowys. There began a stronge batayle on every syde and muche slaughter on the Romaynes party, and the Douchemen with quarels dud muche harme, for they were with the Romaynes with hir bowys of horne. And the grete gyauntes of Gene kylled downe many knyghtes,

were smyten on bothe sydes many men ouerthrowen hurte & slayn and grete valyaunces prowesses and appertyces of werre were that day shewed whiche were ouer long to recounte the noble feates of euery man For they shold conteyne an hole volume But in especyal kynge Arthur rode in the bataille exhortynge his knyghtes to doo wel and hym

with clubbys of steele crusshed oute hir braynes. Also they sqwatte oute the braynes of many coursers.

Whan Arthure had aspyed the gyauntes workes he cryed [2119] on lowde that knyghtes myght here and seyde, 'Fayre lordys, loke youre name be nat loste! Lese nat youre worshyp for yondir bare-legged knavys, and ye shall se what I shall do as for my trew parte.' He toke there oute Excalyber `and gurdys towarde Galapas that grevid hym moste.´ `He kut hym of by the kneis clenly there in sondir:´ 'Now art thou of a syse,' seyde the kynge, 'lyke unto oure ferys,' and than he strake of his hede swyftely.

Than come in sir Cadore and sir Kay, sir Gawayne and good sir Launcelot, sir Bors, sir Lyonel, and sir Ector de Marys, and sir Ascamore the good knyght that never fayled his lorde, sir Pelleas and sir Marhault that were proved men of armys. All thes grymly knyghtes sette uppon the gyauntys, and `by the dyntys were dalte and the dome yoldyn´ they had felled hem starke dede of fyffty all to the bare erthe.

So forth they wente wyth the kynge, tho knyghtes of the [2135] Rounde Table. Was never kyng nother knyghtes dud bettir syn God made the worlde. They leyde on with longe swerdys and swapped thorow braynes. Shyldys nother no shene armys myght hem nat withstonde tyll they leyde on the erthe ten thousand at onys. Than the Romaynes reled a lytyl, for they were somwhat rebuked, but kyng Arthure with his pryce knyghtes preced sore aftir. **86r**

Than sir Kay, sir Clegis and sir Bedwere the ryche en- [2157] countyrs with them by a clyffsyde, and there they three by good meanys slowe in that chace mo than fyve hondred. And also sir Kay roode unto a kyng of Ethyopé and bare hym thorow, and as he turned hym agayne towarde his ferys a tyrraunte strake hym betwyxte the breste and the

self dyd as nobly with his handes as was possyble a man to doo he drewe oute Excalibur his swerd and awayted euer where as the romayns were thyckest and moost greued his peple and anone he adressyd hym on that parte and hewe and slewe doune ryȝt and rescued his peple and he slewe a grete gyaunt named galapas whiche was a man of an huge quantyte and heyghte he shorted hym and smote of bothe his legges by the knees sayenge Now arte thow better* (*MA* 2128 handsomere in hye) of a syse to dele with than thou were and after smote of his hede there syre

bowellys, and as he was hurte yet he turned hym agayne and smote the todir on the hede, that to the breste hit raughte, and seyde, 'Thoughe I dey of thy dente, thy praysyng shall be lytyll.'

5 Whan sir Clegys and sir Bedwere saw that sir Kay was hurt they fared with the Romaynes as grayhoundis doth with [2185] harys. And than they returned ayen unto noble kynge Arthure and tolde hym how they had spedde.

'Sir kyng,' sayde sir Kay, 'I have served the longe. Now 10 bryng me unto som beryellys for my fadyrs sake, and commaunde me to dame Gwenyvere, thy goodly quene, and grete well `my worshypfull wyff that wratthed me never,´ and byd hir for my love to worche for my soule.'

Than wepte kynge Arthure for routhe at his herte and 15 seyde, 'Thou shalt lyve for ever, my herte thynkes.' And therewith the kynge hymself pulled oute the truncheoune of the speare and made lechis to seche hym sykerly, and founde nother lyvir nor lungys nother bowelles that were attamed. And than the kyng putte hym in hys owne tente with syker 20 knyghtes and sayde, 'I shall revenge thy hurte and I may aryght rede.'

[2204] Than the kynge in this malyncoly metys with a kynge, and with Excalyber he smote his bak in sundir. Than in that haste he metys with anothir, and gurde hym in the 25 waste thorow bothe sydes. Thus he russhed here and there `thorow the thyckyst prees more than thirty tymes.´

[2218] Than sir Launcelot, sir Gawayne and sir Lovelys son gerde oute one that one hande where Lucyus the Emperoure 86v hymself in a launde stoode. Anone as sir Lucyus sawe sir 30 Gawayne he sayde all on hyght, 'Thou art welcom iwys, for thou sekyst aftir sorow. Here thou shalt be sone overmacched!' Sir Launcelot was wroth at hys grymme wordys and gurde to hym with his swerde aboven uppon hys bryght helme, that the raylyng bloode felle doune to his feete.

[2226] 35 And sir Gawayne wyth his longe swerde leyde on faste, that three amerallys deyde thorow the dynte of his hondis. And so Lovel fayled nat in the pres; he slew a kynge and

gawayn foughte nobly and slewe thre admyrales in that bataill And

36–p. 223, l. 2 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Gawayne slew iii. admyrayllys in batayle

a deuke that knyghtes were noble. Than the Romaynes [2234]
releved. Whan they sye hir lorde so hampred they chaced and
choppedde doune many of oure knyghtes good, and in that
rebukyng they bare the bolde Bedwere to the colde erthe,
and wyth a ranke swerde he was merveylously wounded. Yet 5
sir Launcelot and sir Lovel rescowed hym blyve.

With that come in kynge Arthure with the knyghtes of [2242]
the Table Rounde and rescowed the ryche men that never
were lyke to ascape at that tyme, for oftetymes thorow envy
grete hardynesse is shewed that hath bene the deth of many 10
kyd knyghtes; for thoughe they speke fayre many one unto
other, yet whan they be in batayle eyther wolde beste be
praysed.

Anone as kynge Arthure had a syght of the Emperour [2244]
Lucyus, for kynge nother for captayne he taryed no lenger. 15
And eythir with her swerdys swapped at othir. So sir Lucyus with his swerde hit Arthure overthwarte the nose and
gaff hym a wounde nyghe unto the tunge. Sir Arthure was
wroth and gaff hym another with all the myght that in his
arme was leved, that frome the creste of his helme unto the 20
bare pappys hit wente adoune, and so ended the Emperour. [2255]

Than 'the kynge mette with sir Cadore, his kene cousyn,' [2261]
and prayde hym, 'Kylle doune clene for love of sir Kay, my
foster-brother, and for the love of sir Bedwer that longe hath **87r**

so dyd alle the knyghtes of the round table Thus the bataill bitwene
kynge Arthur and Lucius themperour endured longe Lucius had on
his syde many sarasyns whiche were slayn and thus the bataille was grete
and oftsydes that one party was at a fordele and anone at an afterdele
whiche endured so longe tyl at the last kyng Arthur aspyed where 5
Lucius themperour fought and dyd wonder with his owne handes
And anon he rode to hym And eyther smote other fyersly and atte last
Lucyus smote Arthur thwart the vysage and gaf hym a large wound
And whanne kyng Arthur felte hym self hurte anon he smote hym
ageyne with Excalibur that it clefte his hede fro the somette of his hede 10
and stynted not tyl it cam to his breste And thenne themperour fylle
doune dede and there ended his lyf And whan it was knowen that
themperour was slayne anone alle the Romayns with all their hoost
put them to flyght and kynge Arthur with alle his knyghtes folowed
the chaas and slewe doune ryght alle them that they myghte atteyne 15

20–21 *W* (*sidenote*) How kyng Arthure slew the Emperour of rome sir lucyus

me served. Therefore save none for golde nothir for sylver: for they that woll accompany them with Sarezens, the man that wolde save them were lytyll to prayse. And therefore sle doune and save nother hethyn nothir Crystyn.'

`Than sir Cadore, sir Clegis, ⟨they⟩ caughte to her swerdys′, and sir Launcelot, sir Bors, sir Lyonel, sir Ector de Marys, they whyrled thorow many men of armys. And sir Gawayne, sir Gaherys, sir Lovell and sir Florens, his brothir that was gotyn of sir Braundyles systir uppon a mountayne, all thes knyghtes russhed forth in a frunte with many mo knyghtes of the Rounde Table that here be not rehersid. They hurled over hyllys, valeyes, and clowys, and slow downe on every honde wondirfull many, `that thousandis in an hepe lay thrumbelyng togedir.′

But for all that the Romaynes and the Sarezens cowde do other speke to y⟨e⟩lde themself there was none saved, but all yode to the swerde. For evir kynge Arthure rode in the thyckeste of the pres and raumped downe lyke a lyon many senatours noble. He wolde nat abyde uppon no poure man for no maner of thyng, and `ever he slow slyly and slypped to another′ tylle all were slayne to the numbir of a hondred thousand, and yet many a thousande ascaped thorow prevy frendys.

[2278] And than relevys the kynge with his noble knyghtes and rensaked over all the feldis for his bolde barouns. And tho that were dede were buryed as their bloode asked, and they that myght be saved there was no salve spared nother no deyntés to dere that myght be gotyn for golde other sylver. And thus he let save many knyghtes that wente never to recover, but for sir Kayes recovir and of sir Bedwers the ryche was never man undir God so glad as hymself was.

And thus was the vyctory gyuen to kynge Arthur & the tryumphe and there were slayne on the party of Lucius moo than an honderd thousand And after kyng Arthur dyd doo ransake the dede bodyes and dyd doo burye them that were slayne of his retenue euery man accordynge to the state & degree that he was of And them that were hurte he lete the surgyens doo serche their hurtes and woundes and commaunded to spare no salues ne medecynes tyl they were hole Thenne the kyng rode strayte to the place where themperour lucius lay dede and with

6 *W* sir Bors sir Lyonel sir Bors sir Ector 16 *W* yolde

Than the kynge rode streyte thereas the Emperoure lay, 87v [2290]
and garte lyffte hym up lordely with barounes full bolde,
and the sawdon of Surré and of Ethyopé the kyng, and of
Egypte and of Inde two knyghtes full noble, wyth seventene
other kynges were takyn up als, and also syxty senatours 5
of Roome that were honoured full noble men, and all the
elders. The kynge let bawme all thes with many good
gummys and setthen lette lappe hem in syxtyfolde of sendell
large, and than lete lappe hem in lede that for chauffynge
other chongyng they sholde never savoure, and sytthen lete 10
close them in chestys full clenly arayed, and their baners
abovyn on their bodyes, and their shyldys turned upwarde,
that eviry man myght knowe of what contray they were.

So on the morne they founde in the heth three senatours [2306]
of Rome. Whan they were brought to the kynge he seyde 15
thes wordis:

'Now to save your lyvys I take no force grete, with that ye
woll meve on my message unto grete Rome and presente
thes corses unto the proude Potestate and aftir [shewe] hym
my lettyrs and my hole entente. And telle hem in haste they 20
shall se me, and I trow they woll beware how they bourde
with me and my knyghtes.'

Than the Emperour hymself was dressed in a charyot, [2338]
and every two knyghtys in a charyot cewed aftir other, and
the senatours com aftir by cowplys in a corde. 25

'Now sey ye to the Potestate and all the lordys aftir that I

hym he fond slayne the Sowdan of Surrey the kynge of Egypte and of
Ethyope which were two noble kynges with xvij other kynges of
dyuerse regyons and also syxty senatours of Rome al noble men whome
the kynge dyd do bawme and gomme with many good gommes aroma-
tyk and after dyd do cere them in syxty fold of cered clothe of Sendale 5
and leyd them in chestys of leed by cause they shold not chauffe ne
sauoure and vpon alle these bodyes their sheldes with theire armes and
baners were sette to thende they shold be knowen of what countrey
they were and after he fonde thre Senatours whiche were on lyue to
whome he sayd for to saue your lyues I wylle that ye take these dede 10
bodyes and carye them with yow vnto grete Rome and presente them
to the potestate on my behalue shewynge hym my letters and telle
them that I in my persone shal hastely be atte Rome And I suppose the
Romayns shalle beware how they shal demaunde ony trybute of me
And I commaunde yow to saye whan ye shal come to Rome to the 15

sende hem the trybet that I owe to Rome, for this is the trew trybet that I and myne elders have loste this ten score wyntyrs. And sey hem as mesemes I have sent hem the hole somme, and yf they thynke hit nat inowe, I shall amend hit whan that I com. ⌜And ferthermore I charge you to saye to them never to demaunde trybute ne taxe of me ne of my londes⌝, for suche tresoure muste they take as happyns us here.'

88r So on the morne thes senatours rayked unto Rome, and within eyghtene dayes they come to the Potestate and tolde [2358] hym how they hadde brought ˋthe taxe and the trewage of ten score wynters′ ˋbothe of Ingelonde, Irelonde, and of all the Est londys.′ 'For kyng Arthure commaundys you nother trybet nother taxe ye never none aske uppon payne of youre hedys, but yf youre tytil be the trewer than ever ought ony of your elders. And for these causys ˋwe have foughtyn in Fraunce, and there us is foule happed,′ for all is chopped to the deth bothe the bettir and the worse. Therefore I rede you store you wyth stuff, for war is at honde. ˋFor in the moneth of May this myscheff befelle′ ˋin the contrey of Constantyne by the clere stremys,′ and there he

potestate and all the counceylle and Senate that I sende to them these dede bodyes for the trybute that they haue demaunded And yf they be not content with these I shal paye more at my comynge for other trybute owe I none ne none other wylle I paye And me thynketh this suffyseth for Bretayne Irlond and al Almayne with germanye And ferthermore* I charge yow to saye to them that I commaunde them *vpon payne of theyre hedes neuer to demaunde trybute ne taxe of *me ne of my bondes* (*S* londes) (*MA* 2348–50 Bott byde them neuere be so bolde, whylls my blode regnes, Efte for to brawlle þem for my brode landez, Ne to aske trybut ne taxe be nakyn tytle, Bot syche tresoure as this, whilles my tym lastez) Thenne with this charge and commaundement the thre Senatours afore sayd departed with alle the sayd dede bodyes leynge the body of Lucius in a carre* (*MA* 2355 Bekende them the caryage) couerd with tharmes of the Empyre al alone And after alwey two bodyes of kynges in a charyot and thenne the bodyes of the Senatours after them and soo wente toward Rome and shewed theyr legacyon & message to the potestate and Senate recountyng the bataylle done in Fraunce and how the feld was lost and moche people & Innumerable slayne wherfore they aduysed them in no wyse to meue no more warre ageynste that noble conqueroure Arthur For

hyred us with his knyghtes and heled them that were hurte that same day and to bery them that were slayne.'

Now turne we to Arthure with his noble knyghtes that [2386] entryth streyghte into Lushburne and so thorowe Flaundirs and than to Lorayne. He laughte up all the lordshyppys, and sytthen he drew hym into Almayne and unto Lumbardy the ryche, and `sette lawys in that londe that dured longe aftir.' `And so into Tuskayne, and there the tirrauntys destroyed,' `and there were captaynes full kene that kepte Arthurs comyng,' and at streyte passages slew muche of his peple, and there they vytayled and garnysshed many good townys.

But there was a cité kepte sure defence agaynste Arthure [2416] and his knyghtes, and therewith angred Arthure and seyde all on hyght, 'I woll wynne this towne other ellys many a doughty shall dye!' And than the kynge approched to the wallis withoute shelde sauff his bare harneys.

`'Sir,' seyde sir Florence, 'foly thou workeste' for to nyghe so naked this perleouse cité.'

'And thow be aferde,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'I rede the faste fle, `for they wynne no worshyp of me but to waste their toolys;' for there `shall never harlot have happe, by the helpe 88v of oure Lord', `to kylle a crowned kynge that with creyme is anoynted.'

Than the noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table approched [2448-64] unto the cité and their horsis levys. They hurled on a frunte streyght unto the barbycans, and there they slewe downe all that before them stondys, and in that bray the brydge they wanne; and had nat the garnyson bene, they had wonne within the yatys and the cité wonne thorow wyght- [2472] nesse of hondys. And than oure noble knyghtes withdrew them a lytyll and wente unto the kynge and prayde hym to

his myght and prowesse is most to be doubted seen the noble kynges and grete multytude of knyghtes of the round table to whome none erthely prynce may compare

Now torne we vnto kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche (9) after the grete bataylle acheued ageynste the Romayns entryd in to Lorayne braban and Flaundres and sythen retorned in to hault Almayn and so ouer the mōtayns in to lombardye and after in to Tuskane wherein was a Cyte whiche in no wyse wold yelde them self ne obeye wherfore kynge Arthur biseged it and lay longe aboute hit and gaf

†

take his ⟨herborgage⟩. ˋAnd than he pyght his pavylyons of palle, and plantys all aboute´ the sege, and there he lette sett up suddeynly many engynes.

[2483] Than the kynge called unto hym sir Florens and seyde these wordys: 'My folk ys wexen feble for wantynge of vytayle, and ˋhereby be forestes full fayre, and thereas oure foomen many.´ And I am sure they have grete store of bestes. And thyder shall thou go to forrey that forestes, and with the shall go sir Gawayne, ˋand sir Wysharde with sir Walchere, two worshypfull knyghtes,´ ˋwith all the wyseste men of the Weste marchis.´ ˋAlso sir Cleremount and sir Clegis that were comly in armys,´ ˋand the captayne of Cardyff that is a knyght full good.´ Now go ye and warne all this felyshep that hit be done as I commaunde.'

So ˋwith that forth yode sir Florens, and his felyshyp was [2503] sone redy,´ and so they rode thorow holtys and hethis, thorow foreste and over hyllys. And than they com into a lowe medow that was full of swete floures, and there thes noble knyghtes bayted her ⌜horses⌝.

[2510] And in the grekynge of the day sir Gawayne hente his hors wondyrs for to seke. ˋThan was he ware of a man armed walkynge a paase by a woodis ease´ by a revers syde, and his shelde braced on his sholdir, and he on a stronge horse

many assaultes to the Cyte And they within deffended them valyauntly Thenne on a tyme the kynge called syr florence a knyght and sayd to hym they lacked vytaylle and not ferre from hens ben grete forestes and woodes wherin ben many of myn enemyes with moche bestyayl I wyl that thou make the redy and goo thyder in foreyeng and take with the syr Gawayn my neuew Syre wysshard syre Clegys Syre Cleremond and the Captayn of Cardef with other & brynge with yow alle the beestes that ye there can gete And anone these knyghtes made them redy and rode ouer holtys & hyllys thurgh forestes and woodes* (*MA* 2503–4 Thorowe hopes and hymland, hillys and oþer, Holtis and hare-woddes) tyl they cam in to a fayr medow ful of fayre floures and grasse And there they rested them & theyr horses* (*W* her stedis; *MA* 2509 þeire horses) alle that nyghte And in the spryngynge of the day in the next morne syre Gawayn took his hors and stale away* (*MA* 2513 weendes owtt) from his felauship to seke some aduentures And anon he was ware of a man armed walkynge his hors easyly by

1 *W* take his baronage (*MA* 2475 hyes to þe harbergage) 19 *W* her stedis

rydys withoute man wyth hym save a boy alone that bare 89r
a grymme speare. The knyght bare in his shelde `of golde glystrand three gryffons in sabyll′ and charbuckkle, the cheff of sylver. Whan sir Gawayne was ware of that gay knyght, than he gryped a grete spere and rode streyght towarde hym on a stronge horse for to mete with that sterne knyght where that he hoved. Whan sir Gawayne com hym nyghe, in Englyshe he asked hym what he was. And that other knyght answerde in his langage of Tuskayne and sayde,

`'Whother pryckyst thou, pylloure, that profers the so [2533]
large?′ Thou ⌜getest⌝ no pray, prove whan the lykys, for `my presoner thou shalt be for all thy proude lokys.′′ 'Thou spekyste proudly,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'but I counseyle the for all thy grymme wordis that `thou gryppe to the thy gere or [gretter] grame falle.′′

Than hir launcis ⌜and speres⌝ they handylde by crauff of armys, and com on spedyly with full syker dyntes, and there `they shotte thorow shyldys and mayles, and thorow there shene shuldyrs′ they were thorowborne the brede of an hande. `Than were they so wroth that away wolde they never′, but rathly russhed oute their swerdys `and hyttys on their helmys with hatefull dyntys,′ `and stabbis at hir stomakys with swerdys well steled.′ `So freysshly

a wodes syde and his sheld laced to his sholdre syttynge on a stronge courser withoute ony man sauyng (*S* sauyng to) a page berynge a myghty spere The knyght bare in his sheld thre gryffons of gold in sable charbuncle the chyef of syluer whan syre Gawayn aspyed this gay knyght he fewtryd his spere and rode strayt to hym and demaūded of hym from whens that he was that other ansuerd and sayd he was of Tuscane and demaunded of syre gawayn what profryst thow proude knyghte the so boldly here getest* (*MA* pykes) thou no praye thou mayst proue whā thou wylt for thou shalt be my prysoner or thou departe Thenne sayd gawayn thou auauntest the gretely and spekest proude wordes I coūceylle the for alle thy boost that thou make the redy and take thy gere to the to fore gretter* (*W* or more) grame falle to the

Thenne they took theyr speres* (*MA* 2541–2 Than þeire launces (10)
they lachen, thes lordlyche byernez, Laggen with longe speres) and ranne eche at other with alle the myghte they had and smote eche other thurgh their sheldes in to theyr sholders wherfore anone they pulled

tho fre men fyghtes on the grounde′, ′whyle the flamynge fyre flowe oute of hir helmys.′

[2557] Than sir Gawayne was grevid wondirly sore and swynges his ⌜good⌝ swerde Galantyne, and grymly he strykys, and clevys the knyghtes shylde in sundir. And thorowoute the thycke haubirke made of sure mayles, and the rubyes that were ryche, he russhed hem in sundir, that men myght beholde the lyvir and longes. ′Than groned the knyght for his grymme woundis and gyrdis to sir Gawayne′ and awkewarde hym strykes, and brastyth the rerebrace and the vawmbrace bothe, and kut thorow a vayne, that Gawayne
89v sore greved, for ′so worched his wounde that his wytte chonged,′ and therewithall his armure was all blody berenne.

[2574] Than that knyght talked to sir Gawayne and ′bade hym bynde up his wounde, 'or thy ble chonge,′ ′for thou all bebledis this horse and thy bryght wedys,′ ′for all the barbers of Bretayne shall nat thy blood staunche.′ For who that is hurte with this blaade bleed shall he ever'.

[2579] ′'Be God,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'hit grevys me but lytyll,′ yet shalt thou nat feare me for all thy grete wordis. ′Thow trowyste with thy talkynge to tame my herte′, but yet thou betydys tene or thou parte hense but thou telle me in haste who may stanche my bledynge.'

'That may I do, and I woll, so thou wolt succour me

oute their swerdes and smote grete strokes that the fyre sprange oute of their helmes Thenne syre gawayne was al abasshed and with galatyn his good swerd* (*W* his swerde Galantyne; *MA* 2558 Galuthe his gude swerde) he smote thurgh shelde and thycke hauberke made of thyck maylles and al to russhed and brake the precious stones and made hym a large wounde that men myghte see* (*MA* 2561 men myghte see) bothe lyuer and long Thenne groned that knyght and adressyd hym to syre Gawayn & with an awke stroke gaf hym a grete wound and kytte a vayne whiche greued gawayn sore and he bledde sore Thenne the knyghte sayd to syre Gawayn bynde thy wounde or thy blee chaunge for thou bybledest al thy hors and thy fayre armes For alle the Barbours of Bretayne shal not conne staunche thy blood For who someuer is hurte with this blade he shalle neuer be staunched of bledynge Thenne ansuerd gawayn hit greueth me but lytyl thy grete wordes shalle not feare me ne lasse my courage but thow shalt suffre tene and sorow or we departe but telle me in hast who maye staunche my bledynge That

4 *O*1 Galantyne, his good swerde

that I myght be fayre crystynde and becom meke for my mysdedis. Now mercy I Jesu beseche, and I shall becom Crysten and in God stedfastly beleve, `and thou mayste for thy manhode have mede to thy soule.'′

`'I graunte,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'so God me helpe′ to fullfyll all thy desyre; thou haste gretly hit deservyd. So thou say me the soth, `what thou sought here thus sengly thyself alone,′ and what lorde or legeaunte thou art undir.' [2589]

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I hyght Priamus, and a prynce is my fadir, and `he hath bene rebell unto Rome and overredyn muche of hir londis.′ And my fadir is com of Alysaundirs bloode that was overleder of kynges, and of Ector also was he com by the ryght lyne; and many mo were of my kynrede, bothe Judas Macabeus and deuke Josue. And ayre I am alther-nexte of `Alysaundir and of Aufryke and of all the Oute Iles.′ `Yet woll I beleve on thy Lorde that thou belevyst on,′ and take the for thy labour tresour inow. `For I was so hauté in my herte I helde no man my pere,′ so was I sente into this werre by the assente of my fadir with seven score knyghtes, and now I have encountred with one hath geevyn [me of] fyghtyng my fylle. Therefore, sir knyght, **90r** for thy kynges sake telle me thy name.' [2595]

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I am no knyght, but I have be brought up in the wardrope with the noble kyng Arthure [2620]

may I doo sayd the knyght yf I wylle And so wyll I yf thou wylt socoure and ayde me that I maye be crystned and byleue on god And therof I requyre the of thy manhode and it shalle be grete meryte for thy soule I graunte said Gawayne so god helpe me taccomplysshe alle thy desyre But fyrst telle me what thou soughtest here thus allone and of what londe and legeaunce thou arte of Syre he sayd my name is Pryamus and a grete prynce is my fader and he hath ben rebelle vnto Rome and ouer ryden many of theyr londes My fader is lyneally descended of Alysaunder and of hector by ryght lynge And duke Iosue and Machabeus were of oure lygnage I am ryght enherytour of Alysaunder and auffryke and alle the oute yles yet wyl I byleue on thy lord that thow byleuest on And for thy laboure I shalle yeue the tresour ynough I was soo elate and hauteyn in my hert that I thought no man my pere ne to me semblable I was sente in to this werre with seuen score knyghtes and now I haue encountred with the whiche hast gyuen to me of *fyghtyng my fylle wherfore syr knyghte I pray the to tell me what thow arte I am no knyght sayd gawayn I haue ben brought vp

wyntyrs and dayes for to take hede to his armoure and all his other wedis and to poynte all the paltokkys that longe to hymself `and to dresse doublettis for deukys and erlys.´ `And at Yole he made me yoman and gaff me good gyfftys,´ more than `an hondred pounde and horse and harneyse rych.´ And yf I have happe ⟨to⟩ my hele to serve my lyege lorde I shall be well holpyn in haste.'

[2632] 'A,' sayde sir Priamus, `'and his knavys be so kene, his knyghtes ar passynge good.´ Now for thy Kynges love of Hevyn and for thy kyngys love, whether thou be knave other knyght, telle thou me thy name.'

'Be God,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'now woll I telle the soth.
[2638] ⌜My name is syre Gawayn.⌝ `I am knowyn in his courte and kyd in his chambir´ `and rolled with the rychest of the Rounde Table,´ and I am a deuke dubbed wyth his owne hondis. `Therefore grucche nat, good sir, if me this grace is behappened:´ hit is the goodnesse of God that lente me this strength.'

[2646] 'Now am I bettir pleased,' sayde sir Pryamus, 'than thou haddest gyff me the Provynce ⌜and⌝ Perysie the ryche, for I had levir have be toryn with four wylde horse than ony yoman had suche a loose wonne of me, other els ony page other prycker sholde wynne of me the pryce in this felde

in the garderobe with the noble kynge Arthur many yeres for to take hede to his armour and his other araye and to poynte his paltockes that longen to hym self At yole last he made me yoman and gaf to me hors and harneys and an honderd pound in money And yf fortune be my frend I doubte not but to be wel auaunced and holpen by my lyege lord A sayd Pryamus yf his knauys be so kene and fyers his knyȝtes ben passynge good Now for the kynges loue of heuen whether thou be a knaue or a knyghte telle thou me thy name By god sayd syre Gawayn Now wyl I saye the sothe my name is syre gawayn* (*MA* 2638 My name es sir Gawayne) and knowen I am in his courte and in his chambre and one of the knyghtes of the round table he dubbed me a duke with his owne (*S* with owne) hand Therfore grutche not yf this grace is to me fortuned hit is the goodnesse of god that lente to me my strengthe Now am I better pleasyd sayd Pryamus than thou haddest gyuen to me al the prouynce and* (*MA* 2647 Thane I of Provynce warre prynce and of Paresche ryche) parys the ryche I had leuer to haue ben torn with

6 *W* happe my hele (*MA* 2630 happe to my hele) 20 *W* provynce of Perysie the the

gotyn. But now I warne the, sir knyght of the Rounde Table, here is by the deuke of Lorayne with his knyghtes, and `the doughtyeste of Dolphyne landys with many Hyghe Duchemen,' and many lordis of Lumbardy, and the garneson of Godarde, `and men of Westewalle, worshypfull kynges;' and `of Syssoyne and of Southlonde Sarezyns many numbirde,' and there named ar in rollys sixty thousand of syker men of armys.

'Therefore `but thou hyghe the fro this heth, hit woll [2660] harme us both,' and sore be we hurte never lyke to recover. 90v But `take thou hede ⟨to the⟩ haynxman that he no horne blow,' for and he do, than loke that he be hewyn on pecis: `for here hovys at thy honde a hondred of good knyghtes' that ar of my retynew and to awayte uppon my persone. `For and thou be raught with that rought, raunsom nother rede golde' woll they none aske.'

Than sir Gawayne rode over a water for to gyde hymself, [2668] and that worshypfull knyght hym folowed sore wounded. And so they rode tylle they com to their ferys that were baytand hir horsys in a low medow `where lay many lordys lenyng on there shyldys', `with lawghyng and japyng and many lowde wordys.' Anone as sir Wycharde was ware of sir Gawayne and aspyed that he was hurte `he wente towarde hym wepyng and wryngyng his hondys.'

Than sir Gawayne tolde hym `how he had macched with [2686]

wylde horses than ony varlet had wonne suche loos or ony page or pryker shold haue had prys on me But now syre knyghte I warne the that here by is a duke of Lorayne with his armye and the noblest men of Dolphyne and lordes of lombardye with the garneson of godard and sarasyns of Southland ynombred lx M of good men of armes wherfore but yf we hye vs hens it wylle harme vs bothe for we ben sore hurte neuer lyke to recouer but take hede to my page that he no horne blowe For yf he doo ther ben houynge fast by an C knyȝtes awaytynge on my persone and yf they take the ther shall no raunson of gold ne syluer acquyte the Thenne syre gawayne rode ouer a water for to saue hym And the knyghte folowed hym and soo rode forthe tyle they came to his felawes whiche were in the medowe where they had ben al the nyghte* (*MA* 2675 And some was sleghte one slepe with slaughte of þe pople) Anone as syre wychard was ware of syre gawayn and sawe that he was hurte he ranne to hym soroufully wepynge and demaunded of hym who had soo hurte hym and gawayn told how he had foughten

that myghty man of strengthe.′ ‘Therefore greve yow nat, good sir, for thoughe my shylde be now thirled and my sholdir shorne, yett ` thys knyght sir Pryamus hath many perelouse woundys.′ But he hath salvys, he seyth, that woll hele us bothe. But here is new note in honde nere than ye wene, fore by an houre aftir none I trow hit woll noy us all.’

[2692] Than sir Pryamus and sir Gawayne alyght bothe and lette hir horsys bayte in the fayre medow. ` Than they lette brayde of hir basnettys and hir brode shyldys.′ Than eythir bled so muche that every man had wondir ` they myght sitte in their sadyls or stonde uppon erthe.′

[2704] ‘Now fecche me,’ seyde sir Pryamus, ‘my vyall that hangys by the gurdyll of my haynxman, for ` hit is full of the floure of the four good watyrs′ that passis from Paradyse, ` th⟨at⟩ mykyll fruyte in fallys that at one day fede shall us all.′ Putt that watir in oure fleysh where the syde is tamed, and we shall be hole within four houres.’

91r Than they lette clense their woundys with colde whyght wyne, and than they lete anoynte them with bawme over and over, and holer men than they were within an houres [2713] space was never lyvyng syn God the worlde made. So whan they were clensed and hole ` they broched barellys and brought them the wyne′ ` wyth brede and brawne and many ryche byrdys.′ And whan they had etyn, ⌈than with a trompet they alle assembled to counceylle, and⌉ sir Gawayne seyde, ‘Lordynges, go to armys!’ And whan they were armed and assembled togedyrs, ` with a clere claryon callys them togedir′ to counceyle, and sir Gawayne of the case hem tellys.

with that man and eche of them hadde hurte other and how he had salues to hele them but I can telle yow other tydynges that soone we shal haue adoo with many enemyes Thenne syre pryamus and syre gawayn alyghted and lete theire horses grase in the medowe and vnarmed them And thenne the blood ranne fresshly fro theyre woundes And pryamus toke fro his page a vyolle ful of the four waters that came oute of paradys and with certayne baume enoynted theyr woundes and wesshe them with that water* (*MA* 2711 with clere watire) & within an houre after they were both as hole as euer they were And thenne with a trompet were they alle assembled to counceylle* (*MA* 2718–19 With a clayroune clere, thire knyghtez togedyre, callys to concell)

'Now tell us, sir Pryamus, all the hole purpose of yondir pryce knyghtes.'

'Sirs,' seyde sir Pryamus, 'for to rescow me they have made a vowe, other ellys `manfully on this molde to be marred all at onys.' `This was the pure purpose, whan I passed thens' `at hir perellys, to preff me uppon payne of their lyvys.'

`'Now, good men,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'grype up your [2725] hertes,' `and yf we g⟨et⟩tles go ⟨thus⟩ away hit woll greffe oure kynge.' And sir Florens in this fyght shall here abyde for to kepe the stale as a knyght noble, `for he was chosyn and charged in chambir with the kynge' `chyfften of this chekke and cheyff of us all.' `And whethir he woll fyght other fle we shall folow aftir;' for as for me, `for all yondir folkys faare forsake hem shall I never.'

`'A, fadir!' seyde Florens, 'full fayre now ye speke,' `for [2735] I am but a fauntekyn to fraysted men of armys,' and yf I ony foly do the faughte muste be youres. Therefore lese nat youre worshyp. My wytt is but symple, and ye ar oure allther governoure; therefore worke as ye lykys.'

'Now, fayre lordys,' seyde sir Pryamus, 'cese youre wordys, I warne you betyme; for ye shall fynde in yondir woodys many perellus knyghtes. They woll putte furth beystys to bayte you oute of numbir, and ye ar fraykis in this fryth nat paste seven hondred, `and that is feythfully to fewe to fyght with so many,' `for harlottys and haynxmen wol helpe us but a lytyll,' `for they woll hyde them in haste **91v** for all their hyghe wordys.'

And there pryamus told vnto them what lordes and knyghtes had sworne to rescowe hym and that without faill they shold be assailled with many thousandes wherfor he counceilled them to withdrawe them Thenne syre gawayn sayd it were grete shame to them to auoyde withoute ony strokes Wherfore I aduyse to take oure armes and to make vs redy to mete with these sarasyns and mysbyleuyng men and wyth the helpe of god we shal ouerthrowe them and haue a fayre day on them And syre Florens shall abyde styll in thys felde to kepe the stale as a noble knyghte and we shal not forsake yonder felawes Now sayd Pryamus (*S* Pyramus) seasse your wordes for I warne yow ye shal fynde in yonder woodes many peryllous knyghtes they wylle put forthe

p. 234, l. 14 *WO*[1] the 9 *W* gyltles (*MA* 2727 gettlesse) go this

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'so God me helpe!' 'Now, fayre sonne,' sayde sir Gawayne unto Florens, 'woll ye take youre felyshyp of the beste provyd men to the numbir of a hondred knyghtes and `prestly prove yourself and yondir
5 pray wynne?'′

'I assent me with good hert,' seyde Florence.

[2755] `Than sir Florens called unto hym sir Florydas with fyve score knyghtes′, `and forth they flynged a faste tro⟨tt⟩e′ and the folke of the bestes dryvys. Than folowed aftir
10 sir Florens with noble men of armys fully seven hondred, and one `sir Feraunte of Spayne before on a fayre stede′ `that was fostred in Farmagos: the fende was his fadir.′ `He flyttys towarde sir Florens and sayde, 'Whother flyest thou,′ false knyght?' Than `sir Florens was fayne, and in feautyr
15 castis his spere′, `and rydys towarde the rought and restys no lenger′, and full but in the forehede he hyttys sir Feraunte
[2772] and brake his necke-bone. Than Feraunte `his cosyn had grete care and cryed full lowde:′ 'Thou haste slayne a knyght and kynge anoynted that or this tyme founde never frayke
20 that myght abyde hym a buffette. Therefore ye shall dey, there shall none of you ascape!'

'Fye on the,' seyde Florydas, 'thou eregned wrecche!'

And therewith to hym he flyngis with a swerde, that `all the fleysshe of his flanke he flappys in sundir,′ that all the
25 fylth of the freyke and many of his guttys fylle to the erthe.

[2784] `Than lyghtly rydis a raynke for to rescowe that barowne′ that was borne in the Rodis, and rebell unto Cryste. `He preced in proudly and aftir his pray wyndys.′ But `the raynke Rycharde of the Rounde Table′ `on a rede stede rode

beestes to calle yow on they be out of nombre and ye are not past vij C whiche ben ouer fewe to fyght with soo many Neuertheless sayd syr gawayn we shal ones encountre them and see what they can do and the beste shalle haue the vyctory

(11) 5 Thenne syre Florence callyd to hym syre florydas with an honderd knyghtes and droofe forth the herde of bestes Thenne folowed hym vij honderd men of armes and syr Feraunt of spayne on a fayr stede came spryngynge oute of the woodes and came to syre Florence and axyd hym why he fledde Thenne syre Florence took his spere and rode
10 ageynste hym and smote hym in the forhede and brake his necke bone

8 *W* trolle (*MA* 2257 trotte) 16–18 *W* (*sidenote*) How Sir fflorens slew Sir fferaunte

hym agaynste′ and threste hym thorow the shylde evyn to the herte. ′Than he rored full rudely, but rose he nevermore.′

′Than alle his feerys mo than fyve hondred′ ′felle uppon [2796]
sir Florence and on his fyve score knyghtes.′ ′Than sir Flo- 5 92r
rens and sir Florydas in feautir bothe castys′ their spearys, and ′they felled fyve at the frunte at the fyrste entré,′ and sore they assayled our folke and brake browys and brestys and felde many adowne. ′Whan sir Pryamus, the pryse [2811]
knyght, perceyved their gamys′ he yode to sir Gawyne and 10
thes wordys seyde:

'Thy pryse men ar sore begone and put undir, for they ar oversette with Sarazens mo than five hondred. Now wolde thou suffir me for the love of thy God with a small parte of thy men to succoure hem betyme?' 15

′'Sir, grucch ye nat,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'the gre is there [2819]
owne,′ ′for they mowe have gyfftys full grete igraunted of my lorde.′ Therefore lette them fyght whylys hem lystes, the freysh knyghtes; for som of hem ′fought nat their fylle of all this fyve wyntyr.′ Therefore ′I woll nat styrre wyth 20
my stale half my steede length′ ′but yf they be stadde wyth more stuff than I se hem agaynste.′′

So by that tyme was sir Gawayne ware by the woodys [2825]
syde men commynge woodly with all maner of wepon, for there rode ′the erle of Ethelwolde havyng on eyther half′ 25
many hole thousandys; ′and the deuke of Douchemen dressys hym aftir′ and passis with Pryamus knyghtes.

Thenne all thother were meued and thought to auenge the dethe of syr Feraunt and smote in emonge them and there was grete fyghte and many slayne and leyd doune to grounde and syr Florence with his C knyghtes alwey kepte the stale and foughte manly Thenne whan Pryamus the good knyght perceyued the grede fyght he went to syre 5
Gawayn and badde hym that he shold goo and socoure his felauship whiche were sore bystad with their enemyes Syr greue yow not sayd syre Gawayn For theyr gree shall be theirs I shall not ones meue my hors to them ward but yf I see mo than ther ben For they ben stronge ynough to matche them & with that he sawe an erle called syre Ethel- 10
wold and the duk of duchemen cam lepyng out of a wood with many thousādes & pryamus kny3tes & cam strayte vn to the bataylle thēne sir

27 *W* hym hym aftir

[2851] Than Gawayne, the good knyght, he chered his knyghtes and sayde,

`'Greve you nat, good men, for yondir grete syght,' and `be nat abaysshed of yondir boyes in hir bryghte weedis,' `for and we feyght in fayth the felde is ourys!'

Than they haled up their brydyls and began walop, and by that they com nygh by a londys length they jowked [2875] downe with her hedys many jantyll knyghtes. A more jolyar joustynge was never sene on erthe. `Than the ryche men of the Rounde Table ran thorow the thykkeste' with hir stronge sperys, that many a raynke for that prouesse ran into the grevys, and durste `no knavys but knyghtes kene 92v of herte' fyght more in this felde, but fledde.

`'Be God,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'this gladys my herte' `that yondir gadlynges be gone, for they made a grete numbir.' `Now ar they fewer in the felde whan they were fyrst numbyrd' by twenty thousand, in feyth, for all their grete boste.'

[2889] Than Jubeaunce of Geane, a myghty gyaunte, he feautred his speare to sir Garrarde, a good knyght of Walys. He smote the Waylshe knyght evyn to the herte. Than our knyghtes myghtyly meddeled wyth hir myddylwarde. But anone at all assemble many Saresyns were destroyed, `for [2916] the soveraynes of Sessoyne were salved for ever.' By that tyme `sir Pryamus, the good prynce, in the presence of lordys' royall to his penowne he rode and lyghtly hit hentys, `and rode with the royall rought of the Rounde Table,' and streyte all his retynew folowed hym aftyr oute of the woode. They folowed as shepe oute of a folde, and streyte they yode to the felde and stood by their kynge lorde. `And sytthyn they sente to the deuke thes same wordis:'

gawayn comforted his knyghtes and bad them not to be abasshed for al shall be ours thēne they began to wallope & mette with their enemyes ther were mē slayn & ouerthrowen on euery syde Thenne threstyd in amonge them the knyghtes of the table round and smote doune to the erthe alle them that wythstode them in soo moche that they made them to recuyelle & flee By god sayd syre Gawayn this gladeth my herte for now ben they lasse in nombre by xx M Thenne entryd in to the bataylle Iubaunce a geaunt and fought and slewe doune ryght and distressyd many of our knyghtes emonge whome was slayne syre Gherard a knyght of walys Thenne oure knyghtes toke herte to them*

`'Sir, we have bene thy sowdyars all this seven wynter', [2925]
and now we forsake the for the love of oure lyege lorde
Arthure, `for we may with oure worshype wende where us
lykys,' for garneson nother golde have we none resceyved.'
'Fye on you, the devyll have your bonys! For suche 5
sowdyars I sette but a lytyll.'
Than the deuke dressys his Dowchmen streyte unto sir [2940]
Gawayne and to sir Pryamus. So they two gryped their
spearys, and at the gaynyste in he gurdys, wyth hir noble
myghtes. And there sir Pryamus `metyth with the marquesse 10
of Moyseslonde' and smytyth hym thorow.
`Than Chastelayne, a chylde of kyng Arthurs chambir,'
`he was a warde of sir Gawaynes of the Weste marchis,'
`he chasis to sir Cheldrake that was a chyfteyne noble',
and with his spere he smote thorow Cheldrake, and so 15 93r
`that chek that chylde cheved by chaunce of armys.' But
than they chaced that chylde, that he nowhere myght ascape,
for one with a swerde the halse of the chylde he smote in
too. Whan sir Gawayne hit sawe he wepte wyth all his herte
and inwardly he brente for sorow. 20
But anone Gotelake, a good man of armys, `for Chaste-
layne the chylde he chongyd his mode,' `that the wete
watir wente doune his chykys.' Than sir Gawayne dressis [2971]
hym and to a deuke rydys, and sir Dolphyn the deuke droff
harde agaynste hym. But sir Gawayne hym dressyth with 25
a grete spere, that the grounden hede droff to his herte.
Yette he gate hit oute and ran to another one, sir Hardolf,
an hardy man of armys, and slyly in he lette hit slyppe
thorow, and sodeynly he fallyth to the erthe. Yet he slow
in the slade of men of armys mo than syxty with his hondys. 30
Than was sir Gawayne ware of the man that slew Chaste- [2979]

(*MA* 2903 Rade furth full ernestly) and slewe many sarasyns And thenne came in syr Priamus with his penon and rode with the knyghtes of the round table and fought so manfully that many of their enemyes lost theyr lyues And ther syr Pryamus slewe the Marquys of Moyses land and syre gawayn with his felawes so quytte hem that they had the 5 feld but in that stoure was syr Chestelayne a chyld and ward of syre Gawayne slayne wherfore was moche sorou made and his deth wes soone

9–11 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of the marquesse 18–19 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of Chastelayne 25–27 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of Sir Dolphyn

layne his chylde, and `swyfftly with his swerde he smyttyth hym thorow.'

`'Now and thou haddyst ascaped withoutyn scathe, the scorne had bene oures!'

And aftir sir Gawayne dressis hym unto the route and russhyth on helmys, and rode streyte to the rerewarde and so his way holdyth, and sir Pryamus hym allthernexte, gydynge hym his wayes. And there `they hurtleyth and hewyth downe hethyn knyghtes many,' and sir Florence on the other syde dud what he myght. `There the lordys of Lorayne and of Lumbardy both' were takyn and lad away with oure noble knyghtes. `For suche a chek oure lordys cheved by chaunce of that were' that they were so avaunced, for hit avayled hem ever.

[3001] Whan sir Florence and sir Gawayne had the felde wonne, than they sente before fyve score of knyghtes, `and her prayes and hir presoners passyth hem aftir.' And sir Gawayne in a streyte passage he hovyth tyll all the prayes were paste that streyte patthe that so sore he dredith. So they rode tyll they the cité sawe, and `sothly the same day
93v with asawte hit was gotyn.'

[3013] Than sir Florence and sir Gawayne harborowed surely their peple, and `sytthen turnys to a tente and tellyth the kynge' `all the tale truly, that day how they travayled' and how his ferse men fare welle all.

'And fele of thy foomen ar brought oute of lyff, and many worshypfull presoners ar yolden into oure handys. `But Chastelayne, thy chylde, is chopped of the hede,' yette slewe he a cheff knyghte his owne hondys this day.'

'Now thanked be God,' sayde the noble kynge, 'but I mervayle muche of that bourely knyght that stondyth by the, for hym semys to be a straungere, for presonere is he none lyke.'

auengyd Thus was the bataille ended and many lordes of lombardye and sarasyns left dede in the feld Thenne syre florence and syre Gawayne herberowed surely theyr peple and token grete plente of bestyal of gold & syluer and grete tresour and rychesse and retorned vnto kyng Arthur whiche lay styl at the syege And whanne they came to the kynge they presented theyr prysoners and recounted theyre aduentures and how they had vaynquysshed theyre enemyes

(12) Now thanked be god sayd the noble kynge Arthur But what maner

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'this is a good man of armys: he macched me sore this day in the mournyng, and had nat his helpe bene ⟨dethe⟩ had I founden. And now is he yolden unto God and to me, sir kyng, for to becom Crysten and on good beleve. And whan he is crystynde and in the fayth 5 believys, there lyvyth nat a bettir knyght nor a nobler of his hondis.'

Than the kynge in haste crystynde hym fayre and lette conferme hym Priamus, as he was afore, and lyghtly lete dubbe hym a deuke with his hondys, and made hym knyght 10 of the Table Rounde.

And anone the kynge lette cry asawte unto the towne, [3032] and there was rerynge of laddyrs and brekynge of wallys. `The payne that the peple had was pyté to se!' `Than the [3044] duches hir dressed with damesels ryche,' `and the countes 15 of Clarysyn with hir clere maydyns,' `they kneled in their kyrtyls there the kynge hovyth' `and besought hym of socoure for the sake of oure Lorde:'

'And sey us som good worde and cetyl thy peple `or the cité suddeynly be with asawte wonne,' for than shall dye 20 many a soule that grevid the never.'

The kynge ⌜avalyd and⌝ lyffte up his vyser with a knyghtly [3054] countenaunce, and kneled to hir myldely with full meke wordes and seyde, **94r**

man is he that standeth by hym self hym semed no prysoner Syre sayd Gawayne this is a good man of armes he hath matched me but he is yolden vnto god and to me for to bycome Crysten had not he haue be we shold neuer haue rotorned wherfore I pray yow that he may be baptysed sor (*sic*; *S* for) ther lyueth not a nobler man ne better knyght 5 of his handes thenne the kyng lete hym anon be crystned and dyd doo calle hym his fyrste name Pryamus and made hym a duke and knyghte of the table round And thenne anon the kynge lete do crye assaulte to the cyte and there was rerynge of laddres brekyng of wallys and the dyche fylled that men with lytel payne myȝt entre in to the cyte thēne 10 cam out a duchesse & Clarysyn the countesse with many ladyes & damoysels and knelyng bifore kynge Arthur requyred hym for the loue of god to receyue the cyte & not to take it by assaulte for thenne shold many gyltles be slayne thēne the kyng aualyd* (*W* of Walys; *MA* 3054 He weres his vesere) his vyser with a meke & noble coūtenaūce & 15

3 *W* bene þt (*see note*) 22 *W* kynge of Walys

`'Shall none myssedo you, madam, that to me longis,' `for I graunte the chartyrs and to thy cheff maydyns,' `unto thy chyldern and to thy chyff men in chambir' that to the longis. `But thy deuke is in daunger, my drede ys the lesse.' But ye shall have lyvelode to leve by as to thyne astate fallys.'

[3062] `Than Arthure sendyth on eche syde wyth sertayne lordis' `for to cese of their sawte, for the cité was yolden, and therewith the deukeis eldyst sonne com with the keyes and kneled downe unto the kynge and besought hym of his grace. `And there he cesed the sawte by assente of his lordis', `and the deuke was dressed to Dover with the kynges dere knyghtes' `for to dwelle in daunger and dole dayes of his lyff.' `Than the kynge with his crowne on his hede recoverde the cité' and the castell, `and the captaynes and connestablys knew hym for lorde,' and there `he delyverde and dalte byfore dyverse lordis' a dowré for the deuches and hir chyldryn. Than he made wardens to welde all that londis.

[3092] And so `in Lorayne and Lumbardy he lodged as a lorde in his owne,' `and sette lawys in the londis as hym beste lyked.' `And than at Lammas he yode, unto Lusarne he sought,' `and lay at his leyser with lykynges inowe.' `Than he mevys over the mountaynes and doth many mervayles,' `and so goth in by Godarte that Gareth sonne wynnys.' `Than he lokys into Lumbardy and on lowde spekyth:'

`'In yondir lykynge londis as lorde woll I dwelle.'

[3112] Sir Florence and sir Floridas that day passed with fyve hondred good men of armys unto the cité of Virvyn. They sought at the gaynyste and `leyde there a buysshement as

said madame ther shal none of my subgettys mysdoo you ne your maydens ne to none that to yow longen but the duke shal abyde my Iugement thenne anone the kyng commaunded to leue the assault & anon the dukes oldest sone brought out the keyes & knelyng delyuerd them to the kyng & bysouȝt hym of grace & the kyng seased the toun by assent of his lordes & toke the duc & sent hym to douer there for to abyde prysoner terme of his lyf & assigned certayn rentes for the dower of the duchesse & for her children Thenne he made lordes to rule tho londes & lawes as a lord ought to do in his owne countrey & after he took his iourney toward Rome & sent sir Florys & syr florydas to fore with v C men of armes & they cam to the cyte of vrbyne & leid there a

hem beste lykys.′ So there ⌜yssued⌝ oute of that cité many hundretthis and skyrmysshed wyth oure foreryders as hem beste semed. ′Than broke oute oure buysshemente and the brydge wynnys,′ and so rode unto their borowys with 4 baners up dysplayed. There fledde much folke oute of **94**ᵛ [3068] numbir ′for ferde of sir Florence and his fers knyghtes.′ Than ′they busked up a baner abovyn the gatis,′ and ′of sir Florence in fayth so fayne were they never.′

The kynge than hovyth on an hylle and lokyth to the [3074] wallys and sayde, ′′I se be yondir sygne the cité is wonne.′′ 10 Than he lete make a cry thorow all the oste that ′uppon payne of lyff and lymme and also lesynge of his goodys′ that no lyegeman that longyth to his oste sholde lye be no maydens ne ladyes nother no burgessis wyff that to the cité longis. So whan this conquerrour com into the cité he passed into 15 [3128] the castell, and there he lendis and ′comfortis the carefull men with many knyghtly wordis,′ and made there a captayne a knyght of his owne contrey, and the commo⟨n⟩s accorded theretyll.

Whan the soveraygnes of Myllayne herde that the cité 20 [3134] was wonne they sente unto kynge Arthure ′grete sommys of sylver, syxty horsys well charged,′ and besought hym as soverayne to have ruthe of the peple, and seyde they wolde be sudgectes untyll hym for ever ′and yelde hym servyse and sewte surely for hir londys,′ ′bothe for Pleas- 25 aunce ⌜and Pavye⌝ and Petresaynte and for the Porte Trembyll,′ and ′so mekly to gyff ⌜yerly⌝ for Myllayne a

busshement there as them semed most best for them & rode to fore the toune where anon yssued* (*W* com; *MA* 3116 ischewis) out moche peple & scarmusshed with the fore rydars thēne brake out the busshement & wan the brydge & after the toun & set vpon the wallis the kynges baner thēne cam the kynge vpon an hille & sawe the Cyte 5 & his baner on the wallys by whiche he knewe that the Cyte was wonne & anone he sente & commaunded that none of his lyege men shold defoule ne lygge by no lady wyf ne maide & whan he cam in to the cyte he passid to the castel and comforted them that were in sorou & ordeyned ther a captayn a knyȝt of his own coūtrey & whan 10 they of Melane herd that thylk cyte was wōne they sent to kyng Arthur grete sōmes of money* (*MA* 3136 golde) & besouȝt hym as their lord

1 *W* ther com

myllyon of golde,′ and ′make homage unto Arthure all hir lyff tymes.′ ′Than the kynge by his counceyle a conduyte hem sendys′ so to com in and know hym for lorde.

[3150] ′Than into Tuskayne he turned whan he tyme semed,′ and ′there he wynnys towrys and townys full hyghe,′ and ′all he wasted in his warrys there he away ryddys.′ ′Than he spedys towarde Spolute with his spedfull knyghtys,′ ′and so unto Vyterbe he vytayled his knyghtes,′ ′and to the vale of Vysecounte he devysed there to lygge′ ′in that vertuouse vale amonge vynys full.′ ′And there he suggeournys, that 95r soveraigne, with solace at his harte,′ for to wete whether the senatours wolde hym of succour beseke.

[3176] ′But sone after, on a Saturday, sought unto kynge Arthure′ all the senatoures that were on lyve and of the cunnyngst cardynallis that dwelled in the courte, and ′prayde hym of pece and profird hym full large;′ and besought hym as a soverayne ′moste governoure undir God for to gyff them lycence′ for syx wekys large, that they myght be assembled all, and than in the cité of Syon that is Rome callyd ′to crowne hym there kyndly, with crysemed hondys,′ with septure, forsothe, as an Emperoure sholde.

'I assente me,' seyde the kynge, 'as ye have devysed, and [3213] comly be Crystmas to be crowned, hereafter to reigne in my asstate and to kepe my Rounde Table ′with the rentys

to haue pyte of them promysyng to be his subgettys for euer & yelde to hym homage & fealte for the lādes of plesaūce & pauye* (*MA* 3141 and for Pavy) petersaynt & the port of tremble & to gyue hym yerly* (*MA* 3144 ilke a ȝere) a melyon of gold al his lyf tyme thēne he rydeth in to Tuskane & wynneth tounes & castels & wasted al in his way that to hym wil not obeye & so to spolute & viterbe & fro thens he rode in to the vale of vycecoūte emong the vynes And fro thens he sente to the senatours to wete whether they wold knowe hym for theyr lord But soone after on a saterday came vnto kynge Arthur alle the senatours that were left on lyue and the noblest Cardynals that thenne dwellyd in Rome And prayd hym of pees and profered hym ful large And bysought hym as gouernour to gyue lycence for vj wekes for to assemble alle the Romayns And thenne to crowne hym Emperour with creme as it bylongeth to so hyhe astate I assente sayd the kynge lyke as ye haue deuysed and at crystemas there to be crowned and to holde my round table with my knyghtes as me lyketh And thenne the senatours maade redy for his Intronysacyon And at the day appoynted

of Rome to rule as me lykys;' and than, as I am avysed, to gete me over the salte see with good men of armys to deme for His deth that for us all on the roode dyed.' [3217]

Whan the senatours had this answere, unto Rome they turned and made rydy for his corownemente in the moste noble wyse. And at the day assigned, as the romaynes me tellys, he was crowned Emperour by the Poopys hondis, with all the royalté in the worlde to welde for ever. There they suggeourned that seson tyll aftir the tyme, and stabelysshed all the londys frome Rome unto Fraunce, and gaff londis and rentys unto knyghtes that had hem well deserved. There was none that playned on his parte, ryche nothir poore. Than he commaunded sir Launcelot and sir Bors to take kepe unto their fadyrs landys that kynge Ban and kynge Bors welded and her fadyrs:

'Loke that ye take seynge in all your brode londis, and cause youre lyege men to know you as for their kynde lorde, and suffir never your soveraynté to be alledged with your 95v subjectes, nother the soveraygne of your persone and londys. Also the myghty kynge Claudas I gyff you for to parte betwyxte you evyn, for to mayntene your kynrede, that be noble knyghtes, so that ye and they to the Rounde Table make your repeyre.'

Sir Launcelot and sir Bors de Gaynys thanked the kynge fayre and sayde their hertes and servyse sholde ever be his owne.

'Where art thou, Priamus? Thy fee is yet behynde. Here I make the and gyff the deukedom of Lorayne for ever unto the and thyne ayres; and whan we com into Ingelonde, for to purvey the of horse-mete, a fifty thousand quarterly, for to mayntene thy servauntes. So thou leve not my felyship, this gyffte ys thyne owne.'

The knyght thankys the kynge with a kynde wylle and sayde, 'As longe as I lyve my servys is your owne.'

as the Romaunce telleth he came in to Rome and was crouned emperour by the popes hand with all the ryalte that coude be made And sudgerned there a tyme and establysshed all his londes from Rome in to Fraunce and gaf londes and royammes vnto his seruauntes and knyghtes to euery che after his desert in suche wyse that none complayned ryche ne poure & he gafe to syre Pryamus the duchye of Lorayne and he

Thus the kynge gaff many londys. There was none that wolde aske that myghte playne of his parte, for of rychesse and welth they had all at her wylle. Than the knyghtes and lordis that to the kynge longis called a counsayle uppon a fayre morne and sayde,

'Sir kynge, we beseche the for to here us all. We are undir youre lordship well stuffid, blyssed be God, of many thynges; and also we have wyffis weddid. We woll beseche youre good grace to reles us to sporte us with oure wyffis, for, worshyp be Cryste, this journey is well overcom.'

'Ye say well,' seyde the kynge, 'for inowghe is as good as a feste, for to attemte God overmuche I holde hit not wysedom. And therefore make you all redy and turne we into Ingelonde.'

Than there was trussynge of harneyse with caryage full
96r noble. And the kynge toke his leve of the holy fadir the Pope and patryarkys and cardynalys and senatoures full ryche, and leffte good governaunce in that noble cité and all the contrays of Rome for to warde and to kepe on payne of deth, that in no wyse his commaundement be brokyn. Thus he passyth thorow the contreyes of all partyes.

And so kyng Arthure passed over the see unto Sandwyche haven. Whan quene Gwenyvere herde of his commynge she mette with hym at London, and so dud all other quenys and noble ladyes. For there was never a solempner metyng

thanked hym and sayd he wold serue hym the dayes of his lyf and after made dukes and erles and made euery man ryche Thenne after this alle his knyghtes and lordes assembled them afore hym and sayd blessyd be god your warre is fynysshed and your conquest acheued in soo moche that we knowe none soo grete ne myghty that dar make warre ageynst yow wherfore we byseche you to retorne homeward and gyue vs lycence to goo home to oure wyues fro whome we haue ben longe and to reste vs for your Iourney is fynysshed with honour & worship (*S* woship) Thenne sayd the kyng ye saye trouthe and for to tempte god it is no wysedome And therfore make you redy and retorne we in to Englond Thenne there was trussyng of harneis and bagage and grete caryage And after lycence gyuen he retorned and commaunded that noo man in payne of dethe shold not robbe ne take vytaylle ne other thynge by the way but that he shold paye therfore And thus he came ouer the see and londed at sandwyche ageynste whome Quene Gweneuer his wyf came and mette hym and he was nobly receyued of alle his

in one cité togedyrs, for all maner of rychesse they brought with hem at the full.

HERE ENDYTH THE TALE OF THE NOBLE KYNGE ARTHURE THAT WAS EMPEROURE HYMSELF THOROW DYGNYTÉ OF HIS HONDYS. 5

AND HERE FOLOWYTH AFFTYR MANY NOBLE TALYS OF SIR LAUNCELOT DE LAKE.

EXPLYCIT THE NOBLE TALE BETWYXT
KYNGE ARTHURE AND LUCIUS THE EMPEROUR OF ROME.

comyns in euery cyte and burgh and grete yeftes presented to hym at his home comyng to welcome hym with Thus endeth the fyfthe booke of the conqueste that kynge Arthur hadde ageynste Lucius the Emperoure of Rome and here foloweth the syxth book whiche is of syr Launcelot du lake

BOOK V

CHAPTER I

HOW TWELVE AGED AMBASSADORS OF ROME CAME TO KING ARTHUR TO DEMAND TRUAGE FOR BRITAIN.

WHEN King Arthur had after long war rested, and held a royal feast and Table Round with his allies of kings, princes, and noble knights all of the Round Table, there came into his hall, he sitting in his throne royal, twelve ancient men, bearing each of them a branch of olive, in token that they came as ambassadors and messengers from the Emperor Lucius, which was called at that time, Dictator or Procuror of the Public Weal of Rome. Which said messengers, after their entering and coming into the presence of King Arthur, did to him their obeisance in making to him reverence, and said to him in this wise: The high and mighty Emperor Lucius sendeth to the King of Britain greeting, commanding thee to acknowledge him for thy lord, and to send him the truage due of this realm unto the Empire, which thy father and other to-fore thy processors have paid as is of record, and thou as rebel not knowing him as thy sovereign, withholdest and retainest contrary to the statutes and decrees made by the noble and worthy Julius Caesar, conqueror of this realm, and first Emperor of Rome. And if thou refuse his demand and commandment, know thou for certain that he shall make strong war against thee, thy realms and lands, and shall chastise thee and thy subjects, that it shall be ensample perpetual unto all kings and princes, for to deny their truage unto that noble empire which domineth upon the universal world. Then when they had showed the effect of their message, the king commanded them to withdraw them, and said he should take advice of council and give to them an answer. Then some of the young knights, hearing this their message, would have run on them to have slain them, saying that it was a rebuke to all the

knights there being present to suffer them to say so to the king. And anon the king commanded that none of them, upon pain of death, to missay them nor do them any harm, and commanded a knight to bring them to their lodging, and see that they have all that is necessary and requisite for them, with the best cheer, and that no dainty be spared, for the Romans be great lords, and though their message please me not nor my court, yet I must remember mine honour.

After this the king let call all his lords and knights of the Round Table to counsel upon this matter, and desired them to say their advice. Then Sir Cador of Cornwall spake first and said, Sir, this message liketh me well, for we have many days rested us and have been idle, and now I hope ye shall make sharp war on the Romans, where I doubt not we shall get honour. I believe well, said Arthur, that this matter pleaseth thee well, but these answers may not be answered, for the demand grieveth me sore, for truly I will never pay truage to Rome, wherefore I pray you to counsel me. I have understood that Belinus and Brenius, kings of Britain, have had the empire in their hands many days, and also Constantine the son of Heleine, which is an open evidence that we owe no tribute to Rome, but of right we that be descended of them have right to claim the title of the empire.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE KINGS AND LORDS PROMISED TO KING ARTHUR AID AND HELP AGAINST THE ROMANS.

THEN answered King Anguish of Scotland, Sir, ye ought of right to be above all other kings, for unto you is none like nor pareil in Christendom, of knighthood nor of dignity, and I counsel you never to obey the Romans, for when they reigned on us they distressed our elders, and put this land to great extortions and tallies, wherefore I make here mine avow to avenge me on them;

and for to strengthen your quarrel I shall furnish twenty thousand good men of war, and wage them on my costs, which shall await on you with myself when it shall please you. And the king of Little Britain granted him to the same thirty thousand; wherefore King Arthur thanked them. And then every man agreed to make war, and to aid after their power; that is to wit, the lord of West Wales promised to bring thirty thousand men, and Sir Uwaine, Sir Ider his son, with their cousins, promised to bring thirty thousand. Then Sir Launcelot with all other promised in likewise every man a great multitude.

And when King Arthur understood their courages and good wills he thanked them heartily, and after let call the ambassadors to hear their answer. And in presence of all his lords and knights he said to them in this wise: I will that ye return unto your lord and Procuror of the Common Weal for the Romans, and say ye to him, Of his demand and commandment I set nothing, and that I know of no truage nor tribute that I owe to him, nor to none earthly prince, Christian nor heathen; but I pretend to have and occupy the sovereignty of the empire, wherein I am entitled by the right of my predecessors, sometime kings of this land; and say to him that I am delibered and fully concluded, to go with mine army with strength and power unto Rome, by the grace of God, to take possession in the empire and subdue them that be rebel. Wherefore I command him and all them of Rome, that incontinent they make to me their homage, and to acknowledge me for their Emperor and Governor, upon pain that shall ensue. And then he commanded his treasurer to give to them great and large gifts, and to pay all their dispenses, and assigned Sir Cador to convey them out of the land. And so they took their leave and departed, and took their shipping at Sandwich, and passed forth by Flanders, Almaine, the mountains, and all Italy, until they came unto Lucius. And after the reverence made, they made relation of their answer, like as ye to-fore have heard.

When the Emperor Lucius had well understood their credence, he was sore moved as he had been all araged, and said, I had supposed that Arthur would have obeyed to my commandment,

and have served you himself, as him well beseemed or any other king to do. O Sir, said one of the senators, let be such vain words, for we let you wit that I and my fellows were full sore afeard to behold his countenance; I fear me ye have made a rod for yourself, for he intendeth to be lord of this empire, which sore is to be doubted if he come, for he is all another man than ye ween, and holdeth the most noble court of the world, all other kings nor princes may not compare unto his noble maintenance. On New Year's Day we saw him in his estate, which was the royalest that ever we saw, for he was served at his table with nine kings, and the noblest fellowship of other princes, lords, and knights that be in the world, and every knight approved and like a lord, and holdeth Table Round: and in his person the most manly man that liveth, and is like to conquer all the world, for unto his courage it is too little: wherefore I advise you to keep well your marches and straits in the mountains; for certainly he is a lord to be doubted. Well, said Lucius, before Easter I suppose to pass the mountains, and so forth into France, and there bereave him his lands with Genoese and other mighty warriors of Tuscany and Lombardy. And I shall send for them all that be subjects and allied to the empire of Rome to come to mine aid. And forthwith sent old wise knights unto these countries following: first to Ambage and Arrage, to Alexandria, to India, to Armenia, whereas the river of Euphrates runneth into Asia, to Africa, and Europe the Large, to Ertayne and Elamye, to Araby, Egypt, and to Damascus, to Damietta and Cayer, to Cappadocia, to Tarsus, Turkey, Pontus and Pamphylia, to Syria and Galatia. And all these were subject to Rome and many more, as Greece, Cyprus, Macedonia, Calabria, Cateland, Portugal, with many thousands of Spaniards. Thus all these kings, dukes, and admirals, assembled about Rome, with sixteen kings at once, with great multitude of people. When the emperor understood their coming he made ready his Romans and all the people between him and Flanders.

Also he had gotten with him fifty giants which had been engendered of fiends; and they were ordained to guard his person, and to break the front of the battle of King Arthur. And thus departed

from Rome, and came down the mountains for to destroy the lands that Arthur had conquered, and came unto Cologne, and besieged a castle thereby, and won it soon, and stuffed it with two hundred Saracens or Infidels, and after destroyed many fair countries which Arthur had won of King Claudas. And thus Lucius came with all his host, which were disperplyd sixty mile in breadth, and commanded them to meet with him in Burgoyne, for he purposed to destroy the realm of Little Britain.

CHAPTER III

HOW KING ARTHUR HELD A PARLIAMENT AT YORK, AND HOW HE ORDAINED THE REALM SHOULD BE GOVERNED IN HIS ABSENCE.

Now leave we of Lucius the Emperor and speak we of King Arthur, that commanded all them of his retinue to be ready at the utas of Hilary for to hold a parliament at York. And at that parliament was concluded to arrest all the navy of the land, and to be ready within fifteen days at Sandwich, and there he showed to his army how he purposed to conquer the empire which he ought to have of right. And there he ordained two governors of this realm, that is to say, Sir Baudwin of Britain, for to counsel to the best, and Sir Constantine, son to Sir Cador of Cornwall, which after the death of Arthur was king of this realm. And in the presence of all his lords he resigned the rule of the realm and Guenever his queen to them, wherefore Sir Launcelot was wroth, for he left Sir Tristram with King Mark for the love of Beale Isoud. Then the Queen Guenever made great sorrow for the departing of her lord and other, and swooned in such wise that the ladies bare her into her chamber. Thus the king with his great army departed, leaving the queen and realm in the governance of Sir Baudwin and Constantine. And when he was on his horse he said with an high voice, If I die in this journey I will that Sir Constantine be mine

heir and king crowned of this realm as next of my blood. And after departed and entered into the sea at Sandwich with all his army, with a great multitude of ships, galleys, cogs, and dromounds, sailing on the sea.

CHAPTER IV

HOW KING ARTHUR BEING SHIPPED AND LYING IN HIS CABIN HAD A MARVELLOUS DREAM AND OF THE EXPOSITION THEREOF.

And as the king lay in his cabin in the ship, he fell in a slumbering and dreamed a marvellous dream: him seemed that a dreadful dragon did drown much of his people, and he came flying out of the west, and his head was enamelled with azure, and his shoulders shone as gold, his belly like mails of a marvellous hue, his tail full of tatters, his feet full of fine sable, and his claws like fine gold; and an hideous flame of fire flew out of his mouth, like as the land and water had flamed all of fire. After, him seemed there came out of the orient, a grimly boar all black in a cloud, and his paws as big as a post; he was rugged looking roughly, he was the foulest beast that ever man saw, he roared and romed so hideously that it were marvel to hear. Then the dreadful dragon advanced him and came in the wind like a falcon giving great strokes on the boar, and the boar hit him again with his grizzly tusks that his breast was all bloody, and that the hot blood made all the sea red of his blood. Then the dragon flew away all on an height, and came down with such a swough, and smote the boar on the ridge, which was ten foot large from the head to the tail, and smote the boar all to powder both flesh and bones, that it flittered all abroad on the sea.

And therewith the king awoke anon, and was sore abashed of this dream, and sent anon for a wise philosopher, commanding to tell him the signification of his dream. Sir, said the philosopher, the

dragon that thou dreamedst of betokeneth thine own person that sailest here, and the colours of his wings be thy realms that thou hast won, and his tail which is all to-tattered signifieth the noble knights of the Round Table; and the boar that the dragon slew coming from the clouds betokeneth some tyrant that tormenteth the people, or else thou art like to fight with some giant thyself, being horrible and abominable, whose peer ye saw never in your days, wherefore of this dreadful dream doubt thee nothing, but as a conqueror come forth thyself.

Then after this soon they had sight of land, and sailed till they arrived at Barflete in Flanders, and when they were there he found many of his great lords ready, as they had been commanded to wait upon him.

CHAPTER V

HOW A MAN OF THE COUNTRY TOLD TO HIM OF A MARVELLOUS GIANT, AND HOW HE FOUGHT AND CONQUERED HIM.

THEN came to him an husbandman of the country, and told him how there was in the country of Constantine, beside Brittany, a great giant which had slain, murdered, and devoured much people of the country, and had been sustained seven year with the children of the commons of that land, insomuch that all the children be all slain and destroyed; and now late he hath taken the Duchess of Brittany as she rode with her meiny, and hath led her to his lodging which is in a mountain, for to ravish and lie by her to her life's end, and many people followed her, more than five hundred, but all they might not rescue her, but they left her shrieking and crying lamentably, wherefore I suppose that he hath slain her in fulfilling his foul lust of lechery. She was wife unto thy cousin Sir Howell, whom we call full nigh of thy blood. Now, as thou art a rightful king, have pity on this lady, and revenge us all

as thou art a noble conqueror. Alas, said King Arthur, this is a great mischief, I had liefer than the best realm that I have that I had been a furlong way to-fore him for to have rescued that lady. Now, fellow, said King Arthur, canst thou bring me thereas this giant haunteth? Yea, Sir, said the good man, look yonder whereas thou seest those two great fires, there shalt thou find him, and more treasure than I suppose is in all France. When the king had understood this piteous case, he returned into his tent.

Then he called to him Sir Kay and Sir Bedivere, and commanded them secretly to make ready horse and harness for himself and them twain; for after evensong he would ride on pilgrimage with them two only unto Saint Michael's mount. And then anon he made him ready, and armed him at all points, and took his horse and his shield. And so they three departed thence and rode forth as fast as ever they might till that they came to the foreland of that mount. And there they alighted, and the king commanded them to tarry there, for he would himself go up into that mount. And so he ascended up into that hill till he came to a great fire, and there he found a careful widow wringing her hands and making great sorrow, sitting by a grave new made. And then King Arthur saluted her, and demanded of her wherefore she made such lamentation, to whom she answered and said, Sir knight, speak soft, for yonder is a devil, if he hear thee speak he will come and destroy thee; I hold thee unhappy; what dost thou here in this mountain? for if ye were such fifty as ye be, ye were not able to make resistance against this devil: here lieth a duchess dead, the which was the fairest of all the world, wife to Sir Howell, Duke of Brittany, he hath murdered her in forcing her, and hath slit her unto the navel.

Dame, said the king, I come from the noble conqueror King Arthur, for to treat with that tyrant for his liege people. Fie on such treaties, said she, he setteth not by the king nor by no man else; but an if thou have brought Arthur's wife, Dame Guenever, he shall be gladder than thou hadst given to him half France. Beware, approach him not too nigh, for he hath vanquished fifteen kings, and hath made him a coat full of precious stones embroidered with

their beards, which they sent him to have his love for salvation of their people at this last Christmas. And if thou wilt, speak with him at yonder great fire at supper. Well, said Arthur, I will accomplish my message for all your fearful words; and went forth by the crest of that hill, and saw where he sat at supper gnawing on a limb of a man, baking his broad limbs by the fire, and breechless, and three fair damosels turning three broaches whereon were broached twelve young children late born, like young birds.

When King Arthur beheld that piteous sight he had great compassion on them, so that his heart bled for sorrow, and hailed him, saying in this wise: He that all the world wieldeth give thee short life and shameful death; and the devil have thy soul; why hast thou murdered these young innocent children, and murdered this duchess? Therefore, arise and dress thee, thou glutton, for this day shalt thou die of my hand. Then the glutton anon started up, and took a great club in his hand, and smote at the king that his coronal fell to the earth. And the king hit him again that he carved his belly and cut off his genitours, that his guts and his entrails fell down to the ground. Then the giant threw away his club, and caught the king in his arms that he crushed his ribs. Then the three maidens kneeled down and called to Christ for help and comfort of Arthur. And then Arthur weltered and wrung, that he was other while under and another time above. And so weltering and wallowing they rolled down the hill till they came to the sea mark, and ever as they so weltered Arthur smote him with his dagger.

And it fortuned they came to the place whereas the two knights were and kept Arthur's horse; then when they saw the king fast in the giant's arms they came and loosed him. And then the king commanded Sir Kay to smite off the giant's head, and to set it upon a truncheon of a spear, and bear it to Sir Howell, and tell him that his enemy was slain; and after let this head be bound to a barbican that all the people may see and behold it; and go ye two up to the mountain, and fetch me my shield, my sword, and the club of iron; and as for the treasure, take ye it, for ye shall find there goods out of number; so I have the kirtle and the club I desire no more. This was the fiercest giant that ever I met with, save one in the

mount of Araby, which I overcame, but this was greater and fiercer. Then the knights fetched the club and the kirtle, and some of the treasure they took to themselves, and returned again to the host. And anon this was known through all the country, wherefore the people came and thanked the king. And he said again, Give the thanks to God, and depart the goods among you.

And after that King Arthur said and commanded his cousin Howell, that he should ordain for a church to be builded on the same hill in the worship of Saint Michael. And on the morn the king removed with his great battle, and came into Champayne and in a valley, and there they pight their tents; and the king being set at his dinner, there came in two messengers, of whom that one was Marshal of France, and said to the king that the emperor was entered into France, and had destroyed a great part, and was in Burgoyne, and had destroyed and made great slaughter of people, and burnt towns and boroughs; wherefore, if thou come not hastily, they must yield up their bodies and goods.

CHAPTER VI

HOW KING ARTHUR SENT SIR GAWAINE AND OTHER TO LUCIUS, AND HOW THEY WERE ASSAILED AND ESCAPED WITH WORSHIP.

THEN the king did do call Sir Gawaine, Sir Bors, Sir Lionel, and Sir Bedivere, and commanded them to go straight to Sir Lucius, and say ye to him that hastily he remove out of my land; and if he will not, bid him make him ready to battle and not distress the poor people. Then anon these noble knights dressed them to horseback, and when they came to the green wood, they saw many pavilions set in a meadow, of silk of divers colours, beside a river, and the emperor's pavilion was in the middle with an eagle displayed above. To the which tent our knights rode toward, and ordained Sir Gawaine and Sir Bors to do the message, and left in a bush-

ment Sir Lionel and Sir Bedivere. And then Sir Gawaine and Sir Bors did their message, and commanded Lucius, in Arthur's name to avoid his land, or shortly to address him to battle. To whom Lucius answered and said, Ye shall return to your lord, and say ye to him that I shall subdue him and all his lands. Then Sir Gawaine was wroth and said, I had liefer than all France fight against thee; and so had I, said Sir Bors, liefer than all Brittany or Burgoyne.

Then a knight named Sir Gainus, nigh cousin to the emperor, said, Lo, how these Britons be full of pride and boast, and they brag as though they bare up all the world. Then Sir Gawaine was sore grieved with these words, and pulled out his sword and smote off his head. And therewith turned their horses and rode over waters and through woods till they came to their bushment, whereas Sir Lionel and Sir Bedivere were hoving. The Romans followed fast after, on horseback and on foot, over a champaign unto a wood; then Sir Bors turned his horse and saw a knight come fast on, whom he smote through the body with a spear that he fell dead down to the earth; then came Caliburn one of the strongest of Pavie, and smote down many of Arthur's knights. And when Sir Bors saw him do so much harm, he addressed toward him, and smote him through the breast, that he fell down dead to the earth. Then Sir Feldenak thought to revenge the death of Gainus upon Sir Gawaine, but Sir Gawaine was ware thereof, and smote him on the head, which stroke stinted not till it came to his breast. And then he returned and came to his fellows in the bushment. And there was a recounter, for the bushment brake on the Romans, and slew and hew down the Romans, and forced the Romans to flee and return, whom the noble knights chased unto their tents.

Then the Romans gathered more people, and also footmen came on, and there was a new battle, and so much people that Sir Bors and Sir Berel were taken. But when Sir Gawaine saw that, he took with him Sir Idrus the good knight, and said he would never see King Arthur but if he rescued them, and pulled out Galatine his good sword, and followed them that led those two knights away; and he smote him that led Sir Bors, and took Sir Bors from him and delivered him to his fellows. And Sir Idrus in likewise rescued

Sir Berel. Then began the battle to be great, that our knights were in great jeopardy, wherefore Sir Gawaine sent to King Arthur for succour, and that he hie him, for I am sore wounded, and that our prisoners may pay goods out of number. And the messenger came to the king and told him his message. And anon the king did do assemble his army, but anon, or he departed the prisoners were come, and Sir Gawaine and his fellows gat the field and put the Romans to flight, and after returned and came with their fellowship in such wise that no man of worship was lost of them, save that Sir Gawaine was sore hurt. Then the king did do ransack his wounds and comforted him. And thus was the beginning of the first journey of the Britons and Romans, and there were slain of the Romans more than ten thousand, and great joy and mirth was made that night in the host of King Arthur. And on the morn he sent all the prisoners into Paris under the guard of Sir Launcelot, with many knights, and of Sir Cador.

CHAPTER VII

HOW LUCIUS SENT CERTAIN SPIES IN A BUSHMENT FOR TO HAVE TAKEN HIS KNIGHTS BEING PRISONERS, AND HOW THEY WERE LETTED.

Now turn we to the Emperor of Rome, which espied that these prisoners should be sent to Paris, and anon he sent to lie in a bushment certain knights and princes with sixty thousand men, for to rescue his knights and lords that were prisoners. And so on the morn as Launcelot and Sir Cador, chieftains and governors of all them that conveyed the prisoners, as they should pass through a wood, Sir Launcelot sent certain knights to espy if any were in the woods to let them. And when the said knights came into the wood, anon they espied and saw the great embushment, and returned and told Sir Launcelot that there lay in await for them three score thousand Romans. And then Sir Launcelot with such

knights as he had, and men of war to the number of ten thousand, put them in array, and met with them and fought with them manly, and slew and detrenched many of the Romans, and slew many knights and admirals of the party of the Romans and Saracens; there was slain the king of Lyly and three great lords, Aladuke, Herawd, and Heringdale. But Sir Launcelot fought so nobly that no man might endure a stroke of his hand, but where he came he showed his prowess and might, for he slew down right on every side; and the Romans and Saracens fled from him as the sheep from the wolf or from the lion, and put them, all that abode alive, to flight.

And so long they fought that tidings came to King Arthur, and anon he graithed him and came to the battle, and saw his knights how they had vanquished the battle, he embraced them knight by knight in his arms, and said, Ye be worthy to wield all your honour and worship; there was never king save myself that had so noble knights. Sir, said Cador, there was none of us failed other, but of the prowess and manhood of Sir Launcelot were more than wonder to tell, and also of his cousins which did that day many noble feats of war. And also Sir Cador told who of his knights were slain, as Sir Berel, and other Sir Moris and Sir Maurel, two good knights. Then the king wept, and dried his eyes with a kerchief, and said, Your courage had near-hand destroyed you, for though ye had returned again, ye had lost no worship; for I call it folly, knights to abide when they be overmatched. Nay, said Launcelot and the other, for once shamed may never be recovered.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW A SENATOR TOLD TO LUCIUS OF THEIR DISCOMFITURE, AND ALSO OF THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN ARTHUR AND LUCIUS.

Now leave we King Arthur and his noble knights which had won the field, and had brought their prisoners to Paris, and speak we of a senator which escaped from the battle, and came to Lucius the emperor, and said to him, Sir emperor, I advise thee for to withdraw thee; what dost thou here? thou shalt win nothing in these marches but great strokes out of all measure, for this day one of Arthur's knights was worth in the battle an hundred of ours. Fie on thee, said Lucius, thou speakest cowardly; for thy words grieve me more than all the loss that I had this day. And anon he sent forth a king, which hight Sir Leomie, with a great army, and bade him hie him fast to-fore, and he would follow hastily after. King Arthur was warned privily, and sent his people to Sessoine, and took up the towns and castles from the Romans. Then the king commanded Sir Cador to take the rearward, and to take with him certain knights of the Round Table, and Sir Launcelot, Sir Bors, Sir Kay, Sir Marrok, with Sir Marhaus, shall await on our person. Thus the King Arthur disperpled his host in divers parties, to the end that his enemies should not escape.

When the emperor was entered into the vale of Sessoine, he might see where King Arthur was embattled and his banner displayed; and he was beset round about with his enemies, that needs he must fight or yield him, for he might not flee, but said openly unto the Romans, Sirs, I admonish you that this day ye fight and acquit you as men, and remember how Rome domineth and is chief and head over all the earth and universal world, and suffer not these Britons this day to abide against us; and therewith he did command his trumpets to blow the bloody sounds, in such wise that the ground trembled and dindled.

Then the battles approached and shoved and shouted on both

sides, and great strokes were smitten on both sides, many men overthrown, hurt, and slain; and great valiances, prowesses and appertices of war were that day showed, which were over long to recount the noble feats of every man, for they should contain an whole volume. But in especial, King Arthur rode in the battle exhorting his knights to do well, and himself did as nobly with his hands as was possible a man to do; he drew out Excalibur his sword, and awaited ever whereas the Romans were thickest and most grieved his people, and anon he addressed him on that part, and hew and slew down right, and rescued his people; and he slew a great giant named Galapas, which was a man of an huge quantity and height, he shorted him and smote off both his legs by the knees, saying, Now art thou better of a size to deal with than thou were, and after smote off his head. There Sir Gawaine fought nobly and slew three admirals in that battle. And so did all the knights of the Round Table. Thus the battle between King Arthur and Lucius the Emperor endured long. Lucius had on his side many Saracens which were slain. And thus the battle was great, and oftsides that one party was at a fordeal and anon at an afterdeal, which endured so long till at the last King Arthur espied where Lucius the Emperor fought, and did wonder with his own hands. And anon he rode to him. And either smote other fiercely, and at last Lucius smote Arthur thwart the visage, and gave him a large wound. And when King Arthur felt himself hurt, anon he smote him again with Excalibur that it cleft his head, from the summit of his head, and stinted not till it came to his breast. And then the emperor fell down dead and there ended his life.

And when it was known that the emperor was slain, anon all the Romans with all their host put them to flight, and King Arthur with all his knights followed the chase, and slew down right all them that they might attain. And thus was the victory given to King Arthur, and the triumph; and there were slain on the part of Lucius more than an hundred thousand. And after King Arthur did do ransack the dead bodies, and did do bury them that were slain of his retinue, every man according to the estate and degree that he was of. And them that were hurt he let the surgeons do search

their hurts and wounds, and commanded to spare no salves nor medicines till they were whole.

Then the king rode straight to the place where the Emperor Lucius lay dead, and with him he found slain the Soudan of Syria, the King of Egypt and of Ethiopia, which were two noble kings, with seventeen other kings of divers regions, and also sixty senators of Rome, all noble men, whom the king did do balm and gum with many good gums aromatic, and after did do cere them in sixty fold of cered cloth of sendal, and laid them in chests of lead, because they should not chafe nor savour, and upon all these bodies their shields with their arms and banners were set, to the end they should be known of what country they were. And after he found three senators which were alive, to whom he said, For to save your lives I will that ye take these dead bodies, and carry them with you unto great Rome, and present them to the Potestate on my behalf, shewing him my letters, and tell them that I in my person shall hastily be at Rome. And I suppose the Romans shall beware how they shall demand any tribute of me. And I command you to say when ye shall come to Rome, to the Potestate and all the Council and Senate, that I send to them these dead bodies for the tribute that they have demanded. And if they be not content with these, I shall pay more at my coming, for other tribute owe I none, nor none other will I pay. And methinketh this sufficeth for Britain, Ireland and all Almaine with Germany. And furthermore, I charge you to say to them, that I command them upon pain of their heads never to demand tribute nor tax of me nor of my lands. Then with this charge and commandment, the three senators aforesaid departed with all the said dead bodies, laying the body of Lucius in a car covered with the arms of the Empire all alone; and after alway two bodies of kings in a chariot, and then the bodies of the senators after them, and so went toward Rome, and showed their legation and message to the Potestate and Senate, recounting the battle done in France, and how the field was lost and much people and innumerable slain. Wherefore they advised them in no wise to move no more war against that noble conqueror Arthur, for his might and prowess is most to be doubted, seen the noble

kings and great multitude of knights of the Round Table, to whom none earthly prince may compare.

CHAPTER IX

HOW ARTHUR, AFTER HE HAD ACHIEVED THE BATTLE AGAINST THE ROMANS, ENTERED INTO ALMAINE, AND SO INTO ITALY.

Now turn we unto King Arthur and his noble knights, which, after the great battle achieved against the Romans, entered into Lorraine, Brabant and Flanders, and sithen returned into Haut Almaine, and so over the mountains into Lombardy, and after, into Tuscany wherein was a city which in no wise would yield themself nor obey, wherefore King Arthur besieged it, and lay long about it, and gave many assaults to the city; and they within defended them valiantly. Then, on a time, the king called Sir Florence, a knight, and said to him they lacked victual, And not far from hence be great forests and woods, wherein be many of mine enemies with much bestial: I will that thou make thee ready and go thither in foraying, and take with thee Sir Gawaine my nephew, Sir Wisshard, Sir Clegis, Sir Cleremond, and the Captain of Cardiff with other, and bring with you all the beasts that ye there can get.

And anon these knights made them ready, and rode over holts and hills, through forests and woods, till they came into a fair meadow full of fair flowers and grass; and there they rested them and their horses all that night. And in the springing of the day in the next morn, Sir Gawaine took his horse and stole away from his fellowship, to seek some adventures. And anon he was ware of a man armed, walking his horse easily by a wood's side, and his shield laced to his shoulder, sitting on a strong courser, without any man saving a page bearing a mighty spear. The knight bare in his shield three griffins of gold, in sable carbuncle, the chief of silver. When Sir Gawaine espied this gay knight, he feutred his

spear, and rode straight to him, and demanded of him from whence that he was. That other answered and said he was of Tuscany, and demanded of Sir Gawaine, What, profferest thou, proud knight, thee so boldly? here gettest thou no prey, thou mayest prove what thou wilt, for thou shalt be my prisoner or thou depart. Then said Gawaine, thou avauntest thee greatly and speakest proud words, I counsel thee for all thy boast that thou make thee ready, and take thy gear to thee, to-fore greater grame fall to thee.

CHAPTER X

OF A BATTLE DONE BY SIR GAWAINE AGAINST A SARACEN, WHICH AFTER WAS YIELDEN AND BECAME CHRISTIAN.

THEN they took their spears and ran each at other with all the might they had, and smote each other through their shields into their shoulders, wherefore anon they pulled out their swords, and smote great strokes that the fire sprang out of their helms. Then Sir Gawaine was all abashed, and with Galatine his good sword he smote through shield and thick hauberk made of thick mails, and all to-rushed and break the precious stones, and made him a large wound, that men might see both liver and lung. Then groaned that knight, and addressed him to Sir Gawaine, and with an awk stroke gave him a great wound and cut a vein, which grieved Gawaine sore, and he bled sore. Then the knight said to Sir Gawaine, bind thy wound or thy bleeding change, for thou be-bleedest all thy horse and thy fair arms, for all the barbers of Brittany shall not con staunch thy blood, for whosomever is hurt with this blade he shall never be staunched of bleeding. Then answered Gawaine, it grieveth me but little, thy great words shall not fear me nor lessen my courage, but thou shalt suffer teen and sorrow or we depart, but tell me in haste who may staunch my bleeding. That may I do, said the knight, if I will, and so will I if thou wilt succour and aid me, that I may be christened and believe

on God, and thereof I require thee of thy manhood, and it shall be great merit for thy soul. I grant, said Gawaine, so God help me, to accomplish all thy desire, but first tell me what thou soughtest here thus alone, and of what land and liegiance thou art of. Sir, he said, my name is Priamus, and a great prince is my father, and he hath been rebel unto Rôme and overridden many of their lands. My father is lineally descended of Alexander and of Hector by right line. And Duke Joshua and Maccabaeus were of our lineage. I am right inheritor of Alexandria and Africa, and all the out isles, yet will I believe on thy Lord that thou believest on; and for thy labour I shall give thee treasure enough. I was so elate and hauteyn in my heart that I thought no man my peer, nor to me semblable. I was sent into this war with seven score knights, and now I have encountered with thee, which hast given to me of fighting my fill, wherefore sir knight, I pray thee to tell me what thou art. I am no knight, said Gawaine, I have been brought up in the guardrobe with the noble King Arthur many years, for to take heed to his armour and his other array, and to point his paltocks that long to himself. At Yule last he made me yeoman, and gave to me horse and harness, and an hundred pound in money; and if fortune be my friend, I doubt not but to be well advanced and holpen by my liege lord. Ah, said Priamus, if his knaves be so keen and fierce, his knights be passing good: now for the King's love of Heaven, whether thou be a knave or a knight, tell thou me thy name. By God, said Sir Gawaine, now I will say thee sooth, my name is Sir Gawaine, and known I am in his court and in his chamber, and one of the knights of the Round Table, he dubbed me a duke with his own hand. Therefore grudge not if this grace is to me fortuned, it is the goodness of God that lent to me my strength. Now am I better pleased, said Priamus, than thou hadst given to me all the Provence and Paris the rich. I had liefer to have been torn with wild horses, than any varlet had won such loos, or any page or priker should have had prize on me. But now sir knight I warn thee that hereby is a Duke of Lorraine with his army, and the noblest men of Dolphiny, and lords of Lombardy, with the garrison of Godard, and Saracens of Southland, y-numbered sixty thou-

sand of good men of arms; wherefore but if we hie us hence, it will harm us both, for we be sore hurt, never like to recover; but take heed to my page, that he no horn blow, for if he do, there be hoving here fast by an hundred knights awaiting on my person, and if they take thee, there shall no ransom of gold nor silver acquit thee.

Then Sir Gawaine rode over a water for to save him, and the knight followed him, and so rode forth till they came to his fellows which were in the meadow, where they had been all the night. Anon as Sir Wisshard was ware of Sir Gawaine and saw that he was hurt, he ran to him sorrowfully weeping, and demanded of him who had so hurt him; and Gawaine told how he had foughten with that man, and each of them had hurt other, and how he had salves to heal them; but I can tell you other tidings, that soon we shall have ado with many enemies.

Then Sir Priamus and Sir Gawaine alighted, and let their horses graze in the meadow, and unarmed them, and then the blood ran freshly from their wounds. And Priamus took from his page a vial full of the four waters that came out of Paradise, and with certain balm anointed their wounds, and washed them with that water, and within an hour after they were both as whole as ever they were. And then with a trumpet were they all assembled to council, and there Priamus told unto them what lords and knights had sworn to rescue him, and that without fail they should be assailed with many thousands, wherefore he counselled them to withdraw them. Then Sir Gawaine said, it were great shame to them to avoid without any strokes; Wherefore I advise to take our arms and to make us ready to meet with these Saracens and misbelieving men, and with the help of God we shall overthrow them and have a fair day on them. And Sir Florence shall abide still in this field to keep the stale as a noble knight, and we shall not forsake yonder fellows. Now, said Priamus, cease your words, for I warn you ye shall find in yonder woods many perilous knights; they will put forth beasts to call you on, they be out of number, and ye are not past seven hundred, which be over few to fight with so many. Nevertheless, said Sir Gawaine, we shall once encounter them, and see what they can do, and the best shall have the victory.

CHAPTER XI

HOW THE SARACENS CAME OUT OF A WOOD FOR TO RESCUE THEIR BEASTS, AND OF A GREAT BATTLE.

THEN Sir Florence called to him Sir Floridas, with an hundred knights, and drove forth the herd of beasts. Then followed him seven hundred men of arms; and Sir Ferant of Spain on a fair steed came springing out of the woods, and came to Sir Florence and asked him why he fled. Then Sir Florence took his spear and rode against him, and smote him in the forehead and brake his neck bone. Then all the other were moved, and thought to avenge the death of Sir Ferant, and smote in among them, and there was great fight, and many slain and laid down to ground, and Sir Florence with his hundred knights alway kept the stale, and fought manly.

Then when Priamus the good knight perceived the great fight, he went to Sir Gawaine, and bade him that he should go and succour his fellowship, which were sore bestead with their enemies. Sir, grieve you not, said Sir Gawaine, for their gree shall be theirs. I shall not once move my horse to them ward, but if I see more than there be; for they be strong enough to match them.

And with that he saw an earl called Sir Ethelwold and the duke of Dutchmen, came leaping out of a wood with many thousands, and Priamus' knights, and came straight unto the battle. Then Sir Gawaine comforted his knights, and bade them not to be abashed, for all shall be ours. Then they began to wallop and met with their enemies, there were men slain and overthrown on every side. Then thrust in among them the knights of the Table Round, and smote down to the earth all them that withstood them, in so much that they made them to recoil and flee. By God, said Sir Gawaine, this gladdeth my heart, for now be they less in number by twenty thousand. Then entered into the battle Jubance a giant, and fought and slew down right, and distressed many of our knights, among whom was slain Sir Gherard, a knight of Wales. Then our knights took heart to them, and slew many Saracens. And then came in

Sir Priamus with his pennon, and rode with the knights of the Round Table, and fought so manfully that many of their enemies lost their lives. And there Sir Priamus slew the Marquis of Moises land, and Sir Gawaine with his fellows so quit them that they had the field, but in that stour was Sir Chestelaine, a child and ward of Sir Gawaine slain, wherefore was much sorrow made, and his death was soon avenged. Thus was the battle ended, and many lords of Lombardy and Saracens left dead in the field.

Then Sir Florence and Sir Gawaine harboured surely their people, and took great plenty of bestial, of gold and silver, and great treasure and riches, and returned unto King Arthur, which lay still at the siege. And when they came to the king they presented their prisoners and recounted their adventures, and how they had vanquished their enemies.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR GAWAINE RETURNED TO KING ARTHUR WITH HIS PRISONERS, AND HOW THE KING WON A CITY, AND HOW HE WAS CROWNED EMPEROR

Now thanked be God, said the noble King Arthur. But what manner man is he that standeth by himself, him seemeth no prisoner. Sir, said Gawaine, this is a good man of arms, he hath matched me, but he is yielden unto God, and to me, for to become Christian; had not he have been we should never have returned, wherefore I pray you that he may be baptised, for there liveth not a nobler man nor better knight of his hands. Then the king let him anon be christened, and did do call him his first name Priamus, and made him a duke and knight of the Table Round. And then anon the king let do cry assault to the city, and there was rearing of ladders, breaking of walls, and the ditch filled, that men with little pain might enter into the city. Then came out a duchess, and Clarisin the countess, with many ladies and damosels, and kneeling before King

Arthur, required him for the love of God to receive the city, and not to take it by assault, for then should many guiltless be slain. Then the king avaled his visor with a meek and noble countenance, and said, Madam, there shall none of my subjects misdo you nor your maidens, nor to none that to you belong, but the duke shall abide my judgment. Then anon the king commanded to leave the assault, and anon the duke's oldest son brought out the keys, and kneeling delivered them to the king, and besought him of grace; and the king seized the town by assent of his lords, and took the duke and sent him to Dover, there for to abide prisoner term of his life, and assigned certain rents for the dower of the duchess and for her children.

Then he made lords to rule those lands, and laws as a lord ought to do in his own country; and after he took his journey toward Rome, and sent Sir Floris and Sir Floridas to-fore, with five hundred men of arms, and they came to the city of Urbino and laid there a bushment, thereas them seemed most best for them, and rode to-fore the town, where anon issued out much people and skirmished with the fore-riders. Then brake out the bushment and won the bridge, and after the town, and set upon the walls the king's banner. Then came the king upon an hill, and saw the city and his banner on the walls, by which he knew that the city was won. And anon he sent and commanded that none of his liege men should defoul nor lie by no lady, wife nor maid; and when he came into the city, he passed to the castle, and comforted them that were in sorrow, and ordained there a captain, a knight of his own country.

And when they of Milan heard that thilk city was won, they sent to King Arthur great sums of money, and besought him as their lord to have pity on them, promising to be his subjects for ever, and yield to him homage and fealty for the lands of Pleasance and Pavia, Petersaint, and the Port of Tremble, and to give him yearly a million of gold all his lifetime. Then he rideth into Tuscany, and winneth towns and castles, and wasted all in his way that to him will not obey, and so to Spolute and Viterbe, and from thence he rode into the Vale of Vicecount among the vines. And from thence he sent to the senators, to wit whether they would know him for their lord. But soon after on a Saturday came unto King Arthur all the sena-

tors that were left alive, and the noblest cardinals that then dwelt in Rome, and prayed him of peace, and proferred him full large, and besought him as governor to give licence for six weeks for to assemble all the Romans, and then to crown him emperor with chrism as it belongeth to so high estate. I assent, said the king, like as ye have devised, and at Christmas there to be crowned, and to hold my Round Table with my knights as me liketh. And then the senators made ready for his enthronization. And at the day appointed, as the romance telleth, he came into Rome, and was crowned emperor by the pope's hand, with all the royalty that could be made, and sojourned there a time, and established all his lands from Rome into France and gave lands and realms unto his servants and knights, to everych after his desert, in such wise that none complained, rich nor poor. And he gave to Sir Priamus the duchy of Lorraine; and he thanked him, and said he would serve him the days of his life; and after made dukes and earls, and made every man rich.

Then after this all his knights and lords assembled them afore him, and said: Blessed be God, your war is finished and your conquest achieved, in so much that we know none so great nor mighty that dare make war against you: wherefore we beseech you to return homeward, and give us licence to go home to our wives, from whom we have been long, and to rest us, for your journey is finished with honour and worship. Then said the king, Ye say truth, and for to tempt God it is no wisdom, and therefore make you ready and return we into England. Then there was trussing of harness and baggage and great carriage. And after licence given, he returned and commanded that no man in pain of death should not rob nor take victual, nor other thing by the way but that he should pay therefore. And thus he came over the sea and landed at Sandwich, against whom Queen Guenever his wife came and met him, and he was nobly received of all his commons in every city and burgh, and great gifts presented to him at his home-coming to welcome him with.

Thus endeth the fifth book of the conquest that King Arthur had against Lucius the Emperor of Rome, and here followeth the sixth book, which is of Sir Launcelot du Lake.

II
ALEXANDER THE ORPHAN

NOW turne we to another mater that felle betwene kyng (32)
Marke and his brother that was called the good prynce Bodwyne, that all the peple of the contrey loved hym passyng well.

So hit befelle on a tyme that the myscreauntys Sarezynes londid in the contrey of Cornwayle sone aftir the Sessoynes were departed. And whan the good prynce sir Bodwyne was ware of them where they were londed, than at the londynge he areysed the peple pryvayly and hastyly.

And or hit were day he let put wylde fyre in three of his owne shyppis, and suddeynly he pulled up the sayle, and wyth the wynde he made tho shyppis to be drevyn amonge the navy of the Sarezynes. And to make a short tale, tho three shyppis sett on fyre all the shyppis, that none were saved. And at the poynte of the day the good prynce Bodwyne with all his felyship set on the myscreauntys with showtys and cryes, and slew the numbir of forty thousand and lefft none on lyve.

Whan kynge Marke wyste this he was wondirly wrothe that his brother sholde wynne suche worship and honour. And bycause this prynce was bettir beloved than he in all that contrey, and also this prynce Bodwyne lovid well sir Trystram, and therefore he thought to sle hym.

And thus, hastely and uppon hede, as a man that was full of treson, he sente for prynce Bodwyne and Anglydes, his wyff, and bade them brynge their yonge sonne with hem, that he myght se hym; and all this he ded to the entente to sle the chylde as well as his fadir, for he was the falsist traytour that ever was borne. Alas, for the goodnes and for hys good dedis this jantyll prynce Bodwyne was slayne!

So whan he cam wyth his wyff Anglydes the kynge made them fayre semblaunte tylle they had dyned. And whan they had dyned kynge Marke sente for his brother and seyde thus:

'Brothir, how sped you whan the myscreauntes aryved by

3 hym *not in C* 6 *WO*[1] these Sessoynes 7 *C* were gone And thēne *(*see note*) the 8 was ware of them where they were londed than *not in C*† *WO*[1] londed and than 9 *C* areysed the countrey pryuely 13 a *not in C* 17 *C* slewe to the 20 and honour *not in C* 22 *C* And that al so Boudwyn 24–25 *C* hastly as a man oute of his wytte he sente 29 *C* his goodenes

you? Mesemyth hit had bene your parte to have sente me worde, that I myght have bene at that journey; for hit had bene reson that I had had the honoure and nat you.'

'Sir,' seyde prince Bodwyne, 'hit was so that, and I had
261v 5 [taryed tyl that I had] sente for you, tho myscreauntes had distroyed my contrey.'

'Thou lyeste, false traytoure!' seyde kynge Marke. 'For thou arte ever aboute to wynne worship from me and put me to dishonoure, and thou cherysht that I hate!'

10 And therewith he stroke hym to the herte wyth a dagger, that he never aftir spake worde.

Than the lady Anglydes made grete dole and sowned, for she saw her lorde slayne afore her face. Than was there no more to do, but prynce Bodwyne was dispoyled and brought
15 to his buryellys. But his lady Anglydes pryvaly gate hir husbandis dubled and his shurte, and that she kepte secretly.

Than was there muche sorow and cryynge, and grete dole made betwyxt sir Trystram, sir Dynas, and sir Fergus. And so ded all knyghtes that were there, for that prynce was
20 passyngly well beloved.

So La Beall Isode sente for Anglydes, his wyff, and bade her avoyde delyverly, other ellys hir yonge sonne Alysaundir le Orphelyne sholde be slayne. Whan she harde this, she toke her horse and hir chylde and rode away with suche
25 poore men as durste ryde with hir.

(33) Notwythstondynge, whan kynge Marke had done this dede, yet he thought to do more vengeaunce, and with his swerde in his honde he sought frome chambir to chambir for Anglydes and hir yonge sonne. And whan she was myst he
30 called a good knyght to hym that hyght sir Sadoke, and charged hym in payne of dethe to fette agayne Anglydes and hir yonge sonne.

So sir Sadoke departed, and rode aftir Anglydes, and within ten myle he overtoke her and bade hir turne ayen and
35 ryde with hym to kynge Marke.

1 *C* had be 4 *C* the Prynce 4–5 *C** and I had taryed tyl that I had sente (*homœoteleuton in W*) 9 *C* cheryst 15 *C* to buryels But Anglydes 18 betwixt *not in C* 21 *C* sente vnto Anglydes the prynce Boudwyns wyf 22 *C* auoyde lyȝtely 23 *C* slaye 24 away *not in C* 28–29 *C* to chamber to seke Anglydes 30 to hym *not in C* 31 *C* by payne *C* fetche Anglydes ageyne and

'Alas, fayre knyght!' she seyde, 'what shall ye wynne be my sunnys deth, other ellys by myne? For I have overmuche harme, and to grete a losse.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Sadoke, 'for your losse is grete dole and pité. But, madame,' seyde sir Sadoke, 'wolde ye departe oute of this contrey wyth youre sonne, and kepe hym tyll he be of ayge, that he may revenge his fadyrs deth? Than wolde I suffir you to departe frome me, so ye promyse me to revenge the deth of prynce Bodwyne.' 262r

'A, jantyll knyght, Jesu thanke the! And yf ever my sonne Alysaundir le Orphelyne lyve to be a knyght, he shall have his fadirs dublet and his shurte with the blody markes, and I shall gyff hym suche a charge that he shall remember hit whylys he lyvyth.'

And therewithall departed sir Sadoke frome her, and aythe departed frome other. And whan sir Sadoke cam unto kynge Marke he tolde hym faythfully that he had drowned yonge Alysaundir, her sonne; and thereof kynge Marke was full glad.

Now turne we unto Anglydes that rode bothe nyght and day by adventure oute off Cornwayle, and sylden and in feaw placis she rested, but ever she drewe southwarde to the seesyde, tyll by fortune she cam to a castell that is called Magowns, that now is called Arundell, in Southsex. And the conestable of that castell welcomed Anglydes, and seyde she was wellcom to her owne castell.

And so she was there worshypfully resceyved, for the conestable his wyff was her ny cousyn. And the conestablys name was sir Bellyngere, and he tolde Anglydes that the same castell was hers by ryght inerytaunce.

Thus Anglydes endured yerys and wyntyrs, tyll Alysaundir was bygge and stronge, and there was none so wyghty in all that contrey, that there was no man myght do no maner of maystry afore hym.

2 *C* deth or by myn I haue hadde ouer moche 4 *C* of your losse is dole 15 *C* there with al Sadok departed from 15–16 *C** eyther bytoke other to god And when Sadok 21–22 *C* and lytyl and in fewe 24 *C* Magouns & now hit is 25 *C*† oi the castel welcomed her and 27 *C* and there was Anglydes worshipfully 28 *C* Conestables wyf was nyghe her cosyn 29 *C* was Belangere and that same conestable told 32 *C* wyght 33 *C* Countrey neyther there was none that myghte

(34) Than uppon a day sir Bellyngere the constable cam to Anglydes and seyde,

'Madame, hit were tyme my lorde sir Alysaundir were made knyght, for he is a stronge yonge man.'

5 'Sir,' seyde she, 'I wolde he were made knyght, but than muste I gyff hym the moste charge that ever synfull modir gaff to hir childe.'

262v 'As for that, do as ye lyste, and I shall gyff hym warnynge that he shall be made knyght. And hit woll be well done that

10 he be made knyght at Oure Lady Day in Lente.'

'Be hit so,' seyde Anglydes, 'and I pray you, make ye redy therefore.'

So cam the conestable to Alysaundir, and tolde hym that he sholde at oure Lady ⟨day⟩ of Lente be made a knyght.

15 'Sir, I thanke God and you,' seyde Alysaundir 'for this is the best tydynges that ever cam to me.'

Than the conestable ordayned twenty of the grettyste jantylmennes sunnys and the beste borne men of that contrey whyche sholde be made knyghtes the same day that Alysaun-

20 dir was made knyght. And so on the same day that he and his twenty felowys were made knyghtes, at the offerynge of the masse there cam this lady Anglydes unto her sonne and seyde thus:

'A, my fayre swete sonne, I charge the uppon my blyss-

25 ynge and of the hyghe Order of Chevalry that thou takyste here this day, to take hede what I shall sey and charge the wythall.'

And therewithall she pulled oute a blody dublet and a blody shurte that was bebled with olde bloode. Whan Aly-

30 saundir saw this he sterte abak, and waxed paale, and sayde,

'Fayre moder, what may this be or meane?'

'I shall tell the, fayre son. This was thyne owne fadyrs doublet and shurte that he ware uppon hym that same tyme that he was slayne.' And there she tolde hym why and

35 wherefore. 'And for hys good dedis kynge Marke slew hym

4 *C* passyng strong 8 As for that *not in C* *C* lyste sayd Bellangere and I 11 ye *not in C* 14 *C* lady in lente be made knyghte 15 Sir *not in* *C* and you *not in C* for *not in C* 15–16 *C* these are the best 18–19 *C* the countrey that shold 19 *C* that same 20 *C* that Alysander and 22 this lady *not in C* 26 *C* day that thow vnderstande what 31 be or *not in C* 33 *C* same daye 35 *C* And hou for his goodenes kynge

with his dagger afore myne owne yghen. And therefore this shall be youre charge that I gyff you at thys tyme. Now I requere the, and I charge the uppon my blyssynge and uppon the hyghe Order of Knyghthode, that thou be revenged uppon kynge Marke for the deth of thy fadir.' (35)

And therewythall she sowned. Than Alysaundir lepte to his modir, and toke her up in his armys, and sayde, 263r

'Fayre modir, ye have gyvyn me a grete charge, and here I promyse you I shall be avenged uppon kynge Marke whan that I may, and that I promyse to God and to you.'

So this feste was ended, and the conestable by the avyce of Anglydes let purvey that Alysaundir were well horsed and harneyste. Than he justed with his twenty felowys that were made knyghtes with hym; but for to make a shorte tale, he overthrewe all tho twenty, that none myght withstonde hym a buffet.

Than one of tho knyghtes departed unto kynge Marke, and tolde all how Alysaundir was made knyght and all the charge that his modir gaff hym, as ye have harde aforetyme.

'Alas, false treson!' seyde kynge Marke. 'I wente that yonge traytoure had bene dede. Alas! whom may I truste?'

And therewithall kynge Marke toke a swerde in his honde, and sought sir Sadoke from chambir to chambir to sle hym. Whan sir Sadoke saw kynge Marke com with his swerde in his honde,

'Syr,' he seyde, 'beware, Marke, and com nat to nyghe me! For wyte thou well that I saved Alysaundir his lyff, of the whyche I never repente me, for thou falsely and cowardly slew his fadir, prynce Bodwyne, traytourly for his good dedis. Wherefore I pray Allmyghty Jesu sende Alysaundir myght and power to be revenged uppon the. And now beware, kynge Marke, of yonge Alysaundir, for he is made a knyght.'

'Alas,' seyde kynge Marke, 'that ever I sholde hyre a traytoure sey so afore me!'

And therewith four knyghtes of kynge Markes drew their swerdis to sle sir Sadoke, but anone kynge Marke his knyghtes

2 *C*† that I I shalle gyue the at thys tyme *not in C* 3 *C* and charge the 12 *C* was wel 18 *C* told hym 25–26 *C* hand he sayd thus Beware Kynge Marke 26 to *not in C* 30–31 *C* myghte and strengthe to 36–p. 638, l. 1 *C** anone sir Sadok slewe hem alle in Kynge Markes presence And thenne sir Sadok

were slayne afore hym. And sir Sadoke paste forthe into his chambir, and toke his harneys and his horse and rode on
263v his way, for there was nother sir Trystram, sir Dynas, nother sir Fergus that wolde sir Sadoke ony evyll wyll.

5 Than was kynge Marke wood wrothe, and thought to destroy sir Alysaundir, for hym he dradde and hated moste of any man lyvynge.

Whan sir Trystram undirstood that Alysaundir was made knyght, anone furthwithall he sent hym a lettir prayynge and
10 chargynge hym that he draw hym to the courte of kynge Arthure, and that he put hym in the rule and in the hondis of sir Launcelot. So this lettyr was sente unto sir Alysaundir from his cousyne, sir Trystram, and at that tyme he thought to do after his commaundemente.

15 Than kynge Marke called a knyght that brought hym the tydynges frome Alysaundir, and bade hym abyde stylle in that contrey.

'Sir,' seyde the knyght, 'so muste I do, for in myn owne contrey dare I nat com.'

20 'No force,' seyde kynge Marke, 'for I shall gyff the here double as muche londis as ever thou haddyste of thyne owne.'

But within shorte space sir Sadoke mette wyth that false knyght and slew hym. Than was kynge Marke wood wrothe oute of mesure. Than he sente unto quene Morgan le Fay
25 and to the quene of Northe Galys, prayynge them in his lettyrs that they two sorserers wolde sette all the contrey envyrone with ladyes that were enchauntours, and by suche that were daungerous knyghtes, as sir Malagryne and sir Brewnys Saunze Pyté, that by no meane Alysaundir le Orphelyne
30 shulde never ascape, but other he sholde be takyn or slayne. And all this ordynaunce made kynge Marke to distroy sir Alysaunder.

(36) Now turne we unto sir Alysaundir, that at his departyng

2 *C* his hors and his harneis 3 *C** waye a good paas *C* Tristram neyther syre Dynas nor 5 wood *not in C* 6 *C** Alysander and syre Sadok that had saued hym for kynge Marke dredde and hated Alisaunder moost 9 *C* prayenge hym and 20 for *not in C* 26 *C* sorceresses 26–27 *C*† countrey in fyre with *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 378v, col. 2*) Quant Morgain ot envoyé ses damoiselles par deça et par dela, elle monta entre luy et sa maisnie 27 *C* enchauntresses 28–29 *C*† Malgryn Breuse saunce pyte 30 never *not in C* 31 *C* for to destroye 33 *C* we ageyne vnto

his modir toke with hym his fadyrs blody sherte, and so he bare hit with hym tyll his deth day in tokenynge to thynke uppon his fadyrs deth.

So was Alysaundir purposed to ryde to London, by the 264r
counceyle of sir Trystram, to sir Launcelot. And [by] fortune 5
he wente aftir the seesyde, and rode wronge. And there he wan at a turnemente the g[r]e, that kynge Carados made, and there he smote downe kynge Carados and twenty of his knyghtes, and also sir Saffir, a good knyght that was sir Palomydes brother. 10

And all this sawe a damesell, and went to Morgan le Fay, and tolde hir how she saw the beste knyght juste that ever she sawe; and ever as he s[mo]te downe knyghtes, he made them to swere to were none harneyse of a twelve-monthe and a day.

'This is well seyde,' seyde Morgan le Fay, 'for that is the 15
knyght that I wolde fayne se.'

And so she toke her palfrey and rode a grete whyle, and than she rested her in her pavylyon. So there cam four knyghtes, two of them were armed, and two were unarmed, and they tolde Morgan le Fay there namys. The fyrste was 20
Elyas de Gomeret the secunde Car de Gomeret; tho two were armed. And the other two were of Camylyarde, cousyns unto quene Gwenyver. And that one hyght sir Gye, and that othir hyght sir Garaunte; tho two were unarmed. And this four knyghtes tolde Morgan le Fay how a yonge knyght had 25
smytten them downe afore a castell.

'For the maydyn of that castell seyde that he was but late made knyght, and yonge. But as we suppose, but yf hit were sir Trystram othir sir Launcelot other ellys sir Lameroke the good knyght, [there is none] that myght sytte hym a buffette 30
with a speare.'

'Well,' seyde Morgan le Fay, 'I shall mete wyth that knyght or hit be longe tyme and he dwelle in that contrey.'

1–2 sherte Soo that he bare with hym alweyes tylle 5 *W* lonncelot 6 *C* by the 10 *C* broder the good knyght 11–12 went to . . . . how she *not in C*† *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 378r, cols. 1–2*) Si avint que une damoiselle vint au chastel Morgain, et sachiés tout certainement que celle damoiselle estoit moult acointe de Morgain . . . Et lors lui compte comment le chevalier avoit abatu le roy Karados et ses chevaliers et comment il avoit abatu Saphar (*see p. 1487*) 12–13 *C*† euer he sawe 13 *W* somte 15 *C* fay this is 19 of them *not in C* 21 *C* second was Carde † Gomoret tho 21, 24 two *not in C* 24–25 *C* There these four

So turne we to the damesell of the castell, that whan Alysaundir le Orphelyne had forjusted the four knyghtes she called hym to her and seyde thus:

'Sir knyght, wolte thou for my sake juste and fyght wyth a knyght of this contrey, that is and hath bene longe an evyll neyghboure to me? His name is sir Malegryne, and he 264v woll nat suffir me to be maryde in no maner.'

'Damesell,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'and he com the whyle that I am here, I woll fyght with hym.'

And therewithall she sente for hym, for he was at her commaundemente. And whan ayther had a syght of other, they made hem redy for to juste. And so they cam togydyr egirly, and this sir Malegryne brused his speare uppon sir Alysaundir, and he smote hym agayne so harde that he bare hym quyte from his horse ⌈to the erthe⌉. But this Malegryne devoyded, and lyghtly arose and dressed his shylde and drew his swerde, and bade hym alyght:

'For wyte thou well, sir knyghte, thoughe thou have the bettir on horsebacke, thou shalt fynde that I shall endure the lyke a knyght on foote.'

'Ye sey well!' seyde sir Alysaundir. And so he avoyded his horse and bytoke hym to his varlet. And than they russhed togydyrs lyke two boorys, and leyde on their helmys and shyldis longe tyme by the space of three owrys, that never man coude sey whyche was the bettir knyght. And in the meanewhyle cam Morgan le Fay to the damesell of the castell, and they behylde the batayle.

But this sir Malagryne was an olde rooted knyght, and he was called one of the daungerous knyghtes of the worlde to do batayle on foote, but on horsebacke there was many bettir. And ever this Malagryne awayted to sle sir Alysaundir, and so wounded hym wondirly sore that hit was mervayle that ever he myght stonde, for he had bled so muche; for this sir Alysaun-

5 *C*† knyghte for my sake of this *C* long tyme an 7 *C** maner wyse for all that I can doo or ony knyght for my sake 8–9 *C* come whyles I am 9 *C* hym and my poure body for your sake I wille Ieoparde (*not in F*) 14 *C* and alisander smote 15 *C** from his sadell to the erthe *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 379v, col. 1*) cheï a la terre par dessus la crouppe de son cheval 15–16 *C* Malgryne aroos lyghtly and dressid 17–18 *C* alyȝte sayēg thouȝ thou haue 19–20 *C* endure lyke 21 *C* It is wel said said Alysander and soo lyghtly he 30 *C* there were many 33–p. 641, l. 1 *C* moche blood for Alysander fought wyldly and not

dir fought ever wyldely and nat wyttyly, and that othir was a fel-[on]ous knyght and awayted hym, and smote hym sore. And somtyme they russhed togydyrs with their shyldis lyke two boorys other rammys, and felle grovelynge bothe to the erthe.

'Now, sir knyght,' seyde sir Malegryne, 'holde thyne honde a whyle, and telle me what thou arte.'

'That woll I nat,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'but yf me lyst well. But tell me thy name, and why thou kepyste thys contrey, other ellys thou shalt dye of my hondis.' 265r

'Sir, wyte thou well,' seyde sir Malagryne, 'that for this maydyns love, of this castell, I have slayne ten good knyghtes by myssehap, and by outerage [and] orgulyté of myself I have slayne othir ten knyghtes.'

'So God helpe me,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'this is the fowlyste confession that ever I harde knyght make, and hit were pité that thou sholdiste lyve ony lenger. And therefore, kepe the! For, as I am a trewe knyght, other thou shalt sle me, other ellys I shall sle the!'

Than they laysshed togydyrs fyersely. And at the laste sir Alysaundir smote hym to the erthe, and than he raced of his helme and smote of his hede.

And whan he had done this batayle he toke his horse and wolde have mownted uppon his horse, but he myght nat for faynte. And than he seyde,

'A, Jesu, succoure me!'

So by that com Morgan le Fay and bade hym be of good comforte. And so she layde hym, this Alysaundir, in an

5 *C* Now knyghte sayd Malgryn 7 That *not in C* 8 well *not in C* 10 Sir *not in C* *C* Wete thow well sayd Malgryne 13 *C** ten other 15–17 *C* make nor neuer herd I speke of other men of suche a shameful confession wherfore hit were grete pyte & grete shame vnto me that I shold lete the lyue ony lenger therfore kepe the as wel as euer thow mayst for as I am true 18 *C* the I promyse the feythfully (*not in F*) 20 *C* smote Malegryne to 21 *C* hede lyghtely 22–27 *C*† done and ended this bataille anone he called to hym his varlet the whiche brought hym his hors And thēne he wenyng to be strong ynouȝ wold haue moūted And soo she leyd sire Alysander *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 380r, col. 1*) *agrees in substance with W*: Et quant Alixandre lui ot la teste coppee, il boute l'espee ou fuerre; et quant il cuida monter, le sang qui de son corps lui avaloit le comença si a foibloyer qu'il ne pot oncques sur son cheval, ançois le convint coucher a la terre voulsist ou non. Lors vint Morgain a lui et lui dist: 'Sire chevalier, je sçay tout certainement que vous estes durement navrés.' 'Dame, dist-il, vous dictes voir.' 'Et vous cheés en telles mains qui bien vous sauront guerir.' 'Dame, moult grant mercis', dist Alixandre l'Orphelins.

horse-lettir, and so led hym into the castell, for he had no foote to stonde uppon the erthe; for he had sixtene grete woundis, and in especiall one of them was lyke to be his deth.

(37) Than quene Morgan le Fay serched his woundis and gaff hym suche an oynement that he sholde have dyed. And so on the morne whan she cam to hym agayne, he complayned hym sore. And than she put another oynemente uppon hym, and than he was oute of his payne.

Than cam the damesell of the castell and seyde unto Morgan le Fay,

'I pray you helpe me that this knyght myght wedde me, for he hath wonne me with his hondis.'

'Ye shall se,' seyde Morgan le Fay, 'what I shall sey.'

Than this quene Morgan le Fay wente to sir Alysaundir and bade hym in ony wyse that he shulde refuse this lady, 'and she desyre to wed you; for she is nat for you'.

265v So this damesell cam and desired of hym maryage.

'Damesell,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'I thanke you, but as yet I caste me nat to mary in this contrey.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'sytthyn ye woll nat mary me, I pray you, insomuche as ye have wonne me, that ye woll gyff me to a knyght of this contrey that hath bene my frende and loved me many yerys.'

'Wyth all myne herte,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'I woll assente thereto.'

Than was the knyght sente fore, and his name was sir Geryne le Grose. And anone he made them honde-faste and wedded them.

Than cam quene Morgan le Fay to sir Alysaundir and bade hym aryse, and so put hym in an horse-lytter. And so she gaff hym sucche a drynke that of three dayes and three nyghtes he waked never, but slepte. And so she brought hym to hir owne castell that at that tyme was called La Beale Regarde. Than Morgan le Fay com to sir Alysaundir and axed hym yf he wolde fayne be hole.

'Madame, who wolde be syke and he myght be hole?'

1–2 *C* he he† had no foote ne myȝt* to stande 5 *C* oynement vnto hym 6 agayne *not in C* 7 *C* other oynements 14 this quene *not in C* 15 hym *not in C* 18 *C* sayd Orphelyn I thanke 26 and *not in C* 31 *C* in thre dayes 33–34 *C* Beale regard *F* Belle Garde 36 Madame *not in C* *C* seke said Alysander and he

'Well,' seyde Morgan, 'than shall ye promyse me by youre knyghthode that this twelve-monthe and a day ye shall nat passe the compace of this castell, and ye shall lyghtly be hole.'

'I assent me,' seyde sir Alysaundir.

And there he made hir a promyse and was sone hole. And whan sir Alysaundir was hole, he repented hym of his othe, for he myght nat be revenged uppon kynge Marke.

Ryght so there cam a damesell that was cousyn nyghe to the erle of Pase, and she was cousyn also unto Morgan le Fay; and by ryght that castell of La Beale Regarde sholde have bene hers by trew enherytaunce. So this damesell entyrd into this castell where lay sir Alysaundir, and there she founde hym uppon his bedde passynge hevy and all sad.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the damesell, 'and ye wolde be myrry, (38)266
I cowde tell you good tydyngis.'

'Well were me,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'and I myght hyre of good tydynges, for now I stonde as a presonere be my promyse.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'wyte you well that ye be a presonere and wors than ye wene, for my lady, my cousyn, quene Morgan, kepyth you here for none other entente but for to do hir plesure whan hit lykyth hir.'

'A, Jesu defende me,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'frome suche pleasure! For I had levir kut away my hangers than I wolde do her ony suche pleasure!'

'As Jesu me helpe,' seyde the damesell, 'and ye wolde love me and be ruled by me, I shall make your delyveraunce with your worship.'

'Telle me now by what meane, and ye shall have my love.'

'Fayre knyght,' sayde she, 'this castell ought of ryght to be myne. And I have an uncle [the whiche] is a myghty erle, and he is erle of the Pace; and of all folkis he hatyth [moste] Morgan le Fay. And I shall sende unto hym and pray hym for my sake to destroy this castell for the evyll customys that bene used therein, and than woll he com and sette fyre on every

2 *C* this daye twelue 3 *C* and withoute doubte ye 4 me *not in C* 5 *C* promyse thenne was he soone 7 *C* reuengyd *S* reuenged 17 *C* stande *S* stand 19 *C* wete ye wel 20 *C* Morgan le fay 22 *C** pleasyr with yow whan 24 *C* awey *S* away 25 ony *not in C* 29 *C* me said Alysander by what 32 *C* of pase *C* moost 35–p. 644, l. 1 *C* sette wylde fyre on euery parte of the castel and I shalle gete

parte with wylde fyre. And so shall I gete you at a prevy postren, and there shall ye have your horse and your harneis.'

'Fayre damesell, ye sey passynge well.'

'And than may ye kepe the rome of this castell this twelve-
5 monthe and a day, and than breke ye nat youre othe.'

'Truly, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'ye say sothe.'

And than he kyssed hir and ded to her plesaunce as hit pleased them bothe at tymes and leysers.

So anone she sente unto hir uncle and bade hym com to
10 destroy that castell; for, as the booke seyth, he wolde have destroyed that castell aforetyme, had nat that damesell bene.

Whan the erle undirstode hir letteris, he sente her worde
266v on suche a day he wolde com and destroy that castell. So whan that day cam, sir Alysaundir yode to a postren where
15 he sholde fle into the gardyne, and there he sholde fynde his armoure and his horse.

So whan the day cam that was sette, thydir cam the erle of the Pase wyth four hondred knyghtes and sette on fyre all the partyes of the castell, that or they seased they leffte nat
20 one stone stondynge.

And all this whyle that this fyre was in the castell, he abode in the gardyne. And whan the fyre was done, he let crye that he wolde kepe that pyce of erthe, thereas the castell of La Beale Regarde was, a twelve-monthe and a day frome all
25 maner of knyghtes that wolde com.

So hit happed there was a deuke Aunsyrus, and he was of the kynne of sir Launcelot. And this knyght was a grete pylgryme, for every thirde yere he wolde be at Jerusalem; and bycause he used all his lyff to go in pylgrymage, men
30 called hym deuke Aunserus the Pylgryme. And this deuke had a doughter that hyght Alys, that was a passynge fayre woman; and bycause of her fadir she was called Alys le Beall Pylgryme.

And anone as she harde of this crye, she wente unto kyng
35 Arthurs [courte] and seyde opynly, in hyrynge of many

3 *C* Ye say wel damoysel sayd Alysander 4 *C* thenne she sayd ye may kepe 12–13 *C* word ageyne that on suche 14–15 *C** came she shewed Alysander a posterne where thorou he 15 *C* a gardyn 18 *C* of pase *C* kuyghtes *S* knyghtes 22 *C* lete make a crye 24 *C* and a daye *S* and daye 25 of *not in C* 26 *C* duke that hy3t Ansirus 30 *C* Anserus 32–33 *C* le beale pylgrym *S* la beale pylgrym

knyghtes, that what knyght may overcom that knyght that kepyth the pyce of erthe 'shall have me and all my londis'.

Whan knyghtes of the Rounde Table harde hir sey thus, many of them were glad, for she was passynge fayre and ryche, and of grete rentys. 5

Ryght so she lete crye in castellys and townys as faste on her syde as sir Alysaundir ded on his syde. Than she dressed hir pavylion streyte by the pyese of erthe that sir Alysaundir kepte.

So she was nat so sone there but there cam a knyght of 10 kynge Arthurs courte that hyght sir Sagramour le Desyrous, **267r** and he profyrde to juste wyth sir Alysaundir. And so they encountyrd, and he bruse his speare uppon sir Alysaundir. But sir Alysaundir smote hym so sore that he avoyded his arson of his sadyll to the erthe. 15

Whan La Beale Alys sawe hym juste so well, she thought hym a passyng goodly knyght on horsebacke. And than she lepe oute of hir pavylyon and toke sir Alysaundir by the brydyll, and thus she seyde:

'Fayre knyght! Of thy knyghthode, shew me thy vysayge.' 20

'That dare I well,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'shew my vysayge.'

And than he put of his helme, and whan she sawe his vysage she seyde,

'A, swete Fadir Jesu! The I muste love, and never othir.'

'Than shewe me youre vysage,' seyde he. 25

And anone she unwympeled her, and whan he sawe her (39) he seyde,

'A, Lorde Jesu! Here have I founde my love and my lady! And therefore, fayre lady, I promyse you to be youre knyght, and none other that beryth the lyff.' 30

'Now, jantyll knyghte,' seyde she, 'telle me youre name.'

'Madame, my name is sir Alysaundir le Orphelyne.'

'A, sir,' seyde she, 'syth ye lyst to know my name, wyte you well my name is Alys la Beale Pellaron. And whan we

2 *C* that (*S* the) pyece 3 *C* the Knyghtes 4 of them *not in C* 4–5 and ryche *not in C* 7 *C* as as 13 *C* and Sagramore le desyrus brysed 14–16 *C* soo harde that he auoyded his sadel And whanne 20 *C* knyghte I requyre the of 21 *C* I dar wel 22 whan *not in C* 24 Fadir *not in C* 26 *C** her vysage And 28 A, lorde Jesu *not in C* 28–29 *C* lady Truly fayre lady said he I 32 Madame *not in C* 32–34 *C* is said he Alysander le Orphelyn Now damoysel telle me your name said he my name is said she Alys

be more at oure hartys ease, bothe ye and I shall telle of what bloode we be com.'

So there was grete love betwyxt them.

And as they thus talked, there cam a knyght that hyght sir Harleuse le Berbuse, and axed parte of sir Alysaundirs spearys. Than sir Alysaundir encountred with hym, and at the fyrste sir Alysaundir smote hym over his horse croupe. And than there cam another knyght that hyght sir Hewgon, and sir Alysaundir smote hym downe as he ded that othir. Than sir Hewgan profirde batayle on foote, and anone sir Alysaundir overthrewe hym within three strokys; and than he raced of his helme and there wolde have slayne hym, had he nat yelded hym. So than sir Alysaundir made bothe tho knyghtes to swere to were none armour of a twelve-monthe and a day. Than sir Alysaundir alyght, and wente to reste hym and to repose hym.

267v Than the damesell that halpe sir Alysaundir oute of the castell, in her play tolde Alys alltogydir how he was presonere in the castell of La Beall Regarde; and there she tolde her how she gate hym oute of preson.

'Sir,' seyde Alys la Beall Pillaron, 'mesemyth ye ar muche beholdynge to this mayden.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Alysaundir.

And there Alys tolde of what bloode she was com, and seyde,

'Sir, wyte you well that I am of the bloode of kynge Ban, tha[t] was fadir unto sir Launcelot.'

'Iwys, fayre lady,' seyde sir Alysaundir, 'my modir tolde me my fadir was brothir unto a kynge, and I am nye cousyn unto sir Trystram.'

So this meanewhyle cam three knyghtes; that one hyght sir Vayns, and that other hyght Harvis le Marchis, and the thirde hyghte Peryne de la Mountayne. And with one speare

1 *C* telle other of 5 *C*† Harsouse le Berbuse *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 382r, col. 2*) Herlaux le Barbu 10 *C** Heugon *F* (*ibid., f. 382v, col. 1*) Hugon and anone *not in C* 11 *C* Alysander ouercame hym with thre 11–12 and than he raced of his helme *not in C*† *F* (*ibid., col. 2*) lui arrache le hiaume de la teste 14 *C* armour in a 15 *C* alyȝte doun and 19 *C* regard 24 *C* told hym of 24–25 and seyde *not in C* 26 *C* wel she said that 27 *W* than was 28 *C* ye wys 29 *C* me that my 31 *C* came there thre 32 *C* Haruys de la marches *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 383r, col. 2*) Herni (*Hervi?*) le Marchis

sir Alysaundir smote them downe all three, and gaff them suche fallys that they had no lyst to fyght uppon foote. So he made them to swere to were none armys of a twelve-monthe.

So whan they were departed sir Alysaundir behylde his lady Alys on horsebak as she stoode in hir pavylion, and than was he so enamered uppon her that he wyst nat whether he were on horsebacke other on foote. Ryght so cam the false knyght sir Mordred and sawe sir Alysaundir was so afonned uppon his lady, and therewithall he toke hys horse by the brydyll and lad hym here and there, and had caste to have lad hym oute of that place to have shamed hym.

So whan the damesell that halpe hym oute of that castell sawe how shamefully he was lad, anone she lete arme her and sette a shylde uppon her shuldir. And therewith she amownted uppon his horse and gate a naked swerde in hir honde, and she threste unto Alysaundir with all hir myght, and she gaff hym suche a buffet that hym thought the fyre flowe oute of his yghen.

And whan sir Alysaundir felte that stroke he loked aboute hym and drew his swerde. And whan she sawe that, she fledde, and so ded sir Mordred into the foreyste. And the **268r** damesell fled into the pavylyon.

So whan sir Alysaundir undirstood hymselff how the false knyght wolde have shamed hym had nat the damesell bene, than was he wroth with hymselff that sir Mordred had so ascaped his hondis. But than sir Alysaundir and his lady Alys had good game at the damesell, how sadly she smote hym uppon the helme.

Than sir Alysaundir justed thus day be day, and on foote ded many batayles with many knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte, and with many knyghtes straungers, that for to tell batayle by batayle hit were overmuche to reherse. For every day in that twelve-monthe he had to do wyth one knyght owther wyth another, and som day with three or four, and there was never knyght that put hym to the warre.

And at the twelve-monthes ende he departed with his lady

3 *C* armes in a twelue moneth 5 *C*† as he stood 8–9 *C* was assoted vpon 14 *C* sheld *S* shelde 14–15 *C* she mounted 20 *C*† whan he sawe 26 his lady *not in C* 27–28 *C* she hytte hym 31–32 *C* straungers therfore to telle alle the batails that he did it were 33 *C* within that 33–34 *C* knyght or with other and some day he had adoo with thre or with foure 35 *C* to the werse

La Beall Pyllerowne. And that damesell wolde never go frome hym, and so they wente into their contrey of Benoy and lyved there in grete joy.

(40) But, as the booke tellyth, kynge Marke wolde never stynte tylle he had slayne hym by treson. And by Alis he gate a chylde that hyght Bellengerus le Beuse, and by good fortune he cam to the courte of kynge Arthure and preved a good knyght. And he revenged his fadirs deth, for this false kynge Marke slew bothe sir Trystram and sir Alysaundir falsely and felonsly.

And hit happed so that sir Alysaundir had never grace ne fortune to com to kynge Arthurs courte; for and he had com to sir Launcelot, all knyghtes seyde that knew hym that he was one of the strengyste knyghtes that was in kynge Arthurs dayes. And grete dole was made for hym.

SO LETTE WE HYM PASSE AND TURNE WE TO ANOTHER TALE.

1 *C* Alys la beale pylgrym 4 *C* book sayth kyng 7 *C* a passynge good
8 *C* the fals 13 *C* hym he 16 *C* we of hym passe

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW KING MARK SLEW BY TREASON HIS BROTHER BOUDWIN, FOR GOOD SERVICE THAT HE HAD DONE TO HIM.

Now turn we to another matter that fell between King Mark and his brother, that was called the good Prince Boudwin, that all the people of the country loved passing well. So it befell on a time that the miscreant Saracens landed in the country of Cornwall soon after these Sessions were gone. And then the good Prince Boudwin, at the landing, he raised the country privily and hastily. And or it were day he let put wildfire in three of his own ships, and suddenly he pulled up the sail, and with the wind he made those ships to be driven among the navy of the Saracens. And to make short tale, those three ships set on fire all the ships, that none were saved. And at point of the day the good Prince Boudwin with all his fellowship set on the miscreants with shouts and cries, and slew to the number of forty thousand, and left none alive.

When King Mark wist this he was wonderly wroth that his brother should win such worship. And because this prince was better beloved than he in all that country, and that also Boudwin loved well Sir Tristram, therefore he thought to slay him. And thus, hastily, as a man out of his wit, he sent for Prince Boudwin and Anglides his wife, and bade them bring their young son with them, that he might see him. All this he did to the intent to slay the child as well as his father, for he was the falsest traitor that ever was born. Alas, for his goodness and for his good deeds this gentle

Prince Boudwin was slain. So when he came with his wife Anglides, the king made them fair semblant till they had dined. And when they had dined King Mark sent for his brother and said thus: Brother, how sped you when the miscreants arrived by you? meseemeth it had been your part to have sent me word, that I might have been at that journey, for it had been reason that I had had the honour and not you. Sir, said the Prince Boudwin, it was so that an I had tarried till that I had sent for you those miscreants had destroyed my country. Thou liest, false traitor, said King Mark, for thou art ever about for to win worship from me, and put me to dishonour, and thou cherishest that I hate. And therewith he struck him to the heart with a dagger, that he never after spake word. Then the Lady Anglides made great dole, and swooned, for she saw her lord slain afore her face. Then was there no more to do but Prince Boudwin was despoiled and brought to burial. But Anglides privily gat her husband's doublet and his shirt, and that she kept secretly.

Then was there much sorrow and crying, and great dole made Sir Tristram, Sir Dinas, Sir Fergus, and so did all knights that were there; for that prince was passingly well beloved. So La Beale Isoud sent unto Anglides, the Prince Boudwin's wife, and bade her avoid lightly or else her young son, Alisander le Orphelin, should be slain. When she heard this, she took her horse and her child, and rode with such poor men as durst ride with her.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW ANGLIDES, BOUDWIN'S WIFE, ESCAPED WITH HER YOUNG SON, ALISANDER LE ORPHELIN, AND CAME TO THE CASTLE OF ARUNDEL.

NOTWITHSTANDING, when King Mark had done this deed, yet he thought to do more vengeance; and with his sword in his hand, he sought from chamber to chamber, to seek Anglides and

her young son. And when she was missed he called a good knight that hight Sadok, and charged him by pain of death to fetch Anglides again and her young son. So Sir Sadok departed and rode after Anglides. And within ten mile he overtook her, and bade her turn again and ride with him to King Mark. Alas, fair knight, she said, what shall ye win by my son's death or by mine? I have had overmuch harm and too great a loss. Madam, said Sadok, of your loss is dole and pity; but madam, said Sadok, would ye depart out of this country with your son, and keep him till he be of age, that he may revenge his father's death, then would I suffer you to depart from me, so you promise me to revenge the death of Prince Boudwin. Ah, gentle knight, Jesu thank thee, and if ever my son, Alisander le Orphelin, live to be a knight, he shall have his father's doublet and his shirt with the bloody marks, and I shall give him such a charge that he shall remember it while he liveth. And therewithal Sadok departed from her, and either betook other to God. And when Sadok came to King Mark he told him faithfully that he had drowned young Alisander her son; and thereof King Mark was full glad.

Now turn we unto Anglides, that rode both night and day by adventure out of Cornwall, and little and in few places she rested; but ever she drew southward to the seaside, till by fortune she came to a castle that is called Magouns, and now it is called Arundel, in Sussex. And the Constable of the castle welcomed her, and said she was welcome to her own castle; and there was Anglides worshipfully received, for the Constable's wife was nigh her cousin, and the Constable's name was Bellangere; and that same Constable told Anglides that the same castle was hers by right inheritance. Thus Anglides endured years and winters, till Alisander was big and strong; there was none so wight in all that country, neither there was none that might do no manner of mastery afore him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW ANGLIDES GAVE THE BLOODY DOUBLET TO ALISANDER, HER SON, THE SAME DAY THAT HE WAS MADE KNIGHT, AND THE CHARGE WITHAL.

THEN upon a day Bellangere the Constable came to Anglides and said: Madam, it were time my lord Alisander were made knight, for he is a passing strong young man. Sir, said she, I would he were made knight; but then must I give him the most charge that ever sinful mother gave to her child. Do as ye list, said Bellangere, and I shall give him warning that he shall be made knight. Now it will be well done that he may be made knight at our Lady Day in Lent. Be it so, said Anglides, and I pray you make ready therefore. So came the Constable to Alisander, and told him that he should at our Lady Day in Lent be made knight. I thank God, said Alisander; these are the best tidings that ever came to me. Then the Constable ordained twenty of the greatest gentlemen's sons, and the best born men of the country, that should be made knights that same day that Alisander was made knight. So on the same day that Alisander and his twenty fellows were made knights, at the offering of the mass there came Anglides unto her son and said thus: O fair sweet son, I charge thee upon my blessing, and of the high order of chivalry that thou takest here this day, that thou understand what I shall say and charge thee withal. Therewithal she pulled out a bloody doublet and a bloody shirt, that were be-bled with old blood. When Alisander saw this he stert aback and waxed pale, and said: Fair mother, what may this mean? I shall tell thee, fair son: this was thine own father's doublet and shirt, that he wore upon him that same day that he was slain. And there she told him why and wherefore, and how for his goodness King Mark slew him with his dagger afore mine own eyen. And therefore this shall be your charge that I shall give thee.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW IT WAS TOLD TO KING MARK OF SIR ALISANDER. AND HOW HE WOULD HAVE SLAIN SIR SADOK FOR SAVING HIS LIFE.

Now I require thee, and charge thee upon my blessing, and upon the high order of knighthood, that thou be revenged upon King Mark for the death of thy father. And therewithal she swooned. Then Alisander leapt to his mother, and took her up in his arms, and said: Fair mother, ye have given me a great charge, and here I promise you I shall be avenged upon King Mark when that I may; and that I promise to God and to you. So this feast was ended, and the Constable, by the advice of Anglides, let purvey that Alisander was well horsed and harnessed. Then he jousted with his twenty fellows that were made knights with him, but for to make a short taie, he overthrew all those twenty, that none might withstand him a buffet.

Then one of those knights departed unto King Mark, and told him all, how Alisander was made knight, and all the charge that his mother gave him, as ye have heard afore time. Alas, false treason, said King Mark, I weened that young traitor had been dead. Alas, whom may I trust? And therewithal King Mark took a sword in his hand, and sought Sir Sadok from chamber to chamber to slay him. When Sir Sadok saw King Mark come with his sword in his hand he said thus: Beware, King Mark, and come not nigh me; for wit thou well that I saved Alisander his life, of which I never repent me, for thou falsely and cowardly slew his father Boudwin, traitorly for his good deeds; wherefore I pray Almighty Jesu send Alisander might and strength to be revenged upon thee. And now beware King Mark of young Alisander, for he is made a knight. Alas, said King Mark, that ever I should hear a traitor say so afore me. And therewith four knights of King Mark's drew their swords to slay Sir Sadok, but anon Sir Sadok slew them all in King Mark's presence. And then Sir Sadok passed forth into his chamber, and took his

horse and his harness, and rode on his way a good pace. For there was neither Sir Tristram, neither Sir Dinas, nor Sir Fergus, that would Sir Sadok any evil will. Then was King Mark wroth, and thought to destroy Sir Alisander and Sir Sadok that had saved him; for King Mark dreaded and hated Alisander most of any man living.

When Sir Tristram understood that Alisander was made knight, anon forthwithal he sent him a letter, praying him and charging him that he would draw him to the court of King Arthur, and that he put him in the rule and in the hands of Sir Launcelot. So this letter was sent to Alisander from his cousin, Sir Tristram. And at that time he thought to do after his commandment. Then King Mark called a knight that brought him the tidings from Alisander, and bade him abide still in that country. Sir, said that knight, so must I do, for in my own country I dare not come. No force, said King Mark, I shall give thee here double as much lands as ever thou hadst of thine own. But within short space Sir Sadok met with that false knight, and slew him. Then was King Mark wood wroth out of measure. Then he sent unto Queen Morgan le Fay, and to the Queen of Northgalis, praying them in his letters that they two sorceresses would set all the country in fire with ladies that were enchantresses, and by such that were dangerous knights, as Malgrin, Breuse Saunce Pité, that by no mean Alisander le Orphelin should escape, but either he should be taken or slain. This ordinance made King Mark for to destroy Alisander.

CHAPTER XXXVI

HOW SIR ALISANDER WON THE PRIZE AT A TOURNAMENT, AND OF MORGAN LE FAY: AND HOW HE FOUGHT WITH SIR MALGRIN, AND SLEW HIM.

Now turn we again unto Sir Alisander, that at his departing his mother took with him his father's bloody shirt. So that he bare with him always till his death day, in tokening to think of his

father's death. So was Alisander purposed to ride to London, by the counsel of Sir Tristram, to Sir Launcelot. And by fortune he went by the seaside, and rode wrong. And there he won at a tournament the gree that King Carados made. And there he smote down King Carados and twenty of his knights, and also Sir Safere, a good knight that was Sir Palomides' brother, the good knight. All this saw a damosel, and went to Morgan le Fay and told her how she saw the best knight joust that ever she saw. And ever as he smote down knights he made them to swear to wear none harness in a twelvemonth and a day. This is well said, said Morgan le Fay, this is the knight that I would fain see. And so she took her palfrey, and rode a great while, and then she rested her in her pavilion. So there came four knights, two were armed, and two were unarmed, and they told Morgan le Fay their names: the first was Elias de Gomeret, the second was Cari de Gomeret, those were armed; that other twain were of Camiliard, cousins unto Queen Guenever, and that one hight Guy, and that other hight Garaunt, those were unarmed. There these four knights told Morgan le Fay how a young knight had smitten them down before a castle. For the maiden of that castle said that he was but late made knight, and young. But as we suppose, but if it were Sir Tristram, or Sir Launcelot, or Sir Lamorak, the good knight, there is none that might sit him a buffet with a spear. Well, said Morgan le Fay, I shall meet that knight or it be long time, an he dwell in that country.

So turn we to the damosel of the castle, that when Alisander le Orphelin had for-jousted the four knights, she called him to her, and said thus: Sir knight, wilt thou for my sake joust and fight with a knight, for my sake, of this country, that is and hath been long time an evil neighbour to me? His name is Malgrin, and he will not suffer me to be married in no manner wise for all that I can do, or any knight for my sake. Damosel, said Alisander, an he come whiles I am here I will fight with him, and my poor body for your sake I will jeopard. And therewithal she sent for him, for he was at her commandment. And when either had a sight of other, they made them ready for to joust, and they came together eagerly, and Malgrin brised his spear upon Alisander, and Alisander smote him

again so hard that he bare him quite from his saddle to the earth. But this Malgrin arose lightly, and dressed his shield and drew his sword, and bade him alight, saying: Though thou have the better of me on horseback, thou shalt find that I shall endure like a knight on foot. It is well said, said Alisander; and so lightly he avoided his horse and betook him to his varlet. And then they rushed together like two boars, and laid on their helms and shields long time, by the space of three hours, that never man could say which was the better knight.

And in the meanwhile came Morgan le Fay to the damosel of the castle, and they beheld the battle. But this Malgrin was an old roted knight, and he was called one of the dangerous knights of the world to do battle on foot, but on horseback there were many better. And ever this Malgrin awaited to slay Alisander, and so wounded him wonderly sore, that it was marvel that ever he might stand, for he had bled so much blood; for Alisander fought wildly, and not wittily. And that other was a felonious knight, and awaited him, and smote him sore. And sometime they rushed together with their shields, like two boars or rams, and fell grovelling both to the earth. Now knight, said Malgrin, hold thy hand a while, and tell me what thou art. I will not, said Alisander, but if me list: but tell me thy name, and why thou keepest this country, or else thou shalt die of my hands. Wit thou well, said Malgrin, that for this maiden's love, of this castle, I have slain ten good knights by mishap; and by outrage and orgulité of myself I have slain ten other knights. So God me help, said Alisander, this is the foulest confession that ever I heard knight make, nor never heard I speak of other men of such a shameful confession; wherefore it were great pity and great shame unto me that I should let thee live any longer; therefore keep thee as well as ever thou mayest, for as I am true knight, either thou shalt slay me or else I shall slay thee, I promise thee faithfully.

Then they lashed together fiercely, and at the last Alisander smote Malgrin to the earth. And then he raced off his helm, and smote off his head lightly. And when he had done and ended this battle, anon he called to him his varlet, the which brought him his

horse. And then he, weening to be strong enough, would have mounted. And so she laid Sir Alisander in an horse litter, and led him into the castle, for he had no foot nor might to stand upon the earth; for he had sixteen great wounds, and in especial one of them was like to be his death.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HOW QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY HAD ALISANDER IN HER CASTLE, AND HOW SHE HEALED HIS WOUNDS.

THEN Queen Morgan le Fay searched his wounds, and gave such an ointment unto him that he should have died. And on the morn when she came to him he complained him sore; and then she put other ointments upon him, and then he was out of his pain. Then came the damosel of the castle, and said unto Morgan le Fay: I pray you help me that this knight might wed me, for he hath won me with his hands. Ye shall see, said Morgan le Fay, what I shall say. Then Morgan le Fay went unto Alisander, and bade in anywise that he should refuse this lady, an she desire to wed you, for she is not for you. So the damosel came and desired of him marriage. Damosel, said Orphelin, I thank you, but as yet I cast me not to marry in this country. Sir, she said, sithen ye will not marry me, I pray you insomuch as ye have won me, that ye will give me to a knight of this country that hath been my friend, and loved me many years. With all my heart, said Alisander, I will assent thereto. Then was the knight sent for, his name was Gerine le Grose. And anon he made them handfast, and wedded them.

Then came Queen Morgan le Fay to Alisander, and bade him arise, and put him in an horse litter, and gave him such a drink that in three days and three nights he waked never, but slept; and so she brought him to her own castle that at that time was called La Beale Regard. Then Morgan le Fay came to Alisander, and asked him if he would fain be whole. Who would be sick, said Alisander,

an he might be whole? Well, said Morgan le Fay, then shall ye promise me by your knighthood that this day twelvemonth and a day ye shall not pass the compass of this castle, and without doubt ye shall lightly be whole. I assent, said Sir Alisander. And there he made her a promise: then was he soon whole. And when Alisander was whole, then he repented him of his oath, for he might not be revenged upon King Mark. Right so there came a damosel that was cousin to the Earl of Pase, and she was cousin to Morgan le Fay. And by right that castle of La Beale Regard should have been hers by true inheritance. So this damosel entered into this castle where lay Alisander, and there she found him upon his bed, passing heavy and all sad.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

HOW ALISANDER WAS DELIVERED FROM QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY BY THE MEANS OF A DAMOSEL.

SIR knight, said the damosel, an ye would be merry I could tell you good tidings. Well were me, said Alisander, an I might hear of good tidings, for now I stand as a prisoner by my promise. Sir, she said, wit you well that ye be a prisoner, and worse than ye ween; for my lady, my cousin Queen Morgan le Fay, keepeth you here for none other intent but for to do her pleasure with you when it liketh her. O Jesu defend me, said Alisander, from such pleasure; for I had liefer cut away my hangers than I would do her such pleasure. As Jesu help me, said the damosel, an ye would love me and be ruled by me, I shall make your deliverance with your worship. Tell me, said Alisander, by what means, and ye shall have my love. Fair knight, said she, this castle of right ought to be mine, and I have an uncle the which is a mighty earl, he is Earl of Pase, and of all folks he hateth most Morgan le Fay; and I shall send unto him and pray him for my sake to destroy this castle for the evil customs that be used therein; and then will he come and set wild-

fire on every part of the castle, and I shall get you out at a privy postern, and there shall ye have your horse and your harness. Ye say well, damosel, said Alisander. And then she said: Ye may keep the room of this castle this twelvemonth and a day, then break ye not your oath. Truly, fair damosel, said Alisander, ye say sooth. And then he kissed her, and did to her pleasaunce as it pleased them both at times and leisures.

So anon she sent unto her uncle and bade him come and destroy that castle, for as the book saith, he would have destroyed that castle afore time had not that damosel been. When the earl understood her letters he sent her word again that on such a day he would come and destroy that castle. So when that day came she showed Alisander a postern wherethrough he should flee into a garden, and there he should find his armour and his horse. When the day came that was set, thither came the Earl of Pase with four hundred knights, and set on fire all the parts of the castle, that or they ceased they left not a stone standing. And all this while that the fire was in the castle he abode in the garden. And when the fire was done he let make a cry that he would keep that piece of earth thereas the castle of La Beale Regard was a twelvemonth and a day, from all manner knights that would come.

So it happed there was a duke that hight Ansirus, and he was of the kin of Sir Launcelot. And this knight was a great pilgrim, for every third year he would be at Jerusalem. And because he used all his life to go in pilgrimage men called him Duke Ansirus the Pilgrim. And this duke had a daughter that hight Alice, that was a passing fair woman, and because of her father she was called Alice la Beale Pilgrim. And anon as she heard of this cry she went unto Arthur's court, and said openly in hearing of many knights, that what knight may overcome that knight that keepeth that piece of earth shall have me and all my lands.

When the knights of the Round Table heard her say thus many were glad, for she was passing fair and of great rents. Right so she let cry in castles and towns as fast on her side as Alisander did on his side. Then she dressed her pavilion straight by the piece of the earth that Alisander kept. So she was not so soon there but there

came a knight of Arthur's court that hight Sagramore le Desirous, and he proffered to joust with Alisander; and they encountered, and Sagramore le Desirous brised his spear upon Sir Alisander, but Sir Alisander smote him so hard that he avoided his saddle. And when La Beale Alice saw him joust so well, she him a passing goodly knight on horseback. And then she leapt out of her pavilion, and took Sir Alisander by the bridle, and thus she said: Fair knight, I require thee of thy knighthood show me thy visage. I dare well, said Alisander, show my visage. And then he put off his helm; and she saw his visage, she said: O sweet Jesu, thee I must love, and never other. Then show me your visage, said he.

CHAPTER XXXIX

HOW ALISANDER MET WITH ALICE LA BEALE PILGRIM, AND HOW HE JOUSTED WITH TWO KNIGHTS; AND AFTER OF HIM AND OF SIR MORDRED.

THEN she unwimpled her visage. And when he saw her he said: Here have I found my love and my lady. Truly, fair lady, said he, I promise you to be your knight, and none other that beareth the life. Now, gentle knight, said she, tell me your name. My name is, said he, Alisander le Orphelin. Now, damosel, tell me your name, said he. My name is, said she, Alice la Beale Pilgrim. And when we be more at our heart's ease, both ye and I shall tell other of what blood we be come. So there was great love betwixt them. And as they thus talked there came a knight that hight Harsouse le Berbuse, and asked part of Sir Alisander's spears. Then Sir Alisander encountered with him, and at the first Sir Alisander smote him over his horse's croup. And then there came another knight that hight Sir Hewgon, and Sir Alisander smote him down as he did that other. Then Sir Hewgon proffered to do battle on foot. Sir Alisander overcame him with three strokes, and there would have slain him had he not yielded him. So then Alisander

made both those knights to swear to wear none armour in a twelvemonth and a day.

Then Sir Alisander alighted down, and went to rest him and repose him. Then the damosel that helped Sir Alisander out of the castle, in her play told Alice all together how he was prisoner in the castle of La Beale Regard, and there she told her how she got him out of prison. Sir, said Alice la Beale Pilgrim, meseemeth ye are much beholding to this maiden. That is truth, said Sir Alisander. And there Alice told him of what blood she was come. Sir, wit ye well, she said, that I am of the blood of King Ban, that was father unto Sir Launcelot. Y-wis[1], fair lady, said Alisander, my mother told me that my father was brother unto a king, and I nigh cousin unto Sir Tristram.

Then this while came there three knights, that one hight Vains, and the other hight Harvis de les Marches, and the third hight Perin de la Montaine. And with one spear Sir Alisander smote them down all three, and gave them such falls that they had no list to fight upon foot. So he made them to swear to wear none arms in a twelve-month. So when they were departed Sir Alisander beheld his lady Alice on horseback as he stood in her pavilion. And then was he so enamoured upon her that he wist not whether he were on horseback or on foot.

Right so came the false knight Sir Mordred, and saw Sir Alisander was assotted upon his lady; and therewithal he took his horse by the bridle, and led him here and there, and had cast to have led him out of that place to have shamed him. When the damosel that helped him out of that castle saw how shamefully he was led, anon she let arm her, and set a shield upon her shoulder; and therewith she mounted upon his horse, and gat a naked sword in her hand, and she thrust unto Alisander with all her might, and she gave him such a buffet that he thought the fire flew out of his eyen. And when Alisander felt that stroke he looked about him, and drew his sword. And when she saw that, she fled, and so did Mordred into the forest, and the damosel fled into the pavilion. So when Alisander understood himself how the false knight would

[1] "Y-wis" (certainly); Caxton, "ye wis"; W. de Worde, "truly."

have shamed him had not the damosel been, then was he wroth with himself that Sir Mordred was so escaped his hands. But then Sir Alisander and Alice had good game at the damosel, how sadly she hit him upon the helm.

Then Sir Alisander jousted thus day by day, and on foot he did many battles with many knights of King Arthur's court, and with many knights strangers. Therefore to tell all the battles that he did it were overmuch to rehearse, for every day within that twelvemonth he had ado with one knight or with other, and some day he had ado with three or with four; and there was never knight that put him to the worse. And at the twelvemonth's end he departed with his lady, Alice la Beale Pilgrim. And the damosel would never go from him, and so they went into their country of Benoye, and lived there in great joy.

But as the book saith, King Mark would never stint till he had slain him by treason. And by Alice he gat a child that hight Bellengerus le Beuse. And by good fortune he came to the court of King Arthur, and proved a passing good knight; and he revenged his father's death, for the false King Mark slew both Sir Tristram and Alisander falsely and feloniously. And it happed so that Alisander had never grace nor fortune to come to King Arthur's court. For an he had come to Sir Launcelot, all knights said that knew him, he was one of the strongest knights that was in Arthur's days, and great dole was made for him. So let we of him pass, and turn we to another tale.

THE NOBLE SIR LAUNCELOT DU LAKE

SONE aftir that kynge Arthure was com from Rome into 96r (1)
Ingelonde, than all the knyghtys of the Rounde Table resorted unto the kynge and made many joustys and turnementes. And some there were that were but knyghtes encresed in armys and worshyp that passed all other of her 5 felowys in prouesse and noble dedys, and that was well proved on many.

But in especiall hit was prevyd on sir Launcelot de Lake, for in all turnementes, justys, and dedys of armys, both for lyff and deth, he passed all other knyghtes, and at no tyme 10 was he ovircom but yf hit were by treson other inchaunte- 96v ment. So this sir Launcelot encresed so mervaylously in worship and honoure; therefore he is the fyrste knyght that the Frey[n]sh booke makyth me[n]cion of aftir kynge Arthure com frome Rome. Wherefore quene Gwenyvere 15 had hym in grete favoure aboven all other knyghtis, and so he loved the quene agayne aboven all other ladyes dayes of his lyff, and for hir he dud many dedys of armys and saved her from the fyre thorow his noble chevalry.

Thus sir Launcelot rested hym longe with play and game; 20 and than he thought hymself to preve in straunge adventures, and bade his nevew, sir Lyonell, for to make hym redy, 'for we muste go seke adventures'. So they mounted on their horses, armed at all ryghtes, and rode into a depe foreste and so into a playne. 25

So the wedir was hote aboute noone, and sir Launcelot had grete luste to slepe. Than sir Lyonell aspyed a grete appyll-tre that stoode by an hedge, and seyde, 'Sir, yondir is a fayre shadow, there may we reste us and oure horsys.'

'Hit is trouthe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for this seven yere 30 I was not so slepy as I am nowe.'

So there they alyted and tyed there horsys unto sondry treis, and sir Launcelot layde hym downe undir this appyll-tre, and his helmet undir his hede. And sir Lyonell

5 *C** which encreased *C* that they passed 9 *C* turnementys and Iustes 11 *C* he was neuer ouercome 14 *C* frensshe 16–17 *C* and in certayne he 17–18 *C*† ladyes damoysels of 21 *C* preue hym self 23 *C* we two wylle seke 25 *C* a depe playne 28 *C* said broder yonder 29 *C* vs on †oure 30 *C* is wel saide faire broder said *C* viij yere 34 *C* helme he layd vnder

waked whyles he sl[e]pte. So sir Launcelot slepte passyng faste.

And in the meanewhyle com there three knyghtes rydynge, as faste fleynge as they myght ryde, and there folowed hem three but one knyght. And whan sir Lyonell hym sawe, he thought he sawe never so grete a knyght nother so well-farynge a man and well appareyld unto all ryghtes. So within a whyle this stronge knyght had overtakyn one of the three knyghtes, and there he smote hym to the colde erth, that he lay stylle; and than he rode unto the secunde knyght and smote hym so that man and horse felle downe. And so 97r streyte unto the thirde knyght, and smote hym behynde his horse ars a spere-lengthe; and than he alyght downe and rayned his horse on the brydyll and bounde all three knyghtes faste with the raynes of theire owne brydelys.

Whan sir Lyonell had sene hym do thus, he thought to assay hym and made hym redy, and pryvaly he toke his horse and thought nat for to awake sir Launcelot, and so mounted uppon his hors and overtoke the strong knyght. He bade hym turne, and so he turned and smote sir Lyonell so harde that hors and man he bare to the erth. And so he alyght downe and bounde hym faste and threw hym overthwarte his owne horse as he had served the other three, and so rode with hem tyll he com to his owne castell. Than he unarmed them and bete them with thornys all naked, and aftir put them in depe preson where were many mo knyghtes that made grete dole.

(2) So whan sir Ector de Marys wyste that sir Launcelot was paste oute of the courte to seke adventures, he was wroth with hymsel[f] and made hym redy to seke sir Launcelot. And as he had redyn longe in a grete foreste, he mette with a man was lyke a foster.

'Fayre felow,' seyde sir Ector, 'doste thou know this contrey or ony adventures that bene nyghe here honde?'

1 *C* launcelot was a slepe 5–6 *C* hym thought 8–9 *C* of these knyghtes 12 *C** knyghte he rode and 13–14 *S* doune arayned 16 *C* sawe hym 17 *C* redy & stylly and pryuely 18–20 *C* And whan he was mounted vpon his hors he ouertoke this strong kynght & bad hym torne and the other smote 22–24 *C* hors and soo he serued hem al foure & rode with hem awey to his owne castel And whan he came there he garte vnarme them 26 *C* grete doloure 29 *C* hym self *W* hym selt 32–33 *C** Ector knowest thou in thys countrey ony aduentures that ben here nyghe hand

'Sir,' seyde the foster, 'this contrey know I well. And hereby within this myle is a stronge maner and well dyked, and by that maner on the lyffte honde there is a fayre fourde for horse to drynke off, and over that fourde there growys a fayre tre. And thereon hongyth many fayre shyldys that welded somtyme good knyghtes, and at the bo[le] of the tre hongys a basyn of couper and latyne. And stryke uppon that basyn with the butte of thy spere three tymes, and sone aftir thou shalt hyre new tydynges; and ellys haste thou the fayreste [grace] that ever had knyghte this many yeres that passed thorow this foreste.'

'Gramercy,' seyde sir Ector and departed. And com unto this tre and sawe many fayre shyldys, and amonge them all 97v he sawe hys brothirs shylde, sir Lyonell, and many mo that he knew that were of his felowys of the Rounde Table, the whyche greved his herte, and promysed to revenge his brother. Than anone sir Ector bete on the basyn as he were woode, and than he gaff his horse drynke at the fourde. And there com a knyghte behynde hym and bade hym com oute of the water and make hym redy. Sir Ector turned hym shortly, and in feawtir caste his spere and smote the other knyght a grete buffette, that his horse turned twyse abowte.

'That was well done,' seyde the stronge knyght, 'and knyghtly thou haste strykyn me.'

And therewith he russhed his horse on sir Ector and caught hym undir his ryght arme and bare hym clene oute of the sadyll, and so rode with hym away into his castell and threw hym downe in myddyll of the floure. [The name of this knyghte was sir Tarquyn.] Than this seyde T⌈ar⌉quyn seyde unto sir Ector,

'For thou hast done this day more unto me than ony knyght dud this twelve yere, now woll I graunte the thy lyff, so thou wolt be sworne to be my trew presoner.'

4 *C* horses 6 *W* body of the tre *C* atte hoole of the tree (*see note*) 9–10 *W* fayreste knyght 9–10 *C** fayrest grace that many a yere had euer knyght that passed 13 all *not in C* 15 *C* were his felawes 23 *C* This was 25–26 *C* cleyȝte hym 27 *C* in to his owne halle & *F* (*MS. Add. 10293, f. 281b*) en sa tour 28–29 *Not emended in O*[1] 29–30 *C* than he said vnto *W* Traquyn *C* Turquyne *F* Terriquan (*see note*) 33 trew *not in C*† *C* my prysoner all thy lyf dayes *F* (*ibid., f. 281b–c*) ne vous metrai jou ja en prison se vous me volés fianchier que vous de chaiens n'isterés mie sans congié

'Nay,' sayde sir Ector, 'that woll I never promyse the but that I woll do myne advauntage.'

'That me repentis,' seyde sir T[ar]quyn. Than he gan unarme hym and bete hym with thornys all naked, and sytthyn put hym downe into a depe dongeon, and there he knewe many of his felowys.

But whan sir Ector saw sir Lyonell, than made he grete sorow.

'Alas, brother!' seyde sir Ector, 'how may this be, and where is my brothir sir Launcelot?'

'Fayre brother, I leffte hym on slepe, whan that I frome hym yode, undir an appil-tre, and what is becom of hym I can nat telle you.'

'Alas,' seyde the presoneres, 'but yf sir Launcelot helpe us we shall never be delyverde, for we know now no knyght
98r that is able to macch with oure maystir Tarquyne.'

(3) Now leve we thes knyghtes presoners, and speke we of sir Launcelot de Lake that lyeth undir the appil-tre slepynge. Aboute the none so there com by hym four queenys of a grete astate; and for the hete sholde nat nyghe hem, there rode four knyghtes aboute hem and bare a cloth of grene sylke on four sperys betwyxte hem and the sonne. And the quenys rode on four whyghte mulys.

Thus as they rode they herde a grete horse besyde them grymly nyghe. Than they loked and were ware of a slepynge knyght lay all armed undir an appil-tre. And anone as they loked on his face they knew well hit was sir Launcelot, and began to stryve for that knyght, and every of hem seyde they wolde have hym to hir love.

'We shall nat stryve,' seyde Morgan le Fay, that was kyng Arthurs sister. 'I shall put an inchauntement uppon hym that he shall nat awake of all this seven owres, and than I woll lede hym away unto my castell. And whan he is surely within my holde, I shall take the inchauntement frome hym, and than lette hym chose whych of us he woll have unto peramour.'

3 *W* Traquyn 3–4 *C* he garte to vnarme 9 how may this be and *not in C* 14 *C* the knyghtes yf *not in C*† 15 *C* we may neuer 16 with *not in C* 19 *C* euen aboute 24–25 *C* herde by them a grete hors grymly neye thenne were they ware 26–27 *C* these quenes loked 27 well *not in C* 28 *C* euerychone sady 32 *C* awake in syxe owres

So this enchauntemente was caste uppon sir Launcelot, and than they leyde hym uppon his shylde and bare hym so on horsebak betwyxte two knyghtes, and brought hym unto the Castell Charyot; and there they leyde hym in a chambir colde, and at nyght they sente unto hym a fayre dameselle with his souper redy idyght. Be that the enchauntement was paste.

And whan she com she salewed hym and asked hym what chere.

'I can not sey, fayre damesel,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for I wote not how I com into this castell but hit be by inchauntemente.'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'ye muste make good chere; and yf ye 98v be suche a knyght as is seyde ye be, I shall telle you more to-morn be pryme of the day.'

'Gramercy, fayre damesel,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'of your good wylle.'

And so she departed, and there he laye all that nyght withoute ony comforte. And on the morne erly com thes four quenys passyngly well besene, and all they byddynge hym good morne, and he them agayne.

'Sir knyght,' the four quenys seyde, 'thou muste undirstonde thou art oure presonere, and we know the well that thou art sir Launcelot du Lake, kynge Banis sonne. And because that we undirstonde youre worthynesse, that thou art the noblest knyght lyvyng, and also we know well there can no lady have thy love but one, and that is quene Gwenyvere, and now thou shalt hir love lose for ever, and she thyne. For hit behovyth the now to chose one of us four, for I am quene Morgan le Fay, quene of the londe of Gore, and here is the quene of North Galys, and the quene of Estlonde, and the quene of the Oute Iles. Now chose one of us, whyche that thou wolte have to thy peramour, other ellys to dye in this preson.'

'This is an harde case,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that other I muste dye other to chose one of you. Yet had I lever dye

11–12 *C* by an enchauntement 14 *C* as it is 17 *C* wyl I requyre yow 19 *C* withoute comforte of ony body 23 *C* we here knowe 25 *C* by cause we 26 *C* And as we 28–29 *C* thow shalt lose her for euer and she the and therfore the behoueth now 33–34 *C* peramour for thou mayst not chese or els in thys pryson to dye

in this preson with worshyp than to have one of you to my peramoure, magré myne hede. And therefore ye be answeryd: I woll none of you, for ye be false enchaunters. And as for my lady, dame Gwenyvere, were I at my lyberté as I was, I wolde prove hit on youres that she is the treweste lady unto hir lorde lyvynge.'

'Well,' seyde the quenys, 'ys this your answere, that ye woll refuse us?'

'Ye, on my lyff,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'refused ye bene of me.'

99r So they departed and leffte hym there alone that made grete sorow.

(4) So aftir that noone com the damesel unto hym with his dyner and asked hym what chere.

'Truly, damesel,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'never so ylle.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'that me repentis, but and ye woll be ruled by me I shall helpe you oute of this dystresse, and ye shall have no shame nor velony, so that ye wol⟨d⟩ [hold] my promyse.'

'Fayre damesel, I graunte you; but sore I am of thes quenys crauftis aferde, for they have destroyed many a good knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'that is soth, and for the renowne and bounté that they here of you they woll have your love. And, sir, they sey youre name is sir Launcelot du Lake, the floure of knyghtes, and they be passyng wroth with you that ye have refused hem. But, sir, and ye wolde promyse me to helpe my fadir on Tewysday nexte commynge, that hath made a turnemente betwyxt hym and the kynge of North Galys—for the laste Tewysday past my fadir loste the felde thorow three knyghtes of Arthurs courte—and yf ye woll be there on Tewysday next commynge and helpe my fadir, and to-morne be pryme by the grace of God I shall delyver you clene.'

'Now, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'telle me your fadyrs name, and than shall I gyff you an answere.'

3 *C** enchauntresses 5 *C** on you or on yours 13 *C* Ryght so at the noone 15 *C** fayre damoysel sayd syre Launcelot in my lyf dayes neuer 18 *W* woll my *C** hold me a (*see note*) 20 *C* wil graunte 21 *C* quenes sorceresses aferd 24 *C* they wold haue 25 *C* they sayne 31 yf *not in C* 33 *C* fader to morne or pryme 35 *C* me what is your

'Sir knyght,' she seyde, 'my fadyrs name is kynge Bagdemagus, that was foule rebuked at the laste turnemente.'

'I knowe your fadir well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for a noble kyng and a good knyght, and by the fayth of my body, your fadir shall have my servyse, and you bothe at that [day].'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'gramercy, and to-morne loke ye be redy betymys, and I shall delyver you and take you your armoure, your horse, shelde and spere. And hereby wythin this ten myle is an abbey of whyght monkys, and there I pray you to abyde me, and thydir shall I brynge my fadir unto you.' 99v

'And all this shall be done,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'as I am trew knyght.'

And so she departed and come on the morne erly and founde hym redy. Than she brought hym oute of twelve lockys, and toke hym his armour and his owne horse; and lyghtly he sadyld hym and toke his spere in his honde, and so rode forth, and sayde,

'Damesell, I shall not fayle, by the grace of God.'

And so he rode into a grete foreste all that day, and never coude fynde no hygheway. And so the nyght fell on hym, and than was he ware in a slade of a pavylyon of rede sendele. 'Be my feyth,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'in that pavylyon woll I lodge all this nyght.' And so he there alyght downe, and tyed his horse to the pavylyon, and there he unarmed hym. And there he founde a bed, and layde hym therein, and felle on slepe sadly.

Than within an owre there com that knyght that ought (5) the pavylyon. He wente that his lemman had layne in that bed, and so he leyde hym adowne by sir Launcelot and toke hym in his armys and began to kysse hym. And whan sir Launcelot felte a rough berde kyssyng hym he sterte oute of the bedde lyghtly, and the othir knyght after hym. And eythir of hem gate their swerdys in their hondis, and oute at the pavylyon dore wente the knyght of the pavylyon,

1 *C* fader is 5–6 *C** body ye shalle haue my body redy to doo your fader and you seruyse at that *End of line in W* 7 *C* awayte ye 8 *C** shal be she that shal 10–11 *C* you that ye me abyde and 16 *C* & brouȝt hym vnto his armour & whan he was clene armed she brought hym vntyl his owne hors 17 *C* toke a grete spere 19 *C* fayre damoysel I shal not faile you 28–29 *C* knyghte to whome the pauelione ought And he 30 *C* doune besyde syr

and sir Launcelot folowed hym. And there by a lytyll slad sir Launcelot wounded hym sore nyghe unto the deth. And than he yelded hym to sir Launcelot, and so he graunted hym, so that he wolde telle hym why he com into the bed.

'Sir,' sayde the knyghte, 'the pavylyon is myne owne. And as this nyght I had assigned my lady to have slepte with hir, and now I am lykly to dye of this wounde.'

'That me repentyth,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'of youre hurte, but I was adrad of treson, for I was late begyled. And therefore com on your way into youre pavylyon, and take youre reste, and as I suppose I shall staunche your bloode.'

100r And so they wente bothe into the pavylyon, and anone sir Launcelot staunched his bloode. Therewithall com the knyghtes lady that was a passynge fayre lady. And whan [she] aspyed that her lorde Belleus was sore wounded she cryed oute on sir Launcelot and made grete dole oute of mesure.

'Pease, my lady and my love,' seyde sir Belleus, 'for this knyght is a good man and a knyght of aventures.' And there he tolde hir all the case how he was wounded. 'And whan that I yelded me unto hym he laffte me goodly, and hath staunched my bloode.'

'Sir,' seyde the lady, 'I require the, telle me what knyght thou art, and what is youre name.'

'Fayre lady,' he sayde, 'my name is sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'So me thought ever be youre speche,' seyde the lady, 'for I have sene you oftyn or this, and I know you bettir than ye wene. But now wolde ye promyse me of youre curtesye, for the harmys that ye have done to me and to my lorde, sir Belleus, that whan ye com unto kyng Arthurs court for to cause hym to be made knyght of the Rounde Table? For he is a passyng good man of armys and a myghty lorde of londys of many oute iles.'

'Fayre lady,' sayde sir Launcelot, 'latte hym com unto the courte the next hyghe feste, and loke ye com with hym, and I shall do my power; and he preve hym doughty of his hondis he shall have his desyre.'

1 *C* lytel (*S* lytyl) slake 6 *C* and there thys 7 *C* with me 18 *C* knyght aduenturous 28 *C* now and ye wold 30 *C* whanne he cometh 36–37 *C*† ye preue you doughty of your handes that ye shalle haue your desyre

So within a whyle the nyght passed and the day shone. Than sir Launcelot armed hym and toke his horse, and so he was taughte to the abbey.

And as sone as he come thydir the doughter of kyng (6)
Bagdemagus herde a grete horse trotte on the pa[vy]mente, 5
and she than arose and yode to [a] wyndowe, and there she sawe sir Launcelot. And anone she made men faste to take his horse frome hym, and lette lede hym into a stable; and hymself [was ledde] unto a chambir and unarmed hym. And this lady sente hym a longe gowne, and com hirself 10
and made hym good chere; and she seyde he was the knyght in the worlde that was moste welcom unto hir. 100v

Than in all haste she sente for hir fadir Bagdemagus that was within twelve myle of that abbey, and afore evyn he come with a fayre felyshyp of knyghtes with hym. And 15
whan the kynge was alyght of his horse he yode streyte unto sir Launcelotte his chambir, and there he founde his doughtir. And than the kynge toke hym in his armys and eythir made other good chere.

Than sir Launcelot made his complaynte unto the kynge, 20
how he was betrayed; and how he was brother unto sir Lyonell, whyche was departed frome hym he wyste not where, and how his doughter had delyverde hym oute of preson. 'Therefore, whyle that I lyve, I shall do hir servyse and all hir kynrede.' 25

'Than am I sure of your helpe,' seyde the kyng, 'on Tewysday next commyng?'

'Yee, sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall nat fayle you, for so have I promysed my lady youre doughter. But, sir, what knyghtes be tho of my lorde kyng Arthurs that were with 30
the kyng of North Galys?'

'Sir, hit was sir Madore de la Porte and sir Mordred and sir Gahalantyne that all forfared my knyghtes, for agaynste hem three I nother none of myne myght bere no strenghthe.'

1 *C* whyle as they thus talked the nyghte 2–3 *C** and they taught hym to the Abbaye and thyder he rode within the pace of two owrys 4 *C* And soone as syre launcelott came withyn the Abbeye yarde the 5 *C* hors goo on 6 *W* to dwyndowe 9 *C* in to a fayre chamber 11 *C* And thēne she made launcelot passyng good 18 *C* enbraced syr Launcelot in hys 21–22 *C* how his broder syre lyonel was 22 *C* nyst 24 that *not in C* 31–32 *C* Northgalys and the kyng said it 34 *C* I nor my knyghtes

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'as I here sey that the turnement shall be here within this three myle of this abbay. But, sir, ye shall sende unto me three knyghtes of youres suche as ye truste, and loke that the three knyghtes have all whyght sheldis and no picture on their shyldis, and ye shall sende me another of the same sewte; and we four wyll oute of a lytyll wood in myddys of bothe partyes com, and we shall falle on the frunte of oure enemys and greve hem that we may. And thus shall I not be knowyn what maner a knyght I am.'

So they toke their reste that nyght. And this was on the Sonday, and so the kynge departed and sente unto sir Launcelot three knyghtes with four whyght shyldys. And on the Tewysday they lodged hem in a lytyll leved wood
101r besyde thereas the turnemente sholde be. And there were scaffoldys and ⌜holes⌝, that lordys and ladyes myght beholde and gyff the pryse.

Than com into the fylde the kynge of North Galys with nyne score helmys, and than the three knyghtis of kyng Arthurs stood by themself. Than com into the felde kynge Bagdemagus with four score helmys; and than they featured their sperys and come togydyrs with a grete daysshe. And there was slayne of knyghtes at the fyrste recountir twelve knyghtes of kynge Bagdemagus parté, and syx of the kynge of North Galys syde and party; and kynge Bagdemagus his party were ferre sette asyde and bak.

(7) Wyth that com in sir Launcelot, and he threste in with his spere in the thyckyst of the pres; and there he smote downe with one spere fyve knyghtes, and of four of them he brake their backys. And in that thrange he smote downe the kynge of North Galys, and brake his thygh in that falle. All this doynge of sir Launcelot saw the three knyghtes of Arthurs, and seyde, 'Yondir is a shrewde geste, therefore have here ons at hym.' So they encountred, and sir Launce-

2 But sir *not in C* 5–6 *C* sheldes & I also & no paynture on the sheldes & we four will come out 7 com *not in C* 8 *C* falle in 9 *C* maner a *not in C* 16 *W* and towrys that *C** and holes that *F* (*MS. Add. 10293, f. 284a*) firent li doy roy drechier loges en mi les prés ou il avoit fenestres as dames et as damoiseles (*see note*) 17 *C* to gyue 19 *C* eyght score 21 *C* score of helmys 25 syde and *not in C* 26 asyde and *not in C* 33 and seyde *not in C* *C** gest sayd syre Madore de la port therfore

lot bare hym downe horse and man so that his sholdir wente oute of joynte.

'Now hit befallyth me,' seyde sir Mordred, 'to stirre me, for sir Mador hath a sore falle.' And than sir Launcelot was ware of hym, and gate a spere in his honde and mette with hym. And sir Mordred brake his spere uppon hym; and sir Launcelot gaff hym suche a buffette that the arson of the sadill brake, and so he drove over the horse tayle, that his helme smote into the erthe a foote and more, that nyghe his nek was broke, and there he lay longe in a swowe.

Than com in sir Gahalantyne with a grete spere, and sir Launcelot agaynste hym in all that they myght dryve, that bothe hir sperys to-braste evyn to their hondys; and than they flange oute with her swerdes and gaff many sore strokys. **101v** Than was sir Launcelot wroth oute of mesure, and than he smote sir Gahalantyne on the helme, that his nose, erys and mowthe braste oute on bloode; and therewith his hede hynge low, and with that his horse ran away with hym, and he felle downe to the erthe.

Anone therewithall sir Launcelot gate a speare in his honde, and or ever that speare brake he bare downe to the erthe syxtene knyghtes, som horse and man and som the man and nat the horse; and there was none that he hitte surely but that he bare none armys that day. And than he gate a spere and smote downe twelve knyghtes, and the moste party of hem never throoff aftir. And than the knyghtes of the kyng of North Galys party wolde jouste no more, and there the gre was gevyn to kyng Bagdemagus.

So eythir party departed unto his owne, and sir Launcelot rode forth with kynge Bagdemagus unto his castel. And there he had passynge good chere bothe with the kyng and with his doughter, and they profyrde hym grete yefftes. And on the morne he toke his leve and tolde the kynge that he wolde seke his brothir sir Lyonell that wente frome

2 *C* oute of lyth 3–4 *C* befalleth it to me to Iuste sayd Mordred for 4 And than *not in C* 5 *C* a grete spere 6 with *not in C* *C* a spere 8 *C* he flewe ouer 9 *C* butte in to 12 *C** hym with al theyre strength that they myȝt dryue 14 *C* many a grym stroke 16–17 *C* nose braste out on blood and eerys and mouthe bothe and ther with 20 *C* a greete spere 21 *C* that grete spere 23–24 *C* none but that he hyt surely he bare 25 *C* another grete spere 29 *C* his owne place 34 *C* wold goo and seke

hym whan he slepte. So he toke his horse and betaughte hem all to God, and there he seyde unto the kynges doughter,

'Yf that ye have nede ony tyme of my servyse, I pray you let me have knowlecche, and I shall nat fayle you, as I am trewe knyght.'

And so sir Launcelot departed, and by adventure he com into the same foreste there he was takynge his slepe before; and in the myddys of an hygheway he mette a damesel rydynge on a whyght palfray, and there eythir salewed other.

'Fayre damesel,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'know y[e] in this contrey ony adventures nere hande?'

'Sir knyght,' seyde the damesel, 'here ar adventures nyghe, and thou durste preve hem.'

'Why sholde I not preve?' seyde sir Launcelot. 'For for that cause com I hydir.'

'Welle,' seyde she, 'thou semyst well to be a good knyght,
102r and yf thou dare mete with a good knyght I shall brynge the where is the beste knyght and the myghtyeste that ever thou founde, so thou wolte telle me thy name and what knyght thou art.'

'Damesell, as for to telle you my name, I take no grete force. Truly, my name is sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'Sir, thou besemys well; here is adventures fast by that fallyth for the. For hereby dwellyth a knyght that woll nat be overmacched for no man I know but ye do overmacche hym. And his name is sir Tarquyn. And, as I undirstonde, he hath in his preson of Arthurs courte good knyghtes three score and four that he hath wonne with his owne hondys. But whan ye have done that journey, ye shall promyse me, as ye ar a trew knyght, for to go and helpe me and other damesels that ar dystressed dayly with a false knyght.'

'All youre entente, damesell, and desyre I woll fulfylle, so ye woll brynge me unto this knyght.'

'Now, fayre knyght, com on youre way.'

1 *C* whan that he 3 that *not in C* 7–8 *C* was take slepyng† And 11 *W* know you *C** knowe ye 12 nere hande *not in C* 13–14 *C* aduentures nere hand and thou 15 *C* not preue aduentures 15–16 *C* launcelot for that 20 *C* telle me what is thy 24–25 *C* here ben aduentures by that fallen 26 do *not in C* 31 *C* go with me and to helpe

And so she brought hym unto the fourde and the tre where hynge the basyn. So sir Launcelot lette his horse drynke, and sytthen he bete on the basyn with the butte of his spere tylle the bottum felle oute. And longe dud he so, but he sye no man. Than he rode endlonge the gatys of that maner nyghe halfe an howre.

And than was he ware of a grete knyght that droffe an horse afore hym, and overthwarte the horse lay an armed knyght bounden. And ever as they com nere and nere sir Launcelot thought he sholde know hym. Than was he ware that hit was sir Gaherys, Gawaynes brothir, a knyght of the Table Rounde.

'Now, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I se yondir a knyght faste ibounden that is a felow of myne, and brother he is unto sir Gawayne. And at the fyrste begynnynge I promyse you, by the leve of God, for to rescowe that knyght. But yf his maystir sytte the bettir in his sadyl, I shall 102v delyver all the presoners that he hath oute of daungere, for I am sure he hath two bretherne of myne presoners with hym.'

But by that tyme that eythir had sene other they gryped theyre sperys unto them.

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'put that wounded knyghte of that horse and lette hym reste a whyle, and lette us too preve oure strengthis. For, as hit is enfourmed me, thou doyste and haste done me grete despyte, and shame unto knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And therefore now defende the!'

'And thou be of [the] Rounde Table,' seyde Terquyn, 'I de[fy] the and all thy felyshyp!'

'That is overmuche seyde,' sir Launcelot seyde, 'of the at thys tyme.'

And than they put there sperys in their restys and come (8) togedyrs with hir horsis as faste as they myght ren; and aythir smote other in myddys of their shyldis, that both their horsys backys braste undir them, and the knyghtes

4 *C* spere so hard with al his myȝt tyl 4–5 *C* he dyd so but he sawe noo thynge 10 *C* Thenne sir launcelot was ware 13–14 *C* yonder cometh a 17 *C* sytte better in the sadel 21 But *not in C* 25 *C* us two 26 *C* done grete 30 *W* I desyre the 31–33 *C* sayd sayd syre launcelot Capitulum VIII And thēne

were bothe astoned. And as sone as they myght they avoyded their horsys and toke their shyldys before them and drew oute their swerdys and com togydir egirly; and eyther gaff other many stronge strokys, for there myght nothir shyldis nother harneyse holde their strokes.

And so within a whyle they had bothe many grymme woundys and bledde passyng grevously. Thus they fared two owres and more, trasyng and rasyng eyther othir where they myght hitte ony bare place. Than at the laste they were brethles bothe, and stode lenyng on her swerdys.

'Now, felow,' seyde sir Terquyne, 'holde thy honde a whyle, and telle me that I shall aske of the.'

'Sey on,' seyde sir Launcelot.

Than sir Terquyn seyde, 'Thou art the byggyst man that ever I mette withall, and the beste-brethed, and as lyke one knyght that I hate abovyn all other knyghtes. So be hit
103r that thou be not he, I woll lyghtly acorde with the, and for thy love I woll delyver all the presoners that I have, that is three score and four, so thou wolde telle me thy name. And thou and I woll be felowys togedyrs and never to fayle the whyle that I lyve.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but sytthyn hit is so that I have thy frendeshyppe and may have, what knyght is that that thou hatyste abovyn all thynge?'

'Feythfully,' seyde sir Terquyn, 'his name is sir Launcelot de Lake, for he slowe my brothir sir Carados at the Dolerous Towre, that was one of the beste knyghtes on lyve; and therefore hym I excepte of alle knyghtes, for may I hym onys mete, the tone shall make an ende, I make myne avow. And for sir Launcelottis sake I have slayne an hondred good knyghtes, and as many I have maymed all uttirly, that they myght never aftir helpe themself, and many have dyed in preson. And yette have I three score and four, and all [shal] be delyverde, so thou wolte telle me thy name, so be hit that thou be nat sir Launcelot.'

1–2 *C* myghte auoyde theyre horses they took 6–7 *C* bothe grymly woundes 8 *C* or mo 12 *C* what I shal aske the 13 seyde sir Launcelot *not in C*† 15–16 *C* and lyke on knyȝt 19 *C* thou wylt 20 *C* and I we wyl be 22 *C* it is wel sayd sayd 23 *C* I may haue thy frendship what 24 *C* al other 26 *C* du lake 28–29 *C* I ones mete with hym the one of vs shal make an ende of other I

'Now se I well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that suche a man I myght be, I myght have pease; and suche a man I myght[e be] that there sholde be mortall warre betwyxte us. And now, sir knyght, at thy requeste I woll that thou wete and know that I am sir Launcelot du Lake, kynge Bannys son of Benwyke, and verry knyght of the Table Rounde. And now I defyghe the, and do thy beste!'

'A!' seyde sir Tarquyne, 'thou arte to me moste welcom of ony knyght, for we shall never departe tylle the tone of us be dede.'

Than they hurteled togedyrs as two wylde bullys, russhynge and laysshyng with hir shyldis and swerdys, that somtyme they felle bothe on their nosys. Thus they foughte stylle two owres and more and never wolde have reste, and sir Tarquyne gaff sir Launcelot many woundys, that all the grounde thereas they faughte was all besparcled with bloode. **103v**

Than at the laste sir Terquyne wexed faynte and gaff (9) somwhat abakke, and bare his shylde low for wery. That aspyed sir Launcelot, and lepte uppon hym fersly and gate hym by the bavoure of hys helmette and plucked hym downe on his kneis, and anone he raced of his helme and smote his necke in sundir. And whan sir Launcelot had done this he yode unto the damesell and seyde,

'Damesell, I am redy to go with you where ye woll have me, but I have no horse.'

'Fayre sir,' seyde this wounded knyght, 'take my horse, and than lette me go into this maner and delyver all thes presoners.' So he toke sir Gaheris horse and prayde hym nat to be greved.

'Nay, fayre lorde, I woll that ye have hym at your commaundemente, for ye have bothe saved me and my horse. And this day I sey ye ar the beste knyght in the worlde,

3 *C* warre mortal 7 *P* doo *Wh* doe 8 *C* Turquyne launcelot thou 8–9 *C* welcome that euer was knyghte 13 *C* ouer theyr 16 *P* besperkled *Wh* bespeckled 19 *P* shelde *Wh* sheld 19 *C* for werynesse 23–25 *W* (*sidenote*): The deth of Terquyn by sir Launcelot 27–28 *C* sayd she take this wounded knyghtes hors and sende hym in to this manoyr and commaunde hym to delyuer all the 29–32 *C* Soo syr launcelot wente vnto Gaheryes and praid hym not to be agreued for to leue hym his hors Nay fayr lord said Gaheryes I wyll that ye take my hors atte your owne commaundement 33 *P* world *Wh* worlde

for ye have slayne this day in my syght the myghtyeste man and the beste knyght excepte you that ever I sawe. But, fayre sir,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'I pray you telle me your name.'

'Sir, my name is sir Launcelot du Lake that ought to helpe you of ryght for kynge Arthurs sake, and in especiall for my lorde sir Gawayne his sake, youre owne brother. And whan that ye com within yondir maner, I am sure ye shall fynde there many knyghtes of the Rounde Table; for I have sene many of their shyldys that I know hongys on yondir tre. There is sir Kayes shylde, ⌜and sir Brandeles shylde⌝, and sir Galyhuddys shylde, and sir Bryan de Lystenoyse his shylde, and sir Alydukis shylde, with many mo that I am nat now avysed of, and sir Marhaus, and also my too brethirne shyldis, sir Ector de Marys and sir Lyonell. Wherefore I pray you grete them all frome me and sey that I bydde them to take suche stuff there as they fynde, that in ony wyse my too brethirne go unto the courte and abyde me there tylle that I com, for by the feste of Pentecoste I caste me to be there; for as at thys tyme I muste ryde with this
104r damesel for to save my promyse.'

And so they departed frome Gaherys; and Gaherys yode into the maner, and there he founde a yoman porter kepyng many keyes. Than sir Gaherys threw the porter unto the grounde and toke the keyes frome hym; and hastely he opynde the preson dore, and there he lette all the presoners oute, and every man lowsed other of their bondys. And whan they sawe sir Gaherys, all they thanked hym, for they wente that he had slayne sir Terquyne because that he was wounded.

'Not so, syrs,' seyde sir Gaherys, 'hit was sir Launcelot that slew hym worshypfully with his owne hondys, and he gretys you all well and prayeth you to haste you to the courte. And as unto you, sir Lyonell and sir Ector de Marys,

1 *P* myghtyest *Wh* myghtest 2–3 *P* sawe & fayr syre *Wh* sawe & fore syre 6 *C* gawayns sake your owne dere broder 7 *P* manoyr *Wh* manayr 9 hongys *not in C* 10–11 *C** shelde & sir braundeles sheld and syr Marhaus sheld and syre Galyndes shelde *F mentions Brandelis among the prisoners delivered by Kay* (*MS. Add. 10293, f. 322b*) 13 and sir Marhaus *not in C* 17 too *not in C* 21 *C* and soo he 22 *P* manoir *Wh* manore 22–23 *C* kepyng ther many keyes Anone with al syre 25–26 *C* lete oute all the prysoners 28 that he had slayne sir Terquyne because *not in C*† 30 *P* was *Wh* wos 31 *C** handes I sawe it with myn owne eyen and he 33 you *not in C*

he prayeth you to abyde hym at the courte of kynge Arthure.'

'That shall we nat do,' seyde his bretherne. 'We woll fynde hym and we may lyve.'

'So shall I,' seyde sir Kay, 'fynde hym or I com to the courte, as I am trew knyght.'

Than they sought the house thereas the armour was, and than they armed them; and every knyght founde hys owne horse and all that longed unto hym. So forthwith there com a foster with four horsys lade with fatte venyson. And anone sir Kay seyde, 'Here is good mete for us for one meale, for we had not many a day no good repaste.' And so that venyson was rosted, sodde, and bakyn; and so aftir souper som abode there all nyght. But sir Lyonell and sir Ector de Marys and sir Kay rode aftir sir Launcelot to fynde hym yf they myght.

Now turne we to sir Launcelot that rode with the damesel (10) in a fayre hygheway.

'Sir,' seyde the damesell, 'here by this way hauntys a knyght that dystressis all ladyes and jantylwomen, and at the leste he robbyth them other lyeth by hem.'

'What?' seyde sir Launcelot, 'is he a theff and a knyght? And a ravyssher of women? He doth shame unto the Order of Knyghthode, and contrary unto his oth. Hit is pyté that he lyvyth! But, fayre damesel, ye shall ryde on before **104**[v] youreself, and I woll kepe myself in coverte; and yf that he trowble yow other dystresse you I shall be your rescowe and lerne hym to be ruled as a knyght.'

So thys mayde rode on by the way a souffte amblynge pace, and within a whyle com oute a knyght on horseba[k] owte of the woode and his page with hym. And there he put the damesell frome hir horse, and than she cryed. With that com sir Launcelot as faste as he myght tyll he com to the knyght, sayng,

'A, false knyght and traytoure unto knyghthode, who dud lerne the to distresse ladyes, damesels and jantyllwomen!'

1–2 of kynge Arthure *not in C* 3 *P* sayd *Wh* says 5 *C* come at 6 *P* true *Wh* trne 7 *C* Thenne alle tho knyghtes sought 9 *P* that *Wh* thet 9–10 *C* hym And whan this was done ther 10 *Wh* soster 13 *C* baken and soden 14 *C* al that nyghte 30 *W* horsbat 35 *C* O thou fals 36 damesels *not in C*

Whan the knyght sy sir Launcelot thus rebukynge hym he answerde nat, but drew his swerde and rode unto sir Launcelot. And sir Launcelot threw his spere frome hym and drew his swerde, and strake hym suche a buffette on the helmette that he claffe his hede and necke unto the throte.

'Now haste thou thy paymente that longe thou haste deserved!'

'That is trouth,' seyde the damesell, 'for lyke as Terquyn wacched to dystresse good knyghtes, so dud this knyght attende to destroy and dystresse ladyes, damesels and jantyll-women; and his name was sir Perys de Foreste Savage.'

'Now, damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot 'woll ye ony more servyse of me?'

'Nay, sir,' she seyde, 'at thys tyme, but Allmyghty Jesu preserve you wheresomever ye ryde or goo, for the curteyst knyght thou arte, and mekyste unto all ladyes and jantyl-women that now lyvyth. But one thyng, sir knyght, me-thynkes ye lak, ye that ar a knyght wyveles, that ye woll nat love som mayden other jantylwoman. For I cowde never here sey that ever ye loved ony of no maner of degré, and that is grete pyté. But hit is noysed that ye love quene Gwenyvere, and that she hath ordeyned by enchauntemente that ye shall never love none other but hir, nother none other damesell ne lady shall rejoyce you; where[fore] there
105r be many in this londe, of hyghe astate and lowe, that make grete sorow.'

'Fayre damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may nat warne peple to speke of me what hit pleasyth hem. But for to be a weddyd man, I thynke hit nat, for than I muste couche with hir and leve armys and turnamentis, batellys and adventures. And as for to sey to take my pleasaunce with peramours, that woll I refuse: in prencipall for drede of God, for knyghtes that bene adventures sholde nat be advoutrers nothir lecherous, for than they be nat happy nother fortunate unto the werrys; for other they shall be overcom with a sympler knyght than they be hemself,

4 *C* drewe oute 4–10 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Launcelot slew Perys de Forest Saveage 10 *C* to destroye knyghtes 16 *S* perserue 21 *C* maner degree 25–26 there be *not in C* 34–35 *C* † ben aduenturous or lecherous shal not be happy

other ellys they shall sle by unhappe and hir cursednesse bettir men than they be hemself. And so who that usyth peramours shall be unhappy, and all thynge unhappy that is aboute them.'

And so sir Launcelot and she departed. And than he rode in a depe foreste two dayes and more, and hadde strayte lodgynge. So on the thirde day he rode on a longe brydge, and there sterte uppon hym suddeynly a passyng foule carle. And he smote his horse on the nose, that he turned aboute, and asked hym why he rode over that brydge without lycence.

'Why sholde I nat ryde this way?' seyde sir Launcelotte, 'I may not ryde besyde.'

'Thou shalt not chose,' seyde the carle, and laysshed at hym with a grete club shodde with iron.

Than sir Launcelot drew his swerde and put the stroke abacke, and clave his hede unto the pappys.

And at the ende of the brydge was a fayre vyllage, and all peple, men and women, cryed on sir Launcelot and sayde, 'Sir knyght, a worse dede duddyst thou never for thyself, for thou haste slayne the cheyff porter of oure castell.' Sir Launcelot lete hem sey what they wolde, and streyte he rode into the castelle.

And whan he come into the castell he alyght and tyed his horse to a rynge on the walle. And there he sawe a fayre grene courte, and thydir he dressid hym, for there hym **105v** thought was a fayre place to feyght in. So he loked aboute hym and sye muche peple in dorys and in wyndowys that sayde, 'Fayre knyghte, thou arte unhappy to com here!'

Anone withall there com uppon hym two grete gyauntis (11) well armed all save there hedy[s], with two horryble clubbys in their hondys. Sir Launcelot put his shylde before hym and put the stroke away of that one gyaunte, and with hys swerde he clave his hede in sundir. Whan his felowe sawe that, he ran away as he were woode, and sir Launcelot aftir hym with all his myght, and smote hym on the shuldir and clave hym to the navyll.

3 *C* is vnhappy 11 *C* his lycence 18–19 *C* al the people 20 Sir knyght *not in C* 22–23 *C* he wente in to 28 hym *not in C* 29 to com here *not in C*† 35 *C* wood for fere of the horryble strokes and laũcelot

Than sir Launcelot wente into the halle, and there com afore hym three score of ladyes and damesels, and all kneled unto hym and thanked God and hym of his delyveraunce.

'For,' they seyde, 'the moste party of us have bene here this seven yere [theire] presoners, and we have worched all maner of sylke workys for oure mete, and we are all grete jentylwomen borne. And blyssed be the tyme, knyght, that ever thou were borne, for thou haste done the moste worshyp that ever ded knyght in this worlde; that woll we beare recorde. And we all pray you to telle us your name, that we may telle oure frendis who delyverde us oute of preson.'

'Fayre damesellys,' he seyde, 'my name is sir Launcelot du Laake.'

'A, sir,' seyde they all, 'well mayste thou be he, for ellys save yourself, as we demed, there myght never knyght have the bettir of thes two jyauntis; for many fayre knyghtes have assayed, and here have ended. And many tymes have we here wysshed aftir you, and thes two gyauntes dredde never knyght but you.'

'Now may ye sey,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'unto your frendys, and grete them all fro me; and yf that I com in ony of your
106r marchys, shew me such chere as ye have cause. And what tresoure that there is in this castel I yeff hit you for a rewarde for your grevaunces. And the lorde that is the ownere of this castel, I wolde he ressayved hit as is his ryght.'

'Fayre sir,' they seyde, 'the name of this castell is called Tyntagyll, and a deuke ought hit somtyme that had wedded fayre Igrayne, and so aftir that she was wedded to Uther Pendragon, and he gate on hir Arthure.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I undirstonde to whom this castel longith.'

And so he departed frome them and betaught hem unto God, and than he mounted uppon his horse and rode into many stronge countreyes and thorow many watyrs and valeyes, and evyll was he lodged. And at the laste by fortune hym happynd ayenste nyght to come to a fayre courtelage, and therein he founde an olde jantylwoman that lodged

1–4 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Launcelot slew two Gyauntes in the castel of Tyntagil 3 *C* their delyueraunce 5 *Not emended in O*1 17 *C* assayed hit and 20–21 *C** frendes how & who hath delyuerd you and grete *W* grete*s* 26 called *not in C* 28–29 *C* & after wedded her Vtherpendragon 34 *C* straunge & wyld countreyes

hym with goode wyll; and there he had good chere for hym and his horse. And whan tyme was his oste brought hym into a garret over the gate to his bedde. There sir Launcelot unarmed hym and set his harneyse by hym and wente to bedde, and anone he felle on slepe. 5

So aftir there com one on horsebak and knokked at the gate in grete haste. Whan sir Launcelot herde this he arose up and loked oute at the wyndowe, and sygh by the moonelyght three knyghtes com rydyng aftir that one man, and all three laysshynge on hym at onys with swerdys; and that one 10 knyght turned on hem knyghtly agayne and defended hym.

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'yondir one knyght shall I helpe, for hit were shame for me to se three knyghtes on one, and yf [he] be there slayne I am partener of his deth.'

And therewith he toke his harneys and wente oute at 15 a wyndowe by a shete downe to the four knyghtes. And than sir Launcelot seyde on hyght,

'Turne you, knyghtis, unto me, and leve this feyghtyng with that knyght!'

And than they three leffte sir Kay and turned unto sir 20 Launcelot, and assayled hym on every honde. Than sir Kay dressid hym to have holpen sir Launcelot. **106v**

'Nay, sir,' sayde he, 'I woll none of your helpe. Therefore, as ye woll have my helpe, lette me alone with hem.'

Sir Kay for the plesure of that knyght suffyrd hym for to 25 do his wylle and so stoode on syde. Than anone within seven strokys sir Launcelot had strykyn hem to the erthe. And than they all three cryed,

'Sir knyght, we yelde us unto you as a man of myght makeles.' 30

'As to that, I woll nat take youre yeldyng unto me, but so that ye woll yelde you unto thys knyght; and on that covenaunte I woll save youre lyvys, and ellys nat.'

'Fayre knyght, that were us loth, for as for that knyght, we chaced hym hydir, and had overcom hym, had nat ye 35

3 *C* a fayre garet 6 *C* So soone after 10 *C* lasshed 18 *C* your fyghtyng 20 *C* alle thre 21 *C** and there beganne grete bataylle for they alyghte al thre and strake many grete strokes at syr launcelot and assaylled *Homoeoteleuton in W?* 21 *C* euery syde 26–27 *C* vi strokes 31 *C* that said sir laũcelot I will 32 *C* vnto syr kay the Seneschal 34 *C* knyghte sayd they that were we lothe to doo (we *not in S*) For as for syr kay

bene. Therefore to yelde us unto hym hit were no reson.'

'Well, as to that, avyse you well, for ye may chose whether ye woll dye other lyve. For and ye be yolden hit shall be unto sir Kay.'

5 'Now, fayre knyght,' they seyde, 'in savyng of oure lyvys, we woll do as thou commaundys us.'

'Than shall ye,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'on Whytsonday nexte commynge go unto the courte of kynge Arthure, and there shall ye yelde you unto quene Gwenyvere and putte 10 you all three in hir grace and mercy, and say that sir Kay sente you thydir to be her presoners.'

'Sir,' they seyde, 'hit shall be done, by the feyth of oure bodyes, and we be men lyvyng.'

And there they sware every knyght uppon his swerde, and 15 so sir Launcelot suffyrd hem to departe. And than sir Launcelot cnocked at the gate with the pomell of his swerde; and with that come his oste, and in they entyrd, he and sir Kay.

'Sir,' seyde his oste, 'I wente ye had bene in your bed.'

'So I was, but I arose and lepe oute at my wyndow for 20 to helpe an olde felowe of myne.'

So whan they come nye the lyght sir Kay knew well hit was sir Launcelot, and therewith he kneled downe and 107r thanked hym of all his kyndenesse, that he had holpyn hym twyse frome the deth.

25 'Sir,' he seyde, 'I have nothyng done but that me ought for to do. And ye ar welcom, and here shall ye repose you and take your reste.'

Whan sir Kay was unarmed he asked aftir mete. Anone there was mete fette for hym and he ete strongly. And whan 30 he had sowped they wente to their beddys and were lodged togydyrs in one bed.

So on the morne sir Launcelot arose erly and leffte sir Kay slepyng. And sir Launcelot toke sir Kayes armoure and his shylde and armed hym; and so he wente to the stable and 35 sadylde his horse, and toke his leve of his oste and departed. Than sone aftir arose sir Kay and myssid sir Launcelot, and than he aspyed that he had his armoure and his horse.

2 *C* that said laũcelot 5 *C* Fayre knyght thenne they 13 men *not in C*† 13–15 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Launcelot bete iii knyghtes and rescowed sir Kay 17 *C* sir kay and he 19 *C* I was sayd sire launcelot But 29 *C* mete fette hym 34–35 *C* and toke his hors and toke his leue

'Now, be my fayth, I know welle that he woll greve som of the courte of kyng Arthure, for on hym knyghtes woll be bolde and deme that hit is I, and that woll begyle them. And bycause of his armoure and shylde I am sure I shall ryde in pease.'

And than sone sir Kay departed and thanked his oste.

Now turne we unto sir Launcelot that had ryddyn longe (12) in a grete foreste. And at the laste he com unto a low countrey full of fayre ryvers and fayre meedys; and before hym he sawe a longe brydge, and three pavylyons stood thereon, of sylke and sendell of dyverse hew. And withoute the pavylyons hynge three whyght shyldys on trouncheouns of sperys, and grete longe sperys stood upryght by the pavylyons, and at every pavylyon dore stoode three freysh knyghtes.

And so sir Launcelot passed by hem and spake no worde. But whan he was paste the three knyghtes knew hym and seyde hit was the proude sir Kay:

'He wenyth no knyght so good as he, and the contrary is oftyn proved. Be my fayth,' seyde one of the knyghtes, his name was sir Gawtere, 'I woll ryde aftir hym and assay hym for all his pryde; and ye may beholde how that I spede.'

So sir Gawtere armed hym and hynge his shylde uppon his sholdir, and mounted uppon a grete horse, and gate his **107v** speare in his honde, and wallopte aftir sir Launcelot. And whan he come nyghe hym he cryed, 'Abyde, thou proude knyght, sir Kay! for thou shalt nat passe all quyte.' So sir Launcelot turned hym, and eythir feautyrd their sperys and com togedyrs with all their myghtes. And sir Gawters speare brake, but sir Launcelot smote hym downe horse and man.

And whan he was at the erthe his brethyrn seyde,

'Yondir knyght is nat sir Kay, for he is far bygger than he.'

'I dare ley my hede,' seyde sir Gylmere, 'yondir knyght hath slayne sir Kay and hath takyn hys horse and harneyse.'

'Whether hit be so other no,' seyde sir Raynolde, 'lette us mounte on oure horsys and rescow oure brothir, sir

1 *C* my seythe† 6 *C* soone after departed sir kay & 9 *C* Ryuers and medowes 14 *C* fresshe squyers 16–17 *C*† knyghtes sayden hym that hit was 19 *C* oftyme 22 *C* Soo this knyght syre Gaunter 26 all *not in C* 30 *C* whan syr gaunter was *C* sayd echone to other 31 *C* byggar *S* bygger 34–35 *C* Raynold the thyrd broder lete vs now goo mounte vpon our 35–p. 276, l. 1 *C* our broder sir Gaunter vpon payne

Gawtere. For payne of deth, we all shall have worke inow to macche that knyght; for ever mesemyth by his persone hit is sir Launcelot other sir Trystrams other sir Pelleas, the good knyght.

5 Than anone they toke their horsys and overtoke sir Launcelot. And sir Gylmere put forth his speare and ran to sir Launcelot, and sir Launcelot smote hym downe, that he lay in a sowghe.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Raynolde, 'thou arte a stronge man,
10 and as I suppose thou haste slayne my two bretherne, for the whyche rysyth my herte sore agaynste the. And yf I myght wyth my worshyppe I wolde not have ado with the, but nedys I muste take suche parte as they do. And therefore, knyght, kepe thyselfe!'

15 And so they hurtylde togydyrs with all their myghtes and all to-shevird bothe there spearys, and than they drew hir swerdys and laysshed togydir egirly. Anone there[with]all arose sir Gawtere and come unto his brother sir Gyllymere, and bade hym aryse, 'and helpe we oure brothir, sir Raynolde,
20 that yondir merveylously macchyth yondir good knyght.' Therewithall they hurteled unto sir Launcelot. And whan he sawe them com he smote a sore stroke unto sir Raynolde,
108r that he felle of his horse to the grounde, and than he caste to the othir two bretherne, and at two strokys he strake hem
25 downe to the erthe. Wyth that sir Raynolde gan up sterte with his hede all blody and com streyte unto sir Launcelot.

'Now let be,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I was not far frome the whan thou were made knyght, sir Raynolde, and also I know thou arte a good knyght, and lothe I were to sle the.'

30 'Gramercy,' seyde sir Raynolde, 'of your goodnesse, and I dare say as for me and my bretherne, [we] woll nat be loth to yelde us unto you, with that we know youre name; for welle we know ye ar not sir Kay.'

'As for that, be as be may. For ye shal yelde you unto
35 dame Gwenyvere, and loke that ye be there on Whytsonday and yelde you unto hir as presoners, and sey that sir Kay

1 *C* vpon payne 13 suche *not in C* 14 *C* knyghte as he sayd kepe 21 *C** they lepte on theyr horses & hurtled 24 *C* he stroke to 25 *C* beganne to starte vp 30 *C* raynold as for your 32 *C* knewe youre (*S* your) 34 *C* be it as it be 35 *C** be with her on

sente you unto hir.' Than they swore hit sholde be done, and [so] passed forth sir Launcelot, and ecchone of the bretherne halpe other as well as they myght.

So sir Launcelotte rode into a depe foreste, and there by (13) hym in a slade he sey four knyghtes hovynge undir an oke, 5 and they were of Arthurs courte: one was sir Sagramour le Desyrus, and sir Ector de Marys, and sir Gawayne, and sir Uwayne. And anone as these four knyghtes had aspyed sir Launcelot they wende by his armys that hit had bene sir Kay.

'Now, be my fayth,' sayde sir Sagramoure, 'I woll preve 10 sir Kayes myght,' and gate his spere in his honde and com towarde sir Launcelot.

Than sir Launcelot was ware of his commyng and knew hym well, and featured his speare agaynste hym and smote sir Sagramoure so sore that horse and man wente bothe to the erthe. 15

'Lo, my felowys,' seyde sir Ector, 'yondir may ye se what a buffette he hath gyffen! Methynkyth that knyght is muche bygger than ever was sir Kay. Now shall ye se what I may do to hym.'

So sir Ector gate his spere in his honde and walopte 20 towarde sir Launcelot, and sir Launcelot smote hym evyn thorow the shylde and his sholdir, that man and horse wente **108v** to the erthe, and ever his spere helde.

'Be my fayth,' sayde sir Uwayne, 'yondir is a stronge knyght, and I am sure he hath slayne Kay. And I se be his 25 grete strengthe hit woll be harde to macche hym.'

And therewithall sir Uwayne gate his speare and rode towarde sir Launcelot. And sir Launcelot knew hym well and lette hi⟨s⟩ horse renne on the playne and gaff hym suche a buffette that he was astooned, and longe he wyste nat 30 where he was.

'Now se I welle,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I muste encountir with that knyght,' and dressed his shylde and gate a good speare in his honde and lete renne at sir Launcelot with all his myght; and eyther knyght smote other in myddys of 35 the shylde. But sir Gawaynes spere braste, and sir Launcelot

5 hym *not in C* 13 of his commyng *not in C* 15 *C* man felle bothe 16 *C* sayd he† 17 gyffen Methynkyth *not in C* 21 evyn *not in C* 22 his *not in C* 27 *C* spere in his hand and 29 *W* hir horse *C* and soo he mette hym on 33 *C* knyȝt Thenne he dressid he† his 34–35 *C* and syre launcelot knewe hym wel and thenne they lete renne theyr horses with all theyr myghtes and

charged so sore uppon hym that his horse reversed up-so-downe, and muche sorow had sir Gawayne to avoyde his horse. And so sir Launcelot passed on a pace and smyled and seyde, 'God gyff hym joy that this spere made, for there cam never a bettir in my honde.'

Than the four knyghtes wente echone to other and comforted each other and seyde,

'What sey ye by this geste,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that with one spere hath felde us all four?'

'We commaunde hym to the devyll,' they seyde all, 'for he is a man of grete myght.'

'Ye may say hit well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that he [is] a man of myght, for I dare ley my hede hit is sir Launcelot: I know hym well by his rydyng.'

'Latte hym go,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'for whan we com to the courte we shall wete.'

Than had they much sorow to gete their horsis agayne.

(14) Now leve we there and speke we of sir Launcelot that rode a grete whyle in a depe foreste. And as he rode he sawe a blak brachette sekyng in maner as hit had bene in the feaute of an hurte dere. And therewith he rode aftir
109r the brachette and he saw lye on the grounde a large feaute of bloode. And than sir Launcelot rode faster, and ever the brachette loked behynde hir, and so she wente thorow a grete marys, and ever sir Launcelot folowed.

And than was he ware of an olde maner, and thydir ran the brachette and so over a brydge. So sir Launcelot rode over that brydge that was olde and feble, and whan he com in the myddys of a grete halle there he seye lye dede a knyght that was a semely man, and that brachette lycked his woundis. And therewithall com oute a lady wepyng and wryngyng hir hondys, and sayde,

'Knyght, to muche sorow hast thou brought me.'

'Why sey ye so?' seyde sir Launcelot. 'I dede never this knyght no harme, for hydir by the feaute of blood this brachet brought me. And therefore, fayre lady, be nat

7 and seyde *not in C* 8 with *not in C* 8–12 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Launcelot with one spere smote downe sir Sagramour sir Ector sir Uwayne and sir Gawayne 12 *C* may wel saye it 14 *C* knowe it by 15 *C* sayd syre Gawayn† 18 *C* speke of 19 *C* forest where he 23 *C* rode after And 27 *C* the brydge 32–33 *C* And thenne she sayd O knyghte

dyspleased with me, for I am full sore agreved for your grevaunce.'

'Truly, sir,' she seyde, 'I trowe hit be nat ye that hath slayne my husbonde, for he that dud that dede is sore wounded and is never lykly to be hole, that shall I ensure hym.'

'What was youre husbondes name?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Sir, his name was called sir Gylberd the Bastarde, one of the beste knyghtys of the worlde, and he that hath slayne hym I know nat his name.'

'Now God sende you bettir comforte,' seyde sir Launcelot.

And so he departed and wente into the foreste agayne, and there he mette with a damesell the whyche knew hym well. And she seyde on lowde,

'Well be ye founde, my lorde. And now I requyre you of your knyghthode helpe my brother that is sore wounded and never styntyth bledyng; for this day he fought with sir Gylberte the Bastarde and slew hym in playne batayle, and there was my brother sore wounded. And there is a lady, a sorseres, that dwellyth in a castel here bysyde, and this day she tolde me my brothers woundys sholde never be hole **109v** tyll I coude fynde a knyght wolde go into the Chapel Perelus, and there he sholde fynde a swerde and a blody cloth that the woundid knyght was lapped in; and a pece of that cloth and that swerde sholde hele my brother, with that his woundis were serched with the swerde and the cloth.'

'This is a mervelouse thyng,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but what is your brothirs name?'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'sir Melyot de Logyrs.'

'That me repentys,' seyde sir Launcelotte, 'for he is a felow of the Table Rounde, and to his helpe I woll do my power.'

Than she sayde, 'Sir, folow ye evyn this hygheway, and hit woll brynge you to the Chapel Perelus, and here I shall abyde tyll God sende you agayne. And yf you spede nat I know no knyght lyvynge that may encheve that adventure.'

1 *C* of your 5 *C* to recouer that 8 *C* Syre sayd she 22 *C* knyght wold *S* knyght that wold 25 *C* broders woundes so that 29 *C* she sayd his name was syre 33 *C* Thenne syre said she folowe euen 35–36 *C* and but you spede I

(15) Ryght so sir Launcelot departed, and whan he com to the Chapell Perelus he alyght downe and tyed his horse unto a lytyll gate. And as sone as he was within the chyrche-yerde he sawe on the frunte of the chapel many fayre ryche shyldis turned up-so-downe, and many of tho shyldis sir Launcelot had sene knyghtes bere byforehande. With that he sawe by hym there stonde a thirty grete knyghtes, more by a yerde than any man that ever he had sene, and all they grenned and gnasted at sir Launcelot. And whan he sawe their countenaunce he dredde hym sore, and so put his shylde before hym and toke his swerde in his honde redy unto batayle.

And they all were armed all in blak harneyse, redy with her shyldis and her swerdis redy drawyn. And as sir Launcelot wolde have gone thorow them they skaterd on every syde of hym and gaff hym the way, and therewith he wexed bolde and entyrde into the chapel. And there he sawe no lyght but a dymme lampe brennyng, and than was he ware of a corpus hylled with a clothe of sylke. Than sir Launcelot stouped doune and kutte a pese away of that cloth, and than hit fared undir hym as the grounde had
110r quaked a lytyll; therewithall he feared.

And than he sawe a fayre swerde lye by the dede knyght, and that he gate in his honde and hyed hym oute of the chapell. Anone as ever he was in the chapell-yerde all the knyghtes spake to hym with grymly voyces and seyde,

'Knyght, sir Launcelot, lay that swerde frome the or thou shalt dye!'

'Whether that I lyve other dye,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'with no wordys grete gete ye hit agayne. Therefore fyght for hit and ye lyst.'

Than ryght so he passed thorowoute them. And byyonde the chapell-yarde there mette hym a fayre damesell and seyde,

'Sir Launcelot, leve that swerde behynde the, other thou wolt dye for hit.'

'I leve hit not,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for no thretyng.'

9 *C* grened *S* greued 11 *C* swerd redy in 14 *C* swerdes drawen 17 *C* al bold 21 *C* the erthe had 26 *C* a grymly voys 30 *C* noo grete word 37 *C* no treatys

'No,' seyde she, 'and thou dyddyste leve that swerde quene Gwenyvere sholde thou never se.'

'Than were I a foole and I wolde leve this swerde.'

'Now, jantyll knyghte,' seyde the damesell, 'I requyre the to kysse me but onys.' 5

'Nay,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that God me forbede.'

'Well, sir,' seyde she, 'and thou haddyst kyssed me thy lyff dayes had be done. And now, alas,' she seyde, 'I have loste all my laboure, for I ordeyned this chapell for thy sake and for sir Gawayne. And onys I had hym within me, and 10 at that tyme he fought with this knyght that lyeth dede in yondir chapell, sir Gylberte the Bastarde, and at that tyme he smote the lyffte honde of sir Gylberte. And, sir Launcelot, now I telle the: I have loved the this seven yere, [but] there may no woman have thy love but quene Gwenyver; and 15 sytthen I myght nat rejoyse the nother thy body on lyve, I had kepte no more joy in this worlde but to have thy body dede. Than wolde I have bawmed hit and sered hit, and so to have kepte hit my lyve dayes; and dayly I sholde have clypped the and kyssed the, dispyte of quene Gwenyvere.' 20

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'Jesu preserve me frome your subtyle crauftys!'

And therewithall he toke his horse and so departed frome hir. And as the booke seyth, whan sir Launcelot was departed she toke suche sorow that she deyde within a fourtenyte; and 25 hir name was called Hallewes the Sorseres, lady of the castell **110v** Nygurmous. And anone sir Launcelot mette with the damesel, sir Melyottis systir, and whan she sawe hym she clapped hir hondys and wepte for joy. And than they rode into a castell thereby where lay sir Melyot, and anone as sir Launce- 30 lot sye hym he knew hym, but he was passyng paale as the erthe for bledynge. Whan sir Melyot saw sir Launcelot he kneled uppon his kneis and cryed on hyghte:

'A, lorde, sir Launcelot, helpe me anone!'

Than sir Launcelot lepe unto hym and towched his 35 woundys with sir Gylbardys swerde, and than he wyped his

1 *C* dydest loue† that 10 *C* had syr Gawayne within 11 *C* that knyght that lyeth there dede 13 *C* of of sir Gylbert the bastard 16 *C* I maye not reioyce the to haue thy body 20 *C** in despyte of Quene 25 *C* a fourten nyghte 26 *C* was Hellawes 33 *C* on hyghe 34 *C* helpe me Anone syre

woundys with a parte of the bloody cloth that sir Gylbarde was wrapped in; and anone an holer man in his lyff was he never.

And than there was grete joy betwene hem, and they made sir Launcelot all the chere that they myghte. And so on the morne sir Launcelot toke his leve and bade sir Melyot hyghe hym 'to the courte of my lorde Arthure, for hit drawyth nyghe to the feste of Pentecoste. And there, by the grace of God, ye shall fynde me.' And therewith they departed.

(16) And so sir Launcelot rode thorow many stronge contrayes, over mores and valeis, tyll by fortune he com to a fayre castell. And as he paste beyonde the castell hym thought he herde bellys rynge, and than he was ware of a faucon com over his hede fleyng towarde an hyghe elme, and longe lunes aboute her feete. And she flowe unto the elme to take hir perche, the lunes overcast aboute a bowghe; and whan she wolde have tane hir flyght she hynge by the leggis faste. And sir Launcelot syghe how ⟨s⟩he hynge, and behelde the fayre faucon perygot; and he was sory for hir. The meanewhyle cam a lady oute of a castell and cryed on hyghe:

'A, Launcelot, Launcelot! as thow arte floure of all knyghtes, helpe me to gete me my hauke; for and my hauke be loste my lorde wolde destroy me, for I kepte the hauke and she slypped fro me. And yf my lorde my husbande wete hit,
111r he is so hasty that he wyll sle me.'

'What is your lordis name?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Sir,' she seyde, 'his name is sir Phelot, a knyght that longyth unto the kynge of North Galys.'

'Welle, fayre lady, syn that ye know my name and requyre me of knyghthode to helpe, I woll do what I may to gete youre hauke; and yet God knowyth I am an evyll clymber, and the tre is passynge hyghe, and fewe bowys to helpe me withall.'

And therewith sir Launcelot alyght and tyed his horse to the same tre, and prayde the lady to onarme hym. And so whan he was unarmed he put of all his clothis unto his shurte and his breche, and with myght and grete force he clambe

5–9 *W* (*sidenote*): Here sir Launcelot heled sir Melyot de Logyrs with sir Gylberde the Basterdis swerde 11 *C* ouer marys 13 *C* herde the bellys 31 *C* helpe yow 37 grete *not in C* *C* clamme

up to the faucon and tyed the lunes to a grete rotyn boysh, and threwe the hauke downe with the buysh.

And anone the lady gate the hauke in hir honde; and therewithall com oute sir Phelot oute of the grevys suddeynly, that was hir husbonde, all armed and with his naked swerde in his honde, and sayde,

'A knyght, sir Launcelot, now I have founde the as I wolde,' he stondyng at the boole of the tre to sle hym.

'A, lady!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'why have ye betrayed me?'

'She hath done,' seyde sir Phelot, 'but as I commaunded hir, and therefore there is none othir boote but thyne oure is com that thou muste dye.'

'That were shame unto the,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'thou an armed knyght to sle a nakyd man by treson.'

'Thou gettyste none other grace,' seyde sir Phelot, 'and therefore helpe thyself and thou can.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that shall be thy shame; but syn thou wolt do none other, take myne harneys with the and hange my swerde there uppon a bowghe that I may gete hit, and than do thy beste [to] sle me and thou can.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Phelot, 'for I know the bettir than thou wenyste. Therefore thou gettyst no wepyn and I may kepe the therefro.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ever a knyght sholde dey wepynles!'

And therewith he wayted above hym and undir hym, and over hym above his hede he sawe a rowgh spyke, a bygge **111v** bowghe leveles. And therewith he brake hit of by the body, and than he com lowar, and awayted how his owne horse stoode, and suddenyly he lepe on the farther syde of his horse froward the knyght. And than sir Phelot laysshed at hym egerly to have slayne hym, but sir Launcelot put away the stroke with the rowgh spyke, and therewith toke hym on the hede, that downe he felle in a sowghe to the grounde.

2 *C* doune and it with alle 8 *C* wold and stode at the bole 17, 21–22 *C* thou canst 20 there *not in C* 23 *C* Nay nay 24–25 *C* kepe you 29 *C*† ouer his hede he sawe a rownsepyke 32–33 *C* of the hors 34 *C* egerly wenynge to 35 *C* rounsepyk 35–36 *C** ther with he smote hym on the one syde of the hede that he felle doune in

So than sir Launcelot toke his swerde oute of his honde and strake his necke in two pecys.

'Alas!' than cryed that lady, 'why haste thou slayne my husbonde?'

5 'I am nat causer,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but with falshede ye wolde have had me slayne with treson, and now hit is fallyn on you bothe.'

And than she sowned as though she wolde dey. And therewith sir Launcelot gate all his armoure as well as he 10 myght and put hit uppon hym for drede of more resseite, for he dredde hym that the knyghtes castell was so nyghe hym; and as sone as he myght he toke his horse and departed, and thanked God that he had escaped that harde adventure.

(17) 15 So sir Launcelot rode many wylde wayes thorowoute morys and mares, and as he rode in a valay, he sey a knyght chasyng a lady with a naked swerde to have slayne hir. And by fortune, as this knyght sholde have slayne thys lady, she cryed on sir Launcelot and prayde hym to rescowe her.

20 Whan sir Launcelot sye that myschyff, he toke his horse and rode betwene hem, sayynge,

'Knyght, fye for shame, why wolte thou sle this lady? Shame unto the and all knyghtes!'

'What haste thou to do betwyxte me and my wyff? I 25 woll sle her magré thyne hede.'

'That shall ye nat,' sayde sir Launcelot, 'for rather we woll have ado togydyrs.'

'Sir Launcelot,' seyde the knyght, 'thou doste nat thy parte, for thys lady hath betrayed me.'

30 'Hit is not so,' seyde the lady, 'truly, he seyth wronge on me. And for bycause I love [and] cherysshe my cousyn 112r jarmayne, he is jolowse betwyxte me and hym; and as I mutte answere to God there was never sene betwyxte us none suche thynges. But, sir,' seyde the lady, 'as thou arte 35 called the worshypfullyest knyght of the worlde, I requyre

2–3 *C* neck fro the body Thenne cryed the lady Allas why 5 *C* for with 6 *C* had slayne me† 10 *C* more resorte† 11, 12 hym *not in C* 13 harde *not in C* 16 morys and *not in C* *C*† mares and many wylde wayes 23 *C* Thou dost shame 24 *C* wyf sayd the knyght I 32 *W* jarmayne and he 32–33 *C* hym and me And as I shalle 33–34 *C* three† was neuer synne betwyxe vs But

the of trewe knyghthode, kepe me and save me, for whatsomever he sey he woll sle me, for he is withoute mercy.'

'Have ye no doute: hit shalle nat lye in his power.'

'Sir,' seyde the knyght, 'in your syght I woll be ruled as ye woll have me.'

And so sir Launcelot rode on the one syde and she on the other syde. And he had nat redyn but a whyle but the knyght bade sir Launcelot turne hym and loke behynde hym, and seyde, 'Sir, yondir com men of armys aftir [us] rydynge.' And so sir Launcelot turned hym and thought no treson; and therewith was the knyght and the lady on one syde, and suddeynly he swapped of the ladyes hede. And whan sir Launcelot had aspyed hym what he had done, he seyde and so called hym: 'Traytoure, thou haste shamed me for evir!' And suddeynly sir Launcelot alyght of his horse and pulde oute his swerde to sle hym. And therewithall he felle to the erthe and gryped sir Launcelot by the thyghes and cryed mercy.

'Fye on the,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'thou shamefull knyght! Thou mayste have no mercy: therefore aryse and fyghte with me!'

'Nay,' sayde the knyght, 'I woll never aryse tylle ye graunte me mercy.'

'Now woll I proffyr the fayre: I woll unarme me unto my shyrte [and I woll have nothyng upon me but my sherte] and my swerde in my honde, and yf thou can sle me, quyte be thou for ever.'

'Nay, sir, that woll I never.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'take this lady and the hede, and bere [it] uppon the; and here shalt thou swere uppon my swerde to bere hit allwayes uppon thy bak and never to reste tyll thou com to my lady, quene Gwenyver.'

'Sir, that woll I do, by the feyth of my bo[d]y.'

'Now what is youre name?'

'Sir, my name is sir Pedy[v]ere.'

'In a shamefull oure were thou borne,' seyde sir Launcelot. **112**[v]

3 *C* doubte sayd launcelot it shal 9 *W* aftir hym rydynge *C** after vs rydynge 12 *C* of his ladyes 14 so *not in C* 16 *C*† hrs swerd 16 *C* fell flat to 24 *C* fayr said launcelot 25 *C* I wyll 26 *C*† and my hand 28 *C* sir said Pedyuere that 32 my lady *not in C* 33 *W* my boby 34 *C* Now said launcelot telle me what is 35 *W* Pedynere *C* Pedyuere

So sir Pedyvere departed with the lady dede and the hede togydir, and founde the quene with kynge Arthure at Wynchestir; and there he tolde all the trouthe.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the quene, 'this is an horryble dede and a shamefull, and a grete rebuke unto sir Launcelot, but natwythstondyng his worshyp is knowyn in many dyverse contreis. But this shall I gyff you in penaunce: make ye as good skyffte as ye can, ye shall bere this lady with you on horsebak unto the Pope of Rome, and of hym resseyve youre penaunce for your foule dedis. And ye shall nevir reste one nyght thereas ye do another, and ye go to ony bedde the dede body shall lye with you.'

This oth he there made and so departed. And as hit tellyth in the Frenshe booke, whan he com unto Rome the Pope there bade hym go agayne unto quene Gwenyver, and in Rome was his lady buryed by the Popys commaundement. And after thys knyght sir Pedyvere fell to grete goodnesse and was an holy man and an hermyte.

(18) Now turne we unto sir Launcelot du Lake that com home two dayes before the feste of Pentecoste, and the kynge and all the courte were passyng fayne. And whan Gawayne, sir Uwayne, sir Sagramoure, and sir Ector de Mares sye sir Launcelot in Kayes armour, than they wyste well that hit was he that smote hem downe all wyth one spere. Than there was lawghyng and smylyng amonge them, and ever now and now com all the knyghtes home that were presoners with sir Terquyn, and they all honoured sir Launcelot.

Whan sir Gaherys herde h[e]m speke he sayde, 'I sawe all the batayle from the begynnynge to the endynge,' and there he tolde kynge Arthure all how hit was and how sir
113r Terquyn was the strongest knyght that ever he saw excep[t]e sir Launcelot; and there were many knyghtes bare hym recorde, three score. Than sir Kay tolde the kynge how sir Launcelot rescowed hym whan he sholde have bene slayne, and how 'he made the three knyghtes yelde hem to me and nat to hym'. And there they were all three and bare recorde.

1 *C* the dede lady 2 togydir *not in C* 6 *C*† not knowen 6–11 *W* (*side-note*): Here sir Launcelot made sir Pedyvere bere the dede body of the lady to quene Gwenyvere 17 knyght *not in C* 21 *C* fayne of his comynge 26–27 *C* that sir Turquyn hadde prysoners and 27 *C* honoured and worshipped syre 28 *W* hym 33 *C* nyghe thre 34 *C* had rescowed 36 three *not in C*

'And by Jesu,' seyde sir Kay, 'sir Launcelot toke my harneyse and leffte me his, and I rode in Goddys pece and no man wolde have ado with me.'

Anone therewith com three knyghtes that fought with sir Launcelot at the longe brydge; and there they yelded them unto sir Kay, and sir Kay forsoke them and seyde he fought never with hem. 'But I shall ease your hertes,' seyde sir Kay, 'yondir is sir Launcelot that overcam you.' Whan they wyste that, they were glad. And than sir Melyot de Logrys come home and tolde hym and the kynge how sir Launcelot had saved hym frome the deth, and all his dedys was knowyn: how the quenys sorserers four had hym in preson, and how he was delyverde by the kynge Bagdemagus doughter.

Also there was tolde all the grete armys that sir Launcelot dud betwyxte the two kynges, that ys for to say the kynge of North Galys and kyng Bagdemagus: all the trouth sir Gahalantyne dud telle, and sir Mador de la Porte, and sir Mordred, for they were at the same turnement. Than com in the lady that knew sir Launcelot whan that he wounded sir Belleus at the pavylyon; and there at the requeste of sir Launcelot sir Belleus was made knyght of the Rounde Table.

And so at that tyme sir Launcelot had the grettyste name of ony knyght of the worlde, and moste he was honoured of hyghe and lowe.

EXPLICIT A NOBLE TALE OF SIR LAUNCELOT DU LAKE.

1 *C* Kay by cause syr 2 *C* his I rode in good peece 10 hym and *not in C* 12 *C* how foure quenes sorceresses had 15 *C** alle the (*not in S*) grete dedes of armes 27 *C* Explicit the noble tale of syr Launcelot du lake whiche is the vi book Here foloweth the tale of syr Gareth of Orkeney that was called Beaumayns by syr kay and is the seuenth book

BOOK VI

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR LIONEL DEPARTED FROM THE COURT, AND HOW SIR LIONEL LEFT HIM SLEEPING AND WAS TAKEN.

SOON after that King Arthur was come from Rome into England, then all the knights of the Table Round resorted unto the king, and made many jousts and tournaments, and some there were that were but knights, which increased so in arms and worship that they passed all their fellows in prowess and noble deeds, and that was well proved on many; but in especial it was proved on Sir Launcelot du Lake, for in all tournaments and jousts and deeds of arms, both for life and death, he passed all other knights, and at no time he was never overcome but if it were by treason or enchantment; so Sir Launcelot increased so marvellously in worship, and in honour, therefore is he the first knight that the French book maketh mention of after King Arthur came from Rome. Wherefore Queen Guenever had him in great favour above all other knights, and in certain he loved the queen again above all other ladies and damosels of his life, and for her he did many deeds of arms, and saved her from the fire through his noble chivalry.

Thus Sir Launcelot rested him long with play and game. And then he thought himself to prove himself in strange adventures, then he bade his nephew, Sir Lionel, for to make him ready; for we two will seek adventures. So they mounted on their horses, armed at all rights, and rode into a deep forest and so into a deep plain. And then the weather was hot about noon, and Sir Launcelot had great lust to sleep. Then Sir Lionel espied a great apple-tree that stood by an hedge, and said, Brother, yonder is a fair shadow, there may we rest us and our horses. It is well said, fair brother, said Sir Launcelot, for this eight year I was not so

sleepy as I am now; and so they there alighted and tied their horses unto sundry trees, and so Sir Launcelot laid him down under an apple-tree, and his helm he laid under his head. And Sir Lionel waked while he slept. So Sir Launcelot was asleep passing fast.

And in the meanwhile there came three knights riding, as fast fleeing as ever they might ride. And there followed them three but one knight. And when Sir Lionel saw him, him thought he saw never so great a knight, nor so well faring a man, neither so well apparelled unto all rights. So within a while this strong knight had overtaken one of these knights, and there he smote him to the cold earth that he lay still. And then he rode unto the second knight, and smote him so that man and horse fell down. And then straight to the third knight he rode, and smote him behind his horse's arse a spear length. And then he alighted down and reined his horse on the bridle, and bound all the three knights fast with the reins of their own bridles. When Sir Lionel saw him do thus, he thought to assay him, and made him ready, and stilly and privily he took his horse, and thought not for to awake Sir Launcelot. And when he was mounted upon his horse, he overtook this strong knight, and bade him turn, and the other smote Sir Lionel so hard that horse and man he bare to the earth, and so he alighted down and bound him fast, and threw him overthwart his own horse, and so he served them all four, and rode with them away to his own castle. And when he came there he gart unarm them, and beat them with thorns all naked, and after put them in a deep prison where were many more knights, that made great dolour.

CHAPTER II

HOW SIR ECTOR FOLLOWED FOR TO SEEK SIR LAUNCELOT, AND HOW HE WAS TAKEN BY SIR TURQUINE.

When Sir Ector de Maris wist that Sir Launcelot was passed out of the court to seek adventures, he was wroth with himself, and made him ready to seek Sir Launcelot, and as he had

ridden long in a great forest he met with a man was like a forester. Fair fellow, said Sir Ector, knowest thou in this country any adventures that be here nigh hand? Sir, said the forester, this country know I well, and hereby, within this mile, is a strong manor, and well dyked, and by that manor, on the left hand, there is a fair ford of for horses to drink of, and over that ford there groweth a fair tree, and thereon hang many fair shields that wielded sometime good knights, and at the hole of the tree hangeth a basin of copper and latten, and strike upon that basin with the butt of thy spear thrice, and soon after thou shalt hear new tidings, and else hast thou the fairest grace that many a year had ever knight that passed through this forest. Gramercy, said Sir Ector, and departed and came to the tree, and saw many fair shields. And among them he saw his brother's shield, Sir Lionel, and many more that he knew that were his fellows of the Round Table, the which grieved his heart, and promised to revenge his brother.

Then anon Sir Ector beat on the basin as he were wood, and then he gave his horse drink at the ford, and there came a knight behind him and bade him come out of the water and make him ready; and Sir Ector anon turned him shortly, and in feuter cast his spear, and smote the other knight a great buffet that his horse turned twice about. This was well done, said the strong knight, and knightly thou hast stricken me; and therewith he rushed his horse on Sir Ector, and cleight him under his right arm, and bare him clean out of the saddle, and rode with him away into his own hall, and threw him down in midst of the floor. The name of this knight was Sir Turquine. Then he said unto Sir Ector, For thou hast done this day more unto me than any knight did these twelve years, now will I grant thee thy life, so thou wilt be sworn to be my prisoner all they life days. Nay, said Sir Ector, that will I never promise thee, but that I will do mine advantage. That me repenteth, said Sir Turquine. And then he gart to unarm him, and beat him with thorns all naked, and sithen put him down in a deep dungeon, where he knew many of his fellows. But when Sir Ector saw Sir Lionel, then made he great sorrow. Alas, brother, said Sir Ector, where is my brother Sir Launcelot? Fair brother, I left him asleep

when that I from him yode, under an apple-tree, and what is become of him I cannot tell you. Alas, said the knights, but Sir Launcelot help us we may never be delivered, for we know now no knight that is able to match our master Turquine.

CHAPTER III

HOW FOUR QUEENS FOUND LAUNCELOT SLEEPING, AND HOW BY ENCHANTMENT HE WAS TAKEN AND LED INTO A CASTLE.

Now leave we these knights prisoners, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake that lieth under the apple-tree sleeping. Even about the noon there came by him four queens of great estate; and, for the heat should not annoy them, there rode four knights about them, and bare a cloth of green silk on four spears, betwixt them and the sun, and the queens rode on four white mules. Thus as they rode they heard by them a great horse grimly neigh, then were they ware of a sleeping knight, that lay all armed under an apple-tree; anon as these queens looked on his face, they knew it was Sir Launcelot. Then they began for to strive for that knight, everych one said they would have him to her love. We shall not strive, said Morgan le Fay, that was King Arthur's sister, I shall put an enchantment upon him that he shall not awake in six hours, and then I will lead him away unto my castle, and when he is surely within my hold, I shall take the enchantment from him, and then let him choose which of us he will have unto paramour.

So this enchantment was cast upon Sir Launcelot, and then they laid him upon his shield, and bare him so on horseback betwixt two knights, and brought him unto the castle Chariot, and there they laid him in a chamber cold, and at night they sent unto him a fair damosel with his supper ready dight. By that the enchantment was past, and when she came she saluted him, and asked him what cheer. I cannot say, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, for

I wot not how I came into this castle but it be by an enchantment. Sir, said she, ye must make good cheer, and if ye be such a knight as it is said ye be, I shall tell you more to-morn by prime of the day. Gramercy, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, of your good will I require you. And so she departed. And there he lay all that night without comfort of anybody. And on the morn early came these four queens, passingly well beseen, all they bidding him good morn, and he them again.

Sir knight, the four queens said, thou must understand thou art our prisoner, and we here know thee well that thou art Sir Launcelot du Lake, King Ban's son, and because we understand your worthiness, that thou art the noblest knight living, and as we know well there can no lady have thy love but one, and that is Queen Guenever, and now thou shalt lose her for ever, and she thee, and therefore thee behoveth now to choose one of us four. I am the Queen Morgan le Fay, queen of the land of Gore, and here is the queen of Northgalis, and the queen of Eastland, and the queen of the Out Isles; now choose one of us which thou wilt have to thy paramour, for thou mayest not choose or else in this prison to die. This is an hard case, said Sir Launcelot, that either I must die or else choose one of you, yet had I liefer to die in this prison with worship, than to have one of you to my paramour maugre my head. And therefore ye be answered, I will none of you, for ye be false enchantresses, and as for my lady, Dame Guenever, were I at my liberty as I was, I would prove it on you or on yours, that she is the truest lady unto her lord living. Well, said the queens, is this your answer, that ye will refuse us. Yea, on my life, said Sir Launcelot, refused ye be of me. So they departed and left him there alone that made great sorrow.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS DELIVERED BY THE MEAN OF A DAMOSEL.

RIGHT so at the noon came the damosel unto him with his dinner, and asked him what cheer. Truly, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, in my life days never so ill. Sir, she said, that me repenteth, but an ye will be ruled by me, I shall help you out of this distress, and ye shall have no shame nor villainy, so that ye hold me a promise. Fair damosel, I will grant you, and sore I am of these queen-sorceresses afeard, for they have destroyed many a good knight. Sir, said she, that is sooth, and for the renown and bounty that they hear of you they would have your love, and Sir, they say, your name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, the flower of knights, and they be passing wroth with you that ye have refused them. But Sir, an ye would promise me to help my father on Tuesday next coming, that hath made a tournament betwixt him and the King of Northgalis — for the last Tuesday past my father lost the field through three knights of Arthur's court — an ye will be there on Tuesday next coming, and help my father, to-morn or prime, by the grace of God, I shall deliver you clean. Fair maiden, said Sir Launcelot, tell me what is your father's name, and then shall I give you an answer. Sir knight, she said, my father is King Bagdemagus, that was foul rebuked at the last tournament. I know your father well, said Sir Launcelot, for a noble king and a good knight, and by the faith of my body, ye shall have my body ready to do your father and you service at that day. Sir, she said, gramercy, and to-morn await ye be ready betimes, and I shall be she that shall deliver you and take you your armour and your horse, shield and spear, and hereby, within this ten mile, is an abbey of white monks, there I pray you that ye me abide, and thither shall I bring my father unto you. All this shall be done, said Sir Launcelot, as I am true knight.

And so she departed, and came on the morn early, and found him ready; then she brought him out of twelve locks, and brought him unto his armour, and when he was clean armed, she brought

him until his own horse, and lightly he saddled him and took a great spear in his hand, and so rode forth, and said, Fair damosel, I shall not fail you, by the grace of God. And so he rode into a great forest all that day, and never could find no highway, and so the night fell on him, and then was he ware in a slade, of a pavilion of red sendal. By my faith, said Sir Launcelot, in that pavilion will I lodge all this night, and so there he alighted down, and tied his horse to the pavilion, and there he unarmed him, and there he found a bed, and laid him therein and fell asleep sadly.

CHAPTER V

HOW A KNIGHT FOUND SIR LAUNCELOT LYING IN HIS LEMAN'S BED, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT FOUGHT WITH THE KNIGHT.

THEN within an hour there came the knight to whom the pavilion ought, and he weened that his leman had lain in that bed, and so he laid him down beside Sir Launcelot, and took him in his arms and began to kiss him. And when Sir Launcelot felt a rough beard kissing him, he started out of the bed lightly, and the other knight after him, and either of them gat their swords in their hands, and out at the pavilion door went the knight of the pavilion, and Sir Launcelot followed him, and there by a little slake Sir Launcelot wounded him sore, nigh unto the death. And then he yielded him unto Sir Launcelot, and so he granted him, so that he would tell him why he came into the bed. Sir, said the knight, the pavilion is mine own, and there this night I had assigned my lady to have slept with me, and now I am likely to die of this wound. That me repenteth, said Launcelot, of your hurt, but I was adread of treason, for I was late beguiled, and therefore come on your way into your pavilion and take your rest, and as I suppose I shall staunch your blood. And so they went both into the pavilion, and anon Sir Launcelot staunched his blood.

Therewithal came the knight's lady, that was a passing fair lady, and when she espied that her lord Belleus was sore wounded, she cried out on Sir Launcelot, and made great dole out of measure. Peace, my lady and my love, said Belleus, for this knight is a good man, and a knight adventurous, and there he told her all the cause how he was wounded; And when that I yielded me unto him, he left me goodly and hath staunched my blood. Sir, said the lady, I require thee tell me what knight ye be, and what is your name? Fair lady, he said, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. So me thought ever by your speech, said the lady, for I have seen you oft or this, and I know you better than ye ween. But now an ye would promise me of your courtesy, for the harms that ye have done to me and my Lord Belleus, that when he cometh unto Arthur's court for to cause him to be made knight of the Round Table, for he is a passing good man of arms, and a mighty lord of lands of many out isles.

Fair lady, said Sir Launcelot, let him come unto the court the next high feast, and look that ye come with him, and I shall do my power, an ye prove you doughty of your hands, that ye shall have your desire. So thus within a while, as they thus talked, the night passed, and the day shone, and then Sir Launcelot armed him, and took his horse, and they taught him to the Abbey, and thither he rode within the space of two hours.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS RECEIVED OF KING BAGDEMAGUS' DAUGHTER, AND HOW HE MADE HIS COMPLAINT TO HER FATHER

And soon as Sir Launcelot came within the abbey yard, the daughter of King Bagdemagus heard a great horse go on the pavement. And she then arose and yede unto a window, and there she saw Sir Launcelot, and anon she made men fast to take his horse from him and let lead him into a stable, and himself was led into a

fair chamber, and unarmed him, and the lady sent him a long gown, and anon she came herself. And then she made Launcelot passing good cheer, and she said he was the knight in the world was most welcome to her. Then in all haste she sent for her father Bagdemagus that was within twelve mile of that Abbey, and afore even he came, with a fair fellowship of knights with him. And when the king was alighted off his horse he yode straight unto Sir Launcelot's chamber and there he found his daughter, and then the king embraced Sir Launcelot in his arms, and either made other good cheer.

Anon Sir Launcelot made his complaint unto the king how he was betrayed, and how his brother Sir Lionel was departed from him he wist not where, and how his daughter had delivered him out of prison; Therefore while I live I shall do her service and all her kindred. Then am I sure of your help, said the king, on Tuesday next coming. Yea, sir, said Sir Launcelot, I shall not fail you, for so I have promised my lady your daughter. But, sir, what knights be they of my lord Arthur's that were with the King of Northgalis? And the king said it was Sir Mador de la Porte, and Sir Mordred and Sir Gahalantine that all for-fared my knights, for against them three I nor my knights might bear no strength. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, as I hear say that the tournament shall be here within this three mile of this abbey, ye shall send unto me three knights of yours, such as ye trust, and look that the three knights have all white shields, and I also, and no painture on the shields, and we four will come out of a little wood in midst of both parties, and we shall fall in the front of our enemies and grieve them that we may; and thus shall I not be known what knight I am.

So they took their rest that night, and this was on the Sunday, and so the king departed, and sent unto Sir Launcelot three knights with the four white shields. And on the Tuesday they lodged them in a little leaved wood beside there the tournament should be. And there were scaffolds and holes that lords and ladies might behold and to give the prize. Then came into the field the King of Northgalis with eight score helms. And then the three knights of Arthur's stood by themselves. Then came into the field King Bagdemagus with four score of helms. And then they feutred their

spears, and came together with a great dash, and there were slain of knights at the first recounter twelve of King Bagdemagus' party, and six of the King of Northgalis' party, and King Bagdemagus' party was far set aback.

CHAPTER VII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BEHAVED HIM IN A TOURNAMENT, AND HOW HE MET WITH SIR TURQUINE LEADING SIR GAHERIS.

WITH that came Sir Launcelot du Lake, and he thrust in with his spear in the thickest of the press, and there he smote down with one spear five knights, and of four of them he brake their backs. And in that throng he smote down the King of Northgalis, and brake his thigh in that fall. All this doing of Sir Launcelot saw the three knights of Arthur's. Yonder is a shrewd guest, said Sir Mador de la Porte, therefore have here once at him. So they encountered, and Sir Launcelot bare him down horse and man, so that his shoulder went out of lith. Now befalleth it to me to joust, said Mordred, for Sir Mador hath a sore fall. Sir Launcelot was ware of him, and gat a great spear in his hand, and met him, and Sir Mordred brake a spear upon him, and Sir Launcelot gave him such a buffet that the arson of his saddle brake, and so he flew over his horse's tail, that his helm butted into the earth a foot and more, that nigh his neck was broken, and there he lay long in a swoon.

Then came in Sir Gahalantine with a great spear and Launcelot against him, with all their strength that they might drive, that both their spears to-brast even to their hands, and then they flang out with their swords and gave many a grim stroke. Then was Sir Launcelot wroth out of measure, and then he smote Sir Gahalantine on the helm that his nose brast out on blood, and ears and mouth both, and therewith his head hung low. And therewith his horse ran away with him, and he fell down to the earth. Anon

therewithal Sir Launcelot gat a great spear in his hand, and or ever that great spear brake, he bare down to the earth sixteen knights, some horse and man, and some the man and not the horse, and there was none but that he hit surely, he bare none arms that day. And then he gat another great spear, and smote down twelve knights, and the most part of them never throve after. And then the knights of the King of Northgalis would joust no more. And there the gree was given to King Bagdemagus.

So either party departed unto his own place, and Sir Launcelot rode forth with King Bagdemagus unto his castle, and there he had passing good cheer both with the king and with his daughter, and they proffered him great gifts. And on the morn he took his leave, and told the king that he would go and seek his brother Sir Lionel, that went from him when that he slept, so he took his horse, and betaught them all to God. And there he said unto the king's daughter, If ye have need any time of my service I pray you let me have knowledge, and I shall not fail you as I am true knight. And so Sir Launcelot departed, and by adventure he came into the same forest there he was taken sleeping. And in the midst of a highway he met a damosel riding on a white palfrey, and there either saluted other. Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, know ye in this country any adventures? Sir knight, said that damosel, here are adventures near hand, an thou durst prove them. Why should I not prove adventures? said Sir Launcelot, for that cause come I hither. Well, said she, thou seemest well to be a good knight, and if thou dare meet with a good knight, I shall bring thee where is the best knight, and the mightiest that ever thou found, so thou wilt tell me what is thy name, and what knight thou art. Damosel, as for to tell thee my name I take no great force; truly my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Sir, thou beseemest well, here be adventures by that fall for thee, for hereby dwelleth a knight that will not be overmatched for no man I know but ye overmatch him, and his name is Sir Turquine. And, as I understand, he hath in his prison, of Arthur's court, good knights three score and four, that he hath won with his own hands. But when ye have done that journey ye shall promise me as ye are a true knight for to go with me, and to help me and other damosels

that are distressed daily with a false knight. All your intent, damosel, and desire I will fulfil, so ye will bring me unto this knight. Now, fair knight, come on your way; and so she brought him unto the ford and the tree where hung the basin.

So Sir Launcelot let his horse drink, and then he beat on the basin with the butt of his spear so hard with all his might till the bottom fell out, and long he did so, but he saw nothing. Then he rode endlong the gates of that manor nigh half-an-hour. And then was he ware of a great knight that drove an horse afore him, and overthwart the horse there lay an armed knight bound. And ever as they came near and near, Sir Launcelot thought he should know him. Then Sir Launcelot was ware that it was Sir Gaheris, Gawaine's brother, a knight of the Table Round. Now, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, I see yonder cometh a knight fast bounden that is a fellow of mine, and brother he is unto Sir Gawaine. And at the first beginning I promise you, by the leave of God, to rescue that knight; but if his master sit better in the saddle I shall deliver all the prisoners that he hath out of danger, for I am sure he hath two brethren of mine prisoners with him. By that time that either had seen other, they gripped their spears unto them. Now, fair knight, said Sir Launcelot, put that wounded knight off the horse, and let him rest awhile, and let us two prove our strengths; for as it is informed me, thou doest and hast done great despite and shame unto knights of the Round Table, and therefore now defend thee. An thou be of the Table Round, said Turquine, I defy thee and all thy fellowship. That is overmuch said, said Sir Launcelot.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR TURQUINE FOUGHT TOGETHER.

And then they put their spears in the rests, and came together with their horses as fast as they might run, and either smote

other in midst of their shields, that both their horses' backs brast under them, and the knights were both stonied. And as soon as they might avoid their horses, they took their shields afore them, and drew out their swords, and came together eagerly, and either gave other many strong strokes, for there might neither shields nor harness hold their strokes. And so within a while they had both grimly wounds, and bled passing grievously. Thus they fared two hours or more trasing and rasing either other, where they might hit any bare place.

Then at the last they were breathless both, and stood leaning on their swords. Now fellow, said Sir Turquine, hold thy hand a while, and tell me what I shall ask thee. Say on. Then Turquine said, Thou art the biggest man that ever I met withal, and the best breathed, and like one knight that I hate above all other knights; so be it that thou be not he I will lightly accord with thee, and for thy love I will deliver all the prisoners that I have, that is three score and four, so thou wilt tell me thy name. And thou and I we will be fellows together, and never to fail thee while that I live. It is well said, said Sir Launcelot, but sithen it is so that I may have thy friendship, what knight is he that thou so hatest above all other? Faithfully, said Sir Turquine, his name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, for he slew my brother, Sir Carados, at the dolorous tower, that was one of the best knights alive; and therefore him I except of all knights, for may I once meet with him, the one of us shall make an end of other, I make mine avow. And for Sir Launcelot's sake I have slain an hundred good knights, and as many I have maimed all utterly that they might never after help themselves, and many have died in prison, and yet have I three score and four, and all shall be delivered so thou wilt tell me thy name, so be it that thou be not Sir Launcelot.

Now, see I well, said Sir Launcelot, that such a man I might be, I might have peace, and such a man I might be, that there should be war mortal betwixt us. And now, sir knight, at thy request I will that thou wit and know that I am Launcelot du Lake, King Ban's son of Benwick, and very knight of the Table Round. And now I defy thee, and do thy best. Ah, said Turquine, Launcelot, thou art

unto me most welcome that ever was knight, for we shall never depart till the one of us be dead. Then they hurtled together as two wild bulls rushing and lashing with their shields and swords, that sometime they fell both over their noses. Thus they fought still two hours and more, and never would have rest, and Sir Turquine gave Sir Launcelot many wounds that all the ground thereas they fought was all bespeckled with blood.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR TURQUINE WAS SLAIN, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BADE SIR GAHERIS DELIVER ALL THE PRISONERS.

THEN at the last Sir Turquine waxed faint, and gave somewhat aback, and bare his shield low for weariness. That espied Sir Launcelot, and leapt upon him fiercely and gat him by the beaver of his helmet, and plucked him down on his knees, and anon he raced off his helm, and smote his neck in sunder. And when Sir Launcelot had done this, he yode unto the damosel and said, Damosel, I am ready to go with you where ye will have me, but I have no horse. Fair sir, said she, take this wounded knight's horse and send him into this manor, and command him to deliver all the prisoners. So Sir Launcelot went unto Gaheris, and prayed him not to be aggrieved for to lend him his horse. Nay, fair lord, said Gaheris, I will that ye take my horse at your own commandment, for ye have both saved me and my horse, and this day I say ye are the best knight in the world, for ye have slain this day in my sight the mightiest man and the best knight except you that ever I saw, and, fair sir, said Gaheris, I pray you tell me your name. Sir, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, that ought to help you of right for King Arthur's sake, and in especial for my lord Sir Gawaine's sake, your own dear brother; and when that ye come within yonder manor, I am sure ye shall find there many knights of the Round

Table, for I have seen many of their shields that I know on yonder tree. There is Kay's shield, and Sir Brandel's shield, and Sir Marhaus' shield, and Sir Galind's shield, and Sir Brian de Listnois' shield, and Sir Aliduke's shield, with many more that I am not now advised of, and also my two brethren's shields, Sir Ector de Maris and Sir Lionel; wherefore I pray you greet them all from me, and say that I bid them take such stuff there as they find, and that in any wise my brethren go unto the court and abide me there till that I come, for by the feast of Pentecost I cast me to be there, for as at this time I must ride with this damosel for to save my promise.

And so he departed from Gaheris, and Gaheris yede in to the manor, and there he found a yeoman porter keeping there many keys. Anon withal Sir Gaheris threw the porter unto the ground and took the keys from him, and hastily he opened the prison door, and there he let out all the prisoners, and every man loosed other of their bonds. And when they saw Sir Gaheris, all they thanked him, for they weened that he was wounded. Not so, said Gaheris, it was Launcelot that slew him worshipfully with his own hands. I saw it with mine own eyes. And he greeteth you all well, and prayeth you to haste you to the court; and as unto Sir Lionel and Ector de Maris he prayeth you to abide him at the court. That shall we not do, says his brethren, we will find him an we may live. So shall I, said Sir Kay, find him or I come at the court, as I am true knight.

Then all those knights sought the house thereas the armour was, and then they armed them, and every knight found his own horse, and all that ever longed unto him. And when this was done, there came a forester with four horses laden with fat venison. Anon, Sir Kay said, Here is good meat for us for one meal, for we had not many a day no good repast. And so that venison was roasted, baken, and sodden, and so after supper some abode there all night, but Sir Lionel and Ector de Maris and Sir Kay rode after Sir Launcelot to find him if they might.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RODE WITH A DAMOSEL AND SLEW A KNIGHT THAT DISTRESSED ALL LADIES AND ALSO A VILLAIN THAT KEPT A BRIDGE.

Now turn we unto Sir Launcelot, that rode with the damosel in a fair highway. Sir, said the damosel, here by this way haunteth a knight that distressed all ladies and gentlewomen, and at the least he robbeth them or lieth by them. What, said Sir Launcelot, is he a thief and a knight and a ravisher of women? he doth shame unto the order of knighthood, and contrary unto his oath; it is pity that he liveth. But, fair damosel, ye shall ride on afore, yourself, and I will keep myself in covert, and if that he trouble you or distress you I shall be your rescue and learn him to be ruled as a knight.

So the maid rode on by the way a soft ambling pace, and within a while came out that knight on horseback out of the wood, and his page with him, and there he put the damosel from her horse, and then she cried. With that came Launcelot as fast as he might till he came to that knight, saying, O thou false knight and traitor unto knighthood, who did learn thee to distress ladies and gentlewomen? When the knight saw Sir Launcelot thus rebuking him he answered not, but drew his sword and rode unto Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot threw his spear from him, and drew out his sword, and struck him such a buffet on the helmet that he clave his head and neck unto the throat. Now hast thou thy payment that long thou hast deserved ! That is truth, said the damosel, for like as Sir Turquine watched to destroy knights, so did this knight attend to destroy and distress ladies, damosels, and gentlewomen, and his name was Sir Peris de Forest Savage. Now, damosel, said Sir Launcelot, will ye any more service of me? Nay, sir, she said, at this time, but almighty Jesu preserve you wheresomever ye ride or go, for the curteist knight thou art, and meekest unto all ladies and gentlewomen, that now liveth. But one thing, sir knight,

methinketh ye lack, ye that are a knight wifeless, that he will not love some maiden or gentlewoman, for I could never hear say that ever ye loved any of no manner degree, and that is great pity; but it is noised that ye love Queen Guenever, and that she hath ordained by enchantment that ye shall never love none other but her, nor none other damosel nor lady shall rejoice you; wherefore many in this land, of high estate and low, make great sorrow.

Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, I may not warn people to speak of me what it pleaseth them; but for to be a wedded man, I think it not; for then I must couch with her, and leave arms and tournaments, battles, and adventures; and as for to say for to take my pleasaunce with paramours, that will I refuse in principal for dread of God; for knights that be adulterous or lecherous shall not be happy nor fortunate unto the wars, for other they shall be overcome with a simpler knight than they be themselves, other else they shall by unhap and their cursedness slay better men than they be themselves. And so who that useth paramours shall be unhappy, and all thing is unhappy that is about them.

And so Sir Launcelot and she departed. And then he rode in a deep forest two days and more, and had strait lodging. So on the third day he rode over a long bridge, and there stert upon him suddenly a passing foul churl, and he smote his horse on the nose that he turned about, and asked him why he rode over that bridge without his licence. Why should I not ride this way? said Sir Launcelot, I may not ride beside. Thou shalt not choose, said the churl, and lashed at him with a great club shod with iron. Then Sir Launcelot drew his sword and put the stroke aback, and clave his head unto the paps. At the end of the bridge was a fair village, and all the people, men and women, cried on Sir Launcelot, and said, A worse deed didst thou never for thyself, for thou hast slain the chief porter of our castle. Sir Launcelot let them say what they would, and straight he went into the castle; and when he came into the castle he alighted, and tied his horse to a ring on the wall and there he saw a fair green court, and thither he dressed him, for there him thought was a fair place to fight in. So he looked about, and saw much people in doors and windows that said, Fair knight, thou art unhappy.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT SLEW TWO GIANTS, AND MADE A CASTLE FREE.

ANON withal came there upon him two great giants, well armed all save the heads, with two horrible clubs in their hands. Sir Launcelot put his shield afore him and put the stroke away of the one giant, and with his sword he clave his head asunder. When his fellow saw that, he ran away as he were wood, for fear of the horrible strokes, and Launcelot after him with all his might, and smote him on the shoulder, and clave him to the navel. Then Sir Launcelot went into the hall, and there came afore him three score ladies and damosels, and all kneeled unto him, and thanked God and him of their deliverance; For sir, said they, the most party of us have been here this seven year their prisoners, and we have worked all manner of silk works for our meat, and we are all great gentlewomen born; and blessed be the time, knight, that ever thou be born, for thou hast done the most worship that ever did knight in this world, that will we bear record, and we all pray you to tell us your name, that we may tell our friends who delivered us out of prison. Fair damosel, he said, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Ah, sir, said they all, well mayest thou be he, for else save yourself, as we deemed, there might never knight have the better of these two giants; for many fair knights have assayed it, and here have ended, and many times have we wished after you, and these two giants dread never knight but you. Now may ye say, said Sir Launcelot, unto your friends how and who hath delivered you, and greet them all from me, and if that I come in any of your marches, show me such cheer as ye have cause, and what treasure that there in this castle is I give it you for a reward for your grievance, and the lord that is owner of this castle I would he received it as is right. Fair sir, said they, the name of this castle is Tintagil, and a duke ought it sometime that had wedded fair Igraine, and after wedded her Uther Pendragon, and gat on her Arthur. Well,

said Sir Launcelot, I understand to whom this castle longeth; and so he departed from them, and betaught them unto God.

And then he mounted upon his horse, and rode into many strange and wild countries, and through many waters and valleys, and evil was he lodged. And at the last by fortune him happened, against a night, to come to a fair courtelage, and therein he found an old gentlewoman that lodged him with good will, and there he had good cheer for him and his horse. And when time was, his host brought him into a fair garret, over the gate, to his bed. There Sir Launcelot unarmed him, and set his harness by him, and went to bed, and anon he fell asleep. So, soon after, there came one on horseback, and knocked at the gate in great haste, and when Sir Launcelot heard this, he arose up and looked out at the window, and saw by the moonlight three knights came riding after that one man, and all three lashed on him at once with swords, and that one knight turned on them knightly again, and defended him. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, yonder one knight shall I help, for it were shame for me to see three knights on one, and if he be slain I am partner of his death; and therewith he took his harness, and went out at a window by a sheet down to the four knights, and then Sir Launcelot said on high, Turn you knights unto me, and leave your fighting with that knight. And then they all three left Sir Kay, and turned unto Sir Launcelot, and there began great battle, for they alighted all three, and struck many great strokes at Sir Launcelot, and assailed him on every side. Then Sir Kay dressed him for to have holpen Sir Launcelot. Nay, sir, said he, I will none of your help; therefore as ye will have my help, let me alone with them. Sir Kay, for the pleasure of the knight, suffered him for to do his will, and so stood aside. And then anon within six strokes, Sir Launcelot had stricken them to the earth.

And then they all three cried: Sir knight, we yield us unto you as a man of might makeless. As to that, said Sir Launcelot, I will not take your yielding unto me. But so that ye will yield you unto Sir Kay the Seneschal, on that covenant I will save your lives, and else not. Fair knight, said they, that were we loath to do; for as for Sir Kay, we chased him hither, and had overcome him had not ye

been, therefore to yield us unto him it were no reason. Well, as to that, said Launcelot, advise you well, for ye may choose whether ye will die or live, for an ye be yolden it shall be unto Sir Kay. Fair knight, then they said, in saving of our lives we will do as thou commandest us. Then shall ye, said Sir Launcelot, on Whitsunday next coming, go unto the court of King Arthur, and there shall ye yield you unto Queen Guenever, and put you all three in her grace and mercy, and say that Sir Kay sent you thither to be her prisoners. Sir, they said, it shall be done by the faith of our bodies, an we be living, and there they swore every knight upon his sword. And so Sir Launcelot suffered them so to depart. And then Sir Launcelot knocked at the gate with the pommel of his sword, and with that came his host, and in they entered Sir Kay and he. Sir, said his host, I weened ye had been in your bed. So I was, said Sir Launcelot, but I rose and leapt out at my window for to help an old fellow of mine. And so when they came nigh the light, Sir Kay knew well that it was Sir Launcelot, and therewith he kneeled down and thanked him of all his kindness that he had holpen him twice from the death. Sir, he said, I have nothing done but that me ought for to do, and ye are welcome, and here shall ye repose you and take your rest.

So when Sir Kay was unarmed, he asked after meat; so there was meat fetched him, and he ate strongly. And when he had supped they went to their beds and were lodged together in one bed. On the morn Sir Launcelot arose early, and left Sir Kay sleeping, and Sir Launcelot took Sir Kay's armour and his shield, and armed him, and so he went to the stable, and took his horse, and took his leave of his host, and so he departed. Then soon after arose Sir Kay and missed Sir Launcelot. And then he espied that he had his armour and his horse. Now by my faith I know well that he will grieve some of the court of King Arthur; for on him knights will be bold, and deem that it is I, and that will beguile them. And because of his armour and shield I am sure I shall ride in peace. And then soon after departed Sir Kay and thanked his host.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RODE DISGUISED IN SIR KAY'S HARNESS, AND HOW HE SMOTE DOWN A KNIGHT.

Now turn we unto Sir Launcelot that had ridden long in a great forest, and at the last he came into a low country, full of fair rivers and meadows. And afore him he saw a long bridge, and three pavilions stood thereon, of silk and sendal of divers hue. And without the pavilions hung three white shields on truncheons of spears, and great long spears stood upright by the pavilions, and at every pavilion's door stood three fresh squires, and so Sir Launcelot passed by them and spake no word. When he was passed the three knights said them that it was the proud Kay; He weeneth no knight so good as he, and the contrary is ofttime proved. By my faith, said one of the knights, his name was Sir Gaunter, I will ride after him and assay him for all his pride, and ye may behold how that I speed. So this knight, Sir Gaunter, armed him, and hung his shield upon his shoulder, and mounted upon a great horse, and gat his spear in his hand, and walloped after Sir Launcelot. And when he came nigh him, he cried, Abide, thou proud knight Sir Kay, for thou shalt not pass quit. So Sir Launcelot turned him, and either feutred their spears, and came together with all their mights, and Sir Gaunter's spear brake, but Sir Launcelot smote him down horse and man. And when Sir Gaunter was at the earth his brethren said each one to other, Yonder knight is not Sir Kay, for he is bigger than he. I dare lay my head, said Sir Gilmere, yonder knight hath slain Sir Kay and hath taken his horse and his harness. Whether it be so or no, said Sir Raynold, the third brother, let us now go mount upon our horses and rescue our brother Sir Gaunter, upon pain of death. We all shall have work enough to match that knight, for ever meseemeth by his person it is Sir Launcelot, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Pelleas, the good knight.

Then anon they took their horses and overtook Sir Launcelot, and Sir Gilmere put forth his spear, and ran to Sir Launcelot, and

Sir Launcelot smote him down that he lay in a swoon. Sir knight, said Sir Raynold, thou art a strong man, and as I suppose thou hast slain my two brethren, for the which raseth my heart sore against thee, and if I might with my worship I would not have ado with you, but needs I must take part as they do, and therefore, knight, he said, keep thyself. And so they hurtled together with all their mights, and all to-shivered both their spears. And then they drew their swords and lashed together eagerly. Anon therewith arose Sir Gaunter, and came unto his brother Sir Gilmere, and bade him, Arise, and help we our brother Sir Raynold, that yonder marvellously matched yonder good knight. Therewithal, they leapt on their horses and hurtled unto Sir Launcelot.

And when he saw them come he smote a sore stroke unto Sir Raynold, that he fell off his horse to the ground, and then he struck to the other two brethren, and at two strokes he struck them down to the earth. With that Sir Raynold began to start up with his head all bloody, and came straight unto Sir Launcelot. Now let be, said Sir Launcelot, I was not far from thee when thou wert made knight, Sir Raynold, and also I know thou art a good knight, and loath I were to slay thee. Gramercy, said Sir Raynold, as for your goodness; and I dare say as for me and my brethren, we will not be loath to yield us unto you, with that we knew your name, for well we know ye are not Sir Kay. As for that be it as it be may, for ye shall yield you unto Dame Guenever, and look that ye be with her on Whitsunday, and yield you unto her as prisoners, and say that Sir Kay sent you unto her. Then they swore it should be done, and so passed forth Sir Launcelot, and each one of the brethren holp other as well as they might.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT JOUSTED AGAINST FOUR KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE AND OVERTHREW THEM.

So Sir Launcelot rode into a deep forest, and thereby in a slade, he saw four knights hoving under an oak, and they were of Arthur's court, one was Sir Sagramore le Desirous, and Ector de Maris, and Sir Gawaine, and Sir Uwaine. Anon as these four knights had espied Sir Launcelot, they weened by his arms it had been Sir Kay. Now by my faith, said Sir Sagramore, I will prove Sir Kay's might, and gat his spear in his hand, and came toward Sir Launcelot. Therewith Sir Launcelot was ware and knew him well, and feutred his spear against him, and smote Sir Sagramore so sore that horse and man fell both to the earth. Lo, my fellows, said he, yonder ye may see what a buffet he hath; that knight is much bigger than ever was Sir Kay. Now shall ye see what I may do to him. So Sir Ector gat his spear in his hand and walloped toward Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot smote him through the shield and shoulder, that man and horse went to the earth, and ever his spear held.

By my faith, said Sir Uwaine, yonder is a strong knight, and I am sure he hath slain Sir Kay; and I see by his great strength it will be hard to match him. And therewithal, Sir Uwaine gat his spear in his hand and rode toward Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot knew him well, and so he met him on the plain, and gave him such a buffet that he was astonied, that long he wist not where he was. Now see I well, said Sir Gawaine, I must encounter with that knight. Then he dressed his shield and gat a good spear in his hand, and Sir Launcelot knew him well; and then they let run their horses with all their mights, and either knight smote other in midst of the shield. But Sir Gawaine's spear to-brast, and Sir Launcelot charged so sore upon him that his horse reversed up-so-down. And much sorrow had Sir Gawaine to avoid his horse, and so Sir Launcelot passed on a pace and smiled, and said, God give him joy

that this spear made, for there came never a better in my hand.

Then the four knights went each one to other and comforted each other. What say ye by this guest? said Sir Gawaine, that one spear hath felled us all four. We commend him unto the devil, they said all, for he is a man of great might. Ye may well say it, said Sir Gawaine, that he is a man of might, for I dare lay my head it is Sir Launcelot, I know it by his riding. Let him go, said Sir Gawaine, for when we come to the court then shall we wit; and then had they much sorrow to get their horses again.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT FOLLOWED A BRACHET INTO A CASTLE, WHERE HE FOUND A DEAD KNIGHT, AND HOW HE AFTER WAS REQUIRED OF A DAMOSEL TO HEAL HER BROTHER.

Now leave we there and speak of Sir Launcelot that rode a great while in a deep forest, where he saw a black brachet, seeking in manner as it had been in the feute of an hurt deer. And therewith he rode after the brachet, and he saw lie on the ground a large feute of blood. And then Sir Launcelot rode after. And ever the brachet looked behind her, and so she went through a great marsh, and ever Sir Launcelot followed. And then was he ware of an old manor, and thither ran the brachet, and so over the bridge. So Sir Launcelot rode over that bridge that was old and feeble; and when he came in midst of a great hall, there he saw lie a dead knight that was a seemly man, and that brachet licked his wounds. And therewithal came out a lady weeping and wringing her hands; and then she said, O knight, too much sorrow hast thou brought me. Why say ye so? said Sir Launcelot, I did never this knight no harm, for hither by feute of blood this brachet brought me; and therefore, fair lady, be not displeased with me, for I am full sore aggrieved of your grievance. Truly, sir, she said, I trow it be not ye

that hath slain my husband, for he that did that deed is sore wounded, and he is never likely to recover, that shall I ensure him. What was your husband's name? said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said she, his name was called Sir Gilbert the Bastard, one of the best knights of the world, and he that hath slain him I know not his name. Now God send you better comfort, said Sir Launcelot; and so he departed and went into the forest again, and there he met with a damosel, the which knew him well, and she said aloud, Well be ye found, my lord; and now I require thee, on thy knighthood, help my brother that is sore wounded, and never stinteth bleeding; for this day he fought with Sir Gilbert the Bastard and slew him in plain battle, and there was my brother sore wounded, and there is a lady a sorceress that dwelleth in a castle here beside, and this day she told me my brother's wounds should never be whole till I could find a knight that would go into the Chapel Perilous, and there he should find a sword and a bloody cloth that the wounded knight was lapped in, and a piece of that cloth and sword should heal my brother's wounds, so that his wounds were searched with the sword and the cloth. This is a marvellous thing, said Sir Launcelot, but what is your brother's name? Sir, she said, his name was Sir Meliot de Logres. That me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot, for he is a fellow of the Table Round, and to his help I will do my power. Then, sir, said she, follow even this highway, and it will bring you unto the Chapel Perilous; and here I shall abide till God send you here again, and, but you speed, I know no knight living that may achieve that adventure.

CHAPTER XV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME INTO THE CHAPEL PERILOUS AND GAT THERE OF A DEAD CORPSE A PIECE OF THE CLOTH AND A SWORD.

RIGHT so Sir Launcelot departed, and when he came unto the Chapel Perilous he alighted down, and tied his horse unto a little gate. And as soon as he was within the churchyard he saw on the front of the chapel many fair rich shields turned up-so-down, and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seen knights bear beforehand. With that he saw by him there stand a thirty great knights, more by a yard than any man that ever he had seen, and all those grinned and gnashed at Sir Launcelot. And when he saw their countenance he dreaded him sore, and so put his shield afore him, and took his sword ready in his hand ready unto battle, and they were all armed in black harness ready with their shields and their swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone throughout them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way, and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapel, and then he saw no light but a dim lamp burning, and then was he ware of a corpse hilled with a cloth of silk. Then Sir Launcelot stooped down, and cut a piece away of that cloth, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little; therewithal he feared. And then he saw a fair sword lie by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand and hied him out of the chapel.

Anon as ever he was in the chapel yard all the knights spake to him with a grimly voice, and said, Knight, Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee or else thou shalt die. Whether that I live or die, said Sir Launcelot, with no great word get ye it again, therefore fight for it an ye list. Then right so he passed throughout them, and beyond the chapel yard there met him a fair damosel, and said, Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it. I leave it not, said Sir Launcelot, for no treaties. No, said she, an thou didst leave that sword, Queen Guenever should thou never see.

Then were I a fool an I would leave this sword, said Launcelot. Now, gentle knight, said the damosel, I require thee to kiss me but once. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, that God me forbid. Well, sir, said she, an thou hadst kissed me thy life days had been done, but now, alas, she said, I have lost all my labour, for I ordained this chapel for thy sake, and for Sir Gawàine. And once I had Sir Gawaine within me, and at that time he fought with that knight that lieth there dead in yonder chapel, Sir Gilbert the Bastard; and at that time he smote the left hand off of Sir Gilbert the Bastard. And, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, I have loved thee this seven year, but there may no woman have thy love but Queen Guenever. But sithen I may not rejoice thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have thy body dead. Then would I have balmed it and served it, and so have kept it my life days, and daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in despite of Queen Guenever. Ye say well, said Sir Launcelot, Jesu preserve me from your subtle crafts. And therewithal he took his horse and so departed from her. And as the book saith, when Sir Launcelot was departed she took such sorrow that she died within a fourteen night, and her name was Hellawes the sorceress, Lady of the Castle Nigramous.

Anon Sir Launcelot met with the damosel, Sir Meliot's sister. And when she saw him she clapped her hands, and wept for joy. And then they rode unto a castle thereby where lay Sir Meliot. And anon as Sir Launcelot saw him he knew him, but he was passing pale, as the earth, for bleeding. When Sir Meliot saw Sir Launcelot he kneeled upon his knees and cried on high: O lord Sir Launcelot, help me ! Anon Sir Launcelot leapt unto him and touched his wounds with Sir Gilbert's sword. And then he wiped his wounds with a part of the bloody cloth that Sir Gilbert was wrapped in, and anon an wholer man in his life was he never. And then there was great joy between them, and they made Sir Launcelot all the cheer that they might, and so on the morn Sir Launcelot took his leave, and bade Sir Meliot hie him to the court of my lord Arthur, for it draweth nigh to the Feast of Pentecost, and there by the grace of God ye shall find me. And therewith they departed.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY RECOVERED A FALCON. BY WHICH HE WAS DECEIVED.

And so Sir Launcelot rode through many strange countries, over marshes and valleys, till by fortune he came to a fair castle, and as he passed beyond the castle him thought he heard two bells ring. And then was he ware of a falcon came flying over his head toward an high elm, and long lunes about her feet, and as she flew unto the elm to take her perch the lunes over-cast about a bough. And when she would have taken her flight she hung by the legs fast; and Sir Launcelot saw how she hung, and beheld the fair falcon perigot, and he was sorry for her.

The meanwhile came a lady out of the castle and cried on high: O Launcelot, Launcelot, as thou art flower of all knights, help me to get my hawk, for an my hawk be lost my lord will destroy me; for I kept the hawk and she slipped from me, and if my lord my husband wit it he is so hasty that he will slay me. What is your lord's name? said Sir Launcelot. Sir, she said, his name is Sir Phelot, a knight that longeth unto the King of Northgalis. Well, fair lady, since that ye know my name, and require me of knighthood to help you, I will do what I may to get your hawk, and yet God knoweth I am an ill climber, and the tree is passing high, and few boughs to help me withal. And therewith Sir Launcelot alighted, and tied his horse to the same tree, and prayed the lady to unarm him. And so when he was unarmed, he put off all his clothes unto his shirt and breech, and with might and force he clomb up to the falcon, and tied the lines to a great rotten boyshe, and threw the hawk down and it withal.

Anon the lady gat the hawk in her hand; and there-withal came out Sir Phelot out of the groves suddenly, that was her husband, all armed and with his naked sword in his hand, and said: O knight Launcelot, now have I found thee as I would, and stood at the bole of the tree to slay him. Ah, lady, said Sir Launcelot, why have ye

betrayed me? She hath done, said Sir Phelot, but as I commanded her, and therefore there nis none other boot but thine hour is come that thou must die. That were shame unto thee, said Sir Launcelot, thou an armed knight to slay a naked man by treason. Thou gettest none other grace, said Sir Phelot, and therefore help thyself an thou canst. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, that shall be thy shame, but since thou wilt do none other, take mine harness with thee, and hang my sword upon a bough that I may get it, and then do thy best to slay me an thou canst. Nay, nay, said Sir Phelot, for I know thee better than thou weenest, therefore thou gettest no weapon, an I may keep you therefrom. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that ever a knight should die weaponless. And therewith he waited above him and under him, and over his head he saw a rough spike, a big bough leafless, and therewith he brake it off by the body. And then he came lower and awaited how his own horse stood, and suddenly he leapt on the further side of the horse, fro-ward the knight. And then Sir Phelot lashed at him eagerly, weening to have slain him. But Sir Launcelot put away the stroke with the rough spike, and therewith he smote him on the one side of the head, that he fell down in a swoon to the ground. So then Sir Launcelot took his sword out of his hand, and struck his neck from the body. Then cried the lady, Alas ! why hast thou slain my husband? I am not causer, said Sir Launcelot, for with falsehood ye would have had slain me with treason, and now it is fallen on you both. And then she swooned as though she would die. And therewithal Sir Launcelot gat all his armour as well as he might, and put it upon him for dread of more resort, for he dreaded that the knight's castle was so nigh. And so, as soon as he might, he took his horse and departed, and thanked God that he had escaped that adventure.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT OVERTOOK A KNIGHT WHICH CHASED HIS WIFE TO HAVE SLAIN HER, AND HOW HE SAID TO HIM.

So Sir Launcelot rode many wild ways, throughout marches and many wild ways. And as he rode in a valley he saw a knight chasing a lady, with a naked sword, to have slain her. And by fortune as this knight should have slain this lady, she cried on Sir Launcelot and prayed him to rescue her. When Sir Launcelot saw that mischief, he took his horse and rode between them, saying, Knight, fie for shame, why wilt thou slay this lady? thou dost shame unto thee and all knights. What hast thou to do betwixt me and my wife? said the knight. I will slay her maugre thy head. That shall ye not, said Sir Launcelot, for rather we two will have ado together. Sir Launcelot, said the knight, thou dost not thy part, for this lady hath betrayed me. It is not so, said the lady, truly he saith wrong on me. And for because I love and cherish my cousin germain, he is jealous betwixt him and me; and as I shall answer to God there was never sin betwixt us. But, sir, said the lady, as thou art called the worshipfullest knight of the world, I require thee of true knighthood, keep me and save me. For whatsomever ye say he will slay me, for he is without mercy. Have ye no doubt, said Launcelot, it shall not lie in his power. Sir, said the knight, in your sight I will be ruled as ye will have me. And so Sir Launcelot rode on the one side and she on the other: he had not ridden but a while, but the knight bade Sir Launcelot turn him and look behind him, and said, Sir, yonder come men of arms after us riding. And so Sir Launcelot turned him and thought no treason, and therewith was the knight and the lady on one side, and suddenly he swapped off his lady's head.

And when Sir Launcelot had espied him what he had done, he said, and called him, Traitor, thou hast shamed me for ever. And suddenly Sir Launcelot alighted off his horse, and pulled out his

sword to slay him, and therewithal he fell flat to the earth, and gripped Sir Launcelot by the thighs, and cried mercy. Fie on thee, said Sir Launcelot, thou shameful knight, thou mayest have no mercy, and therefore arise and fight with me. Nay, said the knight, I will never arise till ye grant me mercy. Now will I proffer thee fair, said Launcelot, I will unarm me unto my shirt, and I will have nothing upon me but my shirt, and my sword and my hand. And if thou canst slay me, quit be thou for ever. Nay, sir, said Pedivere, that will I never. Well, said Sir Launcelot, take this lady and the head, and bear it upon thee, and here shalt thou swear upon my sword, to bear it always upon thy back, and never to rest till thou come to Queen Guenever. Sir, said he, that will I do, by the faith of my body. Now, said Launcelot, tell me what is your name? Sir, my name is Pedivere. In a shameful hour wert thou born, said Launcelot.

So Pedivere departed with the dead lady and the head, and found the queen with King Arthur at Winchester, and there he told all the truth. Sir knight, said the queen, this is an horrible deed and a shameful, and a great rebuke unto Sir Launcelot; but notwithstanding his worship is not known in many divers countries; but this shall I give you in penance, make ye as good shift as ye can, ye shall bear this lady with you on horseback unto the Pope of Rome, and of him receive your penance for your foul deeds; and ye shall never rest one night whereas ye do another; an ye go to any bed the dead body shall lie with you. This oath there he made, and so departed. And as it telleth in the French book, when he came to Rome, the Pope bade him go again unto Queen Guenever, and in Rome was his lady buried by the Pope's commandment. And after this Sir Pedivere fell to great goodness, and was an holy man and an hermit.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO KING ARTHUR'S COURT, AND HOW THERE WERE RECOUNTED ALL HIS NOBLE FEATS AND ACTS.

Now turn we unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, that came home two days afore the Feast of Pentecost; and the king and all the court were passing fain of his coming. And when Sir Gawaine, Sir Uwaine, Sir Sagramore, Sir Ector de Maris, saw Sir Launcelot in Kay's armour, then they wist well it was he that smote them down all with one spear. Then there was laughing and smiling among them. And ever now and now came all the knights home that Sir Turquine had prisoners, and they all honoured and worshipped Sir Launcelot.

When Sir Gaheris heard them speak, he said, I saw all the battle from the beginning to the ending, and there he told King Arthur all how it was, and how Sir Turquine was the strongest knight that ever he saw except Sir Launcelot: there were many knights bare him record, nigh three score. Then Sir Kay told the king how Sir Launcelot had rescued him when he should have been slain, and how he made the knights yield them to me, and not to him. And there they were all three, and bare record. And by Jesu, said Sir Kay, because Sir Launcelot took my harness and left me his I rode in good peace, and no man would have ado with me.

Anon therewithal there came the three knights that fought with Sir Launcelot at the long bridge. And there they yielded them unto Sir Kay, and Sir Kay forsook them and said he fought never with them. But I shall ease your heart, said Sir Kay, yonder is Sir Launcelot that overcame you. When they wist that they were glad. And then Sir Meliot de Logres came home, and told the king how Sir Launcelot had saved him from the death. And all his deeds were known, how four queens, sorceresses, had him in prison, and how he was delivered by King Bagdemagus' daughter. Also there were told all the great deeds of arms that Sir Launcelot did betwixt the

two kings, that is for to say the King of Northgalis and King Bagdemagus. All the truth Sir Gahalantine did tell, and Sir Mador de la Porte and Sir Mordred, for they were at that same tournament. Then came in the lady that knew Sir Launcelot when that he wounded Sir Belleus at the pavilion. And there, at request of Sir Launcelot, Sir Belleus was made knight of the Round Table. And so at that time Sir Launcelot had the greatest name of any knight of the world, and most he was honoured of high and low.

Explicit the noble tale of Sir Launcelot du Lake, which is the vi. book. Here followeth the tale of Sir Gareth of Orkney that was called Beaumains by Sir Kay, and is the seventh book.

II

THE TOURNAMENT AT SURLUSE

SO hit befelle that sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce, lorde of the contrey of Surluse, whereof cam oute many good knyghtes—and this noble prince was a passynge good man of armys, and ever he hylde a noble felyship togydirs—and than he cam to kynge Arthurs courte and tolde hym his en- 5 **268v**
tente, how this was his wyll: he had let cry a justys in the contrey of Surluse, the whyche contrey was within the bandis of kynge Arthur, and there he asked leve to crye a justys.

'I woll gyff you leve,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'but wyte you well I may not be there myselff.' 10

'Sir,' seyde quene Gwenyver, 'please hit you to gyff me leve to be at that justis?'

'Wyth ryght a good wyll,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for sir Galahalte, the good prynce, shall have you in governaunce.'

'Sir, as ye wyll, so be hit.' Than the quene seyde, 'I woll 15 take with me suche knyghtes as lykyth me beste.'

'Do as ye lyste,' seyde kynge Arthure.

So anone she commaunded sir Launcelot to make hym redy with suche knyghtes as hym thought beste.

So in every goode towne and castell off this londe was 20 made a crye that in the contrey of Surluse sir Galahalte shulde make a justis that sholde laste seven dayes, and how the Hawte Prince, with the helpe of quene Gwenyvers knyghtes, sholde juste agayne all maner of men that commyth. Whan this crye was knowyn, kynges and prynces, deukes, erlys 25 and barownes and noble knyghtes made them redy to be at that justys.

And at the day of justenynge there cam in sir Dynadan disgysed, and ded many grete dedis of armys. Than at the (41)
requeste of quene Gwenyver and of kynge Bagdemagus 30 sir Launcelot com into the thrange, but he was disgysed; that was the cause that feaw folke knew hym. And there mette wyth hym sir Ector de Marys, his owne brother, and ayther

1 *C** prynce was lord 2 oute *not in C* 6 *C* wyll how he wold lete 7–8 *C* within the landes of 8 *C* axed leue to lete crye 9–10 *C* wete thow wel sayd Kynge Arthur I 10 myselff *not in C* 13 a *not in C* 14 *C* the haute prynce 15–16 *C*† Syr said Galahalt I wille as ye wylle sir thenne the qnene (*S* quene) I wille take with me and suche knyghtes as pleasen me best 22 *C*† eyghte dayes 24 *C* men that wold come 31 *C* in to the rayeng but

brake their spearys uppon other to their handis. And than aythir gate another speare, and than sir Launcelot smote downe sir Ector, his owne brother.

That sawe sir Bleoberys, and he smote sir Launcelot uppon the helme suche a buffet that he wyste nat well where
269r he was. Than sir Launcelot smote sir Bleoberys so sore uppon the helme that his hed bowed downe bakwarde, and he smote hym efft another stroke, and therewith he avoyded his sadyll. And so he rode by and threste in amonge the thykkyst.

Whan the kynge of North Galys saw sir Ector and sir Bleoberys ley on the grounde, than was he wrothe, for they cam on his party agaynste them of Surluse. So the kynge of North Galys ran unto sir Launcelot and brake a speare uppon hym all to pecis. And therewith sir Launcelot overtoke the kynge of North Galys and smote hym such a buffet on the helme with his swerde that he made hym to avoyde the arson of his sadyll. And anone the kynge was horsed agayne.

So kynge Bagdemagus and the kynge of Northe Galys aythir party hurled to other, and than began a stronge medlé, but they of Northe Galys were muche bygger than the other.

So whan sir Launcelot saw his party go so to the warre, he thrange oute to the thyckyst with a bygge swerde in his honde. And there he smote downe on the ryght honde and on the lyffte hond, and pulled downe knyghtes and russhed of helmys, that all men had wondir that ever knyght myght do suche dedis of armys.

Whan sir Mellyagaunce that was sonne unto kynge Bagdemagus saw how sir Launcelot fared, and whan he undirstood that hit was he, he wyste well that he was disgysed for his sake. Than sir Mellyagaunce prayde a knyght to sle sir Launcelotes horse, other with swerde or speare.

4–5 *C* he smote sir launcelot suche a buffet uppon the helme that he wyste not 6 *C** launcelot was wrothe and smote 8 *C* smote efte another buffet that he auoyded 9–10 *C* threst forth to the thyckest 17–18 *C* auoyde his hors and anone 20 *C* So bothe the kynge Bagdemagus 21 aythir *not in C* 22–23 *C* were ferre bygger Whanne sire 23 *C* the werst 24 *C* thrange in to the thyckest prees with a swerd 26–27 *C* and racyd of their helmys 27 *C* euer one knyght 30 *C** ferd he merueiled gretely And whan he 33 *C* or with spere

And at that tyme, kynge Bagdemagus mette with another knyght that hyght Sauseyse, a good knyght, and sayde,

'Now, fayre knyght sir Sauseyse, encountir with my sonne, sir Mellyagaunce, and gyff hym layrge pay, for I wolde that he were well beatyn of thy hondis, that he myght departe oute of this felyship.' 269v

And than sir Sauseyse encountyrd with sir Mellyagaunce, and aythir smote other adowne. And than they fought on foote. And there sir Sauseyse had wonne sir Mellyagaunce, had there nat com rescowys.

So than the Haute Prynce blewe to lodgynge, and every knyght unarmed hym and wente to the grete feyste.

Than in the meanewhyle there came a damesell to the Haute Prynce and complayned that there was a knyght that hyght sir Gonereyes that withhylde all her londis. And so the knyght was there presente, and keste his glove to hir or to ony that wolde fyght in hir name. So the damesell toke up the glove all hevyly for the defaute of a champyon. Than there cam a varlet to her and seyde,

'Damesell, woll ye do aftir me?'

'Full fayne,' seyde the damesell.

'Than go ye unto suche a knyght that lyeth here besyde in an ermytage, and that knyght folowyth the questynge beeste, and pray hym to take the batayle uppon hym. And anone he woll graunte you.'

So anone she toke her palferey, and within a whyle she founde that knyght whyche was called sir Palomydes. And whan she requyred hym he armed hym and rode with her and made her go to the Haute Prynce and to aske leve for hir knyght to do batayle.

'I woll well,' seyde the Haute Prynce.

Than the knyghtes made them redy and cam to the fylde to juste on horsebacke, and aythir gate a grete speare in his honde, and so mette togydirs so hard that theire spearis all

2 *C* good knyghte to whom he sayd 3 knyght sir *not in C* 4 *C* large payment that *not in C* 5–6 *C* oute of this feld 10 *C* not there 15 *C* Goneryes that withhelde her alle her 16–17 *C*† to hym or to ony (*S* any) that 18 *C* for defaute 23 *C* that foloweth 25 *C* anone I wote wel he 27 *C* knyght that was sire Palomydes 30 *C* knyght *S* kynght 32 *C* knyghtes were redy in the feld 33 grete *not in C* 33–34 *C* in their handes and mette soo fyersly to gyders that

to-shevird. And anone they flange oute their swerdis, and sir Palomydes smote sir Gonereyse downe to the erthe. And than he raced of his helme and smote of his hede. Than they wente to souper.

And this damesell loved sir Palomydes as her paramour, but the booke seyth she was of his kynne.

So than sir Palomydes disgysed hymselff in this maner: in his shylde he bare the questynge beste, and in all his trapours. And whan he was thus redy he sente to the Haute Prynce to gyff hym leve to juste with othir knyghtes, but he was adouted
270r of syr Launcelot. Than the Haute Prynce sente hym worde agayne that he sholde be wellcom, and that sir Launcelot sholde nat juste wyth hym. Than sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce lete cry that what knyght somever smote downe sir Palomydes sholde have his damesell to hymselff to his demaynes.

(42) HERE BEGYNNYTH THE SECUNDE DAY. And anone as sir Palomydes came into the fylde, sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce was at the raunge ende, and mette wyth sir Palomydes and he with hym with two grete spearys. And they came so harde togydyrs that their spearys all to-shevirde. But sir Galahalte smote hym so harde that he bare hym bakwarde over his horse, but yet he loste nat his styroppis. Than they pulled oute their swerdis, and laysshed togydirs many sad strokis, that many worshypfull knyghtes leffte their busynes to beholde them. But at the laste sir Galahalte smote a stroke of myght unto sir Palomydes sore uppon the helme; but the helme was so harde that the swerde myght nat byghte, but slypped and smote of the hede of his horse.

But whan sir Galahalte saw the good knyght sir Palomydes fall to the erthe, he was ashamed of that stroke. And therewithall he alyght adowne of his owne horse, and prayde sir Palomydes to take that horse of his gyffte and to forgyff hym that dede.

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I thanke you of youre grete

1 *C* out swerdes 5 *C* her *not in C* 14 that *not in C* *C* someuer he were that smote 15–16 to his demaynes *not in C* 20 two *not in C* 23–24 *C* they drewe their 26 *C* Galahalt the haut prynce smote 27 *W* so sore 29–30 *C** hede of the hors of sir Palomydes whan the haut prynce wyst and sawe 30 sir Palomydes *not in C* 32 *C* alyghte doune 32–33 *C* prayd the good knyghte Palomydes

goodnes, for ever of a man of worship a knyght shall never have disworshyp.'

And so he mownted uppon that horse, and the Haute Prynce had another horse anone.

'Now,' seyde the Haute Prynce, 'I releace to you that maydyn, for ⌜ye⌝ have wonne her.'

'A,' sayde sir Palomydes, 'the damesell and I be at youre commaundement.'

So they departed, and sir Galahalte ded grete dedis of armys. And ryght so cam sir Dynadan and encountyrd wyth sir Galahalte, and aythir cam on other so faste that their spearys brake to there hondis. But sir Dynadan had wente the Haute Prynce had bene more weryar than he was, and than he smote many sad strokes at the Haute Prynce. But 270v whan sir Dynadan saw he myght nat gete hym to the erthe, he seyde,

'My lorde, I pray you, leve me and take anothir.'

So the Haute Prynce knew nat sir Dynadan, but leffte hym goodly for his fayre wordis, and so they departed. But another knyght there cam and tolde the Haute Prynce that hit was sir Dynadan.

'Iwys,' seyde the Haute Prynce, 'therefore am I hevy that he is so ascaped fro me, for with his mokkis and his japys now shall I never have done with hym.'

And than sir Galahalte rode faste aftyr hym and bade hym, 'Abyde, sir Dynadan, for kynge Arthurs sake!'

'Nay,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'so God me helpe, we mete no more togydyrs this day!'

Than in that haste sir Galahalte mett with sir Mellyagaunce, and he smote hym so in the throte that and he had fallyn his necke had be brokyn. And with the same speare he smote downe anothir knyght.

Than cam in they of the Northe Galys and many straungers with them, and were lyke to have put them of Surluse to the

2 *C*† baue (*S* haue) 6 *W* for I have wonne her *C** for ye haue wonne her *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 386r, col. 1*) je m'en tiens pour vaincuz et vous clain quite la damoisele 11–12 *C** came to other so fast with theire speres that their speres (*homoeoteleuton in W?*) 13 *C* more wery than 18–19 *C*† lefte goodely 19–20 *C* but soone there came another and told 22 *C* for soth sayd the prynce 29–30 *C* in that wrathe the haute prynce mette with Melyagaunt 31 be *not in C* 34 with them *not in C*†

worse, for sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce had overmuche in honde. So there cam the good knyght sir Symounde the Valyaunte with forty knyghtes and bete them all abacke.

Than quene Gwenyver and sir Launcelot let blow to lodgynge, and every knyght unarmed hym and dressed them to the feste.

(43) So whan sir Palomydes was unarmed he axed lodgynge for hymselff and the damesell, and anone the Haute Prynce commaunded them to lodgynge. And he was nat so sone in his lodgynge but there cam a knyght that hyght Archade: he was brothir unto sir Gomoryes that sir Palomydes slewe afore in the damesels quarell. And this knyght Archede called sir Palomydes traytoure, and appeled hym for the deth of his brother.

'By the leve of the Haute Prynce,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall answere the.'

271r Whan sir Galahalte undirstood there quarell he bade them go to the dyner:

'And as sone as ye have dyned, loke that aythir knyght be redy in the fylde.'

So whan they had dyned they were armed bothe and toke their horsys. And the quene and the prynce and sir Launcelot were sette to beholde them. And so they let ren their horsis, and there sir Palomydes and sir Archade mette, and he bare sir Archade on his speare ende over his horse tayle. And than sir Palomydes alyght and drewe his swerde, but sir Archade myght nat aryse. And there sir Palomydes raced of his helme and smote of his hede. Than the Haute Prynce and quene Gwenyver went to souper.

Than kynge Bagdemagus sente away his sonne Mellyagaunce, bycause sir Launcelot sholde nat mete with hym; for he hated sir Launcelot, and that knewe he nat.

(44) NOW BEGYNNYTH THE THIRDE DAY OF JUSTIS. And at that day kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy, and there cam agaynste hym kynge Marsyll that had in gyffte an ilonde of sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce. And this ilonde was called Pomytayne.

3 *C* he bete 4–5 *C* to lodgynge *S* the lodgynge 24–25 and sir Archade mette and he *not in C*† 25 ende *not in C*† 33 *C* of Iustynge 36–37 *C* yland had the name Pomytayn

Than hit befelle thus that kynge Bagdemagus and kynge Marsyll of Pomytayne mett togydir wyth spearys, and kynge Marsyll had suche a buffet that he felle over his horse croupe. Than cam therein a knyght of kynge Marsyls to revenge his lorde, and kynge Bagdemagus smote hym 5 downe, horse and man, to the erthe.

So there came an erle that hyght sir Arrowse, and sir Breuse, and an hondred knyghtes wyth hem of Pometaynes, and the kynge of Northe Galys was with hem, and all they were agaynste them of Surluse. And than there began a grete 10 batayle, and many knyghtes were caste undir their horse fyete. And ever kynge Bagdemagus ded beste, for he fyrste began and ever he was lengyste that helde on. But sir Gaherys, Gawaynes brother, smote ever at the face of kynge Bag- **271v** demagus, and at the laste he smote downe sir Gaherys, horse 15 and man.

And by aventure sir Palomydes mette with sir Blamour de Ganys, brother unto sir Bleoberys, and ayther smote other with grete spearis, that bothe horse and men felle to the erthe. But sir Blamour had [suche a falle that he had] allmoste broke 20 his necke, for the blood braste oute at the nose, mowthe, and earys. Than cam in deuke Chalens of Claraunce, and undir his governaunce there cam a knyght that hyght sir Elys la Noyre. And there encountyrd with hym kynge Bagdemagus, and he smote sir Elys, that he made hym to avoyde his arson 25 of his sadyll.

So this deuke Chalence of Claraunce ded there grete dedis of armys, and so late as he cam in the thirde day there ded no man so well excepte kynge Bagdemagus and sir Palomydes. And the pryce was gyvyn that day unto kynge 30 Bagdemagus, and than they blew unto lodgyng and unarmed them and wente to the feyste.

Ryght so cam in sir Dynadan and mocked and japed wyth

9 *C* alle these 10 a *not in C* 11 their *not in C* 13 was lengyste that *not in C*† But sir *not in C*† 15 *C* laste kynge Bagdemagus hurtled doune Gaherys 17 *C* Palomydes the good Knyghte 17–18 *C*† syre Bleoberys de Ganys syre Bleoberys broder And eyther 19 *C* both theyre horses and knyghtes felle 21 *C*† sor the *S* for the 21–22 *C* at nose mouthe and his eres but at the laste he recouered well by good surgyens (*not in F*) Thenne there cam 22–23 *C* and in his 25–26 his arson of *not in C* 28 *C* and of soo 28–29 *C* there was no man dyd soo 29–30 *C* Palomydes that the pryce

kynge Bagdemagus, that all kynghtes lowghe at hym, for he was a fyne japer and lovynge unto all good knyghtes.

So anone as they had dyned, there cam a varlet beerynge four spearys on his backe, and he cam to sir Palomydes and seyde thus:

'Here is a knyght by that hath sente the choyse of four spearys, and requyryth you for youre ladyes sake to take that one halff of thes spearys and juste with hym in the fylde.'

'Telle hym,' seyde sir Palomydes, ' "I woll nat fayle you".'

So sir Galahalte seyde, 'Make you redy!' So quene Gwenyver, the Haute Prynce, and sir Launcelot, they were sette in scaffoldis [to gyve the jugement of these two knyghtis].

Than sir Palomydes and the straunge knyght ran togydirs and brake there spearys to their hondys. And anone aythir
272r of them toke another speare and shyvyrd them in pecis. And than ayther toke a gretter speare, and than the knyght smote downe sir Palomydes, horse and man, and as he wolde have passed over hym the knyghtes horse stombeled and felle downe uppon sir Palomydes. Than they drewe theire swerdis, and laysshed togydirs wondirly sore.

Than the Haute Prynce and sir Launcelot seyde they saw never two knyghtes fyght bettir; but ever the straunge knyght doubled his strokys and put sir Palomydes abak.

And therewithall the Haute Prynce cryed 'Whoo!'

And than they wente to lodgynge, and whan they were unarmed anone they knew hym for sir Lamerok. And whan Launcelot knew sir Lamerok he made muche of hym; for of all erthely men he loved hym beste excepte sir Trystram. Than quene Gwenyver comended hym, and so did all good knyghtes, ⟨and⟩ made muche of hym, excepte sir Gawaynes brethirne. Than quene Gwenyvir seyde unto sir La⌈uncelot⌉,

2 *C* and wel louynge alle 6 that *not in C* *C* sente yow the choyse 10 *C* fayle hym 11 *C* Whanne sire Galahalt wyste of this he badde Palomydes make hym redy So the Quene 12–13 *C** vpon schafholdes to gyue the Iugement of these two Knyghtes *So in F* 14–15 *C** ranne so egerly to gyders that their speres brake to their handes 16 *C* tooke a grete spere in his hand and alle to sheuered 18 *C* man to the erthe 19 *C* the straunge knyghtes 21–22 *C** sore a grete whyle Thenne 23 *C* better than they dyd 27–28 *C* vnarmed they knewe hit was the noble knyȝt syr Lamorak Whanne syr Launcelot knewe that hit was sir Lamorak 29 *C* aboue alle 30 *C* alle other good 31 *See note* 32 *W* Lamerok *C* F* La(u)ncelot

'Sir, I requyre you that and ye juste ony more, that ye juste wyth none of the blood of my lorde kynge Arthur.'

And so he promysed he wolde nat as at that tyme.

HERE BEGYNNYTH THE FOURTH DAY. Than cam into the (45)
fylde the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and all they 5
of Northe Galys, and deuke Chalens of Claraunce, and kynge Marsyll of Pometayne. And there cam sir Saphir, sir Palomydes brother, and he tolde hym tydynges of hys fadir and of his modir.

'And his name was called [the] erle ⟨de la Plaunche⟩, and so 10
I appeled hym afore the kynge, for he made warre uppon oure fadir and modir. And there I slewe hym in playne batayle.'

So they two went into the fylde, and the damesell wyth hem. And there cam to encounter agayne them sir Bleoberys de Ganys and sir Ector de Marys. And sir Palomydes 15
encountyrd wyth sir Bleoberys, and aythir smote other 272v
downe. In the same wyse ded sir Saphir and sir Ector, and tho two couplys ded batayle on foote.

Than cam in sir Lamerok, and he encountyrd with the Kynge of the Hondred Knyghtes and smote hym quyte over 20
his horse tayle. And in the same wyse he served the kynge of Northe Galys, and also he smote downe kynge Marsyll. And so or ever he stynte he smote downe wyth his speare and with his swerde thirty knyghtys. Whan deuke Chalens saw sir Lamerok do so grete proues he wolde nat meddyll 25
with hym for shame. And than he charged all his knyghtes in payne of deth that 'none of you towche hym, for hit were shame to all goode knyghtes and that knyght were shamed'.

Than the two kynges gadird them togydirs, and all they sett uppon sir Lameroke. And he fayled them nat, but 30
russhed here and there and raced of many helmys, that the Haute Prince and quene Gwenyver seyde they sawe never knyght do suche dedis of armys on horsebacke.

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot to kynge Bagdemagus, 'I woll arme me and helpe sir Lamerok.' 35

'And I woll ryde wyth you,' seyde kynge Bagdemagus.

And whan they two were horsed they cam to sir Lamerok

8 of hys fadir and *not in C*† *F* nostre pere et nostre mere 10 *W* an erle (*see note*) 10–11 *C*† so he appeled hym afore kynge Arthur for 13 two *not in C* 31 *C** there smytyng on the ryght hand and on the lyfte & racyd of many helmes so that

that stood amonge thirty knyghtes, and well was hym that myght reche hym a buffet; and ever he smote agayne myghtyly. Than cam there into the pres sir Launcelot, and he threwe downe sir Mador de la Porte, and with the troncheon of that speare he threwe downe many knyghtes. And kynge Bagdemagus smote on the lyffte honde and on the ryght honde mervaylusly well. And than tho three kynges fledde abak.

And therewithall sir Galahalte lat blow to lodgynge; and all herrowdis gaff sir Lamerok the pryce.

273r And all this whyle fought sir Palomydes, and sir Bleoberys, and sir Safer, and sir Ector on foote, and never was there four knyghtes more evynner macched. And anone they were departed, and had unto their lodgynge, and unarmed; and so they wente to the grete feste.

But whan sir Lamerok was com unto the courte quene Gwenyver enbraced hym in her armys and seyde,

'Sir, well have ye done this day!'

Than cam the Haute Prynce, and he made of hym grete joy, and so ded sir Dynadan, for he wepte for joy. But the joy that sir Launcelot made of sir Lamerok there myght no tonge telle. Than they wente unto reste.

And so on the morne the Haute Prynce sir Galahalte blew unto the fylde.

(46) HERE BEGYNNYTH THE FYFTH DAY. So hit befell that sir Palomydes cam in the morne-tyde, and profyrde to juste thereas kynge Arthur was in a castell there besydys Surluse. And there encountyrd with hym a worshypfull deuke that hyght Adrawns, and there sir Palomydes smote hym over his horse croupyn. And this deuke was uncle unto kynge Arthure.

Than sir Elyce, his sonne, rode unto sir Palomydes, and so he servid sir Elyse in the same wyse. Whan sir Gawayne sawe

9 *C* There with all thenne sire 10 *C* alle the heroudes 11–12 *C* foughte Palomydes sire Bleoberys sire Safere sir (*S* sire) Ector 12 *C* foot neuer were 13 more *not in C* 14–15 *C* vnarmed hem and 16 *C* come in to 17 *C* Gueneuer took hym in her 21 *C* sir Launcelot *S* sire Launcelot 21–22 *C* no man telle 23 so *not in C* 23 *C* the haute prynce lete blowe 25 *C* begynneth the *S* begynneththe 28–29 that hyght Adrawns *not in C*† *F* Ardans 32 *C*† sire Elyses sone *In F Elyse (Helis) is the son of Adrawns (Ardans). See note* 32–33 *C* vnto Palomydes and Palomydes serued Elyse 33 *C*† sire Vwayne sawe *F* Gauvain

this he was wrothe. Than he toke his horse and encountird with sir Palomydes, and sir Palomydes smote hym so harde that he wente to the erthe, horse and man. And for to make a short tale, he smote downe his three bretherne, that is for to say sir Mordred, sir Gaherys, and sir Aggravayne.

'A, Jesu!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'this is a grete dispyte that suche a Saryson shall smyte downe my blood!'

And therewithall kynge Arthure was wrothe and thought to have made hym redy to juste. That aspyed sir Lamerok, that kynge Arthure and his blood was so discomfite. And anone he was redy and axed sir Palomydes if he wolde ony more juste.

'Why sholde I nat juste?' seyde sir Palomydes.

So they hurled togydirs and brake their spearys, and all to-shyvird them, that all the castell range of their dyntys. Than aythir gate a gretter speare, and they cam so fyersly togydir that sir Palomydes speare brake, and sir Lamerokes hylde. And therewythall sir Palomydes loste his spurrys, and so he lay upryght on his horse backe. But sir Palomydes recoverde agayne and toke his damesell, and so sir Saffir and he wente their way. 273v

So whan he was departed the kynge cam to sir Lamerok and thankyd hym of his goodnes and prayde hym to tell hym his name.

'Syr,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'wyte you well I owghe you my servyse, but as at this tyme I woll nat abyde here, for I se off myne enemyes many aboute you.'

'Alas!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'nowe wote I well hit is sir Lamerok de Galys. A, sir Lamerok, abyde wyth me! And be my crowne, I shall never fayle the: and nat so hardy in sir Gawaynes hede, nothir none of his bretherne, to do the wronge.'

4–6 *C* doune thre bretheren of syre Gawayns that is for to say Mordred Gaherys and Agrauayne 7 *C* O Ihesu 7–8 *C* despyte of a Sarasyn that he shalle 9 *C* was woode wrothe 11 *C* blood were discomfyte 14 juste *not in C* 17 *C** spere in his hand and they 18 *C* to gyders but sir Palomydes spere all to brast and sir 19 *C* dyd holde 19–20 *C* his steroppes and lay 20–21 *C*† horsbak And thēne sire Palomydes retorned ageyne 21–22 *C* and sir (*S* sire) Safere retorned his way 23 *C* departed kynge Arthur came 26 *C* wete thow wel 28 *C* aboute me 30 *C* O Lamorak 32–33 *C* the ony wronge

'Sir, grete wronge have they done me and you bothe.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for they slew their owne modir, my sistir. Hit had bene muche fayrer and bettir that ye hadde wedded her, for ye ar a kynges sonne as well as they.'

'A, Jesu, mercy!' seyde sir Lamerok. 'Her deth shall I never forgete, and if hit were nat at the reverence of youre hyghnes, I sholde be revenged uppon sir Gawayne and his bretherne.'

'Truly,' seyde kynge Arthour, 'I woll make you at acorde.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'as at this tyme I may nat abyde with you, for I muste to the justis where is sir Launcelot and the Haute Prynce sir Galahalte.'

So there was a damesell that was doughtir unto kynge Baudas; and there was a Sarazen knyght that hyght sir Corsabryne, and he loved the damesell and in no wyse he wolde suffir her to be maryed. For ever this Corsabryne [n]oysed her and named her that she was oute of her mynde, and thus he lette her that she myght nat be maryed.

(47) So by fortune this damesell harde telle that sir Palomydes
274r ded muche for damesels. And anone she sente hym a pensell and prayde hym to fyght with sir Corsabroyne for her love, and he sholde have her and all her londis, and of her fadirs that sholde falle aftir hym.

Than the damesell sente unto sir Corsabryne and bade hym go unto sir Palomydes that was a paynym as well as he, and she gaff hym warnynge that she had sente hym her pensell; and yf he myght overcome sir Palomydes she wolde wedde hym.

Whan sir Corsabryne wyste of her dedis, than was he wood wrothe. And anone he rode unto Surluse where the Haute Prynce [was], and there he founde sir Palomydes redy, the whyche had the pensell. And so there they waged batayle aythir with othir afore sir Galahalte.

1 *C* Syre said syre Lamorak wronge 2 *C* the kynge 3 *C** syster the whiche me sore greueth It hadde 6 *C* O Ihesu sayd the noble knyght sire Lamorack vnto Arthur her 7 *C** forgete I promyse yow and make myn auowe vnto god I shalle reuenge her dethe as soone I see tyme conenable And yf hit 8 *C* shold now haue ben reuenged 14–15 *C*† Bandes *F* Baudas 17 *W* moysed (< *inoysed?*) 19 *C*† maryed Capitulum xliiii 21 *C* damoysels sake soo she sent to hym 23 *C*† haue her and her landes of her faders 24–25 *C* falle to her Thenne 30 *C* wroth and angry and rode

'Well,' seyde the Haute Prynce, 'this day muste noble knyghtes juste, and at aftir dyner we shall se how ye can do.'

Than they blew to justys. And in cam sir Dynadan and mette with sir Geryne, a good knyght, and he threw hym downe over his horse croupen. And sir Dynadan overthrew four knyghtes mo, and there he dede grete dedis of armys, for he was a good knyght. But he was a grete skoffer and a gaper, and the meryste knyght amonge felyship that was that tyme lyvynge: and he loved every good knyght and every good knyght loved hym.

So whan the Haute Prynce saw sir Dynadan do so well, he sente unto sir Launcelot and bade hym stryke hym adowne:

'And [whan that ye have done] so, brynge hym afore me and quene Gwenyver.'

Than sir Launcelot ded as he was requyred. Than cam sir La[morak] and smote downe many knyghtes, and raced of helmys, and droff all the knyghtes afore hym, and sir Launcelot smote adowne sir Dynadan and made his men to unarme hym. And so brought hym to the quene, and tho the Haute Prynce lowghe at sir Dynadan, that they myght nat stonde.

'Well,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'yet have I no shame, for the olde shrew sir Launcelot smote me downe.'

So they wente to dyner, all the courte, and had grete disporte at sir Dynadan. **274v**

So whan the dyner was done, they blew to the fylde to beholde sir Palomydes and sir Corsabryne. Syr Palomydes pyght his pensell in myddys of the fylde, and than they hurled togydirs with her spearys as hit were thundir, and they smote aythir other to the erthe. And than they pulled oute there swerdis and dressed their shyldis and laysshed togydirs myghtyly as myghty knyghtes, that well-nyghe

2 *C* can spede 7 grete *not in C* 8 *C* a Iaper 9 *C** lyuynge And he hadde suche a customme that he loued 10–11 *C* hym ageyne Soo thenne whanne 12–13 *C* stryke doune syre Dynadan 14 *Homoeoteleuton in W* (adowne . . . done) 15 *C* and the noble quene 16–17 *W* Than cam sir Launcelot and smote *C** Thenne sire Lamorak and he smote 17 *W* knyghtes and and 18 *C* afore them 20–21 *C** and the haute prynce and they *C* dynadan so sore that 25 *C* dyuer *S* dyner and *not in C†* 25–26 *C* had good sporte at Dynadan 30–31 *C* and eyther smote

there was no pyse of harneyse wolde holde them, for this Corsabryne was a passynge felownse knyght. Than Corsabryne seyde,

'Sir Palomydes, wolt thou release me yondir damesell and the pensell?'

Than was he wrothe oute of mesure, and gaff sir Palomyde[s] suche a buffet that he kneled on his kne. Than sir Palomydes arose lyghtly and smote hym uppon the helme, that he fell upryght to the erthe. And therewithall he raced of his helme and seyde,

'Yelde the, Corsabryne, or thou shalt dye!'

'Fye on the,' seyde sir Corsabryne, 'and do thy warste!'

Than he smote of his hede. And therewithall cam a stynke of his body, whan the soule departed, that there myght nobody abyde the savoure. So was the corpus had away and buryed in a wood, bycause he was a pay[n]ym.

Than they blew unto lodgynge, and sir Palomydes was unarmed. Than he wente unto quene Gwenyver, to the Haute Prince, and to sir Launcelot.

'Sir,' seyde the Haute Prynce, 'here have ye seyne this day a grete myracle by Corsabryne, what savoure was there whan the soule departed frome the body. Therefore we all requyre you to take the baptyme upon you, and than all knyghtes woll sette the more be you.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll that ye all knowe that into this londe I cam to be crystyned, and in my harte I am
275r crystynde, and crystynde woll I be. But I have made suche a vowe that I may nat be crystynde tyll I have done seven trewe bataylis for Jesus sake, and than woll I be crystynde. And I truste that God woll take myne entente, for I meane truly.'

Than sir Palomydes prayde quene Gwenyver and the Haute Prynce [to soupe with hym]; and so he ded bothe sir Launcelot and sir Lamerok and many other good knyghtes.

2–4 *C*† knyghte Corsabryn said Palomydes wylte thow *In F the speaker is Corsabrin* 6 *C* was Corsabryn 9 *C* felle doune ryȝt to the erthe 11 *C* Corsabryn yelde the or ellys thou shalt dye of my handes 12 and *not in C* 15 *C* corps 16 *W* paymym 22–23 *C* There for syre we wylle requyre 23 *C* and I promyse yow alle 24 *C** by yow and say more worship by yow 28 *C* an auowe 35 *See note* *C*† they dyd

So on the morne they herde there masse, and blewe to the [felde,] and than many worshipfull knyghtes made them redy.

HERE BEGYNNYTH THE SYXTH DAY. Than cam therein sir (48) Gaherys, and there encountyrd with hym sir Ossayse of Surluse, and sir Gaherys smote hym over his horse croupe. 5 And than ayther party encountyrd with othir, and there were many [speres broken and many] knyghtes caste undir fyete.

So there cam in sir Darnarde and sir Agglovale, that were bretherne unto sir Lamerok, and they mette with other two knyghtes, and aythir smote other so harde that all four 10 knyghtes and horsis fell to the erthe.

Whan sir Lamerok saw his two bretherne downe he was wrothe oute of mesure; and than he gate a grete speare in his honde, and therewithall he smote downe four good knyghtes, and than his speare brake. Than he pulled oute 15 his swerde and smote aboute hym on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, and raced of helmys and pulled downe knyghtes, that all men mervayled of suche dedis of armys as he ded, for he fared so that many knyghtes fledde. Than he horsed his bretherne agayne and sayde, 20

'Bretherne, ye ought to be ashamed to falle so of your horsis! What is a knyght but whan he is on horsebacke? For I sette nat by a knyght whan he is on foote, for all batayles on foote ar but pyllours in batayles, for there sholde no knyght fyghte on foote but yf hit were for treson or ellys 25 he were dryvyn by forse to fyght on foote. Therefore, bretherne, sytte faste in your sadyls, or ellys fyght never 275v more afore me!'

So with that cam in the deuke Chalence of Claraunce. And there encountyrd with hym the erle of Ulbawys of 30 Surluse, and aythir of hem smote other downe. Than the knyghtes of bothe partyes horsed their lordis agayne, for sir Ector and sir Bleoberys were on foote waytynge on the deuke Chalence, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes was with the erle of Ulbawes. 35

So wyth that cam sir Gaherys and laysshed to the Kynge

1 to *not in C* 2 many worshipfull *not in C*† 7 *Cf. p. 669, ll. 3–4.* 13 *C* oute *S* out 23 For *not in C* 24 *C** pelowres batails (*W's reading may be a corruption of* 'all *knyghtes* on foote' *etc.*) 26 *C* dryuen therto by force therfore 27 *C* faste on your horses or 30, 35 *C* Erle Vlbawes

wyth the Hondred Knyghtes and he to hym agayne. Than cam the deuke Chalence and departed them. So they blew to lodgynge, and the knyghtes unarmed them and drewe them to there dyner.

And at the myddys of his dynar in cam sir Dynadan and began to rayle. And than he behelde the Haute Prynce that hym semed wrothe with som faute that he sawe: for he had a condission that he loved no fysshe, and bycause [he] was served with fysshe and hated hit, therefore he was nat myrry. And whan sir Dynadan had aspyed the Haute Prynce he aspyed where was a fysshe with a grete hede, and anone that he gate betwyxte two disshis and served the Haute Prynce with that fysshe. And than he sayde thus:

'Sir Galahalte, well may I lykkyn you to a wolff, for he woll never ete fysshe, but fleysshe.'

And anone the Haute Prynce lowghe at his wordis.

'Well, well,' seyde sir Dynadan to sir Launcelot, 'what devyll do ye in this contrey? For here may no meane knyghtes wynne no worship for the.'

'I ensure the, sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall no more mete with the, nother with thy grete speare, for I may nat sytte in my sadyll whan thy speare hittyth me. And I be happy, I shall beware of thy boyteous body that thou beryst. Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'make good wacche [e]ver. God forbode that ever we mete but hit be at a dysshe of mete!'

Than lowghe the quene and the Haute Prynce, that they
276r myght nat sytte at their table, and thus they made grete joy tyll on the morne. And than they harde masse, and blew to the fylde, and quene Gwenyver and all astatys were sette, a[nd] jouges armed clene with their shyldis to kepe the ryghtes.

(49) NOW BEGYNNYTH THE SEVENTH BATAYLE. Here cam in the deuke Cambynes and there encountyrd with hym sir Arystaunce that was cownted a good knyght, and they mette so harde that aythir bare other adowne, horse and man. Than there cam in the erle Lambayle and halpe the deuke agayne to horsebacke.

5 *C* of their dyner 8 *C* a customme he loued 9 *C* fysshe the whiche he hated 19–20 *C* for the sir Dynadan said Laũcelot I ensure the I 22 *C* And yf I be 23 *C* of that boystous 24 *W* Ouer (*see note*) 25 *C* forbede 29 *C* all the estates 29–30 *C** and set and Iuges *WO*1 as jouges. *Cf. p. 669, l. 13.* 30 *C* ryghte 36–p. 669, l. 1 *C* to hors Thenne came there

Than there cam in sir Ossayse of Surluse, and he smote the erle Lambayle downe frome his horse. And so they began grete dedis of armys, and many spearys were brokyn and many knyghtes were caste to the erthe. Than the kynge of Northe Galys and the erle Ulbawes smote togydyrs, that all the jouges thought hit was mortall deth.

This meanewhyle quene Gwenyver and the Haute Prynce and sir Launcelot made there sir Dynadan to make hym redy to juste.

'I woll', seyde sir Dynadan, 'ryde into the fylde, but than one of you twayne woll mete with me.'

'Perdeus,' seyde the Haute Prynce and sir Launcelot, 'ye may se how we sytte here as jouges with oure shyldis, and allway may ye beholde where we sytte here or nat.'

So sir Dynadan departed and toke his horse, and mette with many knyghtes and ded passyngly well. And as he was departed, sir Launcelot disgysed hymselff and put uppon his armour a maydyns garmente freysshely attyred. Than sir Launcelot made sir Galyhodyn to lede hym thorow the raunge, and all men had wondir what damesell was that. And so as sir Dynadan cam into the raunge, sir Launcelot, that was in the damesels aray, gate sir Galyhodyns speare and ran unto sir Dynadan.

And allwayes he loked up thereas sir Launcelot was, and than he sawe one sytte in the stede of sir Launcelot armed. But whan sir Dynadan saw a maner of a damesell, he dradde perellys lest hit sholde be sir Launcelot disgysed. But sir **276v** Launcelot cam on hym so faste that he smote sir Dynadan over his horse croupe. And anone grete coystrons gate sir Dynadan, and into the foreyste there besyde, and there they dispoyled hym unto his sherte and put uppon hym a womans garmente and so brought hym into fylde; and so the[y] blew unto lodgyng, and every knyght wente and unarmed them.

And than was sir Dynadan brought in amonge them all, and whan quene Gwenyver sawe sir Dynadan ibrought in so

2–3 *C* beganne they to doo grete 6 *C* was lyke mortal 11 *C*† one one 12 and sir Launcelot *not in C*† 14 *C* mayst thow 20 *C* damoysel it was 24 *C* alwayes sire Dynadan loked 27 *C* peryls that it was syre 28–29 *C* smote hym ouer 29 *C*† grete scornes gate *F* des ribaux (*see note*) 30 *C* Dynadan in to 32 *C* the felde 36 *C* brought soo

amonge them all, than she lowghe, that she fell downe; and so dede all that there was.

'Well,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'sir Launcelot, thou arte so false that I can never beware of the.'

Than by all the assente they gaff sir Launcelot the pryce; the next was sir Lameroke de Galys, and the thirde was sir Palomydes; the fourth was kynge Bagdemagus. So thes four knyghtes had the pryce. And there was grete joy and grete nobelay in all the courte.

And on the morne quene Gwenyver and sir Launcelot departed unto kynge Arthur; but in no wyse sir Lamerok w[ol]de nat go wyth them.

'Sir, I shall undirtake', seyde sir Launcelot, 'that, and ye woll go wyth us, kynge Arthure shall charge sir Gawayne and his bretherne never to do you hurte.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Lamerok, 'I woll nat truste to sir Gawayne, nother none of his bretherne. And wyte you well, sir La[uncelot], and hit were nat for my lorde kynge Arthurs sake, I shuld macche sir Gawayne and his bretherne well inowghe. But for to say that I shall truste them, that shall I never. And there[fore] I pray you recommaunde me unto kynge Arthure and all my lordys of the Rounde Table, and in what place that ever I com I shall do you all servyse to my power. And, sir, yet hit is but late that I revenged them whan they were put to the [werse] by sir Palomydes.'

Tha[n] sir Lameroke departed frome sir Launcelot and
277r all the felyship, and aythir of them wepte at her departynge.

(50) NOW TURNE WE FRO THIS MATER AND SPEKE OF SIR TRYSTRAM, OF WHOM THIS BOOKE IS PRYNCIPALL OFF. AND LEVE WE THE KYNGE AND THE QUENE, AND SIR LAUNCELOT, AND SIR LAMEROK.

2 *C* there were 3 *C* Dynadan to launcelot 11–12 *W* lamerok wlode nat 13 Sir *not in C* 16 to *not in C* 17 *C* wete ye wel 18 *W* sir lamerok 21–22 *C* vnto my lord Arthur and vnto alle 23 all *not in C* 24 yet *not in C* 24–25 *C* reuengyd that† whan my lord Arthurs kynne were 26–27 *C* laũcelot and eyther wepte 30 *C* quene syr

CHAPTER XL

HOW SIR GALAHALT DID DO CRY A JOUSTS IN SURLUSE, AND QUEEN GUENEVER'S KNIGHTS SHOULD JOUST AGAINST ALL THAT WOULD COME.

So it befell that Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, was lord of the country of Surluse, whereof came many good knights. And this

noble prince was a passing good man of arms, and ever he held a noble fellowship together. And then he came to Arthur's court and told him his intent, how this was his will, how he would let cry a jousts in the couhtry of Surluse, the which country was within the lands of King Arthur, and there he asked leave to let cry a jousts. I will give you leave, said King Arthur: but wit thou well, said King Arthur, I may not be there. Sir, said Queen Guenever, please it you to give me leave to be at that jousts. With right good will, said Arthur; for Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, shall have you in governance. Sir, said Galahalt, I will as ye will. Sir, then the queen, I will take with me Sir Launcelot and such knights as please me best. Do as ye list, said King Arthur. So anon she commanded Sir Launcelot to make him ready with such knights as he thought best.

So in every good town and castle of this land was made a cry, that in the country of Surluse Sir Galahalt should make a joust that should last eight days, and how the haut prince, with the help of Queen Guenever's knights, should joust against all manner of men that would come. When this cry was known, kings and princes, dukes and earls, barons and noble knights, made them ready to be at that jousts. And at the day of jousting there came in Sir Dinadan disguised, and did many great deeds of arms.

CHAPTER XLI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT FOUGHT IN THE TOURNAMENT, AND HOW SIR PALOMIDES DID ARMS THERE FOR A DAMOSEL.

THEN at the request of Queen Guenever and of King Bagdemagus Sir Launcelot came into the range, but he was disguised, and that was the cause that few folk knew him; and there met with him Sir Ector de Maris, his own brother, and either brake their spears upon other to their hands. And then either gat another spear. And then Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Ector de Maris, his

own brother. That saw Sir Bleoberis, and he smote Sir Launcelot such a buffet upon the helm that he wist not well where he was. Then Sir Launcelot was wroth, and smote Sir Bleoberis so sore upon the helm that his head bowed down backward. And he smote eft another buffet, that he avoided his saddle; and so he rode by, and thrust forth to the thickest. When the King of Northgalis saw Sir Ector and Bleoberis lie on the ground then was he wroth, for they came on his party against them of Surluse. So the King of Northgalis ran to Sir Launcelot, and brake a spear upon him all to pieces. Therewith Sir Launcelot overtook the King of Northgalis, and smote him such a buffet on the helm with his sword that he made him to avoid his horse; and anon the king was horsed again. So both the King Bagdemagus' and the King of Northgalis' party hurled to other; and then began a strong medley, but they of Northgalis were far bigger.

When Sir Launcelot saw his party go to the worst he thrang into the thickest press with a sword in his hand; and there he smote down on the right hand and on the left hand, and pulled down knights and raced off their helms, that all men had wonder that ever one knight might do such deeds of arms. When Sir Meliagaunce, that was son unto King Bagdemagus, saw how Sir Launcelot fared he marvelled greatly. And when he understood that it was he, he wist well that he was disguised for his sake. Then Sir Meliagaunce prayed a knight to slay Sir Launcelot's horse, either with sword or with spear. At that time King Bagdemagus met with a knight that hight Sauseise, a good knight, to whom he said: Now fair Sauseise, encounter with my son Meliagaunce and give him large payment, for I would he were well beaten of thy hands, that he might depart out of this field. And then Sir Sauseise encountered with Sir Meliagaunce, and either smote other down. And then they fought on foot, and there Sauseise had won Sir Meliagaunce, had there not come rescues. So then the haut prince blew to lodging, and every knight unarmed him and went to the great feast.

Then in the meanwhile there came a damosel to the haut prince, and complained that there was a knight that hight Goneries that withheld her all her lands. Then the knight was there present, and

cast his glove to her or to any that would fight in her name. So the damosel took up the glove all heavily for default of a champion. Then there came a varlet to her and said: Damosel, will ye do after me? Full fain, said the damosel. Then go you unto such a knight that lieth here beside in an hermitage, and that followeth the Questing Beast, and pray him to take the battle upon him, and anon I wot well he will grant you.

So anon she took her palfrey, and within a while she found that knight, that was Sir Palomides. And when she required him he armed him and rode with her, and made her to go to the haut prince, and to ask leave for her knight to do battle. I will well, said the haut prince. Then the knights were ready in the field to joust on horseback; and either gat a spear in their hands, and met so fiercely together that their spears all to-shivered. Then they flang out swords, and Sir Palomides smote Sir Goneries down to the earth. And then he raced off his helm and smote off his head. Then they went to supper, and the damosel loved Palomides as paramour, but the book saith she was of his kin. So then Palomides disguised himself in this manner, in his shield he bare the Questing Beast, and in all his trappings. And when he was thus ready, he sent to the haut prince to give him leave to joust with other knights, but he was adoubted of Sir Launcelot. The haut prince sent him word again that he should be welcome, and that Sir Launcelot should not joust with him. Then Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, let cry what knight somever he were that smote down Sir Palomides should have his damosel to himself.

CHAPTER XLII

HOW SIR GALAHALT AND PALOMIDES FOUGHT TOGETHER, AND OF SIR DINADAN AND SIR GALAHALT.

HERE beginneth the second day. Anon as Sir Palomides came into the field, Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, was at the range

end, and met with Sir Palomides, and he with him, with great spears. And then they came so hard together that their spears all to-shivered, but Sir Galahalt smote him so hard that he bare him backward over his horse, but yet he lost not his stirrups. Then they drew their swords and lashed together many sad strokes, that many worshipful knights left their business to behold them. But at the last Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, smote a stroke of might unto Palomides, sore upon the helm; but the helm was so hard that the sword might not bite, but slipped and smote off the head of the horse of Sir Palomides. When the haut prince wist and saw the good knight fall unto the earth he was ashamed of that stroke. And therewith he alighted down off his own horse, and prayed the good knight, Palomides, to take that horse of his gift, and to forgive him that deed. Sir, said Palomides, I thank you of your great goodness, for ever of a man of worship a knight shall never have disworship; and so he mounted upon that horse, and the haut prince had another anon. Now, said the haut prince, I release to you that maiden, for ye have won her. Ah, said Palomides, the damosel and I be at your commandment.

So they departed, and Sir Galahalt did great deeds of arms. And right so came Dinadan and encountered with Sir Galahalt, and either came to other so fast with their spears that their spears brake to their hands. But Dinadan had weened the haut prince had been more weary than he was. And then he smote many sad strokes at the haut prince; but when Dinadan saw he might not get him to the earth he said: My lord, I pray you leave me, and take another. The haut prince knew not Dinadan; and left goodly for his fair words. And so they departed; but soon there came another and told the haut prince that it was Dinadan. Forsooth, said the prince, therefore am I heavy that he is so escaped from me, for with his mocks and japes now shall I never have done with him. And then Galahalt rode fast after him, and bade him: Abide, Dinadan, for King Arthur's sake. Nay, said Dinadan, so God me help, we meet no more together this day. Then in that wrath the haut prince met with Meliagaunce, and he smote him in the throat that an he had fallen his neck had broken; and with the same spear he smote

down another knight. Then came in they of Northgalis and many strangers, and were like to have put them of Surluse to the worse, for Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, had ever much in hand. So there came the good knight, Semound the Valiant, with forty knights, and he beat them all aback. Then the Queen Guenever and Sir Launcelot let blow to lodging, and every knight unarmed him, and dressed him to the feast.

CHAPTER XLIII

HOW SIR ARCHADE APPEALED SIR PALOMIDES OF TREASON, AND HOW SIR PALOMIDES SLEW HIM.

When Palomides was unarmed he asked lodging for himself and the damosel. Anon the haut prince commanded them to lodging. And he was not so soon in his lodging but there came a knight that hight Archade, he was brother unto Goneries that Palomides slew afore in the damosel's quarrel. And this knight, Archade, called Sir Palomides traitor, and appealed him for the death of his brother. By the leave of the haut prince, said Palomides, I shall answer thee. When Sir Galahalt understood their quarrel he bade them go to dinner: And as soon as ye have dined look that either knight be ready in the field. So when they had dined they were armed both, and took their horses, and the queen, and the prince, and Sir Launcelot, were set to behold them; and so they let run their horses, and there Sir Palomides bare Archade on his spear over his horse's tail. And then Palomides alighted and drew his sword, but Sir Archade might not arise; and there Sir Palomides raced off his helm, and smote off his head. Then the haut prince and Queen Guenever went unto supper. Then King Bagdemagus sent away his son Meliagaunce because Sir Launcelot should not meet with him, for he hated Sir Launcelot and that knew he not.

CHAPTER XLIV

OF THE THIRD DAY, AND HOW SIR PALOMIDES JOUSTED WITH SIR LAMORAK, AND OTHER THINGS.

Now beginneth the third day of jousting; and at that day King Bagdemagus made him ready; and there came against him King Marsil, that had in gift an island of Sir Galahalt the haut prince; and this island had the name Pomitain. Then it befell that King Bagdemagus and King Marsil of Pomitain met together with spears, and King Marsil had such a buffet that he fell over his horse's croup. Then came there in a knight of King Marsil to revenge his lord, and King Bagdemagus smote him down, horse and man, to the earth. So there came an earl that hight Arrouse, and Sir Breuse, and an hundred knights with them of Pomitain, and the King of Northgalis was with them; and all these were against them of Surluse. And then there began great battle, and many knights were cast under horses' feet. And ever King Bagdemagus did best, for he first began, and ever he held on. Gaheris, Gawaine's brother, smote ever at the face of King Bagdemagus; and at the last King Bagdemagus hurtled down Gaheris, horse and man.

Then by adventure Sir Palomides, the good knight, met with Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis' brother. And either smote other with great spears, that both their horses and knights fell to the earth. But Sir Blamore had such a fall that he had almost broken his neck, for the blood brast out at nose, mouth, and his ears, but at the last he recovered well by good surgeons. Then there came in the Duke Chaleins of Clarance; and in his governance there came a knight that hight Elis la Noire; and there encountered with him King Bagdemagus, and he smote Elis that he made him to avoid his saddle. So the Duke Chaleins of Clarance did there great deeds of arms, and of so late as he came in the third day there was no man did so well except King Bagdemagus and Sir Palomides, that the prize was given that day to King Bagdemagus. And then

they blew unto lodging, and unarmed them, and went to the feast. Right so came Dinadan, and mocked and japed with King Bagdemagus that all knights laughed at him, for he was a fine japer, and well loving all good knights.

So anon as they had dined there came a varlet bearing four spears on his back; and he came to Palomides, and said thus: Here is a knight by hath sent you the choice of four spears, and requireth you for your lady's sake to take that one half of these spears, and joust with him in the field. Tell him, said Palomides, I will not fail him. When Sir Galahalt wist of this, he bade Palomides make him ready. So the Queen Guenever, the haut prince, and Sir Launcelot, they were set upon scaffolds to give the judgment of these two knights. Then Sir Palomides and the strange knight ran so eagerly together that their spears brake to their hands. Anon withal either of them took a great spear in his hand and all to-shivered them in pieces. And then either took a greater spear, and then the knight smote down Sir Palomides, horse and man, to the earth. And as he would have passed over him the strange knight's horse stumbled and fell down upon Palomides. Then they drew their swords and lashed together wonderly sore a great while.

Then the haut prince and Sir Launcelot said they saw never two knights fight better than they did; but ever the strange knight doubled his strokes, and put Palomides aback; therewithal the haut prince cried: Ho: and then they went to lodging. And when they were unarmed they knew it was the noble knight Sir Lamorak. When Sir Launcelot knew that it was Sir Lamorak he made much of him, for above all earthly men he loved him best except Sir Tristram. Then Queen Guenever commended him, and so did all other good knights make much of him, except Sir Gawaine's brethren. Then Queen Guenever said unto Sir Launcelot: Sir, I require you that an ye joust any more, that ye joust with none of the blood of my lord Arthur. So he promised he would not as at that time.

CHAPTER XLV

OF THE FOURTH DAY, AND OF MANY GREAT FEATS OF ARMS.

HERE beginneth the fourth day. Then came into the field the King with the Hundred Knights, and all they of Northgalis, and the Duke Chaleins of Clarance, and King Marsil of Pomitain, and there came Safere, Palomides' brother, and there he told him tidings of his mother. And his name was called the Earl, and so he appealed him afore King Arthur: For he made war upon our father and mother, and there I slew him in plain battle. So they went into the field, and the damosel with them; and there came to encounter again them Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, and Sir Ector de Maris. Sir Palomides encountered with Sir Bleoberis, and either smote other down. And in the same wise did Sir Safere and Sir Ector, and the two couples did battle on foot. Then came in Sir Lamorak, and he encountered with the King with the Hundred Knights, and smote him quite over his horse's tail. And in the same wise he served the King of Northgalis, and also he smote down King Marsil. And so or ever he stint he smote down with his spear and with his sword thirty knights. When Duke Chaleins saw Lamorak do so great prowess he would not meddle with him for shame; and then he charged all his knights in pain of death that none of you touch him; for it were shame to all good knights an that knight were shamed.

Then the two kings gathered them together, and all they set upon Sir Lamorak; and he failed them not, but rushed here and there, smiting on the right hand and on the left, and raced off many helms, so that the haut prince and Queen Guenever said they saw never knight do such deeds of arms on horseback. Alas, said Launcelot to King Bagdemagus, I will arm me and help Sir Lamorak. And I will ride with you, said King Bagdemagus. And when they two were horsed they came to Sir Lamorak that stood among thirty knights; and well was him that might reach him a

buffet, and ever he smote again mightily. Then came there into the press Sir Launcelot, and he threw down Sir Mador de la Porte. And with the truncheon of that spear he threw down many knights. And King Bagdemagus smote on the left hand and on the right hand marvellously well. And then the three kings fled aback. Therewithal then Sir Galahalt let blow to lodging, and all the heralds gave Sir Lamorak the prize. And all this while fought Palomides, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Safere, Sir Ector on foot; never were there four knights evener matched. And then they were departed, and had unto their lodging, and unarmed them, and so they went to the great feast.

But when Sir Lamorak was come into the court Queen Guenever took him in her arms and said: Sir, well have ye done this day. Then came the haut prince, and he made of him great joy, and so did Dinadan, for he wept for joy; but the joy that Sir Launcelot made of Sir Lamorak there might no man tell. Then they went unto rest, and on the morn the haut prince let blow unto the field.

CHAPTER XLVI

OF THE FIFTH DAY, AND HOW SIR LAMORAK BEHAVED HIM.

HERE beginneth the fifth day. So it befell that Sir Palomides came in the morntide, and proffered to joust thereas King Arthur was in a castle there besides Surluse; and there encountered with him a worshipful duke, and there Sir Palomides smote him over his horse's croup. And this duke was uncle unto King Arthur. Then Sir Elise's son rode unto Palomides, and Palomides served Elise in the same wise. When Sir Uwaine saw this he was wroth. Then he took his horse and encountered with Sir Palomides, and Palomides smote him so hard that he went to the earth, horse and man. And for to make a short tale, he smote down

three brethren of Sir Gawaine, that is for to say Mordred, Gaheris, and Agravaine. O Jesu, said Arthur, this is a great despite of a Saracen that he shall smite down my blood. And therewithal King Arthur was wood wroth, and thought to have made him ready to joust.

That espied Sir Lamorak, that Arthur and his blood were discomfit; and anon he was ready, and asked Palomides if he would any more joust. Why should I not? said Palomides. Then they hurtled together, and brake their spears, and all to-shivered them, that all the castle rang of their dints. Then either gat a greater spear in his hand, and they came so fiercely together; but Sir Palomides' spear all to-brast and Sir Lamorak's did hold. Therewithal Sir Palomides lost his stirrups and lay upright on his horse's back. And then Sir Palomides returned again and took his damosel, and Sir Safere returned his way.

So, when he was departed, King Arthur came to Sir Lamorak and thanked him of his goodness, and prayed him to tell him his name. Sir, said Lamorak, wit thou well, I owe you my service, but as at this time I will not abide here, for I see of mine enemies many about me. Alas, said Arthur, now wot I well it is Sir Lamorak de Galis. O Lamorak, abide with me, and by my crown I shall never fail thee: and not so hardy in Gawaine's head, nor none of his brethren, to do thee any wrong. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, wrong have they done me, and to you both. That is truth, said the king, for they slew their own mother and my sister, the which me sore grieveth: it had been much fairer and better that ye had wedded her, for ye are a king's son as well as they. O Jesu, said the noble knight Sir Lamorak unto Arthur, her death shall I never forget. I promise you, and make mine avow unto God, I shall revenge her death as soon as I see time convenable. And if it were not at the reverence of your highness I should now have been revenged upon Sir Gawaine and his brethren. Truly, said Arthur, I will make you at accord. Sir, said Lamorak, as at this time I may not abide with you, for I must to the jousts, where is Sir Launcelot, and the haut prince Sir Galahalt.

Then there was a damosel that was daughter to King Bandes.

And there was a Saracen knight that hight Corsabrin, and he loved the damosel, and in no wise he would suffer her to be married; for ever this Corsabrin noised her, and named her that she was out of her mind; and thus he let her that she might not be married.

CHAPTER XLVII

HOW SIR PALOMIDES FOUGHT WITH CORSABRIN FOR A LADY, AND HOW PALOMIDES SLEW CORSABRIN.

So by fortune this damosel heard tell that Palomides did much for damosels' sake; so she sent to him a pensel, and prayed him to fight with Sir Corsabrin for her love, and he should have her and her lands of her father's that should fall to her. Then the damosel sent unto Corsabrin, and bade him go unto Sir Palomides that was a paynim as well as he, and she gave him warning that she had sent him her pensel, and if he might overcome Palomides she would wed him. When Corsabrin wist of her deeds then was he wood wroth and angry, and rode unto Surluse where the haut prince was, and there he found Sir Palomides ready, the which had the pensel. So there they waged battle either with other afore Galahalt. Well, said the haut prince, this day must noble knights joust, and at-after dinner we shall see how ye can speed.

Then they blew to jousts; and in came Dinadan, and met with Sir Gerin, a good knight, and he threw him down over his horse's croup; and Sir Dinadan overthrew four knights more; and there he did great deeds of arms, for he was a good knight, but he was a scoffer and a japer, and the merriest knight among fellowship that was that time living. And he had such a custom that he loved every good knight, and every good knight loved him again. So then when the haut prince saw Dinadan do so well, he sent unto Sir Launcelot and bade him strike down Sir Dinadan: And when that ye have done so bring him afore me and the noble Queen Guenever. Then Sir Launcelot did as he was required. Then Sir Lamorak and he

smote down many knights, and raced off helms, and drove all the knights afore them. And so Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Dinadan, and made his men to unarm him, and so brought him to the queen and the haut prince, and they laughed at Dinadan so sore that they might not stand. Well, said Sir Dinadan, yet have I no shame, for the old shrew, Sir Launcelot, smote me down. So they went to dinner, and all the court had good sport at Dinadan.

Then when the dinner was done they blew to the field to behold Sir Palomides and Corsabrin. Sir Palomides pight his pensel in midst of the field; and then they hurtled together with their spears as it were thunder, and either smote other to the earth. And then they pulled out their swords, and dressed their shields, and lashed together mightily as mighty knights, that well-nigh there was no piece of harness would hold them, for this Corsabrin was a passing felonious knight. Corsabrin, said Palomides, wilt thou release me yonder damosel and the pensel? Then was Corsabrin wroth out of measure, and gave Palomides such a buffet that he kneeled on his knee. Then Palomides arose lightly, and smote him upon the helm that he fell down right to the earth. And therewith he raced off his helm and said: Corsabrin, yield thee or else thou shalt die of my hands. Fie on thee, said Corsabrin, do thy worst. Then he smote off his head. And therewithal came a stink of his body when the soul departed, that there might nobody abide the savour. So was the corpse had away and buried in a wood, because he was a paynim. Then they blew unto lodging, and Palomides was unarmed.

Then he went unto Queen Guenever, to the haut prince, and to Sir Launcelot. Sir, said the haut prince, here have ye seen this day a great miracle by Corsabrin, what savour there was when the soul departed from the body. Therefore, sir, we will require you to take the baptism upon you, and I promise you all knights will set the more by you, and say more worship by you. Sir, said Palomides, I will that ye all know that into this land I came to be christened, and in my heart I am christened, and christened will I be. But I have made such an avow that I may not be christened till I have done seven true battles for Jesu's sake, and then will I be chris-

tened; and I trust God will take mine intent, for I mean truly. Then Sir Palomides prayed Queen Guenever and the haut prince to sup with him. And so they did, both Sir Launcelot and Sir Lamorak, and many other good knights. So on the morn they heard their mass, and blew the field, and then knights made them ready.

CHAPTER XLVIII

OF THE SIXTH DAY, AND WHAT THEN WAS DONE.

HERE beginneth the sixth day. Then came therein Sir Gaheris, and there encountered with him Sir Ossaise of Surluse, and Sir Gaheris smote him over his horse's croup. And then either party encountered with other, and there were many spears broken, and many knights cast under feet. So there came in Sir Dornard and Sir Aglovale, that were brethren unto Sir Lamorak, and they met with other two knights, and either smote other so hard that all four knights and horses fell to the earth. When Sir Lamorak saw his two brethren down he was wroth out of measure, and then he get a great spear in his hand, and therewithal he smote down four good knights, and then his spear brake. Then he pulled out his sword, and smote about him on the right hand and on the left hand, and raced off helms and pulled down knights, that all men marvelled of such deeds of arms as he did, for he fared so that many knights fled. Then he horsed his brethren again, and said: Brethren, ye ought to be ashamed to fall so off your horses ! what is a knight but when he is on horseback? I set not by a knight when he is on foot, for all battles on foot are but pillers' battles. For there should no knight fight on foot but if it were for treason, or else he were driven thereto by force; therefore, brethren, sit fast on your horses, or else fight never more afore me.

With that came in the Duke Chaleins of Clarance, and there encountered with him the Earl Ulbawes of Surluse, and either of them smote other down. Then the knights of both parties horsed

their lords again, for Sir Ector and Bleoberis were on foot, waiting on the Duke Chaleins. And the King with the Hundred Knights was with the Earl of Ulbawes. With that came Gaheris and lashed to the King with the Hundred Knights, and he to him again. Then came the Duke Chaleins and departed them.

Then they blew to lodging, and the knights unarmed them and drew them to their dinner; and at the midst of their dinner in came Dinadan and began to rail. Then he beheld the haut prince, that seemed wroth with some fault that he saw; for he had a custom he loved no fish, and because he was served with fish, the which he hated, therefore he was not merry. When Sir Dinadan had espied the haut prince, he espied where was a fish with a great head, and that he gat betwixt two dishes, and served the haut prince with that fish. And then he said thus: Sir Galahalt, well may I liken you to a wolf, for he will never eat fish, but flesh; then the haut prince laughed at his words. Well, well, said Dinadan to Launcelot, what devil do ye in this country, for here may no mean knights win no worship for thee. Sir Dinadan, said Launcelot, I ensure thee I shall no more meet with thee nor with thy great spear, for I may not sit in my saddle when that spear hitteth me. And if I be happy I shall beware of that boistous body that thou bearest. Well, said Launcelot, make good watch ever: God forbid that ever we meet but if it be at a dish of meat. Then laughed the queen and the haut prince, that they might not sit at their table; thus they made great joy till on the morn, and then they heard mass, and blew to field. And Queen Guenever and all the estates were set, and judges armed clean with their shields to keep the right.

CHAPTER XLIX

OF THE SEVENTH BATTLE, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT, BEING DISGUISED LIKE A MAID, SMOTE DOWN SIR DINADAN.

Now beginneth the seventh battle. There came in the Duke Cambines, and there encountered with him Sir Aristance, that was counted a good knight, and they met so hard that either bare other down, horse and man. Then came there the Earl of Lambaile and helped the duke again to horse. Then came there Sir Ossaise of Surluse, and he smote the Earl Lambaile down from his horse. Then began they to do great deeds of arms, and many spears were broken, and many knights were cast to the earth. Then the King of Northgalis and the Earl Ulbawes smote together that all the judges thought it was like mortal death. This meanwhile Queen Guenever, and the haut prince, and Sir Launcelot, made there Sir Dinadan make him ready to joust. I would, said Dinadan, ride into the field, but then one of you twain will meet with me. Per dieu, said the haut prince, ye may see how we sit here as judges with our shields, and always mayest thou behold whether we sit here or not.

So Sir Dinadan departed and took his horse, and met with many knights, and did passing well. And as he was departed, Sir Launcelot disguised himself, and put upon his armour a maiden's garment freshly attired. Then Sir Launcelot made Sir Galihodin to lead him through the range, and all men had wonder what damosel it was. And so as Sir Dinadan came into the range, Sir Launcelot, that was in the damosel's array, gat Galihodin's spear, and ran unto Sir Dinadan. And always Sir Dinadan looked up thereas Sir Launcelot was, and then he saw one sit in the stead of Sir Launcelot, armed. But when Dinadan saw a manner of a damosel he dread perils that it was Sir Launcelot disguised, but Sir Launcelot came on him so fast that he smote him over his horse's croup; and then with great scorns they gat Sir Dinadan into the forest there beside, and there they dispoiled him unto his shirt, and put upon him a woman's

garment, and so brought him into the field: and so they blew unto lodging. And every knight went and unarmed them. Then was Sir Dinadan brought in among them all. And when Queen Guenever saw Sir Dinadan brought so among them all, then she laughed that she fell down, and so did all that there were. Well, said Dinadan to Launcelot, thou art so false that I can never beware of thee. Then by all the assent they gave Sir Launcelot the prize, the next was Sir Lamorak de Galis, the third was Sir Palomides, the fourth was King Bagdemagus; so these four knights had the prize, and there was great joy, and great nobley in all the court.

And on the morn Queen Guenever and Sir Launcelot departed unto King Arthur, but in no wise Sir Lamorak would not go with them. I shall undertake, said Sir Launcelot, that an ye will go with us King Arthur shall charge Sir Gawaine and his brethren never to do you hurt. As for that, said Sir Lamorak, I will not trust Sir Gawaine nor none of his brethren; and wit ye well, Sir Launcelot, an it were not for my lord King Arthur's sake, I should match Sir Gawaine and his brethren well enough. But to say that I should trust them, that shall I never, and therefore I pray you recommend me unto my lord Arthur, and unto all my lords of the Round Table. And in what place that ever I come I shall do you service to my power: and sir, it is but late that I revenged that, when my lord Arthur's kin were put to the worse by Sir Palomides. Then Sir Lamorak departed from Sir Launcelot, and either wept at their departing.

Now turn we from this matter, and speak we of Sir Tristram, of whom this book is principally of, and leave we the king and the queen, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Lamorak,

III
JOYOUS GARD

AND HERE BEGYNNYTH THE TRESON OF KYNGE MARKE THAT HE ORDAYNED AGAYNE SIR TRYSTRAM. (50)

And there was cryed by the costys of Cornwayle a grete turnemente and justus, and all was done by sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce and kynge Bagdemagus to the entente to sle syr Launcelot other ellys uttirly to destroy hym and shame hym, bycause sir Launcelot had evermore the hygher degré. Therefore this prynce and this kynge made this justys ayenst sir Launcelot.

And thus her counceyle was discovered unto kynge Marke, whereof he was glad. Than kynge Marke unbethought hym that he wolde have sir Trystram unto the turnemente disgysed, that no man sholde knowe hym, to that entente that the Haute Prynce sholde wene that sir Trystram were sir Launcelot.

And so at that justys cam in sir Trystram, and at that tyme sir Launcelot was not there. But whan they sawe a knyght disgysed do suche dedis of armys, they wente hit had bene sir Launcelot, and in especiall kynge Marke seyde hit was sir Launcelot playnly.

Than they sette uppon hym, bothe kynge Bagdemagus and the Haute Prynce, and there knyghtes seyde that hit was wondir that ever sir Trystram myght endure that payne. Notwythstondynge for all the payne that they ded hym, he wan the degré at that turnemente; and there he hurte many knyghtes and brused them, [and they hurte hym and brused hym] wondirly sore.

So whan the justys was all done they knewe well that he was sir Trystran de Lyones, and all they that were on kynge Markis party were glad that sir Trystram was hurte, and all the remenaunte were sory of his hurte, for sir Trystrams was nat so behated as was sir Launcelot, nat wythin the realme of Ingelonde. 277v

1 *C* Mark *S* Marke 2 *C* ordeyned ageynst 7 *C* had alweyes the 11 *C* ful gladde 11–12 *C* bethoughte hym 16 *C* at thise Iustes 22 *C*† theyre Knyghtes that 24–25 *C* that he had syr Tristram wanne 26–27 *Not emended in O*[1] 28 *C* Iustes were alle 28–29 *C* that hit was 29 *C* all that 30 all *not in C* 32 *C* Launcelot within

Than cam kynge Marke unto sir Trystrams and sayde, 'Fayre nevew, I am hevy of your hurtys.'

'Gramercy, my lorde,' seyde sir Trystram.

Than kynge Marke made hym to be put in an horse letter in grete tokenynge of love and sayde,

'Fayre cousyne, I shall[e be] your leche myselff.'

And so he rode forth wyth sir Trystram and brought hym into a castell by daylyght. And than kynge Marke made sir Trystram to ete, and aftir that he gaff hym a drynke; and anone as he hadde drunke he felle on slepe. And whan hit was nyght he made hym to be caryed to another castell, and there he put hym in a stronge preson, and a man and a woman to gyff hym his mete and his drynke. So there he was a grete whyle.

Than was sir Trystram myssed, and no creature wyst where he was becam. And whan La Beall Isode harde how he was myste, pryvayly she wente unto sir Sadocke and prayde hym to aspye where was sir Trystram. And whan sir Sadocke knew how sir Trystram was myste he sought and made spyes for hym.

And than he aspyed that kynge Marke had put the good knyght in preson by his owne assente and the traytoure of Magouns. Than sir Sadocke toke with hym too of his cousyns and he layde them and hymself anone in a bushemente faste by the castell of Tyntagyll in armys.

And as by fortune there cam rydyng kynge Marke and four of his nevewys and a sertayne of the traytoures of Magouns. So whan sir Sadocke aspyed them he brake oute of bushemente and sette there uppon them. And whan that kynge Marke aspyed sir Sadocke he fledde as faste as he myght, and there sir Sadocke slew all the four nevewys of kynge Marke, his cousyns. But these traytoures of Magouns smote one of sir Sadockes cousyns a grete wounde in the necke, but sir Sadocke smote other twayne to the deth.

2 *C* am sory of 4 *C* made sir Tristram to 4–5 *C* hors bere in grete sygne of 9 that *not in C* 9–10 *C* drynke the whiche as soone as he 12 *C** pryson & there he ordeyned a 13 *C* and drynke 18–19 *C* when Sadok wyst hou 19–25 *C*† myssed & anon aspyed that he was put in pryson by kyny (*S* kyng) mark & the traitours of Magōs thēne sadok & two of his cosyns leid them in an enbusshement 29 that *not in C* 31–32 *C* neuewes vnto Kynge Marke But 32–33 *C*† Magons slewe one of Sadoks 34 *C* smote the other to the dethe

Than sir Sadocke rode uppon his way unto the castell that was called Lyonas, and there he aspyde of the treson 278r and felony of kynge Marke. So off that castell they rode wyth sir Sadocke tyll they cam to a castel that hyght Arbray, and there in the towne they founde sir Dynas the Senesciall that was a good knyght. But whan sir Sadock had tolde sir Dynas of all the treson of kynge Marke, than he defyed suche a kynge and seyde he wolde gyff up all his londis that hylde of hym.

And whan he seyde thes wordis all maner knyghtes seyde as sir Dynas sayde. Than by his advyse and of sir Sadockes he let stuff all the townys and castels wythin the contrey of Lyones and assemble all that they cowde make.

Now turne [we] unto kynge Marke, that whan he was (51) ascaped frome sir Sadocke he rode unto the castell of Tyntagyll, and there he made a grete cry and noyse, and cryed unto harneyse all that myght bere armys.

Than they sought and founde where was dede four cousyns of kynge Marke, and the traytoure of Magouns. Than the kynge lette entyre them in a chapell.

Than kynge Marke lette cry in all the contrey that hylde of hym to go unto armys, for he undirstood that to the warre he muste nedis.

So whan kynge Marke harde and undirstood how sir Dynas and sir Sadok were arysyn in the contrey of Lyones, he reme[mb]ird of treson and wyeles, and so thus he ded lete make and countirfete lettirs from the Pope, and dede make a straunge clarke to brynge tho lettyrs unto kynge Marke, the whyche lettyrs specifyed that kynge Marke sholde make hym redy, uppon payne of cursynge, wyth his oste to com to the Pope to helpe hym to go to Jerusalem for to make warre uppon the Saresyns.

So whan this clarke was com by the meane of the kynge, anone therewyth kynge Marke sente that clarke unto sir Trystram and bade hym sey thus, that and he wolde go

3 *C** Soo they of that castel rode 8 all *not in C* 8–9 *C* that he held 13–14 *C* assembled all (*S* alle) the peple that they myght make 15 *Not emended in O*1 19 *C* were dede 23 that *not in C*† 25–26 *C* syre Sadok and sir Dynas 27 *C* remembryd of wyles and treason Lo thus *W* remendird 29 *C* to bere them vnto 35 *C* anone with alle kyng marke sente these letters vnto

warre uppon the myscreauntes he sholde go oute of preson
278v and have all his power with hym.

Whan sir Trystram undirstood this lettir, than he sayde thus to the clerke:

'A, kynge Marke, ever haste thou bene a traytoure and ever wolt be! But thou, clerke,' seyde sir Trystram, 'sey thou thus unto kynge Marke: syne the Pope hath sente for hym, bid hym go thidir hymselff. For telle hym, traytoure kynge as he is, I woll nat go at his commaundemente! Gete oute of preson as well as I may, for I se I am well rewarded for my trewe servyse.'

Than the clarke returned agayne unto kynge Mark and tolde hym of the answere of sir Trystram.

'Well,' seyde kynge Marke, 'yet shall he be begyled.'

And anone he wente unto hys chambir and countirfeted lettyrs, [and the lettyrs] specifyed that the Pope desyred sir Trystram to com hymself to make warre uppon the myscreauntes.

So whan the clerke cam agayne unto sir Trystram and toke hym thes lettyrs he aspyed they were of kynge Markes countirfetynge and sayde,

'A, kynge Marke! False hast thou ever bene, and so wolt thou ende!'

Than the clarke departed frome sir Trystram and cam unto kynge Marke agayne. And so by than there was com four wounded knyghtes within the castell of Tyntagyll, and one of them his necke was nyghe brokyn in twayne, and another had his arme nyghe strykyn away; the thirde was boren thorow with a speare; the fourthe had his thyghe stryken in twayne. And whan they cam afore kynge Marke they cryed and sayde,

'Kynge, why fleyste thou nat? For all this contrey ys clyerly arysen ayenste the.'

1 *C* shold be had oute 2–3 *C* to haue alle his power Whan 6 *C* wylle be but Clerke 7 *C* the Appostle pope 9 *C* gete I oute 10 as well *not in C* 12 agayne *not in C* 19 *C* was come 20 *C** letters thenne sire Tristram behelde these letters & anone he aspyed they *W* them they were (*homoeoteleuton in W?*) 21–22 *C* counterfetynge A said syre Tristram fals hast thow ben euer kynge Marke and soo 25 *C* were come 28 nyghe *not in C*† 29 *C* borne thurgh 29–30 *C*† his teeth stryken in tweyn *F* la cuisse tranchee 33 *C* arysen clerely ageynst the

Than was kynge Marke wrothe oute of mesure.

And so in the meanewhyle there cam into the contrey sir Percivale de Galys to seke aftir sir Trystram. And whan sir Percivale harde that sir Trystram was in preson, he made clerly the delyveraunce of hym by his knyghtly meanys. And whan he was so delyverde he made grete joy of sir Percivale, and so ded ech one of other. Than sir Trystram seyde unto sir Percivale,

'And ye woll abyde in this marchis, I woll ryde with you.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Percivale, 'in thes contreyes I may nat tary, for I muste nedis into Wales.' 279r

So sir Percivale departed frome sir Trystram and streyte he rode unto kynge Marke and tolde hym how he had delyvered sir Trystram. And also he tolde the kynge that he had done hymselff grete shame for to preson sir Trystram so, 'for he is now the knyght of moste reverence in the worlde lyvynge, and wyte you well that the noblyste knyghtes of the worlde lovyth sir Trystram. And yf he woll make warre uppon you, ye may nat abyde hit.'

'That is trouthe,' seyde kynge Marke, 'but I may nat love sir Trystram, bycause he lovyth my quene, La Beall Isode.'

'A, fy for shame!' seyde sir Percivale. 'Sey ye never so more! For ar nat ye uncle unto sir Trystram? And by youre neveaw ye sholde never thynke that so noble a knyght as sir Trystram is, that he wolde do hymselff so grete vylany to holde his unclys wyff. Howbehit,' seyde sir Percivale, 'he may love youre quene synles, because she is called one of the fayryst ladyes of the worlde.'

Than sir Percivale departed frome kynge Marke, but yet he bethought hym of more treson, notwithstondynge he graunted unto sir Percivale never by no maner of meanys to hurte sir Trystram.

So anone kynge Marke sente unto sir Dynas the Senesciall that he sholde put downe all the people that he had raysed, for he sente hym an othe that he wolde go hymselff unto the

3 aftir *not in C* 3–4 *C* whan he herd 4 *C* syr Percyual made 5 *C* of sir Tristram 7 ded *not in C* 12–13 *C* rode streyghte vnto 15–16 *C* for to putte sir Tristram in pryson For 16 *C* moost renomme in this 18 *C* loue 21 *C* Quene and my wyf la beale 23 *C* Are ye not 23–24 *C* and he your neuewe ye 29–30 *C** Marke Soo whan he was departed Kyng Mark bethought hym 30–31 *C* kyng mark graunted syre (*S* syr) Percyuale 33 *S* Dyanas

Pope of Rome to warre uppon the myscreauntes, 'and I trow that is fayrer warre than thus to areyse people agaynste youre kynge.'

And anone as sir Dynas undirstood that he wolde go uppon the myscreauntys, than sir Dynas, in all the haste that myght be, he putte downe all his people. And whan the people were departed every man to his home, than kynge Marke aspyed where was sir Trystram wyth La Beall Isode, and there by treson kynge Marke lete take hym and put hym in preson, contrary to his promyse that he made unto sir Percivale.

279v Whan quene Isode undirstode that sir Trystram was in preson agayne, she made grete sorow as ever made lady or jantyllwoman. Than sir Trystram sente a lettir unto La Beall Isode and prayde hir to be his good lady, and sayde, yf hit pleased her to make a vessell redy for her and hym, he wolde go wyth her unto the realme of Logrys, that is this londe.

Whan La Beall Isode undirstood sir Trystrams [letters] and his entente she sente hym another and bade hym be of good comforte, for she wolde do make the vessell redy and all maner of thynge to purpose. Than La Beall Isode sente unto sir Dynas and to sir Sadok and prayde hem in ony wyse to take kynge Marke and put hym in preson unto the tyme that she and sir Trystram were departed unto the realme of Logrys.

Whan sir Dynas the Senesciall undirstood the treson of kynge Marke he promysed her to do her commaundemente, and sente her worde agayne that kynge Marke sholde be put in preson. And so as they devysed hit was done, and than sir Trystram was delyverde oute of preson. And anone in all haste quene Isode and sir Trystram wente and toke there counceyle, and so they toke wyth them what them lyste beste, and so they departed.

1 I trow *not in C* 2 *C* a fayrer *C* the peple 4 *C* that kynge marke wold 5–6 *C*† alle the hast putte *S* hast 6 *C* alle the peple 13 agayne *not in C* *C* made as grete 15 sayde *not in C* 16 *W* hym and 22 maner of *not in C* 28–29 *C*† her ageyne and sente her word that 30 *C* And as they deuysed it (*S* hit) soo hit was 31 *C* oute *S* out 32 *S* Tristram and went 33–34 *C*† counceyll with that they wold haue with them whan they departed

Than La Beall Isode and sir Trystram toke their vessell (52)
and cam by watir into this londe. And so they were nat
four dayes in this londe but there was made a crye of a
justys and turnement that kynge Arthure let make. Whan
sir Trystram harde tell of that turnement he disgysed hym- 5
selff and La Beall Isode and rode unto that turnemente. And
whan he cam there he sawe many knyghtes juste and turney,
and so sir Trystram dressed hym to the raunge. And to
make shorte conclusyon, he overthrewe fourtene knyghtes
of the Rounde Table. 10

Whan sir Launcelot saw thes knyghtes of the Rounde
Table thus overthrowe he dressed hym to sir Trystram, and
that saw La Beall Isode, how sir Launcelot was commyn **280r**
into the fylde. Than she sente unto sir Launcelot a rynge to
lat hym wete hit was sir Trystram de Lyones. Whan sir 15
Launcelot undirstood that he was sir Trystram he was full
glad and wolde nat juste. And than sir Launcelot aspyed
whydir syr Trystram yeode, and aftir hym he rode, and than
aythir made grete joy of other.

And so sir Launcelot brought sir Trystram and Isode 20
unto Joyus Garde that was his owne castell, and he had
wonne hit with his owne hondis. And there sir Launcelot
put them in, to welde hit for their owne. And wyte you well
that castell was garnyshed and furnysshed for a kynge and
a quene royall there to have suggeourned. And sir Launcelot 25
charged all his people to honoure them and love them as
they wolde do hymselff.

So sir Launcelot departed unto kynge Arthure, and than
he tolde quene Gwenyver how he that justed so well at the
laste turnemente was sir Trystram, and there he tolde her 30
how that he had with hym La Beall Isode, magré kynge
Marke. And so quene Gwenyvere tolde all this to kynge Ar-
thure, and whan kynge Arthure wyste that sir Trystram
was ascaped and commyn from kynge Marke and had
brought La Beall Isode with hym, than was he passyng glad. 35
So bycause of sir Trystram kynge Arthure let make a cry

3 *C* in this land four dayes but there came a crye 11–12 *C* Knyghtes thus ouerthrowen sire launcelot dressid 14 *C* Thenne la Beale Isoud sente 14–15 *C* rynge and badde hym wete 16 *C* that there was 19 *C* made of other grete Ioye 20 *C* la beale Isoud 21–22 *C* Castel that he had wonne with 23 hit *not in C*†

that on Mayday shulde be a justis byfore the castell of Lonezep, and that castell was faste by Joyus Garde.

And thus kynge Arthure devysed that all the knyghtes of this londe, of Cornwayle, and of North Walys, shulde juste ayenste all thes contreyis: Irelonde and Scotlonde and the remenaunte of Walys, and the contrey of Goore and Surluse, and of Lystenoyse, and they of Northumbirlonde, and all those that hylde londis of kynge Arthurs a this halff the se. So whan this crye was made many knyghtes were glad and many were sad.

280v 'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure, 'by this cry that ye have made ye woll put us that bene aboute you in grete jouparté, for there be many knyghtes that hath envy to us. Therefore whan we shall mete at the day of justis there woll be harde skyffte for us.'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I care nat. There shall we preve whoo shall be beste of his hondis.'

So whan sir Launcelot undirstood wherefore kynge Arthure made this justenynge, than he made suche purvyaunce that La Beall Isode sholde beholde the justis in a secrete place that was honeste for her astate.

Now turne we unto sir Trystram and to La Beall Isode, how they made joy togydrys dayly with all maner of myrthis that they coude devyse.

And every day sir Trystram wolde go ryde an-huntynge, for he was called that tyme the chyeff chacer of the worlde and the noblyst blower of an horne of all maner of mesures. For, as bookis reporte, of sir Trystram cam all the good termys of venery and of huntynge, and all the syses and mesures of all blowyng wyth an horne; and of hym we had fyrst all the termys of hawkynge, and whyche were bestis of chace and bestis of venery, and whyche were vermyns; and all the blastis that longed to all maner of game: fyrste to the uncoupelynge, to the sekynge, to the fyndynge, to the

2 *W* Lonezep *C* Lonazep *F* Louvezerp 5 *C* alle *S* all 7–8 *C* alle they that 10 *C* many were vngladde 13 *C* that haue grete enuye 14 *C* when *S* whan 15 *C* skyfte amonge vs 23 *C* grete Ioy dayly to gyders 25 *S* and in euery 26 *C* for sire Tristram was that tyme called the best chacer 30 *C* mesures of blowynge of an horne 33 *C* longen *C* gamen 34 to the fyndynge *not in C*†

rechace, to the flyght, to the deth, and to strake; and many other blastis and termys, that all maner jantylmen hath cause to the worldes ende to prayse sir Trystram and to pray for his soule. AMEN, SAYDE SIR THOMAS MALLEORRÉ.

So on a day La Beall Isode seyde unto sir Trystram, 5 (53)

'I mervayle me muche that ye remembir nat youreselff how ye be here in a straunge contrey, and here be many perelous knyghtes, and well ye wote that kynge Marke is full of treson. And that ye woll ryde thus to chace and to **281r** hunte unarmed, ye myght be sone destroyed.' 10

'My fayre lady and my love, mercy! I woll no more do so.'

So than sir Trystram rode dayly an-huntynge armed, and his men berynge his shylde and his speare.

So on a day, a lytil afore the moneth o May, sir Trystram chaced an harte passynge egirly, and so the harte passed by 15 a fayre welle. And than sir Trystram alyght and put of his helme to drynke of that burbely welle, and ryght so he harde and sawe the questynge beste commynge towarde the welle. So whan sir Trystram saw that beste he put on his helme, for he demed he sholde hyre of sir Palomydes; for that beste was 20 hys queste. Ryght so sir Trystram saw where cam a knyghte armed uppon a noble courser, and so he salewed hym.

So they spake of many thynges, and this knyghtes name was sir Brewnys Saunze Pité. And so anone with that there cam unto them sir Palomydes, and aythir salewed other and 25 spake fayre to other.

'Now, fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I can tell you tydynges.'

'What is that?' seyde tho knyghtes.

'Sirris, wyte you well that kynge Marke of Cornwayle is 30 put in preson by his owne knyghtes, and all was for the love of sir Trystram, for kynge Marke had put sir Trystram twyse in preson, and onys sir Percivale delyverde hym, and at the laste tyme La Beall Isode delyverde sir Trystram and wente clyerly away wyth hym into this realme. And all this 35

1 *C** rechate 2 *C* maner of gentylmen haue 4 Amen sayde sir Thomas Malleorre *not in C* 6 *C* moche said she 10 sone *not in C* 11 *C* loue I crye you mercy 17 *C* burbley water 18 *C* come to the 24 *C* and ryght so with alle there 25 *C* the noble knyghte sire Palomydes 27 Now *not in C* 30 of Cornwayle *not in C* 33–35 *C** delyuerd the noble knyghte sire Tristram oute of pryson And at the laste tyme Quene La beale Isoud delyuerd hym and wente

whyle kynge Marke is in preson. And this be trouthe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'we shall hyre hastely of sir Trystram. And as for to say that I love La Beall Isode peramoures, I dare make good that I do, and that she hath my servyse abovyn
5 all other ladyes and shall have all the terme of my lyff.'

And ryght so as they stoode thus talkynge, they saw afore them where cam a knyght all armed on a grete horse,
281v and his one man bare hys shylde and the othir his speare. And anone as that knyght aspied h[e]m he gate his shylde
10 and his speare and dressed hym to juste.

'Now, fayre felowys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yondir ys a knyghte woll juste wyth us. Now lette us se whyche of us shall encountir wyth hym, for I se well he is of the courte of kynge Arthur.'

15 'Hit shall nat be longe ar he be mette wythall,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for I f[o]nde never no knyght in my queste of this glatissynge beste but, and he wolde juste, I never yet refused hym.'

'Sir, as well may I', seyde sir Brewnes Saunz Pité, 'folow
20 that beste as ye.'

'Than shall ye do batayle wyth me,' seyde sir Palomydes.

So sir Palomydes dressed hym unto that othir knyght whyche hyght sir Bleoberis, that was a noble knyght and nygh kynne unto sir Launcelot. And so they mette so harde
25 that sir Palomydes felle to the erthe, horse and man. Than sir Bleoberys cryed alowde and seyde thus:

'Make redy, thou false traytoure knyght, sir Brewnys Saunze Pité! For I woll have ado wyth the to the uttraunce for the noble knyghtes and ladyes that thou haste betrayde!'

30 Whan sir Brewnys harde hym sey so, he toke his horse by the brydyll and fledde his way ⌜as faste as ever his hors

1 *C* Marke the fals traytour is 1–2 *C*† Is this trouthe said Palomydes Thenne shall we hastely here of (*see note*) 5 *C* haue the terme 6 thus *not in C* 8 *C* and one of his men *C* speres 9 *WO*1 hym *C** aspyed them 11 Now *not in C* 12 *C* vs lete see 16 *WO*1 fynde 17 *C*† Glastynge beest *Γ* beste glatissant yet *not in C* 19 *C* As wel may I said Breuse saunce pyte 23 whyche hyght *not in C* *C* a ful noble 25 *C* hors and alle 27 *C* make the redy 28 *C* for wete thow certaynly I wille 29 *C* hast falsly bitraid 30 *C** whanne this false knyght and traitour Breuse saunce pyte herde 31–p. 685, l. 1 *C** his waye as faste as euer his hors myghte renne for sore he was of hym aferd Whan *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 403v, col. 1*) s'en va aussi courant comme si la fouldre le chaçuast

myghte renne.] Whan sir Bleoberys saw hym fle he felowed faste after thorow thycke and thorow thynne.

And by fortune, as sir Brewnys fled, he saw evyn afore hym three knyghtes of the Table Rounde, that one hyght sir Ector de Marys and the othir hyght sir Percivale de Galys, the thirde hyght sir Harry de Fyze Lake, a good knyght and an hardy. And as for sir Percivale, he was called that tyme as of his ayge one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and the beste assured. So whan sir Brewnys saw these knyghtes he rode strayte unto them and cryed and prayde them of rescowys.

'What nede have ye?' seyde sir Ector.

'A, fayre knyghtes!' seyde sir Brewnys, 'here folowyth me the moste traytour knyght and the moste coward and moste of vylany, and his name is sir Brewnys Saunze Pité. And if he may gete me he woll sle me wythoute mercy and pyté.'

'Than abyde ye with us,' seyde sir Percivale, 'and we shall warraunte.' **282r**

And anone were they ware of sir Bleoberys whyche cam rydyng all that he myght. Than sir Ector put hymselff fyrste forthe to juste afore them all. And whan sir Bleoberys saw that they were four knyghtes and he but hymselff, he stoode in a dwere whethir he wolde turne other holde his way.

Than he seyde to hymselff, 'I am a knyght of the Table Rounde, and rathir than I sholde shame myne othe and my bloode I woll holde my way whatsomever falle thereoff.'

And than sir Ector dressed his speare, and smote aythir other passyng sore, but sir Ector felle to the erthe. That saw sir Percivale, and he dressed his horse towarde hym all that he myght dryve. But syr Percyvale had suche a stroke that horse and man felle bothe to the erthe.

Whan sir Harry saw that they were bothe to the erthe, than he seyde to hymselff, 'Never was sir Brewnes of suche proues.' So sir Harry dressed his horse, and they mette togydyrs so strongly that bothe the horsys and the knyghtes

4 *C* round of the whiche thoſ one 8 *C*† tyme of his tyme one 10 *C* cryed vnto them & prayd 15 *C* vylony his 18 ye *not in C* 19 *C* waraunt yow 20 *C* that came 22 fyrste *not in C* 24 *C* in a doubte whether 32 bothe *not in C*

felle to the erthe, but sir Bleoberys horse began to recover agayne.

That saw sir Brewnys and cam hurtelynge and smote hym over and over, and wolde have slayne hym as he lay on the grounde. Than sir Harry arose lyghtly and toke the brydyll of sir Brewnys horse and sayde,

'Fy for shame! Stryke never a knyght whan he is at the erthe! For this knyght may be called no shamefull knyght of his dedis, for on this grounde he hath done worshypfully, and put to the warre passynge good knyghtes.'

'Therefore woll I nat let,' seyde sir Brewnys.

'Thou shalt nat chose,' seyde sir Harry, 'as at this tyme!'

So whan sir Brewnys saw that he myght nat have hys wylle he spake fayre. Than sir Harry let hym go, and than anone he made his horse to renne over sir Bleoberys and rosshed hym to the erthe lyke to have slayne hym. Whan sir Harry saw hym do so vylaunsly he cryed and sayde,

'Traytoure knyght, leve of, for shame!'

And as sir Harry wolde have takyn his horse to fyght wyth syr Brewnys, than sir Brewnys [ranne upon hym] as he was
282v halff uppon his horse, and smote hym downe, horse and man, and had slayne nere sir Harry, the good knyght. That saw sir Percyvale, and than he cryde,

'Traytur knyght, what doste thou?'

And whan sir Percyvale was uppon his horse sir Brewnys toke his horse and fledde all that ever he myght, and sir Percyvale and sir Harry folowed hym faste, but ever the lenger they chaced the farther were they behynde. Than they turned agayne and cam to sir Ector de Marys and to sir Bleoberys. Than sayde sir Bleoberys,

'Why have ye so succoured that false traytoure knyght?'

5 *C* Harre le fyse lake arose 9 *C*† for yet as men may see there as he lyeth on the groūd he *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 404v, col. 1*) '. . . vous a cestui chevalier ne toucherés tant comme il soit a pié et vous a cheval. Et savés vous pourquoi je le fais? Je ne le vois pas espargnant pour ce que je ne lui vueille trop grant mal, que c'est le chevaliers du monde plus mal renommé et a qui tous autres chevaliers veulent plus de mal, mais pour la proesce que j'ay orendroit en lui veue 10 *C* to the werse 14 *C* not chese nor haue his 17 *C* lyke yf he wold haue 18 and sayde *not in C* 22–23 *C* man to the erthe and had nere slayne syr Harre 28 *C* Harre folowed after hym 31–32 *C* Bleoberys A fayr knyghtes said Bleoberys why haue ye socoured that fals knyght & traitour

'Why,' sayde sir Harry, 'what knyght is he? For well I wote hit is a false knyght,' seyde sir Harry, 'and a cowarde and a felons knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'he is the moste cowarde knyght, and a devowrer of ladyes, and also a distroyer of kynge Arthurs knyghtes as grete as ony ys now lyvynge.'

'Sir, what is youre name?' seyde sir Ector.

'My name is', he seyde, 'sir Bleoberys de Ganys.'

'Alas, fayre cousyn!' seyde sir Ector, 'forgyff me, for I am sir Ector de Marys.'

Than sir Percyvale and sir Harry made grete joy of sir Bleoberys, but all they were hevy that sir Brewnys Saunze Pité had ascaped them, whereof they made grete dole.

Ryght so as they stood there cam sir Palomydes; and (54) whan he saw the shylde of sir Bleoberys ly on the erthe, than sayde sir Palomydes,

'He that owyth that shylde lette hym dresse hym to me, for he smote me downe here faste by at a fountayne, and therefore I woll fyght wyth hym on foote.'

'Sir, I am redy,' seyde sir Bleoberys, 'here to answere the, for wyte thou well, sir knyght, hit was I, and my name ys sir Bleoberys de Ganys.'

'Well art thou mette,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and wyte thou well my name ys sir Palomydes the Saresyn.'

(And aythir of them hated other to the dethe.)

'Sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Ector, 'wyte thou well there is nother [th]ou nothir no knyght that beryth the lyff that sleyth ony of oure bloode but he shall dye for hit. Therefore, and thou lyst to fyght, go and syke sir Launcelot othir ellys sir Trystram, and there shalt thou fynde thy matche.' **283**[r]

'Wyth them have I mette,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but I had never no worshyp of them.'

'Was there never no maner of knyght,' seyde sir Ector, 'but they too that ever matched you?'

5 also *not in C* 5–7 *C* ladyes and a destroyer of good Knyghtes and specyally of Arthurs what is 8 he seyde *not in C* 9 *C* forgyue it me 11–12 *C* ioye that they met with bleoberys 12 Saunze Pité *not in C* 14 *C* thus there 18 *W* by here (*contamination*) 19 *C*† fyghte for hym 20 Sir *not in C* 27 *W* you nothir no knyght *C* thow nor none knyght 29 *C* goo seche sire 30 *C* shalle ye fynde your matche 34 too *not in C*† *C* matched with you

'Yes,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'there was the thirde; as good a knyght as ony of them, and of his ayge he was the beste, for yet founde I never his pyere. For and he myght have lyved tyll he had bene more of ayge, an hardyer man there lyvith nat than he wolde have bene, and his name was sir Lamorak de Galys. And as he had justed at a turnemente, there he overthrewe me and thirty knyghtes mo, and there he wan the gre. And at his departynge there mette hym sir Gawayne and his bretherne, and wyth grete payne they slewe hym felounsly, unto all good knyghtes grete damage!'

And anone as sir Percyvale herde that his brothir was dede, sir Lamerok, he felle over his horse mane sownynge, and there he made the grettyste dole and sorow that ever made any noble knyght. And whan sir Percyvale arose he seyde, 'Alas, my good and noble brother, sir Lamorak, now shall we never mete! And I trowe in all the wyde worlde may nat a man fynde suche a knyght as he was of his ayge. And hit is to muche to suffir the deth of oure fadir kynge Pellynor, and now the deth of oure good brother sir Lamorak!'

So in this meanewhyle there cam a varlet frome the courte of kynge Arthure and tolde hem of the grete turnemente that sholde be at Lonezep, and how this londis, Cornwayle [and] No[r]the Galys, shulde juste ayenst all that wolde com of other co⟨n⟩tereyes.

(55) Now turne we unto sir Trystram, that as he rode anhuntynge he mette wyth sir Dynadan that was commyn into the contrey to seke sir Trystram.

And anone sir Dynadan tolde sir Trystram his name, but sir Trystram wolde nat tell his name, wherefore sir Dynadan was wrothe.

'For suche a folyshe knyght as ye ar,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I saw but late this day lyynge by a welle, and he fared as he slepte. And there he lay lyke a fole grennynge and wolde

1–2 *C* thyrdde a good knyght 2–3 *C* best that euer I fond for 4 more of ayge *not in C* *W* and hardyer *C* an 5 *C*† lyueth no knyghte now suche and his name 8 *C* degree 13 and sorow *not in C*† 14 any noble *not in C*† 16–17 *C* world a man maye not 20 *C*† meane wyhle 22 *C* Lonaȝep *C* these landes 23 *C** & Northgalys shold be ageynst alle them that 24 of other contereyes *not in C* 29 *C* telle hym his 33 *C*† grymmynge

nat speke, and his shylde lay by hym, and his horse also 283v
stood by hym. And well I wote he was a lovear.'

'A, fayre sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ar nat ye a lovear?'

'Mary, fye on that crauffte!' seyde sir Dynadan.

'Sir, that is yevell seyde,' [seyde] sir Trystram, 'for a knyght may never be of proues but yf he be a lovear.'

'Ye say well,' seyde sir Dynadan. 'Now I pray you telle me youre name, syth ye be suche a lovear; othir ellys I shall do batayle with you.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit is no reson to fyght wyth me but yf I telle you my name. And as for my name, ye shall nat wyte as at this tyme for me.'

'Fye for shame! Ar ye a knyght and dare nat telle youre name to me? Therefore, sir, I woll fyght with you!'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll be avysed, for I woll nat do batayle but yf me lyste. And yf I do batayle wyth you,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye ar nat able to withstonde me.'

'Fye on the, cowarde!' seyde sir Dynadan.

And thus as they h[o]ved stylle they saw a knyght com rydynge agaynste them.

'Lo,' seyde sir Trystram, 'se where commyth a knyght rydynge whyche woll juste wyth you.'

Anone as sir Dynadan behylde hym he seyde,

'Be my fayth! That same is the doted knyght that I saw lye by the welle, nother slepynge nother wakynge.'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I know that knyght well, wyth the coverde shylde of assure, for he is the kynges sonne of Northumbirlonde. His name is sir Epynogrys, and he is as grete a lover as I know, and he lovyth the kynges doughter of Walys, a full fayre lady. And now I suppose,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and ye requyre hym, he woll juste wyth you, and than shall ye preve whether a lover be bettir knyght or ye that woll nat love no lady.'

'Well,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'now shalt thou se what I shall do.'

And therewythall sir Dynadan spake on hyght and sayde,

1 also *not in C* 3 *C* are ye not 7 *C* it is wel said said sir I pray you *not in C* 8 suche *not in C* 11 *C* but I for that my 12 *C* shalle ye for me *not in C* 13 *C* shame said Dynadan arte thow a knyghte and darste not telle thy 14 sir *not in C* *C* with the 16–17 wyth you *not in C* 19 *W* heved 22 whyche *not in C* 24 Be my fayth *not in C* *C* that is the same doted 25 *C* ne wakyng 27 for *not in C* 33 *C** a better

'Sir knyght, make the redy to juste wythe me, for juste ye muste nedis, for hit is the custom of knyghtes arraunte for to make a knyght to juste, woll he othir nell he.'

284r 'Sir,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'ys that the rule and custom of you?'

'As for that,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'make redy, for here is for me!'

And therewythall they spurred their horsys and mette togydirs so harde that sir Epynogrys smote downe sir Dynadan. And anone sir Trystram rode to sir Dynadan and sayde,

'How now? Mesemyth the lover hath well sped.'

'Fye on the, cowarde!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'And yf thou be a good knyght, revenge me!'

'Nay,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll nat juste as at this tyme, but take youre horse and let us go hens.'

'God defende me,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'frome thy felyshyp, for I never spedde well syns I mette wyth the.'

And so they departed.

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'peraventure I cowde tell you tydynges of sir Trystram.'

'Godde save me,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'from thy felyshyp! For sir Trystram were mykyll the warre and he were in thy company.'

And they departed.

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yet hit may happyn that I may mete wyth yow in othir placis.'

So rode sir Trystram unto Joyus Garde, and there he harde in that towne grete noyse and cry.

'What is this noyse?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir,' seyde they, 'here is a knyght of this castell that hath be longe amonge us, and ryght now he is slayne with two knyghtes, and for none other cause but that oure knyght seyde that sir Launcelot was bettir knyght than sir Gawayne.'

'That was a symple cause,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for to sle a good knyght for seyynge well by his maystir.'

'That is lytyll remedy to us,' seyde the men of the towne.

1–2 for juste ye muste nedis *not in C* 2–3 *C* erraũt knyȝtes one to Iuste with other (*see note*) 4 and custom *not in C* 5 *C* you arraunt knyghtes for to make a knyght to Iuste will he or nyll (*see note*) 21 *C* God defende me 25–26 *C* happen I shal mete 33 *C* were a better 35 *C* for to saye wel

'For and sir Launcelot had bene hyre, sone we sholde have bene revenged uppon tho false knyghtes.'

Whan sir Trystram harde them sey so, he sente for his shylde and his speare. And lyghtly so wythin a whyle he had overtake them and made them turne and amende that they had myssedone.

'What amendis woldiste thou have?' seyde the one knyght.

And therewyth they toke there course, and aythir mette other so harde that sir Trystram smote downe that knyght over his horse tayle. Than the othir knyght dressed hym to sir Trystram, and in the same wyse he served the othir knyght. 284v

And than they gate of their horsis as well as they myght and dressed their swerdis and their shyldis to do batayle to the utteraunce.

'Now, knyghtes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'woll ye telle me of whens ye be and what is youre namys? For suche men ye myght be ye shulde harde ascape my hondis, and also ye myght be suche men and of such a cuntré that for all youre yevell dedis ye myght passe quyte.'

'Wyte thou well, sir knyght,' seyde they, 'we feare nat muche to telle the oure namys, for my name ys sir Aggravayne, and my name is sir Gaherys, brethirne unto the good knyght sir Gawayne, and we be nevewys unto kynge Arthure.'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for kynge Arthurs sake I shall lette you passe as at this tyme. But hit is shame,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that sir Gawayne and ye be commyn of so grete blood, that ye four bretherne be so named as ye be: for ye be called the grettyste distroyers and murtherars of good knyghtes that is now in the realme of Ingelonde. And as I have harde say, sir Gawayne and ye, his brethirne, amonge you slew a bettir knyght than ever any of you was, whyche was called the noble knyght sir Lamorak de Galys. And hit had pleased God,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I wolde I had bene by hym at his deth day.'

2 *C* the fals 4 *C* & for his spere 5 *C* and badde them torne 13 *C* their sheldes and swerdes to (*S* do) do their bataile 15 Now *not in C* *C* Tristram ye shalle telle 16 *C* whens ye ar and what be 17 also *not in C* 18 *C* suche men of suche a countre 19 *C* ye shold passe 21 muche *not in C* 22 *C* name *S* naname 27 *C* are soo 29–32 *C* that ben now in this reame for it is but as I herde saye that syr Gawayne & ye slewe amonge yow a better knyght than euer ye were that was the noble 34 *C* by syre Lamorak day *not in C*

'Than shuldist thou have gone the same way,' seyde sir Gaherys.

'Now, fayre knyghtes, than muste there have bene many mo good knyghtes than ye of youre bloode.'

And therewythall sir Trystram departed frome them towarde Joyus Garde. And whan he was departed they toke there horsis, and the tone seyde to the tothir,

'We woll overtake hym and be revenged uppon hym in the despyte of sir Lamerok.'

(56) So whan they had overtakyn sir Trystram, sir Aggravayne bade hym,

'Turne, traytoure knyght!'

'Ye sey well!' seyde sir Trystram.

And therewythall he pulled oute his swerde and smote sir
285r Aggravayne suche a buffet uppon the helme that he tumbeled downe of his horse in a sowne, and he had a grevous wounde. And than he turned to sir Gaherys, and sir Trystram smote hys swerde and his helme togydir wyth suche a myght that sir Gaherys felle oute of his sadyll.

And so sir Trystram rode unto Joyus Garde, and there he alyght and unarmed hym. So sir Trystram tolde La Beall Isode of all this adventure as ye have harde toforne, and whan she harde hym tell of sir Dynadan,

'Sir,' she seyde, 'is nat that he that made the songe by kynge Marke?'

'That same is he,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for he is the beste bourder and japer that I know, and a noble knyght of his hondis, and the beste felawe that I know, and all good knyghtis lovyth his felyship.'

'Alas, sir,' seyde she, 'why brought ye hym nat wyth you hydir?'

'Have ye no care,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for he rydyth to seke me in this contrey, and therefore he woll nat away tyll he have mette wyth me.'

And there sir Trystram tolde La Beall Isode how sir Dynadan hylde ayenste all lovers.

3–5 *C*† Fayre knyghte said syre Tristram ther must haue ben many moo knyghtes than ye are And 13 *C* that is euyll sayd said *Cf. F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 417r, col. 1*) 'il ne vous en puet venir se doumage non' 22 *C* his aduenture 24 *C* said she 27 *C* Iaper and a 30 *C* not hym 31 hydir *not in C*

Ryght so cam in a varlette and tolde sir Trystram how there was com an arraunte knyght into the towne wyth suche a coloures uppon his shylde.

'Be my fayth, that is sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Trystram. 'Therefore, madame, wote ye what ye shall do: sende ye for hym, and I woll nat be seyne. And ye shall hyre the myrryeste knyght that ever ye spake wythall, and the maddyst talker. And I pray you hertaly that ye make hym good chere.'

So anone La Beall Isode sente unto the towne and prayde sir Dynadan that he wolde com into the castell and repose hym there wyth a lady.

'Wyth a good wyll!' seyde sir Dynadan.

And so he mownted uppon his horse and rode into the castell, and there he alyght and was unarmed and brought into the halle.

And anone La Beall Isode cam unto hym and aythir salewed other. Than she asked hym of whens that he was.

'Madame,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I am of the courte of kynge Arthure, and a knyght of the Table Rounde, and my name is sir Dynadan.'

'What do ye in this contrey?' seyde La Beall Isode.

'For sothe, madame, I seke after sir Trystram, the good 285v knyght, for hit was tolde me that he was in this contrey.'

'Hit may well be,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'but I am nat ware of hym.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I mervayle at sir Trystram and mo other suche lovers. What aylyth them to be so madde and so asoted uppon women?'

'Why,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'ar ye a knyght and ar no lovear? For sothe, hit is grete shame to you, wherefore ye may nat be called a good knyght by reson but yf ye make a quarell for a lady.'

'God deffende me!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for the joy of love is to shorte, and the sorow thereof [and what cometh thereof] is duras over longe.'

4 Be my fayth *not in C* 5 Therefore madame *not in C* *C* doo said sire Tristram send 6 *C* hym my lady Isoud and I 9 *C* sente in to the 12 *C* syre *S* sir 15 *C*† in to the castel 22 *C* Madame sayd he I after *not in C* 26 *W* mervayle that *C* merueylle of 29–30 *C* and be no louer it is shame 31 by reson *not in C* *C* but yf *S* and yf 34–35 *C** therof and what cometh therof dureth (*see note*)

'A!' sayde La Beall Isode, 'say ye nevermore so, for hyre faste by was the good knyght sir Bleoberys de Galys that fought wyth ⌜three⌝ knyghtes at onys for a damesell, and he wan her afore the kynge of Northumbirlonde. And that was worshypfully done', seyde La Beall Isode.

'For sothe, hit was so,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for I knowe him well for a good knyght and a noble, and comyn he is of noble bloode, and all be noble knyghtes of the blood of sir Launcelot de Lake.'

'Now I pray you, for my love,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'wyll ye fyght for me wyth three knyghtes that doth me grete wronge? And insomuche as ye bene a knyght of kynge Arthurs, I requyre you to do batayle for me.'

Than sir Dynadan seyde,

'I shall sey you ye be as fayre a lady as evir I sawe ony, and much fayrer than is my lady quene Gwenyver, but wyte you well, at one worde, I woll nat fyght for you wyth three knyghtes, Jesu me defende!'

Than Isode lowghe, and had good game at hym. So he had all the chyre that she myght make hym, and there he lay all that nyght.

And on the morne early sir Trystram armed hym, and La Beall Isode gaff hym a good helme, and than he promysed her that he wolde mete wyth sir Dynadan. And so they two wolde ryde togedyrs unto Lonezep, where the turnemente sholde be, 'and there shall I make redy for you, where ye shall se all the feyght'.

286r (57) So departed sir Trystram wyth two squyers that bare his shylde and his speare[s] that were grete and longe. So aftir that sir Dynadan departed and rode his way a grete shake untyll he had overtakyn sir Trystram. And whan sir Dynadan had overtakyn hym he knew hym anone, and hated the felyshyp of hym of all othir knyghtes.

1 *C* ye not so 2 de Galys *not in C* 3 *W* wyth IIII *C** with thre *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 419r, col. 2*) pres de cy a III chevaliers *C* damoysels sake 4–6 And that was worshypfully done seyde La Beall Isode For sothe *not in C*† 7 he is *not in C* 8–9 *C* alle ben noble knyghtes of whome he is comen of that is sire 10–11 *C* I pray yow said la Beale Isoud telle me wylle ye fyghte for my loue with thre knyghtes that done me 18 *C* Ihesu defende me 25 *W* Lonezep *C** Lonazep *F* Louvezep 27–28 *C* see the turnement Thenne departed 29 *C** speres 30–31 *C* grete paas vntyl 32 *C* and he hated *C** 33 hym aboue all

'A!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'arte thou that cowherd knyght that I mette wyth yestirday? Well, kepe the! for thou shalt juste wyth me, magré thyne hede!'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and I am passynge lothe to juste.'

And so they lette there horsis renne, and sir Trystram myste of hym a purpose, and sir Dynadan brake his speare al to shyvyrs. And therewythall sir Dynadan dressed hym to drawe oute his swerde.

'Not so, sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'why ar ye so wrothe? I am nat disposid to fyght at this tyme.'

'Fye on the, cowarde!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'Thou shamyste all knyghtes!'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I care nat, for I woll wayte uppon you and be undyr youre proteccion, for cause ye ar so good a knyght that ye may save me.'

'God delyver me of the!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'For thou arte as goodly a man of armys and of thy persone as ever I sawe, and also the moste cowarde that ever I saw. What wolt thou do wyth grete spearys and suche wepen as thou caryeste with the?'

'Sir, I shall yeff them', seyde sir Trystram, 'to som good knyght whan I com to the turnemente; and yf I se that you do beste, sir, I shall gyff them to you.'

So thus as they rode talkynge they saw where cam an arraunte knyght afore them that dressed hym to juste.

'Lo,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yondir is one that woll juste. Now dresse you to hym.'

'A, shame betyde the!' seyde sir Dynadan.

'Nay, nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for that knyght semyth a shrewe.'

'Than shall I,' seyde sir Dynadan.

And so they dressed there shyldis and there spearys, and there they mett togydirs so harde that the othir knyght smote downe sir Dynadan frome his horse.

2 Well *not in C* 4 passynge *not in C* 7–8 *C* brak a spere vpon sire Tristram and there with syre *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 421r, col. 2*) il fait son glaive voler en pieces 11–12 *C* I wille not fyghte Fy 15 *C* for by cause 16 that *not in C* 17 *C* The deuylle delyuer me 19 also *not in C* 20 *C* wolt *S* wold *C*† with tho grete speres that thou 22 Sir *not in C* 24 sir *not in C* 23, 27 that *not in C* 28 *C* dresse the 30 *C* besemeth 34 there *not in C*

286v 'Lo,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit had bene bettir ye had lefft.'

'Fye on the, cowarde!' seyde sir Dynadan.

And than he sterte up and gate his swerde in his honde and proffyrd to do batayle on foote.

5 'Whether in love other in wrathe?' seyde the other knyght.

'Sir, lat us do batayle in love,' seyde sir Dynadan.

'What is youre name?' seyde that knyght. 'I pray you telle me.'

'Sir, wyte you well my name is sir Dynadan.'

10 'A, sir Dynadan,' seyde that knyght, 'and my name is sir Gareth, yongyst brothir unto sir Gawayne.'

Than aythir made of other grete chere, for this sir Gareth was the beste knyght of all the brethirne, and he preved a good knyght. Than they toke their horsys and there they 15 spoke of sir Trystram, how suche a cowarde he was; and every worde sir Trystram harde, and lowgh them to scorne. Than were they ware where cam a knyght afore them well horsed and well armed, and he made hym redy to juste.

'Now, fayre knyght,' sayde sir Trystram, 'loke betwyxte 20 you who shall juste wyth yondir knyght, for I warne you I woll nat have ado wyth hym.'

'Than shall I,' seyde sir Gareth.

And so they encountyrd togydyrs, and there that knyght smote downe sir Gareth over his horse croupe.

25 'How now?' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Dynadan. 'Now dresse you and revenge the good knyght sir Gareth.'

'That shall I nat,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for he hath strykyn downe a muche bygger knyght than I am.'

'A, sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Trystram, 'now I se and fele 30 that youre harte faylyth you. And therefore now shall ye se what I shall do.'

And than sir Trystram hurtelyd unto that knyght and smote hym quyte frome his horse. And whan sir Dynadan saw that he mervayled gretly, and than he demed that hit 35 was sir Trystram. And anone this knyght that was on foote pulled oute his swerde to do batayle.

'Sir, what is youre name?' seyde sir Trystram.

3 *C* Thenne sir Dynadan starte 6, 37 Sir *not in C* 9 *C* wete ye (Sir *not in C*) 13 *C* all tho bretheren 19 *C* Fair knyghtes 25–26 *C* Dynadan dresse the now and 29–30 *C* A said sire Tristram now sire Dynadan I see and fele wel your

'Wyte you well,' seyde that knyght, 'my name is sir Palomydes.'

'A, sir knyght, whyche knyght hate ye moste in the worlde?' seyde sir Trystram. 287r

'For sothe,' seyde he, 'I hate sir Trystram moste to the deth, for and I may mete wyth hym the tone of us shall dye.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Trystram. 'And now wyte you well that my name is sir Trystram de Lyones, and now do your warste!'

Whan sir Palomydes saw hym sey so he was astoned, and than he seyde thus:

'I pray you, sir Trystram, forgyff me all my evyll wyll! And yf I lyve I shall do you servyse afore all the knyghtes that bene lyvynge. And thereas I have owed you evyll wyll me sore repentes. I wote nat what eylyth me, for mesemyth that ye ar a good knyght; and that ony other knyght that namyth hymselff a good knyght sholde hate you, me sore mervaylyth. And there I requyre you, sir Trystram, take none displaysure at myne unkynde wordis.'

'Sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye sey well. And well I wote ye ar a good knyght, for I have seyne you preved, and many grete entirpryses ye have done and well enchyeved them. Therefore,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'and ye have ony yevyll wyll to me, now may ye ryght hit, for I am redy at youre hande.'

'Nat so, my lorde sir Trystram, for I woll do you knyghtly servyse in all thynge as ye woll commaunde me.'

'Sir, ryght so I woll take you,' seyde sir Trystram.

And so they rode forthe on their wayes talkynge of many thynges. Than seyde sir Dynadan,

'A, my lorde sir Trystram! Fowle have ye mocked me, for God knowyth I came into this contrey for youre sake, and by the advyce of my lorde sir Launcelot, and yet wolde he nat tell me the sertaynté of you where I sholde fynde you.'

2–3 *C* Palomydes What knyghte 3–4 in the worlde *not in C* 5 *C* Syr knyeght said he moste *not in C* 6 *C* the one 7–8 *C* and wete ye wel that I am sire 10 *C* Palomydes herd hym 13 *C* seruyse aboue alle other knyghtes 16 *C* & none other 17 *C* named 17–18 *C*† shold not hate yow therfor I 19 *C* no displeasyr 22 *C* haue ye taken vpon yow and wel 25 for *not in C* 26 *C* alle *S* all me *not in C* 26–27 *C* commaunde and ryght 29–30 *C* thynges O my lord sire Tristram said Dynadan foule 32–33 *C* woldnot sire Launcelot telle me certeynte

'Truly,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and sir Launcelot wyste beste where I was, for I abyde in his owne castell.'

(58) And thus they rode untyll they were ware of the c⌜a⌝ste⌜⌝ of Lonezep, and than were they ware of foure hondred tentes
287v 5 and pavelouns, and mervaylous grete ordynaunce.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'yondir I se the grettyste ordynaunce that ever I sawe.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'mesemyth that there [was] a[s] grete [an] ordynaunce at the Castell of Maydyns uppon the
10 roche where ye wan the pryce, for I saw myself where ye forjusted thirty knyghtes.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'and in Surluce, at the turnemente that sir Galahalte of the Longe Iles made, whyche there dured seven dayes; for there was as grete a gaderynge
15 as is hyre, for there were many nacions.'

'Syr, who was the beste there?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, hit was sir Launcelot du Lake, and the noble knyght sir Lamerok de Galys.'

'Be my fayth,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and sir Launcelot were
20 there, I doute nat,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but he wan the worshyp, so he had nat bene overmacched wyth many knyghtes. And of the deth of sir Lamorak,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit was over grete pité, for I dare say he was the clennyst-myghted man and the beste-wynded of his ayge
25 that was on lyve. For I knew hym that he was one of the best knyghtes that ever I mette wythall but yf hit were sir Launcelot.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Dynadan and sir Trystram, 'that full wo is us for his deth! And yf they were nat the cousyns of my
30 lorde kynge Arthure that slew hym, they sholde dye for hit, all that were concentynge to his dethe.'

'And for suche thynges,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'I feare to drawe unto the courte of kynge Arthure. Sir, I woll that ye were hit,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Gareth.

1 and *not in C* 2 *C* abode within his 3 *C** Castel *WO*[1] coste *F* chastel 4 of *not in C* *W* Lone3ep (*F* Louvezep) 8–9 *C** was as grete an (*see note*) 12–13 *C* Surluse at that turnement 14 for there *not in C* 15–16 *C* nacyons who 16 there *not in C* 18–21 *C* galys and sir launcelot wanne the degree I doubte not said sir Tristram but he wanne the degree So he 25–26 *C* was the byggest knyght that 28 sir Dynadan and *not in C* that *not in C* 29 *C* is me for 31 *C* and all tho that 33 *C* of my lord Arthur I wylle

'As for that, I blame you nat,' seyde sir Gareth, 'for well I undirstonde the vengeaunce of my brethirne, sir Gawayne, sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys, and sir Mordred. But as for me,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I meddyll nat of their maters, and therefore there is none that lovyth me of them. And for cause that I undirstonde they be murtherars of good knyghtes I lefte there company, and wolde God I had bene besyde sir Gawayne whan that moste noble knyght sir Lamorake was slayne!'

'Now, as Jesu be my helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit is passyngly well sayde of you, for I had lever,' sayde sir 288r Trystrams, 'than all the golde betwyxte this and Rome I had bene there.'

'Iwysse,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'so wolde I, and yet had I never the gre at no justis nothir turnemente and that noble knyghte sir Lamorak had be there, but other on horsebak othir ellys on foote he put me ever to the wars. And that day that sir Lamorak was slayne he ded the moste dedis of armys that ever I saw knyght do in my lyeff, and whan he was gyvyn the gre be my lorde kynge Arthure, sir Gawayne and his three bretherne, sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys and sir Mordred, sette uppon sir Lamorak in a pryvy place, and there they slew his horse. And so they faught with hym on foote more than three owrys bothe byfore hym and behynde hym, and so sir Mordrede gaff hym his dethis wounde byhynde hym at his bakke, and all to-hewe hym: for one of his squyers tolde me that sawe hit.'

'Now fye uppon treson!' seyde sir Trystram, 'for hit sleyth myne harte to hyre this tale.'

'And so hit dothe myne,' seyde sir Gareth, 'bretherne as they be myne.'

'Now speke we of othir dedis,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and let hym be, for his lyff ye may nat gete agayne.'

1 *C* Syre I As for that *not in C* 4 and *not in C* 5–6 *C* none of them that loueth me And for I vnderstande 7–8 *C*† god wold I had ben by sayd Gareth whanne the noble 11 passyngly *not in C* 11–12 sayde sir Trystrams *not in C* 14 *C* ye wys† said palomydes & soo wold I had ben there & yet *Apart from* ye wys *this may well be the original reading.* 15–18 *C* turnement there as he was but he put me to the werse or on foot or on horsbak & that day that he was 19–20 *C* alle my lyfe dayes And whan hym was 28 Now *not in C* 28–29 *C* hit kylleth my 31–32 *C** myn I shall neuer loue them nor draw in their felauship for that dede Now

'That is the more pité!' seyde sir Dynadan. 'For sir Gawayne and his bretherne, excepte you, sir Gareth, hatyth all good knyghtes of the Rounde Table for the moste party. For well I wote, ⟨as⟩ they myght, prevayly they hate my lorde sir Launcelot and all his kyn, and grete pryvay dispyte they have at hym. And sertaynly that is my lorde sir Launcelot well ware of, and that causyth hym the more to have the good knyghtes of his kynne aboute hym.'

(59) 'Now, sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'let us leve of this mater and let us se how we shall do at this turnemente. And, sir, by myne advyce, lat us four holde togydyrs ayenst all that woll com.'

'Nat be my counceyle,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I se by their pavylouns there woll be four hondred knyghtes. And doute ye nat,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but there woll be many 288v good knyghtes, and be a man never so valyaunte nother so bygge but he may be overmatched. And so have I seyne knyghtes done many, and whan they wente beste to have wonne worshyp they loste hit; for manhode is nat worthe but yf hit be medled with wysdome. And as for me,' seyde sir Trystram, 'hit may happen I shall kepe myne owne hede as well as another.'

So thus they rode untyll they cam to Humbir banke where they harde a crye and a dolefull noyse. Than were they ware in the wynde where cam a ryche vessell heled over with r[e]de sylke, and the vessell londed faste by them. Therewith sir Trystram alyght and his knyghtes, and so sir Trystram wente afore and entird into that vessell. And whan he cam in he saw a fayre bedde rychely coverde, and thereuppon lay a semely dede knyght all armed sauff the hede, ⟨and⟩ was all bloody wyth dedly woundys uppon hym, whych semed to be a passynge good knyght.

'Jesu, how may this be,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that this knyght is thus slayne?'

And anone sir Trystram was ware of a lettir in the dede knyghtes honde.

4 *C W* and they myght (*see note*) 6 sertaynly *not in C* 7 the more *not in C* 9 Now *not in C* 10 And sir *not in C* 11 *C* aduyse said Palomydes lete 17 *C* bygge yet he 18 *C* many tymes And 25 *W* rode 29–30 *C* a dede semely knyghte 30–31 *C* al bebledde with 31 *C* the whiche 33 Jesu *not in C*

'Now, maystir marynars,' seyde sir Trystram, 'what meanyth this lettir?'

'Sir,' seyde they, 'in that lettir shall ye hyre and knowe how he was slayne, and for what cause, and what was his name. But, sir,' seyde the marynars, 'wyte you well that no man shall take that lettir and rede hit but yf he be a good knyght, and that he woll faythfully promyse to revenge his dethe, and ellis shall there no knyght se that lettir opyn.'

'And wyte you well', seyde sir Trystram, 'that som of us may revenge his dethe as well as another; and yf hit so be as ye marynars sey, his deathe shall be revenged.'

And therewythall sir Trystram toke the lettir oute of the knyghtes honde, and than he opened hit and rad hit, and thus hit specifyed:

'Harmaunce, kyng and lorde of the Rede Cité, I sende to all knyghtes arraunte, recommaundynge unto you, noble knyghtes of Arthurs courte, that I beseche them all amonge 289r them to fynde one knyght that woll fyght for my sake with two bretherne that I brought up off nought, and felounsly and traytourly they slewe me. Wherefore I beseche one good knyght to revenge my dethe, and [he] that revengyth my dethe I woll that he have my Rede Cité and all my castels.'

'Sir,' seyde the marynars, 'wyte you well, this knyght and kynge that hyre lyeth was a full worshypfull man and of grete proues, and full [well] he loved all maner of knyghtes arraunte.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'here is a pyteuous case, and full fayne I wolde take this entirpryse, but I have made suche a promyse that nedis I muste be at this grete justys and turnement, othir ellys I am shamed. For well I wote for my sake in aspeciall my lorde kynge Arthure made this justis and turnemente in this contrey, and well I wote

1 Now *not in C* 2 *C* that letter 10 *C* as other 11 *W* sey that his 13–14 *C*† hande and hit sayd thus *In F Palomides takes the letter* et l'euvre et le monstre a Tristan et ly dist: 'Sire or lisiés qui mieulx savés lire de nous.' . . . Quant Tristam ot pourveu de chief en chief et puis commence a lire davant tous ses compaignons (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 426r, col. 2*) 17 that *not in C* 20 *C* they haue slayne 21–22 *C* And he that reuenged my 25–26 *C* of ful grete 26 *C** ful wel he of *not in C* 27 *C* errauntes 29 *C* enterpryse vpon me but 30 *C* muste *S* must 31 justys and *not in C* 32 *C* Arthur lete make

that many worshypfull people woll be hyre at this turnemente for to se me; and therefore I feare to take this entirpryse uppon me, that I shall nat com agayne betyme to this justys.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I pray you gyff me this entirpryse, and ye shall se me enchyeve hit worshypfully, other ellys I shall dye in this quarell.'

'Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and this entirpryse I gyff hit you, wyth this, that ye be with me at this turnemente whyche shall be as this day sevennyght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I promyse you I shall be wyth you by that day, and I be unslayne and unmaymed.'

(60) So departed sir Trystram, sir Gareth, and sir Dynadan, and so leffte sir Palomydes in the vessell. And so sir Trystram behylde the marynars how they sayled overlonge Humbir.

And whan sir Palomydes was oute of there syght they toke their horsys and loked aboute them, and than were they ware of a knyght that cam rydynge agaynste them unarmed, and nothynge but a swerde aboute hym. And whan he cam nyghe, this knyght salewed them and they hym agayne.

289v 'Now, fayre knyghtes,' seyde that knyght, 'I pray you, insomuche as ye be knyghtes arraunte, that ye woll com and se my castall and take suche as ye fynde there; I pray you hertely!'

'Wyth a good wyll,' seyde sir Trystram.

And so they rode with hym untyll his castell, and there they were brought into the halle whyche was well apparayled, and so they were there unarmed and sette at a borde. And whan this knyght sawe sir Trystram, anone he knew hym and wexed passynge pale and wrothe at sir Trystram. And whan sir Trystram sawe his oste make suche chere he mervayled and sayde,

'Sir, myne oste, what chere make you?'

'Wyte thou well,' sayde he, 'I fare muche the warre that I se the, for I know the for sir Trystram de Lyones. For thou

1 *C* there att that 2 *C* fere me 8–9 *C* I gyue yow 17 *C* beheld aboute 19–20 *C* nothynge aboute hym but a swerd And whan this knyghte came nyghe them he salewed 21 Now *not in C* 25 Wyth a good wyll seyde sir Trystram *not in C*† *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 427r, col. 1*) Il me plaist moult bien fait Tristan 30 *C* And thenne this Knyght waxed pale 34–35 *C* fare the werse for the for I knowe the sir Tristram de lyones thou

slewyste my brother, and therefore I gyff the warnynge that I woll sle the and ever I may gete the at large!'

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I am never advysed that ever I slew ony brother of yourys, and yf ye say that I ded hit I woll make amendys unto my power.'

'I woll no mendys have,' seyde the knyght, 'but kepe the frome me!'

So whan he hadde dyned sir Trystram asked his armys and departed. And so they rode on there wayes, and wythin a myle way sir Dynadan saw where cam a knyght armed and well horsed, wyth a whyghte shylde.

'Sir Trystram,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'take kepe to youreselff, for I dare undirtake yondir commyth your oste that woll have ado wyth you.'

'Lat hym com,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I shall abyde hym as I may.'

And whan the knyght cam nyghe to sir Trystram he cryed and bade hym abyde and kepe hym.

And anone they hurteled togydyrs, but sir Trystram smote the other knyght so sore that he bare hym over his horse croupen. Than the knyght arose lyghtly and toke his horse agayne and rode fyersly to sir Trystram and smote **290r** hym twyse other thryse harde uppon the helme.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I pray you leve of and smyte me no more, for I wolde be lothe to deale with you and I myght chose, for I have of your mete and drynke in my body.'

And for all that he wolde nat leve. Than sir Trystram gaff hym suche a buffette uppon the helme that he felle upso-downe frome his horse, that the bloode braste oute at the ventayles of his helme, and so he lay stylle lykly to be dede. Than sir Trystram sayde,

'Me repentys of this buffette that I smote so sore, for as I suppose he is dede.'

1–2 *C* the somons I wille 5 hit *not in C* 6 *C* none amendys said 11 *C*† horsed without (*S* withoute) shelde *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 427v, col. 2*) voyent venir aprés eulx un chevalier armé de toutes armes moult bien et moult noblement, et si estoit moult richement montés et portoit ung escu tout blanc sans nulle autre enseigne 16 *C* as wel as I may 17 *C* anone the knyghte whanne he came nyghe sir 21 *C* That knyght 23 other thryse *not in C* 26 of *not in C* 26–27 *C* within my body 31 *WO*1 ventrayles

And so they lefft hym and rode on their wayes. So whan they had ryddyn awhyle they sawe com rydynge agayenst them two full lyckely knyghtes, well armed and well horsed, and goodly servauntes aboute them. And that one knyght hyght sir Berraunt le Apres, and he was called the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and the other was sir Segwarydes, that were renomed two noble knyghtes.

So as they cam aythir by other, the kynge loked uppon sir ⌜Dynadan⌝, and at that tyme sir Dynadan had sir Trystrams helme uppon his shuldir, whyche ⌜helme the kynge⌝ had seyne tofore with the quene of North Galys, and that quene the kynge loved as peramour. And that helme the quene of Northe Galys gaff to La Beall Isode, and quene Isode gaff hit to sir Trystram.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Berraunte, 'where had ye that helme?'

'What wolde ye?' seyde sir Dynadan.

'For I woll have ado wyth you,' seyde the kynge, 'for the love of her that ought this helme. And therefore kepe you!'

So they cam togydir wyth all there myghtes of their horsis. And there the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes smote downe sir Dynadan and his horse, and than he commaunded
290v his servaunte to take that helme off and kepe hit. So the varlet wente to unbuckyll his helme.

'What wolt thou do?' seyde sir Trystram. 'Leve that helme!'

2 whan *not in C* *C* had not ryden but a whyle but they sawe rydyng 4–5 *C* them the one was Berrannt (*S* Berraunt) 9–16 *W* the kynge had seyne tofore with the quene of Northegalys and that quene the kynge loved as peramour and that helme the quene of Northegalys gaff to La Beall Isode and quene Isode gaff hit to sir Trystram So as they cam aythir be other the kynge loked uppon sir Trystram and at that tyme sir Dynadan had sir Trystrams helme uppon his shuldir whyche he had seyne tofore sir knyght *C** the Kynge loked vpon sir Dynadan that at that tyme he had syre Tristrams helme vpon his sholder the whiche helme the kynge had sene to fore with the Quene of Northgalys and that quene the kynge loued as peramour & that helme the quene of northgalys had gyuen to la Beale Isoud & the quene la Beale Isoud gaf it to sir Tristram Syr Knyghte (*see note*) 20 *C* that owed 22 *C* they departed and came 24 downe *not in C* *C* Dynadan hors and alle to the erthe 25 *C* seruaunt goo and take thou his helme 27 *C*† What helme what wolt *S* wold) thou doo

'To what entente,' seyde the kynge, 'wyll ye meddyll with that helme?'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that helme shall nat departe fro me tyll hit be derrer bought.'

'Than make you redy!' seyde sir Berraunte unto sir Trystram.

So they hurteled togydyrs, and there sir Trystram smote hym downe over his horse tayle; and than the kynge arose lyghtly and gate his horse agayne, and than he strake fyersly at sir Trystram many grete strokys. And than he gaff sir Berraunte such a buffette uppon the helme that he felle downe over his horse sore astonyed.

'Lo!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that helme is unhappy to us twayne, for I had a falle for hit, and now, sir kynge, have ye another falle.'

Than sir Segwarydes asked,

'Who shall juste wyth me?'

'I pray you,' seyde sir Gareth unto sir Dynadan, 'let me have this justys.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I pray you hertely take hit as for me!'

'That is no reson,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for this justys shulde have bene youres.'

'At a worde,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'I woll nat thereof.'

Than sir Gareth dressed hym unto sir Segwarydes, and there sir Segwarydes smote sir Gareth and his horse to the erthe.

'Now,' seyde sir Tristram unto sir Dynadan, 'juste ye with yondir knyght.'

'I woll nat thereof,' seyde sir Dynadan.

'Than woll I,' seyde sir Trystram.

And than sir Trystram ranne unto hym and gaff hym a falle, and so they leffte hem on foote.

And sir Trystram rode unto Joyus Garde. And there sir Gareth wolde nat of his curtesy have gone into his castell, but sir Trystram wolde nat suffir hym to departe, and so they alyght and unarmed them and had grete chere. But

1 *C* ye sire knyght medle 4 *C* me or it be 9 *C* hors lyghtely ageyne 10 *C* thenne syre Tristram gafe 12 *C* stonyed 20 hertely *not in C* 23 *C* shold be 28 ye *not in C* 35 *C* this castel

whan sir Dynadan cam afore La Beall Isode he cursed her that ever he bare sir Trystrams helme, and there he tolde her how sir Trystram had mocked hym. Than there was
291r lawghynge and japynge at sir Dynadan, that they wyste nat
5 what to do wyth hym.

1–2 *C*† cursed the tyme that euer he bare *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 431r, col. 1*) 'Dame, or cognois je tout de voir que vous me baillastes le heaume pour mon corroulx, car vous me baillastes mon ennemy, mais certes je m'en delivray aussi tost comme je cognuy que c'estoit mon encombrier' 3 *C* was there

CHAPTER L

HOW BY TREASON SIR TRISTRAM WAS BROUGHT TO A TOURNAMENT FOR TO HAVE BEEN SLAIN, AND HOW HE WAS PUT IN PRISON.

and here beginneth the

treason of King Mark, that he ordained against Sir Tristram. There was cried by the coasts of Cornwall a great tournament and jousts, and all was done by Sir Galahalt the haut prince and King Bagdemagus, to the intent to slay Launcelot, or else utterly destroy him and shame him, because Sir Launcelot had always the higher degree; therefore this prince and this king made this jousts against Sir Launcelot. And thus their counsel was discovered unto King Mark, whereof he was full glad.

Then King Mark bethought him that he would have Sir Tristram unto that tournament disguised that no man should know him, to that intent that the haut prince should ween that Sir Tristram were Sir Launcelot. So at these jousts came in Sir Tristram. And at that time Sir Launcelot was not there, but when they saw a knight disguised do such deeds of arms, they weened it had been Sir Launcelot. And in especial King Mark said it was Sir Launcelot plainly. Then they set upon him, both King Bagdemagus, and the haut prince, and their knights, that it was wonder that ever Sir Tristram might endure that pain. Notwithstanding for all the pain that he had, Sir Tristram won the degree at that tournament, and there he hurt many knights and bruised them, and they hurt him and bruised him wonderly sore. So when the jousts were all done they knew well that it was Sir Tristram de Liones; and all that were on King Mark's party were glad that Sir Tristram was hurt, and the remnant were sorry of his hurt; for Sir Tristram was not so behated as was Sir Launcelot within the realm of England.

Then came King Mark unto Sir Tristram and said: Fair nephew, I am sorry of your hurts. Gramercy my lord, said Sir Tristram. Then King Mark made Sir Tristram to be put in an horse bier in great sign of love, and said: Fair cousin, I shall be your leech myself. And so he rode forth with Sir Tristram, and brought him to a castle by daylight. And then King Mark made Sir Tristram to eat. And then after he gave him a drink, the which as soon as he had drunk he fell asleep. And when it was night he made him to be carried to another castle, and there he put him in a strong prison, and there he ordained a man and a woman to give him his meat and drink. So there he was a great while.

Then was Sir Tristram missed, and no creature wist where he was become. When La Beale Isoud heard how he was missed, privily she went unto Sir Sadok, and prayed him to espy where was Sir Tristram. Then when Sadok wist how Sir Tristram was missed, and anon espied that he was put in prison by King Mark and the traitors of Magouns, then Sadok and two of his cousins laid them in an ambushment, fast by the Castle of Tintagil, in arms. And as by fortune, there came riding King Mark and four of his nephews, and a certain of the traitors of Magouns. When Sir Sadok espied them he brake out of the bushment, and set there upon them. And when King Mark espied Sir Sadok he fled as fast as he might, and there Sir Sadok slew all the four nephews unto King Mark. But these traitors of Magouns slew one of Sadok's cousins with a great wound in the neck, but Sadok smote the other to the death. Then Sir Sadok rode upon his way unto a castle that was called Liones, and there he espied of the treason and felony of King Mark. So they of that castle rode with Sir Sadok till that they came to a castle that hight Arbray, and there in the town they found Sir Dinas the Seneschal, that was a good knight. But when Sir Sadok had told Sir Dinas of all the treason of King Mark he defied such a King, and said he would give up his lands that he held of him. And when he said these words all manner knights said as Sir Dinas said. Then by his advice, and of Sir Sadok's, he let stuff all the towns and castles within the country of Liones, and assembled all the people that they might make.

CHAPTER LI

HOW KING MARK LET DO COUNTERFEIT LETTERS FROM THE POPE, AND HOW SIR PERCIVALE DELIVERED SIR TRISTRAM OUT OF PRISON.

Now turn we unto King Mark, that when he was escaped from Sir Sadok he rode unto the Castle of Tintagil, and there he made great cry and noise, and cried unto harness all that might

bear arms. Then they sought and found where were dead four cousins of King Mark's, and the traitor of Magouns. Then the king let inter them in a chapel. Then the king let cry in all the country that held of him, to go unto arms, for he understood to the war he must needs. When King Mark heard and understood how Sir Sadok and Sir Dinas were arisen in the country of Liones he remembered of wiles and treason. Lo thus he did: he let make and counterfeit letters from the Pope, and did make a strange clerk to bear them unto King Mark; the which letters specified that King Mark should make him ready, upon pain of cursing, with his host to come to the Pope, to help to go to Jerusalem, for to make war upon the Saracens.

When this clerk was come by the mean of the king, anon withal King Mark sent these letters unto Sir Tristram and bade him say thus: that an he would go war upon the miscreants, he should be had out of prison, and to have all his power. When Sir Tristram understood this letter, then he said thus to the clerk: Ah, King Mark, ever hast thou been a traitor, and ever will be; but, Clerk, said Sir Tristram, say thou thus unto King Mark: Since the Apostle Pope hath sent for him, bid him go thither himself; for tell him, traitor king as he is, I will not go at his commandment, get I out of prison as I may, for I see I am well rewarded for my true service. Then the clerk returned unto King Mark, and told him of the answer of Sir Tristram. Well, said King Mark, yet shall he be beguiled. So he went into his chamber, and counterfeit letters; and the letters specified that the Pope desired Sir Tristram to come himself, to make war upon the miscreants. When the clerk was come again to Sir Tristram and took him these letters, then Sir Tristram beheld these letters, and anon espied they were of King Mark's counterfeiting. Ah, said Sir Tristram, false hast thou been ever, King Mark, and so wilt thou end. Then the clerk departed from Sir Tristram and came to King Mark again.

By then there were come four wounded knights within the Castle of Tintagil, and one of them his neck was nigh broken in twain. Another had his arm stricken away, the third was borne through with a spear, the fourth had his teeth stricken in twain.

And when they came afore King Mark they cried and said: King, why fleest thou not, for all this country is arisen clearly against thee? Then was King Mark wroth out of measure.

And in the meanwhile there came into the country Sir Percivale de Galis to seek Sir Tristram. And when he heard that Sir Tristram was in prison, Sir Percivale made clearly the deliverance of Sir Tristram by his knightly means. And when he was so delivered he made great joy of Sir Percivale, and so each one of other. Sir Tristram said unto Sir Percivale: An ye will abide in these marches I will ride with you. Nay, said Percivale, in this country I may not tarry, for I must needs into Wales. So Sir Percivale departed from Sir Tristram, and rode straight unto King Mark, and told him how he had delivered Sir Tristram; and also he told the king that he had done himself great shame for to put Sir Tristram in prison, for he is now the knight of most renown in this world living. And wit thou well the noblest knights of the world love Sir Tristram, and if he will make war upon you ye may not abide it. That is truth, said King Mark, but I may not love Sir Tristram because he loveth my queen and my wife, La Beale Isoud. Ah, fie for shame, said Sir Percivale, say ye never so more. Are ye not uncle unto Sir Tristram, and he your nephew? Ye should never think that so noble a knight as Sir Tristram is, that he would do himself so great a villainy to hold his uncle's wife; howbeit, said Sir Percivale, he may love your queen sinless, because she is called one of the fairest ladies of the world.

Then Sir Percivale departed from King Mark. So when he was departed King Mark bethought him of more treason: notwithstanding King Mark granted Sir Percivale never by no manner of means to hurt Sir Tristram. So anon King Mark sent unto Sir Dinas the Seneschal that he should put down all the people that he had raised, for he sent him an oath that he would go himself unto the Pope of Rome to war upon the miscreants; and this is a fairer war than thus to arise the people against your king. When Sir Dinas understood that King Mark would go upon the miscreants, then Sir Dinas in all the haste put down all the people; and when the people were departed every man to his home, then King Mark

espied where was Sir Tristram with La Beale Isoud; and there by treason King Mark let take him and put him in prison, contrary to his promise that he made unto Sir Percivale.

When Queen Isoud understood that Sir Tristram was in prison she made as great sorrow as ever made lady or gentlewoman. Then Sir Tristram sent a letter unto La Beale Isoud, and prayed her to be his good lady; and if it pleased her to make a vessel ready for her and him, he would go with her unto the realm of Logris, that is this land. When La Beale Isoud understood Sir Tristram's letters and his intent, she sent him another, and bade him be of good comfort, for she would do make the vessel ready, and all thing to purpose.

Then La Beale Isoud sent unto Sir Dinas, and to Sadok, and prayed them in anywise to take King Mark, and put him in prison, unto the time that she and Sir Tristram were departed unto the realm of Logris. When Sir Dinas the Seneschal understood the treason of King Mark he promised her again, and sent her word that King Mark should be put in prison. And as they devised it so it was done. And then Sir Tristram was delivered out of prison; and anon in all the haste Queen Isoud and Sir Tristram went and took their counsel with that they would have with them when they departed.

CHAPTER LII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND LA BEALE ISOUD CAME UNTO ENGLAND, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BROUGHT THEM TO JOYOUS GARD.

THEN La Beale Isoud and Sir Tristram took their vessel, and came by water into this land. And so they were not in this land four days but there came a cry of a jousts and tournament that King Arthur let make. When Sir Tristram heard tell of that tournament he disguised himself, and La Beale Isoud, and rode unto that tournament. And when he came there he saw many knights joust and

tourney; and so Sir Tristram dressed him to the range, and to make short conclusion, he overthrew fourteen knights of the Round Table. When Sir Launcelot saw these knights thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot dressed him to Sir Tristram. That saw La Beale Isoud how Sir Launcelot was come into the field. Then La Beale Isoud sent unto Sir Launcelot a ring, and bade him wit that it was Sir Tristram de Liones. When Sir Launcelot understood that there was Sir Tristram he was full glad, and would not joust. Then Sir Launcelot espied whither Sir Tristram yede, and after him he rode; and then either made of other great joy. And so Sir Launcelot brought Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud unto Joyous Gard, that was his own castle, that he had won with his own hands. And there Sir Launcelot put them in to wield for their own. And wit ye well that castle was garnished and furnished for a king and a queen royal there to have sojourned. And Sir Launcelot charged all his people to honour them and love them as they would do himself.

So Sir Launcelot departed unto King Arthur; and then he told Queen Guenever how he that jousted so well at the last tournament was Sir Tristram. And there he told her how he had with him La Beale Isoud maugre King Mark, and so Queen Guenever told all this unto King Arthur. When King Arthur wist that Sir Tristram was escaped and come from King Mark, and had brought La Beale Isoud with him, then was he passing glad. So because of Sir Tristram King Arthur let make a cry, that on May Day should be a jousts before the castle of Lonazep; and that castle was fast by Joyous Gard. And thus Arthur devised, that all the knights of this land, and of Cornwall, and of North Wales, should joust against all these countries, Ireland, Scotland, and the remnant of Wales, and the country of Gore, and Surluse, and of Listinoise, and they of Northumberland, and all they that held lands of Arthur on this half the sea. When this cry was made many knights were glad and many were unglad. Sir, said Launcelot unto Arthur, by this cry that ye have made ye will put us that be about you in great jeopardy; for there be many knights that have great envy to us; therefore when we shall meet at the day of jousts there will be hard shift among us. As for that, said Arthur, I care not; there shall we prove

who shall be best of his hands. So when Sir Launcelot understood wherefore King Arthur made this jousting, then he made such purveyance that La Beale Isoud should behold the jousts in a secret place that was honest for her estate.

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram and to La Beale Isoud, how they made great joy daily together with all manner of mirths that they could devise; and every day Sir Tristram would go ride a-hunting, for Sir Tristram was that time called the best chaser of the world, and the noblest blower of an horn of all manner of measures; for as books report, of Sir Tristram came all the good terms of venery and hunting, and all the sizes and measures of blowing of an horn; and of him we had first all the terms of hawking, and which were beasts of chase and beasts of venery, and which were vermins, and all the blasts that long to all manner of games. First to the uncoupling, to the seeking, to the rechate, to the flight, to the death, and to strake, and many other blasts and terms, that all manner of gentlemen have cause to the world's end to praise Sir Tristram and to pray for his soul.

CHAPTER LIII

HOW BY THE COUNSEL OF LA BEALE ISOUD SIR TRISTRAM RODE ARMED, AND HOW HE MET WITH SIR PALOMIDES.

So on a day La Beale Isoud said unto Sir Tristram: I marvel me much, said she, that ye remember not yourself, how ye be here in a strange country, and here be many perilous knights; and well ye wot that King Mark is full of treason; and that ye will ride thus to chase and to hunt unarmed ye might be destroyed. My fair lady and my love, I cry you mercy, I will no more do so. So then Sir Tristram rode daily a-hunting armed, and his men bearing his shield and his spear. So on a day a little afore the month of May, Sir Tristram chased an hart passing eagerly, and so the hart passed by a fair well. And then Sir Tristram alighted and put off his helm

to drink of that bubbly water. Right so he heard and saw the Questing Beast come to the well. When Sir Tristram saw that beast he put on his helm, for he deemed he should hear of Sir Palomides, for that beast was his quest. Right so Sir Tristram saw where came a knight armed, upon a noble courser, and he saluted him, and they spake of many things; and this knight's name was Breuse Saunce Pité. And right so withal there came unto them the noble knight Sir Palomides, and either saluted other, and spake fair to other.

Fair knights, said Sir Palomides, I can tell you tidings. What is that? said those knights. Sirs, wit ye well that King Mark is put in prison by his own knights, and all was for love of Sir Tristram; for King Mark had put Sir Tristram twice in prison, and once Sir Percivale delivered the noble knight Sir Tristram out of prison. And at the last time Queen La Beale Isoud delivered him, and went clearly away with him into this realm; and all this while King Mark, the false traitor, is in prison. Is this truth? said Palomides; then shall we hastily hear of Sir Tristram. And as for to say that I love La Beale Isoud paramours, I dare make good that I do, and that she hath my service above all other ladies, and shall have the term of my life.

And right so as they stood talking they saw afore them where came a knight all armed, on a great horse, and one of his men bare his shield, and the other his spear. And anon as that knight espied them he gat his shield and his spear and dressed him to joust. Fair fellows, said Sir Tristram, yonder is a knight will joust with us, let see which of us shall encounter with him, for I see well he is of the court of King Arthur. It shall not be long or he be met withal, said Sir Palomides, for I found never no knight in my quest of this glasting beast, but an he would joust I never refused him. As well may I, said Breuse Saunce Pité, follow that beast as ye. Then shall ye do battle with me, said Palomides.

So Sir Palomides dressed him unto that other knight, Sir Bleoberis, that was a full noble knight, nigh kin unto Sir Launcelot. And so they met so hard that Sir Palomides fell to the earth, horse and all. Then Sir Bleoberis cried aloud and said thus: Make thee

ready thou false traitor knight, Breuse Saunce Pité, for wit thou certainly I will have ado with thee to the utterance for the noble knights and ladies that thou hast falsely betrayed. When this false knight and traitor, Breuse Saunce Pité, heard him say so, he took his horse by the bridle and fled his way as fast as ever his horse might run, for sore he was of him afeard. When Sir Bleoberis saw him flee he followed fast after, through thick and through thin. And by fortune as Sir Breuse fled, he saw even afore him three knights of the Table Round, of the which the one hight Sir Ector de Maris, the other hight Sir Percivale de Galis, the third hight Sir Harry le Fise Lake, a good knight and an hardy. And as for Sir Percivale, he was called that time of his time one of the best knights of the world, and the best assured. When Breuse saw these knights he rode straight unto them, and cried unto them and prayed them of rescues. What need have ye? said Sir Ector. Ah, fair knights, said Sir Breuse, here followeth me the most traitor knight, and most coward, and most of villainy; his name is Breuse Saunce Pité, and if he may get me he will slay me without mercy and pity. Abide with us, said Sir Percivale, and we shall warrant you.

Then were they ware of Sir Bleoberis that came riding all that he might. Then Sir Ector put himself forth to joust afore them all. When Sir Bleoberis saw that they were four knights and he but himself, he stood in a doubt whether he would turn or hold his way. Then he said to himself, I am a knight of the Table Round, and rather than I should shame mine oath and my blood I will hold my way whatsoever fall thereof. And then Sir Ector dressed his spear, and smote either other passing sore, but Sir Ector fell to the earth. That saw Sir Percivale, and he dressed his horse toward him all that he might drive, but Sir Percivale had such a stroke that horse and man fell to the earth. When Sir Harry saw that they were both to the earth then he said to himself: Never was Breuse of such prowess. So Sir Harry dressed his horse, and they met together so strongly that both the horses and knights fell to the earth, but Sir Bleoberis' horse began to recover again. That saw Breuse and he came hurtling, and smote him over and over, and would have slain him as he lay on the ground. Then Sir Harry le Fise Lake arose

lightly, and took the bridle of Sir Breuse's horse, and said: Fie for shame ! strike never a knight when he is at the earth, for this knight may be called no shameful knight of his deeds, for yet as men may see thereas he lieth on the ground he hath done worshipfully, and put to the worse passing good knights. Therefore will I not let, said Sir Breuse. Thou shalt not choose, said Sir Harry, as at this time. Then when Sir Breuse saw that he might not choose nor have his will he spake fair. Then Sir Harry let him go. And then anon he made his horse to run over Sir Bleoberis, and rashed him to the earth like if he would have slain him. When Sir Harry saw him do so villainously he cried: Traitor knight, leave off for shame. And as Sir Harry would have taken his horse to fight with Sir Breuse, then Sir Breuse ran upon him as he was half upon his horse, and smote him down, horse and man, to the earth, and had near slain Sir Harry, the good knight. That saw Sir Percivale, and then he cried: Traitor knight, what dost thou? And when Sir Percivale was upon his horse Sir Breuse took his horse and fled all that ever he might, and Sir Percivale and Sir Harry followed after him fast, but ever the longer they chased the farther were they behind.

Then they turned again and came to Sir Ector de Maris and to Sir Bleoberis. Ah, fair knights, said Bleoberis, why have ye succoured that false knight and traitor? Why, said Sir Harry, what knight is he? for well I wot it is a false knight, said Sir Harry, and a coward and a felonious knight. Sir, said Bleoberis, he is the most coward knight, and a devourer of ladies and a destroyer of good knights, and especially of Arthur's. What is your name? said Sir Ector. My name is Sir Bleoberis de Ganis. Alas, fair cousin, said Ector, forgive it me, for I am Sir Ector de Maris. Then Sir Percivale and Sir Harry made great joy that they met with Bleoberis, but all they were heavy that Sir Breuse was escaped them, whereof they made great dole.

CHAPTER LIV

OF SIR PALOMIDES, AND HOW HE MET WITH SIR BLEOBERIS AND WITH SIR ECTOR, AND OF SIR PERCIVALE.

RIGHT SO as they stood thus there came Sir Palomides, and when he saw the shield of Bleoberis lie on the earth, then said Palomides: He that oweth that shield let him dress him to me, for he smote me down here fast by at a fountain, and therefore I will fight for him on foot. I am ready, said Bleoberis, here to answer thee, for wit thou well, sir knight, it was I, and my name is Bleoberis de Ganis. Well art thou met, said Palomides, and wit thou well my name is Palomides the Saracen; and either of them hated other to the death. Sir Palomides, said Ector, wit thou well there is neither thou nor none knight that beareth the life that slayeth any of our blood but he shall die for it; therefore an thou list to fight go seek Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram, and there shall ye find your match. With them have I met, said Palomides, but I had never no worship of them. Was there never no manner of knight, said Sir Ector, but they that ever matched with you? Yes, said Palomides, there was the third, a good knight as any of them, and of his age he was the best that ever I found; for an he might have lived till he had been an hardier man there liveth no knight now such, and his name was Sir Lamorak de Galis. And as he had jousted at a tournament there he overthrew me and thirty knights more, and there he won the degree. And at his departing there met him Sir Gawaine and his brethren, and with great pain they slew him feloniously, unto all good knights' great damage. Anon as Sir Percivale heard that his brother was dead, Sir Lamorak, he fell over his horse's mane swooning, and there he made the greatest dole that ever made knight. And when Sir Percivale arose he said: Alas, my good and noble brother Sir Lamorak, now shall we never meet, and I trow in all the wide world a man may not find such a knight as he was of his age; and it is too much to suffer the death of our father King Pellinore, and now the death of our good brother Sir Lamorak.

Then in the meanwhile there came a varlet from the court of King Arthur, and told them of the great tournament that should be at Lonazep, and how these lands, Cornwall and Northgalis, should be against all them that would come.

CHAPTER LV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM MET WITH SIR DINADAN, AND OF THEIR DEVICES, AND WHAT HE SAID TO SIR GAWAINE'S BRETHREN.

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram, that as he rode a-hunting he met with Sir Dinadan, that was come into that country to seek Sir Tristram. Then Sir Dinadan told Sir Tristram his name, but Sir Tristram would not tell him his name, wherefore Sir Dinadan was wroth. For such a foolish knight as ye are, said Sir Dinadan, I saw but late this day lying by a well, and he fared as he slept; and there he lay like a fool grinning, and would not speak, and his shield lay by him, and his horse stood by him; and well I wot he was a lover. Ah, fair sir, said Sir Tristram, are ye not a lover? Mary, fie on that craft ! said Sir Dinadan. That is evil said, said Sir Tristram, for a knight may never be of prowess but if he be a lover. It is well said, said Sir Dinadan; now tell me your name, sith ye be a lover, or else I shall do battle with you. As for that, said Sir Tristram, it is no reason to fight with me but I tell you my name; and as for that my name shall ye not wit as at this time. Fie for shame, said Dinadan, art thou a knight and durst not tell thy name to me? therefore I will fight with thee. As for that, said Sir Tristram, I will be advised, for I will not do battle but if me list. And if I do battle, said Sir Tristram, ye are not able to withstand me. Fie on thee, coward, said Sir Dinadan.

And thus as they hoved still, they saw a knight come riding against them. Lo, said Sir Tristram, see where cometh a knight riding, will joust with you. Anon, as Sir Dinadan beheld him he

said: That is the same doted knight that I saw lie by the well, neither sleeping nor waking. Well, said Sir Tristram, I know that knight well with the covered shield of azure, he is the king's son of Northumberland, his name is Epinegris; and he is as great a lover as I know, and he loveth the king's daughter of Wales, a full fair lady. And now I suppose, said Sir Tristram, an ye require him he will joust with you, and then shall ye prove whether a lover be a better knight, or ye that will not love no lady. Well, said Dinadan, now shalt thou see what I shall do. Therewithal Sir Dinadan spake on high and said: Sir knight, make thee ready to joust with me, for it is the custom of errant knights one to joust with other. Sir, said Epinegris, is that the rule of you errant knights for to make a knight to joust, will he or nill? As for that, said Dinadan, make thee ready, for here is for me. And therewithal they spurred their horses and met together so hard that Epinegris smote down Sir Dinadan. Then Sir Tristram rode to Sir Dinadan and said: How now, meseemeth the lover hath well sped. Fie on thee, coward, said Sir Dinadan, and if thou be a good knight revenge me. Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will not joust as at this time, but take your horse and let us go hence. God defend me, said Sir Dinadan, from thy fellowship, for I never sped well since I met with thee: and so they departed. Well, said Sir Tristram, peradventure I could tell you tidings of Sir Tristram. God defend me, said Dinadan, from thy fellowship, for Sir Tristram were mickle the worse an he were in thy company: and then they departed. Sir, said Sir Tristram, yet it may happen I shall meet with you in other places.

So rode Sir Tristram unto Joyous Gard, and there he heard in that town great noise and cry. What is this noise? said Sir Tristram. Sir, said they, here is a knight of this castle that hath been long among us, and right now he is slain with two knights, and for none other cause but that our knight said that Sir Launcelot were a better knight than Sir Gawaine. That was a simple cause, said Sir Tristram, for to slay a good knight for to say well by his master. That is little remedy to us, said the men of the town. For an Sir Launcelot had been here soon we should have been revenged upon the false knights.

When Sir Tristram heard them say so he sent for his shield and for his spear, and lightly within a while he had overtaken them, and bade them turn and amend that they had misdone. What amends wouldst thou have? said the one knight. And therewith they took their course, and either met other so hard that Sir Tristram smote down that knight over his horse's tail. Then the other knight dressed him to Sir Tristram, and in the same wise he served the other knight. And then they gat off their horses as well as they might, and dressed their shields and swords to do their battle to the utterance. Knights, said Sir Tristram, ye shall tell me of whence ye are, and what be your names, for such men ye might be such men of such a country that for all your evil deeds ye should pass quit. Wit thou well, sir knight, said they, we fear not to tell thee our names, for my name is Sir Agravaine, and my name is Gaheris, brethren unto the good knight Sir Gawaine, and we be nephews unto King Arthur. Well, said Sir Tristram, for King Arthur's sake I shall let you pass as at this time. But it is shame, said Sir Tristram, that Sir Gawaine and ye be come of so great a blood that ye four brethren are so named as ye be, for ye be called the greatest destroyers and murderers of good knights that be now in this realm; for it is but as I heard say that Sir Gawaine and ye slew among you a better knight than ever ye were, that was the noble knight Sir Lamorak de Galis. An it had pleased God, said Sir Tristram, I would I had been by Sir Lamorak at his death. Then shouldst thou have gone the same way, said Sir Gaheris. Fair knight, said Sir Tristram, there must have been many more knights than ye are. And therewithal Sir Tristram departed from them toward Joyous Gard. And when he was departed they took their horses, and the one said to the other: We will overtake him and be revenged upon him in the despite of Sir Lamorak.

CHAPTER LVI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM SMOTE DOWN SIR AGRAVAINE AND SIR GAHERIS, AND HOW SIR DINADAN WAS SENT FOR BY LA BEALE ISOUD.

So when they had overtaken Sir Tristram, Sir Agravaine bade him: Turn, traitor knight. That is evil said, said Sir Tristram; and therewith he pulled out his sword, and smote Sir Agravaine such a buffet upon the helm that he tumbled down off his horse in a swoon, and he had a grievous wound. And then he turned to Gaheris, and Sir Tristram smote his sword and his helm together with such a might that Gaheris fell out of his saddle: and so Sir Tristram rode unto Joyous Gard, and there he alighted and unarmed him. So Sir Tristram told La Beale Isoud of all his adventure, as ye have heard to-fore. And when she heard him tell of Sir Dinadan: Sir, said she, is not that he that made the song by King Mark? That same is he, said Sir Tristram, for he is the best bourder and japer, and a noble knight of his hands, and the best fellow that I know, and all good knights love his fellowship. Alas, sir, said she, why brought ye not him with you? Have ye no care, said Sir Tristram, for he rideth to seek me in this country; and therefore he will not away till he have met with me. And there Sir Tristram told La Beale Isoud how Sir Dinadan held against all lovers. Right so there came in a varlet and told Sir Tristram how there was come an errant knight into the town, with such colours upon his shield. That is Sir Dinadan, said Sir Tristram; wit ye what ye shall do, said Sir Tristram: send ye for him, my Lady Isoud, and I will not be seen, and ye shall hear the merriest knight that ever ye spake withal, and the maddest talker; and I pray you heartily that ye make him good cheer.

Then anon La Beale Isoud sent into the town, and prayed Sir Dinadan that he would come into the castle and repose him there with a lady. With a good will, said Sir Dinadan; and so he mounted upon his horse and rode into the castle; and there he alighted, and

was unarmed, and brought into the castle. Anon La Beale Isoud came unto him, and either saluted other; then she asked him of whence that he was. Madam, said Dinadan, I am of the court of King Arthur, and knight of the Table Round, and my name is Sir Dinadan. What do ye in this country? said La Beale Isoud. Madam, said he, I seek Sir Tristram the good knight, for it was told me that he was in this country. It may well be, said La Beale Isoud, but I am not ware of him. Madam, said Dinadan, I marvel of Sir Tristram and mo other lovers, what aileth them to be so mad and so sotted upon women. Why, said La Beale Isoud, are ye a knight and be no lover? it is shame to you: wherefore ye may not be called a good knight [but] if ye make a quarrel for a lady. God defend me, said Dinadan, for the joy of love is too short, and the sorrow thereof, and what cometh thereof, dureth over long. Ah, said La Beale Isoud, say ye not so, for here fast by was the good knight Sir Bleoberis, that fought with three knights at once for a damosel's sake, and he won her afore the King of Northumberland. It was so, said Sir Dinadan, for I know him well for a good knight and a noble, and come of noble blood; for all be noble knights of whom he is come of, that is Sir Launcelot du Lake.

Now I pray you, said La Beale Isoud, tell me will you fight for my love with three knights that do me great wrong? and insomuch as ye be a knight of King Arthur's I require you to do battle for me. Then Sir Dinadan said: I shall say you ye be as fair a lady as ever I saw any, and much fairer than is my lady Queen Guenever, but wit ye well at one word, I will not fight for you with three knights, Jesu defend me. Then Isoud laughed, and had good game at him. So he had all the cheer that she might make him, and there he lay all that night. And on the morn early Sir Tristram armed him, and La Beale Isoud gave him a good helm; and then he promised her that he would meet with Sir Dinadan, and they two would ride together into Lonazep, where the tournament should be: And there shall I make ready for you where ye shall see the tournament. Then departed Sir Tristram with two squires that bare his shield and his spears that were great and long.

CHAPTER LVII

HOW SIR DINADAN MET WITH SIR TRISTRAM, AND WITH JOUSTING WITH SIR PALOMIDES, SIR DINADAN KNEW HIM.

THEN after that Sir Dinadan departed, and rode his way a great pace until he had overtaken Sir Tristram. And when Sir Dinadan had overtaken him he knew him anon, and he hated the fellowship of him above all other knights. Ah, said Sir Dinadan, art thou that coward knight that I met with yesterday? keep thee, for thou shalt joust with me maugre thy head. Well, said Sir Tristram, and I am loath to joust. And so they let their horses run, and Sir Tristram missed of him a-purpose, and Sir Dinadan brake a spear upon Sir Tristram, and therewith Sir Dinadan dressed him to draw out his sword. Not so, said Sir Tristram, why are ye so wroth? I will not fight. Fie on thee, coward, said Dinadan, thou shamest all knights. As for that, said Sir Tristram, I care not, for I will wait upon you and be under your protection; for because ye are so good a knight ye may save me. The devil deliver me of thee, said Sir Dinadan, for thou art as goodly a man of arms and of thy person as ever I saw, and the most coward that ever I saw. What wilt thou do with those great spears that thou carriest with thee? I shall give them, said Sir Tristram, to some good knight when I come to the tournament; and if I see you do best, I shall give them to you.

So thus as they rode talking they saw where came an errant knight afore them, that dressed him to joust. Lo, said Sir Tristram, yonder is one will joust; now dress thee to him. Ah, shame betide thee, said Sir Dinadan. Nay, not so, said Tristram, for that knight beseemeth a shrew. Then shall I, said Sir Dinadan. And so they dressed their shields and their spears, and they met together so hard that the other knight smote down Sir Dinadan from his horse. Lo, said Sir Tristram, it had been better ye had left. Fie on thee, coward, said Sir Dinadan. Then Sir Dinadan started up and gat his sword in his hand, and proffered to do battle on foot. Whether in

love or in wrath? said the other knight. Let us do battle in love, said Sir Dinadan. What is your name, said that knight, I pray you tell me. Wit ye well my name is Sir Dinadan. Ah, Dinadan, said that knight, and my name is Gareth, the youngest brother unto Sir Gawaine. Then either made of other great cheer, for this Gareth was the best knight of all the brethren, and he proved a good knight. Then they took their horses, and there they spake of Sir Tristram, how such a coward he was; and every word Sir Tristram heard and laughed them to scorn.

Then were they ware where came a knight afore them well horsed and well armed, and he made him ready to joust. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, look betwixt you who shall joust with yonder knight, for I warn you I will not have ado with him. Then shall I, said Sir Gareth. And so they encountered together, and there that knight smote down Sir Gareth over his horse's croup. How now, said Sir Tristram unto Sir Dinadan, dress thee now and revenge the good knight Gareth. That shall I not, said Sir Dinadan, for he hath stricken down a much bigger knight than I am. Ah, said Sir Tristram, now Sir Dinadan, I see and feel well your heart faileth you, therefore now shall ye see what I shall do. And then Sir Tristram hurtled unto that knight, and smote him quite from his horse. And when Sir Dinadan saw that, he marvelled greatly; and then he deemed that it was Sir Tristram.

Then this knight that was on foot pulled out his sword to do battle. What is your name? said Sir Tristram. Wit ye well, said that knight, my name is Sir Palomides. What knight hate ye most? said Sir Tristram. Sir knight, said he, I hate Sir Tristram to the death, for an I may meet with him the one of us shall die. Ye say well, said Sir Tristram, and wit ye well that I am Sir Tristram de Liones, and now do your worst. When Sir Palomides heard him say so he was astonied. And then he said thus: I pray you, Sir Tristram, forgive me all mine evil will, and if I live I shall do you service above all other knights that be living; and whereas I have owed you evil will me sore repenteth. I wot not what aileth me, for meseemeth that ye are a good knight, and none other knight that named himself a good knight should not hate you; therefore I

require you, Sir Tristram, take no displeasure at mine unkind words. Sir Palomides, said Sir Tristram, ye say well, and well I wot ye are a good knight, for I have seen ye proved; and many great enterprises have ye taken upon you, and well achieved them; therefore, said Sir Tristram, an ye have any evil will to me, now may ye right it, for I am ready at your hand. Not so, my lord Sir Tristram, I will do you knightly service in all thing as ye will command. And right so I will take you, said Sir Tristram. And so they rode forth on their ways talking of many things. O my lord Sir Tristram, said Dinadan, foul have ye mocked me, for God knoweth I came into this country for your sake, and by the advice of my lord Sir Launcelot; and yet would not Sir Launcelot tell me the certainty of you, where I should find you. Truly, said Sir Tristram, Sir Launcelot wist well where I was, for I abode within his own castle.

CHAPTER LVIII

HOW THEY APPROACHED THE CASTLE LONAZEP. AND OF OTHER DEVICES OF THE DEATH OF SIR LAMORAK.

THUS they rode until they were ware of the Castle Lonazep. And then were they ware of four hundred tents and pavilions, and marvellous great ordinance. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, yonder I see the greatest ordinance that ever I saw. Sir, said Palomides, meseemeth that there was as great an ordinance at the Castle of Maidens upon the rock, where ye won the prize, for I saw myself where ye for-jousted thirty knights. Sir, said Dinadan, and in Surluse, at that tournament that Galahalt of the Long Isles made, the which there dured seven days, was as great a gathering as is here, for there were many nations. Who was the best? said Sir Tristram. Sir, it was Sir Launcelot du Lake and the noble knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, and Sir Launcelot won the degree. I doubt not, said Sir Tristram, but he won the degree, so he had not been

overmatched with many knights; and of the death of Sir Lamorak, said Sir Tristram, it was over great pity, for I dare say he was the cleanest mighted man and the best winded of his age that was alive; for I knew him that he was the biggest knight that ever I met withal, but if it were Sir Launcelot. Alas, said Sir Tristram, full woe is me for his death. And if they were not the cousins of my lord Arthur that slew him, they should die for it, and all those that were consenting to his death. And for such things, said Sir Tristram, I fear to draw unto the court of my lord Arthur; I will that ye wit it, said Sir Tristram unto Gareth.

Sir, I blame you not, said Gareth, for well I understand the vengeance of my brethren Sir Gawaine, Agravaine, Gaheris, and Mordred. But as for me, said Sir Gareth, I meddle not of their matters, therefore there is none of them that loveth me. And for I understand they be murderers of good knights I left their company; and God would I had been by, said Gareth, when the noble knight, Sir Lamorak, was slain. Now as Jesu be my help, said Sir Tristram, it is well said of you, for I had liefer than all the gold betwixt this and Rome I had been there. Y-wis, said Palomides, and so would I had been there, and yet had I never the degree at no jousts nor tournament thereas he was, but he put me to the worse, or on foot or on horseback; and that day that he was slain he did the most deeds of arms that ever I saw knight do in all my life days. And when him was given the degree by my lord Arthur, Sir Gawaine and his three brethren, Agravaine, Gaheris, and Sir Mordred, set upon Sir Lamorak in a privy place, and there they slew his horse. And so they fought with him on foot more than three hours, both before him and behind him; and Sir Mordred gave him his death wound behind him at his back, and all to-hew him: for one of his squires told me that saw it. Fie upon treason, said Sir Tristram, for it killeth my heart to hear this tale. So it doth mine, said Gareth; brethren as they be mine I shall never love them, nor draw in their fellowship for that deed.

Now speak we of other deeds, said Palomides, and let him be, for his life ye may not get again. That is the more pity, said Dinadan, for Sir Gawaine and his brethren, except you Sir Gareth, hate all

the good knights of the Round Table for the most part; for well I wot as they might privily, they hate my lord Sir Launcelot and all his kin, and great privy despite they have at him; and that is my lord Sir Launcelot well ware of, and that causeth him to have the good knights of his kin about him.

CHAPTER LIX

HOW THEY CAME TO HUMBER BANK, AND HOW THEY FOUND A SHIP THERE, WHEREIN LAY THE BODY OF KING HERMANCE.

SIR, said Palomides, let us leave of this matter, and let us see how we shall do at this tournament. By mine advice, said Palomides, let us four hold together against all that will come. Not by my counsel, said Sir Tristram, for I see by their pavilions there will be four hundred knights, and doubt ye not, said Sir Tristram, but there will be many good knights; and be a man never so valiant nor so big, yet he may be overmatched. And so have I seen knights done many times; and when they weened best to have won worship they lost it, for manhood is not worth but if it be medled with wisdom. And as for me, said Sir Tristram, it may happen I shall keep mine own head as well as another.

So thus they rode until that they came to Humber bank, where they heard a cry and a doleful noise. Then were they ware in the wind where came a rich vessel hilled over with red silk, and the vessel landed fast by them. Therewith Sir Tristram alighted and his knights. And so Sir Tristram went afore and entered into that vessel. And when he came within he saw a fair bed richly covered, and thereupon lay a dead seemly knight, all armed save the head, was all be-bled with deadly wounds upon him, the which seemed to be a passing good knight. How may this be, said Sir Tristram, that this knight is thus slain? Then Sir Tristram was ware of a letter in the dead knight's hand. Master mariners, said Sir Tristram, what

meaneth that letter? Sir, said they, in that letter ye shall hear and know how he was slain, and for what cause, and what was his name. But sir, said the mariners, wit ye well that no man shall take that letter and read it but if he be a good knight, and that he will faithfully promise to revenge his death, else shall there be no knight see that letter open. Wit ye well, said Sir Tristram, that some of us may revenge his death as well as other, and if it be so as ye mariners say his death shall be revenged. And therewith Sir Tristram took the letter out of the knight's hand, and it said thus: Hermance, king and lord of the Red City, I send unto all knights errant, recommending unto you noble knights of Arthur's court. I beseech them all among them to find one knight that will fight for my sake with two brethren that I brought up of nought, and feloniously and traitorly they have slain me; wherefore I beseech one good knight to revenge my death. And he that revengeth my death I will that he have my Red City and all my castles.

Sir, said the mariners, wit ye well this king and knight that here lieth was a full worshipful man and of full great prowess, and full well he loved all manner knights errants. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, here is a piteous case, and full fain would I take this enterprise upon me; but I have made such a promise that needs I must be at this great tournament, or else I am shamed. For well I wot for my sake in especial my lord Arthur let make this jousts and tournament in this country; and well I wot that many worshipful people will be there at that tournament for to see me; therefore I fear me to take this enterprise upon me that I shall not come again by time to this jousts. Sir, said Palomides, I pray you give me this enterprise, and ye shall see me achieve it worshipfully, other else I shall die in this quarrel. Well, said Sir Tristram, and this enterprise I give you, with this, that ye be with me at this tournament that shall be as this day seven night. Sir, said Palomides, I promise you that I shall be with you by that day if I be unslain or unmaimed.

CHAPTER LX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM WITH HIS FELLOWSHIP CAME AND WERE WITH AN HOST WHICH AFTER FOUGHT WITH SIR TRISTRAM; AND OTHER MATTERS.

THEN departed Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Sir Dinadan, and left Sir Palomides in the vessel; and so Sir Tristram beheld the mariners how they sailed overlong Humber. And when Sir Palomides was out of their sight they took their horses and beheld about them. And then were they ware of a knight that came riding against them unarmed, and nothing about him but a sword. And when this knight came nigh them he saluted them, and they him again. Fair knights, said that knight, I pray you insomuch as ye be knights errant, that ye will come and see my castle, and take such as ye find there; I pray you heartily. And so they rode with him until his castle, and there they were brought into the hall, that was well apparelled; and so they were there unarmed, and set at a board; and when this knight saw Sir Tristram, anon he knew him. And then this knight waxed pale and wroth at Sir Tristram. When Sir Tristram saw his host make such cheer he marvelled and said: Sir, mine host, what cheer make you? Wit thou well, said he, I fare the worse for thee, for I know thee, Sir Tristram de Liones, thou slewest my brother; and therefore I give thee summons I will slay thee an ever I may get thee at large. Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, I am never advised that ever I slew any brother of yours; and if ye say that I did I will make amends unto my power. I will none amends, said the knight, but keep thee from me.

So when he had dined Sir Tristram asked his arms, and departed. And so they rode on their ways, and within a while Sir Dinadan saw where came a knight well armed and well horsed, without shield. Sir Tristram, said Sir Dinadan, take keep to yourself, for I dare undertake yonder cometh your host that will have ado with you. Let him come, said Sir Tristram, I shall abide him as well as I may. Anon the knight, when he came nigh Sir Tristram, he cried

and bade him abide and keep him. So they hurtled together, but Sir Tristram smote the other knight so sore that he bare him over his horse's croup. That knight arose lightly and took his horse again, and so rode fiercely to Sir Tristram, and smote him twice hard upon the helm. Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, I pray you leave off and smite me no more, for I would be loath to deal with you an I might choose, for I have your meat and your drink within my body. For all that he would not leave; and then Sir Tristram gave him such a buffet upon the helm that he fell up-so-down from his horse, that the blood brast out at the ventails of his helm, and so he lay still likely to be dead. Then Sir Tristram said: Me repenteth of this buffet that I smote so sore, for as I suppose he is dead. And so they left him and rode on their ways.

So they had not ridden but a while, but they saw riding against them two full likely knights, well armed and well horsed, and goodly servants about them. The one was Berrant le Apres, and he was called the King with the Hundred Knights; and the other was Sir Segwarides, which were renowned two noble knights. So as they came either by other the king looked upon Sir Dinadan, that at that time he had Sir Tristram's helm upon his shoulder, the which helm the king had seen to-fore with the Queen of Northgalis, and that queen the king loved as paramour; and that helm the Queen of Northgalis had given to La Beale Isoud, and the queen La Beale Isoud gave it to Sir Tristram. Sir knight, said Berrant, where had ye that helm? What would ye? said Sir Dinadan. For I will have ado with thee, said the king, for the love of her that owed that helm, and therefore keep you. So they departed and came together with all their mights of their horses, and there the King with the Hundred Knights smote Sir Dinadan, horse and all, to the earth; and then he commanded his servant: Go and take thou his helm off, and keep it. So the varlet went to unbuckle his helm. What helm, what wilt thou do? said Sir Tristram, leave that helm. To what intent, said the king, will ye, sir knight, meddle with that helm? Wit you well, said Sir Tristram, that helm shall not depart from me or it be dearer bought. Then make you ready, said Sir Berrant unto Sir Tristram. So they hurtled

together, and there Sir Tristram smote him down over his horse's tail; and then the king arose lightly, and gat his horse lightly again. And then he struck fiercely at Sir Tristram many great strokes. And then Sir Tristram gave Sir Berrant such a buffet upon the helm that he fell down over his horse sore stonied. Lo, said Dinadan, that helm is unhappy to us twain, for I had a fall for it, and now, sir king, have ye another fall.

Then Segwarides asked: Who shall joust with me? I pray thee, said Sir Gareth unto Dinadan, let me have this jousts. Sir, said Dinadan, I pray you take it as for me. That is no reason, said Tristram, for this jousts should be yours. At a word, said Dinadan, I will not thereof. Then Gareth dressed him to Sir Segwarides, and there Sir Segwarides smote Gareth and his horse to the earth. Now, said Sir Tristram to Dinadan, joust with yonder knight. I will not thereof, said Dinadan. Then will I, said Sir Tristram. And then Sir Tristram ran to him, and gave him a fall; and so they left them on foot, and Sir Tristram rode unto Joyous Gard, and there Sir Gareth would not of his courtesy have gone into this castle, but Sir Tristram would not suffer him to depart. And so they alighted and unarmed them, and had great cheer. But when Dinadan came afore La Beale Isoud he cursed the time that ever he bare Sir Tristram's helm, and there he told her how Sir Tristram had mocked him. Then was there laughing and japing at Sir Dinadan, that they wist not what to do with him.

IV

THE RED CITY

NOW woll we leve them myrry wythin Joyus Garde and speke we of sir Palomydes, the whyche sayled evynlongis Humbir untyll that he came unto the see costys, and thereby was a fayre castell. And at that tyme hit was erly in the mornynge, afore day. Than the marynars wente unto sir Palomydes that slepte faste. (61)

'Sir knyght,' seyde the marynars, 'ye must aryse, for here is a castell that ye muste go into.'

'I assente me,' seyde sir Palomydes.

And therewithall he aryved, and than he blew his horne that the marynars had yevyn hym. And whan they in the castell harde that horne they put oute many knyghtes; and there they stood uppon the wallys and sayde with one voyse,

'Wellcom be ye to this castell!'

And than hit waxed clyere day, and sir Palomydes entyrde into the castell. And within a whyle he was served with many dyverse metys. Than sir Palomydes harde aboute hym muche wepyng and grete dole.

'What may this meane?' seyde sir Palomydes. 'For I love nat to hyre suche a sorowfull noyse, and therefore I wolde knowe what hit meaned.'

Than there cam a knyght afore hym, his name was sir Ebell, that seyde thus:

'Wyte you well, sir knyght, this dole and sorow is made here every day, and for this cause. We had a kynge that hyght Harmaunce, and he was kynge of the Rede Cité, and this kynge that was oure lorde was a noble knyght, layrge and lyberall of his expence. And in all the worlde he loved nothynge so muche as he ded arraunte knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte, and all justynge, huntynge, and all maner of knyghtly gamys; for so good a kynge and knyght had never the rewle of poore peple. And bycause of his goodnes and jantyll demeanys we bemoone hym, and ever shall. And all kyngis and astatys may beware by oure lorde: for he was

2 *C* palomydes thēne sir palomydes sailed 3–4 *C* hūber to the costes of the see where was 7 *S* aryse sor here 12 *C* put forthe many 19 For *not in C* 20 *C* suche a sorou and fayne I wold 21 *C* it meaneth 22 *C* hym one whos name 27 oure *not in C*† 28 all *not in C* 31 *C* so kynde a kynge 32 *C* peple* as he was and 32–33 *C* and gentylnesse we 34 *W* youre *C** oure

destroyed in his owne defaute; for had he cheryshed his owne
291v bloode, he had bene a lyvis kynge and lyved with grete ryches
and reste; but all astatys may beware by owre kynge. But
alas,' seyde sir Ebell, 'that ever we sholde gyff all other warn-
5 ynge by his dethe!'

'Telle me,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'how and in what maner was your lorde slayne, and by whom.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Ebell, 'oure kynge brought up of chyldir two men that now ar perelous knyghtes, and thes two
10 knyghtes oure kynge had them so in favour that he loved no man nother trusted no man of his owne bloode, nother none other that was aboute hym. And by thes two knyghtes oure kynge was governed, and so they ruled hym peasably and his londys, and never wolde they suffir none of his
15 bloode to have no rule with oure kynge. And also he was so fre and so jeantyll, and they so false and so dysseyvable, that they ruled hym peasabely. And that aspyed the lordis of oure kynges bloode, and departed frome hym unto their owne lyeffloode.

20 'And whan thos traytours undirstood that they had dryvyn all the lordis of his bloode frome hym, than were they nat pleased wyth suche rewle, but ever thought to have more. And as ever hit is an olde sawe, "Gyeff a chorle rule and thereby he woll nat be suffysed", for whatsomever he
25 be that is rewled by a vylayne borne, and the lorde of the soyle be a jantylman born, that same vylayne shall destroy all the jeauntylmen aboute hym. Therefore all the astatys and lordys, of what astate ye be, loke ye beware whom ye take aboute you. And therefore, sir, and ye be a kynght of
30 kynge Arthurs courte remembir this tale, for this is the ende and conclusyon:

'My lorde and kynge rode unto the foreyste hereby by the advyse of thes two traytoures, and there he chaced at the rede deare, armed at all peacis full lyke a good knyght. And
35 so for labour he waxed drye, and than he alyght and dranke
292r at a well. And whan he was alyght, by the assente of thes

1–2 *C* cherisshed them of his blood he hadde yet lyued with 4 *C* that we shalle gyue 6 how *not in C*† 10 *C* had soo in cherete that 11 owne *not in C* 21–22 *C* hym they were not pleased with that rule but thenne they thoughte 26 *C* soyle to be 28 of what astate ye be loke ye *not in C*† 29 *C* And yf ye be 33 two *not in C*

two traytoures, the tone whyche hyght Helyus he suddeynly smote oure kynge thorow the body wyth a speare. And so they leffte hym there; and whan they were departed, than by fortune I cam to the welle and founde my lorde and kynge wounded to the deth. And whan I harde his complaynte I lat brynge hym to the watirs syde, and in that same shyppe I put hym on lyve. And whan my lorde kynge Harmaunce was in that vessell he requyred me for the trewe feythe I owed unto hym for to wryte a lettir in this maner:

'"Recommaunde me unto kynge Arthure and all his noble (62) knyghtys arraunte, besechynge them all that, insomuche as I, kynge Harmaunce, kynge of the Rede Cité, thus I am slayne by felony and treson thorow two knyghtes of myne owne bryngynge up and of myne owne makynge, besechynge som worshypfull knyght to revenge my dethe, insomuch as I have bene ever to my power well-wyllynge unto kynge Arthurs courte. And who that woll adventure his lyff for my sake to revenge my deth and sle thes two traytoures in one batayle, I, kynge Harmaunce, kynge of the Red Cité, frely woll gyff hym all my londis and rentes that ever I welded in my lyeff."

'And this lettir,' seyde sir Ebell, 'I wrote be my lordis commaundemente, and than he resceayved his Creature. And whan he was dede, he commaunded me, or ever he were colde to put that lettir faste in his honde, and than he commaunded me to sende forthe that same vessell downe by Humbir streyme, and that I sholde gyeff thes marynars in commaundemente never to stynte tyll they cam unto Lonezep, where all the noble knyghtes shall assemble at this tyme: "And there shall som good knyght have pité of me and revenge my deathe, for there was never knyght nother lorde falselyar nothir traytourlyar slayne than I am hyere wounded unto my 292v dethe." Thus was the complaynte of oure kynge Harmaunce.

6 *C* water syde 7 *C* hym a lyue 10–11 *C* Recommaundynge vnto kyng Arthur & to al kny3tes 12 *C* thus am 13–14 *C** of myn own & of myn own bryngyng (*homoeoteleuton in W?*) 14–15 *C* makyng that som worshipful kny3t wil reuenge 16 as *not in C*† 17 *C* lyf with these two traitours for 18 to revenge my deth and sle thes two traytoures *not in C*† 20 woll *not in C* 26 *C* to putte forthe 26–27 *C* doune humber and I shold 28 *C* stynte vntyl that they *C*† vnto Logris 30 *C* pyte on me to reuenge 32 wounded *not in C* *C* to my

'Now,' seyde sir Ebell, 'ye knowe all how oure lorde was betrayed. And therefore we requyre you for Goddis sake have pité uppon his dethe, and worshypfully than may ye welde all his londis. For we all wyte well, and ye may sle tho two traytours, the Rede Cité and all that be therein woll take you for their kyndely lorde.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit grevyth myne harte for to hyre you tell this dolefull tale, and to say the trouthe I saw that same lettir that ye speke of, and one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde rad that same lettir to me that ye speake of, and by his commaundemente I cam hydir to revenge your kynges deathe. And therefore have done and let me wyte where I shall fynde tho traytoures, for I shall never be at ease in my harte tyll I be in handis wyth them.'

'Sir,' seyde Ebell, 'than take your shyppe agayne, and that shyppe muste brynge you unto the Delectable Ile, faste by the Rede Cité. And we in this castell shall pray for you and abyde youre agayne-commynge. For this same castell, and ye sped well, muste nedis be youres. For oure kynge Harmaunce lette make this castell for the love of tho two traytoures, and so we kepte hit with stronge honde, and therefore full sore ar we thretened.'

'Wote ye what ye shall do,' seyde Palomydes. 'Whatsomevir com of me, loke ye kepe well thys castell, for and hit myssefortune me so to be slayne in this queste, I am sure there woll com one of the beste knyghtis of the worlde for to revenge my dethe, and that is sir Trystram de Lyones, othir ellis sir Launcelot de Lake.'

293r Than sir Palomydes departed frome that castell. And as he cam nyghe the shyppe, there cam oute of a shyppe a goodly knyght armed ayenste hym wyth his shylde on his shuldir, and his honde uppon his swerde. And anone as he cam nyghe unto sir Palomydes, he seyde,

'Sir knyght, what seke you hyre? Leeve this queste, for hit is myne, and myne hit was or hit were youres, and therefore I woll have hit.'

2 And therefore *not in C* 3 *C** worshipfully reuenge his dethe and thenne 4 *C* this landes 5 *C* alle tho that ben 6 kyndely *not in C* 9–11 *C* knyghtes on the erthe redde that letter to me and by 22 *C* threted 30 *W* nyghe there shyppe *C* nyghe the Cyte 33 unto *not in C* 35 *C* or euer it

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit may well be that this queste was youres or hit was myne. But whan the lettir was takyn oute of the dede knyghtes honde, at that tyme by lyklyhode there was no knyght had undirtake to revenge the kynges dethe. And so at that tyme I promysed to avenge his dethe, and so I shall, other ellys I am shamed.'

'Ye say well,' seyde the knyght, 'butte wyte you well, than woll I fyght wyth you, and whether of us be bettir knyght lat hym take the batayle on honde.'

'I assente me,' seyde sir Palomydes.

And than they dressed their shyldis and pulled oute their swerdis, and laysshed togydyrs many sad strokys as men of myght. And this fyghtynge lasted more than an owre. But at the laste sir Palomydes waxed bygge and bettir-wynded, and than he smote that knyght suche a stroke that he kneled on his kneis. Than that knyght spake on hyght and sayde,

'Jeantyll knyght, holde thy honde!'

And therewyth sir Palomydes wythdrewe his honde. Than thys knyght seyde,

'Sir, wyte you well ye ar bettir worthy to have this batayle than I, and I requyre you of knyghthode telle me youre name.'

'Sir, my name is sir Palomydes, a knyght of kynge Arthurs and of the Table Rounde, whyche am com hydir to revenge [the dethe of] thys same dede [kynge].'

'Sir, well be ye founde,' seyde the knyght to sir Palomydes, (63)
'for of all knyghtes that bene on lyve, excepte three, I had levyste have you. And the fyrste is sir Launcelot du Lake, and the secunde ys sir Trystram de Lyones, and the thyrde is my nyghe cousyn, the good knyght sir Lamorak de Galys. And I am brothir unto kynge Harmaunce that is dede, and my name is sir Hermynde.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and ye shall se how I shall spyede; and yff I be there slayne go ye unto my lorde 293v

4–5 *C* the deth of the kynge 8–9 *C* and who be the better knyghte of vs bothe lete 13 *C*† fy3tyng was more than houre 15–16 *C* that he made hym to knele vpon his 18 And therewyth *not in C* *C* Syr Palomydes was goodely & withdrewe 20, 26 Sir *not in C* 20 *C* wel kny3t that thou arte better 21 *C*† and requyre the *C* knyghtode *S* knyghthode 21–22 *C* thy name 24 *C* Arthnrs *S* Arthurs *C* round that hyder I came 25 *Not emended in O*[1] 29 the secunde ys *not in C*†

sir Launcelot other ellys to my lord sir Trystram, and pray them to revenge my dethe. For as for sir Lamorak, hym shall ye never se in this worlde.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Hermynde, 'how may that be that he is slayne?'

'By sir Gawayne and his bretherne,' seyde sir Palomydes.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Hermynde, 'there was nat one for one that slew hym!'

'That is trouthe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for they were four daungerus knyghtes that slew hym, that was sir Gawayne, sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys and sir Mordred. But sir Gareth, the fifth brothir, was awey, the beste knyght of them all.'

And so sir Palomydes tolde sir Hermynde all the maner and how they slew sir Lamorak all only by treson.

So sir Palomyde toke his shyppe and drove up to the Delectable Ile. And in the meanewhyle sir Hermynde, the kynges brothir, he aryved up at the Rede Cité, and there he tolde them how there was com a knyght of kynge Arthurs to avenge kynge Harmaunce dethe: 'and his name ys sir Palomydes, the good knyght, that for the moste party he folowyth the beste glatyssaunte.'

Than all the cité made grete joy, for muche had they harde of sir Palomydes and of his noble prouesse. So they lette ordayne a messyngere and sente unto the two bretherne and bade them to make them redy, for there was a knyght com that wolde fyght wyth them bothe. So the messyngere wente unto them where they were at a castell there besyde, and there he tolde them how there was a knyght comyn of kynge Arthurs to fyght with them bothe at onys.

'He is wellcom,' seyde they, 'but is hit sir Launcelot other ony of his bloode?'

'Sir, he is none of that bloode,' seyde the messyngere.

'Than we care the lesse,' seyde the two brethirne, 'for none of the bloode of sir Launcelot we kepe nat to have ado wythall.'

4 *C* be he is (*see note*) 10 *C* hym as Syr Gawayne 16–17 *C* and aryued vp at the delectable 17–18 *C* Hermynde that was the kynges 23 *C* for mykle had 24–25 lete they 30 *C* Arthurs courte to 31 *C** But telle vs we pray yow yf hit be sire 33 Sir *not in C* 34–35 *C* for with none

'Sir, wyte you well,' seyde the messyngere, 'his name is sir Palomydes, that yet is uncrystened, a noble knyght.'

'Well,' seyde they, 'and he be now uncrystynde he shall never be crystynde.'

So they appoynted to be at the cité within two dayes. And 294r
whan sir Palomydes was comyn to the cité they made passaynge grete joy of hym. And than they behylde hym and thought he was well made and clenly and bygly, and unmaymed of his lymmys, and neyther to yonge nother to olde; and so all the people praysed hym.

And though he were nat crystynde, yet he belyved in the beste maner and was full faythefull and trew of his promyse, and well-condyssyonde; and bycause he made his avow that he wolde never be crystynde unto the tyme that he had enchyeved the beste glatysaunte, the whyche was a full wondirfull beyste and a grete sygnyfycasion; for Merlyon prophesyed muche of that byeste. And also sir Palomydes avowed never to take full Crystyndom untyll that he had done seven batayles within lystys.

So wythin the thirde day there cam to the cité thes two brethirne: the tone hyght sir Helyus and [the other hyght] Helake, the whyche were men of grete prouesse; howbehit that they were falsse and full of treson, and but poore men born, yet were they noble knyghtes of their handys. And with them they brought fourty knyghtes, of theire hondis noble men, to that entente that they shulde be bygge inowghe for the Rede Cité. Thus cam the two bretherne wyth grete bobbaunce and pryde, for they had put the Rede Cité in grete feare and damage. Than they were brought to the lystes, and sir Palomydes cam into the place and seyde thus:

'Be ye the two brethirne, Helyus and Helake, that slew youre kynge and lorde sir Harmaunce by felony and treson, for whom that I am comyn hydir to revenge his dethe?'

'Wyte [th]ou well, sir,' seyde Helyus and sir Helake, 'that we ar the same knyghtes that slewe kynge Harmaunce. And wyte thou well, thou sir Palomydes Sarezyn, that we

1 Sir *not in C* 8 *C* and sawe that he 18 *C* vnto the tyme that 25–26 of theire hondis noble men *not in C* 29 grete *not in C* 34 *C* wete thow (*W* you) wel said sir 35–36 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Palomydes revenged the deth of kyng Harmaunce of the Rede Cité 36 *C* wel sire

shall so handyll the or that thou departe that thou shalt wysshe that thou haddyst be crystynde.'

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but as yet I wolde
294v nat dye or that I were full crystynde. And yette so aferde
5 am I nat of you bothe but that I shall dye a bettir Crystyn man than ony of you bothe. And doute ye nat,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'ayther ye other I shall be leffte dede in this place.'

(64) So they departed in grete wreath; and the two bretherne
10 cam ayenst sir Palomydes, and he ayenste them, as faste as their horsis myght ren. And by fortune sir Palomydes smote sir Helake thorow his shylde and thorow his breste more than a fadom.

All this whyle sir Helyus hylde up his speare, and for
15 pryde and orgule he wolde nat smyte sir Palomydes wyth his speare. But whan he saw his brothir lye on the erthe and saw he myght nat helpe hymselff, than he seyde unto sir Palomydes,

'Kepe the!'

20 And therewyth he cam hurtelynge unto sir Palomydes with his speare, and smote hym quyte frome his horse. So sir Helyus rode over sir Palomydes twyse or thryse; and therewyth sir Palomydes was ashamed, and gate the horse of sir Helyus by the brydyll, and therewithall the horse arered,
25 and sir Palomydes halpe aftir, and so they felle to the erthe.

But anone sir Helyus starte up lyghtly, and there he smote sir Palomydes a grete stroke uppon the helme, that he kneled uppon his kne; and than they laysshed togydyrs many sad strokis and trased and traversed now bakwarde,
30 now sydelynge, hurtelynge togydyrs lyke two borys, and that same tyme they felle bothe grovelynge to the erthe.

Thus [they] fought stylle withoute ony reposynge two owres and never brethid. And than sir Palomydes wexed faynte and wery, and sir Helyus waxed passynge stronge
35 and doubeled his strokes and drove sir Palomydes ovirtwarte and endelonge all the fylde.

1 *C* shalle handle the so 2 *C* thou werest crystened 3 *C* Palomydes for yet 4 full *not in C* 4–5 *C* soo am I not aferd of 5 *C** but I truste to god that I shal 9 in grete wreath *not in C* 12 *C* the brest 15 *C* orgulyte 19 *C* helpe thy self 21–22 *C* from his sadel Thenne sire 25 *C* felle both to 28 *C* his owne knee 36–p. 719, l. 1 *C* feld that they of the cyte whan they saw

Than whan they of the cité saw sir Palomydes in this case they wepte and cryed and made grete dole, and the other 295r party made as grete joy.

'Alas,' seyde the men of the cité, 'that this noble knyght shulde thus be slayne for oure kynges sake!' 5

And as they were thus wepynge and cryynge, sir Palomydes, whyche had suffyrde an hondred strokes, and wondir hit was that he stoode on his fyete, so at the laste sir Palomydes loked aboute as he myght weyakly unto the comyn people how they wepte for hym, and than he seyde to hymselff, 'A, fye for shame, sir Palomydes! Why hange ye youre hede so lowe?' And therewith he bare up his shylde and loked sir Helyus in the vysoure and smote hym a grete stroke uppon the helme and aftir that anothir and anothir, and than he smote sir Helyus with suche a myght that he 15 felde hym to the erthe grovelynge. And than he raced of hys helme from his hede and so smote of his hede from the body.

And than were the people of the cité the myryest people that myght be. So they brought hym to his lodgynge with grete solempnyté, and there all the people becam his men. 20 And than sir Palomydes prayde them all to take kepe unto all the lordeship of kyng Harmaunce:

'For, fayre sirrys, wyte ye well, I may nat as at this tyme abyde with you, for I muste in all haste be wyth my lorde kynge Arthure at the castel of Lonezep.' 25

Than were people full hevy at his departynge, for all the cité profyrd sir Palomydes the thirde parte of their goodis so that he wolde abyde wyth hem. But in no wyse as at that tyme he ne wolde abyde. And so sir Palomydes departed, and cam unto the castell thereas sir Ebell was lyefftenaunte. 30 And whan they in the castell wyste how sir Palomydes had sped there was a joyfull mayné.

And so sir Palomydes departed and cam to the castell of 295v Lonezep; and whan he knew that sir Trystram was nat there

5 *S* shold haue thus 7–8 *C* strokes that it was wonder that he 8–10 *C* Palomydes beheld as he myght the comen peple 11–12 *C* hangest thou thy hede 13 *C*† in the vysage and he smote 15–16 *C* he felle to 17 *C** hede and there he smote hym suche a buffet that he departed his hede 18 *C* Cyte the Ioyefullest peple 23 *W* wyte you well 25–26 *C* Lonazep the whiche I haue promysed Thenne was the people 29 *C* he wold not 34 *C* he wyst that

he toke hys way over Humbir and cam unto Joyus Garde where was sir Trystram and La Beall Isode.

So sir Trystram had commaunded that what knyght arraunte cam within Joyus Garde, as in the towne, that they sholde warne sir Trystram. So there cam a man of the towne and tolde sir Trystram how there was a knyght in the towne, a passyng goodly man.

'What maner of man ys he?' seyde sir Trystram, 'and what sygne beryth he?'

And anone he tolde hym all the tokyns of hym.

'Be my fayth, that ys sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Dynadan.

'For sothe hit may well be,' seyde sir Trystram. 'Than go ye, sir Dynadan, and fecche hym hydir.'

Than sir Dynadan wente unto sir Palomydes, and there aythir made othir grete chere, and so they lay togydirs that nyght. And on the morn erly cam sir Trystram and sir Gareth, and toke them in their beddis; and so they arose and brake their faste.

(65) And than sir Trystram dressed sir Palomydes unto the fyldis and woodis, and so they were accorded to repose them in the foreyste. And whan they had played them a grete whyle they rode unto a fayre well. And anone they were ware of an armed knyght cam rydynge agaynste them, and there ayther salewed other.

Than this armed knyght spake to sir Trystram and asked what were those knyghtes that were lodged in Joyus Garde.

'I wote nat what they ar,' seyde sir Trystram.

'But what knyghtes be ye? For mesemyth ye be no knyghtes arraunte, because ye ryde unarmed.'

'Sir, whethir we be knyghtes or nat, we lyste nat to telle the oure name.'

'Why wolt thou nat tell me thy name?' seyde that knyght. 'Than kepe the, for thou shalt dye of myne hondis!'

2 *C* where as sir Tristram was and 10 *C* Soo the man told sire Tristram alle the tokens of (*S* os) hym 11 Be my fayth *not in C* 12 For sothe *not in C* 12–14 *C*† Tristram go ye to hym said sire Tristram vnto Dynadan Soo Dynadan 15 *C* made of other (*S* made other) grete Ioye and soo 19–20 *C** Tristram desyred sire Palomydes to ryde in to the feldes and woodes So *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 439r, col. 1*) 'Palamedes, fait Tristan, alons la dehors veoir ces plains et ses fontaines, si vous sera un grant deduit a ceste matinee' 26 *C* these knyghtes 28 But *not in C* *C* ye said that kny3te for 30 Sir *not in C* 32 Why *not in C*†

And therewithall he gate his speare and wolde have ronne sir Trystram [thorow]. That saw sir Palomydes, and smote his horse traveyse in myddys the syde, that he smote horse and man spyteuously to the erthe. And therewyth sir Palomydes 296r alyght and pulled oute his swerde to have slayne hym.

'Lat be,' seyde sir Trystram, 'sle hym nat, for the knyghte is but a foole and hit were shame to sle hym. But take away his speare,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and lat hym take his horse and go where that he wyll.'

So whan this knyght arose he groned sore of the falle, and so he gate his horse, and whan he was up he turned his horse and requyred sir Trystram and sir Palomydes to telle hym what knyghtes they were.

'Now wyte thou well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'my name is sir Trystram de Lyones, and this knyghtes name is sir Palomydes.'

Whan he wyste what he hyght he toke his horse wyth the spurrys, bycaus they shulde nat aske hym his name, and so he rode faste away thorow thicke and thorow thynne. Than cam there by them a knyght with a bended shylde of assure, his name was sir Epynogrys, and he cam a grete walop.

'Whother ar ye away?' sayde sir Trystram.

'My fayre lordis,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'I folow the falsiste knyght that beryth the lyeff, wherefore I requyre you telle me whethyr ye sye hym, for he beryth a shylde with a case of rede over hit.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'suche a knyght departed frome us nat a quarter of an owre agone, and therefore we pray you to telle us his name.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'why let ye hym ascape from you? And he is so grete a foo untyll all arraunte knyghtys, whos name is sir Brewnys Saunze Pieté.'

'A, fy for shame!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and alas that ever

1 *C* spere in his handes and 2 *C** Tristram thurgh 3–4 *C* trauerse in myddes of the syde that man and hors felle to the erthe 6 for *not in C* 11 *C* he took his hors and whan he was vp 14 *C* wete ye wel 17 *C** what they were he took 19 he *not in C* *C* and thynne 20 *C* bented 21 *C* asure whos name *C* cam toward them a grete 23 *C* ar ye rydynge said 29–30 and therefore *not in C* 32 *C* vnto al 32–33 *C* knyghtes his name 33 *C* Pyte *O*1 Pité

he ascapyd myne hondis, for he is the man in the worlde whom I hate moste.'

Than eviry knyght made grete sorow to othir, and so sir Epynogrys departed and folowed the chace aftir hym. Than sir Trystram and hys three felowys rode towarde Joyus Garde, and there sir Trystram talked unto sir Palomydes of his batayle, and how that he had sped at the Rede Cité. And as ye have harde afore, so was hyt ended.

'Truly,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I am glad ye have well sped, 296v fo[r] ye have done worshypfully. Well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'we muste forwarde as to-morne.'

And than he devysed how hit shulde be; and there sir Trystram devysed to sende his two pavelons to set hem faste by the well of Lonezep, 'and therein shall be the quene La Beall Isode'.

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Dynadan.

But whan sir Palomydes herde of that his harte was ravysshed oute of mesure: notwythstondynge he seyde but lytyll. So whan they cam to Joyus Garde sir Palomydes wolde nat have gone into the castell, but as sir Trystram lad hym by the honde into Joyus Garde. And whan sir Palomydes saw La Beall Isode he was so ravysshed that he myght unnethe speke. So they wente unto mete, but sir Palomydes myght nat ete, and there was all the chire that myght be had.

And so on the morn they were apparayled for to ryde towarde Lonezep.

2 *C* that I 5 *C* rode vnto Ioyous 7 *C* batayle hou he sped at rede 11 as *not in C* 16 *C* Hit is wel said said sir 20–21 *C* Tristram took hym by the fynger & ladde hym in to the castel And whanne 22 *C* rauysshed so 26 for *not in C*

CHAPTER LXI

HOW PALOMIDES WENT FOR TO FIGHT WITH TWO BRETHREN FOR THE DEATH OF KING HERMANCE.

Now will we leave them merry within Joyous Gard, and speak we of Sir Palomides. Then Sir Palomides sailed evenlong Humber to the coasts of the sea, where was a fair castle. And at that time it was early in the morning, afore day. Then the mariners

went unto Sir Palomides that slept fast. Sir knight, said the mariners, ye must arise, for here is a castle there ye must go into. I assent me, said Sir Palomides; and therewithal he arrived. And then he blew his horn that the mariners had given him. And when they within the castle heard that horn they put forth many knights; and there they stood upon the walls, and said with one voice: Welcome be ye to this castle. And then it waxed clear day, and Sir Palomides entered into the castle. And within a while he was served with many divers meats. Then Sir Palomides heard about him much weeping and great dole. What may this mean? said Sir Palomides; I love not to hear such a sorrow, and fain I would know what it meaneth. Then there came afore him one whose name was Sir Ebel, that said thus: Wit ye well, sir knight, this dole and sorrow is here made every day, and for this cause: we had a king that hight Hermance, and he was King of the Red City, and this king that was lord was a noble knight, large and liberal of his expense; and in the world he loved nothing so much as he did errant knights of King Arthur's court, and all jousting, hunting, and all manner of knightly games; for so kind a king and knight had never the rule of poor people as he was; and because of his goodness and gentleness we bemoan him, and ever shall. And all kings and estates may beware by our lord, for he was destroyed in his own default; for had he cherished them of his blood he had yet lived with great riches and rest: but all estates may beware by our king. But alas, said Ebel, that we shall give all other warning by his death.

Tell me, said Palomides, and in what manner was your lord slain, and by whom. Sir, said Sir Ebel, our king brought up of children two men that now are perilous knights; and these two knights our king had so in charity, that he loved no man nor trusted no man of his blood, nor none other that was about him. And by these two knights our king was governed, and so they ruled him peaceably and his lands, and never would they suffer none of his blood to have no rule with our king. And also he was so free and so gentle, and they so false and deceivable, that they ruled him peaceably; and that espied the lords of our king's blood, and departed from him unto their own livelihood. Then when these two traitors

understood that they had driven all the lords of his blood from him, they were not pleased with that rule, but then they thought to have more, as ever it is an old saw: Give a churl rule and thereby he will not be sufficed; for whatsomever he be that is ruled by a villain born, and the lord of the soil to be a gentleman born, the same villain shall destroy all the gentlemen about him: therefore all estates and lords, beware whom ye take about you. And if ye be a knight of King Arthur's court remember this tale, for this is the end and conclusion. My lord and king rode unto the forest hereby by the advice of these traitors, and there he chased at the red deer, armed at all pieces full like a good knight; and so for labour he waxed dry, and then he alighted, and drank at a well. And when he was alighted, by the assent of these two traitors, that one that hight Helius he suddenly smote our king through the body with a spear, and so they left him there. And when they were departed, then by fortune I came to the well, and found my lord and king wounded to the death. And when I heard his complaint, I let bring him to the water side, and in that same ship I put him alive; and when my lord King Hermance was in that vessel, he required me for the true faith I owed unto him for to write a letter in this manner.

CHAPTER LXII

THE COPY OF THE LETTER WRITTEN FOR TO REVENGE THE KING'S DEATH, AND HOW SIR PALOMIDES FOUGHT FOR TO HAVE THE BATTLE.

RECOMMENDING unto King Arthur and to all his knights errant, beseeching them all that insomuch as I, King Hermance, King of the Red City, thus am slain by felony and treason, through two knights of mine own, and of mine own bringing up and of mine own making, that some worshipful knight will revenge my death, insomuch I have been ever to my power well willing unto Arthur's

court. And who that will adventure his life with these two traitors for my sake in one battle, I, King Hermance, King of the Red City, freely give him all my lands and rents that ever I wielded in my life. This letter, said Ebel, I wrote by my lord's commandment, and then he received his Creator; and when he was dead, he commanded me or ever he were cold to put that letter fast in his hand. And then he commanded me to put forth that same vessel down Humber, and I should give these mariners in commandment never to stint until that they came unto Logris, where all the noble knights shall assemble at this time. And there shall some good knight have pity on me to revenge my death, for there was never king nor lord falslier nor traitorlier slain than I am here to my death. Thus was the complaint of our King Hermance. Now, said Sir Ebel, ye know all how our lord was betrayed, we require you for God's sake have pity upon his death, and worshipfully revenge his death, and then may ye wield all these lands. For we all wit well that an ye may slay these two traitors, the Red City and all those that be therein will take you for their lord.

Truly, said Sir Palomides, it grieveth my heart for to hear you tell this doleful tale; and to say the truth I saw the same letter that ye speak of, and one of the best knights on the earth read that letter to me, and by his commandment I came hither to revenge your king's death; and therefore have done, and let me wit where I shall find those traitors, for I shall never be at ease in my heart till I be in hands with them. Sir, said Sir Ebel, then take your ship again, and that ship must bring you unto the Delectable Isle, fast by the Red City, and we in this castle shall pray for you, and abide your again-coming. For this same castle, an ye speed well, must needs be yours; for our King Hermance let make this castle for the love of the two traitors, and so we kept it with strong hand, and therefore full sore are we threated. Wot ye what ye shall do, said Sir Palomides; whatsomever come of me, look ye keep well this castle. For an it misfortune me so to be slain in this quest I am sure there will come one of the best knights of the world for to revenge my death, and that is Sir Tristram de Liones, or else Sir Launcelot du Lake.

Then Sir Palomides departed from that castle. And as he came nigh the city, there came out of a ship a goodly knight armed against him, with his shield on his shoulder, and his hand upon his sword. And anon as he came nigh Sir Palomides he said: Sir knight, what seek ye here? leave this quest for it is mine, and mine it was or ever it was yours, and therefore I will have it. Sir knight, said Palomides, it may well be that this quest was yours or it was mine, but when the letter was taken out of the dead king's hand, at that time by likelihood there was no knight had undertaken to revenge the death of the king. And so at that time I promised to revenge his death, and so I shall or else I am ashamed. Ye say well, said the knight, but wit ye well then will I fight with you, and who be the better knight of us both, let him take the battle upon hand. I assent me, said Sir Palomides. And then they dressed their shields, and pulled out their swords, and lashed together many sad strokes as men of might; and this fighting was more than an hour, but at the last Sir Palomides waxed big and better winded, so that then he smote that knight such a stroke that he made him to kneel upon his knees. Then that knight spake on high and said: Gentle knight, hold thy hand. Sir Palomides was goodly and withdrew his hand. Then this knight said: Wit ye well, knight, that thou art better worthy to have this battle than I, and require thee of knighthood tell me thy name. Sir, my name is Palomides, a knight of King Arthur's, and of the Table Round, that hither I came to revenge the death of this dead king.

CHAPTER LXIII

OF THE PREPARATION OF SIR PALOMIDES AND THE TWO BRETHREN THAT SHOULD FIGHT WITH HIM.

WELL be ye found, said the knight to Palomides, for of all knights that be alive, except three, I had liefest have you. The first is Sir Launcelot du Lake, and Sir Tristram de Liones, the

third is my nigh cousin, Sir Lamorak de Galis. And I am brother unto King Hermance that is dead, and my name is Sir Hermind. Ye say well, said Sir Palomides, and ye shall see how I shall speed; and if I be there slain go ye to my lord Sir Launcelot, or else to my lord Sir Tristram, and pray them to revenge my death, for as for Sir Lamorak him shall ye never see in this world. Alas, said Sir Hermind, how may that be? He is slain, said Sir Palomides, by Sir Gawaine and his brethren. So God me help, said Hermind, there was not one for one that slew him. That is truth, said Sir Palomides, for they were four dangerous knights that slew him, as Sir Gawaine, Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Mordred, but Sir Gareth, the fifth brother was away, the best knight of them all. And so Sir Palomides told Hermind all the manner, and how they slew Sir Lamorak all only by treason.

So Sir Palomides took his ship, and arrived up at the Delectable Isle. And in the meanwhile Sir Hermind that was the king's brother, he arrived up at the Red City, and there he told them how there was come a knight of King Arthur's to avenge King Hermance's death: And his name is Sir Palomides, the good knight, that for the most part he followeth the beast Glatisant. Then all the city made great joy, for mickle had they heard of Sir Palomides, and of his noble prowess. So let they ordain a messenger, and sent unto the two brethren, and bade them to make them ready, for there was a knight come that would fight with them both. So the messenger went unto them where they were at a castle there beside; and there he told them how there was a knight come of King Arthur's court to fight with them both at once. He is welcome, said they; but tell us, we pray you, if it be Sir Launcelot or any of his blood? He is none of that blood, said the messenger. Then we care the less, said the two brethren, for with none of the blood of Sir Launcelot we keep not to have ado withal. Wit ye well, said the messenger, that his name is Sir Palomides, that yet is unchristened, a noble knight. Well, said they, an he be now unchristened he shall never be christened. So they appointed to be at the city within two days

And when Sir Palomides was come to the city they made passing great joy of him, and then they beheld him, and saw that he

was well made, cleanly and bigly, and unmaimed of his limbs, and neither too young nor too old. And so all the people praised him; and though he was not christened yet he believed in the best manner, and was full faithful and true of his promise, and well conditioned; and because he made his avow that he would never be christened unto the time that he had achieved the beast Glatisant, the which was a full wonderful beast, and a great signification; for Merlin prophesied much of that beast. And also Sir Palomides avowed never to take full christendom unto the time that he had done seven battles within the lists.

So within the third day there came to the city these two brethren, the one hight Helius, the other hight Helake, the which were men of great prowess; howbeit that they were false and full of treason, and but poor men born, yet were they noble knights of their hands. And with them they brought forty knights, to that intent that they should be big enough for the Red City. Thus came the two brethren with great bobaunce and pride, for they had put the Red City in fear and damage. Then they were brought to the lists, and Sir Palomides came into the place and said thus: Be ye the two brethren, Helius and Helake, that slew your king and lord, Sir Hermance, by felony and treason, for whom that I am come hither to revenge his death? Wit thou well, said Sir Helius and Sir Helake, that we are the same knights that slew King Hermance; and wit thou well, Sir Palomides Saracen, that we shall handle thee so or thou depart that thou shalt wish that thou wert christened. It may well be, said Sir Palomides, for yet I would not die or I were christened; and yet so am I not afeard of you both, but I trust to God that I shall die a better christian man than any of you both; and doubt ye not, said Sir Palomides, either ye or I shall be left dead in this place.

CHAPTER LXIV

OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN SIR PALOMIDES AND THE TWO BRETHREN, AND HOW THE TWO BRETHREN WERE SLAIN.

THEN they departed, and the two brethren came against Sir Palomides, and he against them, as fast as their horses might run. And by fortune Sir Palomides smote Helake through his shield and through the breast more than a fathom. All this while Sir Helius held up his spear, and for pride and orgulité he would not smite Sir Palomides with his spear; but when he saw his brother lie on the earth, and saw he might not help himself, then he said unto Sir Palomides: Help thyself. And therewith he came hurtling unto Sir Palomides with his spear, and smote him quite from his saddle. Then Sir Helius rode over Sir Palomides twice or thrice. And therewith Sir Palomides was ashamed, and gat the horse of Sir Helius by the bridle, and therewithal the horse areared, and Sir Palomides halp after, and so they fell both to the earth; but anon Sir Helius stert up lightly, and there he smote Sir Palomides a great stroke upon the helm, that he kneeled upon his own knee. Then they lashed together many sad strokes, and traced and traversed now backward, now sideling, hurtling together like two boars, and that same time they fell both grovelling to the earth.

Thus they fought still without any reposing two hours, and never breathed; and then Sir Palomides waxed faint and weary, and Sir Helius waxed passing strong, and doubled his strokes, and drove Sir Palomides overthwart and endlong all the field, that they of the city when they saw Sir Palomides in this case they wept and cried, and made great dole, and the other party made as great joy. Alas, said the men of the city, that this noble knight should thus be slain for our king's sake. And as they were thus weeping and crying, Sir Palomides that had suffered an hundred strokes, that it was wonder that he stood on his feet, at the last Sir Palomides beheld as he might the common people, how they wept for him; and then he said to himself: Ah, fie for shame, Sir Palomides, why

hangest thou thy head so low; and therewith he bare up his shield, and looked Sir Helius in the visage, and he smote him a great stroke upon the helm, and after that another and another. And then he smote Sir Helius with such a might that he fell to the earth grovelling; and then he raced off his helm from his head, and there he smote him such a buffet that he departed his head from the body. And then were the people of the city the joyfullest people that might be. So they brought him to his lodging with great solemnity, and there all the people became his men. And then Sir Palomides prayed them all to take keep unto all the lordship of King Hermance: For, fair sirs, wit ye well I may not as at this time abide with you, for I must in all haste be with my lord King Arthur at the Castle of Lonazep, the which I have promised. Then was the people full heavy at his departing, for all that city proffered Sir Palomides the third part of their goods so that he would abide with them; but in no wise as at that time he would not abide.

And so Sir Palomides departed, and so he came unto the castle thereas Sir Ebel was lieutenant. And when they in the castle wist how Sir Palomides had sped, there was a joyful meiny; and so Sir Palomides departed, and came to the castle of Lonazep. And when he wist that Sir Tristram was not there he took his way over Humber, and came unto Joyous Gard, whereas Sir Tristram was and La Beale Isoud. Sir Tristram had commanded that what knight errant came within the Joyous Gard, as in the town, that they should warn Sir Tristram. So there came a man of the town, and told Sir Tristram how there was a knight in the town, a passing goodly man. What manner of man is he, said Sir Tristram, and what sign beareth he? So the man told Sir Tristram all the tokens of him. That is Palomides, said Dinadan. It may well be, said Sir Tristram. Go ye to him, said Sir Tristram unto Dinadan. So Dinadan went unto Sir Palomides, and there either made other great joy, and so they lay together that night. And on the morn early came Sir Tristram and Sir Gareth, and took them in their beds, and so they arose and brake their fast.

CHAPTER LXV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND SIR PALOMIDES MET BREUSE SAUNCE PITÉ, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND LA BEALE ISOUD WENT UNTO LONAZEP.

And then Sir Tristram desired Sir Palomides to ride into the fields and woods. So they were accorded to repose them in the forest. And when they had played them a great while they rode unto a fair well; and anon they were ware of an armed knight that came riding against them, and there either saluted other. Then this armed knight spake to Sir Tristram, and asked what were these knights that were lodged in Joyous Gard. I wot not what they are, said Sir Tristram. What knights be ye? said that knight, for meseemeth ye be no knights errant, because ye ride unarmed. Whether we be knights or not we list not to tell thee our name. Wilt thou not tell me thy name? said that knight; then keep thee, for thou shalt die of my hands. And therewith he got his spear in his hands, and would have run Sir Tristram through. That saw Sir Palomides, and smote his horse traverse in midst of the side, that man and horse fell to the earth. And therewith Sir Palomides alighted and pulled out his sword to have slain him. Let be, said Sir Tristram, slay him not, the knight is but a fool, it were shame to slay him. But take away his spear, said Sir Tristram, and let him take his horse and go where that he will.

So when this knight arose he groaned sore of the fall, and so he took his horse, and when he was up he turned then his horse, and required Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides to tell him what knights they were. Now wit ye well, said Sir Tristram, that my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and this knight's name is Sir Palomides. When he wist what they were he took his horse with the spurs, because they should not ask him his name, and so rode fast away through thick and thin. Then came there by them a knight with a bended shield of azure, whose name was Epinogris, and he came toward them a great wallop. Whither are ye riding? said Sir Tristram. My

fair lords, said Epinogris, I follow the falsest knight that beareth the life; wherefore I require you tell me whether ye saw him, for he beareth a shield with a case of red over it. So God me help, said Tristram, such a knight departed from us not a quarter of an hour agone; we pray you tell us his name. Alas, said Epinogris, why let ye him escape from you? and he is so great a foe unto all errant knights: his name is Breuse Saunce Pité. Ah, fie for shame, said Sir Palomides, alas that ever he escaped mine hands, for he is the man in the world that I hate most. Then every knight made great sorrow to other; and so Epinogris departed and followed the chase after him.

Then Sir Tristram and his three fellows rode unto Joyous Gard; and there Sir Tristram talked unto Sir Palomides of his battle, how he sped at the Red City, and as ye have heard afore so was it ended. Truly, said Sir Tristram, I am glad ye have well sped, for ye have done worshipfully. Well, said Sir Tristram, we must forward tomorn. And then he devised how it should be; and Sir Tristram devised to send his two pavilions to set them fast by the well of Lonazep, and therein shall be the queen La Beale Isoud. It is well said, said Sir Dinadan, but when Sir Palomides heard of that his heart was ravished out of measure: notwithstanding he said but little. So when they came to Joyous Gard Sir Palomides would not have gone into the castle, but as Sir Tristram took him by the finger, and led him into the castle. And when Sir Palomides saw La Beale Isoud he was ravished so that he might unnethe speak. So they went unto meat, but Palomides might not eat, and there was all the cheer that might be had. And on the morn they were apparelled to ride toward Lonazep.

V

THE TOURNAMENT AT LONEZEP

SO syr Trystram had three squyars, and La Beall Isode had three jantyllwomen, and bothe the quene and they were rychely apparayled; and other people had they none with them but varlettes to beare their shyldis and their spearys. And thus they rode forthe. And as they rode they saw afore them a route of knyghtes, and that was sir Galyhodyn with twenty knyghtes with hym.

'Now, fayre fealowys,' seyde sir Galyhodyn, 'yondir commyth four knyghtes, and a ryche and a well fayre lady; and I am in wyll to take that fayre lady from them.'

'Sir, that is nat beste,' seyde one of them, 'but sende ye to them and awyte what they woll say.'

And so they ded, and anone there cam a squyer unto sir Trystram and asked them whether they wolde juste other ellys to lose that lady.

'Nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but telle your lorde and bydde hym com as many as we bene, and wynne her and take her.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and hit please you, lat me have this dede, and I shall undirtake them all four.'

'Sir, I woll that ye have hit,' seyde sir Trystram, 'at youre pleasure.' 297r

'Now go and telle your lorde sir Galyhodyn that this knyght woll encountir with hym and his felowys.'

So this squyer departed and tolde sir Galyhodyn.

Than he dressed his shylde and put forth a speare and (66) sir Palomydes [another, and there sir Palomydes] smote sir Galyhodyn so harde that horse and man bothe yode to the erthe, and there he had an horryble falle.

And than cam another knyght, and the same wyse he served hym; and so he served the thirde and the fourthe, that he smote them over their horse croupes. And allwayes sir Palomydes speare was hole.

Than cam there six knyghtes mo of sir Galyhodynes men and wolde have bene avenged uppon sir Palomydes.

8 Now *not in C* 9 *C* and a wel *S* and wel 10 fayre *not in C* 11 *C** That is not of the best counceil said one of Galyhodyns men but 12 *C* and wete what 13 *C* soo hit was done there 15 *C* lese their lady 16 but *not in C* *C** lord I byd 20 Sir *not in C* 26 *Not emended in O*[1] 26–27 *C* that he smote bothe hors and man to the . 29 *C* and in the same

'Lat be,' seyde sir Galyhodyn, 'nat so hardy! None of you all meddyll with this knyght, for he is a man of grete bounté and honoure, and yf he wolde do his uttermuste ye ar nat all able to deale wyth hym.'

5 And ryght so they hylde them styll, and ever sir Palomydes was redy to juste. And whan he sawe they wolde no more he rode unto sir Trystram.

'A, sir Palomydes! Ryght well have ye done and worshypfully, as a good knyght sholde.'

10 (So this sir Galyhodyn was nyghe kyn unto sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce, and this sir Galyhodyn was a kynge within the contrey of Surluse.)

So as sir Trystram with his three felowys and La Beall Isode rode, they saw afore them four knyghtes, and every 15 knyght had his speare in his honde. The fyrst was sir Gawayne, the secunde was sir Uwayne, the thirde was sir Sagramour le Desyrus, and the fourthe was sir Dodynas le Saveage. And whan sir Palomydes behylde them, that the four knyghtes were redy to juste, he prayde sir Trystram to 20 gyff hym leve to have ado with them also longe as he myght holde hym on horsebak.

'And yf that I be smyttyn downe, I pray you revenge me.'

'Well,' seyde syr Trystram, 'and ye ar nat so fayne to have worship but I wolde as fayne encrease youre worshyp.'

297v 25 And wythall sir Gawayne put forthe his speare and sir Palomydes another, and so they cam egirly togydyrs, that sir Palomydes smote hym so harde that sir Gawayne felle to the erthe, horse and all. And in the same wyse he served sir Uwayne and sir Dodynas and sir Sagramour, and all 30 thes four knyghtes sir Palomydes smote them downe with dyverse spearys.

And than sir Trystram departed towarde Lonezep, and whan they were departed than cam thydir sir Galyhodyn with his twenty knyghtes unto sir Gawayne, and there he 35 tolde hym all how he had sped.

3 do his uttermuste *not in C*† 3–4 *C** ye were not able to medle with 8 A sir Palomydes *not in C* 8–9 *C* done said sir Tristram & worshypfully haue ye done as a good 10 *C* nyghe cosyn vnto Galahalt 13–14 *C* Tristram syr Palomydes and la Beale Isoud rode to gyders they saw 23 *C** Tristram I wille as ye wille and ye 26 *C* cam so egerly 27–28 *C* smote sir Gawayne to the erthe 34 *C*† his x knyȝtes *F* xx chevaliers. *Cf. p. 727, line 7.*

'Be my trouthe,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I mervayle what knyghtes they ben that ar so arayed all in grene.'

'And that knyght uppon the whyghte horse smote me downe', seyde sir Galyhodyn, 'and three of my felowys.'

'So ded he me,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and my three felowys. And well I wote,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that other he uppon the whyghte horse ys sir Trystram othir ellys sir Palomydes, and that well-beseyne lady is quene Isode.'

And as they talked thus of one thynge and of other, and in the meanewhyle sir Trystram passed on tyll that he cam to the welle where his pavylyons were sette. And there they alyghted, and there they sawe many pavylons and grete aray.

Than sir Trystram leffte there sir Palomydes and sir Gareth with La Beall Isode, and sir Trystram and sir Dynadan rode unto Lonezep to herkyn tydynges, and sir Trystram rode uppon sir Palomydes whyght horse. And whan he cam into the castell sir Trystram harde a grete horne blowe, and to the horne drewe many knyghtes.

Than sir Trystrams asked a knyght,

'What meanyth the blaste of that horne?'

'Sir,' seyde that knyght, 'hit is for all tho that shall holde ayenste kynge Arthure at this turnemente: the fyrst ys the kynge of Irelonde, and the kynge of Surluse, and the kynge of Lystenoyse, the kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the kynge of the beste parte of Walys, with many other contreys.'

And all thes drewe them to a counceyle to undirstonde what governaunce they shall be of. But the kyng of Irelonde his name was sir Marhalte, that was fadir unto the good **298r** knyght sir Marhalte that sir Trystram slew; and he had the speache, that sir Trystram myght hyre:

'Now, lordis and felowis, lat us loke to oureselff, for wyte you well kynge Arthure ys sure of many good knyghtes, other ellys he wolde nat with feaw knyghtes have ado with us. Therefore, be my rede, lat every knyght have a standarde

1 *C* I merueyle said sire Gawayne what (Be my trouthe *not in C*) 2 all *not in C* 4 *C* & my iii felaws 5 *C* & so he dyd to me and my three felowys *not in C* 8 *C* that gay bysene 9 *C* Thus they talked of 11 *C* his two pauelions 17 *C* sir Dynadan herd 21 for *not in C*† 26 all *not in C* 27–29 *C* Irland whos name was Marhalt and fader to the good knyghte sir Marhaus 29–30 *C* slewe had alle the speche 30–31 *C* here it He said lordes 34 *C** my counceyl lete euery Kynge haue

and a cognyssaunce by hymselff, that every knyght may draw to his naturall lorde. And than may every kynge and captayne helpe his knyght yf he have nede.'

Whan sir Trystram had harde all their counceyle he rode
(67) 5 unto kynge Arthure for to hyre his counceyle. But sir Trystram was nat so sone com unto the place but sir Gawayne and sir Galyhodyn wente unto kynge Arthure and tolde hym that that same grene knyght in the grene harneyse with the whyghte horse 'smote us two downe and six of oure felowys
10 this same day'.

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthure.

And than he called sir Trystram to hym and asked what was his name.

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye shall holde me ex-
15 cused: as at this tyme ye shall nat know my name.'

And there sir Trystram returned and rode his way.

'I have mervayle,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that yondir knyght woll [nat] tell me his name. But go ye, sir Gryfflet, and pray hym to speke with me betwyxt us twayne.'

20 Than sir Gryfflet rode aftir hym and overtoke hym and seyde that kynge Arthure prayde hym to speake with hym.

'Sir, uppon this covenaunte,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll turne agayne, so that ye woll ensure me that the kynge woll nat desyre to hyre my name.'

25 'I shall undirtake it,' seyde sir Gryfflet, 'that he woll nat gretly desyre of you.'

So they rode togydirs tyll they cam to kynge Arthure.

'Now, fayre sir,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'what is the cause ye woll nat tell me your name?'

30 'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'withoute a cause I wolde nat hyde my name.'

'Well, uppon what party woll ye holde?' seyde kynge Arthure.

1–2 *C* knyghte drawe to their naturel 3 *C* yf they have 7–8 *C* hym that same 12 *C* Tristram and asked hym 14 *C* Syre said sire 15 *C* tyme for ye shalle not wete my 18 *C* not 18–19 *C* goo thow Gryflet le fyse de dieu and 19 twayne *not in C* 21–22 *C* said hym that kynge Arthur prayd hym for to speke with hym secretely a parte vpon this 22–24 *C* I wille speke with hym that I wille torne ageyne soo that ye wille ensure me not to desyre 25–26 *C* vndertake said sir Gryflet that he wille not gretely desyre hit of you 28 Now *not in C* 30 *C*† I wille not 32 Well *not in C*

'Truly, my lorde,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I wote nat yet on what party I woll be on untyll I com to the fylde. And thereas my harte gyvyth me, there woll I holde me. But 298v to-morow ye shall se and preve on what party I shall com.'

And therewithall he returned and went to his pavelons. And uppon the morne they armed them all in grene and cam into the fylde. And there yonge knyghtys began to juste and ded many worshypfull dedis.

Than spake sir Gareth unto sir Trystram and prayde hym to gyff hym leve to breake his speare, for hym thought shame to beare his speare hole agayne.

Whan sir Trystram had harde hym sey so, he lowghe and sayde,

'I pray you, do youre beste!'

Than sir Gareth gate his speare and profirde to juste. And that sawe a knyght that was neveaw unto the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes; his name was sir Selyses, a good knyght and a good man of armys. So this Selyses dressed hym unto sir Gareth, and they two mette togydirs so harde that ayther smote other downe, horse and man, to the erthe.

And so they were bothe hurte and brused, and there they lay tyll the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes halpe up sir Selyses, and sir Trystram and sir Palomydes halpe up sir Gareth ayen, and so they rode wyth hym to their pavylons. And than they pulled of his helme, and whan La Beall Isode saw sir Gareth brused so in the face she asked hym what ayled hym.

'Madame,' sayde sir Gareth, 'I had a grete buffette, and I suppose I gaff anothir, but none of my fealowys, God thanke hem, wolde rescowe me.'

'Perdeus,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'hit longyth nat to none of us at this day to juste, for there hath nat this day justed no preved knyghtes. And whan the other party saw that ye profyrd yourself to juste, they sente a passyng good knyght

3 *C* hold but 15 *C* a spere 17–18 a good knyght *not in C* 18 *C* this knyght Selyses 20 *C* doune hors (*S* his hors) and alle to 22 *C* brysed and hurte 25 *C* with sir Gareth vnto their 27 so *not in C* 31 *C* wold not rescowe 32 *C* Forsothe said Palomydes hit longed to none 33 *C* vs as this 34 *C** knyghtes and nedely ye wold Iuste And whan 35–p. 732, l. 1 *C* sente one to yow a passynge good knyght of his age for I

unto you, for I know hym well: his name is sir Selyses. And worshypfully ye mette with hym, and neyther of you ar dishonoured. And therefore refreyshe yourselff, that ye may be redy and hole to juste to-morne.'

5 'As for that,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I shall nat fayle you and I may bestryde myne horse.'

(68) 'Now, sirs, uppon what party is hyt beste', seyde sir Trys-
299r tram, 'to be withall to-morne?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'ye shall have myne advyse to
10 be ayenst kynge Arthure as to-morne, for on his party woll be sir Launcelot and many good knyghtes of his blood with hym; and the mo men of worship that they be, the more worshyp shall we wynne.'

'That is full knyghtly spokyn,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and
15 so shall hit be ryght as y[e] counceyle me.'

'In the name of God,' seyde they all.

So that nyght they were reposed with the beste. And in the morne whan hit was day they were arayed all in grene trapurs, bothe shyldis and spearys, and La Beall Isode in the
20 same coloure, and her three damesels. And ryght thes four knyghtes cam into the fylde endlynge and thorow, and so they lad La Beall Isode thidir as she sholde stande and beholde all the justes in a bay-wyndow; but allwayes she was wympled, that no man myght se her vysayge. And than thes four
25 knyghtes rode streyte unto the party of the Kynge of Scottis.

Whan kynge Arthure had seyne hem do all this he asked sir Launcelot what were this knyghtes and this quene.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I can nat tell you, for no sertayne. But yf sir Trystram be in this contrey or sir Palo-
30 mydes, sir, wyte you well hit be they, and there is quene La Beall Isode.'

Than kynge Arthure called unto hym sir Kay and seyde, 'Go ye lyghtly and wyte how many knyghtes there bene hyre lackynge of the Table Rounde, for by the segis ye may know.'

7, 30 sirs, sir *not in C* 7–8 *W* is hyt beste seyde sir Trystram ys hit hit beste to be *C* is hit best we be with alle as to morne 13 *C*† worship we shalle we 14–15 *C* and ryght soo as ye counceile me soo wille we doo 17 *C* were lodged with 17–18 *C* and on the 19 bothe *not in C* 20 *C* ryghte soo these 24–25 *C* these thre† knyȝtes 25 *W* knynge 26 *C*† hym 27 *C* these knyȝtes & that quene 28–29 *C* I can not say you in certayn 30–31 *C* they in certeyn and la beale Isoud 34 *C* seges thou maiste knowe

So went sir Kay and saw by the wrytynge in the syeges that there lacked ten knyghtes, and thes were hir namys: sir Trystram, sir Palomydes, sir Percivall, sir Gareth, sir Gaherys, sir Epynogrys, sir Mordred, sir Dynadan, sir La Cote Male Tayle, and sir Pelleas, the noble knyght.

'Well,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'som of thes, I dare undirtake, ar here this day ayenste us.'

Than cam therein two bretherne, cousyns unto sir Gawayne: that one hyght sir Edwarde and that other hyght sir Sadok, the whyche were two good knyghtes.

And they asked of kynge Arthure that they myght have 299v
the fyrste justis, for they were of Orkeney.

'I am pleased,' seyde kynge Arthure.

Than sir Edwarde encountirde with the kynge of Scottis, in whos party was sir Trystram and sir Palomydes. And this sir Edwarde of Orkeney smote the Kynge of Scottis quyte frome his horse, a grete falle. And sir Sadoke smote the kynge of Northe Walys downe and gaff hym a wondir grete falle, that there was a grete cry on kynge Arthurs party.

And that made sir Palomydes passyngly wrothe, and so sir Palomydes dressed his shylde and his speare, and wyth all hys myght he mette with sir Edwarde of Orkeney and smote hym so harde that his horse had no myght to stonde on his fyete, and so he hurled downe to the erthe. And than with the same speare sir Palomydes smote downe Sadok over his horse croupe.

'A, Jesu!' seyde kyng Arthure, 'what knyght ys that arayed so all in grene? For he justyth myghtyly.'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'he ys [a] good knyght, and yet shall ye se hym juste bettir or he departe. And yet shall ye se a more bygger knyght in the same colour than he is. For that same knyght,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that smote downe ryght now my two cousyns, he smote me downe within thes two dayes, and seven felowys mo.'

This meanewhyle as they stood thus talkynge, there cam

2 *C* these ben their names that ben not here Syr 3 sir Gareth *not in C*† 7 *W* that ar 15 this *not in C* 16 of Orkeney *not in C* 17 a grete falle *not in C* 20 *C* passyng wrothe 22–23 *C* Orkeney that he smote hym 23 *C* hors myghte not stande 24 *C* soo they hurtled to 27 *C* O Ihesu 28 so *not in C* For *not in C* 31 *C* see saide syre Gawayne another bygger 33 *C*† my four cosyns

into the place sir Trystram uppon a blacke horse. And or ever he stynte he smote downe with one speare four good knyghtes of Orkeney that were of the kynne of sir Gawayne. And sir Gareth and sir Dynadan everyche of them smote
5 downe a good knyght.

'A, Jesu!' seyde Arthure, 'yondir knyght uppon the bl[a]cke horse dothe myghtyly and mervaylously well.'

'Abyde you!' seyde sir Gawayne. 'That knyght on the blak horse began nat yet.'

10 Than sir Trystrams made to horse the two knyghtes agayne that sir Edwarde and sir Sadok had unhorsed at the begynnynge. And than sir Trystram drew his swerde and rode unto the thyckyst prease ayenste them of Orkeney,
300r and there he smote downe knyghtes and raced off helmys and
15 pulled away their shyldis and hurteled downe many of their knyghtes. And so he fared that kynge Arthure and all knyghtes had grete mervayle to se ony o knyght do so muche dedis of armys.

And sir Palomydes fayled nat uppon the other syde, that
20 he so mervaylously ded and well that all men had wondir; for kynge Arthure lykened sir Trystram, that was on the blak horse, unto a wood lyon; and he lykened sir Palomydes, uppon the whyght horse, unto a wood lybarde, and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan unto egir wolvis.

25 But the custom was suche amonge them that none of the kyngys wolde helpe other, but all the felyshyp of every standarde to helpe other as they myght. But ever sir Trystram ded so muche dedis of armys that they of Orkeney wexed wery of hym and so withdrew them unto Lonezep.

(69) 30 Than was the cry of herowdys and all maner of comyn people, 'The grene knyght hathe done mervaylously and beatyn all them of Orkeney!'

And there herowdis numbird that sir Trystram, that was uppon the blacke horse, had smytten downe with spearys and
35 swerdis thirty knyghtes, and sir Palomydes had smyttyn

6 A *not in C* 8 *C* knyght with the 10–11 *C* made to horse ageyne the two kynges that Edward and Sadok 13 *C* rode in to the thyckest of the prees 14 *C* and rasshed of 15 of their *not in C* 16 *C* knyghtes he ferd soo that sire Arthur 17–18 *C* merueille whan they sawe one knyght doo so grete dedes 19–20 *C* syde but dyd so merueyllously wel 22 *C* hors lyke to a wood he *not in C* 33 *C* there the heraudes 33–34 *C* that satte vpon

downe twenty knyghtes; and the most party of thes fifty knyghtes were of the house of kynge Arthure and preved knyghtes.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthur unto sir Launcelot, 'this is a grete shame [to us] to se four knyghtes beate so many knyghtes of myne. And therefore make you redy, for we woll have ado with them!'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyte you well that there ar two passynge good knyghtes, and grete worship were hit nat to us now to have ado with them, for they ar gretly travayled.'

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I woll be avenged. And therefore take with you sir Bleoberys and sir Ector de Marys, and I woll be the fourthe,' seyde kynge Arthure.

'Well, sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye shall fynde me redy, and my brother sir Ector and my cousyn sir Bleoberys.'

And so whan they were redy and on horsebacke, 'Now chose', seyde kynge Arthure unto sir Launcelot, 'whom that ye woll encountir wythall.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll counter wyth the grene **300v** knyght uppon the blacke horse.' (That was sir Trystram.) 'And my cousyn sir Bleoberys shall macche the grene knyght uppon the whyght horse.' (That was sir Palomydes.) 'And my brother sir Ector shall macche wyth the grene knyght uppon the dunne horse.' (That was sir Gareth.)

'Than muste I', seyde kynge Arthur, 'have ado with the grene knyght uppon the gresylde horse', and that was sir Dynadan.

'Now every man take kepe to his felow!' seyde sir Launcelot.

And so they trotted on togydyrs, and there encountirde sir Launcelot ayenst sir Trystram, and they smote ayther othir so sore that horse and man yeode to the erthe. But sir Launcelot wente that hit had be sir Palomydes, and so they passed utter.

5 *Not emended in O*[1] 8 *C* wete ye wel 10 *C* for they haue this day sore trauaylled 12–13 de Marys *not in C* 14 Well *not in C* 17 *C* sir Arthur vnto sir laũcelot with whome 19 *C* wille mete with 21 *C* shall *S* shalle 24 *C*† vpon the whyte hors 25 *C* sir Arthur 28 *C* take heede to 31–32 *C* Tristram Soo syr Launcelot smote sir Tristram soo sore vpon the shelde that he bare hors and man to the erthe 32–34 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Trystram had a falle 33–34 *C* soo he passed forthe

And than sir Bleoberys encountyrd wyth sir Palomydes, and he smote hym so harde uppon the shylde that sir Palomydes and his whyght horse rosteled to the erthe. Than sir Ector smote sir Gareth so harde that downe he felle from his horse. And than noble kynge Arthure he encountyrd wyth sir Dynadan, and kynge Arthure smote hym quyte frome his horse. And than the noyse turned awhyle and seyde,

'The grene knyghtes were felde downe!'

Whan the kyng of Northe Galys saw that sir Trystram was on foote, and than he remembyrd hym how grete dedis of armys they had done, than he made redy many knyghtes. For the custom and the cry was suche that what knyght were smytten downe and myght nat be horsed agayne by his felowys othir by his owne strengthe, that as that day he sholde be presonere unto the party that smote hym downe.

So there cam in the kynge of Northe Galys, and he rode streyte unto sir Trystram. And whan he cam nyghe hym he alyght delyvirly and toke sir Trystram hys horse and seyde thus:

'Noble knyght, I know the nat, nothir of what contrey ye be, but for the noble dedis that ye have done this day
301r take there my horse and let me do as well as I may; for, as Jesu be my helpe, ye ar bettir worthy to have myne horse than myselff.'

'Grauntemercy!' seyde sir Trystram. 'And yf I may, I shall quyte you. And loke that ye go nat far frome us, and as I suppose I shall wynne you sone another horse.'

And therewythall sir Trystram mounte uppon his horse, and anone he mette wyth kynge Arthure and he gaff hym suche a buffet that kynge Arthure had no power to kepe his sadyll. And than sir Trystram gaff the kynge of Northe Galys kynge Arthurs horse. Than was there grete prease aboute

2–3 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Palomydes had a falle 4–6 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Gareth had a falle 4 *C* Ector de marys smote *C* felle of his 5 *C* And the noble 6 *C* and he smote 6–7 *C* from his sadel 6–8 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Dynadan had a falle 7–8 *C*† a whyle how the grene knyghtes were slayn doune 9–10 *C* Tristram had a falle thenne 11 *C** armes sir Tristram had 15 *C* that had smyten hym 19 *C* alyght doune sodenly and bytoke 21 nothir *not in C* 21–22 *C* countrey that thow arte but 22 *C* dedes that thow haste done 23 *C* wel I 24 *C* Ihesu me helpe 26–27 *C*† may shalle 28 sone *not in C* 31 *C* buffet vpon the helme with his swerd that

kynge Arthure for to horse hym agayne. [But sire Palomydes wold not suffre kynge Arthur to be horsed ageyne,] but ever sir Palomydes smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde and raced of helmys myghtyly as a noble knyght.

And this meanewhyle sir Trystram rode thorow the thyckyste prece and smote downe knyghtes on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde and raced of helmys, and so passed forthe unto his pavelouns and leffte sir Palomydes on foote. And than sir Trystram chonged his horse and disgysed hymselff all in rede, horse and harnes.

And whan quene Isode saw sir Trystram unhorsed and (70) she wyst nat where he was becom, than she wepte hartely. But sir Trystram, whan he was redy, cam daysshynge lyghtly into the fylde, and than La Beall Isode aspyed hym. And so he ded grete dedis of armys wyth one speare that was grete, for sir Trystram smote downe fyve knyghtes or ever he stynted.

Than sir Launcelot aspyed hym redyly that hit was sir Trystram, and than he repented hym of that he had smyttyn hym downe. And so sir Launcelot wente oute of the prees to repose hym, and lyghtly he cam agayne.

And so whan sir Trystram was com into the prees, thorow his grete forse he put sir Palomydes uppon his horse, and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan, and than they began to do mervaylously. But sir Palomydes nothir none of his two felowys knew nat who had holpen them to horsebak. But ever sir Trystram was nyghe them and knew them and they nat **301**[v] hym, because he had chonged into rede armour. And all this whyle sir Launcelot was away.

So whan La Beall Isode aspyed sir Trystram agayne uppon his horse bak she was passynge glad, and than she lowghe and made good chere. And as hit happened, sir Palomydes loked up toward her; she was in the wyndow, and sir Palomydes aspyed how she lawghed. And therewyth he toke suche rejoysynge that he smote downe, what wyth his speare and wyth hys swerde, all that ever he mette, for

4 and raced of helmys *not in C*† 6 *C* thyckest of the prees 11 *C*† Capitulum lxxii *C* sawe that syre Tristram was vnhorsed 12 becom *not in C* 12–13 *C* wept gretely But 15 for *not in C*† 18 of *not in C* 21 *C* Tristram came 25 *C* horsbak ageyne 26 *C* nyghe them and socoured them and they 27 *C* he was 29 *C* knewe sir 31 *C* make 32 *C* her where she lay in the 33 *C* and he aspyed

thorow the syght of her he was so enamered in her love that he semed at that tyme that and bothe sir Trystram and sir Launcelot had bene bothe ayenste hym they sholde have wonne no worshyp of hym. And in his harte, as the booke saythe, sir Palomydes wysshed that wyth his worshyp he myght have ado wyth sir Trystram before all men, bycause of La Beall Isode.

Than sir Palomydes began to double his strengthe, and he ded so mervaylously all men had wondir; and ever he kaste up his yee unto La Beall Isode. And whan he saw her make suche chere he fared lyke a lyon, that there myght no man wythstonde hym. And than sir Trystram behylde hym how he styrred aboute, and seyde unto sir Dynadan,

'So God me helpe, sir Palomydes ys a passynge ⌜good knyghte and a⌝ well endurynge, but suche dedis sawe I hym never do, nother never erste herde I tell that ever he ded so muche in one day.'

'Sir, hit is his day,' seyde sir Dynadan, and he wolde sey no more unto sir Trystram, but to hymself he seyde thus: 'And sir Trystram knew for whos love he doth all this dedys of armys, sone he wolde abate his corrage.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that sir Palomydes were nat crystynde!'

So seyde kynge Arthur, and so seyde all that behylde them. Than all people gaff hym the pryse as for the beste knyght that day, and he passed sir Launcelot othir ellys sir Trystram.

'Well,' seyde sir Dynadan to hymselff, 'all this worshyp
302r that sir Palomydes hath here thys day, he may thanke the quene Isode: for had she bene away this day, had nat sir Palomydes gotyn the pryse.'

Ryght so cam into the fylde sir Launcelot du Lake, and sawe and harde the grete noyse and the grete worshyp that sir Palomydes had. He dressed hym ayenst sir Palomydes wyth a grete speare and a longe, and thought to have smyttyn

6 *C* alle *S* all 9 *C* wonder of hym and 12–13 *C* how that sire Palomydes bestured hym and thenne he said 14–15 *See note.* 16 erste *not in C* 17–18 *C* day it 19–20 *C* sayd and yf ye knewe 21 *C* soone wolde syre Tristram abate 22 *C* is not 24–25 tho that behelde hym 26 ellys *not in C* 30–31 daye syre Palomydes had not geten the pryce this daye 33 *C** noyse and crye and 35 *C* grete myghty spere 35–p. 739, l. 1 *C* thought to smyte hym

hym downe. And whan sir Palomydes saw sir Launcelot com uppon hym so faste, he toke his horse wyth the spurrys and ran uppon hym as faste wyth his swerde. And as sir Launcelot sholde have strykyn hym, he smote the speare on syde and smote hit a-too wyth his swerde. And therewyth sir 5 Palomydes russhed unto sir Launcelot and thought to have put hym to shame, and wyth his swerde he smote of his horse nek that sir Launcelot rode uppon. And than sir Launcelot felle to the erthe.

Than was the cry huge and grete, how sir Palomydes the 10 Saresyn hath smyttyn downe sir Launcelots horse. Ryght so there were many knyghtes wrothe wyth sir Palomydes bycause he had done that dede, and helde there ayenste hit, and seyde hyt was unknyghtly done in a turnemente to kylle an horse wylfully, othir ellys that hit had bene done in playne 15 batayle lyff for lyff.

Whan sir Ector de Marys saw sir Launcelot, his brothir, (71) have suche a dispyte and so sette on foote, than he gate a speare egirly and ran ayenst sir Palomydes, and he smote hym so harde that he bare sir Palomydes quyte frome his 20 horse. That sawe sir Trystram, and he smote downe sir Ector de Marys quyte frome his horse. Than sir Launcelot dressed his shylde uppon his shuldir, and wyth his swerde naked in his honde, and so he cam streyte uppon sir Palomydes: 25

'Wyte thou well thou haste done me this day the grettyste despyte that ever ony worshipfull knyght ded me in turnemente othir in justys, and therefore I woll be avenged uppon the. And therefore take kepe to youreselff!'

'A, mercy, noble knyght', seyde sir Palomydes, 'of my 30 **302v** dedis! And, jantyll knyght, forgyff me myne unknyghtly dedis, for I have no power nothir myght to wythstonde you. And I have done so muche this day that well I wote I ded never so muche nothir never shall do so muche in my dayes.

2–3 toke his horse wyth the spurrys and *not in C*† 3 *C* vpon sire launcelot as *C* swerd as he myght and 5 therewyth *not in C* 7 *C* to a shame of *not in C* 10 *C** grete see how 11–12 *C* Ryght thenne were there many 13–14 *C* dede therfor many knyghtes held there ageynst that it was 15 *C* wilfully but that hit 20 *C* bare hym 21 *C** tristrã that was in reed harneis & he *C* donne *S* doune 24–25 *C** palomydes fyersly & said 27 *C* dyd to me 30–32 *C*† palomydes & forgyue me myn vnkyndely dedes 34 *C* shal in my lyf dayes

And therefore, moste noble knyght of the worlde, I requyre the spare me as this day, and I promyse you I shall ever be youre knyght whyle I lyve, for and yf ye put me from my worshyp now, ye put me from the grettyst worship that ever I had or ever shall have.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I se, for to say the sothe, ye have done mervaylously well this day, and I undirstonde a parte for whos love ye do hit, and well I wote that love is a grete maystry. And yf my lady were here, as she is nat, wyte you well, sir Palomydes, ye shulde nat beare away the worshyp! But beware youre love be nat discoverde, for and sir Trystram may know hit, ye woll repente hit. And sytthyn my quarell is nat here, ye shall have this day the worshyp as for me; consyderynge the grete travayle and payne that ye have had this day, hit were no worship for me to put you frome hit.'

And therewythall sir Launcelot suffyrd sir Palomydes to departe. Than sir Launcelot by grete forse and myght gate his horse agayne magré twenty knyghtes.

So whan sir Launcelot was horsed he ded many mervaylouse dedis of armys, and so ded sir Trystram, and sir Palomydes in lyke wyse. Than sir Launcelot smote adowne wyth a speare sir Dynadan, and the kynge off Scotlonde, and the kynge of Northe Walys, and the kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the kynge of Lystenoyse. So than sir Launcelot and his felowys smote downe well-nye a fourty knyghtes.

Than cam the kynge of Irelonde and the kynge of the Streyte Marchis to rescowe sir Trystram and sir Palomydes, and there began a grete medlé, and many knyghtys were
303r smyttyn downe on bothe partyes. And allwayes sir Launcelot spared sir Trystram, and he spared hym, and sir Palomydes wolde nat meddyll wyth sir Launcelot.

And so there was hurlynge here and there, and than kynge Arthure sente oute many knyghtes of the Table Rounde, and sir Palomydes was ever in the formyste frunte; and sir Trystram ded so strongly that the kynge and all othir had mervayle.

1 of the worlde *not in C* 2 *C* as at this 3 *C* lyue And ye 5 *C* haue in my lyf dayes 9 *C* grete maystresse *C* she nys not 10 *C*† wel said sire Palomydes 19 *C* his owne hors agayne *not in C* 20–21 *C*† merueylles and soo 24 *C* of walys 25 *C* aud (*S* and) his 26 nye *not in C*† 33 *C* was hurtelynge here 36 *C* strongly wel that

And than the kynge let blowe to lodgynge, and bycause sir Palomydes beganne fyrste, and never he wente nor rode oute of the fylde to repose hym, but ever he was doynge on horsebak othir on foote, and lengyst durynge, kynge Arthure and all the kynges gaff sir Palomydes the honoure and the gre as for that day.

Than sir Trystram commaunded sir Dynadan to fecche the quene La Beall Isode and brynge her to his two pavelons by the well. And so sir Dynadan ded as he was commaunded, but whan sir Palomydes undirstoode and knew that sir Trystram was he that was in the rede armour and on the rede horse, wyte you well that he was glad, and so was sir Gareth and sir Dynadan, for all they wente that sir Trystram had be takyn presonere.

And than every knyght drew to his inne. And than kynge Arthure and every kynge spake of th[o] knyghtes, but of all men they gaff sir Palomydes the pryce, and all knyghtes that knew sir Palomydes had wondir of his dedis.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure, 'as for sir Palomydes, and he be the grene knyght, I dare sey as for this day he is beste worthy to have the gre, for he reposed hym never, nor never chaunged hys wedis, and he began fyrste and lengyste hylde on. And yet well I wote,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that there was a better knyght than he, and that ye shall preve or we departe fro them, [on payne] of my lyff.'

Thus they talked on aythir party, and so sir Dynadan rayled wyth sir Trystram and sayde,

'What the devyll ys uppon the this day? For sir Palomydes strengthe fyeblede never this day, but ever he doubled. **303v** And sir Trystram fared all this day as he had bene on (72) slepe, and therefore I calle hym a coward.'

'Well, sir Dynadan,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I was never called cowarde or now of earthely knyght in my lyff. And wyte thou well, sir Dynadan, ⌜I calle myself never the more

3 hym *not in C* 3–4 *C* doynge merueyllously wel outher on foote or on horsbak and lengest 8–9 *C* pauelions that stode by 10 *C* and wyst that 11 he that was *not in C*† 16 *C** euery knyghte *W* the *C* aboue alle 24–25 *C* that shalle be preued or 25 fro them *not in C* *C* vpon payne 29–31 *C* doubled his strengthe Capitulum lxxii And thou sire Tristram faryst alle this daye as though thou haddest ben a slepe and therfor I calle the coward 33 *C* of no erthely 34–p. 742, l. 1 *C** wel syr I calle my selfe neuer the more coward *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 478r, col. 1*) je n'y avroie ja deshonneur

coward] though sir Launcelot gaff me a falle, for I outecepte hym of all knyghtes. And doute ye nat, sir Dynadan, and sir Launcelot have a quarell good, he is to over good for ony knyght that now ys lyvynge, and yet of his suffer-
5 aunce, larges, bounté, and curtesy I calle hym a knyght pyerles.'

And so sir Trystram was in maner wrothe wyth sir Dynadan. But all this langayge sir Dynadan sayde because he wolde angur sir Trystram for to cause hym to wake hys
10 sp⟨e⟩retes, for well knew sir Dynadan that, and sir Trystram were thorowly wrothe, sir Palomydes shulde wynne no worship uppon the morne. And for thys entente sir Dynadan seyde all this raylynge langage ayenste sir Trystram.

'Truly,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'as for sir Launcelot, of
15 noble knyghthode and of his curtesy, proues, and jantylnes I know nat his piere. For this day,' seyde sir Palomyde[s], 'I ded full uncurteysly unto sir Launcelot, and ful unknyghtly. And full knyghtly and curteysly he ded to me agayne, for and he had bene so unjantyll to me as I was to
20 hym, this day had I wonne no worshyp. And therefore,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall be sir Launcelottis knyght whyles that I lyve.'

And all this was talkynge off in all the howsis of the kynges, and all kynges and lordis and knyghtes seyde, of clyere
25 knyghthode and of pure strengthe and of bounté and of curtesy sir Launcelot and sir Trystram bare the pryce of all knyghtes that ever were in kyng Arthurs dayes, and there were no knyghtes in kynge Arthurs dayes that ded halff so
304r many dedis of armys as they two ded. As the booke seyth,
30 no ten knyghtes ded nat halff the dedis that they ded, and there was never knyght in there dayes that requyred sir Launcelot othir ellys sir Trystram of ony queste, so hit were nat to there shame, but they parformed there desyre.

(73) So on the morne sir Launcelot departed, and sir Trys-
35 tram was redy, and La Beall Isode wyth sir Palomydes and

9–10 *C** his spyrytes & to be wrothe for wel 11–12 *C* shold not gete the pryce vpon 13 *C* raylynge and langage 14–15 *C* of his noble kny3thode curtoyse and prowesse 20 *C* I had 22 *C* whyles my lyfe lasteth 23–24 *C*† Thys talkynge was in the howses of Kynges But alle kynges lordes 25–26 *C* strengthe of bounte of curtosye 26 *C* pryce aboue alle 28 *C* were neuer knyghtes that *not in C* 29 of armys *not in C* two *not in C* 32 *C* launcelot or sire

sir Gareth. And so they rode all in grene, full freysshely besayne, unto the foreyste. And sir Trystram laffte sir Dynadan slepynge in his bedde. And so as they rode hit happened the kynge and sir Launcelot stode in a wyndow and saw sir Trystram ryde and La Beall Isode. 5

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'yondir rydyth the fayreste lady of the worlde excepte youre quene, dame Gwenyver.'

'Who ys that?' seyde kynge Arthure.

'Sir,' seyde he, 'hit is quene Isode that, outetake my lady youre quene, she ys makeles.' 10

'Take youre horse,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and aray you at all ryghtes as I woll do, and I promyse you,' seyde the kynge, 'I woll se her.'

And anone they were armed and horsed, and aythir toke a speare and rode unto the foreyste. 15

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit is nat good that ye go to nyghe them, for wyte you well there ar two as good knyghtes as ony now ar lyvynge. And therefore, sir, I pray you, be nat to hasty; for peradventure there woll be som knyghtes that woll be displeased and we com suddeynly uppon them.' 20

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I woll se her, for I take no forse whom I gryeve.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye put youreselff in grete jupardé.'

'As for that,' seyde the kynge, 'we woll take the adventure.' 25

Ryght so anone the kynge rode evyn to her and [salewed her and] seyde, 'God you save!'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'ye ar wellcom.'

Than the kynge behylde her, and lyked her wondirly well. 30 So wyth that cam sir Palomydes unto kynge Arthure and seyde,

'Thou uncurteyse knyght, what sekyst thou here? For **304v** thou art uncurteyse to com uppon a lady thus suddeynly. Therefore wythdrawe the!' 35

But kynge Arthure toke none hede of sir Palomydes wordys, but ever he loked stylle uppon quene Isode. Than

5 La Beall *not in C* 8, 36 *C* sir (Syr) Arthur 9 *C* oute taken 18 ony *not in C* 19–20 *C*† knyghtes ben displeased 27–28 *Not emended in O*[1] 29 *C* said she 33 Thou *not in C*

was sir Palomydes wrothe, and therewyth he toke a speare and cam hurtelynge uppon kynge Arthure and smote hym downe with a speare, a grete falle.

Whan sir Launcelot saw that despyte of sir Palomydes, he seyde to hymselff,

'I am lothe to have ado wyth yondir knyght, and nat for his owne sake, but for sir Trystrams. And of one thynge I am sure of hym: yf I smyte downe sir Palomydes I muste have ado wyth sir Trystram, and that were to muche to macche them bothe for me alone, for they ar two noble knyghtes. Natwythstondynge, whethir I lyve or dye, nedys muste I revenge my lorde Arthure, and so I woll, whatsomever befalle me.'

And ⌜therewyth sir Launcelot cryed to sir Palomydes, 'Kepe the from me!' and⌝ therewythall sir Launcelot and sir Palomydes russhed togydyrs wyth two spearys strongly. But [sir Launcelot smote] sir Palomydes so harde that he wente quyte oute of his sadyll and had a grete falle.

Whan sir Trystram saw sir Palomydes have that falle, he seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Sir knyght, kepe the! For I muste juste [with] the.'

'As for to juste wyth me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll nat fayle you for no drede that I have of you. But I am lothe to have ado wyth you and I myght chose, for I woll that ye wyte that I muste revenge my speciall lorde and my moste bedrad frynde that was unhorsed unwarely and unknyghtly. And therefore, sir, thoughe I revenge that falle, take ye no displesure, for he is to me suche a frynde that I may nat se hym shamed.'

Anone sir Trystram undirstood by hys persone and by his knyghtly wordis hit was sir Launcelot du Lake, and truly sir Trystram demed that hit was kynge Arthure that sir Palomydes had smyttyn downe. And than sir Trystram put

3 a grete falle *not in C*† 7 *C* Tristram and one thynge 8 hym *not in C* 9–10 *C* were ouer moche for me to matche them bothe for they 12 Arthur *not in C* *C* wille I 13 *C* befalle of me 14–15 *C** And there with sir launcelot cryed to sir palomydes kepe the from me and thenne sir launcelot *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 479v, col. 1*) Il est tant durement corroucez que lez lermes luy en viennent aux yeulx de duel, et hurte le cheval des esperons et s'adresse a Palamedes 23 that *not in C*† 25–26 and my moste bedrad frynde *not in C*† 27 sir *not in C* 28 *C* displeasyr therin for 31 *C* and veryly 32 *C* Arthur he that

hys speare frome hym, and gate sir Palomydes agayne on his horse backe; and sir Launcelot gate kynge Arthure 305r agayne to horsebacke, and so departed.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Palomydes, 'ye ded nat worshypfully whan ye smote downe that knyght so suddeynly as ye ded. And wyte you well ye ded youreselff grete shame, for the knyghtes cam hyddir of there jantylnes to se a fayre lady, and that ys every good knyghtes parte to beholde a fayre lady, and ye had nat ado to play suche maystryes for my lady. Wyte thou well hit woll turne to angir, for he that ye smote downe was kynge Arthure, and that othir was the good knyght sir Launcelot. But I shall nat forgete,' seyde sir Trystram, 'the wordys of sir Launcelot whan that he called hym a man of grete worshyp, and thereby I wyste that hit was kynge Arthure. And as for sir Launcelot, and there had bene an hondred knyghtes in the medow, he wolde nat a refused them, and yet he seyde he wolde refuse me. And by that agayne I knew that hit was sir Launcelot, for ever he forberyth me in every place and shewyth me grete kyndenes. And of all knyghtes—I outetake none, say what men wyll say—he bearyth the floure: assay hym whosomever wyll, and he be well angred and that hym lyst to do his utteraunce wythoute ony favoure, I know hym nat on lyve but sir Launcelot ys over harde [for] hym, take hym bothe on horsebacke and on foote.'

'Sir, I may never belyeve,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that kynge Arthure woll ryde so pryvaly as a poure arraunte knyght.'

'A!' sayd sir Trystrams, 'ye know nat my lorde kynge Arthure, for all knyghtes may lerne to be a knyght of hym. And therefore ye may be sory,' seyde sir Trystram, 'of youre unknyghtly dedys done to so noble a knyght.'

'And a thynge, sir, be done, hit can nat be undone,' seyde sir Palomydes.

Than sir Trystram sente quene Isode unto her lodgynge into the pryory, there to beholde all the turnemente.

1 *C* and putte 2 his *not in C* 2–3 *C* put kyng Arthur on horshak (*S* horsbak) 10 *C* afore my lady 13 seyde sir Trystram *not in C* 16 *C* fyue honderd 18 *C* I wyst that 21–22 *C* the floure of al chyvalry saye hit† hym who someuer 24 *WO*[1] over hym 24–26 *C* hard for hym be hit on horsback or on foote I may 30–31 *C* your vnkyndely dedes to so noble a kynge 32–33 *C* thynge that is done may not be vndone sayd Palomydes

305v(74) Than there was a cry unto all knyghtes made, that whan they herde the horne blow they sholde make justes as they ded the fyrste [daye]. And lyke as the brethirne sir Edwarde and sir Sadok began the justys the fyrste day, sir Uwayne, the kyngis son Uryen, and sir Lucanere de Butlere, began the justis the secunde day.

And at the fyrste encountir sir Uwayne smote downe the kynge of Scottys, and sir Lucanere ran ayenste the kynge of Walys, and they brake there spearys all to pecis, and they were so fyrse bothe that they hurteled there horsys togydir that bothe felle to the erthe. Than they off Orkeney horsed agayne sir Lucanere.

And than cam in syr Trystram de Lyones and smote downe sir Uwayne and sir Lucanere; and sir Palomydes smote downe othir two knyghtes. And than cam sir Gareth and smote downe othir two good knyghtes. Than seyde kynge Arthure unto sir Launcelott,

'A! se yondir three knyghtes do passyngly well, and namely the fyrste that justed.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that knyght began nat yet, but ye shall se hym do mervaylously.'

And than cam into the place the knyghtes of Orkeney, and than they began to do many dedys of armys. Whan sir Trystram saw them so begyn he seyde to sir Palomydes: 'How feele ye youreselff? May ye do this day as ye ded yestirday?'

'Nay,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I feele myselff so wery and so sore brused of the dedis of yestirday that I may nat endure as I ded.'

'That me repentyth,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I shall lacke you this day.'

'But helpe yourselff,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and truste nat to me, for I may nat do as I ded.'

And all thes wordis seyde sir Palomydes but to begyle sir Trystram. Than seyde sir Trystram unto sir Gareth,

1 made *not in C* 8 *C*† kynges sone of Scottes 10 there horsys *not in C*† 11 *C*† of Dorkeney 13 *C* Lyones and thenne syr Tristram smote 15–16 *C* Knyghtes and syre Gareth smote 16 good *not in C* 17 *C* syre arthur 18 A *not in C* 21 *C** hym this day doo 22 *C*† place the dukes sone of Orkeney 29 *C* dyd yesterday 31–32 *C*† day Sire Palomydes saide truste 35 *C* Tristram Syr said syr Tristram vnto

'Than muste I truste uppon you, wherefore, I pray you, be nat farre fro me to rescow me and nede be.'

'Sir, I shall nat fayle you,' seyde sir Gareth, 'in all that I 306r
may do.'

Than sir Palomydes rode by hymselff, and than in despyte of sir Trystram he put hymselff in the thyckyst prees amonges them of Orkeney. And there he ded so mervaylous dedis of armys that all men had wondir of hym, for there myght none stonde hym a stroke.

Whan sir Trystram saw sir Palomydes do suche dedys he mervayled and sayde to hymselff,

'Methynkyth he is wery of my company.'

So sir Trystram behylde hym a grete whyle and ded but lytyll ellys, for the noyse and cry was so grete that sir Trystram mervayled frome whens cam the strengthe that sir Palomydes had there.

'Sir,' seyde sir Gareth unto sir Trystram, 'remembir ye nat of the wordis that sir Dynadan seyde to you yestirday, whan he called you cowarde? Pardé, sir, he seyde hit for none ylle, for ye ar the man in the worlde that he lovyth beste, and all that he seyde was for youre worshyp. And therefore,' seyde sir Gareth, 'lat me know this day what ye be. And wondir ye nat so uppon sir Palomydes, for he forsyth hymselff to wynne all the honoure frome you.'

'I may well beleve hit,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and sytthyn I undirstonde his yevil wyll and hys envy, ye shall se, yf that I enforce myselff, that the noyse shall be leffte that is now uppon hym.'

Than sir Trystram rode into the thyckyst of the prees, and than he ded so mervaylously well and ded so grete dedis of armys that all men seyde that sir Trystram ded dowble so muche dedys of armys as ded sir Palomydes aforehande. And than the noyse wente clene from sir Palomydes, and all the people cryed uppon sir Trystram and seyde,

2–4 *C*† rescowe me and nede be said Gareth I shalle not fayle yow in alle that I maye doo *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 481r, col. 2*) 'Gaheriet, fait Tristan, or voy je bien que chevalier estez parfaitz quand vous ne me faillez a nul besoing' 7 *C*† Dorkeney 12 Methynkyth *not in C* 14 *C** soo huge and grete 16 *C** there in the felde 19 *C* coward for sothe sir 20–21 *C* he moost loueth and 22 *C* Gareth to sir Tristram 23–24 *C* he enforceth hym self 24 *C** alle the worship and honour from 32 *C* as syre Palomydes had done afore hand 33 *C* wente playne from 34 and seyde *not in C*

'A, Jesu, a! Se how sir Trystram smytyth wyth hys speare so many knyghtes to the erthe! And se,' seyde they all, 'how
306v many knyghtes he smytyth downe wyth his swerde, and how many knyghtes he racith of there helmys and there
5 shyldys!'

And so he bete all of Orkeney afore hym.

'How now?' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure. 'I tolde you that thys day there wolde a knyght play his pageaunte. For yondir rydyth a knyght: ye may se he dothe
10 all knyghtly, for he hath strengthe and wynde inowe.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthure to sir Launcelot, 'ye sey sothe, for I sawe never a bettir knyght, for he passyth farre sir Palomydes.'

'Sir, wyte you well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit muste be so
15 of ryght, for hit is hymselff that noble knyght sir Trystram.'

'I may ryght well belyeve hit,' seyde kynge Arthure.

But whan sir Palomydes harde the noyse and the cry was turned frome hym, he rode oute on the tone syde and behylde sir Trystram. And whan he saw hym do so mer-
20 vaylously well he wepte passyngly sore for dispyte, for he wyst well than he sholde wyn no worshyp that day; for well knew sir Palomydes, whan sir Trystram wolde put forthe his strengthe and his manhode, that he sholde gete but lytyll worshyp that day.

(75) 25 Than cam kynge Arthure and the kynge of Northe Galys and sir Launcelot du Lake; and sir Bleoberys and sir Bors de Ganys and sir Ector de Marys, thes three knyghtes cam into the fylde wyth sir Launcelot. And so they four ded so grete dedys of armys that all the noyse began uppon sir Launcelot.
30 And so they bete the kynge of Walys and the kynge of Scottys far abacke, and made them to voyde the fylde.

But sir Trystram and sir Gareth abode stylle in the fylde and endured all that ever there cam, that all men had wondir that ever ony knyght endured so many grete strokys. But

1 *C* O Ihesu said the peple see how 1–2 *C* smyteth doune with his spere soo many knyghtes And see 3–4 *C* and of how 4 *C* he rasshed of 6 *C* bete them al 10 all *not in C* inowe *not in C* 18 *C* oute on a parte and 19 *C* whanne sire Palomydes sawe sir Tristram do 21 than *not in C* *C* no worship wynne 23 that *not in C* 28 *C** launcelot And thenne sire Launcelot with the thre knyghtes of his kynne dyd so 31 *C* to auoyde 34 ever *not in C* *C* knyght myght endure soo many strokes

ever sir Launcelot and hys kynnesmen forbare sir Trystram and sir Gareth.

Than seyde kynge Arthure, 'Ys that sir Palomydes that enduryth so well?'

'Nay,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyte you well hit ys the good 5 **307r** knyght sir Trystram, for yondir ye may se sir Palomydes beholdyth and hovyth and doth lytyll or naught. And, sir, ye shall undirstonde that sir Trystram wenyth this day to beate us all oute of the fylde. And as for me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall nat mete hym, mete hym whoso wyll. 10 But, sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye may se how sir Palomydes hovyth yondir as thoughe he were in a dreame, and wyte you well he ys full hevy that sir Trystram doyth suche dedys of armys.'

'Than ys he but a foole,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'for never 15 yet was sir Palomydes suche a knyght, nor never shall be of suche proues. And yf he have envy at sir Trystram,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and commyth in wyth hym uppon his syde, he ys a false knyght.'

And as the kynge and sir Launcelot thus spake, sir Trys- 20 tram rode pryvayly oute of the prees, that no man aspyed hym but La Beall Isode and sir Palomydes, for they two wolde nat leve off there yghesyght of hym. And whan sir Trystram cam to his pavylons he founde sir Dynadan in hys bedde aslepe. 25

'Awake!' seyde sir Trystram, 'for ye ought to be ashamed so to slepe whan knyghtes have ado in the fylde.'

Than sir Dynadan arose lyghtly and sayde,

'Sir, what wyll ye do?'

'Make you redy,' seyde sir Trystram, 'to ryde wyth me 30 into the fylde.'

So whan sir Dynadan was armed he loked uppon sir Trystrames helme and on hys shylde, and whan he saw so many strokys uppon his helme and uppon hys shylde he seyde,

'In good tyme was I thus aslepe, for had I bene wyth you 35

1 *C** his thre kynnesmen by the cammaûdement of syr launcelot forbare 2 and sir Gareth *not in C* 3 *C* sir Arthur 10 *C*† not bete hym bete hym 11 *C* Launcelot vnto Arthur 16 yet *not in C*† suche a knyght *not in C*† 17 *C* prowesse as Sir Tristram And *C* ony enuy 17–18 seyde kynge Arthure *not in C* 21 *C* that none 23 *C* lete of their eyen vpon sir Tristram And 26 for *not in C* 29 *C** ye that I shalle doo

I muste nedys for shame have folowed wyth you, more for shame than for any proues that ys in me, for I se well now be thy strokys that I sholde have bene truly beatyn as I was yestirday.'

5 'Leve youre japys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and com of, that we were in the fylde agayne.'

307v 'What?' sayde sir Dynadan, 'ys youre harte up now? Yestirday ye fared as ye had dremed.'

So than sir Trystram was arayed all in blacke harneys.

10 'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Dynadan, 'what ayleth you thys day? Mesemyth that ye be more wyldar than ye were yestirday.'

Than smyled sir Trystram and seyde to sir Dynadan,

'Awayte well uppon me: yf ye se me ovirmacched, and loke that ever ye be byhynde me, and I shall make you redy

15 way, by Goddys grace!'

So they toke there horsys.

And all thys aspyed sir Palomydes, bothe the goynge and the comynge, and so ded La Beall Isode, for she knew sir Trystram passynge well.

(76) 20 Than sir Palomydes sawe that sir Trystram was disgysed, and thought to shame hym. And so he rode unto a knyght that was sore wounded, that sate undir a thorne a good way frome the fylde.

'Syr knyght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I pray you to lende

25 me youre armour and youre shylde, for myne ys overwell knowyn in thys fylde, and that hath done me grete damayge. And ye shall have myne armour and my shylde that ys as sure as youres.'

'I woll well,' seyde the knyght, 'that ye have myne

30 armoure and also my shylde. Yf they may do you ony avayle, I am well pleased.'

So sir Palomydes armed hym hastely in that knyghtes armour and hys shylde that shone lyke ony crystall or sylver,

1 *C* shame there haue folowed yow 2 *C*† than ony *C*† me that I 3 *C* by tho strokes 6 we *not in S* 7 now *not in C* 8 *C* as though ye 9 all *not in C* 11 more *not in C* 13 and *not in C* 14 *C* ye be euer 16 *C* soo sir Tristram and syre Dynadan took 17–18 *C* bothe their goynge and their comynge 19 *C* Tristram aboue alle other *W* Tyrstram 20 *C* Thenne whanne 20–21 *C* desguysed thenne he thoughte to doo hym a shame Soo sire Palomydes rode 22–23 *C* vnder a fayre welle from (*see note*) 24 *C* lene 30 also *not in C* 31 I am well pleased *not in C*† 33 *C* shone as ony

and so he cam rydynge into the fylde. And than there was nothir sir Trystram nothir none of hys party nothir of kynge Arthurs that knew sir Palomydes.

And as sone as he was com into the fylde sir Trystram smote downe three knyghtes, evyn in the syght of sir Palomydes. And than he rode ayenste sir Trystram, and aythir mette othir wyth grete spearys, that they all to-braste to there hondys. And than they daysshed togedir wyth swerdys egirly.

Tha[n] sir Trystram had mervayle what knyght he was that ded batayle so myghtyly wyth hym. Than was sir Trystram wrothe, for he felte hym passynge stronge, and he demed that he cowde nat have ado wyth the remenaunte of the knyghtes bycause of the stren[g]the of sir Palomydes. 308r

So they laysshed togydyrs and gaff many sad strokys togydyrs, and many knyghtys mervayled what knyght he was that so encountred wyth the blak knyght, sir Trystram. And full well knew La Beall Isode that hit was sir Palomydes that faught wyth sir Trystram, for she aspyed all in her wyndow where that she stood, how sir Palomydes chaunged hys harnes wyth the wounded knyght. And than she began to wepe so hertely for the dyspyte of sir Palomydes that well-nyghe there she sowned.

Than cam in sir Launcelot wyth the knyghtes of Orkeney; and whan the todir party had aspyed sir Launcelot they cryed and seyde, 'Returne, for here commyth sir Launcelot!'

So there cam in a knyght unto sir Launcelot and seyde,

'Sir, ye muste nedis fyght wyth yondyr knyght in the blak harneyes'—whyche was sir Trystram—'for he hath allmoste overcom that good knyghte that fyghtyth wyth hym wyth the sylver shylde'—whyche was sir Palomydes.

Than sir Launcelot rode betwyxte them, and sir Launcelot seyde unto sir Palomydes,

2–3 *C*† Tristram nor none of kynge Arthurs party that 4 *C* And ryght soo as sir Palomydes was come 6 *C* sir Palomydes rode 7 *C* they braste 11 *C* so knyghtely with 12–13 *C* stronge so that he demed he myghte not haue 16–17 *C* he myghte be that 18 *C* that there was 19 *S* for he aspyed 20 *C* stode as syr 22–23 well-nyghe *not in C*†. *Cf. F* qu'a pou qu'elle ne moroit de duel 26 *C* retorne retorne here cometh syre launcelot du lake 27–28 *C* came knyghtes and sayd syr launcelot ye 29 *C* harneis that was 31 *C* shelde that was 32–33 *C* betwix sir Tristram and syr palomydes and syr lauucelot (*S* launcelot) said to palomydes

'Sir knyghte, let me have this batayle, for ye have nede to be reposed.'

Sir Palomydes knew well sir Launcelot, and so ded sir Trystram, but bycause sir Launcelot was farre hardyer knyght and bygger than sir Palomydes, he was ryght glad to suffir sir Launcelot to fyght wyth sir Trystram. For well wyste he that sir Launcelot knew nat sir Trystram, and therefore he hoped that sir Launcelot sholde beate other shame sir Trystram, and thereof sir Palomydes was full fayne.

And so sir Launcelot laysshed at sir Trystram many sad
308v strokys. But sir Launcelot knew nat sir Trystram, but sir Trystram knew well sir Launcelot. And thus they faught longe togydyrs, whyche made La Beall Isode well-nyghe oute of her mynde for sorow.

Than sir Dynadan tolde sir Gareth how that knyght in the blak harneys was there lorde sir Trystram, 'and that othir ys sir Launcelot that fyghtyth wyth hym, that muste nedys have the bettyr of hym, for sir Trystram hath had overmuche travayle this day.'

'Than lat us smyte hym downe,' seyde sir Gareth.

'So hit is beste that we do,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'rathir than sir Trystrams sholde be shamed, for yondir hovyth the straunge knyghte wyth the sylver shylde to falle uppon sir Trystram yf nede be.'

And so furthwythall sir Gareth russhed uppon sir Launcelot and gaff hym a grete stroke uppon the helme, that he was astoned. And than cam in sir Dynadan wyth hys speare, and he smote sir Launcelot suche a buffet that horse and man yode to the erthe and had a grete falle.

'Now, fye for shame!' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Gareth and sir Dynadan, 'why ded ye so to-smyte adowne soo good a knyght as he ys, and namely whan I had ado wyth hym? A, Jesu! ye do youreselff grete shame and hym no dis-

3 *C* knewe syr launcelot wel and 4–6 *C* knyght than hym self therfor he was gladde and suffred syr 7–8 *C*† and there he 9 *C* Tristram wherof syre palomydes 10 *C* launcelot gaf syr Tristram 13 *C* to gyders that la Beale Isoud was wel nygh 16 there lorde *not in C* 16–17 *C* & this is laũcelot 19 *C* too moche 21 *C* is better that rathir *not in C* 23 *C* stronge knyghte *C* shelde *S* sheld 26 *C** vpon his helme soo hard that 27 *C* with a spere 28–29 *C* hors and alle felle to 29 and had a grete falle *not in C*† 30–31 *C* O Ihesu said syr Tristram to syre Gareth and syre Dynadan fy for shame why dyd ye smyte doune 32–33 *C* hym now ye

worshyp, for I hylde hym resonabely hote, though ye had nat holpyn me.'

Than cam sir Palomydes whyche was disgysed, and smote downe sir Dynadan frome hys horse. Than sir Launcelot, bycause sir Dynadan had smyttyn hym downe aforehonde, 5 therefore he assayled sir Dynadan passynge sore. And sir Dynadan deffended hym myghtyly, but well undirstood sir Trystram that sir Dynadan myght nat endure ayenste sir Launcelot, wherefore sir Trystram was sory.

Than cam sir Palomydes freysshe uppon sir Trystram. 10 And whan he saw sir Palomydes com so freyshly he thought to delyver hym at onys, bycause that he wolde helpe sir 309r Dynadan that stoode in perell wyth sir Launcelot. Than sir Trystram hurteled unto sir Palomydes and gaff hym a grete buffet, and than sir Trystram gate sir Palomydes and pulled 15 hym downe undirnethe his horse feete.

And than sir Trystram lyghtly lepe up and leffte sir Palomydes and wente betwyxte sir Launcelot and sir Dynadan, and than they began to do batayle togydyrs. And ryght so sir Dynadan gate sir Trystrams horse and seyde on hyght, 20 that sir Launcelot myght hyre:

'My lorde sir Trystram, take youre horse!'

And whan sir Launcelot harde hym name sir Trystram, 'A, Jesu! what have I done?' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for now am I dishonoured'; and seyde, 'A, my lorde sir Trystram, 25 why were ye now disgysed? Ye have put youreselff this day in grete perell. But I pray you to pardon me, for and I had knowyn you we had nat done this batayle.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystrams, 'this is nat the fyrste kyndenes and goodnes that ye have shewed unto me.' 30

And anone they were horsed bothe agayne. So all the peple on that one syde gaff sir Launcelot the honoure and the

5 downe *not in C* 5–6 *C* afore hand thenne syr launcelot assailed 8 ayenste *not in C* 11 *C* And whanne syr Tristram sawe hym come he 13 *C* Dynadan by cause he stode in grete perylle 16–17 *C* doune vnder nethe hym And so felle sir Tristram with hym and syr Tristram lepte vp lyghtely and lefte 20 *C* on hyghe 21 *C* here it 23 *C*† neneme *S* nename 24–25 *C* O Ihesu said launcelot what haue I done I am dishonoured A my 25–26 *C* Tristram said Launcelot why 26 now *not in C* 26–27 *C* your self in grete perille this daye But 27 *C* you noble Knyghte to 29–30 *C* kyndenes ye shewed me 31 *C* soo they were bothe horsed ageyne Thenne alle 32 *C* on the one

gre, and all the people on the othir syde gaff sir Trystram the honoure and the gre. But sir Launcelot seyde nay thereto: 'For I am nat worthy to have this honoure, for I woll reporte me to all knyghtes that sir Trystram hath bene lenger in the fylde than I, and he hath smyttyn downe many mo knyghtes this day than I have done. And therefore I woll gyff sir Trystram my voyse and my name, and so I pray all my lordys and felowys so to do.'

Than there was the hole voyse of kyngys, deukes and
309v erlys, barons and knyghtes that sir Trystram de Lyones 'thys day ys preved the beste knyght'.

(77) Than they blewe unto lodgynge. And quene Isode was lad unto her pavelons; but wyte you well she was wrothe oute of mesure wyth sir Palomydes, for she saw all his treson frome the begynnynge to the endynge. And all thys whyle neythir sir Trystram, sir Gareth, nothir sir Dynadan knew nat of the treson of sir Palomydes. But aftirward ye shall hyre how there befelle the grettyst debate betwyxte sir Trystram and sir Palomydes that myght be.

So whan the turnemente was done sir Trystram, sir Gareth and sir Dynadan rode wyth La Beall Isode to his pavelons, and ever sir Palomydes rode wyth them in there company, disgysed as he was. But whan sir Trystram had aspyed hym that he was the same knyght wyth the shyld of sylver that hylde hym so hote that day, than seyde Trystram,

'Sir knyght, wyte thou well here ys none that hath nede of youre felyshyp. And therefore I pray you departe frome us.'

Than sir Palomydes answered agayne, as though he had nat known sir Trystram,

'Wyte you well, sir knyght, that frome this felyshyp woll I nat departe, for one of the beste knyghtys of the worlde commaunded me to be in this company, and tyll that he discharge me of my servyse I woll nat be discharged.'

So by his langayge sir Trystram knew that hit was sir Palomydes, and seyde,

1–2 *C* degree & on the other syde all the people gaf to the noble kny3t sir Tristram the honour and the degree but launcelot 9 kyngys *not in C* 10 de Lyones *not in C* 14 *S* alle this treason 16 *C* Tristram neyther sir Gareth nor 17–18 *C* here that there 21–22 *C* to these pauelions 25–26 *C* day Sir knyghte said sire Tristram wete yow wel 27 *C* selauship *S* felauship 31 *C* I neuer departe 33–34 *C* discharged by that sir Tristram 35 and seyde *not in C*

'A, sir, ar ye such a knyght? Ye have be named wronge! For ye have ben called ever a jantyll knyght, and as this day ye have shewed me grete unjantylnes, for ye had allmoste brought me to my dethe. But as for you, I suppose I sholde have done well inowghe, but sir Launcelot with you was over- 5 **310**[r] muche, for I know no knyght lyvynge but sir Launcelot ys to over good for hym and he woll do hys utteryst.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'ar ye my lorde sir Trystram?'

'Yee, sir, and that know you well inow.'

'Be my knyghthod,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'untyll now I 10 knew you nat, for I wente that ye had bene the kynge off Irelonde, for well I wote that ye bare his armys.'

'I bare his armys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and that woll I abyde bye, for I wanne them onys in a fylde of a full noble knyght whos name was sir Marhalte. And wyth grete payne 15 I wan that knyght, for there was none othir recover. But sir Marhalte dyed thorow false lechis, and yet was he never yoldyn to me.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I wente that ye had bene turned uppon sir Launcelottys party, and that caused me to 20 turne.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and so I take you and forgyff you.'

So than they rode to there pavelons. And whan they were alyght they unarmed them and wysshe there facis and there 25 hondys, and so yode unto mete and were set at there table.

But whan La Beall Isode saw sir Palomydes she chaunged than her coloures; for wrathe she myght nat speake. Anone sir Trystram aspyed her countenaunce and seyde,

'Madame, for what cause make ye us such chere? We 30 have bene sore travayled all thys day.'

'Myne owne lorde,' [seyde] La Beall Isode, 'for Goddys sake, be ye nat displeased wyth me, for I may none othirwyse do. I saw thys day how ye were betrayed and nyghe brought unto youre dethe. Truly, sir, I sawe every dele, how 35 and in what wyse. And therefore, sir, how sholde I suffir in

1 *C* A sir palomydes sayd the noble knyghte sire Tristram ar ye 2 *C* haue longe ben ever *not in C* 7 to *not in C* 9 *C* ye knowe 11 for *not in C* 13 *C* His armes I bare said 13–14 *C* I stand by 15 *C* knyghte his name 25 *C* wesshe *S* wasshe 25–26 *C* and handes 27 La Beall *not in C* 28 *C* & for 31 all *not in C* 32 *C* said 34 *C* doo for I

youre presence suche a felonne and traytoure as ys sir Palomydes? For I saw hym wyth myne yen, how he behylde you whan ye wente oute of the fylde. For ever he hoved stylle uppon his horse tyll that he saw you com agaynewarde; and than furthwythall I saw hym ryde to the hurte knyght, and 310v chaunged hys harneys with hym, and than streyte I sawe hym how he sought you all the fylde, and anone as he had founde you he encountred wyth you, and wylfully sir Palomydes ded batayle wyth you. And as for hym, sir, [I] was nat gretly aferde, but I drad sore sir Launcelot whyche knew nat you.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'ye may say what ye woll, I may nat contrary you, but, be my knyghthod, I knew nat my lorde sir Trystram.'

'No forse,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Palomydes, 'I woll take youre exscuse, but well I wote ye spared me but a lytyll. But no forse! All ys pardoned as on my party.'

Than La Beall Isode hylde downe her hede and seyde no more at that tyme.

(78) And therewythall two knyghtes armed come unto the pavelon, and there they alyght bothe and cam in armed at all pecis.

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye ar to blame to com thus armed at all pecis uppon me whyle we ar at oure mete. And yf ye wolde onythynge wyth us whan we were in the fylde, there myght ye have eased youre hertys.'

'Not so, sir,' seyde the tone of tho knyghtes, 'we com nat for that entente, but wyte you well, sir Trystram, we be com as youre frendys. And I am comyn hydir for to se you, and this knyght ys comyn for to se youre quene Isode.'

Than seyde sir Trystram, 'I requyre you, do of your helmys, that I may se you.'

'Sir, that woll we do at youre desyre,' seyde the knyghtes. And whan their helmys were of, sir Trystram thought

1 ys *not in C* 4 *C* come in ageynward 6 hys *not in C* 7 *C* how he rode in to the felde 10–11 *C* that knewe yow not 12 *C* what so ye 13 *C* I may *S* I maye 14 my lorde *not in C* 15 *C* Sir Palomydes said sir Tristram I 16–17 *C*† but lytel but alle is pardonned on 25 wyth us *not in C*† 27, 34 sir, Sir *not in C* 29 *C* come hydder as *C* come here said the one for 30–31 *C* see la Beale Isoud

that he sholde know them. Than spake sir Dynadan prevayly unto sir Trystram,

'That is my lorde kynge Arthure, and that other that spake to you fyrst ys my lorde sir Launcelot.'

'A, madame, I pray you aryse,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for here ys my lorde, kynge Arthure.'

Than the kynge and the quene kyssed, and sir Launcelot and sir Trystram enbraced aythir other in armys, and than there was joy wythoute mesure. And at the requeste of La Beall Isode the kynge and sir Launcelot were unarmed, and than there was myry talkynge.

'Madame,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'hit is many a day ago 311r
sytthyn I desyred fyrst to se you, for ye have bene praysed so fayre a lady. And now I dare say ye ar the fayryste that ever I sawe, and sir Trystram ys as fayre and as good a knyght as ony that I know. And therefore mesemyth ye ar well besett togydir.'

'Sir, God thanke you!' seyde sir Trystram and la Beall Isode. 'Of youre goodnes and of youre larges ye ar pyerles.'

And thus they talked of many thyngys and of all the hole justes.

'But for what cause,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'were ye, sir Trystram, ayenst us? And ye ar a knyght of the Table Rounde, and of ryght ye sholde have bene with us.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'here ys sir Dynadan and sir Gareth, youre owne nevew, caused me to be ayenst you.'

'My lorde Arthure,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I may well beare ⌜the blame⌝, for my bak ys brode inowghe. But for sothe, hit was sir Trystrams awne dedis.'

'Be God, that may I repente,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'for thys

1 *C* Thenne said sir 2–5 *C* Tristram syr that is sire Launcelot du lake that spak vnto yow fyrst and the other is my lord Kynge Arthur Thenne said sir Tristram vnto la Beale Isoud Madame aryse for 8 *C* Tristram braced 10 *C* Isoud kynge Arthur and 12 *C* sire Arthur ago *not in C* 13 *C* sythen that I haue desyred to 14 *C*† soo ferre and now *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 487r, col. 2*) tous ceulx qui vous ont veue dient merveillez de vostre beauté 16 *C* me besemeth 18–19 *C* said the noble knyȝt sire Tristram and Isoud 19 *C* your grete goodenesse & largesse 28–29 *W* beare well *C** may wel bere the blame *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 488r, col. 1*) il tourne le blasme dessus moy *O*1 beare well the blame 29 for my bak ys brode inowghe *not in C*† for sothe *not in C* 30 *C* it were 31 Be God *not in C*

unhappy sir Trystram brought us to this turnemente, and many grete buffettys he hath caused us to have!'

Than the kynge and sir Launcelot ⌈lowghe⌉, that unnethe they myght sytte.

5 'But what knyght was that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that hylde you so shorte?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Trystram, 'here he syttyth at this table.'

'What?' seyde kynge Arthure, 'was hit sir Palomydes?'

'Sir, wyte you well that hit was he,' seyde La Beall 10 Isode.

'So God me helpe,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that was unknyghtly done of you as of so good a knyght, for I have harde many people calle you a curtayse knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I knew nat sir Trystram, for 15 he was so disgysed.'

'So God helpe me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit may well be, for I knew hym nat myselff.'

'But I mervayled whye ye turned on oure party.'

'Sir, hit was done for the same cause,' seyde sir Launcelot.

20 'Syr, as for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I have pardouned hym, and I wolde be ryght lothe to leve hys felyshyp, for I love ryght well hys company.'

And so they leffte of and talked of other thynges. And in the evenynge kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot departed 311v 25 unto their lodgynge. But wyte you well sir Palomydes had grete envy hartely, for all that nyght he had never reste in his bed, but wayled and wepte oute of mesure.

So on the morne sir Trystram, sir Gareth and sir Dynadan arose early and went unto sir Palomydes chambir, and there 30 they founde hym faste aslepe, for he had all nyght wacched. [And it] was sene uppon his chekes that he had wepte full sore.

'Say ye nothynge,' seyde sir Trystram, 'for I am sure he hath takyn angir and sorow for the rebuke that I gaff hym 35 and La Beall Isode.'

1 *S* to haue this 3–4 *C** launcelot lough that they myghte not sytte *F* (*loc. cit.*) lors s'en rient tous ceulx qui a la table estoient 5 *C* But *not in C* 6–7 *C** short this with the sheld of syluer Syr 7 *C* this bord 9, 19, 20 Sir (Syr) *not in C* 12 as *not in C* 17–18 *C* knewe not sir Tristram But I merueyle 19 *C* That was 25 *C* wete ye wel 26 grete *not in C* 30 *C* on slepe 33 ye *not in C* 34 *C* gaf to hym

Than sir Trystram let calle sir Palomydes and bade hym (79)
make redy, for hit was tyme to go to the fylde. And anon
they armed them, and clothed them all in rede, bothe La Beall
Isode and all the felyshyp, and so they lad her passynge
freysshly thorow the fylde into the pryory where was hir 5
lodgynge.

And anone they harde three blastes blowe, and every
kynge and knyght dressed hym to the fylde. And the fyrste
that was redy to juste was sir Palomydes and sir Kaynes le
Straunge, a knyght of the Table Rounde, and so they two 10
encountyrd togydyrs. But sir Palomydes smote sir Kaynes
so harde that he bare hym quyte over his horse croupe. And
furthewithall sir Palomydes smote downe anothir knyght and
brake his speare, and than pulled oute hys swerde and ded
wondirly well. And than the noyse began gretly uppon 15
sir Palomydes.

'Lo,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'yondir sir Palomydes be-
gynnyth to play his play. So God me helpe,' seyde kynge
Arthur, 'he is a passynge goode knyght.'

And ryght as they stood talkynge thus, in cam sir Trys- 20
tram as thundir, and he encountird wyth sir Kay le Sene-
sciall, and there he smote hym downe quyte frome his
horse. And wyth that same speare he smote downe three
knyghtes more. And than he pulled oute his swerde and
ded mervaylously. Than the noyse and the cry chonged fro 25
sir Palomydes and turned unto sir Trystram. And than all
the people cryed,

'A, Trystram! A, Trystram!'

And than was sir Palomydes clene forgotyn. 312r

'How now?' seyde sir Launcelot unto kynge Arthure, 30
'yondyr rydyth a knyght that playyth his pageauntes.'

'So God me help,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'ye shall
se this day that yondir two knyghtes shall do here
wondirs.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'the tone knyghte waytyth uppon 35
the tother and enforsyth hymselff thorow envy to passe

2–3 *C* felde whan they were redy they were armed and clothed al 3 La Beall *not in C* 4 *C* alle they and 12 *C* he smote hym 14 *C* brake thenne his spere & pnlled (*S* pulled) 18 *C* his pageant So 23 *C* spere sir Tristram smote 28 *C* O Tristram O Tristram 32 *C* said Arthur to launcelot ye 33 *C* here doo this day 36–760, l. 1 *C* passe the noble knyght sire

sir Trystram, and he knowyth nat the prevy envy of sir Palomydes. For, sir, all that sir Trystram doth is thorow clene knyghthod.'

And than sir Gareth and sir Dynadan ded ryght well that day, that kynge Arthure spake of them grete worshyp, and [the] kynges and the knyghtes on sir Trystrams syde ded passynge well and hylde them truly togydyrs.

Than kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot toke their horsys and dressed them to the fylde amonge the thyckeste of the prees. And there sir Trystram unknowyn[g] smote downe kynge Arthur, and than sir Launcelot wolde have rescowed hym, but there were so many uppon sir Launcelot that they pulled hym downe from his horse. And than the kynge of Irelonde and the Kynge of Scottes with their knyghtes ded their payne to take kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot presoners. Whan sir Launcelot harde them sey so, he fared as hit had bene an hungry lyon, for he fared so that no knyght durst nyghe hym.

Than cam sir Ector de Marys, and he bare a speare ayenst sir Palomydes and braste hit uppon hym all to shyvyrs. And than sir Ector cam agayne and gaff sir Palomydes suche a daysshe with a swerde that he stowped adowne uppon his sadyll-bowe. And forthwythall sir Ector pulled downe sir Palomydes undir his horse fyete, and than he ⌜gate⌝ sir Launcelot ⌜an horse and brought hit to hym and badde hym mounte upon hym⌝. But sir Palomydes lepe before and gate the horse by the brydyll and lepe into the sadyll.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye ar bettir worthy to have that horse than I.'

Than sir Ector brought sir Launcelot another horse.

'Grauntemercy,' seyde sir Launcelot unto his brother.

And so, whan he was horsed agayne, with one speare he

1–2 *C* not of the pryuy enuy the whiche syre Palomydes hath to hym For all that the noble syre Tristram 4–5 *C* dyd wonderly grete dedes of armes as two noble knyghtes soo that Kyng 5 *C** grete honour & worship 6 *C* knyghtes of sir 7 *C* passyngly 8 *C* sir Arthur 9 *C* them and gete in to the thyckest 16 *C* prysoner 22 *C* stouped doune 24 horse *not in C*† 24–26 *C** thenne syr Ector de marys gate sir launcelot du lake an hors and brought hit to hym and badde hym mounte vpon hym But *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 491v, col. 1*) il prent le cheval et le maine a Lancelot. 'Sire, dist-il, or montez.' . . . Monseigneur Lancelot vouloit monter, mais Palamedez le prent *W* than he horsed sir launcelot But 26, 27 *C* lepte

smote down four good knyghtes, and than sir Launcelot gate kynge Arthure a good horse. Than kynge Arthure and sir 312v
Launcelot wyth a feawe of his knyghtes of sir Launcelottis kynne ded mervaylouse dedis of armys; for that tyme, as the booke recordyth, sir Launcelot smote downe and pulled 5
downe thirty knyghtes.

Natwithstondynge the other parté hylde them so faste togydir tha[t] kynge Arthure and his knyghtes were overmacched. And whan sir Trystram saw that, what laboure kynge Arthure and his knyghtes, and in especiall the grete 10
noble dedis that sir Launcelot ded with hys owne hondis, than sir Trystram called unto hym sir Palomydes, sir Gareth (80)
and sir Dynadan, and seyde thus to them:

'My fayre fealowys, wyte you well that I woll turne unto kynge Arthure[s] party, for I saw never so feawe men do so 15
well. And hit woll be shame unto us that bene knyghtes of the Rounde Table to se oure lorde kynge Arthure and that noble knyght, sir Launcelot, to be dishonoured.'

'Sir, hit wyll be well do,' seyde sir Gareth and sir Dynadan. 20

'Sir, do your beste,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for I woll nat chaunge my party that I cam in wythall.'

'That is for envy of me,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but God spede you well in your journey!'

And so departed sir Palomydes frome them. 25

Than sir Trystram, sir Gareth and sir Dynadan turned with sir Launcelot. And than sir Launcelot smote downe the kynge of Irelonde quyte frome his horse, and he smote downe the kynge of Scottes and the kynge [of] Walys. And than the kynge Arthure ran unto sir Palomydes and smote 30
hym quyte frome his horse. And than sir Trystram bare downe all that ever he mette wythall, and sir Gareth and

1 good *not in C* 1–2 *C* Launcelot broughte to kynge Arthur one of the best of the iiij horses Thenne *F* (*loc. cit.*, *col. 2*) Lancelot le fist remonter malgré ses ennemis 2–3 *C* syr launcelot with kynge Arthur and a fewe 4 of armys *not in C* 5 *C* doun *S* doune 8 *W* togydir than kynge 10 grete *not in C* 11–12 *C* handes he merueylled gretely Capitulum lxxx Thenne sir 16 *C* vs knyghtes that ben of 19 *C* It wille be wel do 19, 21 Sir *not in C* 23 *C*† That is for my sake *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 492r, col. 1*) pour l'envie de Tristan but *not in C* 24 well *not in C* 27 *C* douue *S* doune 28 *C* and so syr laucelot smote 29 *C* kyuge *S* kynge 30 *C* thenne sir arthur 32 *C* alle that he mett Syr Gareth

sir Dynadan ded there as noble knyghtes. And anone all the todir party began to fle.

'Alas,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that ever I sholde se this day! For now I have loste all the worshyp that I wan.'

5 And than sir Palomydes wente hys way waylynge, and so wythdrewe hym tylle he cam to a welle. And there he put his horse from hym and ded of his armoure and wayled and wepte lyke as he had bene a wood man.

Than they gaff the pryce unto sir Trystram many
313r 10 knyghtes, and there were many mo that gaff the pryce unto sir Launcelot.

'Now, fayre lordys, I thanke you of youre honoure that ye wolde gyff me, but I pray you hartely that ye woll gyff youre voyce unto sir Launcelot, for, be my fayth, I woll gyff
15 sir Launcelot my voyce,' seyde sir Trystram.

But sir Launcelot wolde none of hit, and so the pryce was gyffyn betwyxte them bothe; and so every man rode to his lodgynge. And sir Bleoberys and sir Ector rode wyth sir Trystram and La Beall Isode unto her pavelons.

20 Than as sir Palomydes was at the welle waylynge and wepynge, there cam fleynge the kynge of Walys and of Scotlonde, and they sawe sir Palomydes in that rayge.

'Alas,' seyde they, 'so noble a man as ye be sholde be in this aray!'

25 And than the kynge gate sir Palomydes horse agayne, and made hym to arme hym and mownte uppon his horse agayne, and so he rode wyth them makyng grete dole.

So whan sir Palomydes cam nygh sir Trystram and La Beall Isode pavelons, than sir Palomydes pray[de] the two
30 kynges to abyde hym there the whyle that he spake wyth sir Trystram. And whan he cam to the porte of the pavelon sir Palomydes seyde an hyghe,

'Where art thou, sir Trystram de Lyones?'

1–2 *C*† thenne all the partyes beganne 4 *C* haue I 9–10 *C* Thenne many Knyghtes gaf the pryce to syre Tristram and there were many that 12 *C* Fair lordes said sir Tristram I 12–13 *C* the honour ye 13–14 *C* wold gyue your 14–15 *C* feythe said syre Trystram I wille gyue sir launcelot my voys 16 *C* wold not haue hit 21 *C* came by hym 22 *C*† in that arage *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 492v, col. 1*) si grant duel demenant 23 *C* that soo 25 *C** tho knyges 26–27 *C* hors and soo 28–29 *C* nyghe the pauelions there as syre Tristram and La beale Isoud was in thenne sire palomydes 31 *C* pauelions

'Sir,' seyde sir Dynadan, 'that ys sir Palomydes.'

'What, sir Palomydes, woll ye nat com nere amonge us?'

'Fye on the, traytoure!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for wyte thou well, and hit were daylyght as hit is nyght, I sholde sle the myn awne hondis. And yf ever I may gete the,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'thou shalt dye for this dayes dede.'

'Sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'ye wyte me wyth wronge, for, had ye done as I ded, ye sholde have had worshyp. But sytthyn ye gyff me so large warnynge, I shall be well ware of you.'

'Fye on the, traytoure!' seyde sir Palomydes, and therewythall he departed.

Than on the morne sir Trystram and La Beall Isode, sir Bleoberys, sir Ector de Marys, sir Gareth, and sir Dynadan, what by londe and by watir, they brought La Beall Isode unto **313**[v] Joyus Garde, and there they reposed them a sevennyght and made all the myrthis and desportys that they cowde devyse. And kynge Arthure and his knyght[es] drew unto Camelot.

And sir Palomydes rode wyth the two kynges, and ever he made the grettyst dole that ony man cowde thynke, for he was nat all only so dolorous for the departynge frome La Beall Isode, but he was as sorowful a parte to go frome the felyshyp of sir Trystram. For he was so kynde and so jantyll that whan sir Palomydes remembyrd hym [thereof] he myght never be myrry.

So at the sevennyghtes ende sir Bleoberys [and] sir Ector (81) departed frome sir Trystram and frome the quene, and thes two knyghtes had grete gyfftys. And ever sir Gareth and sir Dynadan abode wyth sir Trystram.

And whan sir Bleoberys and sir Ector were comyn thereas quene Gwenyver was lodged in a castell by the sesyde (and thorow the grace of God the quene was recovirde of hir malady), than she asked the two knyghtes fro whens they cam. And they seyde they cam frome sir Trystram and frome La Beall Isode.

2 *C* come in here amonge 3–4 *C* wete yow wel 5 *S* I euer 8–9 *C* dyd ye hadde wonne worship 11–12 *C* therewith departed 13 and La Beall Isode *not in C** 15 *C* what by water and what by lond they 16 they *not in C* 22 *C* was a parte as sorouful to departe from 23 *C* for sire Tristram was 24 *C* therof *Not emended in O*[1] 28 *C* two good knyghtes ever *not in C* 34 *C* sayd that they

'How doth sir Trystram,' seyde the quene, 'and La Beall Isode?'

'Truly, madame,' seyde tho knyghtes, 'he doth as a noble knyght shulde do. And as for the quene, she is pyerles of all ladyes; for to speake of her beauté, bounté, and myrthe, and of hir goodnes, we sawe never hir macche as far as we have ryddyn and gone.'

'A, mercy Jesu!' seyde quene Gwenyvir, 'thus seyth all folkys that hath sene her and spokyn wyth her. God wolde,' seyde she, 'that I had parte of her condycions! And was now myssefortuned me of my syknesse whyle that turnemente endured, for, as I suppose, I shall never se in all my 314r lyff such asemblé of noble knyghtes and fayre ladyes.'

And than the knyghtes tolde the quene how sir Palomydes wan the gre the fyrste day wyth grete nobles, 'and the secunde day sir Trystram wan the gre, and the thirde day sir Launcelot wan the gre.'

'Well,' seyde quene Gwenyvir, 'who ded beste all three dayes?'

'So God me helpe,' seyde thes knyghtes, 'sir Launcelot and sir Trystram had there leste dishonour. And wyte you well sir Palomydes ded passyngly well and myghtyly, but he turned ayenste the party that he cam in wythall, and that caused hym to loose a grete parte of his worshyp, for hit semed that sir Palomydes ys passynge envyous.'

'Than shall he never wynne worshyp,' seyde the quene, 'for and hyt happyn an envyous man onys to wynne worshyp, he shall be dishonoured twyse therefore. And for this cause all men of worshyp hate an envyous man and woll shewe hym no favoure, and he that ys curteyse and kynde and jantil hath favoure in every place.'

3 madame *not in C* *C* tho two knyghtes 4 *C* Quene Isoud 8 *C* O mercy 8–9 *C* Gueneuer soo sayth alle the people that haue 10 seyde she *not in C* 10–11 *C* and it is mysfortuned 12 *C* endured And as 13 *C* suche an assemble noble *not in C* fayre *not in C* 13–14 *C* ladyes as ye haue done Thenne 14 *C* told her hou 15 *C* the degree at the 16, 17 *C* wanne the degree 18 *C* alle these thre 22 *C* passynge 26–27 *C* said Quene Gueneuer sort and it happeth

So Sir Tristram had three squires, and La Beale Isoud had three gentlewomen, and both the queen and they were richly apparelled; and both the queen and they were richly apparelled; and other people had they none with them, but varlets to bear their shields and their spears. And thus they rode forth. So as they rode they saw afore them a rout of knights; it was the knight Galihodin with twenty knights with him. Fair fellows, said Galihodin, yonder come four knights, and a rich and a well fair lady: I am in will to take

that lady from them. That is not of the best counsel, said one of Galihodin's men, but send ye to them and wit what they will say; and so it was done. There came a squire unto Sir Tristram, and asked them whether they would joust or else to lose their lady. Not so, said Sir Tristram, tell your lord I bid him come as many as we be, and win her and take her. Sir, said Palomides, an it please you let me have this deed, and I shall undertake them all four. I will that ye have it, said Sir Tristram, at your pleasure. Now go and tell your lord Galihodin, that this same knight will encounter with him and his fellows.

CHAPTER LXVI

HOW SIR PALOMIDES JOUSTED WITH SIR GALIHODIN, AND AFTER WITH SIR GAWAINE, AND SMOTE THEM DOWN.

THEN this squire departed and told Galihodin; and then he dressed his shield, and put forth a spear, and Sir Palomides another; and there Sir Palomides smote Galihodin so hard that he smote both horse and man to the earth. And there he had an horrible fall. And then came there another knight, and in the same wise he served him; and so he served the third and the fourth, that he smote them over their horses' croups, and always Sir Palomides' spear was whole. Then came six knights more of Galihodin's men, and would have been avenged upon Sir Palomides. Let be, said Sir Galihodin, not so hardy, none of you all meddle with this knight, for he is a man of great bounté and honour, and if he would ye were not able to meddle with him. And right so they held them still. And ever Sir Palomides was ready to joust; and when he saw they would no more he rode unto Sir Tristram. Right well have ye done, said Sir Tristram, and worshipfully have ye done as a good knight should. This Galihodin was nigh cousin unto Galahalt, the haut prince; and this Galihodin was a king within the country of

Surluse.

So as Sir Tristram, Sir Palomides, and La Beale Isoud rode together they saw afore them four knights, and every man had his spear in his hand: the first was Sir Gawaine, the second Sir Uwaine, the third Sir Sagramore le Desirous, and the fourth was Dodinas le Savage. When Sir Palomides beheld them, that the four knights were ready to joust, he prayed Sir Tristram to give him leave to have ado with them all so long as he might hold him on horseback. And if that I be smitten down I pray you revenge me. Well, said Sir Tristram, I will as ye will, and ye are not so fain to have worship but I would as fain increase your worship. And therewithal Sir Gawaine put forth his spear, and Sir Palomides another; and so they came so eagerly together that Sir Palomides smote Sir Gawaine to the earth, horse and all; and in the same wise he served Uwaine, Sir Dodinas, and Sagramore. All these four knights Sir Palomides smote down with divers spears. And then Sir Tristram departed toward Lonazep.

And when they were departed then came thither Galihodin with his ten knights unto Sir Gawaine, and there he told him all how he had sped. I marvel, said Sir Gawaine, what knights they be, that are so arrayed in green. And that knight upon the white horse smote me down, said Galihodin, and my three fellows. And so he did to me, said Gawaine; and well I wot, said Sir Gawaine, that either he upon the white horse is Sir Tristram or else Sir Palomides, and that gay beseen lady is Queen Isoud. Thus they talked of one thing and of other.

And in the meanwhile Sir Tristram passed on till that he came to the well where his two pavilions were set; and there they saw many pavilions and great array. Then Sir Tristram left there Sir Palomides and Sir Gareth with La Beale Isoud, and Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan rode to Lonazep to hearken tidings; and Sir Tristram rode upon Sir Palomides' white horse. And when he came into the castle Sir Dinadan heard a great horn blow, and to the horn drew many knights. Then Sir Tristram asked a knight: What meaneth the blast of that horn? Sir, said that knight, it is all those that shall hold against King Arthur at this tournament. The first is the King of Ireland, and

the King of Surluse, the King of Listinoise, the King of Northumberland, and the King of the best part of Wales, with many other countries. And these draw them to a council, to understand what governance they shall be of; but the King of Ireland, whose name was Marhalt, and father to the good knight Sir Marhaus that Sir Tristram slew, had all the speech that Sir Tristram might hear it. He said: Lords and fellows, let us look to ourself, for wit ye well King Arthur is sure of many good knights, or else he would not with so few knights have ado with us; therefore by my counsel let every king have a standard and a cognisance by himself, that every knight draw to their natural lord, and then may every king and captain help his knights if they have need. When Sir Tristram had heard all their counsel he rode unto King Arthur for to hear of his counsel.

CHAPTER LXVII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND HIS FELLOWSHIP CAME INTO THE TOURNAMENT OF LONAZEP; AND OF DIVERS JOUSTS AND MATTERS.

BUT Sir Tristram was not so soon come into the place, but Sir Gawaine and Sir Galihodin went to King Arthur, and told him: That same green knight in the green harness with the white horse smote us two down, and six of our fellows this same day. Well, said Arthur. And then he called Sir Tristram and asked him what was his name. Sir, said Sir Tristram, ye shall hold me excused as at this time, for ye shall not wit my name. And there Sir Tristram returned and rode his way. I have marvel, said Arthur, that yonder knight will not tell me his name, but go thou, Griflet le Fise de Dieu, and pray him to speak with me betwixt us. Then Sir Griflet rode after him and overtook him, and said him that King Arthur prayed him for to speak with him secretly apart. Upon this covenant, said Sir Tristram, I will speak with him; that I will turn again so that ye will ensure me not to desire to hear my name. I shall undertake,

said Sir Griflet, that he will not greatly desire it of you. So they rode together until they came to King Arthur. Fair sir, said King Arthur, what is the cause ye will not tell me your name? Sir, said Sir Tristram, without a cause I will not hide my name. Upon what party will ye hold? said King Arthur. Truly, my lord, said Sir Tristram, I wot not yet on what party I will be on, until I come to the field, and there as my heart giveth me, there will I hold; but to-morrow ye shall see and prove on what party I shall come. And therewithal he returned and went to his pavilions.

And upon the morn they armed them all in green, and came into the field; and there young knights began to joust, and did many worshipful deeds. Then spake Gareth unto Sir Tristram, and prayed him to give him leave to break his spear, for him thought shame to bear his spear whole again. When Sir Tristram heard him say so he laughed, and said: I pray you do your best. Then Sir Gareth gat a spear and proffered to joust. That saw a knight that was nephew unto the King of the Hundred Knights; his name was Selises, and a good man of arms. So this knight Selises then dressed him unto Sir Gareth, and they two met together so hard that either smote other down, his horse and all, to the earth, so they were both bruised and hurt; and there they lay till the King with the Hundred Knights halp Selises up, and Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides halp up Gareth again. And so they rode with Sir Gareth unto their pavilions, and then they pulled off his helm.

And when La Beale Isoud saw Sir Gareth bruised in the face she asked him what ailed him. Madam, said Sir Gareth, I had a great buffet, and as I suppose I gave another, but none of my fellows, God thank them, would not rescue me. Forsooth, said Palomides, it longed not to none of us as this day to joust, for there have not this day jousted no proved knights, and needly ye would joust. And when the other party saw ye proffered yourself to joust they sent one to you, a passing good knight of his age, for I know him well, his name is Selises; and worshipfully ye met with him, and neither of you are dishonoured, and therefore refresh yourself that ye may be ready and whole to joust to-morrow. As for that, said Gareth, I shall not fail you an I may bestride mine horse.

CHAPTER LXVIII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND HIS FELLOWSHIP JOUSTED, AND OF THE NOBLE FEATS THAT THEY DID IN THAT TOURNEYING.

Now upon what party, said Tristram, is it best we be withal as to-morn? Sir, said Palomides, ye shall have mine advice to be against King Arthur as to-morn, for on his party will be Sir Launcelot and many good knights of his blood with him. And the more men of worship that they be, the more worship we shall win. That is full knightly spoken, said Sir Tristram; and right so as ye counsel me, so will we do. In the name of God, said they all. So that night they were lodged with the best. And on the morn when it was day they were arrayed all in green trappings, shields and spears, and La Beale Isoud in the same colour, and her three damosels. And right so these four knights came into the field endlong and through. And so they led La Beale Isoud thither as she should stand and behold all the jousts in a bay window; but always she was wimpled that no man might see her visage. And then these three knights rode straight unto the party of the King of Scots.

When King Arthur had seen them do all this he asked Sir Launcelot what were these knights and that queen. Sir, said Launcelot, I cannot say you in certain, but if Sir Tristram be in this country, or Sir Palomides, wit ye well it be they in certain, and La Beale Isoud. Then Arthur called to him Sir Kay and said: Go lightly and wit how many knights there be here lacking of the Table Round, for by the sieges thou mayst know. So went Sir Kay and saw by the writings in the sieges that there lacked ten knights. And these be their names that be not here. Sir Tristram, Sir Palomides, Sir Percivale, Sir Gaheris, Sir Epinogris, Sir Mordred, Sir Dinadan, Sir La Cote Male Taile, and Sir Pelleas the noble knight. Well, said Arthur, some of these I dare undertake are here this day against us.

Then came therein two brethren, cousins unto Sir Gawaine, the one hight Sir Edward, that other hight Sir Sadok, the which were two good knights; and they asked of King Arthur that they might have the first jousts, for they were of Orkney. I am pleased, said King Arthur. Then Sir Edward encountered with the King of Scots, in whose party was Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides; and Sir Edward smote the King of Scots quite from his horse, and Sir Sadok smote down the King of North Wales, and gave him a wonder great fall, that there was a great cry on King Arthur's party, and that made Sir Palomides passing wroth. And so Sir Palomides dressed his shield and his spear, and with all his might he met with Sir Edward of Orkney, that he smote him so hard that his shield and his spear, and with all his might he met with Sir Edward of Orkney, that he smote him so hard that his horse might not stand on his feet, and so they hurtled to the earth; and then with the same spear Sir Palomides smote down Sir Sadok over his horse's croup. O Jesu, said Arthur, what knight is that arrayed all in green? he jousteth mightily. Wit you well, said Sir Gawaine, he is a good knight, and yet shall ye see him joust better or he depart. And yet shall ye see, said Sir Gawaine, another bigger knight, in the same colour, than he is; for that same knight, said Sir Gawaine, that smote down right now my four cousins, he smote me down within these two days, and seven fellows more.

This meanwhile as they stood thus talking there came into the place Sir Tristram upon a black horse, and or ever he stint he smote down with one spear four good knights of Orkney that were of the kin of Sir Gawaine; and Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan everych of them smote down a good knight. Jesu, said Arthur, yonder knight upon the black horse doth mightily and marvellously well. Abide you, said Sir Gawaine; that knight with the black horse began not yet. Then Sir Tristram made to horse again the two kings that Edward and Sadok had unhorsed at the beginning. And then Sir Tristram drew his sword and rode into the thickest of the press against them of Orkney; and there he smote down knights, and rashed off helms, and pulled away their shields, and hurtled down many knights: he fared so that Sir Arthur and all knights had great

marvel when they saw one knight do so great deeds of arms. And Sir Palomides failed not upon the other side, but did so marvellously well that all men had wonder. For there King Arthur likened Sir Tristram that was on the black horse like to a wood lion, and likened Sir Palomides upon the white horse unto a wood leopard, and Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan unto eager wolves. But the custom was such among them that none of the kings would help other, but all the fellowship of every standard to help other as they might; but ever Sir Tristram did so much deeds of arms that they of Orkney waxed weary of him, and so withdrew them unto Lonazep.

CHAPTER LXIX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS UNHORSED AND SMITTEN DOWN BY SIR LAUNCELOT, AND AFTER THAT SIR TRISTRAM SMOTE DOWN KING ARTHUR.

THEN was the cry of heralds and all manner of common people: The Green Knight hath done marvellously, and beaten all them of Orkney. And there the heralds numbered that Sir Tristram that sat upon the black horse had smitten down with spears and swords thirty knights; and Sir Palomides had smitten down twenty knights, and the most part of these fifty knights were of the house of King Arthur, and proved knights. So God me help, said Arthur unto Sir Launcelot, this is a great shame to us to see four knights beat so many knights of mine; and therefore make you ready, for we will have ado with them. Sir, said Launcelot, wit ye well that there are two passing good knights, and great worship were it not to us now to have ado with them, for they have this day sore travailed. As for that, said Arthur, I will be avenged; and therefore take with you Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector, and I will be the fourth, said Arthur. Sir, said Launcelot, ye shall find me ready, and my brother Sir Ector, and my cousin Sir Bleoberis. And so when they were ready and on horseback: Now choose, said Sir Arthur unto

Sir Launcelot, with whom that ye will encounter withal. Sir, said Launcelot, I will meet with the green knight upon the black horse, that was Sir Tristram; and my cousin Sir Bleoberis shall match the green knight upon the white horse, that was Sir Palomides; and my brother Sir Ector shall match with the green knight upon the white horse, that was Sir Gareth. Then must I, said Sir Arthur, have ado with the green knight upon the grisled horse, and that was Sir Dinadan. Now every man take heed to his fellow, said Sir Launcelot. And so they trotted on together, and there encountered Sir Launcelot against Sir Tristram. So Sir Launcelot smote Sir Tristram so sore upon the shield that he bare horse and man to the earth; but Sir Launcelot weened that it had been Sir Palomides, and so he passed forth. And then Sir Bleoberis encountered with Sir Palomides, and he smote him so hard upon the shield that Sir Palomides and his white horse rustled to the earth. Then Sir Ector de Maris smote Sir Gareth so hard that down he fell off his horse. And the noble King Arthur encountered with Sir Dinadan, and he smote him quite from his saddle. And then the noise turned awhile

how the green knights were slain down.

When the King of Northgalis saw that Sir Tristram had a fall, then he remembered him how great deeds of arms Sir Tristram had done. Then he made ready many knights, for the custom and cry was such, that what knight were smitten down, and might not be horsed again by his fellows, outher by his own strength, that as that day he should be prisoner unto the party that had smitten him down. So came in the King of Northgalis, and he rode straight unto Sir Tristram; and when he came nigh him he alighted down suddenly and betook Sir Tristram his horse, and said thus: Noble knight, I know thee not of what country that thou art, but for the noble deeds that thou hast done this day take there my horse, and let me do as well I may; for, as Jesu me help, thou art better worthy to have mine horse than I myself. Gramercy, said Sir Tristram, and if I may I shall quite you: look that ye go not far from us, and as I suppose, I shall win you another horse. And therewith Sir Tristram mounted upon his horse, and there he met with King Arthur, and he gave him such a buffet upon the helm with his sword that King

Arthur had no power to keep his saddle. And then Sir Tristram gave the King of Northgalis King Arthur's horse: then was there great press about King Arthur for to horse him again; but Sir Palomides would not suffer King Arthur to be horsed again, but ever Sir Palomides smote on the right hand and on the left hand mightily as a noble knight. And this meanwhile Sir Tristram rode through the thickest of the press, and smote down knights on the right hand and on the left hand, and raced off helms, and so passed forth unto his pavilions, and left Sir Palomides on foot; and Sir Tristram changed his horse and disguised himself all in red, horse and harness.

CHAPTER LXX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM CHANGED HIS HARNESS AND IT WAS ALL RED, AND HOW HE DEMEANED HIM, AND HOW SIR PALOMIDES SLEW LAUNCELOT'S HORSE.

And when the queen La Beale Isoud saw that Sir Tristram was unhorsed, and she wist not where he was, then she wept greatly. But Sir Tristram, when he was ready, came dashing lightly into the field, and then La Beale Isoud espied him. And so he did great deeds of arms; with one spear, that was great, Sir Tristram smote down five knights or ever he stint. Then Sir Launcelot espied him readily, that it was Sir Tristram, and then he repented him that he had smitten him down; and so Sir Launcelot went out of the press to repose him and lightly he came again. And now when Sir Tristram came into the press, through his great force he put Sir Palomides upon his horse, and Sir Gareth, and Sir Dinadan, and then they began to do marvellously; but Sir Palomides nor none of his two fellows knew not who had holpen them on horseback again. But ever Sir Tristram was nigh them and succoured them, and they knew not him, because he was changed into red armour: and all this while Sir Launcelot was away.

So when La Beale Isoud knew Sir Tristram again upon his horseback she was passing glad, and then she laughed and made good cheer. And as it happened, Sir Palomides looked up toward her where she lay in the window, and he espied how she laughed; and therewith he took such a rejoicing that he smote down, what with his spear and with his sword, all that ever he met; for through the sight of her he was so enamoured in her love that he seemed at that time, that an both Sir Tristram and Sir Launcelot had been both against him they should have won no worship of him; and in his heart, as the book saith, Sir Palomides wished that with his worship he might have ado with Sir Tristram before all men, because of La Beale Isoud. Then Sir Palomides began to double his strength, and he did so marvellously that all men had wonder of him, and ever he cast up his eye unto La Beale Isoud. And when he saw her make such cheer he fared like a lion, that there might no man withstand him; and then Sir Tristram beheld him, how that Sir Palomides bestirred him; and then he said unto Sir Dinadan: So God me help, Sir Palomides is a passing good knight and a well enduring, but such deeds saw I him never do, nor never heard I tell that ever he did so much in one day. It is his day, said Dinadan; and he would say no more unto Sir Tristram; but to himself he said: An if ye knew for whose love he doth all those deeds of arms, soon would Sir Tristram abate his courage. Alas, said Sir Tristram, that Sir Palomides is not christened. So said King Arthur, and so said all those that beheld him. Then all people gave him the prize, as for the best knight that day, that he passed Sir Launcelot outher Sir Tristram. Well, said Dinadan to himself, all this worship that Sir Palomides hath here this day he may thank the Queen Isoud, for had she been away this day Sir Palomides had not gotten the prize this day.

Right so came into the field Sir Launcelot du Lake, and saw and heard the noise and cry and the great worship that Sir Palomides had. He dressed him against Sir Palomides, with a great mighty spear and a long, and thought to smite him down. And when Sir Palomides saw Sir Launcelot come upon him so fast, he ran upon Sir Launcelot as fast with his sword as he might; and as Sir

Launcelot should have stricken him he smote his spear aside, and smote it a-two with his sword. And Sir Palomides rushed unto Sir Launcelot, and thought to have put him to a shame; and with his sword he smote his horse's neck that Sir Launcelot rode upon, and then Sir Launcelot fell to the earth. Then was the cry huge and great: See how Sir Palomides the Saracen hath smitten down Sir Launcelot's horse. Right then were there many knights worth with Sir Palomides because he had done that deed; therefore many knights held there against that it was unknightly done in a tournament to kill an horse wilfully, but that it had been done in plain battle, life for life.

CHAPTER LXXI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT SAID TO SIR PALOMIDES, AND HOW THE PRIZE OF THAT DAY WAS GIVEN UNTO SIR PALOMIDES.

When Sir Ector de Maris saw Sir Launcelot his brother have such a despite, and so set on foot, then he gat a spear eagerly, and ran against Sir Palomides, and he smote him so hard that he bare him quite from his horse. That saw Sir Tristram, that was in red harness, and he smote down Sir Ector de Maris quite from his horse. Then Sir Launcelot dressed his shield upon his shoulder, and with his sword naked in his hand, and so came straight upon Sir Palomides fiercely and said: Wit thou well thou hast done me this day the greatest despite that ever any worshipful knight did to me in tournament or in jousts, and therefore I will be avenged upon thee, therefore take keep to yourself. Ah, mercy, noble knight, said Palomides, and forgive me mine unkindly deeds, for I have no power nor might to withstand you, and I have done so much this day that well I wot I did never so much this day that well I wot I did never so much, nor never shall in my life-days; and therefore, most noble knight, I require thee spare me as

at this day, and I promise you I shall ever be your knight while I live: an ye put me from my worship now, ye put me from the greatest worship that ever I had or ever shall have in my life-days. Well, said Sir Launcelot, I see, for to say thee sooth, ye have done marvellously well this day; and I understand a part for whose love ye do it, and well I wot that love is a great mistress. And if my lady were here as she nis not, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, ye should not bear away the worship. But beware your love be not discovered, for an Sir Tristram may know it ye will repent it; and sithen my quarrel is not here, ye shall have this day the worship as for me; considering the great travail and pain that ye have had this day, it were no worship for me to put you from it. And therewithal Sir Launcelot suffered Sir Palomides to depart.

Then Sir Launcelot by great force and might gat his own horse maugre twenty knights. So when Sir Launcelot was horsed he did many marvels, and so did Sir Tristram, and Sir Palomides in like wise. Then Sir Launcelot smote down with a spear Sir Dinadan, and the King of Scotland, and the King of Wales, and the King of Northumberland, and the King of Listinoise. So then Sir Launcelot and his fellows smote down well a forty knights. Then came the King of Ireland and the King of the Straight Marches to rescue Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides. There began a great medley, and many knights were smitten down on both parties; and always Sir Launcelot spared Sir Tristram, and he spared him. And Sir Palomides would not meddle with Sir Launcelot, and so there was hurtling here and there. And then King Arthur sent out many knights of the Table Round; and Sir Palomides was ever in the foremost front, and Sir Tristram did so strongly well that the king and all other had marvel. And then the king let blow to lodging; and because Sir Palomides began first, and never he went nor rode out of the field to repose, but ever he was doing marvellously well either on foot or on horseback, and longest during, King Arthur and all the kings gave Sir Palomides the honour and the gree as for that day.

Then Sir Tristram commanded Sir Dinadan to fetch the queen La Beale Isoud, and bring her to his two pavilions that stood by

the well. And so Dinadan did as he was commanded. But when Sir Palomides understood and wist that Sir Tristram was in the red armour, and on a red horse, wit ye well that he was glad, and so was Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan, for they all weened that Sir Tristram had been taken prisoner. And then every knight drew to his inn. And then King Arthur and every knight spake of those knights; but above all men they gave Sir Palomides the prize, and all knights that knew Sir Palomides had wonder of his deeds. Sir, said Sir Launcelot unto Arthur, as for Sir Palomides an he be the green knight I dare say as for this day he is best worthy to have the degree, for he reposed him never, nor never changed his weeds, and he began first and longest held on. And yet, well I wot, said Sir Launcelot, that there was a better knight than he, and that shall be proved or we depart, upon pain of my life. Thus they talked on either party; and so Sir Dinadan railed with Sir Tristram and said: What the devil is upon thee this day? for Sir Palomides' strength feebled never this day, but ever he doubled his strength.

CHAPTER LXXII

HOW SIR DINADAN PROVOKED SIR TRISTRAM TO DO WELL.

And thou, Sir Tristram, farest all this day as though thou hadst been asleep, and therefore I call thee coward. Well, Dinadan, said Sir Tristram, I was never called coward or now of no earthly knight in my life; and wit thou well, sir, I call myself never the more coward though Sir Launcelot gave me a fall, for I outcept him of all knights. And doubt ye not Sir Dinadan, an Sir Launcelot have a quarrel good, he is too over good for any knight that now is living; and yet of his sufferance, largess, bounty, and courtesy, I call him knight peerless: and so Sir Tristram was in manner wroth with Sir Dinadan. But all this language Sir Dinadan said because he would anger Sir Tristram, for to cause him to awake his spirits and to be

wroth; for well knew Sir Dinadan that an Sir Tristram were thoroughly wroth Sir Palomides should not get the prize upon the morn. And for this intent Sir Dinadan said all this railing and language against Sir Tristram. Truly, said Sir Palomides, as for Sir Launcelot, of his noble knighthood, courtesy, and prowess, and gentleness, I know not his peer; for this day, said Sir Palomides, I did full uncourteously unto Sir Launcelot, and full unknightly, and full knightly and courteously he did to me again; for an he had been as ungentle to me as I was to him, this day I had won no worship. And therefore, said Palomides, I shall be Sir Launcelot's knight while my life lasteth. This talking was in the houses of kings. But all kings, lords, and knights, said, of clear knighthood, and of pure strength, of bounty, of courtesy, Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram bare the prize above all knights that ever were in Arthur's days. And there were never knights in Arthur's days did half so many deeds as they did; as the book saith, no ten knights did not half the deeds that they did, and there was never knight in their days that required Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram of any quest, so it were not to their shame, but they performed their desire.

CHAPTER LXXIII

HOW KING ARTHUR AND SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO SEE LA BEALE ISOUD, AND HOW PALOMIDES SMOTE DOWN KING ARTHUR.

So on the morn Sir Launcelot departed, and Sir Tristram was ready, and La Beale Isoud with Sir Palomides and Sir Gareth. And so they rode all in green full freshly beseen unto the forest. And Sir Tristram left Sir Dinadan sleeping in his bed. And so as they rode it happed the king and Launcelot stood in a window, and saw Sir Tristram ride and Isoud. Sir, said Launcelot, yonder rideth the fairest lady of the world except your queen, Dame Guenever. Who is that? said Sir Arthur. Sir, said he, it is Queen Isoud that,

out-taken my lady your queen, she is makeless. Take your horse, said Arthur, and array you at all rights as I will do, and I promise you, said the king, I will see her. Then anon they were armed and horsed, and either took a spear and rode unto the forest. Sir, said Launcelot, it is not good that ye go too nigh them, for wit ye well there are two as good knights as now are living, and therefore, sir, I pray you be not too hasty. For peradventure there will be some knights be displeased an we come suddenly upon them. As for that, said Arthur, I will see her, for I take no force whom I grieve. Sir, said Launcelot, ye put yourself in great jeopardy. As for that, said the king, we will take the adventure. Right so anon the king rode even to her, and saluted her, and said: God you save. Sir, said she, ye are welcome. Then the king beheld her, and liked her wonderly well.

With that came Sir Palomides unto Arthur, and said: Uncourteous knight, what seekest thou here? thou art uncourteous to come upon a lady thus suddenly, therefore withdraw thee. Sir Arthur took none heed of Sir Palomides' words, but ever he looked still upon Queen Isoud. Then was Sir Palomides wroth, and therewith he took a spear, and came hurtling upon King Arthur, and smote him down with a spear. When Sir Launcelot saw that despite of Sir Palomides, he said to himself: I am loath to have ado with yonder knight, and not for his own sake but for Sir Tristram. And one thing I am sure of, if I smite down Sir Palomides I must have ado with Sir Tristram, and that were overmuch for me to match them both, for they are two noble knights; notwithstanding, whether I live or I die, needs must I revenge my lord, and so will I, whatsomever befall of me. And therewith Sir Launcelot cried to Sir Palomides: Keep thee from me. And then Sir Launcelot and Sir Palomides rushed together with two spears strongly, but Sir Launcelot smote Sir Palomides so hard that he went quite out of his saddle, and had a great fall. When Sir Tristram saw Sir Palomides have that fall, he said to Sir Launcelot: Sir knight, keep thee, for I must joust with thee. As for to joust with me, said Sir Launcelot, I will not fail you, for no dread I have of you; but I am loath to have ado with you an I might choose, for I will that ye wit

that I must revenge my special lord that was unhorsed unwarly and unknightly. And therefore, though I revenged that fall, take ye no displeasure therein, for he is to me such a friend that I may not see him shamed.

Anon Sir Tristram understood by his person and by his knightly words that it was Sir Launcelot du Lake, and verily Sir Tristram deemed that it was King Arthur, he that Sir Palomides had smitten down. And then Sir Tristram put his spear from him, and put Sir Palomides again on horseback, and Sir Launcelot put King Arthur on horseback and so departed. So God me help, said Sir Tristram unto Palomides, ye did not worshipfully when ye smote down that knight so suddenly as ye did. And wit ye well ye did yourself great shame, for the knights came hither of their gentleness to see a fair lady; and that is every good knight's part, to behold a fair lady; and ye had not ado to play such masteries afore my lady. Wit thou well it will turn to anger, for he that ye smote down was King Arthur, and that other was the good knight Sir Launcelot. But I shall not forget the words of Sir Launcelot when that he called him a man of great worship, thereby I wist that it was King Arthur. And as for Sir Launcelot, an there had been five hundred knights in the meadow, he would not have refused them, and yet he said he would refuse me. By that again I wist that it was Sir Launcelot, for ever he forbeareth me in every place, and showeth me great kindness; and of all knights, I out-take none, say what men will say, he beareth the flower of all chivalry, say it him whosomever will. An he be well angered, and that him list to do his utterance without any favour, I know him not alive but Sir Launcelot is over hard for him, be it on horseback or on foot. I may never believe, said Palomides, that King Arthur will ride so privily as a poor errant knight. Ah, said Sir Tristram, ye know not my lord Arthur, for all knights may learn to be a knight of him. And therefore ye may be sorry, said Sir Tristram, of your unkindly deeds to so noble a king. And a thing that is done may not be undone, said Palomides. Then Sir Tristram sent Queen Isoud unto her lodging in the priory, there to behold all the tournament.

CHAPTER LXXIV

HOW THE SECOND DAY PALOMIDES FORSOOK SIR TRISTRAM, AND WENT TO THE CONTRARY PARTY AGAINST HIM.

THEN there was a cry unto all knights, that when they heard an horn blow they should make jousts as they did the first day. And like as the brethren Sir Edward and Sir Sadok began the jousts the first day, Sir Uwaine the king's son Urien and Sir Lucanere de Buttelere began the jousts the second day. And at the first encounter Sir Uwaine smote down the King's son of Scots; and Sir Lucanere ran against the King of Wales, and they brake their spears all to pieces; and they were so fierce both, that they hurtled together that both fell to the earth. Then they of Orkney horsed against Sir Lucanere. And then came in Sir Tristram de Liones; and then Sir Tristram smote down Sir Uwaine and Sir Lucanere; and Sir Palomides smote down other two knights; and Sir Gareth smote down other two knights. Then said Sir Arthur unto Sir Launcelot: See yonder three knights do passingly well, and namely the first that jousted. Sir, said Launcelot, that knight began not yet, but ye shall see him this day do marvellously. And then came into the place the duke's son of Orkney, and then they began to do many deeds of arms.

When Sir Tristram saw them so begin, he said to Palomides: How feel ye yourself? may ye do this day as ye did yesterday? Nay, said Palomides, I feel myself so weary, and so sore bruised of the deeds of yesterday, that I may not endure as I did yesterday. That me repenteth, said Sir Tristram, for I shall lack you this day. Sir Palomides said: Trust not to me, for I may not do as I did. All these words said Palomides for to beguile Sir Tristram. Sir, said Sir Tristram unto Sir Gareth, then must I trust upon you; wherefore I pray you be not far from me to rescue me. An need be, said Sir Gareth, I shall not fail you in all that I may do. Then Sir Palomides rode by himself; and then in despite of Sir Tristram he put himself

in the thickest press among them of Orkney, and there he did so marvellously deeds of arms that all men had wonder of him, for there might none stand him a stroke.

When Sir Tristram saw Sir Palomides do such deeds, he marvelled and said to himself: He is weary of my company. So Sir Tristram beheld him a great while and did but little else, for the noise and cry was so huge and great that Sir Tristram marvelled from whence came the strength that Sir Palomides had there in the field. Sir, said Sir Gareth unto Sir Tristram, remember ye not of the words that Sir Dinadan said to you yesterday, when he called you a coward; forsooth, sir, he said it for none ill, for ye are the man in the world that he most loveth, and all that he said was for your worship. And therefore, said Sir Gareth to Sir Tristram, let me know this day what ye be; and wonder ye not so upon Sir Palomides, for he enforceth himself to win all the worship and honour from you. I may well believe it, said Sir Tristram. And sithen I understand his evil will and his envy, ye shall see, if that I enforce myself, that the noise shall be left that now is upon him.

Then Sir Tristram rode into the thickest of the press, and then he did so marvellously well, and did so great deeds of arms, that all men said that Sir Tristram did double so much deeds of arms as Sir Palomides had done aforehand. And then the noise went plain from Sir Palomides, and all the people cried upon Sir Tristram. O Jesu, said the people, see how Sir Tristram smiteth down with his spear so many knights. And see, said they all, how many knights he smiteth down with his sword, and of how many knights he rashed off their helms and their shields; and so he beat them all of Orkney afore him. How now, said Sir Launcelot unto King Arthur, I told you that this day there would a knight play his pageant. Yonder rideth a knight ye may see he doth knightly, for he hath strength and wind. So God me help, said Arthur to Launcelot, ye say sooth, for I saw never a better knight, for he passeth far Sir Palomides. Sir, wit ye well, said Launcelot, it must be so of right, for it is himself, that noble knight Sir Tristram. I may right well believe it, said Arthur.

But when Sir Palomides heard the noise and the cry was turned

from him, he rode out on a part and beheld Sir Tristram. And when Sir Palomides saw Sir Tristram do so marvellously well he wept passingly sore for despite, for he wist well he should no worship win that day; for well knew Sir Palomides, when Sir Tristram would put forth his strength and his manhood, he should get but little worship that day.

CHAPTER LXXV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM DEPARTED OFF THE FIELD, AND AWAKED SIR DINADAN, AND CHANGED HIS ARRAY INTO BLACK.

THEN came King Arthur, and the King of Northgalis, and Sir Launcelot du Lake; and Sir Bleoberis, Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de Maris, these three knights came into the field with Sir Launcelot. And then Sir Launcelot with the three knights of his kin did so great deeds of arms that all the noise began upon Sir Launcelot. And so they beat the King of Wales and the King of Scots far aback, and made them to avoid the field; but Sir Tristram and Sir Gareth abode still in the field and endured all that ever there came, that all men had wonder that any knight might endure so many strokes. But ever Sir Launcelot, and his three kinsmen by the commandment of Sir Launcelot, forbare Sir Tristram. Then said Sir Arthur: Is that Sir Palomides that endureth so well? Nay, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well it is the good knight Sir Tristram, for yonder ye may see Sir Palomides beholdeth and hoveth, and doth little or nought. And sir, ye shall understand that Sir Tristram weeneth this day to beat us all out of the field. And as for me, said Sir Launcelot, I shall not beat him, beat him whoso will. Sir, said Launcelot unto Arthur, ye may see how Sir Palomides hoveth yonder, as though he were in a dream; wit ye well he is full heavy that Tristram doth such deeds of arms. Then is he but a fool, said Arthur, for never was Sir Palomides, nor never shall be, of such

prowess as Sir Tristram. And if he have any envy at Sir Tristram, and cometh in with him upon his side he is a false knight.

As the king and Sir Launcelot thus spake, Sir Tristram rode privily out of the press, that none espied him but La Beale Isoud and Sir Palomides, for they two would not let off their eyes upon Sir Tristram. And when Sir Tristram came to his pavilions he found Sir Dinadan in his bed asleep. Awake, said Tristram, ye ought to be ashamed so to sleep when knights have ado in the field. Then Sir Dinadan arose lightly and said: What will ye that I shall do? Make you ready, said Sir Tristram, to ride with me into the field. So when Sir Dinadan was armed he looked upon Sir Tristram's helm and on his shield, and when he saw so many strokes upon his helm and upon his shield he said: In good time was I thus asleep, for had I been with you; more for shame than any prowess that is in me; that I see well now by those strokes that I should have been truly beaten as I was yesterday. Leave your japes, said Sir Tristram, and come off, that we were in the field again. What, said Sir Dinadan, is your heart up? yesterday ye fared as though ye had dreamed. So then Sir Tristram was arrayed in black harness. O Jesu, said Sir Dinadan, what aileth you this day? meseemeth ye be wilder than ye were yesterday. Then smiled Sir Tristram and said to Sir Dinadan: Await well upon me; if ye see me overmatched look that ye be ever behind me, and I shall make you ready way by God's grace. So Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan took their horses. All this espied Sir Palomides, both their going and their coming, and so did La Beale Isoud, for she knew Sir Tristram above all other.

CHAPTER LXXVI

HOW SIR PALOMIDES CHANGED HIS SHIELD AND HIS ARMOUR FOR TO HURT SIR TRISTRAM, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT DID TO SIR TRISTRAM.

THEN when Sir Palomides saw that Sir Tristram was disguised, then he thought to do him a shame. So Sir Palomides rode to a knight that was sore wounded, that sat under a fair well from the field. Sir knight, said Sir Palomides, I pray you to lend me your armour and your shield, for mine is over-well known in this field, and that hath done me great damage; and ye shall have mine armour and my shield that is as sure as yours. I will well, said the knight, that ye have mine armour and my shield, if they may do you any avail. So Sir Palomides armed him hastily in that knight's armour and his shield that shone as any crystal or silver, and so he came riding into the field. And then there was neither Sir Tristram nor none of King Arthur's party that knew Sir Palomides. And right so as Sir Palomides was come into the field Sir Tristram smote down three knights even in the sight of Sir Palomides. And then Sir Palomides rode against Sir Tristram, and either met other with great spears, that they brast to their hands. And then they dashed together with swords eagerly. Then Sir Tristram had marvel what knight he was that did battle so knightly with him. Then was Sir Tristram wroth, for he felt him passing strong, so that he deemed he might not have ado with the remnant of the knights, because of the strength of Sir Palomides. So they lashed together and gave many sad strokes together, and many knights marvelled what knight he might be that so encountered with the black knight, Sir Tristram. Full well knew La Beale Isoud that there was Sir Palomides that fought with Sir Tristram, for she espied all in her window where that she stood, as Sir Palomides changed his harness with the wounded knight. And then she began to weep so heartily for the despite of Sir Palomides that there she swooned.

Then came in Sir Launcelot with the knights of Orkney. And

when the other party had espied Sir Launcelot, they cried: Return, return, here cometh Sir Launcelot du Lake. So there came knights and said: Sir Launcelot, ye must needs fight with yonder knight in the black harness, that was Sir Tristram, for he hath almost overcome that good knight that fighteth with him with the silver shield, that was Sir Palomides. Then Sir Launcelot rode betwixt Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides, and Sir Launcelot said to Palomides: Sir knight, let me have the battle, for ye have need to be reposed. Sir Palomides knew Sir Launcelot well, and so did Sir Tristram, but because Sir Launcelot was far hardier knight than himself therefore he was glad, and suffered Sir Launcelot to fight with Sir Tristram. For well wist he that Sir Launcelot knew not Sir Tristram, and there he hoped that Sir Launcelot should beat or shame Sir Tristram, whereof Sir Palomides was full fain. And so Sir Launcelot gave Sir Tristram many sad strokes, but Sir Launcelot knew not Sir Tristram, but Sir Tristram knew well Sir Launcelot. And thus they fought long together, that La Beale Isoud was well-nigh out of her mind for sorrow.

Then Sir Dinadan told Sir Gareth how that knight in the black harness was Sir Tristram: And this is Launcelot that fighteth with him, that must needs have the better of him, for Sir Tristram hath had too much travail this day. Then let us smite him down, said Sir Gareth. So it is better that we do, said Sir Dinadan, than Sir Tristram be shamed, for yonder hoveth the strong knight with the silver shield to fall upon Sir Tristram if need be. Then forthwithal Gareth rushed upon Sir Launcelot, and gave him a great stroke upon his helm so hard that he was astonied. And then came Sir Dinadan with a spear, and he smote Sir Launcelot such a buffet that horse and all fell to the earth. O Jesu, said Sir Tristram to Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan, fie for shame, why did ye smite down so good a knight as he is, and namely when I had ado with him? now ye do yourself great shame, and him no disworship; for I held him reasonable hot, though ye had not holpen me.

Then came Sir Palomides that was disguised, and smote down Sir Dinadan from his horse. Then Sir Launcelot, because Sir Dinadan had smitten him aforehand, then Sir Launcelot assailed

Sir Dinadan passing sore, and Sir Dinadan defended him mightily. But well understood Sir Tristram that Sir Dinadan might not endure Sir Launcelot, wherefore Sir Tristram was sorry. Then came Sir Palomides fresh upon Sir Tristram. And when Sir Tristram saw him come, he thought to deliver him at once, because that he would help Sir Dinadan, because he stood in great peril with Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Tristram hurtled unto Sir Palomides and gave him a great buffet, and then Sir Tristram gat Sir Palomides and pulled him down underneath him. And so fell Sir Tristram with him; and Sir Tristram leapt up lightly and left Sir Palomides, and went betwixt Sir Launcelot and Dinadan, and then they began to do battle together.

Right so Sir Dinadan gat Sir Tristram's horse, and said on high that Sir Launcelot might hear it: My lord Sir Tristram, take your horse. And when Sir Launcelot heard him name Sir Tristram: O Jesu, said Launcelot, what have I done? I am dishonoured. Ah, my lord Sir Tristram, said Launcelot, why were ye disguised? ye have put yourself in great peril this day; but I pray you noble knight to pardon me, for an I had known you we had not done this battle. Sir, said Sir Tristram, this is not the first kindness ye showed me. So they were both horsed again.

Then all the people on the one side gave Sir Launcelot the honour and the degree, and on the other side all the people gave to the noble knight Sir Tristram the honour and the degree; but Launcelot said nay thereto: For I am not worthy to have this honour, for I will report me unto all knights that Sir Tristram hath been longer in the field than I, and he hath smitten down many more knights this day than I have done. And therefore I will give Sir Tristram my voice and my name, and so I pray all my lords and fellows so to do. Then there was the whole voice of dukes and earls, barons and knights, that Sir Tristram this day is proved the best knight.

CHAPTER LXXVII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM DEPARTED WITH LA BEALE ISOUD, AND HOW PALOMIDES FOLLOWED AND EXCUSED HIM.

THEN they blew unto lodging, and Queen Isoud was led unto her pavilions. But wit you well she was wroth out of measure with Sir Palomides, for she saw all his treason from the beginning to the ending. And all this while neither Sir Tristram, neither Sir Gareth nor Dinadan, knew not of the treason of Sir Palomides; but afterward ye shall hear that there befell the greatest debate betwixt Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides that might be.

So when the tournament was done, Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Dinadan, rode with La Beale Isoud to these pavilions. And ever Sir Palomides rode with them in their company disguised as he was. But when Sir Tristram had espied him that he was the same knight with the shield of silver that held him so hot that day: Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well here is none that hath need of your fellowship, and therefore I pray you depart from us. Sir Palomides answered again as though he had not known Sir Tristram: Wit you well, sir knight, from this fellowship will I never depart, for one of the best knights of the world commanded me to be in this company, and till he discharge me of my service I will not be discharged. By that Sir Tristram knew that it was Sir Palomides. Ah, Sir Palomides, said the noble knight Sir Tristram, are ye such a knight? Ye have been named wrong, for ye have long been called a gentle knight, and as this day ye have showed me great ungentleness, for ye had almost brought me unto my death. But, as for you, I suppose I should have done well enough, but Sir Launcelot with you was overmuch; for I know no knight living but Sir Launcelot is over good for him, an he will do his uttermost. Alas, said Sir Palomides, are ye my lord Sir Tristram? Yea, sir, and that ye know well enough. By my knighthood, said Palomides, until now I knew you not; I weened that ye had been the King of Ireland, for well I wot ye bare his arms. His arms I bare, said Sir Tristram, and that

will I stand by, for I won them once in a field of a full noble knight, his name was Sir Marhaus; and with great pain I won that knight, for there was none other recover, but Sir Marhaus died through false leeches; and yet was he never yolden to me. Sir, said Palomides, I weened ye had been turned upon Sir Launcelot's party, and that caused me to turn. Ye say well, said Sir Tristram, and so I take you, and I forgive you.

So then they rode into their pavilions; and when they were alighted they unarmed them and washed their faces and hands, and so yode unto meat, and were set at their table. But when Isoud saw Sir Palomides she changed then her colours, and for wrath she might not speak. Anon Sir Tristram espied her countenance and said: Madam, for what cause make ye us such cheer? we have been sore travailed this day. Mine own lord, said La Beale Isoud, for God's sake be ye not displeased with me, for I may none otherwise do; for I saw this day how ye were betrayed and nigh brought to your death. Truly, sir, I saw every deal, how and in what wise, and therefore, sir, how should I suffer in your presence such a felon and traitor as Sir Palomides; for I saw him with mine eyes, how he beheld you when ye went out of the field. For ever he hoved still upon his horse till he saw you come in againward. And then forthwithal I saw him ride to the hurt knight, and changed harness with him, and then straight I saw him how he rode into the field. And anon as he had found you he encountered with you, and thus wilfully Sir Palomides did battle with you; and as for him, sir, I was not greatly afraid, but I dread sore Launcelot, that knew you not. Madam, said Palomides, ye may say whatso ye will, I may not contrary you, but by my knighthood I knew not Sir Tristram. Sir Palomides, said Sir Tristram, I will take your excuse, but well I wot ye spared me but little, but all is pardoned on my part. Then La Beale Isoud held down her head and said no more at that time.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

HOW KING ARTHUR AND SIR LAUNCELOT CAME UNTO THEIR PAVILIONS AS THEY SAT AT SUPPER, AND OF SIR PALOMIDES.

And therewithal two knights armed came unto the pavilion, and there they alighted both, and came in armed at all pieces. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, ye are to blame to come thus armed at all pieces upon me while we are at our meat; if ye would anything when we were in the field there might ye have eased your hearts. Not so, said the one of those knights, we come not for that intent, but wit ye well Sir Tristram, we be come hither as your friends. And I am come here, said the one, for to see you, and this knight is come for to see La Beale Isoud. Then said Sir Tristram: I require you do off your helms that I may see you. That will we do at your desire, said the knights. And when their helms were off, Sir Tristram thought that he should know them.

Then said Sir Dinadan privily unto Sir Tristram: Sir, that is Sir Launcelot du Lake that spake unto you first, and the other is my lord King Arthur. Then, said Sir Tristram unto La Beale Isoud, Madam arise, for here is my lord, King Arthur. Then the king and the queen kissed, and Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram braced either other in arms, and then there was joy without measure; and at the request of La Beale Isoud, King Arthur and Launcelot were unarmed, and then there was merry talking. Madam, said Sir Arthur, it is many a day sithen that I have desired to see you, for ye have been praised so far; and now I dare say ye are the fairest that ever I saw, and Sir Tristram is as fair and as good a knight as any that I know; therefore me beseemeth ye are well beset together. Sir, God thank you, said the noble knight, Sir Tristram, and Isoud; of your great goodness and largess ye are peerless. Thus they talked of many things and of all the whole jousts. But for what cause, said King Arthur, were ye, Sir Tristram, against us? Ye are a knight of the Table Round; of right ye should have been with us.

Sir, said Sir Tristram, here is Dinadan, and Sir Gareth your own nephew, caused me to be against you. My lord Arthur, said Gareth, I may well bear the blame, but it were Sir Tristram's own deeds. That may I repent, said Dinadan, for this unhappy Sir Tristram brought us to this tournament, and many great buffets he caused us to have. Then the king and Launcelot laughed that they might not sit.

What knight was that, said Arthur, that held you so short, this with the shield of silver? Sir, said Sir Tristram, here he sitteth at this board. What, said Arthur, was it Sir Palomides? Wit ye well it was he, said La Beale Isoud. So God me help, said Arthur, that was unknightly done of you of so good a knight, for I have heard many people call you a courteous knight. Sir, said Palomides, I knew not Sir Tristram, for he was so disguised. So God me help, said Launcelot, it may well be, for I knew not Sir Tristram; but I marvel why ye turned on our party. That was done for the same cause, said Launcelot. As for that, said Sir Tristram, I have pardoned him, and I would be right loath to leave his fellowship, for I love right well his company: so they left off and talked of other things.

And in the evening King Arthur and Sir Launcelot departed unto their lodging; but wit ye well Sir Palomides had envy heartily, for all that night he had never rest in his bed, but wailed and wept out of measure. So on the morn Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Dinadan arose early, and then they went unto Sir Palomides' chamber, and there they found him fast asleep, for he had all night watched, and it was seen upon his cheeks that he had wept full sore. Say nothing, said Sir Tristram, for I am sure he hath taken anger and sorrow for the rebuke that I gave to him, and La Beale Isoud.

CHAPTER LXXIX

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND SIR PALOMIDES DID THE NEXT DAY, AND HOW KING ARTHUR WAS UNHORSED.

THEN Sir Tristram let call Sir Palomides, and bade him make him ready, for it was time to go to the field. When they were ready they were armed, and clothed all in red, both Isoud and all they; and so they led her passing freshly through the field, into the priory where was her lodging. And then they heard three blasts blow, and every king and knight dressed him unto the field. And the first that was ready to joust was Sir Palomides and Sir Kainus le Strange, a knight of the Table Round. And so they two encountered together, but Sir Palomides smote Sir Kainus so hard that he smote him quite over his horse's croup. And forthwithal Sir Palomides smote down another knight, and brake then his spear, and pulled out his sword and did wonderly well. And then the noise began greatly upon Sir Palomides. Lo, said King Arthur, yonder Palomides beginneth to play his pageant. So God me help, said Arthur, he is a passing good knight. And right as they stood talking thus, in came Sir Tristram as thunder, and he encountered with Sir Kay the Seneschal, and there he smote him down quite from his horse; and with that same spear Sir Tristram smote down three knights more, and then he pulled out his sword and did marvellously. Then the noise and cry changed from Sir Palomides and turned to Sir Tristram, and all the people cried: O Tristram, O Tristram. And then was Sir Palomides clean forgotten.

How now, said Launcelot unto Arthur, yonder rideth a knight that playeth his pageants. So God me help, said Arthur to Launcelot, ye shall see this day that yonder two knights shall here do this day wonders. Sir, said Launcelot, the one knight waiteth upon the other, and enforceth himself through envy to pass the noble knight Sir Tristram, and he knoweth not of the privy envy the which Sir Palomides hath to him; for all that the noble Sir Tristram doth is through clean knighthood. And then Sir Gareth

and Dinadan did wonderly great deeds of arms, as two noble knights, so that King Arthur spake of them great honour and worship; and the kings and knights of Sir Tristram's side did passingly well, and held them truly together. Then Sir Arthur and Sir Launcelot took their horses and dressed them, and gat into the thickest of the press. And there Sir Tristram unknowing smote down King Arthur, and then Sir Launcelot would have rescued him, but there were so many upon Sir Launcelot that they pulled him down from his horse. And then the King of Ireland and the King of Scots with their knights did their pain to take King Arthur and Sir Launcelot prisoner. When Sir Launcelot heard them say so, he fared as it had been an hungry lion, for he fared so that no knight durst nigh him.

Then came Sir Ector de Maris, and he bare a spear against Sir Palomides, and brast it upon him all to shivers. And then Sir Ector came again and gave Sir Palomides such a dash with a sword that he stooped down upon his saddle bow. And forthwithal Sir Ector pulled down Sir Palomides under his feet; and then Sir Ector de Maris gat Sir Launcelot du Lake an horse, and brought it to him, and bade him mount upon him; but Sir Palomides leapt afore and gat the horse by the bridle, and leapt into the saddle. So God me help, said Launcelot, ye are better worthy to have that horse than I. Then Sir Ector brought Sir Launcelot another horse. Gramercy, said Launcelot unto his brother. And so when he was horsed again, with one spear he smote down four knights. And then Sir Launcelot brought to King Arthur one of the best of the four horses. Then Sir Launcelot with King Arthur and a few of his knights of Sir Launcelot's kin did marvellous deeds; for that time, as the book recordeth, Sir Launcelot smote down and pulled down thirty knights. Notwithstanding the other party held them so fast together that King Arthur and his knights were overmatched. And when Sir Tristram saw that, what labour King Arthur and his knights, and in especial the noble deeds that Sir Launcelot did with his own hands, he marvelled greatly.

CHAPTER LXXX

HOW SIR TRÌSTRAM TURNED TO KING ARTHUR'S SIDE, AND HOW PALOMIDES WOULD NOT.

THEN Sir Tristram called unto him Sir Palomides, Sir Gareth, and Sir Dinadan, and said thus to them: My fair fellows, wit ye well that I will turn unto King Arthur's party, for I saw never so few men do so well, and it will be shame unto us knights that be of the Round Table to see our lord King Arthur, and that noble knight Sir Launcelot, to be dishonoured. It will be well done, said Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan. Do your best, said Palomides, for I will not change my party that I came in withal. That is for my sake, said Sir Tristram; God speed you in your journey. And so departed Sir Palomides from them. Then Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Dinadan, turned with Sir Launcelot. And then Sir Launcelot smote down the King of Ireland quite from his horse; and so Sir Launcelot smote down the King of Scots, and the King of Wales; and then Sir Arthur ran unto Sir Palomides and smote him quite from his horse; and then Sir Tristram bare down all that he met. Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan did there as noble knights; then all the parties began to flee. Alas, said Palomides, that ever I should see this day, for now have I lost all the worship that I won; and then Sir Palomides went his way wailing, and so withdrew him till he came to a well, and there he put his horse from him, and did off his armour, and wailed and wept like as he had been a wood man. Then many knights gave the prize to Sir Tristram, and there were many that gave the prize unto Sir Launcelot. Fair lords, said Sir Tristram, I thank you of the honour ye would give me, but I pray you heartily that ye would give your voice to Sir Launcelot, for by my faith, said Sir Tristram, I will give Sir Launcelot my voice. But Sir Launcelot would not have it, and so the prize was given betwixt them both.

Then every man rode to his lodging, and Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector rode with Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud unto their pavilions. Then as Sir Palomides was at the well wailing and weeping,

there came by him flying the kings of Wales and of Scotland, and they saw Sir Palomides in that arage. Alas, said they, that so noble a man as ye be should be in this array. And then those kings gat Sir Palomides' horse again, and made him to arm him and mount upon his horse, and so he rode with them, making great dole. So when Sir Palomides came nigh the pavilions thereas Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud was in, then Sir Palomides prayed the two kings to abide him there the while that he spake with Sir Tristram. And when he came to the port of the pavilions, Sir Palomides said on high: Where art thou, Sir Tristram de Liones? Sir, said Dinadan, that is Palomides. What, Sir Palomides, will ye not come in here among us? Fie on thee, traitor, said Palomides, for wit you well an it were daylight as it is night I should slay thee, mine own hands. And if ever I may get thee, said Palomides, thou shalt die for this day's deed. Sir Palomides, said Sir Tristram, ye write me with wrong, for had ye done as I did ye had won worship. But sithen ye give me so large warning I shall be well ware of you. Fie on thee, traitor, said Palomides, and therewith departed.

Then on the morn Sir Tristram, Bleoberis, and Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Gareth, Sir Dinadan, what by water and what by land, they brought La Beale Isoud unto Joyous Gard, and there reposed them a seven night, and made all the mirths and disports that they could devise. And King Arthur and his knights drew unto Camelot, and Sir Palomides rode with the two kings; and ever he made the greatest dole that any man could think, for he was not all only so dolorous for the departing from La Beale Isoud, but he was a part as sorrowful to depart from the fellowship of Sir Tristram; for Sir Tristram was so kind and so gentle that when Sir Palomides remembered him thereof he might never be merry.

CHAPTER LXXXI

HOW SIR BLEOBERIS AND SIR ECTOR REPORTED TO QUEEN GUENEVER OF THE BEAUTY OF LA BEALE ISOUD.

So at the seven nights' end Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector departed from Sir Tristram and from the queen; and these two good knights had great gifts; and Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan abode with Sir Tristram. And when Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector were come there as the Queen Guenever was lodged, in a castle by the seaside, and through the grace of God the queen was recovered of her malady, then she asked the two knights from whence they came. They said that they came from Sir Tristram and from La Beale Isoud. How doth Sir Tristram, said the queen, and La Beale Isoud? Truly, said those two knights, he doth as a noble knight should do; and as for the Queen Isoud, she is peerless of all ladies; for to speak of her beauty, bounté, and mirth, and of her goodness, we saw never her match as far as we have ridden and gone. O mercy Jesu, said Queen Guenever, so saith all the people that have seen her and spoken with her. God would that I had part of her conditions; and it is misfortuned me of my sickness while that tournament endured. And as I suppose I shall never see in all my life such an assembly of knights and ladies as ye have done.

Then the knights told her how Palomides won the degree at the first day with great noblesse; and the second day Sir Tristram won the degree; and the third day Sir Launcelot won the degree. Well, said Queen Guenever, who did best all these three days? So God me help, said these knights, Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram had least dishonour. And wit ye well Sir Palomides did passing well and mightily; but he turned against the party that he came in withal, and that caused him to lose a great part of his worship, for it seemed that Sir Palomides is passing envious. Then shall he never win worship, said Queen Guenever, for an it happeth an envious man once to win worship he shall be dishonoured twice therefore; and for this cause all men of worship hate an envious man, and will shew him no favour, and he that is courteous, and kind, and gentle, hath favour in every place.

VI

Launcelot

And thus sir Launcelott
cam into a fayre medow where he founde a pavelon. And
thereby uppon a tre hynge a whyght shylde, and two swerdys 30
hynge thereby, and two spearys lened thereby to a tre. And
whan sir Launcelot saw the swerdys, anone he lepte to the

1 *C* lyf dayes 3 *C* O Ihesu 8 *C** hooly blood *C** crist blessid mote he be but 9 *C* by a parfyte (*see note*) 15 *C* amended theire harneis as 16 *C* vpon theyr horses and 20 *C* straunge aduentures 21–22 *C* of their aduenture Here endeth the enleuenth booke And here foloweth the twelfth book Capitulum primum And now 27–28 *C** but his sherte and his breche Thus *W* but in his shurte and his breke And thus *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 155v, col. 2*) aventure amena Lancelot en braies et en chemises tout depechies a deux paveillons (*see note*) *O*[1] but in his shurte and his breke, thus 29 *C* in a 31 *C* henge to *not in* *C*† 32 *W* saw there *C** sawe the

tone swerde, and clyched that swerde in hys honde and drew hitte oute. And than he laysshed at the shylde, that all the medow range of the dyntys, that he gaff such a noyse as ten knyghtes hadde fought togydyrs.

Than cam furth a dwarff, and lepe unto sir Launcelot, and wolde have had the swerde oute of his honde. And than sir Launcelot toke hym by the bothe shuldrys and threw hym unto the grounde, that he felle uppon hys nek and had nygh brokyn hit. And therewythall the dwarff cryede helpe.

Than there com furth a lykly knyght and well apparaylede in scarlet furred with menyvere. And anone as he saw sir Launcelot he demed that he shulde be oute of hys wytte, and than he seyde wyth fayre speche,

'Good man, ley downe that swerde! For as mesemyth thou haddyst more nede of a slepe and of warme clothis than to welde that swerde.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'com nat to nyghe, for
335v and thou do, wyte thou well I woll sle the!'

And whan the knyght of the pavylon saw that, he starte bakwarde into hys pavylon. And than the dwarffe armed hym lyghtly, and so the knyght thought by force and myght to have takyn the swerde fro sir Launcelot. And so he cam steppynge uppon hym, and whan sir Launcelot saw hym com so armed wyth hys swerde in hys honde, than sir Launcelot flowghe to hym wyth suche a myght, and smote hym uppon the helme suche a buffet, that the stroke troubled his brayne, and therewythall the swerde brake in three. And the knyght felle to the erthe and semed as he had bene dede, the bloode brastynge oute of his mowthe, nose, and eares.

And than sir Launcelot ran into the pavelon, and russhed evyn into the warme bedde. And there was a lady that lay in that bedde; and anone she gate her smokke, and ran oute of the pavylon, and whan she sawe her lorde lye at the grounde lyke to be dede, than she cryed and wepte as she had bene madde. And so wyth her noyse the knyght awaked oute of his sowghe, and loked up weykly wyth his yen.

1 *C* one swerde and tooke hit in 5 *C* lepte 8–9 *C* to the ground vpon his neck that he had al moost broken his neck and there with alle 20 *C* bakward within the paulionee 21–22 *C* to take the 23 W sceppynge *C* steppynge oute and *C* 24 so alle armed 25 *C* and hytte hym 26 *C* braynes 28 and semed *not in C* 29 *C* mouthe the nose and the eres 31 that lay *not in C*

And than he asked where was that madde man whyche had yevyn hym suche a buffette, 'for suche a one had I never of mannes honde!'

'Sir,' seyde the dwarff, 'hit is nat youre worshyp to hurte hym, for he ys a man oute of his wytte; and doute ye nat he hath bene a man of grete worshyp, and for som hartely sorow that he hath takyn he ys fallyn madde. And mesemyth,' seyde the dwarff, 'that he resembelyth muche unto sir Launcelot, for hym I sawe at the turnemente of Lonezep.'

'Jesu defende,' seyde that knyght, 'that ever that noble knyght, sir Launcelot, sholde be in suche a plyght! But whatsomever he be,' seyde that knyght, 'harme woll I none do hym.'

And this knyghtes name was sir Blyaunte, the whyche seyde unto the dwarff,

'Go thou faste on horsebak unto my brother, sir Selyvaunte, whyche ys in the castell Blanke, and telle hym of myne adventure, and byd hym brynge wyth hym an horse-lytter. And than woll we beare thys knyght unto my castell.' 336r

So the dwarff rode faste, and he cam agayn and brought sir Selyvaunte wyth hym, and six men wyth an horse-lytter. And so they toke up the fethir bedde wyth sir Launcelot, and so caryed all away wyth hem unto the castell Blanke, and he never awaked tylle he was wythin the castell. And than they bounde hys handys and hys feete, and gaff hym good metys and good drynkys, and brought hym agayne to hys strengthe and his fayrenesse. But in hys wytte they cowde nat brynge hym, nother to know hymselff. And thus was sir Launcelot there more than a yere and an halff, honestely arayed and fayre faryn wythall. (2)

Than uppon a day thys lorde of that castell, sir Blyaunte, toke hys armys on horsebak wyth a speare to seke adventures. And as he rode in a foreyste there mette hym to knyghtes adventures: that one was sir Brewnys Saunze Pité, and hys brother, sir Bartelot. And thes two ran bothe at onys on sir Bleaunte and brake theyre spearys uppon hys

1 *C* asked her where *C* man that 2 *C* for suche a buffet had 4 youre *not in C* 9 *C* grete turnement besyde Lonezep 14–15 *C* Blyaunt Thenne he said 16–17 *C* Selyuaunt that is at the Castel 28 *C* hym ageyn nor to 29 *C* an half *S* a half 34 *C* the one was

body. And than they drewe there swerdys and made grete batayle, and foughte longe togydyrs. But at the laste sir Blyaunte was sore wounded and felte hymselffe faynte, and anone he fledde on horsebak towarde hys castell.

And as they cam hurlyng undir the castell, there was sir Launcelot at a wyndow, and saw how two knyghtes layde uppon sir Blyaunte wyth there swerdys. And whan sir Launcelot saw that, yet as woode as he was he was sory for hys lorde, sir Blyaunte. And than in a brayde sir Launcelot brake hys chaynes of hys leggys and of hys armys, and in the breakynge he hurte hys hondys sore; and so sir Launcelot
336v ran oute at a posterne, and there he mette wyth tho two knyghtes that chaced syr Blyaunte. And there he pulled downe sir Bartelot wyth his bare hondys frome hys horse, and therewythall he wrothe oute the swerde oute of hys honde, and so he lepe unto sir Brewse and gaff hym suche a buffette upon the hede that he tumbeled bakwarde over hys horse croupe.

And whan sir Bartelot saw hys brother have suche a buffet he gate a speare in hys honde, and wolde have renne sir Launcelot thorow. And that saw sir Blyaunte and strake of the hande of sir Bartelot. And than sir Brewse and sir Bartelot gate there horsis and fledde away as faste as they myght.

So whan sir Selyvaunte cam and saw what sir Launcelot had done for hys brother, than he thanked God, and so ded hys brother, that ever they ded hym ony good. But whan sir Blyaunte sawe that sir Launcelot was hurte wyth the brekynge of hys irons, than was he h[e]vy that ever he bounde hym.

'I pray you, brother, sir Selyvaunte, bynde hym no more, for he ys happy and gracyous.'

Than they made grete joy of sir Launcelot, and [they bounde hym no more. And] so he bode thereaff⟨t⟩ir an halff yere and more.

1 *C* drewe oute swerdes 5–6 *C* Castel where as sir launcelot lay in a 9 in a brayde *not in C*† 10 *C* brake the chaynes fro his legges 15 *C* wrothe hys suerd out of 16 *C* lepte 19 *C* sawe there his 19–20 *C* suche a falle he gat 23–24 as fast as they myght *not in C*† 25 *C* Selyuauut *S* Selyuaunt 29 *W* hovy 30–31 *C*† hym bynde hym no more said syr Selyuaunt for 33–34 *Not emended in O*[1] 34 *C* & soo he abode there an half

And so on a morne sir Launcelot was ware where cam a grete bore wyth many houndys afftir hym, but the boore was so bygge ther myght no houndys tary hym. And so the hunters cam aftir, blowynge there hornys, bothe uppon horse-backe and som uppon foote, and than sir Launcelot was ware where one alyght and tyed hys horse tylle a tre and lened hys speare ayenst the tre. So there cam syr Launcelot and (3) founde the horse, and a good swerde tyed to the sadyll bowe, and anone sir Launcelot lepe into the sadyll and gate that speare in hys honde, and than he rode faste aftir the boore.

And anone he was ware where he sate, and his ars to a 337r roche, faste by an ermytayge. And than sir Launcelot ran at the boore wyth hys speare and all to-shyvird his speare. And therewyth the boore turned hym lyghtly, and rove oute the longys and the harte of the horse, that sir Launcelot felle to the erthe; and, or ever he myght gete frome hys horse, the bore smote hym on the brawne of the thyghe up unto the howghe-boone. And than sir Launcelot was wrothe, and up he gate uppon hys feete, and toke hys swerde and smote of the borys hede at one stroke.

And therewythall cam oute the ermyte and saw hym have suche a wounde. Anone he meaned hym, and wolde have had hym home unto his ermytage. But whan sir Launcelot harde hym speake, he was so wrothe wyth hys wounde that he ran uppon the ermyte to have slayne hym. Than the ermyte ran away, and whan sir Launcelot myght nat over-gete hym he threw his swerde aftir hym, for he myght no farther for bledynge. Than the ermyte turned agayne and asked sir Launcelot how he was hurte.

'A, my fealow,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'this boore hath byttyn me sore!'

'Than com ye wyth me,' seyde the ermyte, 'and I shall heale you.'

1 *C* on the morne erly syr 2 *C* houndes nyghe hym 3 *C* tere hym 6 *C* to a tree 8 *C** hors bounden tyl a tree & a spere lenyng ageynst a tree & a swerd 9 *C* lepte 10 faste *not in C* 11–12 *C* & thenne syre laũcelot was ware where the bore set his ars to a tree fast 13 and all to-shyvird his speare *not in C*† (*homoeoteleuton*) 14 *C* hym nemly & rafe out 15 *C* hors so that 16 *C* euer sire launcelot myȝt gete from the hors 17 *C* bore rafe hym *C* vp to 19 *C* & drewe his swerd & he 22 *C** wound thenne the heremyte came to sir launcelot and bemoned hym 27–28 *C* for syr launcelot myght thoꝗ no ferther 30 A my *not in C* 31 *C*† beten 32 ye *not in C*

'Go thy way,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and deale nat wyth me!'

Than the ermyte ran his way, and there he mette wyth a goodly knyght ⌜wyth many men⌝.

5 'Sir,' seyde the ermyte, 'here is faste by my place the goodlyest man that ever I sawe, and he ys sore wounded wyth a boore, and yet he hath slayne the bore. But well I wote,' seyde the good man, 'and he be nat holpyn, he shall dye of that wounde, and that were grete pité.'

10 Than that knyght at the desyre of the ermyte gate a carte, and therein he put the boore and sir Launcelot; for he was so fyeble that thei myght ryght easyly deale with hym. And so sir Launcelot was brought unto the ermytayge, and there the ermyte healed hym of hys wounde. But the ermyte myght
337v 15 nat fynde hym his sustenaunce, and so he empeyred and wexed fyeble bothe of body and of hys wytte: for defaute of sustenaunce he waxed more wooder than he was aforetyme.

And than uppon a day sir Launcelot ran his way into the
20 foreyste; and by the adventure he com to the cité of Corbyn where dame Elayne was, that bare Galahad, sir Launcelottys sonne. And so whan he was entyrde into the towne he ran thorow the towne to the castell; and than all the yonge men of that cité ran aftir sir Launcelot, and there they threwe
25 turvis at hym and gaff hym many sad strokys. And ever as sir Launcelot myght reche ony of them, he threw them so that they wolde never com in hys hondes no more, for of som he brake the leggys and armys.

And so he fledde into the castell, and than cam oute
30 knyghtes and squyars and rescowed sir Launcelot. Whan they behylde hym and loked uppon hys persone, they thought they never sawe so goodly a man. And whan they sawe so many woundys uppon hym, they demed that he had bene a man of worshyp. And than they ordayned hym clothis to hys

4 *C** good knyghte with many men *F* (*MS. Add.* 5474, . 157v, *col.* 1) si s'en vait jusc'al recet d'un chevalier si prent jusc'a six serjans 8 *C* sayd the heremyte *C* holpen that goodly man shall 11 *C* and in that carte that knyghte putte *C* for sir laũcelot was 15 *C* fynde syr launcelots sustenaunce 16 *C* of his body 16–17 *C* for the defaute of his sustenaunce 18 *C* afore hand 26 *C* myghte ouer retche 28 *C* & the armes 32 *C* sawe neuer 33 *C* alle they

body, and straw and lytter undir the gate of the castell to lye in. And so every day they wolde throw hym mete and set hym drynke, but there was but feaw that wolde brynge hym mete to hys hondys.

So hit befelle that kyng Pelles had a neveaw whos name 5 (4)
was Caster; and so he desyred of the kynge to be made knyght, and at hys owne rekeyste the kynge made hym knyght at the feste of Candylmasse. And whan sir Castor was made knyght, that same day he gaff many gownys. And than sir Castor sente for the foole, whych was sir Launcelot; 10
and whan he was cam afore sir Castor, he gaff sir Launcelot a robe of scarlet and all that longed unto hym. And whan sir Launcelot was so arayed lyke a knyght, he was the semelyeste man in all the courte, and none so well made.

So whan he sye hys tyme he wente into the gardyne, and 15 **338r**
there he layde hym downe by a welle and slepte. And so at aftir none dame Elayne and her maydyns cam into the gardyne to sporte them. And as they romed up and downe one of dame Elaynes maydens aspyed where lay a goodly man by the well slepynge. 20

'Peas,' seyde dame Elayne, 'and sey no worde, but shew me that man where he lyeth.'

So anone she brought dame Elayne where he lay. And whan that she behylde hym, anone she felle in remembraunce of hym and knew hym veryly for sir Launcelot. And there- 25
wythall she felle on wepynge so hartely that she sanke evyn to the erthe. And whan she had thus wepte a grete whyle, than she arose and called her maydyns and seyde she was syke. And so she yode oute of the gardyne as streyte to her fadir as she cowde, and there she toke hym by herselff aparte; and 30
than she seyde,

'A, my dere fadir! now I have nede of your helpe, and but yf that ye helpe me now, farewell my good dayes forever!'

1–2 *C* strawe vndernethe hym and a lytel hous† And thēne euery 3 that *not in C* 5 *C* neuewe his name 7 *C* knyghte & so atte request of this Castor the kynge 10 *C* that was 16 *C* there syre launcelot leid 18 *C* to playe them 20 *C** slepynge and anone shewed hym to dame Elayne *F* (*MS. Add. 5474, f. 158r, col. 1*) et la ou ele vit la fille au roi Pelles si li dist: "Dame, se vous voliés veir le plus biel home del monde, jou le vous mousterroie." 21–22 but shew me that man where he lyeth *not in C*† 28 *W* sheyde she 29–30 *C* yede out of the gardyn & she wente streyghte to her fader & there she toke hym a parte by her self 32 *C* O fader now haue I nede 33 now *not in C*

'What ys that, doughter?' seyde kynge Pelles.

'In youre gardyne I was to sporte me, and there, by the welle, I founde sir Launcelot du Lake slepynge.'

'I may nat byleve hit!' seyde kynge Pelles.

5 'Truly, sir, he ys there!' she seyde. 'And mesemyth he shulde be yet distracke oute of hys wytte.'

'Than holde you stylle,' seyde the kynge, 'and lat me deale.'

Than the kynge called unto hym suche as he moste trusted, a four persones, and dame Elayne, hys doughter, and 10 dame Brusen, her servaunte. And whan they cam to the welle and behylde sir Launcelot, anone dame Brusen seyde to the kynge,

'We muste be wyse how we deale wyth hym, for thys knyght ys oute of hys mynde, and yf we awake hym rudely, 15 what he woll do we all know nat. And therefore abyde ye a whyle, and I shall throw an inchauntemente uppon hym, that he shall nat awake of an owre.'

And so she ded, and than the kynge commaunded that all 338v people shulde avoyde, that none shulde be in that way thereas 20 the kynge wolde com. And so whan thys was done thes four men and thes ladyes layde honde on sir Launcelot, and so they bare hym into a towre, and so into a chambir where was the holy vessell of the Sankgreall. And byfore that holy vessell sir Launcelot was layde. And there cam an holy 25 man and unhylled that vessell, and so by myracle and by vertu of that holy vessell sir Launcelot was heled and recoverde.

And as sone as he was awaked he groned and syghed, and complayned hym sore of hys woodnes and strokys that he (5) 30 had had. And as sone as sir Launcelot saw kynge Pelles and dame Elayne, he waxed ashamed and seyde thus:

'A, Lorde Jesu, how cam I hydir? For Goddys sake, my fayre lorde, lat me wyte how that I cam hydir.'

2 *C** Sir she said thus is it in your gardyn I went for to sporte and 4 *C* bileue that 5 *C* syre she said truly he is there & 6 *C* be distracte 9–10 and dame Brusen her servaunte *not in C*† 11–13 *C* Brysen knewe hym Sire saide dame Brysen we 15–16 *C* not But ye shal abyde and I 16 *C* suche an 17 *C* within the space of an houre 18 *C* Thenne within a lytel whyle after the kyng 23–24 *C*† and by force syr launcelot was leid by that holy vessel and there (*see note*) 28 *C* And whanne that he 29–30 *C*† complayned gretely that he was passynge sore Capitulum V And whanne sir 32 *C* how came I here 33 fayre *not in C* *C* came here

'Sir,' seyde dame Elayne, 'into thys contrey ye cam lyke a mased man, clene oute of youre wytte. And here have ye ben kepte as a foole, and no cryature here knew what ye were, untyll by fortune a mayden of myne brought me unto you whereas ye lay slepynge by a well. And anone as I veryly behylde you [I knewe you]. Than I tolde my fadir, and so were ye brought afore thys holy vessell, and by the vertu of hit thus were ye healed.'

'A, Jesu, mercy!' seyde sir Launcelot. 'Yf this be sothe, how many be there that knowyth of my woodnes?'

'So God me helpe,' seyde dame Elayne, 'no mo but my fadir, and I, and dame Brusen.'

'Now, for Crystes love,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'kepe hit counceyle and lat no man knowe hit in the worlde! For I am sore ashamed that I have be myssefortuned, for I am banysshed the contrey of [Logrys for ever.' (That is for to sey the contrey of] Inglonde).

And so sir Launcelot lay more than a fourtenyght or ever that he myght styrre for sorenes. And than uppon a day he seyde unto dame Elayne thes wordis:

'Fayre lady Elayne, for youre sake I have had muche care and angwyshe, hit nedyth nat to reherse hit, ye know how. **339r** Natwythstondynge I know well I have done fowle to you whan that I drew my swerde to you to have slayne you uppon the morne aftir whan that I had layne wyth you. And all was for the cause that ye and dame Brusen made me for to lye be you magry myne hede. And as ye sey, sir Galahad, your sonne, was begotyn.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde dame Elayne.

'Than woll ye for my sake', seyde sir Launcelot, 'go ye unto youre fadir and gete me a place of hym wherein I may dwelle? For in the courte of kynge Arthure may I never com.'

'Sir,' seyde dame Eleyne, 'I woll lyve and dye wyth you, only for youre sake; and yf my lyff myght nat avayle you and

2 *C* a madde man 6 *C** beheld yow I knewe yow And thenne 10 *C* there be that knowen 13–14 *C* hit in counceylle 15 *C* ben thus myscaryed for 16 *C* bannysshed oute of the 16–17 *Not emended in O*[1] 21 Fayre *not in C* *C** moche trauaill care 25 *C* morn whan 25–26 *C* was the 27 *C* saye that nyght Galahalt 30 *C* Now wille ye for my loue said 30–31 *C** goo vnto 35 *C* anaile *S* auaile

my dethe myght avayle you, wyte you well I wolde dye for youre sake. And I woll to my fadir, and I am ryght sure there ys [no]thynge that I can desyre of hym but I shall have hit. And wher ye be, [my] lorde sir Launcelot, doute ye nat but I woll be wyth you, wyth all the servyse that I may do.'

So furthwythall she wente to her fadir and sayde,

'Sir, my lorde sir Launcelot desyreth to be hyre by you in som castell off youres.'

'Well, doughter,' seyde the kynge, 'sytthyn hit is his desyre to abyde in this marchis, he shall be in the castell of Blyaunte, and there shall ye be wyth hym, and twenty of the fayryste yonge ladyes that bene in thys contrey, and they shall be all of the grettyst blood in this contrey; and ye shall have twenty knyghtes wyth you. For, doughter, I woll that ye wyte we all be honowred by the blood of sir Launcelot.'

(6) Than wente dame Elayne unto sir Launcelot and tolde hym all how her fadir had devysed. Than cam a knyght whyche was called sir Castor, that was neveaw unto kynge Pelles, and he cam unto sir Launcelot and asked hym what was hys name.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'my name ys Le Shyvalere Ill
339v Mafeete, that ys to sey "the knyght that hath trespassed".'

'Sir,' seyde sir Castor, 'hit may well be so, but ever mesemyth youre name shulde be sir Launcelot du Lake, for or now I have seyne you.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye ar nat jantyll, for I put a case that my name were sir Launcelot and that hyt lyste me nat to dyscover my name, what shulde hit greve you here to kepe my counsell and ye nat hurte thereby? But wyte you well, and ever hit lye in my power, I shall greve you, and ever I mete with you in my way!'

Than sir Castor kneled adowne and besought sir Launcelot of mercy: 'for I shall never uttir what ye be whyle that ye ar in thys partyes.'

2 *C* wille go to ryght *not in C* 9 is *not in S* 12 yonge *not in C* 13 *C* alle be of the grete blood in this contrey *not in C* 14 *C*† haue ten knyghtes 18–19 *C* deuysed for hym and her Thenne cam the kny3t syr 20 and he cam *not in C*† 22–23 *C* le cheualer malfet 27–28 *C* not as a gentyl kny3t I put caas my name 31–33 *C* greue yow & that I promyse you truly Thenne 34 that *not in S* 35 *C* be in these

Than sir Launcelot pardowned hym. And so kynge Pelles wyth twenty knyghtes and dame Elayne wyth her twenty ladyes rode unto the castel of Blyaunte that stood in an ilonde beclosed envyrowne wyth a fayre watir deep and layrge. And whan they were there sir Launcelot lat calle hit the Joyus Ile; and there was he called none otherwyse but Le Shyvalere Mafete, 'the knyght that hath trespast'.

Than sir Launcelot lete make hym a shylde all of sable, and a quene crowned in the myddis of sylver, and a knyght clene armed knelynge afore her. And every day onys, for ony myrthis that all the ladyes myght make hym, he wolde onys every day loke towarde the realme of Logrys, where kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyver was, and than wolde he falle uppon a wepyng as hys harte shulde to-braste.

So hit befelle that tyme sir Launcelot harde of a justynge faste by, wythin three leagis. Than he called unto hym a dwarff, and he bade hym go unto that justynge:

'And or ever the knyghtes departe, loke that thou make there a cry, in hyrynge of all knyghtes, that there ys one knyght in Joyus Ile, whyche ys the castell of Blyaunte, and sey that hys name ys Le Shyvalere Mafete, that woll juste ayenst knyghtes all that woll com. And who that puttyth that knyght **340r** to the wars, he shall have a fayre maydyn and a jarfawcon.'

So whan this cry was cryed, unto Joyus Ile drew the (7) numbir of fyve hondred knyghtes. And wyte you well there was never seyne in kynge Arthurs dayes one knyght that ded so muche dedys of armys as sir Launcelot ded tho three dayes togydyrs. For, as the boke makyth truly mencyon, he had the bettir of all the fyve hondred knyghtes, and there was nat one slayne of them. And aftir that sir Launcelot made them all a grete feste.

And in the meanewhyle cam sir Percyvale de Galys and sir Ector de Marys undir that castell whyche was called the Joyus Ile. And as they behylde that gay castell they wolde

1 *C* hym And thenne after this kynge 2 *C* x knyghtes (*cf. p. 826, l. 14*) *C* Elayne and twenty 4 *C*† beclosed in yron with 7 *C* Le chevaler malfet 9 *C* myddes alle of 16 *C* by his Castel within 18 that *not in C* 19 *C* alle the knyghtes *S* alle knyghtes 21 *C* le cheualer malfet 22 all *not in C* 23 he *not in C* 24 *C* was made 24–25 *C* drewe knyghtes to the nomber of fyue honderd and 27 tho *not in C* 33 *P* Castel th t was *R* Castel that was

have gone to that castell, but they myght nat for the brode watir, and brydge coude they fynde none. Than were they ware on the othir syde where stoode a lady wyth a sparhawke on her honde, and sir Percyvale called unto her and asked that lady who was in that castell.

'Fayre knyghtes,' she seyde, 'here wythin thys castell ys the fayryste lady in thys londe, and her name is dame Elayne. Also we have in thys castell one of the fayryste knyghtes and the myghtyest man that ys, I dare sey, lyvynge, and he callyth hymselff Le Shyvalere Mafete.'

'How cam he into thys marchys?' seyde sir Percyvale.

'Truly,' seyde the damesell, 'he cam into thys contrey lyke a madde man, wyth doggys and boyes chasynge hym thorow the cyté of Corbyn, and by the holy vessell of the Sankgreall he was brought into hys wytte agayne. But he woll nat do batayle wyth no knyght but by undirne or noone. And yf ye lyste to com into the castell,' seyde the lady, 'ye must ryde unto the farther syde of the castell, and there shall ye fynde a vessell that woll beare you and youre horse.'

Than they departed and cam unto the vessell; and than sir Percyvale alyght, and sayde unto sir Ector de Marys,

340v 'Ye shall abyde me hyre untyll that I wyte what maner a knyght he ys. For hit were shame unto us, inasmuche as he ys but one knyght, and w[e] shulde bothe do batayle wyth hym.'

'Do as ye lyste,' seyde syr Ector, 'and here I shall abyde you untyll that I hyre off you.'

Than passed sir Percyvale the water, and whan he cam to the castell gate he seyde unto the porter,

'Go thou to [the] good knyght of this castell and telle hym hyre ys com an arraunte knyght to juste wyth hym.'

Than the porter yode in and cam agayne and bade hym ryde into the comyn place 'thereas the justynge shall be, where lordys and ladyes may beholde you'.

And so anone as sir Launcelot had a warnynge he was

2–3 *C* Thenne they sawe on 3 where stoode *not in C* 7 dame *not in C* 8 one of *not in C* *C* knyghte 10 *C* called *C* le cheualer mal fett 16 *C* or by none 28 *C* Percyual *S* Percyuale 29–30 *C* he bad the porter goo 30 *C* knyghte within the Castel 31 *C* come *S* comen 31–34 *C*† hym Sir said the porter ryde ye within the Castel and there is a comyn place for Iustynge that lordes

sone redy, and there sir Percyvale and sir Launcelot were com bothe. They encountirde wyth suche a myght, and there spearys were so rude, that bothe the horsys and the knyghtys fell to the grounde. Than they avoyded there horsys, and flange oute there noble swerdys, and hew away many cantels of there shyldys, and so hurteled togydyrs lyke two borys. And aythir wounded othir passynge sore, and so at the laste sir Percyvale spake fyrste, whan they had foughtyn there longe more than two owres.

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'I requyre you of youre knyghthode to telle me youre name, for I mette never wyth suche another knyght.'

'Sir, as for my name,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll nat hyde hyt frome you, but my name ys Le Shyvalere Mafete. Now telle me your name,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I requyre you.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'my name ys sir Percyvale de Galys, that was brothir unto the good knyght sir Lamorak de Galys, and kynge Pellynor was oure fadir, and sir Agglovale ys my brothir.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what have I done to fyght wyth you whyche ar a knyght of the Table Round! And **341r** somtyme I was youre [felawe].'

And therewythall sir Launcelot kneled downe uppon hys (8) kneys and threwe away hys shylde and hys swerde from hym. Whan sir Percyvale sawe hym do so he mervayled what he meaned, and than he seyde thus:

'Sir knyght, whatsomever ⟨y⟩e be, I requyre you uppon the hyghe Order of Knyghthode to telle me youre trewe name.'

Than he answerde and seyde, 'So God me helpe, my name ys sir Launcelot du Lake, kynge Bannys son of Benoy.'

'Alas!' than seyde sir Percyvale, 'what have I now done? For I was sente by the quene for to seke you, and so I have sought you nygh thys two yere, and yondir ys sir Ector de

1–2 *C*† launcelot encountred 4 *C* to the erthe 5 there *not in C* 6 many *not in C* *C* to gyder with their sheldes lyke 9 longe *not in C* 10 Now *not in C* 10–11 *C* requyre the telle me thy name 12 *C* suche a knyghte 13–14 *C* Sir said syr launcelot my name is le cheueler mal fet 15 *C** yow gentyl knyghte 21–22 *C* round that somtyme was 26 *C* thus he said 27 *W* he be *C* thow be 28 to *not in C* *C* thy true 30 answerde and *not in C* 32 now *not in C* 33 For *not in C*

Marys, youre brothir, whyche abydyth me on the yondir syde of the watyr. And therefore, for Goddys sake,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'forgyffe me myne offencys that I have here done.'

'Sir, hyt ys sone forgyvyn,' seyde sir Launcelot.

Than sir Percyvale sente for sir Ector de Marys, and whan sir Launcelot had a syght of hym he ran unto hym and toke hym in hys armys; and than sir Ector kneled downe, and aythir wepte uppon othir, that all men had pité to beholde them.

Than cam forthe dame Elayne. And she made them grete chere as myght be made, and there she tolde sir Ector and sir Percyvale how and in what maner sir Launcelot cam into that countrey and how he was heled. And there hyt was knowyn how longe sir Launcelot was with sir Blyaunte and wyth sir Selyvaunte, and how he fyrste mette wyth them, [and how he] departed frome them bycause he was hurte wyth a boore, and how the ermyte healed hym off hys grete wounde, and how that he cam to the cité of Corbyn.

(9) Now leve we sir Launcelot in Joyus Ile wyth hys lady, dame
341v Elayne, and sir Per[cy]vayle and sir Ector playynge wyth them, and now turne we unto sir Bors de Ganys and unto sir Lyonell that had sought sir Launcelot long, nye by the space of two yere, and never coude they hyre of hym. And as they thus rode, by adventure they cam to the house of kynge Brandegorys, and there sir Bors was well knowyn, for he had gotyn a chylde uppon the kynges doughtir fyftene yere tofore, and hys name was Elyne le Blanke. And whan sir Bors sawe that chylde he lyked hym passynge well. And so thoo knyghtes had good chere of kynge Brandegorys. [And on the morne sir Bors came afore kynge Brandegorys] and seyde,

'Here ys my sonne Elyne le Blanke, and syth hyt ys so, I wyll that ye wyte I woll have hym wyth me unto the courte of kynge Arthur.'

1 whyche *not in C* 1–2 *C* the yonder water Now for 5 Sir *not in C* 9 men *not in C* 11 forth *not in C* 12 *C* myghte lye in her power and 17–18 *C* by cause of a bore 18 *C* heled syre launcelot of 19 the cite of *not in C* 20 *C* with the lady 22–23 *C* and sire Lyonel 23 long *not in C* 29 *C*† child hit lyked 33 *C** blanck that as it is sayd he is my sone And sythe

'Sir,' seyde the kynge, 'ye may well take hym wyth you, but he ys as yet over tendir of ayge.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Bors, 'yet I woll have hym wythe me and brynge hym to the howse of moste worshyp in the worlde.'

So whan sir Bors shulde departe there was made grete sorow for the departynge of Helyne le Blanke. But at the laste they departed, and wythin a whyle they cam unto Camelot whereas was kynge Arthure. And so whan kynge Arthure undirstoode that Helyne le Blanke was sir Bors son and neveaw unto kynge Brandegorys, than kynge Arthure let make hym knyghte of the Rounde Table. And so he preved a good knyghte and an adventurus.

AND NOW WOLL WE TO OURE MATER OF SIR LAUNCELOT.

So hyt befelle on a day that sir Ector and sir Percyvale cam unto sir Launcelot and asked of hym what he wolde do, and whethir he wolde go wyth them unto kynge Arthure.

'Nay,' seyde sir Launcelott, 'that may I nat do by no meane, for I was so vengeabely deffended the courte that I **342r** caste me never to com there more.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Ector, 'I am youre brothir, and ye ar the man in the worlde that I love moste. And yf I undirstoode that hyt were youre dysworshyp, ye may undirstonde that I wolde never counceyle you thereto. But kynge Arthure and all hys knyghtes, and in especiall quene Gwenyver, makyth suche dole and sorow for you that hyt ys mervayle to hyre and se. And ye muste remembir the grete worshyp and renowne that ye be off, how that ye have bene more spokyn of than ony othir knyght that ys now lyvynge; for there ys none that beryth the name now but ye and sir Trystram. And therefore, brother,' seyde sir Ector, 'make you redy to [ryde to] the courte wyth us. And I dare sey and make hyt good,' seyde sir Ector, 'hyt hath coste my lady the quene twenty thousand pounds the sekynge of you.'

2 as yet *not in C* 3 yet *not in C* 6–7 *C** blanck and grete wepynge was there made But sire Bors and syre Lyonel departed 8 *C* where was 9 *C*† kynge Bors 11 *C*† lete hym make knyghte 14 *C* vpon a day syr Ector 15 of *not in C* 16 *C* Arthur or not 17 *C* may not be by 18 *C* so venetreted at the (*see note*) 23 wolde (*C* wold) *not in S* 25 *C* maade sorowe that hit was 31–32 *C** say there was neuer knyghte better welcome to the court than ye and I wote wel and can make it good 32–33 *S* lady Quene

'Welle, brothir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll do aftir youre counceyle and ryde wyth you.'

So than they toke [their horses] and made redy, and anone they toke there leve at kynge Pelles and at dame Elayne. And whan sir Launcelot shulde departe dame Elayne mad grete sorow.

'My lorde, sir Launcelot,' seyde dame Elayne, 'thys same feste of Pentecoste shall youre sonne and myne, Galahad, be made knyght, for he ys now fully fyftene wynter olde.'

'Madame, do as ye lyste,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and God gyff hym grace to preve a good knyght.'

'As for that,' seyde dame Elayne, 'I doute nat he shall preve the beste man of hys kynne excepte one.'

'Than shall he be a good man inowghe,' seyde sir Launcelot.

(10) So anone they departed, and wythin fyftene dayes journey they cam unto Camelot, that ys in Englyshe calle[d] Wynchester. And whan sir Launcelot was com amonge them, 342v the kynge and all the knyghtes made grete joy of hys homecommynge.

And there sir Percyvale and sir Ector de Marys began and tolde the hole adventures: how sir Launcelot had bene oute of hys mynde in the tyme of hys abcence, and how he called hymselff Le Shyvalere Mafete, 'the knyght that had trespast'; and in three dayes wythin Joyus Ile sir Launcelot smote downe fyve hondred knyghtes. And ever as sir Ector and sir Percyvale tolde thes talys of sir Launcelot, quene Gwenyver wepte as she shulde have dyed. Than the quene made hym grete chere.

'A, Jesu!' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I mervayle for what cause ye, sir Launcelot, wente oute of youre mynde. For I and many othir deme hyt was for the love of fayre Elayne, the doughtir of kynge Pelles, by whom ye ar noysed that ye have gotyn a chylde, and hys name ys Galahad. And men sey that he shall do many mervaylouse thyngys.'

3–4 *C* made them redy and took (*see note*) 7 *C* Elayne at this 10 Madame *not in C* 14 *C* a man good ynough 16 *C* within fyue dayes 17–18 *C* is called in Englyssh 19–21 *C* of hym And 21 *C* Percyual de galys 22 *C* aduentures that syre 23 *C* out *S* oute in *not in C*† 24 *C* le cheueler malefet 25 wythin Joyus Ile *not in C*† 29 hym *not in C*† 30 *C* O Ihesu 31 For *not in C* 34–p. 833, l. 1 *C* doo merueylles My

'My lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'yf I ded ony foly I have that I sought.'

And therewythall the kynge spake no more. But all sir Launcelottys kynnesmen knew for whom he wente oute of hys mynde. And than there was made grete feystys, and grete joy was there amonge them. And all lordys and ladyes made grete joy whan they harde how sir Launcelot was com agayne unto the courte.

NOW WOLL WE LEVE OF THYS MATER, AND SPEKE WE OFF SIR (11) ⌜TRYSTRAM⌝ AND OF SIR PALOMYDES THAT WAS THE SAREZEN UNCRYSTYNDE.

4 *C* launcelots kynne knewe 5–7 *C* there were grete feestes made and grete Ioye & many grete lordes and ladyes whanne they herd that sir launcelot was come to the Courte ageyne they made grete ioye Capitulum xi 9–10 *W* speke we off sir Launcelot *C** speke we of sire Tristram (*so in F*)

BOOK XII

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT IN HIS MADNESS TOOK A SWORD AND FOUGHT WITH A KNIGHT, AND LEAPT IN A BED.

Thus as Sir Launcelot wandered here and there he came in a fair meadow where he found a pavilion; and there by, upon a tree, there hung a white shield, and two swords hung thereby, and two spears leaned there by a tree. And when Sir Launcelot saw the swords, anon he leapt to the one sword, and took it in his hand, and drew it out. And then he lashed at the shield, that all the meadow rang of the dints, that he gave such a noise as ten knights had foughten together.

Then came forth a dwarf, and leapt unto Sir Launcelot, and would have had the sword out of his hand. And then Sir Launcelot took him by the both shoulders and threw him to the ground upon his neck, that he had almost broken his neck; and therewithal the dwarf cried help. Then came forth a likely knight, and well apparelled in scarlet furred with minever. And anon as he saw Sir Launcelot he deemed that he should be out of his wit. And then he said with fair speech: Good man, lay down that sword, for as meseemeth thou hadst more need of sleep and of warm clothes than to wield that sword. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, come not too nigh, for an thou do, wit thou well I will slay thee.

And when the knight of the pavilion saw that, he stert backward within the pavilion. And then the dwarf armed him lightly; and so the knight thought by force and might to take the sword

from Sir Launcelot, and so he came stepping out; and when Sir Launcelot saw him come so all armed with his sword in his hand, then Sir Launcelot flew to him with such a might, and hit him upon the helm such a buffet, that the stroke troubled his brains, and therewith the sword brake in three. And the knight fell to the earth as he had been dead, the blood brasting out of his mouth, the nose, and the ears. And then Sir Launcelot ran into the pavilion, and rushed even into the warm bed; and there was a lady in that bed, and she gat her smock, and ran out of the pavilion. And when she saw her lord lie at the ground like to be dead, then she cried and wept as she had been mad. Then with her noise the knight awaked out of his swoon, and looked up weakly with his eyes; and then he asked her, where was that mad man that had given him such a buffet: For such a buffet had I never of man's hand. Sir, said the dwarf, it is not worship to hurt him, for he is a man out of his wit; and doubt ye not he hath been a man of great worship, and for some heartly sorrow that he hath taken, he is fallen mad; and me beseemeth, said the dwarf, he resembleth much unto Sir Launcelot, for him I saw at the great tournament beside Lonazep. Jesu defend, said that knight, that ever that noble knight, Sir Launcelot, should be in such a plight; but whatsomever he be, said that knight, harm will I none do him: and this knight's name was Bliant. Then he said unto the dwarf: Go thou fast on horseback, unto my brother Sir Selivant, that is at the Castle Blank, and tell him of mine adventure, and bid him bring with him an horse litter, and then will we bear this knight unto my castle.

CHAPTER II

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS CARRIED IN AN HORSE LITTER, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RESCUED SIR BLIANT, HIS HOST.

So the dwarf rode fast, and he came again and brought Sir Selivant with him, and six men with an horse litter; and so they took up the feather bed with Sir Launcelot, and so carried all away with them unto the Castle Blank, and he never awaked till he was within the castle. And then they bound his hands and his feet, and gave him good meats and good drinks, and brought him again to his strength and his fairness; but in his wit they could not bring him again, nor to know himself. Thus was Sir Launcelot there more than a year and a half, honestly arrayed and fair faren withal.

Then upon a day this lord of that castle, Sir Bliant, took his arms, on horseback, with a spear, to seek adventures. And as he rode in a forest there met with him two knights adventurous, the one was Breuse Saunce Pité, and his brother, Sir Bertelot; and these two ran both at once upon Sir Bliant, and brake their spears upon his body. And then they drew out swords and made great battle, and fought long together. But at the last Sir Bliant was sore wounded, and felt himself faint; and then he fled on horseback toward his castle. And as they came hurling under the castle whereas Sir Launcelot lay in a window, he saw how two knights laid upon Sir Bliant with their swords. And when Sir Launcelot saw that, yet as wood as he was he was sorry for his lord, Sir Bliant. And then Sir Launcelot brake the chains from his legs and off his arms, and in the breaking he hurt his hands sore; and so Sir Launcelot ran out at a postern, and there he met with the two knights that chased Sir Bliant; and there he pulled down Sir Bertelot with his bare hands from his horse, and therewithal he wrothe his sword out of his hand; and so he leapt unto Sir Breuse, and gave him such a buffet upon the head that he tumbled backward over his horse's croup. And when Sir Bertelot saw there his brother have such a

fall, he gat a spear in his hand, and would have run Sir Launcelot through: that saw Sir Bliant, and struck off the hand of Sir Bertelot. And then Sir Breuse and Sir Bertelot gat their horses and fled away.

When Sir Selivant came and saw what Sir Launcelot had done for his brother, then he thanked God, and so did his brother, that ever they did him any good. But when Sir Bliant saw that Sir Launcelot was hurt with the breaking of his irons, then was he heavy that ever he bound him. Bind him no more, said Sir Selivant, for he is happy and gracious. Then they made great joy of Sir Launcelot, and they bound him no more; and so he abode there an half year and more. And on the morn early Sir Launcelot was ware where came a great boar with many hounds nigh him. But the boar was so big there might no hounds tear him; and the hunters came after, blowing their horns, both upon horseback and some upon foot; and then Sir Launcelot was ware where one alighted and tied his horse to a tree, and leaned his spear against the tree.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT FOUGHT AGAINST A BOAR AND SLEW HIM, AND HOW HE WAS HURT, AND BROUGHT UNTO AN HERMITAGE.

So came Sir Launcelot and found the horse bounden till a tree, and a spear leaning against a tree, and a sword tied to the saddle bow; and then Sir Launcelot leapt into the saddle and gat that spear in his hand, and then he rode after the boar; and then Sir Launcelot was ware where the boar set his arse to a tree fast by an hermitage. Then Sir Launcelot ran at the boar with his spear, and therewith the boar turned him nimbly, and rove out the lungs and the heart of the horse, so that Launcelot fell to the earth; and, or ever Sir Launcelot might get from the horse, the boar rove him on the brawn of the thigh up to the hough bone. And then Sir Launcelot

was wroth, and up he gat upon his feet, and drew his sword, and he smote off the boar's head at one stroke. And therewithal came out the hermit, and saw him have such a wound. Then the hermit came to Sir Launcelot and bemoaned him, and would have had him home unto his hermitage; but when Sir Launcelot heard him speak, he was so wroth with his wound that he ran upon the hermit to have slain him, and the hermit ran away. And when Sir Launcelot might not overget him, he threw his sword after him, for Sir Launcelot might go no further for bleeding; then the hermit turned again, and asked Sir Launcelot how he was hurt. Fellow, said Sir Launcelot, this boar hath bitten me sore. Then come with me, said the hermit, and I shall heal you. Go thy way, said Sir Launcelot, and deal not with me.

Then the hermit ran his way, and there he met with a good knight with many men. Sir, said the hermit, here is fast by my place the goodliest man that ever I saw, and he is sore wounded with a boar, and yet he hath slain the boar. But well I wot, said the hermit, and he be not holpen, that goodly man shall die of that wound, and that were great pity. Then that knight at the desire of the hermit gat a cart, and in that cart that knight put the boar and Sir Launcelot, for Sir Launcelot was so feeble that they might right easily deal with him; and so Sir Launcelot was brought unto the hermitage, and there the hermit healed him of his wound. But the hermit might not find Sir Launcelot's sustenance, and so he impaired and waxed feeble, both of his body and of his wit: for the default of his sustenance he waxed more wooder than he was aforehand.

And then upon a day Sir Launcelot ran his way into the forest; and by adventure he came to the city of Corbin, where Dame Elaine was, that bare Galahad, Sir Launcelot's son. And so when he was entered into the town he ran through the town to the castle; and then all the young men of that city ran after Sir Launcelot, and there they threw turves at him, and gave him many sad strokes. And ever as Sir Launcelot might overreach any of them, he threw them so that they would never come in his hands no more; for of some he brake the legs and the arms, and so fled

into the castle; and then came out knights and squires and rescued Sir Launcelot. And when they beheld him and looked upon his person, they thought they saw never so goodly a man. And when they saw so many wounds upon him, all they deemed that he had been a man of worship. And then they ordained him clothes to his body, and straw underneath him, and a little house. And then every day they would throw him meat, and set him drink, but there was but few would bring him meat to his hands.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS KNOWN BY DAME ELAINE, AND WAS BORNE INTO A CHAMBER AND AFTER HEALED BY THE SANGREAL.

So it befell that King Pelles had a nephew, his name was Castor; and so he desired of the king to be made knight, and so at the request of this Castor the king made him knight at the feast of Candlemas. And when Sir Castor was made knight, that same day he gave many gowns. And then Sir Castor sent for the fool — that was Sir Launcelot. And when he was come afore Sir Castor, he gave Sir Launcelot a robe of scarlet and all that longed unto him. And when Sir Launcelot was so arrayed like a knight, he was the seemliest man in all the court, and none so well made. So when he saw his time he went into the garden, and there Sir Launcelot laid him down by a well and slept. And so at-after noon Dame Elaine and her maidens came into the garden to play them; and as they roamed up and down one of Dame Elaine's maidens espied where lay a goodly man by the well sleeping, and anon showed him to Dame Elaine. Peace, said Dame Elaine, and say no word: and then she brought Dame Elaine where he lay. And when that she beheld him, anon she fell in remembrance of him, and knew him verily for Sir Launcelot; and therewithal she fell a-weeping so heartily that she sank even to the earth; and when she had thus

wept a great while, then she arose and called her maidens and said she was sick.

And so she yede out of the garden, and she went straight to her father, and there she took him apart by herself; and then she said: O father, now have I need of your help, and but if that ye help me farewell my good days for ever. What is that, daughter? said King Pelles. Sir, she said, thus is it: in your garden I went for to sport, and there, by the well, I found Sir Launcelot du Lake sleeping. I may not believe that, said King Pelles. Sir, she said, truly he is there, and meseemeth he should be distract out of his wit. Then hold you still, said the king, and let me deal. Then the king called to him such as he most trusted, a four persons, and Dame Elaine, his daughter. And when they came to the well and beheld Sir Launcelot, anon Dame Brisen knew him. Sir, said Dame Brisen, we must be wise how we deal with him, for this knight is out of his mind, and if we awake him rudely what he will do we all know not; but ye shall abide, and I shall throw such an enchantment upon him that he shall not awake within the space of an hour; and so she did.

Then within a little while after, the king commanded that all people should avoid, that none should be in that way thereas the king would come. And so when this was done, these four men and these ladies laid hand on Sir Launcelot, and so they bare him into a tower, and so into a chamber where was the holy vessel of the Sangreal, and by force Sir Launcelot was laid by that holy vessel; and there came an holy man and unhilled that vessel, and so by miracle and by virtue of that holy vessel Sir Launcelot was healed and recovered. And when that he was awaked he groaned and sighed, and complained greatly that he was passing sore.

CHAPTER V

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT, AFTER THAT HE WAS WHOLE AND HAD HIS MIND, HE WAS ASHAMED, AND HOW THAT ELAINE DESIRED A CASTLE FOR HIM.

And when Sir Launcelot saw King Pelles and Elaine, he waxed ashamed and said thus: O Lord Jesu, how came I here? for God's sake, my lord, let me wit how I came here. Sir, said Dame Elaine, into this country ye came like a madman, clean out of your wit, and here have ye been kept as a fool; and no creature here knew what ye were, until by fortune a maiden of mine brought me unto you whereas ye lay sleeping by a well, and anon as I verily beheld you I knew you. And then I told my father, and so were ye brought afore this holy vessel, and by the virtue of it thus were ye healed. O Jesu, mercy, said Sir Launcelot; if this be sooth, how many there be that know of my woodness ! So God me help, said Elaine, no more but my father, and I, and Dame Brisen. Now for Christ's love, said Sir Launcelot, keep it in counsel, and let no man know it in the world, for I am sore ashamed that I have been thus miscarried; for I am banished out of the country of Logris for ever, that is for to say the country of England.

And so Sir Launcelot lay more than a fortnight or ever that he might stir for soreness. And then upon a day he said unto Dame Elaine these words: Lady Elaine, for your sake I have had much travail, care, and anguish, it needeth not to rehearse it, ye know how. Notwithstanding I know well I have done foul to you when that I drew my sword to you, to have slain you, upon the morn when I had lain with you. And all was the cause, that ye and Dame Brisen made me for to lie by you maugre mine head; and as ye say, that night Galahad your son was begotten. That is truth, said Dame Elaine. Now will ye for my love, said Sir Launcelot, go unto your father and get me a place of him wherein I may dwell? for in the court of King Arthur may I never come. Sir, said Dame Elaine, I will live and die with you, and only for your sake; and

if my life might not avail you and my death might avail you, wit you well I would die for your sake. And I will go to my father, and I am sure there is nothing that I can desire of him but I shall have it. And where ye be, my lord Sir Launcelot, doubt ye not but I will be with you with all the service that I may do. So forthwithal she went to her father and said, Sir, my lord, Sir Launcelot, desireth to be here by you in some castle of yours. Well daughter, said the king, sith it is his desire to abide in these marches he shall be in the Castle of Bliant, and there shall ye be with him, and twenty of the fairest ladies that be in the country, and they shall all be of the great blood, and ye shall have ten knights with you; for, daughter, I will that ye wit we all be honoured by the blood of Sir Launcelot.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME INTO THE JOYOUS ISLE. AND THERE HE NAMED HIMSELF LE CHEVALER MAL FET.

THEN went Dame Elaine unto Sir Launcelot, and told him all how her father had devised for him and her. Then came the knight Sir Castor, that was nephew unto King Pelles, unto Sir Launcelot, and asked him what was his name. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, my name is Le Chevaler Mal Fet, that is to say the knight that hath trespassed. Sir, said Sir Castor, it may well be so, but ever meseemeth your name should be Sir Launcelot du Lake, for or now I have seen you. Sir, said Launcelot, ye are not as a gentle knight: I put case my name were Sir Launcelot, and that it list me not to discover my name, what should it grieve you here to keep my counsel, and ye be not hurt thereby? but wit thou well an ever it lie in my power I shall grieve you, and that I promise you truly. Then Sir Castor kneeled down and besought Sir Launcelot of mercy: For I shall never utter what ye be, while that ye be in these parts. Then Sir Launcelot pardoned him.

And then, after this, King Pelles with ten knights, and Dame Elaine, and twenty ladies, rode unto the Castle of Bliant that stood in an island beclosed about with a fair water deep and large. And when they were there Sir Launcelot let call it the Joyous Isle; and there was he called none otherwise but Le Chevaler Mal Fet, the knight that hath trespassed. Then Sir Launcelot let make him a shield all of sable, and a queen crowned in the midst, all of silver, and a knight clean armed kneeling afore her. And every day once, for any mirths that all the ladies might make him, he would once every day look toward the realm of Logris, where King Arthur and Queen Guenever was. And then would he fall upon a weeping as his heart should to-brast.

So it fell that time Sir Launcelot heard of a jousting fast by his castle, within three leagues. Then he called unto him a dwarf, and he bade him go unto that jousting: And or ever the knights depart, look thou make there a cry, in hearing of all the knights, that there is one knight in the Joyous Isle, that is the Castle of Bliant, and say his name is Le Chevaler Mal Fet, that will joust against knights that will come. And who that putteth that knight to the worse shall have a fair maid and a gerfalcon.

CHAPTER VII

OF A GREAT TOURNEYING IN THE JOYOUS ISLE, AND HOW SIR PERCIVALE AND SIR ECTOR CAME THITHER, AND SIR PERCIVALE FOUGHT WITH HIM.

So when this cry was made, unto Joyous Isle drew knights to the number of five hundred; and wit ye well there was never seen in Arthur's days one knight that did so much deeds of arms as Sir Launcelot did three days together; for as the book maketh truly mention, he had the better of all the five hundred knights, and there was not one slain of them. And after that Sir Launcelot made them all a great feast.

And in the meanwhile came Sir Percivale de Galis and Sir Ector de Maris under that castle that was called the Joyous Isle. And as they beheld that gay castle they would have gone to that castle, but they might not for the broad water, and bridge could they find none. Then they saw on the other side a lady with a sperhawk on her hand, and Sir Percivale called unto her and asked that lady who was in that castle. Fair knights, she said, here within this castle is the fairest lady in this land, and her name is Elaine. Also we have in this castle the fairest knight and the mightiest man that is I dare say living, and he called himself Le Chevaler Mal Fet. How came he into these marches? said Sir Percivale. Truly, said the damosel, he came into this country like a mad man, with dogs and boys chasing him through the city of Corbin, and by the holy vessel of the Sangreal he was brought into his wit again; but he will not do battle with no knight, but by underne or by noon. And if ye list to come into the castle, said the lady, ye must ride unto the further side of the castle and there shall ye find a vessel that will bear you and your horse. Then they departed, and came unto the vessel. And then Sir Percivale alighted, and said to Sir Ector de Maris: Ye shall abide me here until that I wit what manner a knight he is; for it were shame unto us, inasmuch as he is but one knight, an we should both do battle with him. Do ye as ye list, said Sir Ector, and here I shall abide you until that I hear of you.

Then passed Sir Percivale the water, and when he came to the castle gate he bade the porter: Go thou to the good knight within the castle, and tell him here is come an errant knight to joust with him. Sir, said the porter, ride ye within the castle, and there is a common place for jousting, that lords and ladies may behold you. So anon as Sir Launcelot had warning he was soon ready; and there Sir Percivale and Sir Launcelot encountered with such a might, and their spears were so rude, that both the horses and the knights fell to the earth. Then they avoided their horses, and flang out noble swords, and hewed away cantels of their shields, and hurtled together with their shields like two boars, and either wounded other passing sore. At the last Sir Percivale spake first when they had foughten there more than two hours. Fair knight, said Sir

Percivale, I require thee tell me thy name, for I met never with such a knight. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, my name is Le Chevaler Mal Fet. Now tell me your name, said Sir Launcelot, I require you, gentle knight. Truly, said Sir Percivale, my name is Sir Percivale de Galis, that was brother unto the good knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, and King Pellinore was our father, and Sir Aglovale is my brother. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, what have I done to fight with you that art a knight of the Round Table, that sometime was your fellow?

CHAPTER VIII

HOW EACH OF THEM KNEW OTHER, AND OF THEIR GREAT COURTESY, AND HOW HIS BROTHER SIR ECTOR CAME UNTO HIM, AND OF THEIR JOY.

And therewithal Sir Launcelot kneeled down upon his knees, and threw away his shield and his sword from him. When Sir Percivale saw him do so he marvelled what he meant. And then thus he said: Sir knight, whatsomever thou be, I require thee upon the high order of knighthood, tell me thy true name. Then he said: So God me help, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, King Ban's son of Benoy. Alas, said Sir Percivale, what have I done? I was sent by the queen for to seek you, and so I have sought you nigh this two year, and yonder is Sir Ector de Maris, your brother abideth me on the other side of the yonder water. Now, for God's sake, said Sir Percivale, forgive me mine offences that I have here done. It is soon forgiven, said Sir Launcelot.

Then Sir Percivale sent for Sir Ector de Maris; and when Sir Launcelot had a sight of him, he ran unto him and took him in his arms; and then Sir Ector kneeled down, and either wept upon other, that all had pity to behold them. Then came Dame Elaine, and she there made them great cheer as might lie in her power; and there she told Sir Ector and Sir Percivale how and in what manner Sir Launcelot came into that country, and how he was

healed; and there it was known how long Sir Launcelot was with Sir Bliant and with Sir Selivant, and how he first met with them, and how he departed from them because of a boar; and how the hermit healed Sir Launcelot of his great wound, and how that he came to Corbin.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR BORS AND SIR LIONEL CAME TO KING BRANDEGORE, AND HOW SIR BORS TOOK HIS SON HELIN LE BLANK, AND OF SIR LAUNCELOT.

Now leave we Sir Launcelot in the Joyous Isle with the Lady Dame Elaine, and Sir Percivale and Sir Ector playing with them, and turn we to Sir Bors de Ganis and Sir Lionel, that had sought Sir Launcelot nigh by the space of two year, and never could they hear of him. And as they thus rode, by adventure they came to the house of Brandegore, and there Sir Bors was well known, for he had gotten a child upon the king's daughter fifteen year to-fore, and his name was Helin le Blank. And when Sir Bors saw that child it liked him passing well. And so those knights had good cheer of the King Brandegore. And on the morn Sir Bors came afore King Brandegore and said: Here is my son Helin le Blank, that as it is said he is my son; and sith it is so, I will that ye wit that I will have him with me unto the court of King Arthur. Sir, said the king, ye may well take him with you, but he is over tender of age. As for that, said Sir Bors, I will have him with me, and bring him to the house of most worship of the world. So when Sir Bors should depart there was made great sorrow for the departing of Helin le Blank, and great weeping was there made. But Sir Bors and Sir Lionel departed, and within a while they came to Camelot, where was King Arthur. And when King Arthur understood that Helin le Blank was Sir Bors' son, and nephew unto King Brandegore, then King Arthur let him make

knight of the Round Table; and so he proved a good knight and an adventurous.

Now will we turn to our matter of Sir Launcelot. It befell upon a day Sir Ector and Sir Percivale came to Sir Launcelot and asked him what he would do, and whether he would go with them unto King Arthur or not. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, that may not be by no mean, for I was so entreated at the court that I cast me never to come there more. Sir, said Sir Ector, I am your brother, and ye are the man in the world that I love most; and if I understood that it were your disworship, ye may understand I would never counsel you thereto; but King Arthur and all his knights, and in especial Queen Guenever, made such dole and sorrow that it was marvel to hear and see. And ye must remember the great worship and renown that ye be of, how that ye have been more spoken of than any other knight that is now living; for there is none that beareth the name now but ye and Sir Tristram. Therefore brother, said Sir Ector, make you ready to ride to the court with us, and I dare say there was never knight better welcome to the court than ye; and I wot well and can make it good, said Sir Ector, it hath cost my lady, the queen, twenty thousand pound the seeking of you. Well brother, said Sir Launcelot, I will do after your counsel, and ride with you.

So then they took their horses and made them ready, and took their leave at King Pelles and at Dame Elaine. And when Sir Launcelot should depart Dame Elaine made great sorrow. My lord, Sir Launcelot, said Dame Elaine, at this same feast of Pentecost shall your son and mine, Galahad, be made knight, for he is fully now fifteen winter old. Do as ye list, said Sir Launcelot; God give him grace to prove a good knight. As for that, said Dame Elaine, I doubt not he shall prove the best man of his kin except one. Then shall he be a man good enough, said Sir Launcelot.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WITH SIR PERCIVALE AND SIR ECTOR CAME TO THE COURT, AND OF THE GREAT JOY OF HIM.

THEN they departed, and within five days' journey they came to Camelot, that is called in English, Winchester. And when Sir Launcelot was come among them, the king and all the knights made great joy of him. And there Sir Percivale de Galis and Sir Ector de Maris began and told the whole adventures: that Sir Launcelot had been out of his mind the time of his absence, and how he called himself Le Chevaler Mal Fet, the knight that had trespassed; and in three days Sir Launcelot smote down five hundred knights. And ever as Sir Ector and Sir Percivale told these tales of Sir Launcelot, Queen Guenever wept as she should have died. Then the queen made great cheer. O Jesu, said King Arthur, I marvel for what cause ye, Sir Launcelot, went out of your mind. I and many others deem it was for the love of fair Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles, by whom ye are noised that ye have gotten a child, and his name is Galahad, and men say he shall do marvels. My lord, said Sir Launcelot, if I did any folly I have that I sought. And therewithal the king spake no more. But all Sir Launcelot's kin knew for whom he went out of his mind. And then there were great feasts made and great joy; and many great lords and ladies, when they heard that Sir Launcelot was come to the court again, they made great joy.

VII
SIR PALOMIDES

NOW leve we of this mater and speke we of sir Palomides (82)
that rode and lodged with the two kynges all that nyght.

And on the morne sir Palomydes departed frome the two kynges, whereof they were hevy. Than the Kynge of Irelonde lente a man of his to sir Palomydes and gaff hym a grete courser. And the Kynge of Scotlonde gaff hym grete gyfftes, and fayne they wolde have had hym abyde wyth them, but he wolde nat in no wyse.

And so he departed and rode as adventures wolde gyde hym tyll hitte was nyghe none. And than in a foreyste by a well sir Palomydes saw where lay a fayre wounded knyght, and his horse bounden by hym. And that knyght made the grettyst dole that ever he herde man make, for ever he wepte 314v
and therewyth syghed as he wolde dye.

Than sir Palomydes rode nere hym and salewed hym myldely and sayde,

'Fayre knyght, why wayle you so? Lat me lye downe by you and wayle also, for dowte ye nat, I am muche more hevyar than ye ar. For I dare say,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that my sorow ys an hondred-folde more than youres ys. And therefore lat us complayne aythir to other.'

'Fyrst,' seyde the woundid knyght, 'I requyre you telle me youre name. For and thou be none of the noble knyghtes ⌜of the Rounde Table⌝, thou shalt never know my name, whatsomever com of me.'

'Fayre knyght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'suche as I am, be hit bettir be hit worse, wyte thou well that my name ys sir Palomydes, sunne and ayre unto kynge Asclabor, and sir Saphir and sir Segwarydes ar my two brethirne. And wyte thou well, as for myselff, I was never crystynde, but my two brethirne ar truly crystynde.'

'A, noble knyght!' seyde that woundid knyght, 'well ys me that I have mette wyth you. And wyte you well that my name ys sir Epynogrys, the kynges sonne of Northumbir-

2 *C* lodged hym with 2–4 all that nyght And on the morne sir Palomydes departed frome the two kynges *not in C*† (*homoeoteleuton*) 4 *C* wherof the kynges were 5 *C* sent a man 7–9 *C* had sire Palomydes to haue abyden with them but in no wyse he wold abyde and soo 14 *C* as though he 17–18 *C* doune and wayle with yow for doubte not 24 *C* tabble *not emended in O*[1] 27 *C* better or be 32 woundid *not in C* 33 *C* wete ye wel

londe. Now sytte ye downe,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'and let us aythir complayne to othir.'

Than sir Palomydes alyght and tyed his horse faste. And thus sir Palomydes began hys complaynte and sayde,

5 'Now shall I tell you what wo I endure. I love the fayryst quene and lady that ever bare lyff, and wyte you well her name ys La Beall Isode, kynge Markes wyff of Cornwayle.'

'That ys grete foly,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'for to love 10 quene Isode. For one of the beste knyghtes of the worlde lovyth her, that ys sir Trystram de Lyones.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for no man knowyth that mater bettir than I do. For I have bene in sir Trystrams felyshyp this moneth and more, and wyth La 15 Beall Isode togydyrs. And, alas!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'unhappy man that I am, now have I loste the felyshyp of sir 315r Trystram and the love of La Beall Isode for ever, and I am never lykly to se her more. And sir Trystram and I bene aythir to othir mortall enemyes.'

20 'Well,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'syth that ye loved La Beall Isode, loved she ever you agayne by onythynge that ye cowde wyte, othir ellys ded ye ever rejoyse her in ony plesure?'

'Nay, be my knyghthode,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for I 25 never aspyed that ever she loved me more than all the worlde ded, nor never had I pleasure wyth her, but the laste day she gaff me the grettyst rebuke that ever I had, whyche shall never go fro my harte. And yet I well deservyd that rebuke, for I ded nat knyghtly, and therefore I have loste 30 the love of her and of sir Trystram for ever. And I have many tymes enforsed myselff to do many dedis of armys for her sake, and ever she was the causer of my worshipwynnynge. And alas! now have I loste all the worshyp that ever I wanne, for never shall befalle me suche proues as I had 35 in the felyshyp of sir Trystram.'

1 ye *not in C* 3–4 alyght and tyed his horse faste and thus sir Palomydes *not in C*† (*homoeoteleuton*) 4 and sayde *not in C* 5 *C* yow said Palomydes what 14 and more *not in C*† 17 *C* Tristram for euer & the 22 *C* coude thynke or wyte *C* her euer in 24 for *not in C* 26 ded *not in C* 27 *C* had the whiche 31–32 *C* dedes for la beale Isoud sake and she 33 *C* Allas said sir Palomydes now 34 *C* me befalle

'Nay, nay,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'youre sorow ys but (83)
japys to my sorow; for I rejoysed my lady and wan her wyth myne hondis and loste her agayne: alas that day! And fyrst thus I wan her: my lady was an erlys doughtir, and as the erle and two knyghtes cam home fro the turnement of Lonezep, for her sake I sette uppon this erle myselff and on his two knyghtes, and my lady there beynge presente. And so by fortune there I slew the erle and one of the knyghtes, and the othir knyght fledde. And so that nyght I had my lady.

'And on the morne, as she and I reposed us at this wellesyde, than cam there to me an arraunte knyght, his name was sir Helyor le Prewse, an hardy knyght, and he chalenged me to fyght for my lady. And than we wente to batayle, fyrst uppon horsebacke and aftir uppon foote, but at the laste sir Helyor wounded me so that he lefft me for dede, and so he toke my lady with hym. And thus my sorow ys more than youres, for I have rejoysed, and ye nevir rejoysed.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'but syth I can 315v
nat recover myselff, I shall promyse you, yf I can mete with sir Helyor, that I shall gete to you your lady agayne, other ellys he shall beate me.'

Than sir Palomydes made sir Epynogrys to take his horse, and so they rode untyll an ermytage, and there sir Epynogrys rested hym. And in the meanewhyle sir Palomydes walked prevayly oute to reste hym under the levis, and there besydes he sawe a knyght com rydynge wyth a shylde that he had sene sir Ector de Marys beare aforehonde. And there cam aftir hym a ten knyghtes, and so thes knyghtes hoved undir the levys for hete.

And anone aftir, there cam a knyght with a grene shylde and therein a whyght lyon, ledynge a lady uppon a palfrey. Than this knyght with the shylde he semed to be maystir of the ten knyghtes, and he rode fyersly aftir sir Helyor, for

1 *C*† Capitulum lxviii 3–4 *C* daye Thus fyrst I wanne her said Epynogrys My 5 *W* knyghtes whyche cam 5 home *not in C*† 6 *WO*1 and for myselff *not in C* 12 *C* there came there 13–14 *C* and this sire (*S* sir) Helyor chalengyd 15 *C* vpon hors and after on foote 19 *C* reioyced neuer 22 *C*† Helynor to *not in C* 25 *C* rode to an 30 *C* these X knyghtes 34 *C* Thēne *S* Thene *C* the grene sheld that semed

hit was he that hurte sir Epynogrys. And whan he cam nygh sir Helyor he bade hym deffende his lady.

'I woll deffende her,' seyde sir Helyor, 'unto my power!'

And so they ran togydirs so myghtyly that ayther smote other downe, horse and all, to the erthe. And than they wan up lyghtly and drewe swerdys and dressed their shyldis, and laysshed togydyrs wondir fyersly more than an owre. And all this sir Palomydes saw and behylde.

But ever at the laste the knyght with sir Ectors shylde was far bigger, and at the laste he smote downe sir Helyor. And than that knyght unlaced his helme to have strykyn off his hede. And than he cryed mercy and prayed hym to save his lyff and bade hym take his lady.

Than sir Palomydes dressed hym up, bycause he wyste well that that same lady was sir Epynogrys lady, and he had promysed hym to helpe hym. Than sir Palomydes went streyte to that lady and toke her by the honde and asked her whether she knew a knyght whyche was called sir Epynogrys.

'Alas,' she seyde, 'that evir I knew hym other he me! For I have for his sake loste my worshyp and also hys lyff; 316r that greveth me moste of all.'

'Nat so, fayre lady!' sayde sir Palomydes. 'Commyth on with me, for here ys sir Epynogrys in this ermytage.'

'A, well ys me,' seyde that lady, 'and he be on lyve!'

Than cam the tother knyght and seyde, 'Whythir wolt thou with that lady?'

'I woll do wyth her what me lyste,' seyde sir Palomydes.

'Wyte thou well,' seyde that knyght, 'thou spekyst over large, thoughe thou semyst thou haste me at avauntayge, bycause thou sawyst me do batayle but late. Thou wenyst, sir knyght, to have that lady away fro me so lyghtly? Nay, thynke hit never! And thou were as good a knyght as ys

4 *C* eyther of these knyghtes smote 6 dressed *not in C* 7 *C* to gyders myghtely more 10 far *not in C* 10–11 *C* laste this knyghte smote sir Helyor doune and thenne 15 had *not in C* 18–19 *C* knyghte that hyghte Epynogrys 20 *C* euer he knewe me or I hym 22 that *not in C*† *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 498v, col. 1*) 'S'amour m'a mise a deshonneur, et il est pour moy mort sans nulle faille. Mal vit onques ly uns l'autre' 23 fayre *not in C* *C* come on 25–27 *C* lyue whether wylt thow with that lady said the knyght with syr Ectors shelde 29 *C* wete yow wel 30 *C* semest me to haue at 33 *C* neuer not and

sir Launcelot or sir Trystram other ellys sir Palomydes, but thou shalt wyn her more derar than ever ded I.'

And so they wente unto batayle uppon foote, and there they gaff many sad strokys togydir, and aythir wounded other wondirly sore. And thus they faught togydir styll more than an owre. Than sir Palomydes had mervayle what knyght he myght be that was so stronge and so well-brethid durynge, and at the laste thus seyde sir Palomydes:

'Knyght, I requyre the telle me thy name!'

'Wyte thou well,' seyde that knyght, 'I dare telle the my name, so that thou wolt tell me thy name.'

'I woll,' seyde sir Palomydes.

'Truly,' seyde that knyght, 'and my name ys sir Saphir, sonne of kynge Asclabor, and sir Palomydes and sir Segwarydes ar my bretherne.'

'Now, and wyte thou well, my name ys sir Palomydes!'

Than sir Saphir kneled adowne uppon his kneis and prayde hym of mercy, and than they unlaced their helmys and aythir kyssed other wepynge. And the meanewhyle sir Epynogrys rose of his bedde and harde them by the strokys, and so he armed hym to helpe sir Palomydes yf nede were. Than sir Palomydes toke the lady by the honde and (84) brought her to sir Epynogrys, and there was grete joy betwyxte them, for aythir sowned for joy whan they were mette.

'Now, fayre knyght and lady,' sayde sir Saphir, 'hit were pité to departe you too, and therefore Jesu sende you joy **316v** ayther of othir!'

'Grauntemercy, jantyll knyght,' seyde sir Epynogrys, 'and muche more thanke to my lorde sir Palomydes that thus hath thorow his proues made me to gete my lady.'

Than sir Epynogrys requyred sir Palomydes and sir Saffir, [his] brother, to ryde with hym unto his castell for the sauffgarde of his persone.

'Syr,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'we woll be redy to conduyte you, because that ye ar sore woundid.'

1 *C* or as is sir Tristram or sir 2 more *not in C* 4 togydir *not in C* 5 *C* passyng sore togydir *not in C* 8 at the laste *not in C* 19 *C* And in the 20 *C* aroose oute of 26 Now *not in C* 27 too and therefore *not in C* 30 *C* thanke be to 33 *C** with them

And so was sir Epynogrys and hys lady horsed uppon a soffte ambler, and than they rode unto his castell. And there they had grete chere and grete joy, as ever sir Palomydes and sir Saffir had in their lyvys.

So on the morne sir Saphir and sir Palomydes departed and rode but as fortune lad them, and so they rode all that day untyll aftir noone. And at the laste they harde a grete wepynge and a grete noyse downe in a maner.

'Sir,' seyde sir Saffir, 'lette us wyte what noyse this ys.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Palomydes.

And so they rode tyll that they co[m] to a fayre gate of a maner, and there sate an olde man sayynge his prayers and beadis.

Than sir Palomydes and sir Saphir alyght and leffte their horsis and wente within the gatys. And there they saw full goodly men wepynge many.

'Now, fayre sirrys', seyde sir Palomydes, 'wherefore wepe ye and make thys sorow?'

And anone one of tho knyghtes of the castel behylde sir Palomydes and knew hym, and than he wente to his felowys and sayde,

'Fayre fealowys, wyte you well all, we have within this castell the same knyght that slew oure lorde at Lonezep, for I know hym well for sir Palomydes.'

Than they wente unto harneys, all that myght beare harneys, som on horsebak and som uppon foote, to the numbir of three score. And whan they were redy they cam freyss[h]ly
317r uppon sir Palomydes and uppon sir Sap⟨h⟩ir wyth a grete noyse, and sayde thus:

'Kepe the, sir Palomydes, for thou arte knowyn! And be ryght thou muste be dede, for thou haste slayne oure lorde, and therefore wyte thou well we may do the none other favoure but sle the. And therefore deffende the!'

Than sir Palomydes and sir Saphir, the tone sette his bak

1 *C* Epyuogrys *S* Epynogrys 1–2 *C** lady horsed and his lady behynde hym vpon a softe ambuler And thenne 2–3 *C* castel where they had grete chere and Ioye as grete as euer 4 *C* in their lyfe dayes 6 but *not in C* 9 *C* said thenne 11 *C* rode forth *W* con 16–17 *C* ful many goodely men wepynge Fair 19 *C* the knyghtes 20 he *not in C* *C* selawes *S* felawes 22 *C** wete ye wel *C* haue in this 24 *C* wel it is syre 32–33 *C* wete ye wel we wille slee the therfore

to the todir and gaff many sad strokes, and also toke many grete strokes. And thus they faught wyth twenty knyghtes and forty jantyllmen and yomen nyghe a two owres. But at the laste, though they were never so lothe, sir Palomydes and sir Saphir were takyn and yoldyn and put in a stronge preson.

And within three dayes twelve knyghtes passed uppon h[e]m, and they founde sir Palomydes gylty, and sir Saphir nat gylty, of the lordis deth. And whan sir Saphir shulde be delyverde there was grete dole betwyxte his brother and hym. And many peteous complayntis that was made at her departicion, there ys no maker can reherse the tenth parte.

'Now, fayre brother, lat be youre doloure,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'and youre sorow, for and I be ordeyned to dy a shamfull dethe, wellcom be hit. But and I had wyste of this deth that I am demed unto, I sholde never have bene yoldyn.'

So departed sir Saphir, his brother, with the grettyst sorow that ever made knyght.

And on the morne they of the castell ordayned twelve knyghtes for to ryde wyth sir Palomydes unto the fadir of the same knyght that sir Palomydes slew. And so they bounde his leggys undir an olde steedis bealy, and than they rode wyth sir Palomydes unto a castell by the seesyde that hyght Pylownes, and there sir Palomydes shulde have his just⌜yse⌝: thus was their ordynaunce.

And so they rode wyth sir Palomydes faste by the castell of Joyus Garde, and as they passed by that castell there cam rydynge one of that castell by them that knew sir Palomydes. And whan that knyght saw hym lad bounden uppon a croked courser, than the knyght asked sir Palomydes for what cause he was so lad.

'A, my fayre felow and knyght,' seyde sir Palomydes, 317v

1 *C* many grete strokes also *not in C* 2 *W* thus thus *C* a twenty 3 a *not in C* 4 never so *not in C* 8 *W* hym *C* them 9 *C* their lordes 10 *C* betwixe syr palomydes and 11–12 *C* that sir Safyr made at his departynge 13 Now *not in C* 13–14 *C* broder said palomydes lete be thy dolour and thy sorou And yf I 17–18 *C* Soo syr Safere departed from his broder with the grettest dolour and sorou 24 *C** haue Iustyce *W* have his justis *F (MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 501v, col. 1)* si le devoient mener au pere au chevalier mort et a ses parens qui en devoient prendre vengence de la mort au chevalier occis 28 *C* rydynge oute of that castel by them one that 29 *C* sawe sire palomydes bounden 31 *C* led so

'I ryde now towarde my dethe for the sleynge of a knyght at the turnemente of Lonezep. And yf I had [not] departed frome my lorde sir Trystram as I ought [not] to have done, now myght I have bene sure to have had my lyff saved. But I pray you, sir knyght, recommaunde me unto my lorde sir Trystram and unto my lady quene Isode, and sey to them, yf ever I trespast to them, I aske them forgyffnes. And also, I beseche you, recommaunde me unto my lorde kynge Arthure and to all the felyshyp of the Rounde Table, unto my power.'

Than that knyght wepte for pité, and therewyth he rode unto Joyus Garde as faste as his horse myght renne, and lyghtly that knyght descended downe of his horse and went unto sir Trystram, and there he tolde hym all as ye have harde. And ever the knyght wepte as he were woode.

(85) Whan sir Trystram knew how sir Palomydes wente to his dethward he was hevy to hyre thereof and sayde,

'Howbehit that I am wrothe wyth hym, yet I woll nat suffir hym to dye so shamefull a dethe, for he ys a full noble knyght.'

And anone sir Trystram asked his armys, and whan he was armed he toke his horse and two squyars wyth hym and rode a grete pace thorow a foreyste aftir sir Palomydes, the nexte way unto the castell Pelownes where sir Palomydes was jowged to his dethe.

And as the twelve knyghtes lad hym byfore them, there was the noble knyght sir Launcelot whyche was alyght by a welle, and had tyed hys horse tyll a tre, and had takyn of hys helme to drynke of that welle. And whan he sawe such a route whyche semed knyghtes, sir Launcelot put on hys helme and suffyrd them to passe by hym; and anone he was ware of sir Palomydes bounden and lad shamfully towarde his dethe.

1 now *not in C* 1–2 *C*† at a turnement 11 *C* that knyghte wepte for pyte of syr palomydes and there with alle he 15 *C* as he had ben madde 16 *C* Tristram herd how 16–17 *C*† his deth he 17 *C* here that and 18–19 *C* with sir palomydes yet wil not I suffre 21 asked his armys and whan he *not in C*† 22 *C* armed & toke 23–24 *C*† paas towarde the castel of pelownes 25 his *not in C* 26–28 *C** & these twelue knyytes that led sir palomydes passed by a welle where as sir laûcelot was whiche was alyghte there & had teyed his hors to a tree & taken 29–30 *C*† saw these knyghtes 31 *C* was he 32–33 *C* to his

'A, Jesu!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what mysseadventure ys befallyn hym that he ys thus lad towarde hys dethe? Yet, pardeus,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit were shame to me to 318r suffir this noble knyght thus to dye and I myght helpe hym. And therefore I woll helpe hym whatsomever com of hit, other ellys I shall dye for hys sake!'

And than sir Launcelot mounted on hys horse and gate hys speare in hys honde and rode aftyr the twelve knyghtes whyche lad sir Palomydes.

'Fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'whother lede ye that knyght? For hit besemyth hym full evyll to ryde bounden.'

Than thes twelve knyghtes returned suddeynly there horsis and seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Sir knyght, we counceyle you nat to meddyll of this knyght, for he hath deserved deth, and unto deth he ys jouged.'

'That me repentyth,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that I may nat borow hym wyth fayrenes, for he ys over good a knyght to dye suche a shamefull dethe. And therefore, fayre knyghtes,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'than kepe you as well as ye can! For I woll rescow that knyght, othir ellys dye for hit.'

Than they began to dresse there spearys, and sir Launcelot smote the formyste downe, horse and man, and so he served three mo wyth one spere. And than that speare braste, and therewythall sir Launcelot drewe his swerde, and than he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde. And so wythin a whyle he leffte none of tho knyghtes, but he had leyde them to the erthe, and the moste party of them were sore wounded.

And than sir Launcelot toke the beste horse and lowsed sir Palomydes and sette hym uppon that horse, and so they returned agayne unto Joyus Garde.

And than was sir Palomydes ware of sir Trystram how he cam rydynge. And whan sir Launcelot sy hym he knew

1 *C* O Ihesu 2–3 *C* dethe Forsoth said launcelot 4 *C* knyght soo to 6 *C* for syr Palomydes sake 8–9 *C* knyghtes that ledde 11 For *not in C* *C* ful ylle to 13 *C* Knyghtes sodenly torned their 15 *C* counceille the *C* medle with 21 than *not in C* 22 *C* knyght or dye 28 *W* leffto *C* tho twelue knyghtes 31 *C** hors that he fonde (*not in MS. B.N. fr.* 99) and

hym well; but sir Trystram knew nat hym, because he had on his shuldir a gylden shylde. So sir Launcelot made hym redy to juste wyth sir Trystram, because he sholde nat wene that
318v he were sir Launcelot. Than sir Palomydes cryed on lowde
5 to sir Trystram and seyde,

'A, my lorde! I requyre you, juste nat wyth this knyght, for he hath saved me frome my dethe.'

Whan sir Trystram harde hym sey so he cam a soffte trottynge pace towarde hym. And than sir Palomydes
10 seyde,

'My lorde, sir Trystram, muche am I beholdynge unto you of youre grete goodnes, that wolde proffir youre noble body to rescow me undeserved, for I have greatly offended you. Natwythstondynge,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'here mette
15 we wyth this noble knyght that worshypfully and manly rescowed me frome twelve knyghtes, and smote them downe all and sore wounded hem.'

(86) 'Fayre knyght,' seyde sir Trystram unto sir Launcelot, 'of whens be ye?'

20 'I am a knyght arraunte,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that rydyth to seke many dedis.'

'Sir, what ys youre name?' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, as at this tyme I woll nat telle you.' Than sir Launcelot seyde unto sir Trystram and to sir Palomydes, 'Now ar
25 ye mette togydirs aythir wyth other, and now I woll departe frome you.'

'Nat so,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I pray you and requyre you of knyghthod to ryde wyth me unto my castell.'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may nat ryde
30 wyth you, for I have many dedis to do in other placys, that at this tyme I may nat abyde wyth you.'

'A, mercy Jesu!' seyde sir Trystram, 'I requyre you, as ye be a trewe knyght to the Order of Knyghthode, play you wyth me this nyght.'

35 Than sir Trystram had a graunte of sir Launcelot; howbehit, thoughe he had nat desyred hym, he wolde have

1 *C* by cause syre Launcelot had 3 *C* Tristram that sire Tristram sholde 4 *C* Lauucelot *S* Launcelot 5–6 *C* Tristram O my 7 *C* for this goode knyght hath 9 *C*† toward them 17 *C* wounded them sore 21 *C* many aduentures 22 Sir *not in C* 23 as *not in C* 24–25 *C* now eyther of yow ar mette to gyders I 27 and requyre you *not in C*

rydden with hem, other sone a com aftir hym. For sir Launcelot cam for none other cause into that contrey but for to se sir Trystram.

And whan they were com wythin Joyus Garde they alyght, and there horsis were lad into a stable, and than they unarmed them. For sir Launcelot, as sone as his helme was of, sir Trystram and sir Palomydes knew hym. Than sir Trystram toke sir Launcelot in his armys, and so ded La Beall 319r Isode, and sir Palomydes kneled downe uppon his kneis and thanked sir Launcelot. And whan he sawe sir Palomydes knele he lyghtly toke hym up and seyde thus:

'Wyte thou well, sir Palomydes, that I, and ony knyght in this londe of worshyp, muste of verry ryght succoure and rescow so noble a knyght as ye ar preved and renowned thorougheoute all this realme, enlonge and overtwarte.'

Than was there grete joy amonge them. And the ofter that sir Palomydes saw La Beall Isode, the hevyar he waxed day be day.

Than sir Launcelot wythin three or four dayes departed, and wyth hym rode sir Ector de Marys and sir Dynadan, and sir Palomydes was leffte there wyth sir Trystram a two monethis and more. But ever sir Palomydes faded and mourned, that all men had merveyle wherefore he faded so away.

So uppon a day, in the dawnynge, sir Palomydes wente into the foreste by hymselff alone; and there he founde a welle, and anone he loked into the welle and in the watir he sawe hys owne vysayge, how he was discolowred and defaded, a nothynge lyke as he was.

'Lorde Jesu, what may this meane?' seyde sir Palomydes. And thus he seyde to hymselff: 'A, Palomydes, Palomydes! Why arte thou thus defaded, and ever was wonte to be called one of the fayrest knyghtes of [the] worlde? Forsothe, I woll no more lyve this lyff, for I love that I may never gete nor recover.'

1 *C* soone haue come after them for 6–7 *C* them And whanne syre Launcelot was vnhelmed sir Tristram 8 his *not in C*† 10 *C* whan syr lanncelot 13 *C* oughte of 16 grete *not in C* 21 *C* Palomydes were there lefte with 23 *S* he had faded 25 *C*† vppn 28 *C* was distourbled and 29 a *not in C* *C* lyke that he 30 Lorde Jesu *not in C* 32 *C** thow dyffaded thou that was 33 Forsothe *not in C* 34 *C* more lede this

And therewythall he leyde hym downe by the welle, and so began to make a ryme of La Beall Isode and of sir Trystram. And so in the meanewhyle sir Trystram was ryddyn into the same foreyste to chace an harte of grece; but sir Trystram
319v 5 wolde nat ryde an huntynge nevermore unarmed bycause of sir Brewnys Saunze Pité. And so sir Trystram rode into the foreyste up and downe, and as he rode he harde one synge mervaylowsly lowde; and that was sir Palomydes whyche lay by the welle.

10 And than sir Trystram rode sofftly thydir, for he demed that there was som knyght arraunte whyche was at the welle. And whan sir Trystram cam nyghe he descended downe frome hys horse and tyed hys horse faste tyll a tre. And so he cam nere on foote, and sone aftir he was ware where lay
15 sir Palomydes by the welle and sange lowde and myryly. And ever the complayntys were of La Beall Isode, whyche was mervaylously well seyde, and pyteuously and full dolefully ⌜made⌝. And all the hole songe sir Trystram harde worde by worde, and whan he had herde all sir Palomydes
20 complaynte, he was wrothe oute of mesure, and thought for to sle hym thereas he lay.

Than sir Trystram remembyrde hymselff that sir Palomydes was unarmed, and of so noble a name that sir Palomydes had, and also the noble name that hymselff had.
25 Than he made a restraynte of his angir, and so he wente unto sir Palomydes a soffte pace and seyde,

'Sir Palomydes, I have harde youre complay[n]te and of youre treson that ye have owed me longe, and wyte you well, therefore ye shall dye! And yf hit were nat for shame
30 of knyghthode thou sholdyst nat ascape my hondys, for

2 *C** Isoud and hym *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 504r, col. 2*) et tout ce qu'il dit si est de madame Yseult 3 *C** Tristram was that same day ryden 4 *C*† the herte 6 *C* Soo as sir 7 *C* that forest and as he rode *not in C* 8–9 *C* that lay 11 *C* erraunt that was 12 *C* nyghe hym he 14 *C* nere hym on foote and anone he was 16 *C* of that noble Quene La 17–18 *C** merueyllously and wonderfully wel sayd and ful dolefully and pytously made And alle *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 504v, col. 1*) chantoit un chant moult hault et moult bel qu'il avoit fait nouvellement assez delictable 18 *C* songe the noble knyghte sir 18–19 *C** herd from the begynnynge to the endynge the whiche greued and troubled hym sore But thenne at the last whanne sir Tristram had herd 20 *C* complayntes 23 *C* of the noble name 24 *C* also *not in C* 28 *C* so longe 28–29 *C* thy . . . thow hast . . . wete thou . . . thou shalt

now I know well thou haste awayted me wyth treson. And therefore', seyde sir Trystram, 'tell me how thou wolt acquyte the.'

'Sir, I shall acquyte me thus: as for quene La Beall Isode, thou shalt wyte that I love her abovyn all other ladyes in this worlde, and well I wote hit shall befalle by me as for her **320r** love as befelle on the noble knyght sir Kayhydyns that dyed for the love of La Beall Isode. And now, sir Trystram, I woll that ye wyte that I have loved La Beall Isode many a longe day, and she hath bene the causer of my worshyp. And ellys I had bene the moste symplyste knyght in the worlde, for by her, and bycause of her, I have wonne the worshyp that I have; for whan I remembred me of quene Isode I wanne the worshyp wheresomever I cam, for the moste party. And yet I had never rewarde nother bounté of her dayes of my lyff, and yet I have bene her knyght longe gwardonles. And therefore, sir Trystram, as for ony dethe I drede nat, for I had as lyeff dye as lyve. And yf I were armed as ye ar, I shulde lyghtly do batayle with the.'

'Sir, well have ye uttyrd youre treson,' seyde sir Trystram.

'Sir, I have done to you no treson,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for love is fre for all men, and thoughe I have loved your lady, she ys my lady as well as youres. Howbehyt that I have wronge, if ony wronge be, for ye rejoyse her and have youre desyre of her; and so had I nevir, nor never [am] lyke to have, and yet shall I love her to the uttermuste dayes of my lyff as well as ye.'

Than seyde sir Trystram, 'I woll fyght with you to the (87) utteryste!'

'I graunte,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for in a bettir quarell kepe I never to fyght. For and I dye off youre hondis, of a bettir knyghtes hondys myght I never be slayne. And sytthyn I undirstonde that I shall never rejoyse La Beall Isode, I have as good wyll to dye as to lyve.'

1–2 And therefore *not in C* 2 *C* Telle me said syre Tristram how 4 *C* Sir said Palomydes thus I wille acquyte me as 5 *C* ye shal wete 6 by *not in C* 7 *C* befelle to the 9 *C* loned *S* loued longe *not in C* 13 *C* of la Beale Isoud 15 *C* yet had I neuer 16 *C* the dayes longe *not in C* 18 *C* to lyue 19 *C* as thow arte 20, 21 Sir *not in C* 23 that *not in C* 25 *C* your *S* youre *WO*1 never ys 26 *C* shall *S* shalle 29 *C* vttermest 32 *C* handes may I not be

'Tha[n] sette ye a day,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that we shall do batayle.'

320v 'Sir, this day fyftene dayes,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I woll mete with you hereby, in the medow undir Joyus Garde.'

'Now fye for shame!' seyde sir Trystram. 'Woll ye sette so longe a day? Lat us fyght to-morne.'

'Nat so,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'for I am megir, and have bene longe syke for the love of La Beall Isode. And therefore I woll repose me tyll I have my strengthe agayne.'

So than sir Trystram and sir Palomydes promysed faythefully to mete at the welle that day fyftene dayes.

'But now I am remembred,' seyde sir Trystram to sir Palomydes, 'that ye brake me onys a promyse whan that I rescowed you frome sir Brewnys Saunze Pité and nyne knyghtes. And than ye promysed to mete me at the perowne and the grave besydis Camelot, whereas that tyme ye fayled of youre promyse.'

'Wyte you well,' seyde sir Palomydes unto sir Trystram, 'I was at that day in preson, that I myght nat holde my promyse. But wyte you well,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I shall promyse you now and kepe hit.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and ye had holden youre promyse this worke had nat bene here now at this tyme.'

Ryght so departed sir Trystram and sir Palomydes. And so sir Palomydes toke his horse and hys harneys, and so he rode unto kynge Arthurs courte. And there he gate hym four knyghtes and four sargeauntes of armys, and so he returned agayne unto Joyus Garde.

And so in the meanewhyle sir Trystram chaced and hunted at all maner of venery. And aboute three dayes afore the batayle that shulde be, as sir Trystram chaced an harte, there was an archer shotte at the harte, and by mysfortune

1 *W* Thatt sette 2–3 bataille this 3 *C*† said payd Palomydes 3–4 *C* wille I 6 Now *not in C* 14 But now *not in C*† 17 *C* promysed me to 18 *C* where as at that 22–23 But wyte you well seyde sir Palomydes I shall promyse you now and kepe hit *not in C*† 23 *W* you promyse 29 *C* there syr palomydes gat 31 *C* ageynward vnto 34 that *not in C*

he smote sir Trystram in the thyk of the thyghe, and the same arrow slew sir Trystrams horse undir hym.

Whan sir Tristram was so hurte he was passynge hevy; and wyte you well he bled passynge sore. And than he toke another horse and rode unto Joyus Garde with grete hevynes, more for the promyse that he had made unto sir Palomydes to do batayle with hym wythin three dayes aftir [than for ony 321r hurte]. Wherefore there was nother man nother woman that coude chere hym [with onythynge that they coude make to hym], for ever he demed that sir Palomydes had smytten hym so, because he sholde nat be able to do batayle with hym at the day appoynted. But in no wyse there was (88) no knyghte aboute sir Trystram that wolde belyeve that sir Palomydes wolde hurte hym, nother by his owne hondis nothir by none other consentynge.

And so whan the fyftenth day was com sir Palomydes cam to the welle wyth four knyghtes wyth hym of kynge Arthurs courte and three sargeauntes of armys. And for this entente sir Palomydes brought tho knyghtes with hym and the sargeauntes of armys, for they sholde beare recorde of the batayle betwyxt sir Trystram and hym. And one sargeaunte brought in his helme, and the tother his speare, and the thirde his swerde. So sir Palomydes cam into the fylde and there he abode nyghe two owres, and than he sente a squyar unto sir Trystram and desyred hym to com into the fylde to holde his promyse.

Whan the squyar was com unto Joyus Garde, anone as sir Trystram harde of his commynge he commaunded that the squyar shulde com to his presence thereas he lay in his bedde.

'My lorde sir Trystram,' seyde sir Palomydes squyar, 'wyte you well, my lorde sir Palomydes abydyth you in the

2 same *not in C* 2–3 *C*† hors & hurte hym whan *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 99, f. 506v, col. 1*) occist le cheval dessus quoy Tristan estoit montés 4 *C* wete ye wel passynge *not in C* 6 *C* made with sir palomydes as to 7–8 *C** after than for ony hurte of his thy3 (*see note*) 9–10 *C** hym with ony thynge that they coude make to hym (*homoeoteleuton in W*) neyther Quene la Beale Isoud for euer 10 *C*† syr launcelot had 11 *C* soo that he shold 12 *C* day sette Capitulum lxxxviii BVt 13 *C* byleue that euer syr 14 *C* hurte sir Tristram neyther 19 *C*† ententente *C* the kny3tes 20 *C* sergeaunt of armes 21 *C* and syr Palomydes And the one 28 *C* he lete commaunde that

fylde, and he wolde wyte whether ye wolde do batayle or nat.'

'A, my fayre brother,' seyde sir Trystram, 'wyte you well that I am ryght hevy for this tydyngis. But telle youre lorde sir Palomydes, and I were well at ease, I wolde nat lye here, nothir he sholde have had no nede to sende for me and I myght othir ryde or go. And for thou shalt se that I am no lyar'—sir Trystram shewed hym his thyghe, and the depnes of the wounde was syx inchis depe. 'And now thou haste sene my hurte, telle thy lorde that this is no fayned mater, and tell hym that I had levir than all the golde that kynge
321v Arthure hath that I were hole. And lat hym wyte that as for me, as sone as I may ryde I shall seke hym endelonge and overtwarte this londe; and that I promyse you as I am a trew knyght. And yf ever I may mete hym, telle youre lorde sir Palomydes he shall have of me hys fylle of batayle.'

And so the squyar departed. And whan sir Palomydes knew that sir Trystram was hurte, than he seyde thus:

'Truly, I am glad of hys hurte, and for this cause: for now I am sure I shall have no shame. For I wote well, and we had medled, I sholde have had harde handelynge of hym, and by lyklyhode I muste nedys have had the worse. For he is the hardyeste knyght in batayle that now ys lyvynge excepte sir Launcelot.'

And than departed sir Palomydes whereas fortune lad hym. And within a moneth sir Trystram was hole of hys hurte, and than he toke hys horse and rode frome contrey to contrey, and all straunge adventures he encheved wheresomever he rode. And allwayes he enquyred for sir Palomydes, but off all that quarter of somer sir Trystram coude never mete with sir Palomydes.

But thus as sir Trystram soughte and enquyred after sir Palomydes, sir Trystram encheyved many grete batayles,

3 *C* wete thou wel 4–5 *C* tydynges therfor telle sire Palomydes 6 *C* nor he shold haue noo 7 *C*† shalt saye 8–9 *C* thye that the wounde 11–12 *C* gold of kyng Arthur that 12–13 *C* hole & telle palomydes as soone as I am hole I shal 14 this londe *not in C* a *not in C* 15–17 *C* mete with hym he shal haue batail of me his fylle & with this the squyer 17–18 *C* palomydes wist þt 18–20 *C*† hurt he was glad & said now I am sure *F* (*MS. B.N. fr.* 99, *f.* 507v, *col.* 2) s'il en est joyeux et liez, ne le demandés pas, car orendroit a il joye plus qu'il n'ot pieça (*see note*) 20–21 and we had medled *not in C*† 21–22 *C* by lykely I 26 *W* And and within

wherethorow all the noyse and brewte fell to sir Trystram, and the name ceased of sir Launcelot. And therefore sir Launcelottis bretherne and hys kynnysmen wolde have slayne sir Trystram bycause of hys fame. But whan sir Launcelot wyste how hys kynnysmen were sette, he seyde to them opynly,

'Wyte you well that and ony of you all be so hardy to wayte my lorde sir Trystram wyth ony hurte, shame, or vylany, as I am trew knyght, I shall sle the beste of you all myne owne hondis. Alas, fye for shame, sholde ye for hys noble dedys awayte to sle hym! Jesu defende,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ever ony noble knyght as sir Trystram ys sholde be destroyed wyth treson.'

So of this noyse and fame sprang into Cornwayle and unto them of Lyones, whereof they were passynge glad and made 322r grete joy. And than they of Lyones sente lettyrs unto sir Trystram of recommendacion, and many greate gyfftys to mayntene sir Trystrams astate. And ever betwene sir Trystram resorted unto Joyus Garde whereas La Beall Isode was, that lovid hym ever.

1 and brewte *not in C*† 2 *C* and it seaced 7 *C*† and the enuy of yow (*see note*) 8 *C* wayte vpon my 9–10 *C* yow with myne 11 *C* awayte vpon hym to 14–15 *C* Cornewaile and amonge them 20 *C* hym as her lyf

HERE ENDETH THE TENTHE BOOK WHICHE IS OF SYR TRISTRAM AND HERE FOLOWETH THE ENLEUENTH BOOK WHICHE IS OF SIR LAUNCELOT

CHAPTER LXXXII

HOW EPINOGRIS COMPLAINED BY A WELL, AND HOW SIR PALOMIDES CAME AND FOUND HIM, AND OF THEIR BOTH SORROWING.

Now leave we of this matter and speak we of Sir Palomides, that rode and lodged him with the two kings, whereof the kings were heavy. Then the King of Ireland sent a man of his to Sir Palomides, and gave him a great courser, and the King of Scotland gave him great gifts; and fain they would have had Sir Palomides to have abiden with them, but in no wise he would abide; and so he departed, and rode as adventures would guide him, till it was nigh noon. And then in a forest by a well Sir Palomides saw where lay a fair wounded knight and his horse bounden by him; and that knight made the greatest dole that ever he heard man make, for ever he wept, and therewith he sighed as though he would die. Then Sir Palomides rode near him and saluted him mildly and said: Fair knight, why wail ye so? let me lie down and wail with you, for doubt not I am much more heavier than ye are; for I dare say, said Palomides, that my sorrow is an hundred fold more than yours is, and therefore let us complain either to other. First, said the wounded knight, I require you tell me your name, for an thou be none of the noble knights of the Round Table thou shalt never know my name, whatsomever come of me. Fair knight, said Palomides, such as I am, be it better or be it worse, wit thou well that my name is Sir Palomides, son and heir unto King Astlabor, and Sir Safere and Sir Segwarides are my two brethren; and wit thou well as for myself I was never christened, but my two brethren are truly christened. O noble knight, said that knight, well is me that I have met with you; and wit ye well my

name is Epinogris, the king's son of Northumberland. Now sit down, said Epinogris, and let us either complain to other.

Then Sir Palomides began his complaint. Now shall I tell you, said Palomides; what woe I endure. I love the fairest queen and lady that ever bare life, and wit ye well her name is La Beale Isoud, King Mark's wife of Cornwall. That is great folly, said Epinogris, for to love Queen Isoud, for one of the best knights of the world loveth her, that is Sir Tristram de Liones. That is truth, said Palomides, for no man knoweth that matter better than I do, for I have been in Sir Tristram's fellowship this month, and with La Beale Isoud together; and alas, said Palomides, unhappy man that I am, now have I lost the fellowship of Sir Tristram for ever, and the love of La Beale Isoud for ever, and I am never like to see her more, and Sir Tristram and I be either to other mortal enemies. Well, said Epinogris, sith that ye loved La Beale Isoud, loved she you ever again by anything that ye could think or wit, or else did ye rejoice her ever in any pleasure? Nay, by my knighthood, said Palomides, I never espied that ever she loved me more than all the world, nor never had I pleasure with her, but the last day she gave me the greatest rebuke that ever I had, the which shall never go from my heart. And yet I well deserved that rebuke, for I did not knightly, and therefore I have lost the love of her and of Sir Tristram for ever; and I have many times enforced myself to do many deeds for La Beale Isoud's sake, and she was the causer of my worship-winning. Alas, said Sir Palomides, now have I lost all the worship that ever I won, for never shall me befall such prowess as I had in the fellowship of Sir Tristram.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

HOW SIR PALOMIDES BROUGHT SIR EPINOGRIS HIS LADY: AND HOW SIR PALOMIDES AND SIR SAFERE WERE ASSAILED.

NAY, nay, said Epinogris, your sorrow is but japes to my sorrow; for I rejoiced my lady and won her with my hands, and lost her again: alas that day ! Thus first I won her, said Epinogris; my lady was an earl's daughter, and as the earl and two knights came from the tournament of Lonazep, for her sake I set upon this earl and on his two knights, my lady there being present; and so by fortune there I slew the earl and one of the knights, and the other knight fled, and so that night I had my lady. And on the morn as she and I reposed us at this well-side there came there to me an errant knight, his name was Sir Helior le Preuse, an hardy knight, and this Sir Helior challenged me to fight for my lady. And then we went to battle first upon horse and after on foot, but at the last Sir Helior wounded me so that he left me for dead, and so he took my lady with him; and thus my sorrow is more than yours, for I have rejoiced and ye rejoiced never. That is truth, said Palomides, but sith I can never recover myself I shall promise you if I can meet with Sir Helior I shall get you your lady again, or else he shall beat me.

Then Sir Palomides made Sir Epinogris to take his horse, and so they rode to an hermitage, and there Sir Epinogris rested him. And in the meanwhile Sir Palomides walked privily out to rest him under the leaves, and there beside he saw a knight come riding with a shield that he had seen Sir Ector de Maris bear beforehand; and there came after him a ten knights, and so these ten knights hoved under the leaves for heat. And anon after there came a knight with a green shield and therein a white lion, leading a lady upon a palfrey. Then this knight with the green shield that seemed to be master of the ten knights, he rode fiercely after Sir Helior, for it was he that hurt Sir Epinogris. And when he came nigh Sir Helior

he bade him defend his lady. I will defend her, said Helior, unto my power. And so they ran together so mightily that either of these knights smote other down, horse and all, to the earth; and then they won up lightly and drew their swords and their shields, and lashed together mightily more than an hour. All this Sir Palomides saw and beheld, but ever at the last the knight with Sir Ector's shield was bigger, and at the last this knight smote Sir Helior down, and then that knight unlaced his helm to have stricken off his head. And then he cried mercy, and prayed him to save his life, and bade him take his lady. Then Sir Palomides dressed him up, because he wist well that that same lady was Epinogris' lady, and he promised him to help him.

Then Sir Palomides went straight to that lady, and took her by the hand, and asked her whether she knew a knight that hight Epinogris. Alas, she said, that ever he knew me or I him, for I have for his sake lost my worship, and also his life grieveth me most of all. Not so, lady, said Palomides, come on with me, for here is Epinogris in this hermitage. Ah ! well is me, said the lady, an he be alive. Whither wilt thou with that lady? said the knight with Sir Ector's shield. I will do with her what me list, said Palomides. Wit you well, said that knight, thou speakest over large, though thou seemest me to have at advantage, because thou sawest me do battle but late. Thou weenest, sir knight, to have that lady away from me so lightly? nay, think it never not; an thou were as good a knight as is Sir Launcelot, or as is Sir Tristram, or Sir Palomides, but thou shalt win her dearer than ever did I. And so they went unto battle upon foot, and there they gave many sad strokes, and either wounded other passing sore, and thus they fought still more than an hour.

Then Sir Palomides had marvel what knight he might be that was so strong and so well breathed during, and thus said Palomides: Knight, I require thee tell me thy name. Wit thou well, said that knight, I dare tell thee my name, so that thou wilt tell me thy name. I will, said Palomides. Truly, said that knight, my name is Safere, son of King Astlabor, and Sir Palomides and Sir Segwarides are my brethren. Now, and wit thou well, my name is

Sir Palomides. Then Sir Safere kneeled down upon his knees, and prayed him of mercy; and then they unlaced their helms and either kissed other weeping. And in the meanwhile Sir Epinogris arose out of his bed, and heard them by the strokes, and so he armed him to help Sir Palomides if need were.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

HOW SIR PALOMIDES AND SIR SAFERE CONDUCTED SIR EPINOGRIS TO HIS CASTLE, AND OF OTHER ADVENTURES.

THEN Sir Palomides took the lady by the hand and brought her to Sir Epinogris, and there was great joy betwixt them, for either swooned for joy. When they were met: Fair knight and lady, said Sir Safere, it were pity to depart you; Jesu send you joy either of other. Gramercy, gentle knight, said Epinogris; and much more thanks be to my lord Sir Palomides, that thus hath through his prowess made me to get my lady. Then Sir Epinogris required Sir Palomides and Sir Safere, his brother, to ride with them unto his castle, for the safeguard of his person. Sir, said Palomides, we will be ready to conduct you because that ye are sore wounded; and so was Epinogris and his lady horsed, and his lady behind him upon a soft ambler. And then they rode unto his castle, where they had great cheer and joy, as great as ever Sir Palomides and Sir Safere had in their life-days.

So on the morn Sir Safere and Sir Palomides departed, and rode as fortune led them, and so they rode all that day until after noon. And at the last they heard a great weeping and a great noise down in a manor. Sir, said then Sir Safere, let us wit what noise this is. I will well, said Sir Palomides. And so they rode forth till that they came to a fair gate of a manor, and there sat an old man saying his prayers and beads. Then Sir Palomides and Sir Safere alighted and left their horses, and went within the gates, and there they saw full many goodly men weeping. Fair sirs, said Palomides, where-

fore weep ye and make this sorrow? Anon one of the knights of the castle beheld Sir Palomides and knew him, and then went to his fellows and said: Fair fellows, wit ye well all, we have in this castle the same knight that slew our lord at Lonazep, for I know him well; it is Sir Palomides. Then they went unto harness, all that might bear harness, some on horseback and some on foot, to the number of three score. And when they were ready they came freshly upon Sir Palomides and upon Sir Safere with a great noise, and said thus: Keep thee, Sir Palomides, for thou art known, and by right thou must be dead, for thou hast slain our lord; and therefore wit ye well we will slay thee, therefore defend thee.

Then Sir Palomides and Sir Safere, the one set his back to the other, and gave many great strokes, and took many great strokes; and thus they fought with a twenty knights and forty gentlemen and yeomen nigh two hours. But at the last though they were loath, Sir Palomides and Sir Safere were taken and yolden, and put in a strong prison; and within three days twelve knights passed upon them, and they found Sir Palomides guilty, and Sir Safere not guilty, of their lord's death. And when Sir Safere should be delivered there was great dole betwixt Sir Palomides and him, and many piteous complaints that Sir Safere made at his departing, there is no maker can rehearse the tenth part. Fair brother, said Palomides, let be thy dolour and thy sorrow. And if I be ordained to die a shameful death, welcome be it; but an I had wist of this death that I am deemed unto, I should never have been yolden. So Sir Safere departed from his brother with the greatest dolour and sorrow that ever made knight.

And on the morn they of the castle ordained twelve knights to ride with Sir Palomides unto the father of the same knight that Sir Palomides slew; and so they bound his legs under an old steed's belly. And then they rode with Sir Palomides unto a castle by the seaside, that hight Pelownes, and there Sir Palomides should have justice. Thus was their ordinance; and so they rode with Sir Palomides fast by the castle of Joyous Gard. And as they passed by that castle there came riding out of that castle by them one that knew Sir Palomides. And when that knight saw Sir Palomides

bounden upon a crooked courser, the knight asked Sir Palomides for what cause he was led so. Ah, my fair fellow and knight, said Palomides, I ride toward my death for the slaying of a knight at a tournament of Lonazep; and if I had not departed from my lord Sir Tristram, as I ought not to have done, now might I have been sure to have had my life saved; but I pray you, sir knight, recommend me unto my lord, Sir Tristram, and unto my lady, Queen Isoud, and say to them if ever I trespassed to them I ask them forgiveness. And also I beseech you recommend me unto my lord, King Arthur, and to all the fellowship of the Round Table, unto my power. Then that knight wept for pity of Sir Palomides; and therewithal he rode unto Joyous Gard as fast as his horse might run, and lightly that knight descended down off his horse and went unto Sir Tristram, and there he told him all as ye have heard, and ever the knight wept as he had been mad.

CHAPTER LXXXV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM MADE HIM READY TO RESCUE SIR PALOMIDES, BUT SIR LAUNCELOT RESCUED HIM OR HE CAME.

When Sir Tristram heard how Sir Palomides went to his death, he was heavy to hear that, and said: Howbeit that I am wroth with Sir Palomides, yet will not I suffer him to die so shameful a death, for he is a full noble knight. And then anon Sir Tristram was armed and took his horse and two squires with him, and rode a great pace toward the castle of Pelownes where Sir Palomides was judged to death. And these twelve knights that led Sir Palomides passed by a well whereas Sir Launcelot was, which was alighted there, and had tied his horse to a tree, and taken off his helm to drink of that well; and when he saw these knights, Sir Launcelot put on his helm and suffered them to pass by him. And then was he ware of Sir Palomides bounden, and led shamefully

to his death. O Jesu, said Launcelot, what misadventure is befallen him that he is thus led toward his death? Forsooth, said Launcelot, it were shame to me to suffer this noble knight so to die an I might help him, therefore I will help him whatsomever come of it, or else I shall die for Sir Palomides' sake. And then Sir Launcelot mounted upon his horse, and gat his spear in his hand, and rode after the twelve knights that led Sir Palomides. Fair knights, said Sir Launcelot, whither lead ye that knight? it beseemeth him full ill to ride bounden. Then these twelve knights suddenly turned their horses and said to Sir Launcelot: Sir knight, we counsel thee not to meddle with this knight, for he hath deserved death, and unto death he is judged. That me repenteth, said Launcelot, that I may not borrow him with fairness, for he is over good a knight to die such a shameful death. And therefore, fair knights, said Sir Launcelot, keep you as well as ye can, for I will rescue that knight or die for it.

Then they began to dress their spears, and Sir Launcelot smote the foremost down, horse and man, and so he served three more with one spear; and then that spear brast, and therewithal Sir Launcelot drew his sword, and then he smote on the right hand and on the left hand. Then within a while he left none of those twelve knights, but he had laid them to the earth, and the most part of them were sore wounded. And then Sir Launcelot took the best horse that he found, and loosed Sir Palomides and set him upon that horse; and so they returned again unto Joyous Gard, and then was Sir Palomides ware of Sir Tristram how he came riding. And when Sir Launcelot saw him he knew him well, but Sir Tristram knew him not because Sir Launcelot had on his shoulder a golden shield. So Sir Launcelot made him ready to joust with Sir Tristram, that Sir Tristram should not ween that he were Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Palomides cried aloud to Sir Tristram: O my lord, I require you joust not with this knight, for this good knight hath saved me from my death. When Sir Tristram heard him say so he came a soft trotting pace toward them. And then Sir Palomides said: My lord, Sir Tristram, much am I beholding unto you of your great goodness, that would proffer your noble body to

rescue me undeserved, for I have greatly offended you. Notwithstanding, said Sir Palomides, here met we with this noble knight that worshipfully and manly rescued me from twelve knights, and smote them down all and wounded them sore.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND LAUNCELOT, WITH PALOMIDES, CAME TO JOYOUS GARD; AND OF PALOMIDES AND SIR TRISTRAM.

FAIR knight, said Sir Tristram unto Sir Launcelot, of whence be ye? I am a knight errant, said Sir Launcelot, that rideth to seek many adventures. What is your name? said Sir Tristram. Sir, at this time I will not tell you. Then Sir Launcelot said unto Sir Tristram and to Palomides: Now either of you are met together I will depart from you. Not so, said Sir Tristram; I pray you of knighthood to ride with me unto my castle. Wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, I may not ride with you, for I have many deeds to do in other places, that at this time I may not abide with you. Ah, mercy Jesu, said Sir Tristram, I require you as ye be a true knight to the order of knighthood, play you with me this night. Then Sir Tristram had a grant of Sir Launcelot: howbeit though he had not desired him he would have ridden with them, outher soon have come after them; for Sir Launcelot came for none other cause into that country but for to see Sir Tristram. And when they were come within Joyous Gard they alighted, and their horses were led into a stable; and then they unarmed them. And when Sir Launcelot was unhelmed, Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides knew him. Then Sir Tristram took Sir Launcelot in arms, and so did La Beale Isoud; and Palomides kneeled down upon his knees and thanked Sir Launcelot. When Sir Launcelot saw Sir Palomides kneel he lightly took him up and said thus: Wit thou well, Sir Palomides, I and any knight in this land, of worship ought of very right succour and rescue so noble

a knight as ye are proved and renowned, throughout all this realm endlong and overthwart. And then was there joy among them, and the oftener that Sir Palomides saw La Beale Isoud the heavier he waxed day by day.

Then Sir Launcelot within three or four days departed, and with him rode Sir Ector de Maris; and Dinadan and Sir Palomides were there left with Sir Tristram a two months and more. But ever Sir Palomides faded and mourned, that all men had marvel wherefore he faded so away. So upon a day, in the dawning, Sir Palomides went into the forest by himself alone; and there he found a well, and then he looked into the well, and in the water he saw his own visage, how he was disturbed and defaded, nothing like that he was. What may this mean? said Sir Palomides, and thus he said to himself: Ah, Palomides, Palomides, why art thou defaded, thou that was wont to be called one of the fairest knights of the world? I will no more lead this life, for I love that I may never get nor recover. And therewithal he laid him down by the well. And then he began to make a rhyme of La Beale Isoud and him.

And in the meanwhile Sir Tristram was that same day ridden into the forest to chase the hart of greese; but Sir Tristram would not ride a-hunting never more unarmed, because of Sir Breuse Saunce Pité. And so as Sir Tristram rode into that forest up and down, he heard one sing marvellously loud, and that was Sir Palomides that lay by the well. And then Sir Tristram rode softly thither, for he deemed there was some knight errant that was at the well. And when Sir Tristram came nigh him he descended down from his horse and tied his horse fast till a tree, and then he came near him on foot; and anon he was ware where lay Sir Palomides by the well and sang loud and merrily; and ever the complaints were of that noble queen, La Beale Isoud, the which was marvellously and wonderfully well said, and full dolefully and piteously made. And all the whole song the noble knight, Sir Tristram, heard from the beginning to the ending, the which grieved and troubled him sore.

But then at the last, when Sir Tristram had heard all Sir Palomides' complaints, he was wroth out of measure, and thought

for to slay him thereas he lay. Then Sir Tristram remembered himself that Sir Palomides was unarmed, and of the noble name that Sir Palomides had, and the noble name that himself had, and then he made a restraint of his anger; and so he went unto Sir Palomides a soft pace and said: Sir Palomides, I have heard your complaint, and of thy treason that thou hast owed me so long, and wit thou well therefore thou shalt die; and if it were not for shame of knighthood thou shouldest not escape my hands, for now I know well thou hast awaited me with treason. Tell me, said Sir Tristram, how thou wilt acquit thee? Sir, said Palomides, thus I will acquit me: as for Queen La Beale Isoud, ye shall wit well that I love her above all other ladies in this world; and well I wot it shall befall me as for her love as befell to the noble knight Sir Kehydius, that died for the love of La Beale Isoud. And now, Sir Tristram, I will that ye wit that I have loved La Beale Isoud many a day, and she hath been the causer of my worship, and else I had been the most simplest knight in the world. For by her, and because of her, I have won the worship that I have; for when I remembered me of La Beale Isoud I won the worship wheresomever I came for the most part; and yet had I never reward nor bounté of her the days of my life, and yet have I been her knight guerdonless. And therefore, Sir Tristram, as for any death I dread not, for I had as lief die as to live. And if I were armed as thou art, I should lightly do battle with thee. Well have ye uttered your treason, said Tristram. I have done to you no treason, said Palomides, for love is free for all men, and though I have loved your lady, she is my lady as well as yours; howbeit I have wrong if any wrong be, for ye rejoice her, and have your desire of her, and so had I never nor never am like to have, and yet shall I love her to the uttermost days of my life as well as ye.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

HOW THERE WAS A DAY SET BETWEEN SIR TRISTRAM AND SIR PALOMIDES FOR TO FIGHT, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM WAS HURT.

THEN said Sir Tristram: I will fight with you to the uttermost. I grant, said Palomides, for in a better quarrel keep I never to fight, for an I die of your hands, of a better knight's hands may I not be slain. And sithen I understand that I shall never rejoice La Beale Isoud, I have as good will to die as to live. Then set ye a day, said Sir Tristram, that we shall do battle. This day fifteen days, said Palomides, will I meet with you hereby, in the meadow under Joyous Gard. Fie for shame, said Sir Tristram, will ye set so long day? let us fight to-morn. Not so, said Palomides, for I am meagre, and have been long sick for the love of La Beale Isoud, and therefore I will repose me till I have my strength again. So then Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides promised faithfully to meet at the well that day fifteen days. I am remembered, said Sir Tristram to Palomides, that ye brake me once a promise when that I rescued you from Breuse Saunce Pité and nine knights; and then ye promised me to meet me at the peron and the grave beside Camelot, whereas at that time ye failed of your promise. Wit you well, said Palomides unto Sir Tristram, I was at that day in prison, so that I might not hold my promise. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, an ye had holden your promise this work had not been here now at this time.

Right so departed Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides. And so Sir Palomides took his horse and his harness, and he rode unto King Arthur's court; and there Sir Palomides gat him four knights and four sergeants-of-arms, and so he returned again ward unto Joyous Gard. And in the meanwhile Sir Tristram chased and hunted at all manner of venery; and about three days afore the battle should be, as Sir Tristram chased an hart, there was an archer shot at the hart, and by misfortune he smote Sir Tristram in the thick of the thigh,

and the arrow slew Sir Tristram's horse and hurt him. When Sir Tristram was so hurt he was passing heavy, and wit ye well he bled sore; and then he took another horse, and rode unto Joyous Gard with great heaviness, more for the promise that he had made with Sir Palomides, as to do battle with him within three days after, than for any hurt of his thigh. Wherefore there was neither man nor woman that could cheer him with anything that they could make to him, neither Queen La Beale Isoud; for ever he deemed that Sir Palomides had smitten him so that he should not be able to do battle with him at the day set.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

HOW SIR PALOMIDES KEPT HIS DAY TO HAVE FOUGHTEN, BUT SIR TRISTRAM MIGHT NOT COME; AND OTHER THINGS.

BUT in no wise there was no knight about Sir Tristram that would believe that ever Sir Palomides would hurt Sir Tristram, neither by his own hands nor by none other consenting. Then when the fifteenth day was come, Sir Palomides came to the well with four knights with him of Arthur's court, and three sergeants-of-arms. And for this intent Sir Palomides brought the knights with him and the sergeants-of-arms, for they should bear record of the battle betwixt Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides. And the one sergeant brought in his helm, the other his spear, the third his sword. So thus Palomides came into the field, and there he abode nigh two hours; and then he sent a squire unto Sir Tristram, and desired him to come into the field to hold his promise.

When the squire was come to Joyous Gard, anon as Sir Tristram heard of his coming he let command that the squire should come to his presence thereas he lay in his bed. My lord Sir Tristram, said Palomides' squire, wit you well my lord, Palomides, abideth you in the field, and he would wit whether ye would do battle or not.

Ah, my fair brother, said Sir Tristram, wit thou well that I am right heavy for these tidings; therefore tell Sir Palomides an I were well at ease I would not lie here, nor he should have no need to send for me an I might either ride or go; and for thou shalt say that I am no liar — Sir Tristram showed him his thigh that the wound was six inches deep. And now thou hast seen my hurt, tell thy lord that this is no feigned matter, and tell him that I had liefer than all the gold of King Arthur that I were whole; and tell Palomides as soon as I am whole I shall seek him endlong and overthwart, and that I promise you as I am true knight; and if ever I may meet with him, he shall have battle of me his fill. And with this the squire departed; and when Palomides wist that Tristram was hurt he was glad and said: Now I am sure I shall have no shame, for I wot well I should have had hard handling of him, and by likely I must needs have had the worse, for he is the hardest knight in battle that now is living except Sir Launcelot.

And then departed Sir Palomides whereas fortune led him, and within a month Sir Tristram was whole of his hurt. And then he took his horse, and rode from country to country, and all strange adventures he achieved wheresomever he rode; and always he enquired for Sir Palomides, but of all that quarter of summer Sir Tristram could never meet with Sir Palomides. But thus as Sir Tristram sought and enquired after Sir Palomides Sir Tristram achieved many great battles, wherethrough all the noise fell to Sir Tristram, and it ceased of Sir Launcelot; and therefore Sir Launcelot's brethren and his kinsmen would have slain Sir Tristram because of his fame. But when Sir Launcelot wist how his kinsmen were set, he said to them openly: Wit you well, that an the envy of you all be so hardy to wait upon my lord, Sir Tristram, with any hurt, shame, or villainy, as I am true knight I shall slay the best of you with mine own hands. Alas, fie for shame, should ye for his noble deeds await upon him to slay him. Jesu defend, said Launcelot, that ever any noble knight as Sir Tristram is should be destroyed with treason. Of this noise and fame sprang into Cornwall, and among them of Liones, whereof they were passing glad, and made great joy. And then they of Liones sent letters unto

Sir Tristram of recommendation, and many great gifts to maintain Sir Tristram's estate; and ever, between, Sir Tristram resorted unto Joyous Gard whereas La Beale Isoud was, that loved him as her life.

Here endeth the tenth book which is of Sir Tristram. And here followeth the eleventh book which is of Sir Launcelot.

VIII

CONCLUSION

WHAN sir Trystram was com home unto Joyus Garde (11)
from hys adventures—and all thys whyle that sir
Launcelot was thus myste, two yere and more, sir Trystram
bare the brewte and renowne thorow all the realme of
Logyrs, and many stronge adventures befelle hym, and full 5 343r
well and [manly and] worshypfully he brought hem to an
ende—so whan he was com home La Beall Isode tolde [hym]
off the grete feste that sholde be at Pentecoste nexte folow-
ynge. And there she tolde hym how sir Launcelot had bene
myssed two yere, and all that whyle he had bene oute of hys 10
mynde, and how he was holpyn by the holy vessell of the
Sankgreall.

'Alas!' seyde sir Trystram, 'that caused som debate be-
twyxte hym and quene Gwenyver.'

'Sir,' seyde dame Isode, 'I knowe hyt all, for quene Gwe- 15
nyver sente me a lettir all how hyt was done, for because
I sholde requyre you to seke hym. And now, blessyd be
God,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'he ys hole and sounde and
comyn ayen to the courte.'

'A, Jesu! thereof am I fayne,' seyde sir Trystram. 'And 20
now shall ye and I make us redy, for bothe ye and I woll be
at that feste.'

'Sir,' seyde dame Isode, 'and hyt please you, I woll nat be
there, for thorow me ye bene marked of many good knyghtes,
and that causyth you for to have muche more laboure for my 25
sake than nedyth you to have.'

'Than woll I nat be there,' seyde sir Trystram, 'but yf ye
be there.'

'God deffende,' seyde La Beall Isode, 'for than shall I be
spokyn of shame amonge all quenys and ladyes of astate; for 30
ye that ar called one of the nobelyste knyghtys of the worlde
and a knyght of the Rounde Table, how may ye be myssed
at that feste? For what shall be sayde of you amonge all
knyghtes? "A! se how sir Trystram huntyth and hawkyth,
and cowryth wythin a castell wyth hys lady, and forsakyth us. 35

4 *C*† bare the renomme 6, 7 *Not emended in O*[1] 11–12 *C*† vessel the Sancgreal 16–17 *C*[*] letter in the whiche she wrote me alle how hit was for to requyre 20 A Jesu *not in C* *C* am I glad 22 *C* atte feest 23 dame *not in C* 24 *C* ye be 25 *C*† caused ycw to 26–27 *C* nedeth yow Thenne 32 *C* and ye a 33 of you *not in C*† 5 *C* forsaketh your worshyp

Alas!" shall som sey, "hyt ys pyté that ever he was knyght, or ever he shulde have the love of a lady." Also, what shall quenys and ladyes say of me? "Hyt ys pyté that I have my lyff, that I wolde holde so noble a knyght as ye ar frome hys worshyp." '

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram unto La Beall
343v Isode, 'hyt ys passyngly well seyde of you and nobely counceyled. And now I well undirstonde that ye love me. And lyke as ye have counceyled me I woll do a parte thereaftir, but there shall no man nor chylde ryde wyth me but myselff alone. And so I woll ryde on Tewysday next commynge, and no more harneyse of warre but my speare and my swerde.'

(12) And so whan the day come sir Trystram toke hys leve at La Beall Isode, and she sente wyth hym four knyghtys; and wythin halff a myle he sente them agayne. And within a myle way aftir sir Trystram sawe afore hym where sir Palomydes had stryken downe a knyght and allmoste wounded hym to the dethe. Than sir Trystram repented hym that he was nat armed, and therewyth he hoved stylle. And anone as sir Palomydes saw sir Trystram he cryed on hyght,

'Sir Trystram, now be we mette, for or we departe we shall redresse all our olde sorys!'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'there was never yet no Crystyn man that ever myght make hys boste that ever I fledde from hym. And wyte thou well, sir Palomydes, thou that arte a Sarezen shall never make thy boste that ever sir Trystram de Lyones shall fle fro the!'

And therewyth sir Trystram made hys horse to ren, and wyth all hys myght he cam streyte uppon sir Palomydes and braste hys speare uppon hym at an hondred pecis. And furthwythall sir Trystram drewe hys swerde, and than he turned hys horse and stroke togydyrs six grete strokys uppon hys helme. And than sir Palomydes stode stylle and byhylde sir Trystram and mervayled gretely at hys woodnes and of hys foly.

1–2 *C* was made knyght or that euer 7 *C* passynge 11 alone *not in C* *C* wille I 17 way *not in C* 20–21 *C** stylle with that sir palomydes knewe syr Tristram and cryed 23 all *not in C* 24–25 *C* was yet neuer cristen man myghte make 26 *C* wete ye wel 27 ever *not in C* 31 at *not in C* 33 *C* stroke at palomydes vi grete 35 *C*† merueyled of his woodenes

And than sir Palomydes seyde unto hymselff, 'And thys sir Trystram were armed, hyt were harde to cese hym frome hys batayle, and yff I turne agayne and sle hym I am shamed 344r wheresomevir I go.'

Than sir Trystram spake and seyde, 5

'Thou cowarde knyght, what castyste thou to do? And why wolt thou nat do batayle wyth me? For have thou no doute I shall endure the and all thy malyce!'

'A, sir Trystram!' seyde sir Palomydes, 'full well thou wotyste I may nat have ado wyth the for shame, for thou 10 arte here naked and I am armede, and yf that I sle the, dyshonoure shall be myne. And well thou wotyste,' seyde sir Palomydes unto sir Trystram, 'I knowe thy strengthe and thy hardynes to endure ayenste a goode knyght.'

'That ys trouthe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I undirstonde thy 15 valyauntenesse.'

'Ye say well,' seyde sir Palomydes. 'Now, I requyre you, telle me a questyon that I shall sey unto you.'

'Than telle me what hyt ys,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and I shall answere you of the trouthe, as God me helpe.' 20

'Sir, I put a case,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'that ye were armed at all ryghtes as well as I am, and I naked as ye be, what wolde ye do to me now, be youre trewe knyghthode?'

'A,' seyde sir Trystram, 'now I undirstonde the well, sir Palomydes, for now muste I sey myne owne jugemente! 25 And, as God me blysse, that I shall sey shall nat be seyde for no feare that I have of the, sir Palomydes. But thys ys all: wyte thou well, sir Palomydes, as at thys tyme thou sholdyst departe from me, for I wolde nat have ado wyth the.' 30

'No more woll I,' seyde sir Palomydes. 'And therefore ryde furth on thy way!'

'As for that,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I may chose othir to ryde othir to go. But, sir Palomydes,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I mervayle greatly of one thynge, that thou arte so good 35

1–2 *C* aud sir Tristram *S* and sir Tristram 2–3 *C* hym of this bataille 4 *C* where someuer that I 8 *C*† endure alle the malyce 10 *C* not fyghte with 16 *C* valyauntnesse wel 20 of *not in C* 21 *C* I putte caas 27 *C* of the But 28 thou well *not in C*† 32 *S* an thy 33–34 *C* that I maye chese said sir Tristram outher to ryde or to abyde but 35 greatly *not in C* *C** that thow that art

a knyght, that thou wolt nat be crystynde, and thy brothir, sir Saffir, hath bene crystynde many a day.'

344v (13) 'As for that,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I may nat yet be crystyned for a vowe that I have made many yerys agone. Howbehyt in my harte and in my soule I have had many a day a good beleve in Jesu Cryste and hys mylde modir Mary, but I have but one batayle to do, and were that onys done I wolde be baptyzed.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Trystram, 'as for one batayle, thou shalt nat seke hyt longe. For God deffende,' seyde sir Trystram, 'that thorow my defaute thou sholdyste lengar lyve thus a Sarazyn. For yondyr ys a knyght that ye have hurte and smyttyn downe: now helpe me than that I were armed in hys armoure, and I shall sone fullfyll thyne avowys.'

'As ye wyll,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'so shall hyt be.'

So they rode bothe unto that knyght that sate uppon a banke, and than sir Trystram salewed hym, and he waykely salewed hym agayne.

'Sir knyght,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I requyre you tell me youre ryght name.'

'Syr,' he seyde, 'my ryght name ys sir Galleron off Galowey, and a knyght of the Table Rounde.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'I am ryght hevy of youre hurtys! But thys ys all: I muste pray you to leane me youre hole armoure, for ye se that I am unarmed, and I muste do batayle wyth thys knyght.'

'Sir, ye shall have hyt wyth a good wyll. But ye muste beware, for I warne you that knyght ys an hardy knyght as ever I mette wythall. But, sir,' seyde sir Galeron, 'I pray you, telle me youre name, and what ys that knyghtes name that hath beatyn me?'

'Sir, as for my name, wyte you well [yt] ys sir Trystram de Lyones, and as for hym, hys name ys sir Palomydes, brothir unto the good knyght sir Sapher, and yet ys sir Palomydes
345r uncrystynde.'

4 *C* for one auowe 5–6 *C*† herte I bileue 7 *S* haue one 7–8 *C** & when that is done I will be baptyzed with a good wille 10 *C* seke it no lenger For 12 *C* ye syre Palomydes haue 13 than *not in C* 15 *C* it shalle 21 ryght *not in C* 24–25 *C* lene me alle your 27 *C** syr said the hurte knyghte ye 28–29 *C*† is wyghte Syr sayd 32 wyte you well *not in C* *C** it is 33 *C* and as for the knyghtes name that hath hurte you is sir

'Alas!' seyde sir Galleron, 'that ys grete pyté that so good a knyght and so noble a man off armys sholde be uncrystynde.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Trystram, 'owthyr he shall sle me, othir I hym, but that he shall be crystynde or ever we departe in sundir.'

'My lorde, sir Trystram,' seyde sir Galleron, 'youre renowne and worshyp ys well knowyn thorow many realmys, and God save you thys day frome senshyp and shame!'

Than sir Trystram unarmed sir Galleron, the whyche was a noble knyght and had done many dedys of armys; and he was a large knyght of fleyshe and boone. And whan he was unarmed he stood on hys feete, for he was sore brused in the backe wyth a speare; yet as well as sir Galleron myght he armed sir Trystram.

And than sir Trystram mounted uppon hys horse, and in hys honde he gate sir Galleron hys speare; and therewythall sir Palomydes was redy. And so they cam hurtelynge togydyrs, and aythir smote othir in myddys off there shyldys. And therewythall sir Palomydes speare brake, and sir Trystram smote downe sir Palomydes, horse and man, to the erthe.

And than sir Palomydes, as sone as he myght, avoyded hys horse, and dressed hys shylde, and pulled oute hys swerde. That sawe sir Trystram, and therewythall he alyght and tyed hys horse to a tre. And than they cam togydyrs egirly as two wylde borys, and so they layshed togydyrs, trasynge and traversynge as noble men that offten had bene (14) well proved in batayle. But ever sir Palomydes dred passynge sore the myght of sir Trystram, and therefore he suffyrd hym 30345v to breeth hym, and thus they faught more than two owrys. But oftyntymes sir Trystram smote suche strokys at sir Palomydes that he made hym to knele, and sir Palomydes brake and kutte many pecis of sir Trystrams shylde, and than sir Palomydes wounded sir Trystram passynge sore, for he was a well fyghtynge man.

1 grete *not in C* 13 sore *not in C*† 14 *C* yet soo as syr Galleron 16 *C** his owne hors 21–23 *C*† doune the hors and sir Palomydes as soone 23 *C* auoyde 26 *C* hors tyl a 27 egirly *not in C* *C* bores lasshynge to gyders 29–30, 35 passynge sore *not in C* 32 *C* but often syr 34 *C* cutte awey many

Than sir Trystram waxed wood wrothe oute off mesure, and russhed uppon sir Palomydes wyth suche a myght that sir Palomydes felle grovelynge to the erthe. And therewythall he lepe up lyghtly uppon hys feete, and than sir Trystram wounded sore sir Palomydes thorow the shuldir. And ever sir Trystram fought stylle in lyke harde, and sir Palomydes fayled hym nat but gaff hym many sad strokys agayne. And at the laste sir Trystram doubeled hys strokys uppon hym, and by fortune sir Trystram smote sir Palomydes swerde oute of hys honde, and yf sir Palomydes had stouped for hys swerde he had bene slayne. And than sir Palomydes stood stylle and behylde hys swerde wyth a sorowfull harte.

'How now?' sayde sir Trystram. 'For now I have the at avauntayge,' seyde sir Trystram, 'as thou haddist me thys day, but hyt shall never be seyde in no courte nor amonge no good knyghtes that sir Trystram shall sle ony knyght that ys wepynles. And therefore take thou thy swerde, and lat us make an ende of thys batayle!'

'As for to do thys batayle,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'I dare ryght well ende hyt. But I have no grete luste to fyght no more, and for thys cause,' seyde sir Palomydes: 'myne offence ys to you nat so grete but that we may be fryendys, for all that I have offended ys and was for the love of La Beall Isode. And as for her, I dare say she ys pyerles of all
346r othir ladyes, and also I profyrd her never no maner of dyshonoure, and by her I have getyn the moste parte of my worshyp. And sytthyn I ⟨ha⟩d [o]ffended never as to her owne persone, and as for the offence that I have done, hyt was ayenste youre owne persone, and for that [o]ffence ye have gyvyn me thys day many sad strokys (and som I have gyffyn you agayne, and now I dare sey I felte never man of youre myght nothir so well-brethed but yf hit were sir Launcelot du Laake), wherefore I requyre you, my lorde, forgyff me all that I have offended unto you! And thys same day have me to the nexte churche, and fyrste lat me be clene confessed,

1 *C* Tristram was woode 4 *C* lepte 5 *C* wounded Palomydes sore thurgh 7 agayne *not in C* 8 uppon hym *not in C* 13–14 *C* Tristram vnto Palomydes now haue I the at auauntage as thow 15 *C* among good 17 *C* lete *S* let 22 *C* offence to yow is not soo 24 *C* pyerles aboue alle 25 maner of *not in C* 27 *C** I offended *W* I deffended (*see note*) 29 *C** that offence *W* that deffence (*see note*)

and aftir that se youreselff that I be truly baptysed. And than woll we all ryde togydyrs unto the courte of kynge Arthure, that we may be there at the nexte hyghe feste folowynge.'

'Than take youre horse,' seyde sir Trystram, 'and as ye sey, so shall hyt be; and all my evyll wyll God forgyff hyt you, and I do. And hereby wythin thys myle ys the suffrygan of Carlehylle whyche shall gyff you the sacramente of baptyme.'

And anone they toke there horsys, and sir Galleron rode wyth them, and whan they cam to the suffrygan sir Trystram tolde hym there desyre. Than the suffrygan let fylle a grete vessell wyth watyr, and whan he had halowed hyt he than conffessed clene sir Palomydes. And Trystram and sir Galleron were hys two godfadyrs.

And than sone afftyr they departed and rode towarde Camelot where that kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyvir was, and the moste party of all the knyghtes of the Rounde Table were there also. And so the kynge and all the courte were ryght glad that sir Palomydes was crystynde.

And that same feste in cam sir Galahad that was son unto sir Launcelot du Lake, and sate in the Syge Perelous. And so therewythall they departed and dysceyvirde, all the **346v** knyghtys of the Rounde Table.

And than sir Trystram returned unto Joyus Garde, and sir Palomydes folowed aftir the questynge beste.

HERE ENDYTH THE SECUNDE BOKE OFF SYR TRYSTRAM DE LYONES, WHYCHE DRAWYN WAS OUTE OF FREYNSHE BY SIR THOMAS MALLEORRÉ, KNYGHT, AS JESU BE HYS HELPE. AMEN.

BUT HERE YS NO REHERSALL OF THE THIRDE BOOKE.

BUT HERE FOLOWYTH THE NOBLE TALE OFF THE SANKEGREALL, WHYCHE CALLED YS THE HOLY VESSELL AND THE

1 *C* see yow now that 3 may *not in C* nexte *not in C* 4 folowynge *not in C* 5 *C* Now take 6 *C*† alle thyn euylle (*see note*) 7 *C* here within 8 *C* Carleil that shalle 15 two *not in C* 16 *C* departed rydynge toward 17 that *not in C* 18 *C* party alle 19 were there also *not in C* 21 *C* And at the same 21–22 that was son unto sir Launcelot du Lake *not in C*† 23 they *not in C* 25 *C* retorned ayene vnto 26 aftir *not in C* 27–32 *C*† Tristram that was drawen oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe But here is no rehersal of the thyrd book And here foloweth 33 *C* that called is

SYGNYFYCACION OF BLYSSED BLOODE OFF OURE LORDE JESU CRYSTE, WHYCHE WAS BROUGHT INTO THYS LONDE BY JOSEPH OFF ARAMATHYE.

THEREFORE ON ALL SYNFULL, BLYSSED LORDE, HAVE ON THY KNYGHT MERCY. AMEN.

1 *C* of the blessid 2 *C** Cryste blessid mote it be the whiche 4–5 *C* synful souls* blessid lord haue thou mercy EXPLICIT LIBER XII ET INCIPIT DECIMUSTERCIUS

CHAPTER XI

HOW LA BEALE ISOUD COUNSELLED SIR TRISTRAM TO GO UNTO THE COURT, TO THE GREAT FEAST OF PENTECOST.

Now will we leave off this matter, and speak we of Sir Tristram, and of Sir Palomides that was the Saracen unchristened. When Sir Tristram was come home unto Joyous Gard from his adventures, all this while that Sir Launcelot was thus missed, two year and more, Sir Tristram bare the renown through all the realm of Logris, and many strange adventures befell him, and full well and manly and worshipfully he brought them to an end. So when he was come home La Beale Isoud told him of the great feast that should be at Pentecost next following, and there she told him how Sir Launcelot had been missed two year, and all that while he had been out of his mind, and how he was holpen by the holy vessel, the Sangreal. Alas, said Sir Tristram, that caused some debate betwixt him and Queen Guenever. Sir, said Dame Isoud, I know it all, for Queen Guenever sent me a letter in the which she wrote me all how it was, for to require you to seek him. And now, blessed be God, said La Beale Isoud, he is whole and sound and come again to the court.

Thereof am I glad, said Sir Tristram, and now shall ye and I make us ready, for both ye and I will be at the feast. Sir, said Isoud, an it please you I will not be there, for through me ye be marked of many good knights, and that caused you to have much more labour for my sake than needeth you. Then will I not be there, said Sir Tristram, but if ye be there. God defend, said La Beale Isoud, for then shall I be spoken of shame among all queens and ladies of estate; for ye that are called one of the noblest knights of the world, and ye a knight of the Round Table, how may ye be missed at that feast? What shall be said among all knights? See how Sir Tristram hunteth, and hawketh, and cowereth within a castle with his lady, and forsaketh your worship. Alas, shall some say, it is pity that ever he was made knight, or that ever he should have the love of a lady. Also what shall queens and ladies say of me? It is pity

that I have my life, that I will hold so noble a knight as ye are from his worship. So God me help, said Sir Tristram unto La Beale Isoud, it is passing well said of you and nobly counselled; and now I well understand that ye love me; and like as ye have counselled me I will do a part thereafter. But there shall no man nor child ride with me, but myself. And so will I ride on Tuesday next coming, and no more harness of war but my spear and my sword.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR TRISTRAM DEPARTED UNARMED AND MET WITH SIR PALOMIDES, AND HOW THEY SMOTE EACH OTHER, AND HOW SIR PALOMIDES FORBARE HIM.

And so when the day came Sir Tristram took his leave at La Beale Isoud, and she sent with him four knights, and within half a mile he sent them again: and within a mile after Sir Tristram saw afore him where Sir Palomides had stricken down a knight, and almost wounded him to the death. Then Sir Tristram repented him that he was not armed, and then he hoved still. With that Sir Palomides knew Sir Tristram, and cried on high: Sir Tristram, now be we met, for or we depart we will redress our old sores. As for that, said Sir Tristram, there was yet never Christian man might make his boast that ever I fled from him; and wit ye well, Sir Palomides, thou that art a Saracen shall never make thy boast that Sir Tristram de Liones shall flee from thee. And therewith Sir Tristram made his horse to run, and with all his might he came straight upon Sir Palomides, and brast his spear upon him an hundred pieces. And forthwithal Sir Tristram drew his sword. And then he turned his horse and struck at Palomides six great strokes upon his helm; and then Sir Palomides stood still, and beheld Sir Tristram, and marvelled of his woodness, and of his folly. And then Sir Palomides said to himself: An Sir Tristram were armed, it were hard to cease him of this battle, and if I turn again and slay him I am ashamed wheresomever that I go.

Then Sir Tristram spake and said: Thou coward knight, what castest thou to do; why wilt thou not do battle with me? for have thou no doubt I shall endure all thy malice. Ah, Sir Tristram, said Palomides, full well thou wottest I may not fight with thee for shame, for thou art here naked and I am armed, and if I slay thee, dishonour shall be mine. And well thou wottest, said Sir Palomides to Sir Tristram, I know thy strength and thy hardiness to endure against a good knight. That is truth, said Sir Tristram, I understand thy valiantness well. Ye say well, said Sir Palomides; now, I require you, tell me a question that I shall say to you. Tell me what it is, said Sir Tristram, and I shall answer you the truth, as God me help. I put case, said Sir Palomides, that ye were armed at all rights as well as I am, and I naked as ye be, what would you do to me now, by your true knighthood? Ah, sad Sir Tristram, now I understand thee well, Sir Palomides, for now must I say mine own judgment, and as God me bless, that I shall say shall not be said for no fear that I have of thee. But this is all: wit Sir Palomides, as at this time thou shouldest depart from me, for I would not have ado with thee. No more will I, said Palomides, and therefore ride forth on thy way. As for that I may choose, said Sir Tristram, either to ride or to abide. But Sir Palomides, said Sir Tristram, I marvel of one thing, that thou that art so good a knight, that thou wilt not be christened, and thy brother, Sir Safere, hath been christened many a day.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW THAT SIR TRISTRAM GAT HIM HARNESS OF A KNIGHT WHICH WAS HURT, AND HOW HE OVERTHREW SIR PALOMIDES.

As for that, said Sir Palomides, I may not yet be christened, for one avow that I have made many years agone; how-beit in my heart I believe in Jesu Christ and his mild mother Mary; but I have but one battle to do, and when that is done I will be

baptised with a good will. By my head, said Tristram, as for one battle thou shalt not seek it no longer. For God defend, said Sir Tristram, that through my default thou shouldst longer live thus a Saracen, for yonder is a knight that ye, Sir Palomides, have hurt and smitten down. Now help me that I were armed in his armour, and I shall soon fulfil thine avows. As ye will, said Palomides, so it shall be.

So they rode both unto that knight that sat upon a bank, and then Sir Tristram saluted him, and he weakly saluted him again. Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, I require you tell me your right name. Sir, he said, my name is Sir Galleron of Galway, and knight of the Table Round. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, I am right heavy of your hurts; but this is all, I must pray you to lend me all your whole armour, for ye see I am unarmed, and I must do battle with this knight. Sir, sad the hurt knight, ye shall have it with a good will; but ye must beware, for I warn you that knight is wight. Sir, said Galleron, I pray you tell me your name, and what is that knight's name that hath beaten me. Sir, as for my name it is Sir Tristram de Liones, and as for the knight's name that hath hurt you is Sir Palomides, brother to the good knight Sir Safere, and yet is Sir Palomides unchristened. Alas, said Sir Galleron, that is pity that so good a knight and so noble a man of arms should be unchristened. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, either he shall slay me or I him but that he shall be christened or ever we depart in-sunder. My lord Sir Tristram, said Sir Galleron, your renown and worship is well known through many realms, and God save you this day from shenship and shame.

Then Sir Tristram unarmed Galleron, the which was a noble knight, and had done many deeds of arms, and he was a large knight of flesh and bone. And when he was unarmed he stood upon his feet, for he was bruised in the back with a spear; yet so as Sir Galleron might, he armed Sir Tristram. And then Sir Tristram mounted upon his own horse, and in his hand he gat Sir Galleron's spear; and therewithal Sir Palomides was ready. And so they came hurtling together, and either smote other in midst of their shields; and therewithal Sir Palomides' spear brake, and Sir Tristram smote

down the horse; and Sir Palomides, as soon as he might, avoided his horse, and dressed his shield, and pulled out his sword. That saw Sir Tristram, and therewithal he alighted and tied his horse till a tree.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SIR TRISTRAM AND SIR PALOMIDES FOUGHT LONG TOGETHER, AND AFTER ACCORDED, AND HOW SIR TRISTRAM MADE HIM TO BE CHRISTENED.

And then they came together as two wild boars, lashing together, tracing and traversing as noble men that oft had been well proved in battle; but ever Sir Palomides dread the might of Sir Tristram, and therefore he suffered him to breathe him. Thus they fought more than two hours, but often Sir Tristram smote such strokes at Sir Palomides that he made him to kneel; and Sir Palomides brake and cut away many pieces of Sir Tristram's shield; and then Sir Palomides wounded Sir Tristram, for he was a well fighting man. Then Sir Tristram was wood wroth out of measure, and rushed upon Sir Palomides with such a might that Sir Palomides fell grovelling to the earth; and therewithal he leapt up lightly upon his feet, and then Sir Tristram wounded Palomides sore through the shoulder. And ever Sir Tristram fought still in like hard, and Sir Palomides failed not, but gave him many sad strokes. And at the last Sir Tristram doubled his strokes, and by fortune Sir Tristram smote Sir Palomides' sword out of his hand, and if Sir Palomides had stooped for his sword he had been slain.

Then Palomides stood still and beheld his sword with a sorrowful heart. How now, said Sir Tristram unto Palomides, now have I thee at advantage as thou haddest me this day; but it shall never be said in no court, nor among good knights, that Sir Tristram shall slay any knight that is weaponless; and therefore take thou thy sword, and let us make an end of this battle. As for to do this battle,

said Palomides, I dare right well end it, but I have no great lust to fight no more. And for this cause, said Palomides: mine offence to you is not so great but that we may be friends. All that I have offended is and was for the love of La Beale Isoud. And as for her, I dare say she is peerless above all other ladies, and also I proffered her never no dishonour; and by her I have gotten the most part of my worship. And sithen I offended never as to her own person, and as for the offence that I have done, it was against your own person, and for that offence ye have given me this day many sad strokes, and some I have given you again; and now I dare say I felt never man of your might, nor so well breathed, but if it were Sir Launcelot du Lake; wherefore I require you, my lord, forgive me all that I have offended unto you; and this same day have me to the next church, and first let me be clean confessed, and after see you now that I be truly baptised. And then will we all hide together unto the court of Arthur, that we be there at the high feast. Now take your horse, said Sir Tristram, and as ye say so it shall be, and all thine evil will God forgive it you, and I do. And here within this mile is the Suffragan of Carlisle that shall give you the sacrament of baptism.

Then they took their horses and Sir Galleron rode with them. And when they came to the Suffragan Sir Tristram told him their desire. Then the Suffragan let fill a great vessel with water, and when he had hallowed it he then confessed clean Sir Palomides, and Sir Tristram and Sir Galleron were his godfathers. And then soon after they departed, riding toward Camelot, where King Arthur and Queen Guenever was, and for the most part all the knights of the Round Table. And so the king and all the court were glad that Sir Palomides was christened. And at the same feast in came Galahad and sat in the Siege Perilous. And so therewithal departed and dissevered all the knights of the Round Table. And Sir Tristram returned again unto Joyous Gard, and Sir Palomides followed the Questing Beast.

Here endeth the second book of Sir Tristram that was drawn out of French into English. But here is no rehearsal of the third book.

And here followeth the noble tale of the Sangreal, that called is the Holy Vessel; and the signification of the blessed blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, blessed mote it be, the which was brought into this land by Joseph of Aramathie. Therefore on all sinful souls blessed Lord have thou mercy.

Explicit liber xii. Et incipit Decimustercius.

THE

SANKGREAL

BRIEFLY DRAWN OUT OF FRENCH

WHICH IS A TALE CHRONICLED FOR ONE OF THE TRUEST AND ONE OF THE HOLIEST THAT IS IN THIS WORLD

I

THE DEPARTURE

AT the vigyl of Pentecoste, whan all the felyship of the Table Rownde were com unto Camelot and there harde hir servyse, so at the laste the tablys were sette redy to the meete, ryght so entird into the halle a full fayre jantillwoman on horsebacke that had ryddyn full faste, for hir horse was all beswette. Than she there alyght and com before the kynge and salewed hym, and he seyde, 349r (1)

'Damesell, God you blysse!'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'for Goddis sake telle me where ys sir Launcelot.'

'He ys yondir, ye may se hym,' seyd the kynge.

Than she wente unto sir Launcelot and seyde,

'Sir Launcelot, I salew you on kynge Pelles behalff, and I also requyre you to com with me hereby into a foreste.'

Than sir Launcelot asked her with whom she dwelled.

'I dwelle,' she seyde, 'with kynge Pelles.'

'What woll ye with me?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Ye shall know,' she seyde, 'whan ye com thydir.'

'Well,' seyde he, 'I woll gladly go with you.'

So sir Launcelot bade hys squyre sadyll hys horse and brynge hys armys in haste. So he ded hys commandemente. Than come the quene unto sir Launcelot and seyde,

'Woll ye leve us now alone at thys hyghe feste?'

'Madam,' seyde the jantyllwoman, 'wyte you well he shall be with you to-morne by dyner tyme.'

'If I wyste,' seyde the quene, 'that he sholde nat be here with us to-morne, he sholde nat go with you be my good wyll!'

Ryght so departed sir Launcelot, and rode untyll that he com into a foreste and into a grete valey where they sye an abbey of nunnys. And there was a squyre redy, and opened the gatis, and so they entird and descended of their horsys. And anone there cam a fayre felyship aboute sir Launcelot and wellcomed hym, [and were passyng gladde of his comynge]; and than they ladde hym unto the abbas chambir and unarmed hym.

3 *C* seruyse And the tables 8 *C* god the 9–10 *C* saye me where syr launcelot is 11 He ys *not in C* 14 also *not in C* to *not in C* *C* com on with 16, 18 *C* said she 21 *C* armes and in all hast he dyd 23 now alone *not in C*† 26–27 *C* with vs here 28 *C* *launcelot with the gentylwoman &

And ryght so he was ware uppon a bed lyynge two of hys cosyns, sir Bors and sir Lyonell. And anone he waked them, and whan they syghe hym they made grete joy.

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors unto sir Launcelot, 'what adventure hath brought you hidir? For we wende to have founde you to-morne at Camelot.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'a jantillwoman brought me hydir, but I know nat the cause.'

349v So in the meanewhyle that they thus talked togydir, there com in twelve nunnes that brought with hem Galahad, the whych was passynge fayre and welle made, that unneth in the worlde men myght nat fynde hys macche. And all tho ladyes wepte.

'Sir,' seyd they all, 'we brynge you hyre thys chylde the whycch we have norysshed, and we pray you to make hym knyght, for of a more worthyer mannes honde may he nat resceyve the Order of Knyghthode.'

Sir Launcelot behylde thys yonge squyer and saw hym semely and demure as a dove, with all maner of goode fetures, that he wende of hys ayge never to have seene so fayre a fourme of a man. Than seyde sir Launcelot,

'Commyth thys desyre of hymselff?'

He and all they seyde 'Yes'.

'Than shall he,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'resseyve the Order of Knyghthode at the reverence of the hyghe feste.'

So that nyght sir Launcelot had passyng good chere. And on the mor[n]e at the howre of pryme at Galahaddis desyre he made hym knyght, and seyde,

'God make you a good man, for of beauté faylith you
(2) none as ony that ys now lyvynge. Now, fayre sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'woll ye com with me unto the courte of kynge Arthure?'

'Nay,' seyde he, 'I woll nat go with you at thys tyme.'

Than he departed frome them and toke hys two cosynes with hym. And so they com unto Camelot by the owre of

3 *P* made *R* mad 5–6 *C* wende to morne to haue fond you 7 *C* As god 9 *C* thus stode talkynge to gyder 9–10 *C* therin came 16 *C* a knyght 17 *C* knygthode *S* knyghthode 21 *C*† a man of forme Thenne (*see note*) 21–25 *W* (*sidenote*) Here Galahad was made knyght 24–25 *C* the hyghe ordre of knyghthode as to morne atte reuerence 29 *C*† make hym 29–30 *C* yow not as ony that lyueth 33 *C* yow as at

undirne on Whytsonday. So by that tyme the kynge and the quene was gone to the mynster to here their servyse. Than the kynge and the quene were passynge glad of sir Bors and sir Lyonel, and so was all the felyshyp.

So whan the kynge and all the knyghtes were com frome servyse the barownes aspyed in the segys of the Rounde Table all aboute wretyn with golde lettirs:

'HERE OUGHT TO SITTE HE', and 'HE OUGHT TO SITTE HYRE'.

And thus they wente so longe tylle that they com to the Sege Perelous, where they founde lettirs newly wrytten of golde, whych seyde:

'FOUR HONDRED WYNTIR AND FOUR AND FYFFTY ACOMPLYVYSSHED AFTIR THE PASSION OF OURE LORDE JESU CRYST OUGHTE THYS SYEGE TO BE FULFYLLED.'

Than all they seyde,

'Thys ys a mervylous thynge and an adventures!' **350r**

'In the name of God!' seyde sir Launcelot, and than accounted the terme of the wrytynge, frome the byrth of oure Lorde untyll that day.

'Hit semyth me,' seyd sir Launcelot, 'that thys syge oughte to be fulfylled thys same day, for thys [ys] the Pentecoste after the four hondred and four and fyffty yere. And if hit wolde please all partyes, I wolde none of thes lettirs were sene thys day tyll that he be com that ought to enchyve thys adventure.'

Than made they to ordayne a cloth of sylke for to cover thes lettirs in the Syege Perelous. Than the kynge bade haste unto dyner.

'Sir,' seyde sir Kay the Stywarde, 'if ye go now unto youre mete ye shall breke youre olde custom of youre courte, for ye have nat used on thys day to sytte at your mete or that ye have sene some adventure.'

'Ye sey sothe,' seyde the kynge, 'but I had so grete joy of sir Launcelot and of hys cosynes whych bene com to the courte hole and sounde, that I bethought me nat of none olde custom.'

So as they stood spekynge, in com a squyre that seyde unto the kynge,

2 *C* were gone 17 *C* thenue *S* thenne 19 *C* vnto that 20 *C* said *S* saith 21 *C** this is the feest of Pentecost 26 *C* peryllons *S* peryllous 28 *W* if if 34 *C* sound so that *C* of myne old

'Sir, I brynge unto you mervaylous tydynges.'

'What be they?' seyde the kynge.

'Sir, there ys here bynethe at the ryver a grete stone whych I saw fleete abovyn the watir, and therein I saw stykynge a swerde.'

Than the kynge seyde, 'I woll se that mervayle.'

So all the knyghtes wente with hym. And whan they cam unto [the] ryver they founde there a stone fletynge, as hit were of rede marbyll, and therein stake a fayre ryche swerde, and the pomell thereof was of precious stonys wrought with lettirs of golde subtylé. Than the barownes redde the lettirs whych seyde in thys wyse:

'NEVER SHALL MAN TAKE ME HENSE BUT ONLY HE BY WHOS SYDE I OUGHT TO HONGE AND HE SHALL BE THE BESTE KNYGHT OF THE WORLDE.'

So whan the kynge had sene the lettirs he seyde unto sir Launcelot,

'Fayre sir, thys swerde ought to be youres, for I am sure ye be the beste knyght of the worlde.'

Than sir Launcelot answerde full sobirly,

350r 'Sir, hit ys nat my swerde; also, I have no hardines to sette my honde thereto, for hit longith nat to hange be my syde. Also, who that assayth to take hit and faylith of that swerde, he shall resseyve a wounde by that swerde that he shall nat be longe hole afftir. And I woll that ye weyte that thys same day shall the adventure of the Sankgreall begynne, that ys called the holy vessell.'

[22 ff.] *P* hande [*f. 308*] to for hit longed not to hange by my syde Also who that assayeth to take the swerde and fayleth of hit he shal receyue a wounde by that swerd that he shal not be hole longe after And I wyl that ye wete that thys same day shal the aduentures of the Sancgreal that is called the holy vessel begynne *Capitulum iii* Now

[22 ff.] *R* hande [*f. 308*] to for hit longed not to hange by my syde Also who that assayeth to take the swerde and fayleth of hit he shalle receyue a wounde by that swerde that he shalle not be hole longe after And I wille that ye wete that this same day shall the aduentures of the Sancgreal that is called the hooly vessel begynne *Capitulum iii*

9 *P* marbel *R*† marhel 9–11 *C*† & in the pomel therof were precyous stones wrought with subtyle letters of gold (*see note*) 16 *C* kyng *S* kynge 21 *C* certes sir it is *C* Also sir wete ye wel I

'Now, fayre nevew,' seyde the kynge unto sir Gawayne, (3)
'assay ye for my love.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'sauff youre good grace, I shall nat do that.'

'Sir,' seyde the kynge, 'assay to take the swerde for my love and at my commaundemente.' 5

'Sir, youre commaundemente I woll obey.'

And therewith he toke the swerde by the handyle, but he myght nat stirre hit.

'I thanke you,' seyde the kynge.

'My lorde sir Gawayne,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'now wete 10 you well thys swerde shall touche you so sore that ye wolde nat ye had sette youre honde thereto for the beste castell of thys realme.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I myght nat withsey myne unclis wyll.'

But whan the kynge herde thys he repented hit much and 15 seyde unto sir Percyvall,

'Sir, woll ye assay for my love?'

P fayre neuewe sayd the kynge vnto syr Gawayn assaye ye for my loue Syr he sayd sauf your good grace I shal not do that Syr sayd the kyng assaye to take the suerd & assaye† at my comandement Syr sayd Gawayn your commaundement I wyl obeye and there with he took vp the swerde by the handele but he myght not stere hyt I thanke you sayd the kyng to syr Gawayn My lord syr Gawayn said syr Lancelot now wete ye wel thys swerd shal touche you so sore that ye shal wylle ye had neuer sette your hande thereto for the best castel of this royalme Syr he sayd I myght not wythsaye myn vncles wylle and commanndement But whan the kyng herde thys he repented hit moche And sayd vnto syr Percyual that he shold assaye for hys loue and he sayd gladly for to bere syr Gawayn felawshyp and therwyth

R Now fayre neuewe said the kynge vnto syr gawayn assaye ye for my loue Sir he said sauf your good grace I shalle not doo that Sir sayd the kynge assaye to take the suerd and† at my commaundement Syre sayd Gawayne your commaundement I wille obey and ther with he took vp the suerd by the handels but he myghte not stere hit I thanke yow said the kynge to syre Gawayne My lord syr Gawayne said syr Laūcelot now wete ye wel this swerd shalle touche yow soo sore that ye shalle wylle ye had neuer sette your hand therto for the best Castel of this realme Syr he sayd I myghte not withsay myn vnkels wyll and commaundement but whanne the kynge herd this he repented hit moche and said vnto syr Percyual that he shold assaye for his loue and he said gladly for to bere syr Gawayn felaushyp and there

And he assayed gladly for to beare sir Gawayne felyship, and therewith he sette to hys honde on the swerde and drew at hit strongely, but he myght nat meve hytte. Than were there [no] mo that durste be so hardy to sette their hondis thereto.

'Now may ye go to youre dyner,' seyde sir Kay unto the kynge, 'for a mervalous adventure have ye sene.'

So the kynge and all they wente unto the courte, and every knyght knew hys owne place and sette hym therein. And yonge men that were good knyghtes served them. So whan they were served and all syegis fulfylled sauff only the Syege Perelous, anone there befelle a mervaylous adventure: that all the doorys and wyndowes of the paleyse shutte by themselff. Natforthan the halle was nat gretly durked, and therewith they abaysshed bothe one and other. Than kynge Arthure spake fyrste and seyde,

P he sette hys honde on the swerde and drewe hit strongly but he myght not moeue hyt Thenne were there no* moo that durst be so hardy to sette their handes therto

Now may ye goo to your dyner sayd syr kay vnto the kyng for a meruayllous aduenture haue ye sene Soo the kyng and alle wente vnto the Courte and euery knyghte knewe his owne place and sette hym therin And yonge men that were knyghtes serued them So whan they were serued and al seges fulfylled sauf onely the syege perillous Anone there befelle a meruaillous aduenture that al the dores and wyndowes of the paleys shyt by them self Not for thenne the halle was not gretely derked and therwyth they abasshed bothe one and other Thenne kyng Arthur spake fyrst and sayd by god fayr felowes & lordes

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R with he sette his hand on the swerd and drewe hit strongly but he myghte not meue hit Thenne were there moo† that durste be soo hardy to sette theire handes therto

Now maye ye goo to your dyner said syr kay vnto the kynge for a merueillous aduenture haue ye sene Soo the kynge and alle wente vnto the Courte and euery knyghte knewe his owne place and sette hym therin and yonge men that were knyghtes serued them Soo whan they were serued and alle seges fulfylled sauf only the syege perillous Anon there befelle a merueillous aduenture that alle the dores & wyndowes of the palays shut by them self Not for thenne the halle was not gretely darked and there with they abasshed both one and other Thenne kynge Arthur spak fyrst and sayd by god fayre felawes &

'Be God, fayre felowis and lordis, we have sene this day mervayles! But or nyght I suppose we shall se gretter 351r
mervayles.'

In the meanewhyle com in a good olde man and an awnciente, clothed all in whyght, and there was no knyght 5
knew from whens he com. And with hym he brought a yonge knyght, and bothe on foote, in rede armys, withoute swerde other shylde sauff a scawberd hangynge by hys syde. And thes wordys he seyde:

'Pees be with you, fayre lordys!' 10

Than the olde man seyde unto kynge Arthure, 'Sir, I brynge you here a yonge knyght the whych ys of kynges lynage and of the kynrede of Joseph of Aramathy, whereby the mervayles of this courte and of stronge realmys shall be fully complevysshed.' 15

The kynge was ryght glad of hys wordys and seyde unto (4)
the good man,

P we haue seen thys day meruaylles but or nyght I suppose we shal see gretter meruaylles

In the meane whyle came in a good olde man and an auncyent clothed alle in whyt and there was no knyght knewe from whens he came And wyth hym he brought a yonge knyght bothe on fote in reed armes wythout swerd or shelde sauf a scauberd hangyng by his syde and these wordes he sayd pees be wyth you fayr lordes Thenne the olde man sayd vnto Arthur Syr I brynge here a yonge knyght the whyche is of kynges lygnage and of the kynrede of Ioseph of Abarimathye where by the meruaylles of thys courte and of straunge realmes shal be fully accomplysshed

CAPITULUM QUARTUM The kynge was ryght glad of hys wordes and

R lordes we haue sene this daye merueyls but or nyght I suppose we shal see gretter merueyls

In the meane whyle came in a good old man and an auncyent clothed al in whyte and there was no knyȝt knewe from whens he came And with hym he broughte a yong knyȝt bothe on foote in reed armes withoute swerd or sheld sauf a scauberd hangynge by his syde And these wordes he said pees be with yow faire lordes Thenne the old man sayd vnto Arthur syre I brynge here a yonge knyghte the whiche is of kynges lygnage & of the kynrede of Ioseph of Abarimathye where by the merueylles of thys Courte and of straunge realmes shalle be fully accomplysshed

CAPITULUM QUARTUM The kynge was ryghte gladde of his wordes

'Sir, ye be ryght wellcom, and the yonge knyght with you.'

Than the olde man made the yonge man to unarme hym. And he was in a cote of rede sendell, and bare a mantell uppon hys sholder that was furred with ermyne, and put that uppon hym.

And the olde knyght seyde unto [the] yonge knyght,

'Sir, swith me.'

And anone he lad hym to the Syege Perelous where besyde sate sir Launcelot, and the good man lyffte up the clothe and founde there the lettirs that seyde thus:

'THYS YS THE SYEGE OF SIR GALAHAD THE HAWTE PRYNCE.'

'Sir,' seyde the olde knyght, 'weyte you well that place ys youres.'

And than he sette hym downe surely in that syge, and than he seyde unto the olde man,

'Now may ye, sir, go youre way, for well have ye done in that that ye were commaunded. And recommaunde me unto

P sayd vnto the good man syr ye be ryght welcom and the yonge knyȝt wyth you Thenne the olde man made the yonge man to vnarme hym and he was in a cote of reed sendel & bare a mantel vpon hys sholder that was furryd with ermyn and put that vpon hym And the olde kynght† sayd vnto the yonge knyght syr foloweth me and anone he ledde hym vnto the syege perillous where besyde sat syr Launcelot and the good man lyfte vp the clothe & fonde there letters that sayd thus thys is the syege of Galahalt the haute prynce syr said tholde knyght wete ye wel that place is youres And thēne he set hym doun surely in that syege and thenne he sayd to the olde man syr ye may now goo your waye for wel haue ye doon that ye were commaunded to doo & recom-

R and said vnto the good man syr ye be ryghte welcome and the yonge knyȝte with yow Thenne the old man made the yong man to vnarme hym and he was in a cote of reed sendel & bare a mantel vpon his sholder that was furred with ermyn and put that vpon hym And the old knyghte sayd vnto the yonge knyght syr foloweth me and anone he ledde hym vnto the sege peryllous where besyde sat syr Laūcelot and the good man lyfte vp the clothe and fonde there letters that said thus this is the sege of Galahalt the haute prynce Sir said thold knyghte wete ye wel that place is yours And thenne he sett hym doune surely in that syege And thenne he sayd to the old man syr ye maye now goo your way for wel haue ye done that ye were commaunded to doo &

4–8 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Galahad sate in Seege Perelous

my grauntesyre, kynge Pelles, and unto my lorde kynge Pecchere, and sey hem on my behalff I shall com and se hem as sone as ever y may.'

So the good man departed. And there mette hym twenty noble squyers, and so toke their horsys and wente their wey.

Than all the knyghtes of the Table Rounde mervayled gretly of sir Galahad that he durst sitte there and was so tendir of ayge, and wyste nat from whens he com but all only be God. All they seyde,

'Thys ys he by whom the Sankgreall shall be encheved, for there sate never none but he there but he were myscheved.' 351v

Than sir Launcelot behylde hys sonne and had grete joy of hym. Than sir Bors tolde hys felowis,

'Uppon payne of my lyff thys yonge knyght shall com to grete worship!'

So thys noyse was grete in all the courte, that hit cam unto the quene. And she had mervayle what knyght hit myght[e be] that durste adventure hym to sytte in that Sege Perelous.

P maunde me vnto my graunt syr kynge Pelles and vnto my lord †petchere and say hem on my behalf I shal come and see hem as sone as euer I may Soo the good man departed and there mette hym xx noble squyers & soo took their horses and wente theyr waye

Thenne al the knyghtes of the table rounde merueylled gretely of syr Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that syege peryllous & was so tendyr of age and wyst not from whens he cam but al onely by god & said this is* he by whome the Sācgreal shal be encheued For there sat neuer none but he† but he were mesheued Thenne sir Lancelot behelde his sone and had [*f. 309*] grete

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R recommaunde me vnto my graunt sir kynge Pelles and vnto my lord †Petchere and say hem on my behalf I shalle come and see hem as soone as euer I may. Soo the good man departed and there met hym xx noble squyers and so took their horses and wente their way

Thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round merueylled gretely of sir Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that syege perillous and was soo tendyr of age and wist not from whens he came but al only by god and said this† he by whome the Sācgreal shal be encheued For there sat neuer none but he† but he were mescheued Thenne syr launcelot beheld his sone and had [*f. 309*] grete

Than som seyde he resembled much unto sir Launcelot.

'I may well suppose,' seyde the quene, 'that sir Launcelot begate hym on kynge Pelles doughter, whych made hym to lye by her by enchauntemente, and hys name ys Galahad. I wolde fayne se hym,' seyde the quene, 'for he muste nedys be a noble man, for so hys fadir ys that hym begate: I reporte me unto all the Table Rounde.'

So whan the mete was done, that the kynge and all were rysen, the kyng yode to the Sege Perelous and lyfft up the clothe and founde there the name of sir Galahad. And than he shewed hit unto sir Gawayne and seyde,

'Fayre nevew, now have we amonge us sir Galahad, the good knyght that shall worship us all. And uppon payne of my lyff he shall encheve the Sankgreall, ryght as sir Launcelot had done us to undirstonde.' Than cam kynge Arthure unto sir Galahad and seyde, 'Sir, ye be ryght wellcom, for ye shall meve many good knyghtes to the queste of the Sankgreall, and ye shall enchyve that many other knyghtes myght never brynge to an ende.'

Than the kynge toke hym by the honde and wente downe frome the paleyes to shew Galahad the adventures of the stone.

(5) Than the quene harde thereof and cam aftir with many ladyes, and ⟨so they⟩ shewed her the stone where hit hoved on the watir.

'Sir,' seyde the kynge unto sir Galahad, 'here ys a grete mervayle as ever y sawe, and ryght good knyghtes have assayde and fayled.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'hit ys no mervayle, for thys adventure ys nat theyrs but myne. And for the sureté of thys swerde I brought none with me, but here by my syde hangith the scawberte.'

And anone he leyde hys honde on the swerde, and lyghtly drew hit oute of the stone, and put hit in the sheethe, and seyde unto the kynge,

1 *C* many said vnto the quene he to lye by by enchauntement 3–4 *C* doughter by the whiche he was made 6 *C* soo is his fader 16 ryght *not in C* 18–19 *C*† that neuer knyghtes myght brynge *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 524r, col. 2*): a quoy lez autres av[r]ont failli 23–29 *W*(*sidenote*) How sir Galahad pulled the swerde out of the peron 24 *C*† shewed hem the stone (*see note*) 29 *C* that is no 31 *C* me For here

'Now hit goth ⌈better than hit dyd aforehand.'⌉

'Sir,' seyde the kynge, 'a shylde God may sende you.' 352r

'Now have I the swerde that somtyme was the good knyghtes Balyns le Saveaige, and he was a passynge good knyght of hys hondys; and with thys swerde he slew hys brothir Balan, and that was grete pité, for he was a good knyght. And eythir slew othir thorow a dolerous stroke that Balyn gaff unto kynge Pelles, the whych ys nat yett hole, nor naught shall be tyll that I hele hym.'

So therewith the kynge ⌈and all⌉ had aspyed com rydynge downe the ryver a lady on a whyght palferey a grete paace towarde them. Than she salewed the kynge and the quene and asked if that sir Launcelot were there, and than he answerd hymselff and seyde,

'I am here, my fayre lady!'

Than she seyde all with wepynge chere,

'A, sir Launcelot! How youre grete doynge ys chonged sytthyn thys day in the morne!'

'Damesell, why sey ye so?'

'Sir, I say you sothe,' seyde the damesell, 'for ye were thys day in the morne the best knyght of the worlde. But who sholde sey so now, he sholde be a lyer, for there ys now one bettir than ye be, and well hit ys preved by the adventure of the swerde whereto ye durst nat sette to your honde. And that ys the change of youre name and levynge. Wherefore I make unto you a remembraunce that ye shall nat wene frome hensforthe that ye be the best knyght of the worlde.'

'As towchyng unto that,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I know well I was never none of the beste.'

'Yes,' seyde the damesell, 'that were ye, and ar yet, of ony synfull man of the worlde. And, sir kynge, Nacien the eremeyte sende[th] the worde that the shall befalle the grettyst worship that ever befelle kynge in Bretayne, and I sey y[o]u

1 *C** better than hit dyd afore hand *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 524v, col. 1*) or vault assés mieulx que devant 2 *C* god shalle send 4–5 *C* good man of 8 *C** vnto my graûte fader kynge 8–9 *C* nor not 9 that *not in C* 10 *C** kynge and all aspyed where *F* regardent had *not in O* (*see note*) 11 a grete paace *not in C*† *F* moult grant aleure 13 *C* was there 14 and seyde *not in C* 15 my *not in C* 16–17 chere A sir Launcelot *not in C* 19–20 *C* soo sayd Launcelot I 21 in the morne *not in C*† *F* vous estiés hier le meilleur chevaillier du monde 23 be *not in C* *C*† aduenturrs 25 *C* chaunge and leuynge of your name 29 none of *not in C*

wherefore: for thys day the Sankegreall appered in thy house and fedde the and all thy felyship of the Rounde Table.'

So she departed and wente the same way that she cam.

(6) 'Now,' seyde the kynge, 'I am sure at this quest of the Sankegreall shall all ye of the Rownde Table departe, and nevyr shall I se you agayne holé togydirs, therefore ones shall I se you togydir in the medow, all holé togydirs! Therefore I wol se you all holé togydir in the medow of Camelot, to juste and to turney, that aftir youre dethe men 352v may speke of hit that such good knyghtes were here, such a day, holé togydirs.'

As unto that counceyle and at the kynges rekeyst they accorded all, and toke on the harneyse that longed unto joustenynge. But all thys mevynge of the kynge was for thys entente, for to se Galahad preved; for the kynge demed he sholde nat lyghtly com agayne unto the courte aftir thys departynge.

So were they assembled in the medowe, both more and lasse.

Than sir Galahalt by the prayer of the kynge and the quene dud on a noble jesseraunce uppon hym, and also he dud on hys helme, but shylde wolde he take none for no prayer of the kynge. So than sir Gawayne and othir knyghtes prayde hym to take a speare. Ryght so he dud. So the quene was in a towure with all hir ladyes for to beholde that turnement.

Than sir Galahad dressed hym in myddys of the medow and began to breke spearys mervaylously, that all men had wondir of hym, for he there surmownted all othir knyghtes. For within a whyle he had defowled many good knyghtes of the Table Rounde sauff all only tweyne, that was sir Launcelot and sir Persyvale.

(7) Than the kynge at the quenys desyre made hym to alyght and to unlace hys helme, that the quene myght se hym in the vysayge. Whan she avysed hym she seyde,

6 *C* table round (*S* rounde) 7–8 therefore ones shall I se you togydir in the medow all hole togydirs *not in C* (*deliberate correction?*) 11–12 *C*† were holy to gyders suche a day 17 *C* after his 22 *C* vpon hym a noble Iesseraunce 32 all only *not in C* 34 *C* quenes request 36 *C* she beheld hym

'I dare well sey sothely that sir Launcelot begate hym, for never two men resembled more in lyknesse. Therefore hit ys no mervayle thoughe he be of grete proues.'

So a lady that stood by the quene seyde,

'Madam, for Goddis sake, ought he of ryght to be so good a knyght?' 5

'Ye, forsothe,' seyde the quene, 'for he ys of all partyes comyn of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and of the hyghest lynage: for sir Launcelot ys com but of the eyghth degré from oure Lorde Jesu Cryst, and thys sir Galahad ys th[e] nyneth degré frome oure Lorde Jesu Cryst. Therefore I dare sey they be the grettist jantillmen of the worlde.' 10

And than the kynge and all the astatis wente home unto Camelot, and so wente unto evynsong to the grete monester. And so aftir uppon that to sowper, and every knyght sette in hys owne place as they were toforehonde. 15

Than anone they harde crakynge and cryynge of thundir, 353r that hem thought the palyse sholde all to-dryve. So in the myddys of the blast entyrde a sonnebeame, more clerer by seven tymys than ever they saw day, and all they were alyghted of the grace of the Holy Goste. Than began every knyght to beholde other, and eyther saw other, by their semynge, fayrer than ever they were before. Natforthan there was no knyght that myght speke one worde a grete whyle, and so they loked every man on other as they had bene doome. 20 25

Than entird into the halle the Holy Grayle coverde with whyght samyte, but there was none that myght se hit nother whom that bare hit. And there was all the halle fulfylled with good odoures, and every knyght had such metis and drynkes as he beste loved in thys worlde. 30

And whan the Holy Grayle had bene borne thorow the hall, than the holy vessell departed suddeynly, that they wyst nat where hit becam. Than had they all breth to speke, and than the kyng yelded thankynges to God of Hys good grace that He had sente them. 35

'Sertes,' sey[de] the kynge, 'we ought to thanke oure Lorde

1 *C* sothely I dar wel say that *W* hym hym 10 thys *not in C* 11 *C** is of the 14 *C* mynster 18 *C*† the place *F* li palés 19 *C* this blast 23 *C* they sawe afore 25 *S* man an other 28–29 *C* hit nor who bare hit

Jesu Cryste gretly that he hath shewed us thys day at the reverence of thys hyghe feste of Pentecost.'

'Now,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'we have bene servyd thys day of what metys and drynkes we thought on. But one thyng
5 begyled us, that we myght nat se the Holy Grayle: hit was so preciously coverde. Wherefore I woll make here a vow that to-morne, withoute longer abydynge, I shall laboure in the queste of the Sankgreall, and that I shall holde me oute a twelve-month and a day or more if nede be, and never shall
10 I returne unto the courte agayne tylle I have sene hit more opynly than hit hath bene shewed here. And iff I may nat spede I shall returne agayne as he that may nat be ayenst the wylle of God.'

So whan they of the Table Rounde harde sir Gawayne sey
15 so, they arose up the moste party and made such avowes as sir Gawayne hathe made. Anone as kynge Arthur harde thys he was gretly dysplesed, for he wyst well he myght nat agaynesey their avowys.

'Alas!' seyde kynge Arthure unto sir Gawayne, 'ye have
20 nygh slayne me for the avow that ye have made, for thorow
353v you ye have berauffte me the fayryst and the trewyst of knyghthode that ever was sene togydir in ony realme of the worlde. For whan they departe frome hense I am sure they all shall never mete more togydir in thys worlde, for they
25 shall dye many in the queste. And so hit forthynkith nat me

[21 ff.] *P* ye haue made For thorugh you ye haue berafte me the fayrest felaushyp and the truest of knyghthode that euer were sene to gyders in ony royalme of the world For whan they departe from hens I am sure they alle shal neuer mete more in thys world For they shal dye many in the quest And so it forthynketh me a lytel for I haue

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[21 ff.] *R* ye haue made For thurgh yow ye haue berafte me the fayrest felauship and the truest of knyghthode that euer were sene to gyders in ony realme of the world For whanne they departe from hens I am sure they alle shalle neuer mete more in thys world for they shalle dye many in the quest And soo it forthynketh me a lytel for

1 Cryste *not in C* 5 that *not in C* 10 *C* ageyne vnto the Courte 11 *C* it (*S* hit) hath ben sene here 13 *C* wil of our lord Ihesu Cryste 16 *C* had made 20 *C* me with the auowe and promesse that 22 *W* ony corealme (*see note*)

a litill, for I have loved them as well as my lyff. Wherefore hit shall greve me ryght sore, the departicion of thys felyship, for I have had an olde custom to have hem in my felyship.'

And therewith the teerys felle in hys yen, and than he 5 (8) seyde,

'Sir Gawayne, ⌜Gawayne⌝! Ye have sette me in grete sorow, for I have grete doute that my trew felyshyp shall never mete here more agayne.'

'A, sir,' sayde sir Launcelot, 'comforte youreself! For hit 10 shall be unto us a grete honoure, and much more than we dyed in other placis, for of dethe we be syker.'

'A, Launcelot!' seyde the kynge, 'the grete love that I have had unto you all the dayes of my lyff makith me to sey such dolefull wordis! For there was never Crysten kynge that 15

P loued them as wel as my lyf wherfore hit shal greue me ryght sore the departycyon of thys felaushyp For I haue had an olde custome to haue them in my felaushyp CAPITULUM OCTAUUM And there wyth the teres fyl in his eyen And thenne he sayd Gawayne Gawayne* ye haue sette me in grete sorow for I haue grete doubte that my true felaushyp shal neuer mete here more ageyn A sayd syr Launcelot comforte yourself for hit shal be vnto vs a grete honour & moche more than yf* we dyed in ony other places for of deth we be syker

A Lancelot said the kyng the grete loue that I haue had vnto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to say suche doleful wordes for neuer cristen kyng had neuer so many worthy men at his (*see note*) table as

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R I haue loued them as wel as my lyf wherfor hit shall greue me ryghte sore the departycyon of this felauship For I haue had an old customme to haue hem in my felauship CAPITULUM OCTAUUM And ther with the teres fylle in his eyen And thenne he sayd Gawayne Gawayne* ye haue sette me in grete sorowe For I haue grete doubte that my true felauship shalle neuer mete here more ageyne A sayd syr Launcelot comforte your self for hit shalle be vnto vs a grete honour & moche more than yf* we dyed in ony other places for of deth we be syker

A laūcelot said þe kyng þe grete loue þt I haue had vnto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to say suche dolefull wordes for neuer Crysten kynge had neuer soo many worthy men at this† (*see note*) table

7 *F* Gauvain Gauvain

ever had so many worthy men at hys table as I have had thys day at the Table Rounde. And that ys my grete sorow.'

Whan the quene, ladyes, and jantillwomen knew of thys tydynges they had such sorow and hevynes that there myght no tunge telle, for tho knyghtes had holde them in honoure and charité. But aboven all othir quene Gwenyver made grete sorow.

'I mervayle', seyd she, 'that my lorde woll suffir hem to departe fro hym.'

Thus was all the courte trowbled for the love of the departynge of these knyghtes, and many of tho ladyes that loved knyghtes wolde have gone with hir lovis. And so had they done, had nat an olde knyght com amonge them in relygious clothynge and spake all on hyght and seyde,

'Fayre lordis whych have sworne in the queste of the Sankgreall, thus sendith you Nacien the eremyte worde that

P I haue had thys day at the rounde table and that is my grete sorowe. Whan the Quene ladyes & gentilwymmen wyst these tydynges they had suche sorowe & heuyness that there myght no tonge telle it for tho knyghtes had holde them in honour and chyerte But emonge al other Quene Gueneuer made grete sorowe I meruaylle sayd she my lord wold suffre hem to departe from hym thus was al the courte troubled for the loue of the departycyon of tho knyghtes & many of tho ladyes that loued knyghtes wold haue gone wyth her louers and so had they done had not an olde knyght comen emonge them in Relygyous clothyng & thenne he spake al on hyghe And sayde fayre lordes whyche haue sworen in the queste of the Sancgreal Thus sendeth you nacyen the heremyte word that none in this queste lede lady nor gentylwoman

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R as I haue had this daye at the round table and that is my grete sorowe Whanne the Quene ladyes & gentilwymmen wyst these tydynges they had suche sorowe & heuynesse that ther myght no tonge telle hit for tho knyghtes had hold them in honour and chyerte But amonge all other Quene Gueneuer made grete sorowe I merueylle said she my lord wold suffre hem to departe from hym thus was al the Courte troubled for the loue of the departycyon of tho knyghtes And many of tho ladyes that loued knyghtes wold haue gone with her louers and soo had they done had not an olde knyghte come amonge them in Relygyous clothyng and thenne he spake alle on hyghe and said fayre Lordes which haue sworn in the quest of the Sancgreal Thus sendeth you nacyen the heremyte word that none in this queste lede lady nor

none in thys queste lede lady nother jantillwoman with hym, for hit ys nat to do in so hyghe a servyse as they laboure in. For I warne you playne, he that ys nat clene of hys synnes he shall nat se the mysteryes of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste.'

And for thys cause they leffte thes ladyes and jantillwomen. 5

So aftir thys the quene com unto sir Galahad and asked hym of whens he was and of what contrey. Than he tolde hir of whens he was. 'And sonne unto sir Launcelot?' ⌜she 354r
seyde⌝. As to that ⌜he⌝ seyde nother yee nother nay.

'So God me helpe,' seyde the quene, 'ye dar[f] nat shame, 10
for he ys the goodlyest knyght, and of the beste men of the worlde commyn, and of the strene, of all partyes, of kynges. Wherefore ye ought of ryght to be of youre dedys a passyng good man. And sertayne', she seyde, 'ye resemble hym much.' 15

P with hym for hit is not to do in so hyghe a seruyse as they labour in for I warne you playne he that is not clene of his synnes he shal not see the mysteryes of our lord (*v°*) Ihesu Cryste and for thys cause they lefte these ladyes and gentylwymmen After this the quene came vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens he was and of what countrey he tolde hyr of whens he was and sone vnto Launcelot she said he was† as to that he* (*see note*) said neyther ye nor nay so god me helpe sayd the quene of your fader* ye nede not to shame you for he is the goodlyest knyght and of the best men of the world comen and of the streme† (*see note*) of alle partyes of kynges wherfore ye ought of ryght to be of your dedes a passyng good man& certeynly she said ye restmble† hym moche

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R gentylwoman with hym for hit is not to doo in so hyghe a seruyse as they labour in for I warne you playne he that is not clene of his synnes he shalle not see the mysteryes of our lord (*v°*) Ihesu Cryste and for this cause they lefte these ladyes and gentylwymmen After this the quene came vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens he was and of what countrey he told her of whens he was and sone vnto Launcelot she saide he was† as to that he* (*see note*) said neyther ye nor nay So god me helpe said the quene of your fader* ye nede not to shame yow for he is the goodlyest knyghte and of the best men of the world comen and of the strene* (*see note*) of alle partyes of kynges Wherfore ye oughte of ryghte to be of your dedes a passynge good man & certaynly she said ye resemble hym moche

8–9 *W* Launcelot as to that she seyde (*see note*) 10 *W* dare

Than sir Galahad was a lityll ashamed and seyde,

'Madame, sithyn ye know in sertayne, wherefore do ye aske hit me? For he that ys my fadir shall be knowyn opynly and all betymys.'

And than they wente unto reste them. And in honoure of the hyghnes of knyghthod ⌜of⌝ sir Galahad he was ledde into kynge Arthures chambir, and there rested in hys owne bedde. And as sone as hit was day the kynge arose, for he had no reste of all that nyght for sorow. Than he wente unto sir Gawayne and unto sir Launcelot that were arysen for to hyre masse, and than the kynge agayne seyde,

'A, Gawayne, Gawayne! Ye have betrayed me, for never shall my courte be amended by you. But ye woll never be so sory for me as I am for you!'

And therewith the terys began to renne downe by hys vysayge, and therewith the kynge seyde,

P Thenne syr galahad was a lytel ashamed and sayd madame sythe ye knowe in certayne wherfore do ye aske hit me For he that is my fader shal be knowen openlye and al by tymes And thēnne they wente to reste them And in the honour of the hyenes of* Galahad he was ledde in to kyng Arthurs chambre and there rested in hys owne bedde And as sone as hit was day the kyng arose for he had noo reste of all that nyght for sorowe Thenne he wente vnto Gawayne and to Syr Launcelot that were arysen for to here masse and thēne the kyng ageyn said a Gawayn Gawayn ye haue bytrayed me For neuer shalle my courte be amended by you but ye wyl neuer be sory for me as I am for you And therwyth the teres began to renne doun by hys vysage And therwyth the kyng sayd

R Thenne syr Gallahad was a lytel ashamed and said Madame sythe ye knowe in certayne wherfore doo ye aske hit me for he that is my fader shalle be knowen openly and al by tymes And thenne they wente to reste them And in the honour os† the hyhenes of* Galahad he was ledde in to kynge Arthurs chamber and there rested in his owne bedde And as soone as hit was daye the kynge arose for he had no rest of alle that nyght for sorowe Thenne he wente vnto Gawayne and to syr launcelot that were arysen for to here masse And thenne the kyng ageyn said A Gawayne Gawayne ye haue bitrayed me For neuer shal my Courte be amended by yow but ye wille neuer be sory for me as I am for yow And there with the teres began to renne doune by his vysage And there with the kyng said

5–6 *F*: pour l'onneur et pour la haultesse de lui

'A, curteyse knyght, sir Launcelot! I requyre you that ye counceyle me, for I wolde that thys queste were at an ende and hit myght be.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye saw yestirday so many worthy knyghtes there were sworne that they may nat leve hit in no maner of wyse.'

'That wote I well,' seyde the kynge, 'but hit shall so hevy me at their departyng that I wote well there shall no maner of joy remedy me.'

And than the kynge and the quene wente unto the mynster. So anone sir Launcelot and sir Gawayne commaunded hir men to brynge hir armys, and whan they all were armed sauff hir shyldys and her helmys, than they com to their felyship whych were all redy in the same wyse for to go to the monastery to hyre their masse and servyse.

Than aftir servyse the kynge wolde wete how many had undirtake the queste of the Holy Grayle; than founde they

P a knyght Syr Launcelot I requyre the thou counceyl me for I wold that thys queste were vndone and it myght be Syr said syr Launcelot ye sawe yester day so many worthy knyghtes that thenne were sworne that they may not leue it in no maner of wyse That wote I wel sayd the kyng but it shal so heuye me at theyr departyng that I wote wel there shal noo manere of Ioye remedye me

And thenne the kynge and the Quene wente vnto the mynster Soo anone launcelot and Gawayn commaunded her men to brynge her armes And whan they al were armed sauf her sheldes and her helmes thenne they came to theyr felaushyp whyche all were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here theyr seruyse Thenne after the seruyse was done the kyng wold wete how many had vndertake the

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R A knyghte syr launcelot I requyre the thow counceyle me for I wold that this quest were vndone and it myghte be syr sayd syr launcelot ye sawe yester day soo many worthy knyghtes that thenne were sworne that they may not leue it in no maner of wyse That wote I wel said the kyng but it shal so heuye me at their departynge that I wote wel there shal no manere of Ioye remedye me

And thenne the kynge and the Quene wente vnto the mynster Soo anone launcelot and Gawayne commaunded her men to brynge her armes And whanne they alle were armed sauf her sheldes and her helmes thenne they came to theyre felauship whiche alle were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here their seruyse Thenne after the seruyse was done the kynge wolde wete how many hadde

354v be tale an hondred and fyffty, and all tho were knyghtes of the Rounde Table.

And than they put on their helmys and departed and recommaunded them all hole unto the kynge and quene. And there was wepyng and grete sorow.

Than the quene departed into the chambir and holde hir there, that no man shold perceyve hir grete sorowys. Whan sir Launcelot myssed the quene he wente tyll hir chambir, and whan she saw hym she cryed alowde and seyde, 'A, sir Launcelot, Launcelot! Ye have betrayde me and putte me to the deth, for to leve thus my lorde!'

'A, madam, I pray you be nat displeased, for I shall com agayne as sone as I may with my worship.'

'Alas,' seyde she, 'that ever I syghe you! But He that suffird dethe uppon the Crosse for all menkynde, He be unto you good conduyte and saufté, and all the hole felyshyp!'

Ryght so departed sir Launcelot and founde hys felyship that abode hys commyng, and than they toke their horsys and rode thorow the strete of Camelot. And there was wepyng of ryche and poore, and the kynge turned away and myght nat speke for wepyng.

So within a whyle they rode all togydirs tyll that they com to a cité, and a castell that hyght Vagon. And so they entird into the castell, and the lorde thereof was an olde man that hyght Vagon, and good of hys lyvyng, and sette opyn the gatis and made hem all the chere that he myght.

And so on the morne they were all accorded that they sholde departe everych from othir. And on the morne they departed with wepyng chere, and than every knyght toke the way that hym lyked beste.

P queste of the holy graylle and to accompte them he prayed them all (*sig. N vi*v) Thenne

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R vndertake the queste of the holy grayle and to accompte them he praid them alle (*sig. N vi*v) Thenne

1 *C* by the tale tho *not in C* 4 kynge and *not in C*† 7 there *not in C* 9 and seyde *not in C* 10 *C* O launcelot 15 dethe *not in C* 18 *C* they mounted on their 22 they rode all togydirs tyll that *not in C*† 23–25 *W* hyght Vagon and so they entird into the castell and the lorde thereoff was an olde man and good of *C** hyght Vagon and he was a good man of

BOOK XIII

CHAPTER I

HOW AT THE VIGIL OF THE FEAST OF PENTECOST ENTERED INTO THE HALL BEFORE KING ARTHUR A DAMOSEL, AND DESIRED SIR LAUNCELOT FOR TO COME AND DUB A KNIGHT, AND HOW HE WENT WITH HER.

At the vigil of Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come unto Camelot and there heard their service, and the tables were set ready to the meat, right so entered into the hall a full fair gentlewoman on horseback, that had ridden full fast, for her horse was all besweated. Then she there alighted, and came before the king and saluted him; and he said: Damosel, God thee bless. Sir, said she, for God's sake say me where Sir Launcelot is. Yonder ye may see him, said the king. Then she went unto Launcelot and said: Sir Launcelot, I salute you on King Pelles' behalf, and I require you come on with me hereby into a forest. Then Sir Launcelot asked her with whom she dwelled. I dwell, said she, with King Pelles. What will ye with me? said Launcelot. Ye shall know, said she, when ye come thither. Well, said he, I will gladly go with you. So Sir Launcelot bade his squire saddle his horse and bring his arms; and in all haste he did his commandment.

Then came the queen unto Launcelot, and said: Will ye leave us at this high feast? Madam, said the gentlewoman, wit ye well he shall be with you to-morn by dinner time. If I wist, said the queen, that he should not be with us here to-morn he should not go with you by my good will. Right so departed Sir Launcelot with the gentlewoman, and rode until that he came into a forest and into a great valley, where they saw an abbey of nuns; and there was a squire ready and opened the gates, and so they entered and descended off their horses; and there came a fair fellowship about Sir Launcelot, and welcomed him, and were passing glad of his

coming. And then they led him unto the Abbess's chamber and unarmed him; and right so he was ware upon a bed lying two of his cousins, Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, and then he waked them; and when they saw him they made great joy. Sir, said Sir Bors unto Sir Launcelot, what adventure hath brought you hither, for we weened to-morn to have found you at Camelot? As God me help, said Sir Launcelot, a gentlewoman brought me hither, but I know not the cause.

In the meanwhile that they thus stood talking together, therein came twelve nuns that brought with them Galahad, the which was passing fair and well made, that unnethe in the world men might not find his match: and all those ladies wept. Sir, said they all, we bring you here this child the which we have nourished, and we pray you to make him a knight, for of a more worthier man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood. Sir Launcelot beheld the young squire and saw him seemly and demure as a dove, with all manner of good features, that he weened of his age never to have seen so fair a man of form. Then said Sir Launcelot: Cometh this desire of himself? He and all they said yea. Then shall he, said Sir Launcelot, receive the high order of knighthood as to-morn at the reverence of the high feast. That night Sir Launcelot had passing good cheer; and on the morn at the hour of prime, at Galahad's desire, he made him knight and said: God make him a good man, for of beauty faileth you not as any that liveth.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE LETTERS WERE FOUND WRITTEN IN THE SIEGE PERILOUS, AND OF THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURE OF THE SWORD IN A STONE.

Now fair sir, said Sir Launcelot, will ye come with me unto the court of King Arthur? Nay, said he, I will not go with you as at this time. Then he departed from them and took his two cousins

with him, and so they came unto Camelot by the hour of underne on Whitsunday. By that time the king and the queen were gone to the minster to hear their service. Then the king and the queen were passing glad of Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, and so was all the fellowship. So when the king and all the knights were come from service, the barons espied in the sieges of the Round Table all about, written with golden letters: Here ought to sit he, and he ought to sit here. And thus they went so long till that they came to the Siege Perilous, where they found letters newly written of gold which said: Four hundred winters and four and fifty accomplished after the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled. Then all they said: This is a marvellous thing and an adventurous. In the name of God, said Sir Launcelot; and then accompted the term of the writing from the birth of our Lord unto that day. It seemeth me, said Sir Launcelot, this siege ought to be fulfilled this same day, for this is the feast of Pentecost after the four hundred and four and fifty year; and if it would please all parties, I would none of these letters were seen this day, till he be come that ought to enchieve this adventure. Then made they to ordain a cloth of silk, for to cover these letters in the Siege Perilous.

Then the king bade haste unto dinner. Sir, said Sir Kay the Steward, if ye go now unto your meat ye shall break your old custom of your court, for ye have not used on this day to sit at your meat or that ye have seen some adventure. Ye say sooth, said the king, but I had so great joy of Sir Launcelot and of his cousins, which be come to the court whole and sound, so that I bethought me not of mine old custom. So, as they stood speaking, in came a squire and said unto the king: Sir, I bring unto you marvellous tidings. What be they? said the king. Sir, there is here beneath at the river a great stone which I saw fleet above the water, and therein I saw sticking a sword. The king said: I will see that marvel. So all the knights went with him, and when they came to the river they found there a stone fleeting, as it were of red marble, and therein stuck a fair rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones wrought with subtle letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters which said in this wise: Never shall man

take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight of the world.

When the king had seen the letters, he said unto Sir Launcelot: Fair Sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure ye be the best knight of the world. Then Sir Launcelot answered full soberly: Certes, sir, it is not my sword; also, Sir, wit ye well I have no hardiness to set my hand to it, for it longed not to hang by my side. Also, who that assayeth to take the sword and faileth of it, he shall receive a wound by that sword that he shall not be whole long after. And I will that ye wit that this same day shall the adventures of the Sangreal, that is called the Holy Vessel, begin.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR GAWAINE ASSAYED TO DRAW OUT THE SWORD, AND HOW AN OLD MAN BROUGHT IN GALAHAD.

Now, fair nephew, said the king unto Sir Gawaine, assay ye, for my love. Sir, he said, save your good grace I shall not do that. Sir, said the king, assay to take the sword and at my commandment. Sir, said Gawaine, your commandment I will obey. And therewith he took up the sword by the handles, but he might not stir it. I thank you, said the king to Sir Gawaine. My lord Sir Gawaine, said Sir Launcelot, now wit ye well this sword shall touch you so sore that ye shall will ye had never set your hand thereto for the best castle of this realm. Sir, he said, I might not withsay mine uncle's will and commandment. But when the king heard this he repented it much, and said unto Sir Percivale that he should assay, for his love. And he said: Gladly, for to bear Sir Gawaine fellowship. And therewith he set his hand on the sword and drew it strongly, but he might not move it. Then were there no[1] mo that durst be so hardy to set their hands thereto. Now may ye go to your dinner, said Sir Kay unto the king, for a marvellous adventure have ye seen. So the king and all went unto the court, and

every knight knew his own place, and set him therein, and young men that were knights served them.

So when they were served, and all sieges fulfilled save only the Siege Perilous, anon there befell a marvellous adventure, that all the doors and windows of the palace shut by themself. Not for then the hall was not greatly darked; and therewith they were[1] all[1] abashed both one and other. Then King Arthur spake first and said: By God, fair fellows and lords, we have seen this day marvels, but or night I suppose we shall see greater marvels.

In the meanwhile came in a good old man, and an ancient, clothed all in white, and there was no knight knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, both on foot, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side. And these words he said: Peace be with you, fair lords. Then the old man said unto Arthur: Sir, I bring here a young knight, the which is of king's lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Aramathie, whereby the marvels of this court, and of strange realms, shall be fully accomplished.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE OLD MAN BROUGHT GALAHAD TO THE SIEGE PERILOUS AND SET HIM THEREIN, AND HOW ALL THE KNIGHTS MARVELLED.

THE king was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man: Sir, ye be right welcome, and the young knight with you. Then the old man made the young man to unarm him, and he was in a coat of red sendal, and bare a mantle upon his shoulder that was furred with ermine, and put that upon him. And the old knight said unto the young knight: Sir, follow me. And anon he led him unto the Siege Perilous, where beside sat Sir Launcelot; and the good

[1]Omitted by Caxton, supplied from W. de Worde.

man lift up the cloth, and found there letters that said thus: This is the siege of Galahad, the haut prince. Sir, said the old knight, wit ye well that place is yours. And then he set him down surely in that siege. And then he said to the old man: Sir, ye may now go your way, for well have ye done that ye were commanded to do; and recommend me unto my grandsire, King Pelles, and unto my lord Petchere, and say them on my behalf, I shall come and see them as soon as ever I may. So the good man departed; and there met him twenty noble squires, and so took their horses and went their way.

Then all the knights of the Table Round marvelled greatly of Sir Galahad, that he durst sit there in that Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age; and wist not from whence he came but all only by God; and said: This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be enchieved, for there sat never none but he, but he were mischieved. Then Sir Launcelot beheld his son and had great joy of him. Then Bors told his fellows: Upon pain of my life this young knight shall come unto great worship. This noise was great in all the court, so that it came to the queen. Then she had marvel what knight it might be that durst adventure him to sit in the Siege Perilous. Many said unto the queen he resembled much unto Sir Launcelot. I may well suppose, said the queen, that Sir Launcelot begat him on King Pelles' daughter, by the which he was made to lie by, by enchantment, and his name is Galahad. I would fain see him, said the queen, for he must needs be a noble man, for so is his father that him begat, I report me unto all the Table Round.

So when the meat was done that the king and all were risen, the king yede unto the Siege Perilous and lift up the cloth, and found there the name of Galahad; and then he shewed it unto Sir Gawaine, and said: Fair nephew, now have we among us Sir Galahad, the good knight that shall worship us all; and upon pain of my life he shall enchieve the Sangreal, right as Sir Launcelot had done us to understand. Then came King Arthur unto Galahad and said: Sir, ye be welcome, for ye shall move many good knights to the quest of the Sangreal, and ye shall enchieve that never knights might bring to an end. Then the king took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to shew Galahad the adventures of the stone.

CHAPTER V

HOW KING ARTHUR SHEWED THE STONE HOVING ON THE WATER TO GALAHAD, AND HOW HE DREW OUT THE SWORD.

THE queen heard thereof, and came after with many ladies, and shewed them the stone where it hoved on the water. Sir, said the king unto Sir Galahad, here is a great marvel as ever I saw, and right good knights have assayed and failed. Sir, said Galahad, that is no marvel, for this adventure is not theirs but mine; and for the surety of this sword I brought none with me, for here by my side hangeth the scabbard. And anon he laid his hand on the sword, and lightly drew it out of the stone, and put it in the sheath, and said unto the king: Now it goeth better than it did aforehand. Sir, said the king, a shield God shall send you. Now have I that sword that sometime was the good knight's, Balin le Savage, and he was a passing good man of his hands; and with this sword he slew his brother Balan, and that was great pity, for he was a good knight, and either slew other through a dolorous stroke that Balin gave unto my grandfather King Pelles, the which is not yet whole, nor not shall be till I heal him.

Therewith the king and all espied where came riding down the river a lady on a white palfrey toward them. Then she saluted the king and the queen, and asked if that Sir Launcelot was there. And then he answered himself: I am here, fair lady. Then she said all with weeping: How your great doing is changed sith this day in the morn. Damosel, why say you so? said Launcelot. I say you sooth, said the damosel, for ye were this day the best knight of the world, but who should say so now, he should be a liar, for there is now one better than ye, and well it is proved by the adventures of the sword whereto ye durst not set to your hand; and that is the change and leaving of your name. Wherefore I make unto you a remembrance, that ye shall not ween from henceforth that ye be the best knight of the world. As touching unto that, said Launcelot, I know well I was never the best. Yes, said the damosel, that were ye, and

are yet, of any sinful man of the world. And, Sir king, Nacien, the hermit, sendeth thee word, that thee shall befall the greatest worship that ever befell king in Britain; and I say you wherefore, for this day the Sangreal appeared in thy house and fed thee and all thy fellowship of the Round Table. So she departed and went that same way that she came.

CHAPTER VI

HOW KING ARTHUR HAD ALL THE KNIGHTS TOGETHER FOR TO JOUST IN THE MEADOW BESIDE CAMELOT OR THEY DEPARTED.

Now, said the king, I am sure at this quest of the Sangreal shall all ye of the Table Round depart, and never shall I see you again whole together; therefore I will see you all whole together in the meadow of Camelot to joust and to tourney, that after your death men may speak of it that such good knights were wholly together such a day. As unto that counsel and at the king's request they accorded all, and took on their harness that longed unto jousting. But all this moving of the king was for this intent, for to see Galahad proved; for the king deemed he should not lightly come again unto the court after his departing. So were they assembled in the meadow, both more and less. Then Sir Galahad, by the prayer of the king and the queen, did upon him a noble jesseraunce, and also he did on his helm, but shield would he take none for no prayer of the king. And then Sir Gawaine and other knights prayed him to take a spear. Right so he did; and the queen was in a tower with all her ladies, for to behold that tournament. Then Sir Galahad dressed him in midst of the meadow, and began to break spears marvellously, that all men had wonder of him; for he there surmounted all other knights, for within a while he had defouled many good knights of the Table Round save twain, that was Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale.

CHAPTER VII

HOW THE QUEEN DESIRED TO SEE GALAHAD; AND HOW AFTER, ALL THE KNIGHTS WERE REPLENISHED WITH THE HOLY SANGREAL, AND HOW THEY AVOWED THE ENQUEST OF THE SAME.

THEN the king, at the queen's request, made him to alight and to unlace his helm, that the queen might see him in the visage. When she beheld him she said: Soothly I dare well say that Sir Launcelot begat him, for never two men resembled more in likeness, therefore it nis no marvel though he be of great prowess. So a lady that stood by the queen said: Madam, for God's sake ought he of right to be so good a knight? Yea, forsooth, said the queen, for he is of all parties come of the best knights of the world and of the highest lineage; for Sir Launcelot is come but of the eight degree from our Lord Jesu Christ, and Sir Galahad is of the ninth degree from our Lord Jesu Christ, therefore I dare say they be the greatest gentlemen of the world.

And then the king and all estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong to the great minster, and so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other, by their seeming, fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall fulfilled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world. And when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the holy

vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became: then had they all breath to speak. And then the king yielded thankings to God, of His good grace that he had sent them. Certes, said the king, we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly for that he hath shewed us this day, at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost.

Now, said Sir Gawaine, we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on; but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the Holy Grail, it was so preciously covered. Wherefore I will make here avow, that to-morn, without longer abiding, I shall labour in the quest of the Sangreal, that I shall hold me out a twelve-month and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here; and if I may not speed I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ.

When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose up the most part and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made. Anon as King Arthur heard this he was greatly displeased, for he wist well they might not again-say their avows. Alas, said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, ye have nigh slain me with the avow and promise that ye have made; for through you ye have bereft me the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world; for when they depart from hence I am sure they all shall never meet more in this world, for they shall die many in the quest. And so it forthinketh me a little, for I have loved them as well as my life, wherefore it shall grieve me right sore, the departition of this fellowship: for I have had an old custom to have them in my fellowship.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW GREAT SORROW WAS MADE OF THE KING AND THE QUEEN AND LADIES FOR THE DEPARTING OF THE KNIGHTS, AND HOW THEY DEPARTED.

And therewith the tears fell in his eyes. And then he said: Gawaine, Gawaine, ye have set me in great sorrow, for I have great doubt that my true fellowship shall never meet here more again. Ah, said Sir Launcelot, comfort yourself; for it shall be unto us a great honour and much more than if we died in any other places, for of death we be siker. Ah, Launcelot, said the king, the great love that I have had unto you all the days of my life maketh me to say such doleful words; for never Christian king had never so many worthy men at his table as I have had this day at the Round Table, and that is my great sorrow.

When the queen, ladies, and gentlewomen, wist these tidings, they had such sorrow and heaviness that there might no tongue tell it, for those knights had held them in honour and chiert. But among all other Queen Guenever made great sorrow. I marvel, said she, my lord would suffer them to depart from him. Thus was all the court troubled for the love of the departition of those knights. And many of those ladies that loved knights would have gone with their lovers; and so had they done, had not an old knight come among them in religious clothing; and then he spake all on high and said: Fair lords, which have sworn in the quest of the Sangreal, thus sendeth you Nacien, the hermit, word, that none in this quest lead lady nor gentlewoman with him, for it is not to do in so high a service as they labour in; for I warn you plain, he that is not clean of his sins he shall not see the mysteries of our Lord Jesu Christ. And for this cause they left these ladies and gentlewomen.

After this the queen came unto Galahad and asked him of whence he was, and of what country. He told her of whence he was. And son unto Launcelot, she said he was. As to that, he said neither yea nor nay. So God me help, said the queen, of your father

ye need not to shame you, for he is the goodliest knight, and of the best men of the world come, and of the strain, of all parties, of kings. Wherefore ye ought of right to be, of your deeds, a passing good man; and certainly, she said, ye resemble him much. Then Sir Galahad was a little ashamed and said: Madam, sith ye know in certain, wherefore do ye ask it me? for he that is my father shall be known openly and all betimes. And then they went to rest them. And in the honour of the highness of Galahad he was led into King Arthur's chamber, and there rested in his own bed.

And as soon as it was day the king arose, for he had no rest of all that night for sorrow. Then he went unto Gawaine and to Sir Launcelot that were arisen for to hear mass. And then the king again said: Ah Gawaine, Gawaine, ye have betrayed me; for never shall my court be amended by you, but ye will never be sorry for me as I am for you. And therewith the tears began to run down by his visage. And therewith the king said: Ah, knight Sir Launcelot, I require thee thou counsel me, for I would that this quest were undone, an it might be. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, ye saw yesterday so many worthy knights that then were sworn that they may not leave it in no manner of wise. That wot I well, said the king, but it shall so heavy me at their departing that I wot well there shall no manner of joy remedy me. And then the king and the queen went unto the minster. So anon Launcelot and Gawaine commanded their men to bring their arms. And when they all were armed save their shields and their helms, then they came to their fellowship, which were all ready in the same wise, for to go to the minster to hear their service.

Then after the service was done the king would wit how many had undertaken the quest of the Holy Grail; and to accompt them he prayed them all. Then found they by the tale an hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round Table. And then they put on their helms and departed, and recommended them all wholly unto the queen; and there was weeping and great sorrow. Then the queen departed into her chamber and held her, so that no man should perceive her great sorrows. When Sir Launcelot missed the queen he went till her chamber, and when she saw him she cried

aloud: O Launcelot, Launcelot, ye have betrayed me and put me to the death, for to leave thus my lord. Ah, madam, I pray you be not displeased, for I shall come again as soon as I may with my worship. Alas, said she, that ever I saw you; but he that suffered upon the cross for all mankind, he be unto you good conduct and safety, and all the whole fellowship.

Right so departed Sir Launcelot, and found his fellowship that abode his coming. And so they mounted upon their horses and rode through the streets of Camelot; and there was weeping of rich and poor, and the king turned away and might not speak for weeping. So within a while they came to a city, and a castle that hight Vagon. There they entered into the castle, and the lord of that castle was an old man that hight Vagon, and he was a good man of his living, and set open the gates, and made them all the cheer that he might. And so on the morn they were all accorded that they should depart everych from other; and on the morn they departed with weeping cheer, and every knight took the way that him liked best.

II

THE MIRACLES

NOW rydith Galahad yet withouten shylde, and so rode (9) four dayes withoute ony adventure, and at the fourthe day aftir evynsonge he com to a whyght abbay. And there was he resceyved with grete reverence and lad untyll a chambir, and there was he unarmed. 5

And than was he ware of two knyghtes of the Table Rounde, on[e] was sir Bagdemagus, and sir Uwayne, and whan they sy hym they wen[t] to sir Galahad and made of hym grete solace. And so they wente unto supper. 355r

'Sirs,' seyde sir Galahad, 'what adventure brought you 10 hydir?'

'Sir,' they seyde, 'hit ys tolde us that in thys place ys a shylde that no man may bere hit aboute his necke but he be myscheved other dede within three dayes, other maymed for ever. But, sir,' seyde kynge Bagdemagus, 'I shall beare hit 15 to-morne for to assay thys adventure.'

'In the name of God!' seyde sir Galahad.

'Sir,' seyde Bagdemagus, 'and I may nat encheve the adventure of thys shylde ye shall take hit uppon you, for I a[m] sure ye shall nat fayle.' 20

'Sir, I ryght well agré me thereto, for I have no shylde.'

So on the morne they arose and herde masse. Than syr Bagdemagus asked where the adventures shylde was. Anone a munke ledde hym behynde an awter where the shylde hynge as whyght as ony snowe, but in the myddys was a rede 25 crosse.

'Syrres,' seyde t[he] monke, 'thys shylde oughte nat to be honged aboute the nek of no knyght but he be the worthyest knyght of the worlde. Therefore I counceyle you, knyghtes, to be well avysed.' 30

'Well,' seyde sir Bagdemagus, 'I wote well I am nat the beste knyght, but I shall assay to bere hit,' and so bare hit oute of the monaster. Than he seyde unto sir Galahad, 'And hit please you to abyde here styll tylle that ye wete how that I spede.' 35

6 two *not in C* 12 *C* sayd all it 13 hit *not in C* 15 *C* A syr
19 *W* of thys shylde of thys shylde 20 *W* I an 21 *C* Sir said Galahad
27 *W* to monke 28 *C* aboute no knyghtes neck but 32 *P* best (*R*† lest)
knyghte of the world but

'Sir, I shall abyde you,' seyde sir Galahad.

Than kynge Bagdemagus toke with hym a good squyre, to brynge tydynges unto sir Galahad how he spedde. Than they rode two myle and com to a fayre valey before an ermytayge, and than they saw a knyght com frome that partyes in whyght armour, horse and all, and he com as faste as hys horse myght renne, and hys speare in hys reeste. Than sir Bagdemagus dressed hys speare ayenste hym and brake hit uppon the whyght knyght, but the othir stroke hym so harde that he braste the mayles and threste hym thorow the ryght sholdir, for the shylde coverde hym nat as at that tyme. And so he bare hym frome hys horse, and therewith he alyght and toke
355v hys whyght shylde from hym, saynge,

'Knyght, thou hast done thyselff grete foly, for thys shylde ought nat to be borne but by hym that shall have no pere that lyvith.'

And than he com to Bagdemagus squyre and bade hym 'bere thys shylde to the good knyght sir Galahad that thou leffte in the abbey, and grete hym well by me.'

'Sir,' seyde the squyre, 'what ys youre name?'

'Take thou none hede of my name,' seyde the k[nyghte], 'for hit ys nat for ⌜the⌝ to know, nother none erthely man.'

'Now, fayre sir,' seyde the squyre, 'at the reverence of Jesu Cryst, telle me be what cause thys shylde may nat be borne but if the berer therof be myscheved.'

'Now syn thou hast conjoured me,' seyde the knyght, 'thys shelde behovith unto no man but unto sir Galahad.'

Than the squyre wente unto Bagdemagus and asked hym whethir he were sore wounded or none.

'Ye forsothe,' seyde he, 'I shall ascape harde frome the dethe.'

Than he fette hys horse and ledde hym with a grete payne tylle they cam unto the abbay. Than he was takyn downe sofftely and unarmed and leyde in hys bedde and loked there

1 Sir *not in C* 3 *P* brynge *R*† beynge 3–4 *C* Thenne whanne they had ryden two 5 *C* party 9 *W* that that 10 *C* and sheef hym 13 *C* the whyte 17–18 *C* squyer & saide bere 21 *W* the kynge 22 *W* for to know *C** for the to knowe *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 527r, col. 1*): a toy ne a homme terrien 24 *C* me for what 26 *C* me soo 29 *C* or not 32–33 *C* and brought hym with grete payne vnto an Abbay 33 *C* was he 34–p. 879, l. 1 *C** in a bedde and there was loked to his woundes

[to] hys woundys. And as the booke tellith, he lay there longe and ascaped hard with the lyff.

'Sir Galahad,' seyde the squyre, 'that knyght that (10) wounded Bagdemagus sende you gretyng, and bade that ye sholde bere thys shylde wherethorow grete adventures 5 sholde befalle.'

'Now blyssed be good fortune!' seyde sir Galahad.

And than he asked hys armys and mownted uppon hys horse backe and hanged the whyght shylde aboute hys necke and commaunded hem unto God. So sir Uwayne seyde he 10 wolde beare hym felyshyp if hit pleased hym.

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'that may ye nat, for I must go alone, save thys squyre shall bere me felyship.'

And so departed sir Uwayne. Than within a whyle cam sir Galahad thereas the whyght knyght abode hym by the 15 ermytayge, and everych salewed other curteysly.

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'by thys shylde bene many mervayles fallen.'

'Syr,' seyde the knyght, 'hit befelle aftir the Passion of **356r** oure Lorde Jesu Cryste two and thirty yere that Joseph of 20 Aramathy, that jantyll knyght the whych toke downe our Lorde of the holy Crosse, at that tyme he departed frome Jerusalem with a grete party of hys kynrede with hym. And so he labourde tyll they com to a cité whych hyght Sarras. And that same owre that Joseph com to Sarras, there was a 25 kynge that hyght Evelake that had grete warre ayenst the Sarezens, and in especiall ayenste one Sarezyn the whych was kynge Evelakes cousyn, a ryche kynge and a myghty, whych marched nyghe hys londe, and hys name was called Tholomé la Feyntis. So on a day thes two mette to do batayle. 30

'Than Josephé, the sonne of Aramathy, wente to kyng Evelake and tolde hym he sholde be discomfite and slayne but he leffte hys beleve of the olde law and beleeve uppon the new law. And anone he shewed hym the ryght beleve of the Holy Trynyté, for the whyche he agreed unto with 35 all hys herte.

7 *C*† good & fortune 9 backe *not in C* 24 *C* tyl that they 25 *C* and att that 26 *P* grete *R*† greto *C*† ageyne 29 *C*† nyghe this land *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 527v, col. 1*) qui marchissoit a sa terre 31 *C** sone of Ioseph of Armathye 33 *C* but yf he 35 *C* to the whiche

'And there thys shylde was made for kyng Evelake in the name of Hym that dyed on the Crosse. And than thorow hys goodly belyeve he had the bettir of kynge Tholomé. For whan kynge Evelake was in the batayle there was a clothe sette afore the shylde, and whan he was in the grettist perell he lett put awey the cloth, and than hys enemyes saw a vigoure of a man on the crosse, wherethorow they all were discomfite.

'And so hit befelle that a man of kynge Evelakes was s[m]ytten hys honde off, and bare that honde in hys other honde. And Josephé called that man unto hym and bade hym with good devocion touche the crosse. And as sone as that man had towched the crosse with hys honde hit was as hole as ever hit was tofore.

'Than sone afftir the[re] felle a grete mervayle, that the crosse of the shylde at one tyme vanysshed, that no man wyste where hit becam. And than kynge Evelake was baptyzed, and the moste party of all the people of that cité.

'So sone aftir Josephé wolde departe, and kynge Evelake
356v wolde nedys go with hym whethir he wolde or nolde. And so by fortune they com into thys londe that at that tyme was called Grete Bretayne, and there they founde a grete felon paynym that put Josephé into preson. And so by fortune that tydynges com unto a worthy man that hyght Mondrames, and he assembled all hys people for the grete renowne he had herde of Josephé. And so he com into the londe of Grete Bretaygne and disheryted thys fellon paynym, and confounded hym, and therewith delyverde Josephé oute of preson. And after that all the people withturned to the Crystyn feythe.

(11) 'So nat longe afftir Josephé was leyde in hys dedly bedde, and whan kyng Evelake saw that, he had muche sorow, and seyde, "For thy love I leffte my contrey, and syth ye sholl departe frome me oute of thys worlde, leve me som toky[n] that I may thynke on you."

7 *W* vigoure *C** fygur 10 *W* snytten 11–12 *C** badde hym goo with 13 *W* and hit 15 *C* meeueyll *S* merueyll 16 *C* vanysshed awey that 18 *C* and for the moost party alle 19 *C* Ioheph *S* Ioseph 20 nedys *not in C* 23–24 *C*† fortune tydynges 25 *C* grete renomme 27–28 *C*† consumed hym *F* confondirent 29 *C* were torned 32 *C* he made moche 33 *C* I haue lefte 34 from me *not in C* *W* tokym 34–35 *C* token of yours

'Than Josephé seyde, "That woll I do full gladly. Now brynge me youre shylde that I toke you whan ye wente into batayle ayenst kyng Tholomé."

'Than Josephé bledde sore at the nose, that he myght nat by no meane be staunched, and there, uppon that shylde, he made a crosse of hys owne bloode and seyd,

' "Now may ye se a remembraunce that I love you, for ye shall never se thys shylde but ye shall thynke one me. And hit shall be allwayes as freysh as hit ys now, and never shall no man beare thys shylde aboute hys necke but he shall repente hit, unto the tyme that Galahad, the good knyght, beare hit. And laste of my lynayge have hit aboute hys necke, that shall do many mervaylous dedys."

' "Now," seyde kyng Evelake, "where shall I put thys shylde, that thys worthy knyght may have hit?"

' "Sir, ye shall leve hit thereas Nacien the ermyte shall put hit afftir hys dethe, for thydir shall that good knyght com the fiftenth day afftir that he shall reseyve the Order of Knyghthode."

'And so that day that they sette ys thys tyme that he have hys shylde. And in the same abbay lyeth Nacien the eremyte.'

And the whyght knyght vanyshed.

Anone as the squyre had herde thes wordis he alyght of 357r
hys hakeney and kneled downe at Galahadys feete, and prayde hym that he myght go ⌈with hym⌉ tyll he had made hym knyght.

'If I wolde ⟨have ony felyshyp I wolde⟩ nat refuse you.'

'Than woll ye make me a knyght?' seyde the squyre. 'And that Order, by the grace of God, shall be well besette in me.'

So sir Galahad graunted hym and turned ayen unto the abbay there they cam fro, and there men made grete joy of sir Galahad.

And anone as he was alyght there was a munke brought

5 *C* therupon 6 and seyd *not in C* 10 no *not in C* 12 *C* and the laste *C* shal haue (*S* leue†) 16 Sir *not in C* 22 *C* vanysshed away 25 *W* myght go tyll (go *inserted above the line*) *C** myghte goo with him tyll *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 528r, col. 1*): qui li octroit a aler avecques lui comme escuier ou le face chevaillier 27 *C* Yf I wold not refuse yow *F* (*loc. cit.*) se je voulsisse avoir compaignie je ne refusasse mie la vostre (*see note*) 29 *C* wel sette 31–p. 882, l. 3 *W* (*sidenote*) Here Galahad conjoure a devil out of a tombe 31–32 *C* of syr *S* os syr

hym unto a tombe in a chircheyarde, 'where ys such a noyse that who hyryth hit veryly shall nyghe be madde other lose hys strengthe. And, sir, we deme hit ys a fyende.'

(12) 'Now lede me thydir,' seyd sir Galahad.

And so they dud, all armed sauff hys helme.

'Now,' seyde the good man, 'go to the tombe and lyffte hit up.'

And so he dud, and herde a grete noyse; and pyteuously he seyde, that all men myght hyre,

'Sir Galahad, the servaunte of Jesu Crist, com thou nat nyghe me, for thou shalt make me go agayne there where I have bene so longe.'

But sir Galahad was nothynge aferde, but heve up the stone. And there com oute a fowle smoke, and aftir that he saw the fowlyst vygoure lepe thereoute that ever he saw in the lyknes of a man. And than he blyssed hym and wyst well hit was a fyende. Than herde he a voyce sey,

'Sir Galahad, I se there envyrowne aboute the so many angels that my power may nat deare the!'

Ryght so sir Galahad saw a body all armed lye in that tombe and besyde hym a swerde.

'Now, fayre brothir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'lette remeve thys body. For he ys nat worthy to lye within thys chyrcheyarde, for he was a false Crysten man.'

And therewithall they departed and wente to the abbay. And anone as he was unarmed a good man cam and set hym downe by hym and seyd,

'Sir, I shall telle you what betokenyth of that ye saw in the tombe. Sir, that that coverde the body, hit betokenyth the duras of the worlde, and the grete synne that oure Lorde founde in the worlde. For there was suche wrecchydnesse that the fadir loved nat the sonne, nother the sonne loved nat the fadir. And that was one of the causys that oure Lorde toke
357v fleysh and bloode of a clene maydyn; for oure synnes were so grete at that tyme that well-nyghe all was wyckednesse.'

1–2 *C* where that was suche a noyse that who that herd hit shold veryly nyghe 3 *C* syr they sayd we 9 *C* here hit 13 *C* but lyfte vp 14 *C* out so foul a smoke 15 *W* vygoure *C** fygur *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 528r, col. 2*) figure laide et hideuse 22 *C* lete vs remeue 25 *C* there with they alle departed 28 *C* betokeneth alle that 29 *C* Tombe for that couerd body betokeneth

'Truly,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I beleve you ryght well.'

So sir Galahad rested hym there that nyght, and uppon the morne he made the squyre a knyght and asked hym hys name and of what kynred he was com.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'men calle me Melyas de Lyle, and I am the sonne of the kynge of Denmarke.'

'Now, fayre sir,' seyde Galahad, 'sitthyn that ye be com of kynges and quenys, now lokith that knyghthode be well sette in you, for ye ought to be a myrroure unto all chevilry.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Melyas, 'ye sey sothe. But, sir, sytthyn ye have made me a knyght ye must of ryght graunte me my first desyre that ys resonable.'

'Ye say soth,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I graunte hit you.'

'Grauntmercy, myne owne lorde,' seyde he, 'and that ye woll suffir me to ryde with you in thys queste of the Sankgreall tyll that som adventure departe us.'

'I graunte you, sir.'

Than men brought sir Melias hys armour and his speare and hys horse. And so sir Galahad and he rode forth all that wyke or ever they founde ony adventure. And than uppon a Munday in the mornynge, as they were departed frome an abbay, they com to a crosse whych departed two wayes, and in that crosse were letters wretyn that seyd thus:

'NOW YE KNYGHTES ARRAUNTE WHICH GOTH TO SEKE KNYGHTES ADVENTURYS, SE HERE TWO WAYES: THAT ONE WAY DEFENDITH THE THAT THOU NE GO THAT ⌜W⌝AY, FOR HE SHALL NAT GO OUTE OF THE WAY AGAYNE BUT IF HE BE A GOOD MAN AND A WORTHY KNYGHT. AND IF THOU GO ON THE LYFFTE HONDE THOU SHALL NAT THERE LYGHTLY WYNNE PROUESSE, FOR THOU SHALT IN THYS WAY BE SONE ASSAYDE.'

'Sir,' seyde Melyas unto sir Galahad, 'if hit lyke you to suffir me to take the way on the lyffte honde ⌜lette me⌝, for I shall well preve my strength.'

'Hit were bettir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'ye rode nat that way, for I deme I sholde bettir ascape in that way, better than ye.'

5 *C* sayd he 13–14 *C*† galahad melyas said thēne that ye 20 ever *not in C* 26 *W* ne go that day *C*[e] ne go þ[t] way *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 528*[v]*, col.* 2) que tu n'y entres 32 *C* hand telle me *F* laissiés moy (*see note*) 32–33 *C* for there I 35–36 *C* way than ye

'Nay, my lorde, I pray you lette me have that adventure.'
'Take hit in Goddys name,' seyde sir Galahad.

NOW TURNYTH THE TALE UNTO SYR MELYAS DE LYLE.

(13)358r And than rode sir Melyas into an olde foreyste, and therin he roode two dayes and more. And than he cam into a fayre medow, and there was a fayre lodge of bowys. And than he aspyed in that lodge a chayre wherein was a crowne of golde, ryche and subtyly wrought. Also there was clothys coverde uppon the erthe, and many delycious metis sette thereon.

So sir Melyas behylde thys adventure and thought hit mervaylous, but he had no hungir. But of the crowne of golde he toke much kepe, and therewith he stowped downe and toke hit up, and rode hys way with hit. And anone he saw a knyght com rydyng aftir hym and seyde,

'Sette downe that crowne whych ys nat youres, and therefore defende you!'

Than sir Melyas blyssed hym and seyde, 'Fayre Lorde of Hevyn, helpe and save thy new-made knyght!'

And than they lette their horses renne as faste as they myght, and so they smote togydirs. But the othir knyght smote sir Melyas thorow hawbirke and thorow the lyff[t] syde, that he felle to the erth nyghe dede, and than he toke hys crowne and yode hys way. And sir Melyas lay stylle and had no power to styrre hym. So in the meanewhyle by fortune com sir Galahad and founde hym there in perell of dethe. And than he seyde,

'Sir Melyas, who hath wounded you? Therefore hit had bene better to have ryddyn the other way.'

And whan sir Melyas herde hym speke, 'Sir,' he seyde, 'for Goddys love, lat me nat dye in thys foreyst, but brynge me to the abbey here besyde, that I may be confessed and have my ryghtes.'

'Hit shall be done,' seyde sir Galahad. 'But where ys he that hath wounded you?'

3 Now turnyth the tale unto syr Melyas de Lyle *not in C* 4 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Melyas toke the crowne of golde 8 ryche and *not in C*† *C* there were 14 *C* hym that sayd 15 *C* knyghte sette 16 *C* defendeth 20 *C* my3t so that the other kny3t 23 *C* the crowne and went his way 24 hym *not in C* 24–25 *W* by fortune by fortune 30–31 *C* but bere me vnto

So with that sir Galahad herde on amonge the levys cry on hyght,

'Knyght, kepe the from me!'

'A, sir!' seyde sir Melyas, 'beware, for that y[s] he that hath slayne me.'

Sir Galahad answerde and seyde,

'Sir knyght, com on your perell!'

Than aythir dressed to other and com as fast as they myght dryve. And sir Galahad smote hym so that hys speare wente thorow his shuldir, and smote hym downe of hys horse, and in the fallyng sir Galahaddis speare brake. So with that com oute another knyght oute of the grene levys and brake a 358v spere uppon sir Galahad or ever he myght turne hym. Than sir Galahad drew oute hys swerde and smote the lyffte arme off, that hit felle to the erthe; and than he fledde and sir Galahad sewed faste aftir hym.

And than he turned agayne unto sir Melyas, and there he alyght and dressed hym softely on hys horse tofore hym, for the truncheon of hys speare was in hys body. And sir Galahad sterte up behynde hym and hylde hym in hys armys, and so brought hym to the abbay, and there unarmed hym and brought hym to hys chambir. And than he asked hys Saveoure, and whan he had reseyved Hym he seyde unto sir Galahad,

'Syr, latte dethe com whan hit pleasith Hym.'

And therewith he drew the truncheon of the speare oute of hys body, and than he sowned. Than com there an olde monke whych somtyme had bene a knyght, and behylde sir Melyas. And anone he ransaked hym, and than he seyde unto sir Galahad,

'I shall heale hym of hys play, by the grace of God, within the terme of seven wykes.'

Than was sir Galahad glad and unarmed hym and seyde he wolde abyde there stylle all that nyght.

1 *C* herd in the 4 *W* ye he 6 and seyde *not in C* 8–9 *C* came to gyder as fast as their horses myghte renne and 12 *S* knyghte of grene *not in C*† 14–15 *C** smote of the lyfte arme of hym soo that 24 *C* pleasyd 25 *C* drewe oute the 26 *W* Than than com 30 *C* of this woūde by (*see note*) 33–p. 886, l. 1 *C*† abyde there thre dayes And thenne he asked *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 529r, col. 1*) et dist qu'il demourra laiens tout le jour et l'an demain tant qu'il verra se Melian pourra garir. Ainsi demoura Galaad laiens trois jours

Thus dwelled he there three dayes, and than he asked sir Melyas how hit stood with hym. Than he seyde he was turned into helpynge, God he thanked.

(14) 'Now woll I departe,' sir Galahad seyde, 'for I have much on honde, for many good knyghtes be fulle bysy aboute hit. And thys knyght and I were in the same quest of the Sankgreal.'

'Sir,' seyde a good man, 'for hys synne he was th[u]s wounded. And I mervayle,' seyde the good man, 'how ye durste take uppon you so rych a thynge as the hyghe Order of Knyghthode ys withoute clene confession. That was the cause that ye were bittirly wounded, for the way on the ryght hande betokenyd the hygheway of oure Lorde Jesu Cryst, and the way of a good trew lyver. And the othir way betokenyth the way of synnars and of myssebelevers. And whan the devyll saw your pryde and youre persumpcion for to take you to the queste of the Sankgreal, and that made you
359r to be overthrowyn, for hit may nat be encheved but by vertuous lyvynge.

'Also the wrytyng on the crosse was a significac[y]on of hevynly dedys, and of knyghtly dedys in Goddys workys, and no knyghtes dedys in worldly workis; and pryde ys hede of every synne: that caused thys knyght to departe frome sir Galahad. And where thou toke the crowne of golde thou ded syn in covetyse and in theffte. All this was no knyghtly dedys. And so, sir Galahad, the holy knyght which fought with the two knyghtes, [the two knyghtes] signyfyeth the two dedly synnes whych were holy in thys knyght, sir Melias; and they myght nat withstonde you, for ye ar withoute dedly synne.'

So now departed sir Galahad frome thens and betaughte hem all unto God. Than sir Melias seyde,

'My lord, syr Galahad, as sone as I may ryde I shall seke you.'

'God sende you helthe!' seyde sir Galahad.

And so he toke hys horse and departed and rode many

3 *C* vnto 4 *C* sayd Galahad 8 W thys 11 ys *not in C* 13 *C* betokeneth 14 *C* good true good lyuer 16 *C* and presumpcyon 17 *C* yow in the 22 *C* knyȝtly dedes 23 *C* of alle dedely synnes 24 *C* thow tokest 25 *C* thow synnest in couetyse *C* were no 26 *C*† And this Galahad 27 *C** knyghtes the two knyghtes sygnefyen 36 he *not in C*

journeyes forewarde and bakwarde, and departed frome a place that hyght Abblasowre and had harde no masse, [the whiche he was wonte ever to here or ever he departed oute of ony castel or place, and kepte that for a customme.] Than sir Galahad com to a mountayne where he founde a chapell passyng olde, and founde therein nobody, for all was desolate. And there he kneled before the awter and besought God of good counceyle, and so as he prayde he harde a voyce that seyd,

'Go thou now, thou adventurous knyght, to the Castell of Madyns, and there do thou away the wycked customes!'

Whan sir Galahad harde thys he thanked God and toke (15) hys horse, and he had nat ryddyn but a whyle but he saw in a valey before hym a stronge castell with depe dychys, and there ran besyde hyt a fayre ryver that hyght Sevarne. And there he mette with a man of grete ayge, and ayther salewed other, and sir Galahad asked hym the castels name.

'Fayre sir,' seyde he, 'hit ys the Castell of Maydyns. That ys a cursed castell and all they that be conversaunte therein, for all pité ys oute thereoff, and all hardynes and myschyff ys therein. Therefore I counceyle you, sir knyght, to turne agayne.'

'Sir,' sir Galahad seyde, 'wete you welle that I shall nat turne agayne.'

Than loked sir Galahad on hys armys that nothyng fayled hym, and than he putte hys shylde before hym. And anone there mette hym seven fayre maydyns the whych seyde unto 359 hym,

'Sir knyght, ye ryde here in grete foly, for ye have the watir to passe over.'

'Why shold I nat passe the watir?' seyde sir Galahad.

So rode he away frome hem and mette with a squyre that seyde,

'Knyght, thoo knyghtes in the castell defyeth you and defendith you ye go no farther tyll that they wete what ye wolde.'

1–2 *C* backward as aduenture wold lede hym And at the laste hit happened hym to departe from a place or a Castel the whiche was named Abblasoure and he hadde 2–4 *Not emended in O*[1] 5 *C* came vnto 5–6 *C* an old chappel and fond there no body 8 *C** of holsome counceil 10 *C*† thy wycked 12 *C* but half a myle he 18 *C*† cursyd Castel said Galahalt and *In F as in W the speaker is 'un home de grant aage'* 22 *C* said Galahad 33 *C* defyen 33–34 *C* defenden

'Fayre sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I com for to destroy the wycked custom of thys castell.'

'Sir, and ye woll abyde by that ye shall have inowghe to do.'

'Go ye now,' seyde sir Galahad, 'and hast my nedys.'

5 Than the squyre entird into the castell, and anone aftir there com oute of the castell seven knyghtes, and all were brethirne. And whan they saw sir Galahad they cryed,

'Knyght, kepe the! For we assure you nothyng but dethe.'

'Why,' seyd Galahad, 'woll ye all have ado with me at 10 onys?'

'Yee,' seyde they, 'thereto mayste thou truste!'

Than Galahad put forth hys speare and smote the formyst to the erthe, that nerehonde he brake hys necke. And therewithall the other six smote hym on hys shylde grete strokes, 15 that their sperys brake. Than sir Galahad drew oute hys swerde and sette uppon hem so harde that hit was mervayle, and so thorow grete force he made hem for to forsake the fylde. And sir Galahad chased hem tylle they entird into the castell and so passed thorow the castell at another gate.

20 And anone there mette [sir Galahalte] an olde man clothyd in relygyous clothynge and seyde,

'Sir, have here the kayes of thys castell.'

Than sir Galahad openyd the gatis and saw so muche people in the stretys that he myght nat numbir hem. And 25 all they seyde,

'Sir, ye be wellcom, for longe have we abydyn here oure delyveraunce!'

Then com to hym a jantillwoman and seyde,

'Sir, thes knyghtes be fledde, but they woll com agayne 30 thys nyght, and here to begyn agayne their evyll custom.'

'What woll ye that I do?' seyde sir Galahad.

'Sir,' seyde the jantillwoman, 'that ye sende aftir all the knyghtes hydir that holde their londys of thys castell, and 360r make hem all to swere for to use the customs that were used 35 here of olde tyme.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Galahad.

4 *C* go yow 8 *C* assure the 13 *C* nere he 14 six *not in C*† 15 *C* so that 16–17 *C** merueylle to see hit and 17 for *not in C* 20 *C* syr Galahad (*see note*) 25 they *not in C* 29 Sir *not in C* 31 *C* I shalle do 34 all *not in C* 35 *C* here to fore of

And there she brought hym an horne of ivery boundyn with golde rychely, and seyde,

'Sir, blow thys horne which woll be harde two myles aboute.'

Whan sir Galahad had blowyn the horne he sette hym downe uppon a bedde. Than com a pryste to Galahad and seyde,

'Sir, hit ys past a seven yere agone that thes seven brethirne com into thys castell and herberowde with the lorde of the castell that hyght the dyuke Lyanowre, and he was lorde of all this contrey. And whan they had aspyed the dyukes doughter that was a full fayre woman, than by there false covyn they made a bate betwyxte hemselff. And the deuke of hys goodnes wolde have departed them, and there they slew hym and hys eldyst sonne. And than they toke the maydyn and the tresoure of the castell, and so by grete force they helde all the knyghtes of the contrey undir grete servayge and trewayge, [robbynge and pyllynge the poure comyn peple.] So on a day the deukes doughter seyde to them,

' "Ye have done grete wronge to sle my fadir and my brothir and thus to holde oure londys. Natforthan," she seyde, "ye shall nat holde thys castell many yerys, for by one knyght ye shall all be overcom." Thus she prophecyed seven yerys agone.

' "Well," seyde the seven knyghtes, "sytthyn ye sey so, there shall never lady nother knyght passe thys castell but they shall abyde magré their hedys other dye therefore tyll that knyght be com by whom we shall lose thys castell."

'And therefore hit ys called the Maydyns Castell, for they have devoured many maydyns.'

'Now,' seyde sir Galahad, 'ys she here for whom thys castell was loste?'

'Nay, sir,' seyde the pryste, 'she was dede within three

3–4 *C* two myle aboute this Castel 9–10 *C* of this castell 11 *C* all *S* alle 11 had *not in C* 13 *C* made debate 17–19 *C** knyghtes of this Castel ageynste theire wylle vnder theyre obeyssaunce and in grete seruage and truage robbynge and pyllynge the poure comyn peple of all that they had Soo hit happened on *Not emended in* O^1 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 530r, col. 2*) et commancierent la guerre vers ceulz de cest pais et tant firent qu'il le mirent au dessoubz et receurent leurs fiefs d'eulz 19 to them *not in C* 20 *C* done vnto me greete *C* myn owne fader 22 *C* castel for many 23 all *not in C* 33 *C* within these thre

nyghtes aftir that she was thus forsed, and sytthen have they kepte their yonger syster whych enduryth grete payne with mo other ladyes.'

By thys were the knyghtes of the contrey com, and than he made hem to do omage and feawté to the dukes doughter and sette them in grete ease of harte.

360v And in the morne there com ⌜one⌝ and tolde sir Galahad how that sir Gawayne, sir Gareth and sir Uwayne had slayne the seven brethirne.

'I supposse well,' seyde sir Galahad, and toke hys armoure and hys horse, and commaunded hem unto God.

HERE LEVITH THE TALE OF SIR GALAHAD AND SPEKITH OF SIR GAWAYNE.

(16) Now seyth the tale, aftir sir Gawayne departed he rode many journeys both towarde and frowarde, and at the laste [he] com to the abbey where sir Galahad had the whyght shylde. And there sir Gawayne lerned the way to sewe aftir sir Galahad, and so he rode to the abbey where Melyas lay syke. And there sir Melyas tolde sir Gawayne of the mervaylous adventures that sir Galahad dud.

'Sertes,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I am nat happy that I toke nat the way that he wente. For and I may mete with hym I woll nat departe from hym lyghtly, for all mervaylous adventures sir Galahad enchevith.'

'Sir,' seyde one of the munkes, 'he woll nat of youre felyship.'

'Why so?' seyde sir Gawayne.

'Sir,' seyd he, 'for ye be wycked and synfull, and he ys full blyssed.'

So ryght as they thus talked there com in rydynge sir Gareth, and than they made grete joy aythir of other. And on the morne they harde masse and so departed, and by the way they mett with sir Uwayne le Avowtres. And the[re] sir Uwayne tolde sir Gawayne that he had mette with none adventures syth he departed frome the courte.

1 *C* thus enforced 2 *C* paynes 5 *C* the kynges† dou3ter 7–8 *C* came one* (*F* ung varlet) to Galahad and told hym how 12–13 *not in C* 16 *W* they com 27 so *not in C* 30 *C* thus stode talkynge there 31 grete *not in C* 34 *C* Gawayne how he

'Nother yet we,' seyd sir Gawayne.

And so ayther promysed othir of tho three knyghtes nat to departe whyle they were in that queste but if suddayne fortune caused hyt. So they departed and rode by fortune tyll that they cam by the Castell of Maydyns. And there the seven brethirn aspyed the three knyghtes and seyde,

'Sytthyn we be flemyd by one knyght from thys castell, we shall destroy all the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs that we may overcom, for the love of sir Galahad.'

And therewith the seven knyghtes sette uppon hem three knyghtes. And by fortune sir Gawayne slew one [of] the brethren, and ech one of hys felowys overthrew anothir, and so ⌜s⌝lew all the remenaunte. **361r**

And than they toke the wey undir the castell, and there they loste the way that sir Galahad rode. And there everych of hem departed from other.

And sir Gawayne rode tyll he com to an ermytayge, and there he founde the good man seyynge hys evynsonge of oure Lady. And there sir [Gawayne] asked herberow for charité, and the good man graunted hym gladly. Than the good man asked hym what he was.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I am a knyght of kynge Arthures that am in the queste of the Sankgreall, and my name ys sir Gawayne.'

'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'I wolde wete how hit stondith betwyxte God and you.'

'Sir,' seyd sir Gawayne, 'I wyll with a good wyll shew you my lyff if hit please you.' There he tolde the eremyte how a monke of an abbay 'called me wycked knyght'.

'He myght well sey hit,' seyde the eremyte, 'for whan ye were made first knyght ye sholde have takyn you to knyghtly dedys and vertuous lyvyng. And ye have done the contrary, for ye have lyved myschevously many wyntirs. And sir Galahad ys a mayde and synned never, and that ys the cause he shall enchyve where he goth that ye nor none suche shall never attayne, nother none in youre felyship, for ye have

1 *C* Nor we 3 suddayne *not in C* 10 *C** vpon the thre 12 *C* felawes slewe another 13 *W* flew all the *C** slewe the *F* et cil qui mout estoient preudome et bon chevalier les meinent si mal qu'il les ocient en poi d'ore 20 *C* graunted hit hym 31 *C* fryrste made 36 *C* not atteyne

used the moste untrewyst lyff that ever I herd knyght lyve. For sertes, had ye nat bene so wycked as ye ar, never had the seven brethirne be slayne by you and youre two felowys: for sir Galahad hymself alone bete hem all seven the day toforne, but hys lyvyng ys such that he shall sle no man lyghtly.

'Also I may sey you that the Castell of Maydyns betokenyth the good soulys that were in preson before the Incarnacion of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. And the seven knyghtes betokenyth the seven dedly synnes that regned that tyme in the worlde. And I may lyckyn the good knyght Galahad unto the Sonne of the Hyghe Fadir that lyght within a maydyn and bought all the soules oute of thralle: so ded sir Galahad
361v delyver all the maydyns oute of the woofull castell. Now, sir Gawayne,' seyde the good man, 'thou muste do penaunce for thy synne.'

'Sir, what penaunce shall I do?'

'Such as I woll gyff the,' seyde the good man.

'Nay,' seyd sir Gawayne, 'I may do no penaunce, for we knyghtes adventures many tymes suffir grete woo and payne.'

'Well,' seyde the good man, and than he hylde hys pece.

And on the morne than sir Gawayne departed frome the ermyte and bytaught hym unto God. And by adventure he mette wyth sir Agglovale and sir Gryfflet, two knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and so they three rode four dayes withoute fyndynge of ony adventure. And at the fifth day they departed and everych hylde as felle them by adventure.

HERE LEVITH THE TALE OF SYR GAWAYNE AND HYS FELOWYS AND SPEKITH OF SIR GALAHAD.

(17) So whan sir Galahad was departed frome the Castell of Maydyns he rode tyll he com to a waste forest, and there he mette with sir Launcelot and sir Percivale. But they knew hym nat, for he was new dysgysed. Ryght so hys fadir, sir Launcelot, dressed hys speare and brake hit uppon sir Galahad, and sir Galahad smote hym so agayne that he bare downe horse and man. And than he drew his swerde and

5 that *not in C* 7, 9–10 *C* betokenen 9 oure Lorde *not in C*† 11 knyght *not in C* 18 the *not in C* 20 *C* ofte suffren 25 *C*† they two 29 *C* speke we of 33–34 syr launcelot his fader 35 *C* that he smote†

dressed hym unto sir Percyvall and smote hym so on the helme that hit rooff to the coyff of steele, and had nat the swerde swarved sir Percyvale had be slayne. And with the stroke he felle oute of hys sadyll.

So thys justis was done tofore the ermytayge where a recluse dwelled. And whan she saw sir Galahad ryde she seyde,

'God be with the, beste knyght of the worlde! A, sertes,' seyde she all alowde, that sir Launcelot and Percyvall myght hyre, 'and yondir two knyghtes had knowyn the as well as I do, they wolde nat have encountird with the.'

Whan sir Galahad herde hir sey so he was adrad to be knowyn, and therewith he smote hys horse with his sporys and rode a grete pace toward them. Than percyved they 362r bothe that he was sir Galahad, and up they gate on their horsys and rode faste aftir hym. But within a whyle he was oute of hir syght, and than they turned agayne wyth hevy chere and seyde,

'Lat us spyrre som tydynges,' seyde Percyvale, 'at yondir rekles.'

'Do as ye lyst,' seyde sir Launcelot.

So whan sir Percyvale com to the recluse she knew hym well ynoughe and sir Launcelot both.

But syr Launcelot rode overthwarte and endelonge a wylde foreyst and hylde no patthe but as wylde adventure lad hym. And at the last he com to a stony crosse whych departed two wayes in waste londe, and by the crosse was a stone that was a marble, but hit was so durke that sir Launcelot myght nat wete what hyt was. Than sir Launcelot loked bysyde hym and saw an olde chapell, and there he wen[d]e to have founde people.

And anone sir Launcelot fastenyd hys horse tylle a tre, and there he dud of hys shylde and hynge hyt uppon a tre, and than he wente to the chapell dore and founde hit waste and brokyn. And within he founde a fayre awter full rychely arayde with clothe of clene sylke, and there stoode a clene fayre candyllstykke whych bare six grete candyls therein,

9 *C* here it And 11 *C* thenne syr Galahad 15 *C* but in a 17 and seyde *not in C* 23 *C* in a 27 *C* was of marbel 29 *C* loked by hym 30 *C** wende *WO*[1] wente (*contamination*) 31 *C* launcelot teyed his 33 he *not in S* 35–36 *C* fayre clene 36 therein *not in C*

and the candilstyk was of sylver; and whan sir Launcelot saw thys lyght he had grete wylle for to entir into the chapell, but he coude fynde no place where he myght entir. Than was he passyng hevy and dysmayed, and returned ayen and cam to hys horse, and dud of hys sadyll and brydyll and leete hym pasture hym, and unlaced hys helme and ungerde hys swerde and layde hym downe to slepe uppon hys shylde tofore the crosse.

(18) And so he felle on slepe; and half wakyng and half slepynge he saw commyng by hym two palfreyes, all fayre and whyght, whych bare a lytter, and therein lyyng a syke knyght. And 362v whan he was nyghe the crosse he there abode stylle. All thys sir Launcelot sye and behylde hit, for he slepte nat veryly, and he herde hym sey,

'A, sweete Lorde! Whan shall thys sorow leve me, and whan shall the holy vessell com by me wherethorow I shall be heled? For I have endured thus longe for litill trespasse, a full grete whyle!'

Thus complayned the knyght and allways sir Launcelot harde hit. So with that sir Launcelot sye the candyllstyk with the ⌜six⌝ tapirs cam before the crosse, and he saw nobody that brought hit. Also there cam a table of sylver and the holy vessell of the Sankgreall which sir Launcelot had sene toforetyme in kynge Pe⌜scheo⌝rs house. And therewith the syke knyght sette hym up, and hylde up both hys hondys, and seyde,

'Fayre swete Lorde whych ys here within the holy vessell, take hede unto me, that I may be hole of thys malody!

And therewith on hys hondys and kneys he wente so nyghe that he towched the holy vessell and kyst hit, and anone he was hole. And than he seyde,

'Lorde God, I thanke The, for I am helyd of thys syknes!'

So whan the holy vessell had bene there a grete whyle hit went unto the chapell with the chaundeler and the lyght, so that sir Launcelot wyst nat where hit was becom; for he was overtakyn with synne, that he had no power to ryse agayne

4 ayen *not in C* 6 *C* pasture & 9 *C* wakynge and slepynge 10 *C* come by 13 *W* sir sir hit *not in C* 15 *C* O swete 17 *C* be blessid 18–19 *C* whyle complayned the knyght thus and 21 *W* vii tapirs *C** syxe tapers *F* sis cierges 24 *W* Petechers *C** Pescheours *F* Pescheor 29 *C* and on his knees 36 *C* synne *S* synen

the holy vessell. Wherefore aftir that many men seyde hym shame, but he toke repentaunce aftir that.

Than the syke knyght dressed hym up and kyssed the crosse. Anone hys squyre brought hym hys armys and aske[d] hys lorde how he ded.

'Sertes,' seyde he, 'I thanke God, ryght well! Thorow the holy vessell I am heled. But I have mervayle of thys slepyng knyght that he had no power to awake whan thys holy vessell was brought hydir.'

'I dare well sey,' seyde the squyre, 'that he dwellith in som dedly synne whereof he was never confessed.'

'Be my fayth,' seyde the knyght, 'whatsomever he be, he ys unhappy. For as I deme he ys of the felyship of the Rounde Table whych ys entird in the queste of the Sankgreall.'

'Sir,' seyde the squyre, 'here I have brought you all youre armys save youre helme and youre swerde, and therefore, be 363r myne assente, now may ye take thys knyghtes helme and his swerde.'

And so he dud. And whan he was clene armed he toke there sir Launcelottis horse, for he was bettir than hys, and so departed they frome the crosse.

Than anone sir Launcelot waked and sett hym up and (19) bethought hym what he had sene there and whether hit were dremys or nat. Ryght so harde he a voyse that seyde,

'Sir Launcelot, more harder than ys the stone, and more bitter than ys the woode, and more naked and barer than ys the lyeff of the fygge-tre! Therefore go thou from hens, and withdraw the from thys holy places!'

And whan sir Launcelot herde thys he was passyng hevy and wyst nat what to do. And so departed sore wepynge and cursed the tyme that he was bor[n]e, for than he demed never to have worship more. For tho wordis wente to hys herte, tylle that he knew wherefore he was called so.

Than sir Launcelot wente to the crosse and founde hys helme, hys swerde, and hys ⌈horse⌉ away. And than he called hymselff a verry wrecch and moste unhappy of all knyghtes, and there he seyde,

1 *C** said of hym 8 he *not in C* 10 *C* dare ryȝt wel 28 *C* place 32 *C* haue hadde worship 35 *W* hys crosse away (*contamination*) *C** his hors taken away *F* si ne troeve ne son hiaume ne s'espee ne son cheval

'My synne and my wyckednes hath brought me unto grete dishonoure! For whan I sought worldly adventures for worldely desyres I ever encheved them and had the bettir in every place, and never was I discomfite in no quarell, were hit ryght were hit wronge. And now I take uppon me the adventures to seke of holy thynges, now I se and undirstonde that myne olde synne hyndryth me and shamyth me, that I had no power to stirre nother speke whan the holy bloode appered before me.'

So thus he sorowed tyll hit was day, and harde the fowlys synge; than somwhat he was comforted. But whan sir Launcelot myssed his horse and hys harneyse than he wyst well God was displesed with hym. And so he departed frome the crosse on foote into a fayre foreyste, and so by pryme he cam to an hyghe hylle and founde an ermytage and an ermyte therein whych was goyng unto masse.

363v And than sir Launcelot kneled downe and cryed on oure Lorde mercy for hys wycked workys. So whan masse was done sir Launcelot called hym, and prayde hym for seynte charité for to hyre hys lyff.

'With a good wylle,' seyde the good man, and asked hym whethir he was of kyng Arthurs and of the felyship of the Table Rounde.

'Ye, forsoth, sir, and my name ys sir Launcelot du Lake, that hath bene ryght well seyde off. And now my good fortune ys chonged, for I am the moste wrecch of the worlde.'

The ermyte behylde hym and had mervayle whye he was so abaysshed.

'Sir,' seyde the ermyte, 'ye ought to thanke God more than ony knyght lyvynge, for He hath caused you to have more worldly worship than ony knyght that ys now lyvynge. And for youre presumpcion to take uppon you in dedely synne for to be in Hys presence, where Hys fleyssh and Hys blood was, which caused you ye myght nat se hyt with youre worldely yen, for He woll nat appere where such synners bene but if hit be unto their grete hurte other unto their

1 *C* haue brought 5 *C* ryght or wronge 6 to seke *not in C*† 7 *C* olde *S* old 14 fayre *not in C* 19 seynte *not in C*† 21–23 *C* man Sir sayd he be ye of Kyng Arthurs Courte and of the felauship of the round table 24 *C* forsothe and my 27 *C* merueille how he 31 *C* that now lyueth 34 youre *not in C* 36–p. 897, l. 1 *C* hurte & vnto her grete shame

shame. And there is no knyght now lyvynge that ought to yelde God so grete thanke os ye, for He hath yevyn you beauté, bownté, semelynes, and grete strengthe over all other knyghtes. And therefore ye ar the more beholdyn unto God than ony other man to love Hym and drede Hym, for youre strengthe and your manhode woll litill avayle you and God be agaynste you.'

Than sir Launcelot wepte with hevy harte and seyde, (20)
'Now I know well ye sey me sothe.'

'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'hyde none olde synne frome me.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that were me full lothe to discover, for thys fourtene yere I never discoverde one thynge that I have used, and that may I now wyghte my shame and my disadventurs.'

And than he tolde there the good man all hys lyff, and how he had loved a quene unmesurabely and oute of mesure longe.

'And all my grete dedis of armys that I have done for the moste party was for the quenys sake, and for hir sake wolde I do batayle were hit ryght other wronge. And never dud I batayle all only [for] Goddis sake, but for to wynne worship and to cause me the bettir to be beloved, and litill or nought 364r I thanked never God of hit.' Than sir Launcelot seyde, 'Sir, I pray you counceyle me.'

'Sir, I woll counceyle you,' seyde the ermyte, '[yf] ye shall ensure me by youre knyghthode ye shall no more com in that quenys felyship as much as ye may forbere.'

And than sir Launcelot promysed hym that he nolde, by the faythe of hys body.

'Sir, loke that your harte and youre mowth accorde,' seyde the good man, 'and I shall ensure you ye shall have the more worship than ever ye had.'

'Holy fadir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I mervayle of the voyce that seyde to me mervayles wordes, as ye have herde toforehonde.'

'Have ye no mervayle,' seyde the good man, 'thereoff, for hit semyth well God lovith you. For men may undirstonde

1 *C* lyuynge now 1–2 *C* ought to kenne god 3 bownté *not in C* *C* strengthe aboue all 4 *C* beholdyng 6 *C* and manhode 8 *C* wepte with heuy chere *S* wept 13 *C* wyte my 14 *C* disauentur 17–18 *C* done I dyd for the moost party for the 21 *C* me to be the better biloued 22, 24, 29 Sir *not in C* 25 *C* me that ye will neuer come 30 *C* haue more

a stone ys harde of kynde, and namely one more than another, and that ys to undirstonde by the, sir Launcelot, for thou wolt nat leve thy synne for no goodnes that God hath sente the. Therefore thou arte more harder than ony stone, and woldyst never be made neyssh nother by watir nother by fyre, and that ys the hete of the Holy Goste may nat entir in the.

'Now take hede, in all the worlde men shall nat fynde one knyght to whom oure Lorde hath yevyn so much of grace as He hath lente the, for He hathe yeffyn the fayrenes with semelynes; also He hath yevyn the wytte and discression to know good frome ille. He hath also yevyn prouesse and hardinesse, and gevyn the to worke so largely that thou hast had the bettir all thy dayes of thy lyff wheresomever thou cam. And now oure Lorde wolde suffir the no lenger but that thou shalt know Hym whether tho[u] wolt other nylt. And why the voyce called the bitterer than the woode, for wheresomever much synne dwellith there may be but lytyll swettnesse; wherefore thou art lykened to an olde rottyn tre.

'Now have I shewed the why thou art harder than the stone and bitterer than the tre; now shall I shew the why thou art more naked and barer than the fygge-tre. Hit befelle that oure Lorde on Palme Sonday preched in Jerusalem, and there He founde in the people that all hardnes was
364v herberowd in them, and there He founde in all the towne nat one that wolde herberow Hym. And than He wente oute of the towne and founde in myddis the way a fygge-tre which was ryght fayre and well garnysshed of levys, but fruyte had hit none. Than oure Lorde cursed the tre that bare no fruyte; that betokenyth the fyg-tre unto Jerusalem that had levys and no fruyte. So thou, sir Launcelot, whan the Holy Grayle was brought before the, He founde in the no fruyte, nother good thought nother good wylle, and defouled with lechory.'

'Sertes,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'all that ye have seyde ys

4 harder *not in C*† 4–5 *C* and neuer woldest thow be 10 *C* as he hath yeuen yow for he hath yeuen yow fayrenes 11 and *not in C*† 12 *C* from euyll he hath yeuen the prowesse 14 *C* had at al dayes the better where someuer 15 *C* wille suffre 17–18 *C* bytter† than wood for where ouer moche 27–28 *C* withoute the Towne 28 *C* myddes of the 30 *C* bare *S* bere

trew, and frome hensforewarde I caste me, by the grace of God, never to be so wycked as I have bene but as to sew knyghthode and to do fetys of armys.'

Than thys good man joyned sir Launcelot suche penaunce as he myght do and to sew knyghthode, and so assoyled hym, and prayde hym to abyde with hym all that day.

'I woll well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for I have nother helme, horse, ne swerde.'

'As for that,' seyde the good man, 'I shall helpe you or to-morne at evyn of an horse and all that longith unto you.'

And than sir Launcelot repented hym gretly of hys mysse-dedys.

HERE LEVITH THE TALE OF SIR LAUNCELOT AND BEGYNNYTH OF SIR PERCYVALE DE GALIS.

2–3 *C* to folowe knyghthode 4 *C* the good 6 *C* praid syre launcelot to 7–8 *C* helme ne hors 10 *C* longed 11–12 of hys myssededys *not in C*† 13–14 *C* HERE LEUETH OF THE HISTORY OF SYR LAUNCELOT AND HERE FOLOWETH OF SYR PERCYUAL DE GALYS WHICHFS THE XIIII BOOK

CHAPTER IX

HOW GALAHAD GAT HIM A SHIELD. AND HOW THEY SPED THAT PRESUMED TO TAKE DOWN THE SAID SHIELD.

Now rideth Sir Galahad yet without shield, and so he rode four days without any adventure. And at the fourth day after evensong he came to a White Abbey, and there he was received with great reverence, and led unto a chamber, and there was he unarmed; and then was he ware of two[1] knights of the Table Round, one was Sir Bagdemagus, and[1] that[1] other[1] was Sir Uwaine. And when they saw him they went unto Galahad and made of him great solace, and so they went unto supper. Sirs, said Sir Galahad, what adventure brought you hither? Sir, said they, it is told us that

[1] Omitted by Caxton, supplied from W. de Worde.

within this place is a shield that no man may bear about his neck but he be mischieved outher dead within three days, or maimed for ever. Ah sir, said King Bagdemagus, I shall it bear to-morrow for to assay this adventure. In the name of God, said Sir Galahad. Sir, said Bagdemagus, an I may not enchieve the adventure of this shield ye shall take it upon you, for I am sure ye shall not fail. Sir, said Galahad, I right well agree me thereto, for I have no shield. So on the morn they arose and heard mass. Then Bagdemagus asked where the adventurous shield was. Anon a monk led him behind an altar where the shield hung as white as any snow, but in the midst was a red cross. Sir, said the monk, this shield ought not to be hanged about no knight's neck but he be the worthiest knight of the world; therefore I counsel you knights to be well advised. Well, said Bagdemagus, I wot well that I am not the best knight of the world, but yet I shall assay to bear it, and so bare it out of the minster. And then he said unto Galahad: An it please you abide here still, till ye wit how that I speed. I shall abide you, said Galahad. Then King Bagdemagus took with him a good squire, to bring tidings unto Sir Galahad how he sped.

Then when they had ridden a two mile and came to a fair valley afore an hermitage, then they saw a knight come from that part in white armour, horse and all; and he came as fast as his horse might run, and his spear in his rest, and Bagdemagus dressed his spear against him and brake it upon the white knight. But the other struck him so hard that he brast the mails, and sheef him through the right shoulder, for the shield covered him not as at that time; and so he bare him from his horse. And therewith he alighted and took the white shield from him, saying: Knight, thou hast done thyself great folly, for this shield ought not to be borne but by him that shall have no peer that liveth. And then he came to Bagdemagus' squire and said: Bear this shield unto the good knight Sir Galahad, that thou left in the abbey, and greet him well by me. Sir, said the squire, what is your name? Take thou no heed of my name, said the knight, for it is not for thee to know nor for none earthly man. Now, fair sir, said the squire, at the reverence of Jesu Christ, tell me for what cause this shield may not be borne but if

the bearer thereof be mischieved. Now sith thou hast conjured me so, said the knight, this shield behoveth unto no man but unto Galahad. And the squire went unto Bagdemagus and asked whether he were sore wounded or not. Yea forsooth, said he, I shall escape hard from the death. Then he fetched his horse, and brought him with great pain unto an abbey. Then was he taken down softly and unarmed, and laid in a bed, and there was looked to his wounds. And as the book telleth, he lay there long, and escaped hard with the life.

CHAPTER X

HOW GALAHAD DEPARTED WITH THE SHIELD, AND HOW KING EVELAKE HAD RECEIVED THE SHIELD OF JOSEPH OF ARAMATHIE.

SIR GALAHAD, said the squire, that knight that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth you greeting, and bade that ye should bear this shield, wherethrough great adventures should befall. Now blessed be God and fortune, said Galahad. And then he asked his arms, and mounted upon his horse, and hung the white shield about his neck, and commended them unto God. And Sir Uwaine said he would bear him fellowship if it pleased him. Sir, said Galahad, that may ye not, for I must go alone, save this squire shall bear me fellowship: and so departed Uwaine.

Then within a while came Galahad thereas the White Knight abode him by the hermitage, and everych saluted other courteously. Sir, said Galahad, by this shield be many marvels fallen. Sir, said the knight, it befell after the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ thirty-two year, that Joseph of Aramathie, the gentle knight, the which took down our Lord off the holy Cross, at that time he departed from Jerusalem with a great party of his kindred with him. And so he laboured till that they came to a city that hight Sarras. And at that same hour that Joseph came to Sarras there

was a king that hight Evelake, that had great war against the Saracens, and in especial against one Saracen, the which was King Evelake's cousin, a rich king and a mighty, which marched nigh this land, and his name was called Tolleme la Feintes. So on a day these two met to do battle. Then Joseph, the son of Joseph of Aramathie, went to King Evelake and told him he should be discomfit and slain, but if he left his belief of the old law and believed upon the new law. And then there he shewed him the right belief of the Holy Trinity, to the which he agreed unto with all his heart; and there this shield was made for King Evelake, in the name of Him that died upon the Cross. And then through his good belief he had the better of King Tolleme. For when Evelake was in the battle there was a cloth set afore the shield, and when he was in the greatest peril he let put away the cloth, and then his enemies saw a figure of a man on the Cross, wherethrough they all were discomfit. And so it befell that a man of King Evelake's was smitten his hand off, and bare that hand in his other hand; and Joseph called that man unto him and bade him go with good devotion touch the Cross. And as soon as that man had touched the Cross with his hand it was as whole as ever it was to-fore. Then soon after there fell a great marvel, that the cross of the shield at one time vanished away that no man wist where it became. And then King Evelake was baptised, and for the most part all the people of that city. So, soon after Joseph would depart, and King Evelake would go with him, whether he wold or nold. And so by fortune they came into this land, that at that time was called Great Britain; and there they found a great felon paynim, that put Joseph into prison. And so by fortune tidings came unto a worthy man that hight Mondraines, and he assembled all his people for the great renown he had heard of Joseph; and so he came into the land of Great Britain and disherited this felon paynim and consumed him, and therewith delivered Joseph out of prison. And after that all the people were turned to the Christian faith.

CHAPTER XI

HOW JOSEPH MADE A CROSS ON THE WHITE SHIELD WITH HIS BLOOD, AND HOW GALAHAD WAS BY A MONK BROUGHT TO A TOMB.

NOT long after that Joseph was laid in his deadly bed. And when King Evelake saw that he made much sorrow, and said: For thy love I have left my country, and sith ye shall depart out of this world, leave me some token of yours that I may think on you. Joseph said: That will I do full gladly; now bring me your shield that I took you when ye went into battle against King Tolleme. Then Joseph bled sore at the nose, so that he might not by no mean be staunched. And there upon that shield he made a cross of his own blood. Now may ye see a remembrance that I love you, for ye shall never see this shield but ye shall think on me, and it shall be always as fresh as it is now. And never shall man bear this shield about his neck but he shall repent it, unto the time that Galahad, the good knight, bear it; and the last of my lineage shall have it about his neck, that shall do many marvellous deeds. Now, said King Evelake, where shall I put this shield, that this worthy knight may have it? Ye shall leave it thereas Nacien, the hermit, shall be put after his death; for thither shall that good knight come the fifteenth day after that he shall receive the order of knighthood: and so that day that they set is this time that he have his shield, and in the same abbey lieth Nacien, the hermit. And then the White Knight vanished away.

Anon as the squire had heard these words, he alighted off his hackney and kneeled down at Galahad's feet, and prayed him that he might go with him till he had made him knight. Yea,[1] I would not refuse you. Then will ye make me a knight? said the squire, and that order, by the grace of God, shall be well set in me. So Sir Galahad granted him, and turned again unto the abbey where they came from; and there men made great joy of Sir Galahad. And

[1] Caxton "Yf," for which "Ye" seems the easiest emendation that will save the sense.

anon as he was alighted there was a monk brought him unto a tomb in a churchyard, where there was such a noise that who that heard it should verily nigh be mad or lose his strength: and sir, they said, we deem it is a fiend.

CHAPTER XII

OF THE MARVEL THAT SIR GALAHAD SAW AND HEARD IN THE TOMB. AND HOW HE MADE MELIAS KNIGHT.

Now lead me thither, said Galahad. And so they did, all armed save his helm. Now, said the good man, go to the tomb and lift it up. So he did, and heard a great noise; and piteously he said, that all men might hear it: Sir Galahad, the servant of Jesu Christ, come thou not nigh me, for thou shalt make me go again there where I have been so long. But Galahad was nothing afraid, but lifted up the stone; and there came out so foul a smoke, and after he saw the foulest figure leap thereout that ever he saw in the likeness of a man; and then he blessed him and wist well it was a fiend. Then heard he a voice say: Galahad, I see there environ about thee so many angels that my power may not dere thee Right so Sir Galahad saw a body all armed lie in that tomb, and beside him a sword. Now, fair brother, said Galahad, let us remove this body, for it is not worthy to lie in this churchyard, for he was a false Christian man. And therewith they all departed and went to the abbey. And anon as he was unarmed a good man came and set him down by him and said: Sir, I shall tell you what betokeneth all that ye saw in the tomb; for that covered body betokeneth the duresse of the world, and the great sin that Our Lord found in the world. For there was such wretchedness that the father loved not the son, nor the son loved not the father; and that was one of the causes that Our Lord took flesh and blood of a clean maiden, for our sins were so great at that time that well-nigh all was wickedness. Truly, said Galahad, I believe you right well.

So Sir Galahad rested him there that night; and upon the morn he made the squire knight, and asked him his name, and of what kindred he was come. Sir, said he, men calleth me Melias de Lile, and I am the son of the King of Denmark. Now, fair sir, said Galahad, sith that ye be come of kings and queens, now look that knighthood be well set in you, for ye ought to be a mirror unto all chivalry. Sir, said Sir Melias, ye say sooth. But, sir, sithen ye have made me a knight ye must of right grant me my first desire that is reasonable. Ye say sooth, said Galahad. Melias said: Then that ye will suffer me to ride with you in this quest of the Sangreal, till that some adventure depart us. I grant you, sir.

Then men brought Sir Melias his armour and his spear and his horse, and so Sir Galahad and he rode forth all that week or they found any adventure. And then upon a Monday in the morning, as they were departed from an abbey, they came to a cross which departed two ways, and in that cross were letters written that said thus: Now, ye knights errant, the which goeth to seek knights adventurous, see here two ways; that one way defendeth thee that thou ne go that way, for he shall not go out of the way again but if he be a good man and a worthy knight; and if thou go on the left hand, thou shalt not lightly there win prowess, for thou shalt in this way be soon assayed. Sir, said Melias to Galahad, if it like you to suffer me to take the way on the left hand, tell me, for there I shall well prove my strength. It were better, said Galahad, ye rode not that way, for I deem I should better escape in that way than ye. Nay, my lord, I pray you let me have that adventure. Take it in God's name, said Galahad.

CHAPTER XIII

OF THE ADVENTURE THAT MELIAS HAD, AND HOW GALAHAD REVENGED HIM, AND HOW MELIAS WAS CARRIED INTO AN ABBEY

And then rode Melias into an old forest, and therein he rode two days and more. And then he came into a fair meadow, and there was a fair lodge of boughs. And then he espied in that lodge a chair, wherein was a crown of gold, subtly wrought. Also there were cloths covered upon the earth, and many delicious meats set thereon. Sir Melias beheld this adventure, and thought it marvellous, but he had no hunger, but of the crown of gold he took much keep; and therewith he stooped down and took it up, and rode his way with it. And anon he saw a knight came riding after him that said: Knight, set down that crown which is not yours, and therefore defend you. Then Sir Melias blessed him and said: Fair lord of heaven, help and save thy new-made knight. And then they let their horses run as fast as they might, so that the other knight smote Sir Melias through hauberk and through the left side, that he fell to the earth nigh dead. And then he took the crown and went his way; and Sir Melias lay still and had no power to stir.

In the meanwhile by fortune there came Sir Galahad and found him there in peril of death. And then he said: Ah Melias, who hath wounded you? therefore it had been better to have ridden the other way. And when Sir Melias heard him speak: Sir, he said, for God's love let me not die in this forest, but bear me unto the abbey here beside, that I may be confessed and have my rights. It shall be done, said Galahad, but where is he that hath wounded you? With that Sir Galahad heard in the leaves cry on high: Knight, keep thee from me. Ah sir, said Melias, beware, for that is he that hath slain me. Sir Galahad answered: Sir knight, come on your peril. Then either dressed to other, and came together as fast as their horses might run, and Galahad smote him so that his spear went

through his shoulder, and smote him down off his horse, and in the falling Galahad's spear brake.

With that came out another knight out of the leaves, and brake a spear upon Galahad or ever he might turn him. Then Galahad drew out his sword and smote off the left arm of him, so that it fell to the earth. And then he fled, and Sir Galahad pursued fast after him. And then he turned again unto Sir Melias, and there he alighted and dressed him softly on his horse to-fore him, for the truncheon of his spear was in his body; and Sir Galahad stert up behind him, and held him in his arms, and so brought him to the abbey, and there unarmed him and brought him to his chamber. And then he asked his Saviour. And when he had received Him he said unto Sir Galahad: Sir, let death come when it pleaseth him. And therewith he drew out the truncheon of the spear out of his body: and then he swooned.

Then came there an old monk which sometime had been a knight, and beheld Sir Melias. And anon he ransacked him; and then he said unto Sir Galahad: I shall heal him of his wound, by the grace of God, within the term of seven weeks. Then was Sir Galahad glad, and unarmed him, and said he would abide there three days. And then he asked Sir Melias how it stood with him. Then he said he was turned unto helping, God be thanked.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SIR GALAHAD DEPARTED, AND HOW HE WAS COMMANDED TO GO TO THE CASTLE OF MAIDENS TO DESTROY THE WICKED CUSTOM.

Now will I depart, said Galahad, for I have much on hand, for many good knights be full busy about it, and this knight and I were in the same quest of the Sangreal. Sir, said a good man, for his sin he was thus wounded; and I marvel, said the good man, how ye durst take upon you so rich a thing as the high order of

knighthood without clean confession, and that was the cause ye were bitterly wounded. For the way on the right hand betokeneth the highway of our Lord Jesu Christ, and the way of a good true good liver. And the other way betokeneth the way of sinners and of misbelievers. And when the devil saw your pride and presumption, for to take you in the quest of the Sangreal, that made you to be overthrown, for it may not be enchieved but by virtuous living. Also, the writing on the cross was a signification of heavenly deeds, and of knightly deeds in God's works, and no knightly deeds in worldly works. And pride is head of all deadly sins, that caused this knight to depart from Galahad. And where thou tookest the crown of gold thou sinnest in covetise and in theft: all this were no knightly deeds. And this Galahad, the holy knight, the which fought with the two knights, the two knights signify the two deadly sins which were wholly in this knight Melias; and they might not withstand you, for ye are without deadly sin.

Now departed Galahad from thence, and betaught them all unto God. Sir Melias said: My lord Galahad, as soon as I may ride I shall seek you. God send you health, said Galahad, and so took his horse and departed, and rode many journeys forward and backward, as adventure would lead him. And at the last it happened him to depart from a place or a castle the which was named Abblasoure; and he had heard no mass, the which he was wont ever to hear or ever he departed out of any castle or place, and kept that for a custom. Then Sir Galahad came unto a mountain where he found an old chapel, and found there nobody, for all, all was desolate; and there he kneeled to-fore the altar, and besought God of wholesome counsel. So as he prayed he heard a voice that said: Go thou now, thou adventurous knight, to the Castle of Maidens, and there do thou away the wicked customs.

CHAPTER XV

HOW SIR GALAHAD FOUGHT WITH THE KNIGHTS OF THE CASTLE, AND DESTROYED THE WICKED CUSTOM.

WHEN Sir Galahad heard this he thanked God, and took his horse; and he had not ridden but half a mile, he saw in the valley afore him a strong castle with deep ditches, and there ran beside it a fair river that hight Severn; and there he met with a man of great age, and either saluted other, and Galahad asked him the castle's name. Fair sir, said he, it is the Castle of Maidens. That is a cursed castle, said Galahad, and all they that be conversant therein, for all pity is out thereof, and all hardiness and mischief is therein. Therefore, I counsel you, sir knight, to turn again. Sir, said Galahad, wit you well I shall not turn again. Then looked Sir Galahad on his arms that nothing failed him, and then he put his shield afore him; and anon there met him seven fair maidens, the which said unto him: Sir knight, ye ride here in a great folly, for ye have the water to pass over. Why should I not pass the water? said Galahad. So rode he away from them and met with a squire that said: Knight, those knights in the castle defy you, and defenden you ye go no further till that they wit what ye would. Fair sir, said Galahad, I come for to destroy the wicked custom of this castle. Sir, an ye will abide by that ye shall have enough to do. Go you now, said Galahad, and haste my needs.

Then the squire entered into the castle. And anon after there came out of the castle seven knights, and all were brethren. And when they saw Galahad they cried: Knight, keep thee, for we assure thee nothing but death. Why, said Galahad, will ye all have ado with me at once? Yea, said they, thereto mayst thou trust. Then Galahad put forth his spear and smote the foremost to the earth, that near he brake his neck. And therewithal the other smote him on his shield great strokes, so that their spears brake. Then Sir Galahad drew out his sword, and set upon them so hard that it was marvel to see it, and so through great force he made them to

forsake the field; and Galahad chased them till they entered into the castle, and so passed through the castle at another gate.

And there met Sir Galahad an old man clothed in religious clothing, and said: Sir, have here the keys of this castle. Then Sir Galahad opened the gates, and saw so much people in the streets that he might not number them, and all said: Sir, ye be welcome, for long have we abiden here our deliverance. Then came to him a gentlewoman and said: These knights be fled, but they will come again this night, and here to begin again their evil custom. What will ye that I shall do? said Galahad. Sir, said the gentlewoman, that ye send after all the knights hither that hold their lands of this castle, and make them to swear for to use the customs that were used heretofore of old time. I will well, said Galahad. And there she brought him an horn of ivory, bounden with gold richly, and said: Sir, blow this horn which will be heard two mile about this castle. When Sir Galahad had blown the horn he set him down upon a bed.

Then came a priest to Galahad, and said: Sir, it is past a seven year agone that these seven brethren came into this castle, and harboured with the lord of this castle, that hight the Duke Lianour, and he was lord of all this country. And when they espied the duke's daughter, that was a full fair woman, then by their false covin they made debate betwixt themself, and the duke of his goodness would have departed them, and there they slew him and his eldest son. And then they took the maiden and the treasure of the castle. And then by great force they held all the knights of this castle against their will under their obeisance, and in great service and truage, robbing and pilling the poor common people of all that they had. So it happened on a day the duke's daughter said: Ye have done unto me great wrong to slay mine own father, and my brother, and thus to hold our lands: not for then, she said, ye shall not hold this castle for many years, for by one knight ye shall be overcome. Thus she prophesied seven years agone. Well, said the seven knights, sithen ye say so, there shall never lady nor knight pass this castle but they shall abide maugre their heads, or die therefore, till that knight be come by whom we shall lose this

castle. And therefore is it called the Maidens' Castle, for they have devoured many maidens. Now, said Galahad, is she here for whom this castle was lost? Nay sir, said the priest, she was dead within these three nights after that she was thus enforced; and sithen have they kept her younger sister, which endureth great pains with mo other ladies.

By this were the knights of the country come, and then he made them do homage and fealty to the king's daughter, and set them in great ease of heart. And in the morn there came one to Galahad and told him how that Gawaine, Gareth, and Uwaine, had slain the seven brethren. I suppose well, said Sir Galahad, and took his armour and his horse, and commended them unto God.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR GAWAINE CAME TO THE ABBEY FOR TO FOLLOW GALAHAD, AND HOW HE WAS SHRIVEN TO A HERMIT.

Now, saith the tale, after Sir Gawaine departed, he rode many journeys, both toward and froward. And at the last he came to the abbey where Sir Galahad had the white shield, and there Sir Gawaine learned the way to sewe after Sir Galahad; and so he rode to the abbey where Melias lay sick, and there Sir Melias told Sir Gawaine of the marvellous adventures that Sir Galahad did. Certes, said Sir Gawaine, I am not happy that I took not the way that he went, for an I may meet with him I will not depart from him lightly, for all marvellous adventures Sir Galahad enchieveth. Sir, said one of the monks, he will not of your fellowship. Why? Said Sir Gawaine. Sir, said he, for ye be wicked and sinful, and he is full blessed. Right as they thus stood talking there came in riding Sir Gareth. And then they made joy either of other. And on the morn they heard mass, and so departed. And by the way they met with Sir Uwaine les Avoutres, and there Sir Uwaine told Sir Gawaine how he had met with none adventure sith he departed from the

court. Nor we, said Sir Gawaine. And either promised other of the three knights not to depart while they were in that quest, but if fortune caused it.

So they departed and rode by fortune till that they came by the Castle of Maidens; and there the seven brethren espied the three knights, and said: Sithen, we be flemed by one knight from this castle, we shall destroy all the knights of King Arthur's that we may overcome, for the love of Sir Galahad. And therewith the seven knights set upon the three knights, and by fortune Sir Gawaine slew one of the brethren, and each one of his fellows slew another, and so slew the remnant. And then they took the way under the castle, and there they lost the way that Sir Galahad rode, and there everych of them departed from other; and Sir Gawaine rode till he came to an hermitage, and there he found the good man saying his evensong of Our Lady; and there Sir Gawaine asked harbour for charity, and the good man granted it him gladly.

Then the good man asked him what he was. Sir, he said, I am a knight of King Arthur's that am in the quest of the Sangreal, and my name is Sir Gawaine. Sir, said the good man, I would wit how it standeth betwixt God and you. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, I will with a good will shew you my life if it please you; and there he told the hermit how a monk of an abbey called me wicked knight. He might well say it, said the hermit, for when ye were first made knight ye should have taken you to knightly deeds and virtuous living, and ye have done the contrary, for ye have lived mischievously many winters; and Sir Galahad is a maid and sinned never, and that is the cause he shall enchieve where he goeth that ye nor none such shall not attain, nor none in your fellowship, for ye have used the most untruest life that ever I heard knight live. For certes had ye not been so wicked as ye are, never had the seven brethren been slain by you and your two fellows. For Sir Galahad himself alone beat them all seven the day to-fore, but his living is such he shall slay no man lightly. Also I may say you the Castle of Maidens betokeneth the good souls that were in prison afore the Incarnation of Jesu Christ. And the seven knights betoken the seven deadly sins that reigned that time in the world; and I may liken the good

Galahad unto the son of the High Father, that lighted within a maid, and bought all the souls out of thrall, so did Sir Galahad deliver all the maidens out of the woful castle.

Now, Sir Gawaine, said the good man, thou must do penance for thy sin. Sir, what penance shall I do? Such as I will give, said the good man. Nay, said Sir Gawaine, I may do no penance; for we knights adventurous oft suffer great woe and pain. Well, said the good man, and then he held his peace. And on the morn Sir Gawaine departed from the hermit, and betaught him unto God. And by adventure he met with Sir Aglovale and Sir Griflet, two knights of the Table Round. And they two rode four days without finding of any adventure, and at the fifth day they departed. And everych held as fell them by adventure. Here leaveth the tale of Sir Gawaine and his fellows, and speak we of Sir Galahad.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR GALAHAD MET WITH SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR PERCIVALE, AND SMOTE THEM DOWN, AND DEPARTED FROM THEM.

So when Sir Galahad was departed from the Castle of Maidens he rode till he came to a waste forest, and there he met with Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale, but they knew him not, for he was new disguised. Right so Sir Launcelot, his father, dressed his spear and brake it upon Sir Galahad, and Galahad smote him so again that he smote down horse and man. And then he drew his sword, and dressed him unto Sir Percivale, and smote him so on the helm, that it rove to the coif of steel; and had not the sword swerved Sir Percivale had been slain, and with the stroke he fell out of his saddle. This jousts was done to-fore the hermitage where a recluse dwelled. And when she saw Sir Galahad ride, she said: God be with thee, best knight of the world. Ah certes, said she, all aloud that Launcelot and Percivale might hear it: An yonder two knights had

known thee as well as I do they would not have encountered with thee. Then Sir Galahad heard her say so he was adread to be known: therewith he smote his horse with his spurs and rode a great pace froward them. Then perceived they both that he was Galahad; and up they gat on their horses, and rode fast after him, but in a while he was out of their sight. And then they turned again with heavy cheer. Let us spere some tidings, said Percivale, at yonder recluse. Do as ye list, said Sir Launcelot.

When Sir Percivale came to the recluse she knew him well enough, and Sir Launcelot both. But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him. And at the last he came to a stony cross which departed two ways in waste land; and by the cross was a stone that was of marble, but it was so dark that Sir Launcelot might not wit what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chapel, and there he weened to have found people; and Sir Launcelot tied his horse till a tree, and there he did off his shield and hung it upon a tree, and then went to the chapel door, and found it waste and broken. And within he found a fair altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of clean silk, and there stood a fair clean candlestick, which bare six great candles, and the candlestick was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light he had great will for to enter into the chapel, but he could find no place where he might enter; then was he passing heavy and dismayed. Then he returned and came to his horse and did off his saddle and bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helm, and ungirt his sword, and laid him down to sleep upon his shield to-fore the cross.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT, HALF SLEEPING AND HALF WAKING, SAW A SICK MAN BORNE IN A LITTER, AND HOW HE WAS HEALED WITH THE SANGREAL.

And so he fell asleep; and half waking and sleeping he saw come by him two palfreys all fair and white, the which bare a litter, therein lying a sick knight. And when he was nigh the cross he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for he slept not verily; and he heard him say: O sweet Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me? and when shall the holy vessel come by me, wherethrough I shall be blessed? For I have endured thus long, for little trespass. A full great while complained the knight thus, and always Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick with the six tapers come before the cross, and he saw nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessel of the Sangreal, which Launcelot had seen aforetime in King Pescheour's house. And therewith the sick knight set him up, and held up both his hands, and said: Fair sweet Lord, which is here within this holy vessel; take heed unto me that I may be whole of this malady. And therewith on his hands and on his knees he went so nigh that he touched the holy vessel and kissed it, and anon he was whole; and then he said: Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this sickness.

So when the holy vessel had been there a great while it went unto the chapel with the chandelier and the light, so that Launcelot wist not where it was become; for he was overtaken with sin that he had no power to rise again the holy vessel; wherefore after that many men said of him shame, but he took repentance after that. Then the sick knight dressed him up and kissed the cross; anon his squire brought him his arms, and asked his lord how he did. Certes, said he, I thank God right well, through the holy vessel I am healed. But I have marvel of this sleeping knight that had no power to awake when this holy vessel was brought hither. I dare right well

say, said the squire, that he dwelleth in some deadly sin whereof he was never confessed. By my faith, said the knight, whatsomever he be he is unhappy, for as I deem he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sangreal. Sir, said the squire, here I have brought you all your arms save your helm and your sword, and therefore by mine assent now may ye take this knight's helm and his sword: and so he did. And when he was clean armed he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his; and so departed they from the cross.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW A VOICE SPAKE TO SIR LAUNCELOT, AND HOW HE FOUND HIS HORSE AND HIS HELM BORNE AWAY, AND AFTER WENT AFOOT.

THEN anon Sir Launcelot waked, and set him up, and bethought him what he had seen there, and whether it were dreams or not. Right so heard he a voice that said: Sir Launcelot, more harder than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and barer than is the leaf of the fig tree; therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from his holy place. And when Sir Launcelot heard this he was passing heavy and wist not what to do, and so departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was born. For then he deemed never to have had worship more. For those words went to his heart, till that he knew wherefore he was called so. Then Sir Launcelot went to the cross and found his helm, his sword, and his horse taken away. And then he called himself a very wretch, and most unhappy of all knights; and there he said: My sin and my wickedness have brought me unto great dishonour. For when I sought worldly adventures for worldly desires, I ever enchieved them and had the better in every place, and never was I discomfit in no quarrel, were it right or wrong. And now I take upon me the adventures of holy things, and now I see and

understand that mine old sin hindereth me and shameth me, so that I had no power to stir nor speak when the holy blood appeared afore me. So thus he sorrowed till it was day, and heard the fowls sing: then somewhat he was comforted. But when Sir Launcelot missed his horse and his harness then he wist well God was displeased with him.

Then he departed from the cross on foot into a forest; and so by prime he came to an high hill, and found an hermitage and a hermit therein which was going unto mass. And then Launcelot kneeled down and cried on Our Lord mercy for his wicked works. So when mass was done Launcelot called him, and prayed him for charity for to hear his life. With a good will, said the good man. Sir, said he, be ye of King Arthur's court and of the fellowship of the Round Table? Yea forsooth, and my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake that hath been right well said of, and now my good fortune is changed, for I am the most wretch of the world. The hermit beheld him and had marvel how he was so abashed. Sir, said the hermit, ye ought to thank God more than any knight living, for He had caused you to have more worldly worship than any knight that now liveth. And for your presumption to take upon you in deadly sin for to be in His presence, where His flesh and His blood was, that caused you ye might not see it with worldly eyes; for He will not appear where such sinners be, but if it be unto their great hurt and unto their great shame; and there is no knight living now that ought to give God so great thank as ye, for He hath given you beauty, seemliness, and great strength above all other knights; and therefore ye are the more beholding unto God than any other man, to love Him and dread Him, for your strength, and manhood will little avail you an God be against you.

CHAPTER XX

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS SHRIVEN, AND WHAT SORROW HE MADE. AND OF THE GOOD ENSAMPLES WHICH WERE SHEWED HIM.

THEN Sir Launcelot wept with heavy cheer, and said: Now I know well ye say me sooth. Sir, said the good man, hide none old sin from me. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, that were me full loath to discover. For this fourteen year I never discovered one thing that I have used, and that may I now wite my shame and my disadventure. And then he told there that good man all his life. And how he had loved a queen unmeasurably and out of measure long. And all my great deeds of arms that I have done, I did for the most part for the queen's sake, and for her sake would I do battle were it right or wrong; and never did I battle all only for God's sake, but for to win worship and to cause me to be the better beloved, and little or nought I thanked God of it. Then Sir Launcelot said: I pray you counsel me. I will counsel you, said the hermit, if ye will ensure me that ye will never come in that queen's fellowship as much as ye may forbear. And then Sir Launcelot promised him he nold, by the faith of his body. Look that your heart and your mouth accord, said the good man, and I shall ensure you ye shall have more worship than ever ye had.

Holy father, said Sir Launcelot, I marvel of the voice that said to me marvellous words, as ye have head to-forehand. Have ye no marvel, said the good man, thereof, for it seemeth well God loveth you; for men may understand a stone is hard of kind, and namely one more than another; and that is to understand by thee, Sir Launcelot, for thou wilt not leave thy sin for no goodness that God hath sent thee; therefore thou art more than any stone, and never wouldst thou be made nesh nor by water nor by fire, and that is the heat of the Holy Ghost may not enter in thee. Now take heed, in all the world men shall not find one knight to whom Our Lord hath given so much of grace as He hath given you, for He hath

given you fairness with seemliness, He hath given thee wit, discretion to know good from evil, He hath given thee prowess and hardiness, and given thee to work so largely that thou hast had at all days the better wheresomever thou came; and now Our Lord will suffer thee no longer, but that thou shalt know Him whether thou wilt or nylt. And why the voice called thee bitterer than wood, for where overmuch sin dwelleth, there may be but little sweetness, wherefore thou art likened to an old rotten tree.

Now have I shewed thee why thou art harder than the stone and bitterer than the tree. Now shall I shew thee why thou art more naked and barer than the fig tree. It befell that Our Lord on Palm Sunday preached in Jerusalem, and there He found in the people that all hardness was harboured in them, and there He found in all the town not one that would harbour him. And then He went without the town, and found in midst of the way a fig tree, the which was right fair and well garnished of leaves, but fruit had it none. Then Our Lord cursed the tree that bare no fruit; that betokeneth the fig tree unto Jerusalem, that had leaves and no fruit. So thou, Sir Launcelot, when the Holy Grail was brought afore thee, He found in thee no fruit, nor good thought nor good will, and defouled with lechery. Certes, said Sir Launcelot, all that you have said is true, and from hence-forward I cast me, by the grace of God, never to be so wicked as I have been, but as to follow knighthood and to do feats of arms.

Then the good man enjoined Sir Launcelot such penance as he might do and to sewe knighthood, and so assoiled him, and prayed Sir Launcelot to abide with him all that day. I will well, said Sir Launcelot, for I have neither helm, nor horse, nor sword. As for that, said the good man, I shall help you or to-morn at even of an horse, and all that longed unto you. And then Sir Launcelot repented him greatly.

Were leaveth off the history of Sir Launcelot. And here followeth of Sir Percivale de Galis, which is the fourteenth book.

III

SIR PERCEVAL

NOW seyth the tale that whan sir Launcelot was ryddyn (1)
aftir sir Galahad, the whych had all thes adventures aboven seyd, sir Percivale turned agayne unto the recluse where he demed to have tydynges of that knyght that sir Launcelot folowed. 5

And so he kneled at hir wyndow, and the recluse opened hit and asked sir Percivale what he wolde.

'Madam,' he seyde, 'I am a knyght of kyng Arthurs courte and my name ys sir Percivale de Galis.'

Whan the recluse herde his name she had grete joy of 10
hym, for mykyll she loved hym toforn passyng ony other knyght; she ought so to do, for she was hys awnte. And than she commaunded the gatis to be opyn, and there he had grete chere, as grete as she myght make hym or ly in hir power.

So on the morne sir Percyvale wente to the recluse and 15
asked her if she knew that knyght with the whyght shylde. 365r

'Sir,' seyde she, 'why woll ye wete?'

'Truly, madam,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'I shall never be well at ease tyll that I know of that knyghtes felyship and that I may fyght with hym, for I may nat leve hym so lyghtly, for 20
I have the shame as yette.'

'A, sir Percyvale!' seyde she, 'wolde ye fyght with hym? I se well ye have grete wyll to be slayne, as youre fadir was thorow outerageousnes slayne.'

'Madam, hit semyth by your wordis that ye know me.' 25

'Yee,' seyde she, 'I well oughte to know you, for I am youre awnte, allthoughe I be in a poore place. For som men called me somtyme the Quene of the Wast Landis, and I was called the quene of moste rychesse in the worlde. And hit pleased me never so much my rychesse as doth my poverté.' 30

Than Percyvale wepte for verry pité whan he knew hit was hys awnte.

'A, fayre nevew,' seyde she, 'whan herde you tydynges of youre modir?'

11 passyng *not in C*† 12 *C* knyȝt for she ouȝt to do so 13 *C* commannded *S* commaunded 13–14 *C* had alle the chere that she 14 *C* hym and all that was in her power was at his commaundement 17 *C* wold ye 21 as *not in C* 24 slayne *not in C* 25 *C* Madame sayd syr Percyual hit 27 *C*† in a pryory place *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 533v, col. 2*) en povre habit 31 *C* whan that he

'Truly,' seyde he, 'I herde none of hir, but I dreme of hir muche in my slepe, and therefore I wote nat whethir she be dede other alyve.'

'Sertes, fayre nevew, youre modir ys dede, for aftir youre departynge frome her she toke such a sorow that anone as she was confessed she dyed.'

'Now God have mercy on hir soule!' seyde sir Percyvale. 'Hit sore forthynkith me; but all we muste change the lyff. Now, fayre awnte, what ys that knyght? I deme hit be he that bare the rede armys on Whytsonday.'

'Wyte you well,' seyde she, 'that this ys he, for othirwyse ought he nat to do but to go in rede armys. And that same knyght hath no peere, for he worchith all by myracle, and he shall never be overcom of none erthly mannys hande.

(2) 'Also Merlyon made the Rounde Table in tokenyng of rowndnes of the worlde, for men sholde by the Rounde Table undirstonde the rowndenes signyfyed by ryght. For all the worlde, crystenyd and hethyn, repayryth unto the Rounde Table, and whan they ar chosyn to be of the felyshyp of the
365v Rounde Table they thynke hemselff more blessed and more in worship than they had gotyn halff the worlde.

'And ye have sene that they have loste hir fadirs and hir modirs and all hir kynne, and hir wyves and hir chyldren, for to be of youre felyship. Hit ys well seyne be you, for synes ye departed from your modir ye wolde never se her, ye founde such felyship at the Table Rounde.

'Whan Merlyon had ordayned the Rounde Table he seyde, "By them whych sholde be felowys of the Rounde Table the trouth of the Sankgreall sholde be well knowyn." And men asked hym how they myght know them that sholde best do and to encheve the Sankgreall. Than he seyde, "There sholde be three whyght bullis sholde encheve hit, and the two sholde be maydyns and the thirde sholde be chaste. And one of thos three shold passe hys fadir as much as the lyon passith the lybarde, both of strength and of hardines.'

'They that herde Merlion sey so seyde thus: "Sitthyn

3 *C* or on lyue 4 *C* neuew sayd she your 5–6 *C* anone after she 9 *C* Aunt telle me what is the† 14 *W* mānnys 16–17 *C** for by the round table is the world sygnefyed 20 *C* hem more 21 *C* than yf 23 *W* all all 30 *C* how men myghte 33 *C* And that one 36 *C* thus vnto Merlyn

there shall be such a knyght, thou sholdyst ordayne by thy craufftes a syge, that no man shold sytte in hit but he all only that shold passe all other knyghtes." Than Merlyon answerde that he wold so do, and than he made the Syge Perelous [in] whych Galahad sate at hys mete on Whytt- 5 sonday last past.'

'Now, Madam,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'so much have I herde of you that be my good wyll I woll never have ado with sir Galahad but by wey of goodnesse. And for Goddis love, fayre awnte, can ye teche me whe[re] I myght fynde hym? 10 For much I wolde love the felyship of hym.'

'Fayre nevew,' seyde she, 'ye muste ryde unto a castell, the whych ys called Gooth, where he hath a cousyn jermayne, and there may ye be lodged thys nyght. And as he techith you, sewith afftir as faste as ye can; and if he can telle you no 15 tydynges of hym, ryde streyte unto the castell of Carbonek where the Maymed Kyng ys lyyng, for there shall ye hyre trew tydynges of hym.'

Than departed sir Percivale frome hys awnte, aythir (3) makyng grete sorow. And so he rode tyll aftir evynsonge, 20 **366**[r] and than he herde a clock smyte. And anone he was ware of an house closed well with wallys and depe dyches, and there he knocke at the gate. And anone he was lette in, and ⌜he alyght and⌝ was ledde unto a chamber and sone [u]n-armed. And there he had ryght good chere all that nyght. 25

And on the morne he herde hys masse, and in the monestery he founde a preste redy at the awter, and on the ryght syde he saw a pew closed with iron, and behynde the awter he saw a ryche bedde and a fayre, as of cloth of sylke and golde. Than sir Percivale aspyed that therein was a man or a 30 woman, for the visayge was coverde. Than he leffte of hys lokynge and herd hys servyse.

And whan hit cam unto the sakarynge, he that lay within the perclose dressyd hym up and uncoverde hys hede, and than hym besemed a passyng olde man, and he had a crowne 35

3 *C* that shalle passe 4 *C* wold doo soo 5 *C** in the whiche 9 *C* of kyndenes 10 *C* teche me some way where I maye fynde 20 *C* tyl euensonge tyme 21 *C* smyte and thēne he 23 *C* gate and was 23–24 *C** in and he alyght and was *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 535*[r]*, col. 1*) si prennent son cheval et le mainnent en une estable et li doinent foing et avaine a grant planté 24–25 *C* soone he was vnarmed *W* onarmed 34 *C* that Percloss

of golde uppon hys hede, and hys shuldirs were naked and unhylled unto hys navyll. And than sir Percyvale aspyed hys body was full of grete woundys, both on the shuldirs, armys, and vysayge. And ever he hylde up hys hondys agaynst oure Lordis Body and cryed,

'Fayre swete Lorde Jesu Cryste, forgete nat me!'

And so he lay nat downe, but was allway in hys prayers and orysons, and hym semed to be of the ayge of three hondred wynter. And whan the masse was done the pryste toke oure Lordys Body and bare hit unto the syke kynge. And whan he had used hit he ded of hys crowne and commaunded the crowne to be sett on the awter.

Than sir Percyvale asked one of the brethirn what he was. 'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'ye have herde much of Joseph of Aramathy; how he was sent ⌜by Jesu Cryst⌝ into thys londe for to teche and preche the holy Crysten faythe, and therefor he suffird many persecucions the whych the enemyes of Cryst ded unto hym. And in the cité of Sarras he converted
366v a kynge whos name was Evelake, and so the kyng cam with Joseph into thys londe, and ever he was bysy to be thereas the Sankgreall was. And on a tyme he nyghed hit so nyghe that oure Lorde was displeased with hym, but ever he folowed hit more and more tyll God stroke hym allmoste blynde. Than thys k[ynge] cryed mercy and seyde,

' "Fayre Lorde, lat me never dye tyll the good knyght of my blood of the ninth degré ⌜be com⌝, that I may se hym opynly that shall encheve the Sankgreall, and that I myght kysse hym."

(4) 'Whan the kynge thus had made hys prayers he herde a voyce that seyde, "Herde ys thy prayers, for thou shalt nat dye tylle he hath kyssed the. And whan that knyght shall com the clerenes of youre yen shall com agayne, and thou shalt se opynly, and thy woundes shall be heled, and arst shall they never close."

'And thus befelle of kynge Evelake, and thys same kynge

6 *C* swete fader Ihesu 7 nat *not in C*† 15 *C** sente by Ihesu Cryst in to *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 535r, col. 2*) fu premierement envoiés en ceste terre de par le Maistre 19 *C* so this kynge 24 *W* knyght *C** kynge 26–27 *C** ix degree be come *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 535v, col. 1*) me viengne visiter 27 *C*† that he shal *C* that I may 30 *C* herd ben thy 31 *C* he haue 35 *C* and this befelle

hath lyved four hondred yerys thys holy lyff, and men sey the knyght ys in thys courte that shall heale hym. Sir,' seyde the good man, 'I pray you telle me what knyght that ye be, and if that ye be of the Rownde Table.'

'Yes, forsoth, and my name ys sir Percyvale de Galis.' 5

And whan the good man undirstood hys name he made grete joy of hym. And than sir Percyvale departed and rode tylle the owre of none. And he mette in a valey aboute twenty men of armys whych bare in a beere a knyght dedly slayne. And whan they saw sir Percyvale they [asked] hym 10 of whens he was, and he seyde,

'Of the courte of kynge Arthur.'

Than they cryed at onys, 'Sle hym!'

Than sir Percivale smote the firste to the erth and hys horse uppon hym, and than seven of the knyghtes smote 15 uppon hys shylde at onys and the remenaunte slew hys horse, that he felle to the erth, and had slayne hym other takyn hym, had nat the good knyght s[ir] Galahad with the rede armys com there by adventure into tho partys. And whan he saw all tho knyghtes uppon one knyght he seyde, 20

'Save me that knyghtes lyve!'

And than he dressed hym towarde the twenty men of armys as faste as hys horse myght dryve, with hys speare in hys reaste, and smote the formyste horse and man to the 367r erth. And whan his speare was brokyn he sette hys honde to 25 hys swerde and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, that hit was mervayle to se; and at every stroke he smote downe one or put hym to a rebuke, so that they wolde fyght no more, but fledde to a thyk foreyst, and sir Galahad folowed them. 30

And whan sir Percyvale saw hym chace them so, he made grete sorow that hys horse was away. And than he wyst well hit was sir Galahad, and cryed alowde and seyde,

'Fayre knyght, abyde and suffir me to do you thankynges, for much have ye done for me.' 35

1 *C*† this thre honderd wynters *F* quatre cenz anz 4 *C** yf ye be of kyng Arthurs courte & of the table roūd 5 *C* forfoth (*S* forsoth) said he & 8–9 *C* about a twenty 11 *C* and he ansuerd 13 *C* cryed all at 16 *C* sheld al attones 16–17 *C* hors soo that 17 *C* erthe Soo had they slayne 20 *C* knyghte he cryed 24 *C* the reyste 28 *C* one doune 33 *C* and thēne (*S* theñe) he cryed and seyde *not in C* 34 *C* A fayre 34–35 *C** thankynges vnto the for

But ever sir Galahad rode fast, that at the last he past oute of hys syght. And as fast as sir Percyvale myght he wente aftir hym on foote, cryyng. And than he mette with a yoman rydyng uppon an hakeney which lad in hys ryght honde a grete steede blacker than ony beré.

'A, fayre frende,' seyde sir Percivale, 'as ever y may do for you, and to be youre knyght in the first place ye woll requyre me, that ye woll lende me that blacke steed, that I myght overtake a knyght which [rydeth] before me.'

'Sir,' seyde the yoman, 'that may I nat do, for the horse is such a mannys horse that [and I lente hit you or ony man that] he wolde sle me.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Percivale, 'I had never so grete sorow as I have for losyng of yondir knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde the yoman, 'I am ryght hevy for you, for a good horse wolde beseme you well, but I dare nat delyver you thys horse but if ye wolde take hym frome me.'

'That woll I nat,' seyde sir Percivale.

And so they departed, and sir Percivale sette hym downe under a tre and made sorow oute of mesure. And as he sate there cam a knyght rydynge on the horse that the yoman lad,
(5) and he was clene armyd. And anone the yoman com rydynge and pryckyng aftir as fast as he myght and asked sir Percivale if he saw ony knyght rydyng on hys blacke steede.

'Ye, sir, forsothe. Why aske ye me, sir?'

'A, sir! that steede he hath benomme me with strengthe, wherefore my lorde woll sle me in what place somever he
367v fyndith me.'

'Well,' seyde sir Percyvale, 'what woldist thou that I ded? Thou seest well that I am on foote. But and I had a good horse I sholde soone brynge hym agayne.'

'Sir', syde the yoman, 'take my hakeney and do the beste ye can, and I shall sew you on foote to wete how that ye shall spede.'

1 *C* rode too fast 4, 9 *C* the whiche 4 ryght *not in C*† *F* en destre 5 *W* beare *C** bere (*see note*) 6 *C* euer as I maye 7 *C* your true knyghte 8 *C* lene me 10–11 *C** Syre knyghte sayde the yoman I praye yow hold me excused of that for that I maye not doo For wete ye wel the hors is suche a mans hors that and I lente hit yow or ony man that he 14 *C* haue had 18 *C* not doo sayd 20–21 *C*† he was there ther cam came 22–23 rydynge and *not in C* 23 *C* as euer he 25 *C* for soth said he why syr aske ye me that 27 somever *not in C*

Than sir Percivale bestrode the hakeney and rode as faste as he myght, and at the last he saw that knyght. And than he cryde,

'Knyght, turne agayne!'

And he turned and set hys speare ayenst sir Percivale, and he smote the hackeney in myddis the breste, that he felle downe ⌜dede⌝ to the erthe. And there he had a grete falle and the other rode hys way. And than sir Percivale was wood wrothe and cryed,

'Abyde, wycked knyght! Cowarde and false-harted knyght, turne ayen, and fyght with me on foote!'

But he answerd nat, but past on hys way. Whan sir Percivale saw he wolde nat turne he kest away shylde, helme and swerde, and seyde,

'Now am I a verry wreche, cursed and moste unhappy of all other knyghtes!'

So in thys sorow there he abode all that day tyll hit was nyght, and than he was faynte and leyde hym downe and slepte tyll hit was mydnyght. And than he awaked and saw before hym a woman whych seyde unto hym ryght fyersely,

'Sir Percivale, what dost thou here?'

'I do nother good nother grete ille.'

'If thou wolt ensure me,' seyde she, 'that thou wolt fulfylle my wylle whan I somon the, I shall lende the myne owne horse whych shall bere the whother thou wolt.'

Sir Percivale was glad of hir profer and ensured hir to fulfylle all hir desire.

'Than abydith me here, and I shall go fecche you an horse.'

And so she cam sone agayne and brought an horse with her that was [i]nly black. Whan sir Percyvale behylde that horse he mervaylde that he was so grete and so well apparayled. And natforthan he was so hardy he lepte uppon hym and toke none hede off hymselff.

And anone as he was uppon hym he threst to hym with hys spurres, and so rode by a foreste; and the moone shoone

1 *C* Percyual alyghte vpon that hakney 6 *C* in the myddes of the brest 7 *C** doune ded to *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 536v, col. 1*) cil chiet qui a mort estoit ferus 13 shylde *not in C*† *F* (*ibid.*) gette jus s'espee et son escu 15–16 *C* vnhappy aboue all 22 *C* he ansuerd I doo 24 *C* lene the 31 *C** inly *W* unly *O*1 ynly 32 *C* that it was 33 *C* hardy & he

clere, and within an owre and lasse he bare hym four dayes
368r journey thense untyll he com to a rowghe watir whych rored,
and that horse wolde have borne hym into hit.

(6) And whan sir Percivale cam nye the brymme he saw the
5 watir so boysteous he doutted to passe over hit, and than he
made a sygne of the crosse in hys forehed. Whan the fende
felte hym so charged he shooke of sir Percivale, and he wente
into the watir cryynge ⌈and rorynge⌉ and makying grete
sorowe, and hit semed unto hym that the watir brente. Than
10 sir Percivale perceyved hit was a fynde, the whych wolde
have broughte hym unto perdicion. Than he commended
hymselff unto God, and prayde oure Lorde to kepe hym
frome all suche temptacions.

And so he prayde all that nyght tylle on the morne that
15 hit was day, and anone he saw he was in a wylde mounteyne
whych was closed with the se nyghe all aboute, that he myght
se no londe aboute hym whych myghte releve hym, but
wylde bestes. And than he wente downe into a valey, and
there he saw a serpente brynge a yonge lyon by the necke,
20 and so he cam by sir Percivale.

So with that com a grete lyon cryynge and romyng aftir
the serpente. And as faste as sir Percivale saw thys he hyghed
hym thydir, but the lyon had overtake the serpente and
began batayle with hym. And than sir Percivale thought to
25 helpe the lyon, for he was the more naturall beste of the two,
and therewith he drew hys swerde and sette hys shylde
afore hym, and there he gaff the serpente suche a buffett that
he had a dedely wounde. Whan the lyon saw that, he made
no sembelaunte to fyght with hym but made hym all the
30 chere that a beest myghte make a man.

Whan sir Percivale perceyved hit he kyst downe his shylde
whych was brokyn, and than he dud of hys helme for to
gadir wynde, for he was gretly chaffed with the serpente; and
the lyon wente allwey aboute hym fawnynge as a spaynell,

5 *C* doubted to ouerpasse it 8 *C** cryenge and rorynge *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 531v, col. 2*) criant et ullant et faisant la plus male fin du monde 11 *C* vnto his perdycyon *C* he commaunded 15 *C* day thenne he sawe that he 18 downe *not in C* 19 *C* a yonge serpent 21 *C* cryenge and rorynge *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 537r, col. 1*) criant et braiant 22 *C* thys he merueylled & hyhed 29 *C* no resemblaunt 30–31 *C* man Thenne Percyuale perceyued that and caste 32 *P* helme sor *R* helme for 33 *C* enchafed

and than he stroked hym on the necke and on the sholdirs and thanked God of the feliship of that beste.

And aboute noone the lyon toke hys lityll whelpe and 368v
trussed hym and bare hym there he com fro. Than was sir Percivale alone. And as the tale tellith, he was at that tyme, 5
one of the men of the worlde whych moste beleved in oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, for in tho dayes there was but fewe folkes at that tyme that beleved perfitely; for in tho dayes the sonne spared nat the fadir no more than a straunger.

And so sir Percivale comforted hymselff in oure Lorde 10
Jesu and besought Hym that no temptacion sholde brynge hym oute of Goddys servys, but to endure as His trew champyon. Thus whan sir Percyvale had preyde he saw the lyon com towarde hym and cowched downe at his feet. And so all that nyght the lyon and he slepte togydirs. 15

And whan sir Percivale slepte he dremed a mervaylous dreme; that two ladyes mette with hym, and that one sate uppon a lyon, and that other sate uppon a serpente; and that one of hem was yonge, and that other was olde, and the yongist, hym thought, seyde, 20

'Sir Percyvale, my lorde salewith [the] and sende[th] the worde thou aray the and make the redy, for to-morne thou muste fyght with the stronge[st] champion of the worlde. And if thou be overcom thou shalt nat be quytte for losyng of ony of thy membrys, but thou shalt be shamed for ever to 25
the worldis ende.'

And than he asked her what was hir lorde, and she seyde 'the grettist lorde of the worlde'. And so she departed suddeynly, that he wyst nat where. Than com forth the tothir (7)
lady, that rode uppon the serpente, and she seyde, 30

'Sir Percivale, I playne unto you of that ye have done unto me, and I have nat offended unto you.'

'Sertes, madam,' seyde he, 'unto you nor no lady I never offended.'

'Yes,' seyde she, 'I shall sey you why. I have norysshed in 35
thys place a grete whyle a serpente whych pleased me much

5–6 *C* he (*S* be) was one of the men of the world at that tyme whiche 10 *C* hym self *S* hymself 11 *C* besoughte god no 12 *C* bnt *S* but 14 *C* and thenne he couched 17 *C* that there two 23 *C** strongest 28 *C* of alle the 31 *C* I complayne me of yow that 32 *C*† and haue 33 *C* he sayd 35 *C* shalle telle yow 36 pleased me much *not in C*

⌜and served me a grete whyle⌝. And yestirday ye slew hym as he gate hys pray. Sey me for what cause ye slew hym, for the lyon was nat youres.'

'Madam, I know well the lyon was nat myne, but for the
369r 5 lyon ys more of jantiller nature than the serpente, therefore I slew hym, and mesemyth I dud nat amysse agaynst you. Madam,' seyde he, 'what wolde ye that I dud?'

'I wolde,' seyde she, 'for the amendis of my beste that ye becam my man.'

10 And than he answerde and seyde,

'That woll I nat graunte you.'

'No?' seyde she. 'Truly, ye were never but my servaunte syn ye resseyved the omayge of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. Therefore I you ensure, in what place that I may fynde you with-
15 oute kepyng, I shall take you as he that somtyme was my man.'

And so she departed fro sir Percivale and leffte hym slepynge, whych was sore travayled of hys avision. And on the morne he arose and blyssed hym, and he was passynge fyeble.

20 Than was sir Percivale ware in the see where com a shippe saylyng toward hym, and sir Percivale wente unto the ship and founde hit coverde within and without with whyght samyte. And at the helme stoode an olde man clothed in a surplyse, in lyknes of a pryste.

25 'Sir,' seyde sir Percivale, 'ye be wellcom.'

'God kepe you,' seyde the good man. 'And of whense be ye?'

'Sir, I am of kynge Arthurs courte and a knyght of the Rounde Table, whych am in the queste of the Sankgreall,
30 and here I am in grete duras and never lyke to ascape oute of thys wyldernes.'

'Doute ye nat,' seyde the good man, 'and ye be so trew a knyght as the Order of Shevalry requyrith, and of herte as ye ought to be, ye shold nat doute that none enemy shold
35 ⟨s⟩lay you.'

1 *C** whiche serued me a grete whyle and *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 537v, col. 1*) qui me servoit plus que vous ne cuidiés 4 *C* Madame said syre Percyuale I *C* but I dyd hit for 5 *C* of more 10 and seyde *not in C* 14 *C* ensure yow 17 *C* the whiche 20 *C* see and sawe a ship 23 *C* at the bord (*see note*) 26 *C* man Sir sayd the old man of whens 28 *C* Syr said sir Percyual I 29 *C* table Round the whiche 32 *C* doubte not 35 *CW* flay *S* slay

'What ar ye?' seyde sir Percyvale.

'Sir, I am of a strange contrey, and hydir I com to comforte you.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Percivale, 'what signifieth my dreme that I dremed thys nyght?' And there he tolde hym alltogydir. 5

'She which rode uppon the lyon, hit betokenyth the new law of Holy Chirche, that is to undirstonde fayth, good hope, belyeve and baptyme; for she semed yonger [than] that othir hit ys grete reson, for she was borne in the Resurreccion and the Passion of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. 10 **369**[v] And for grete love she cam to the to warne the of thy grete batayle that shall befalle the.'

'With whom,' seyde sir Percivale, 'shall I fyght?'

'With the moste douteful champion of the worlde, for, as the lady seyde, but if thou quyte the welle thou shalt nat be 15 quytte by losyng of one membir, but thou shalt be shamed to the worldis ende. And she that rode on the serpente signifieth the olde law, and that serpente betokenyth a fynde. And why she blamed the that thou slewyst hir servaunte, hit betokenyth nothynge ⟨aboute⟩ the serpente ye slewe; that 20 betokenyth the devyll that thou rodist on to the roche. And whan thou madist a sygne of the crosse, there thou slewyst hym and put away hys power. And whan she asked the amendis and to becom hir man, than thou saydist nay, that was to make the beleve on her and leve thy baptym.' 25

So he commaunded sir Percivale to departe, and so he lepte over the boorde, and the shippe and all wente away he wyste nat whydir. Than he wente up into the roche and founde the lyon whych allway bare hym felyship, and he stroked hym uppon the backe and had grete joy of hym. 30

Bi that sir Percivale had byddyn there tyll mydday he saw a shippe com saylyng in the see as all the wynde of the worlde (8) had dryven hit, and so hit londid undir that rocche. And whan sir Percivale saw thys he hyghed hym thydir and founde the shippe coverde with sylke more blacker than ony beré, 35

2 *C* syr sayd the old man I 6 hit *not in C* 8–9 *C* than the other 14 C moost champyon of the world said the old man for 20–21 *W* nothynge but the *C*† no thyng the serpent that thow slewest betokeneth *F* (*ibid., f.* 538[v], *col.* 1) elle ne se plaint mie du serpent que tu oceis 24 *C* saydest thou woldest not that 25 *C* the to bileue 28 *C* vp vnto 31 *C* abyden 32 *C* came rowyng in 33 *C* it droof vnder 35 *CW* beare (*cf. p.* 910, *l.* 5)

and therein was a jantillwoman of grete beauté, and she was clothe rychly, there myght be none bettir. And whan she saw sir Percivale she asked hym who brought hym into thys wylderness 'where ye be never lyke to passe hense, for ye shall dye here for hunger and myscheff'.

'Damesell,' seyde sir Percivale, 'I serve the beste man of the
370r worlde, and in Hys servyse He woll nat suffir me to dye, for who that kno⌈ck⌉ith shall entir, and who that askyth shall have; and who that sekith Hym, He hydyth Hym not unto Hys wordys.'

But than she seyde, 'Sir Percivale, wote ye what I am?'

'Who taught you my name?' now seyde sir Percivale.

'I knowe you bettir than ye wene: I com but late oute of the Waste Foreyste where I founde the Rede Knyght with the whyghte shylde.'

'A, fayre damesell,' seyde he, 'that knyght wolde I fayne mete withall.'

'Sir knyght,' seyde she, 'and ye woll ensure me by the fayth that ye owghe unto knyghthode that ye shall do my wyll what tyme I somon you, and I shall brynge you unto that knyght.'

'Yes,' he seyde, 'I shall promyse you to fullfylle youre desyre.'

'Well,' seyde she, 'now shall I telle you. I saw hym in the Waste Foreyste chasyng two knyghtes unto the watir whych ys callede Mortayse, and they drove into that watir for drede of dethe. And the two knyghtes passed over, and the Rede Knyght passed aftir, and there hys horse was drowned, and he thorow grete strengthe ascaped unto the londe.'

Thus she tolde hym, and sir Percivale was passynge glad thereoff. Than she asked hym if he had ete ony mete late.

'Nay, madam, truly I yeete no mete nyghe thes three dayes, but late here I spake with a good man that fedde me with hys good wordys ⌈and holy⌉ and refreyshed me gretly.'

2 *C* rychely that none myghte be better 3 *C* Percyuale she saide Who broughte yow in this 8 *C** knocketh *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 538v, col. 2*) qui y boute si entre, et qui li demande si a *W* knowith 9 unto Hys wordys *not in C* 10–11 *C*† am ye sayd he Now who *F* (*ibid.*) "Perceval, savés vous dont je vieng?" "Comment, fait il, damoiselle, qui vous aprist mon nom?" 12 but late *not in C* 13 *W* foreystes *C** forest 14 *C* sheld sayd the damoysel 15 fayre *not in C* *C* he with that 15–17 *C* I mete passyng fayn Sir 21 *C* ye said he I 24 Waste *not in C*† *C* vnto a water 25 *C* in to that *S* in to the 27 *C* was drenched 33 *C** and hooly *Not emended in O*1

'A, sir knyght, that same man,' seyde she, 'ys an inchaunter and a multiplier of wordis, for and ye belyve hym, ye shall be playnly shamed and dye in thys roche for pure hunger and be etyn with wylde bestis. And ye be a yonge man and a goodly knyght, and I shall helpe you and ye woll.' 5

'What ar ye,' seyde sir Percivale, 'that proferyth me thus so grete kyndenesse?'

'I am,' seyde she, 'a jantillwoman that am diseryte, whych was the rychest woman of the worlde.'

'Damesell,' seyde sir Percivale, 'who hath disheryte you? 10 For I have grete pité of you.'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'I dwelled with the grettist man of the 370v worlde, and he made me so fayre and so clere that there was none lyke me. And of that grete beawté I had a litill pryde, more than I oughte to have had. Also I sayde a worde that 15 plesed hym nat, and than he wolde nat suffir me to be no lenger in [his] company. And so he drove me frome myne herytayge and disheryted me for ever, and he had never pité of me nother of none of my counceyle nother of my courte. And sitthyn, sir knyght, hit hath befallyn me to be so over- 20 throwyn and all myne, yet I have benomme hym som of hys men and made hem to becom my men, for they aske never nothynge of me but I gyff hem that and much more. Thus I and my servauntes wer⟨r⟩e ayenste hym nyght and day, therefore I know no good knyght nor no good man but I gete hem 25 on my syde and I may. And for that I know that ye ar a good knyght I beseche you to helpe me, and for ye be a felowe of the Rounde Table, wherefore ye ought nat to fayle no jantillwoman which ys disherite and she besought you of helpe.'

Than sir Percivale promysed her all the helpe that he 30 (9) myght, and than she thanked hym.

And at that tyme the wedir was hote. Than she called unto her a jantillwoman and bade hir brynge forth a pavilion. And so she ded and pyghte hit uppon the gravell.

'Sir,' seyde she, 'now may ye reste you in thys hete of thys 35 day.'

1 *C* knyghte said she that same man is 3 *C* playnly be 6 *C* profered 7 so *not in C* 8, 10, 29 *C* disheryted 9 *C* was somtyme the 16 *C* be ony 17 *W* in their *C* soo drofe 18 for ever *not in C* 20–21 *C*† me soo and thurgh me and myn I 21 *C* hym many of 23 *C* gyue hit hem 24 *C* and al my 25 *C* knowe now no *C* hem *S* hym

Than he thanked her, and she put of hys helme and hys shylde. And there he slepte a grete whyle.

And so he awoke and asked her if she had ony mete, and she seyde 'Yee, ye shall have inowghe.'

5 And anone there was leyde a table, and so muche meete was sette thereon that he had mervayle, for there was all maner of meetes that he cowde thynke on. Also he dranke there the strengyst wyne that ever he dranke, hym thought, and therewith he was chaffett a lityll more than he oughte to 10 be. With that he behylde that jantilwoman, and hym thought 371r she was the fayryst creature that ever he saw.

And than sir Percivale profird hir love and prayde hir that she wolde be hys. Than she refused hym in a maner whan he requyred her, for cause he sholde be the more ardente on 15 hir. And ever he sesed nat to pray hir of love. And whan she saw hym well enchaffed, than she seyde,

'Sir Percivale, wyte you well I shall nat fulfylle youre wylle but if ye swere frome henseforthe ye shall be my trew servaunte, and to do nothynge but that I shall com- 20 maunde you. Woll ye ensure me thys as ye be a trew knyght?'

'Yee,' seyde he, 'fayre lady, by the feythe of my body!'

'Well,' seyde she, 'now shall ye do with me what ye wyll, and now, wyte you well, ye ar the knyght in the worlde that 25 I have moste desyre to.'

And than two squyres were commaund[ed] to make a bedde in myddis of the pavelon, and anone she was unclothed and leyde therein. And than sir Percivale layde hym downe by her naked. And by adventure and grace he saw hys swerde 30 ly on the erthe nake[d], where in the pomell was a rede crosse and the sygne of the crucifixe [ther]in, and bethought hym on hys knyghthode and hys promyse made unto the good man tofornehande, and than he made a sygne in the forehed of hys. And therewith the pavylon turned up-so-downe and

4 *C* sayd ye also ye 5–6 *C* and soo there was sette ynough vpon the table and theron soo moche þt he had 9 *C* was a lytel chafed more 10 *C* the gentilwoman 11 *W* she saw *C** he saw 14 *C* for the cause 17 *C* Percynale *S* Percyuale 23–24 *C* what soo hit please yow and 30 *C* on the ground naked in whos (*S* whoos) pomel 31 *W* crucifixe in in 32–33 *C* made to fore hand vnto the good man 33–34 *C* sygne of the crosse in his forhede & there with

than hit chonged unto a smooke and a blak clowde. And than he drad sore and cryed alowde,

'Fayre swete Lorde Jesu Cryste, ne lette me nat be shamed, (10) which was nyghe loste had nat Thy good grace bene!'

And than he loked unto her shippe and saw her entir 5 therein, which seyde,

'Syr Percivale, ye have betrayde me.'

And so she wente with the wynde, rorynge and yellynge, that hit semed all the water brente after her.

Than sir Percivale made grete sorow and drew hys swerde 10 unto hym and seyde,

'Sitthyn my fleyssh woll be my mayster I shall punyssh hit.'

And therewith he rooff hymselff thorow the thygh, that **371r** the blood sterte aboute hym, and seyde, 15

'A, good Lord, take thys in recompensacion of that I have myssedone ayenste The, Lorde!'

So than he clothed hym and armed hym and called hymself wrecche of all wrecchis: 'How nyghe I was loste, and to have lost that I sholde never have gotyn agayne, that 20 was my virginité, for that may never be recoverde aftir hit ys onys loste.'

And than he stopped hys bledyng woundes with a pece of hys sherte. Thus as he made hys mone he saw the same shippe com from the Oryente that the good man was in the 25 day before. And thys noble knyght was sore ashamed of hymselff, and therewith he fylle in a sowne. And whan he awooke he wente unto hym waykely, and there he salewed the good man.

And than he asked sir Percivale, 'How haste thou done 30 syth I departed?'

'Sir,' seyde [he], 'here was a jantillwoman and ledde [me] into dedly synne.'

And there he tolde hym alltogidirs.

'Knew ye nat that mayde?' seyde the good man. 35

2 *C* he was adradde and 3 *C* swete fader Ihesu 4 *C* the whiche 5 *C* in to a shyp 11–12 *C* hym sayēg sythen 14 *W* thorow the the 16 *C* O good 16–17 *C* haue done ageynst the my lord 19 *C* hym helf (*S* hym self) a wretche sayenge how nyghe was I lost 20 *C* sholde *S* shold 24 *C* mone *S* moue 26 *C* the noble sore *not in C* *C* ashamed with 29 *C* this good 32 *C** ledde me 35 *C* the mayde

'Sir,' seyde he, 'nay, but well I wote the fynde sente hir hydir to shame me.'

'A, good knyght,' seyde he, 'thou arte a foole, for that jantillwoman was the mayster fyende of helle, which hath pousté over all other devyllis. And that was the olde lady that thou saw in thyne avision rydyng on the serpente.'

Than he tolde sir Percivale how oure Lord Jesu Cryste bete hym oute of hevyn for hys synne, whycch was the moste bryghtist angell of hevyn, and therefore he loste hys heritaige. 'And that was the champion that thou fought withall, whych had overcom the, had nat the grace of God bene. Now, sir Percivale, beware and take this for an insample.'

And than the good man vanysshed. Than sir Percivale toke hys armys and entirde into the shippe, and so he departed from thens.

SO LEVITH THYS TALE AND TURNYTH UNTO SIR LAUNCELOT.

3 *C* O good 4, 8, 11 *C* the whiche 5 *C* power aboue alle deuyls 6 *C* sawest *C* rydynge *S* rydygnge 10 *C* foughtest 12 *C* Now beware syre Percyuale 13 *C* vanysshed awey 16 *C* HERE ENDETH THE FOURTENTHE BOOKE WHICHE IS OF SYR PERCYUAL AND HERE FOLOWETH OF SYRE LAUNCELOT WHICHE IS THE FYFTENTH BOOK

BOOK XIV

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR PERCIVALE CAME TO A RECLUSE AND ASKED COUNSEL, AND HOW SHE TOLD HIM THAT SHE WAS HIS AUNT.

Now saith the tale, that when Sir Launcelot was ridden after Sir Galahad, the which had all these adventures above said, Sir Percivale turned again unto the recluse, where he deemed to have tidings of that knight that Launcelot followed. And so he kneeled at her window, and the recluse opened it and asked Sir Percivale what he would. Madam, he said, I am a knight of King Arthur's court, and my name is Sir Percivale de Galis. When the recluse heard his name she had great joy of him, for mickle she had loved him to-fore any other knight, for she ought to do so, for she was his aunt. And then she commanded the gates to be opened, and there he had all the cheer that she might make him, and all that was in her power was at his commandment.

So on the morn Sir Percivale went to the recluse and asked her if she knew that knight with the white shield. Sir, said she, why would ye wit? Truly, madam, said Sir Percivale, I shall never be well at ease till that I know of that knight's fellowship, and that I may fight with him, for I may not leave him so lightly, for I have the shame yet. Ah, Percivale, said she, would ye fight with him? I see well ye have great will to be slain as your father was, through outrageousness. Madam, said Sir Percivale, it seemeth by your words that ye know me. Yea, said she, I well ought to know you, for I am your aunt, although I be in a priory place. For some called me sometime the Queen of the Waste Lands, and I was called the queen of most riches in the world; and it pleased me never my riches so much as doth my poverty. Then Sir Percivale wept for very pity when he knew it was his aunt. Ah, fair nephew, said she,

when heard ye tidings of your mother? Truely, said he, I heard none of her, but I dream of her much in my sleep; and therefore I wot not whether she be dead or alive. Certes, fair nephew, said she, your mother is dead, for after your departing from her she took such a sorrow that anon, after she was confessed, she died. Now, God have mercy on her soul, said Sir Percivale, it sore forethinketh me; but all we must change the life. Now, fair aunt, tell me what is the knight? I deem it be he that bare the red arms on Whitsunday. Wit you well, said she, that this be he, for otherwise ought he not to do, but to go in red arms; and that same knight hath no peer, for he worketh all by miracle, and he shall never be over come of none earthly man's hand.

CHAPTER II

HOW MERLIN LIKENED THE ROUND TABLE TO THE WORLD, AND HOW THE KNIGHTS THAT SHOULD ACHIEVE THE SANGREAL SHOULD BE KNOWN.

ALSO Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by right, for all the world, Christian and heathen, repair unto the Round Table; and when they are chosen to be of the fellowship of the Round Table they think them more blessed and more in worship than if they had gotten half the world; and ye have seen that they have lost their fathers and their mothers, and all their kin, and their wives and their children, for to be of your fellowship. It is well seen by you; for since ye have departed from your mother ye would never see her, ye found such fellowship at the Round Table. When Merlin had ordained the Round Table he said, by them which should be fellows of the Round Table the truth of the Sangreal should be well known. And men asked him how men might know them that should best do and to enchieve the Sangreal? Then he said there should be three white bulls that

should enchieve it, and the two should be maidens, and the third should be chaste. And that one of the three should pass his father as much as the lion passeth the leopard, both of strength and hardiness.

They that heard Merlin say so said thus unto Merlin: Sithen there shall be such a knight, thou shouldest ordain by thy crafts a siege, that no man should sit in it but he all only that shall pass all other knights. Then merlin answered that he would do so. And then he made the Siege Perilous, in the which Galahad sat in at his meat on Whitsunday last past. Now, madam, said Sir Percivale, so much have I heard of you that by my good will I will never have ado with Sir Galahad but by way of kindness; and for God's love, fair aunt, can ye teach me some way where I may find him? for much would I love the fellowship of him. Fair nephew, said she, ye must ride unto a castle the which is called Goothe, where he hath a cousin-germain, and there may ye be lodged this night. And as he teacheth you, seweth after as fast as ye can; and if he can tell you no tidings of him, ride straight unto the Castle of Carbonek, where the maimed king is there lying, for there shall ye hear true tidings of him.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR PERCIVALE CAME INTO A MONASTERY, WHERE HE FOUND KING EVELAKE, WHICH WAS AN OLD MAN.

THEN departed Sir Percivale from his aunt, either making great sorrow. And so he rode till evensong time. And then he heard a clock smite; and then he was ware of an house closed well with walls and deep ditches, and there he knocked at the gate and was let in, and he alighted and was led unto a chamber, and soon he was unarmed. And there he had right good cheer all that night; and on the morn he heard his mass, and in the monastery he found a priest ready at the altar. And on the right side he saw a pew closed

with iron, and behind the altar he saw a rich bed and a fair, as of cloth of silk and gold.

Then Sir Percivale espied that therein was a man or a woman, for the visage was covered; then he left off his looking and heard his service. And when it came to the sacring, he that lay within that parclos dressed him up, and uncovered his head; and then him beseemed a passing old man, and he had a crown of gold upon his head, and his shoulders were naked and unhilled unto his navel. And then Sir Percivale espied his body was full of great wounds, both on the shoulders, arms, and visage. And ever he held up his hands against Our Lord's body, and cried: Fair, sweet Father, Jesu Christ, forget not me. And so he lay down, but always he was in his prayers and orisons; and him seemed to be of the age of three hundred winter. And when the mass was done the priest took Our Lord's body and bare it to the sick king. And when he had used it he did off his crown, and commanded the crown to be set on the altar.

Then Sir Percivale asked one of the brethren what he was. Sir, said the good man, ye have heard much of Joseph of Aramathie, how he was sent by Jesu Christ into this land for to teach and preach the holy Christian faith; and therefore he suffered many persecutions the which the enemies of Christ did unto him, and in the city of Sarras he converted a king whose name was Evelake. And so this king came with Joseph into this land, and ever he was busy to be thereas the Sangreal was; and on a time he nighed it so nigh that Our Lord was displeased with him, but ever he followed it more and more, till God struck him almost blind. Then this king cried mercy, and said: Fair Lord, let me never die till the good knight of my blood of the ninth degree he come, that I may see him openly that he shall enchieve the Sangreal, that I may kiss him.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR PERCIVALE SAW MANY MEN OF ARMS BEARING A DEAD KNIGHT, AND HOW HE FOUGHT AGAINST THEM.

WHEN the king thus had made his prayers he heard a voice that said: Heard be thy prayers, for though shalt not die till he have kissed thee. And when that knight shall come the clearness of your eyes shall come again, and thou shalt see openly, and thy wounds shall be healed, and erst shall they never close. And this befell King Evelake, and this same king hath lived this three hundred winters this holy life, and men say the knight is in the court that shall heal him. Sir, said the good man, I pray you tell me what knight that ye be, and if ye be of King Arthur's court and of the Table Round. Yea forsooth, said he, and my name is Sir Percivale de Galis. And when the good man understood his name he made great joy of him.

And then Sir Percivale departed and rode till the hour of noon. And he met in a valley about twenty men of arms, which bare in a bier a knight deadly slain. And when they saw Sir Percivale they asked him of whence he was. And he answered: Of the court of King Arthur. Then they cried all at once: Slay him. Then Sir Percivale smote the first to the earth and his horse upon him. And then seven of the knights smote upon his shield all at once, and the remnant slew his horse so that he fell to the earth. So had they slain him or taken him had not the good knight, Sir Galahad, with the red arms come there by adventure into those parts. And when he saw all those knights upon one knight he cried: Save me that knight's life. And then he dressed him toward the twenty men of arms as fast as his horse might drive, with his spear in the rest, and smote the foremost horse and man to the earth. And when his spear was broken he set his hand to his sword, and smote on the right hand and on the left hand that it was marvel to see, and at every stroke he smote one down or put him to a rebuke, so that they would fight no more but fled to a thick forest, and Sir Galahad

followed them.

And when Sir Percivale saw him chase them so, he made great sorrow that his horse was away. And then he wist well it was Sir Galahad. And then he cried aloud: Ah fair knight, abide and suffer me to do thankings unto thee, for much have ye done for me. But ever Sir Galahad rode as fast that at the last he passed out of sight. And as fast as Sir Percivale might he went after him on foot, crying. And then he met with a yeoman riding upon an hackney, the which led in his hand a great steed blacker than any bear. Ah, fair friend, said Sir Percivale, as ever I may do for you, and to be your true knight in the first place ye will require me, that ye will lend me that black steed, that I might overtake a knight the which rideth afore me. Sir knight, said the yeoman, I pray you hold me excused of that, for that I may not do. For wit ye well, the horse is such a man's horse, that an I lent it you or any man, that he would slay me. Alas, said Sir Percivale, I had never so great sorrow as I have had for losing of yonder knight. Sir, said the yeoman, I am right heavy for you, for a good horse would beseem you well; but I dare not deliver you this horse but if you would take him from me. That I will not do, said Sir Percivale. And so they departed; and Sir Percivale set him down under a tree, and made sorrow out of measure. And as he was there, there came a knight riding on the horse that the yeoman led, and he was clean armed.

CHAPTER V

HOW A YEOMAN DESIRED HIM TO GET AGAIN AN HORSE, AND HOW SIR PERCIVALE'S HACKNEY WAS SLAIN, AND HOW HE GAT AN HORSE.

And anon the yeoman came pricking after as fast as ever he might, and asked Sir Percivale if he saw any knight riding on his black steed. Yea, sir, forsooth, said he; why, sir, ask ye me that? Ah, sir, that steed he hath benome me with strength; wherefore

my lord will slay me in what place he findeth me. Well, said Sir Percivale, what wouldst thou that I did? Thou seest well that I am on foot, but an I had a good horse I should bring him soon again. Sir, said the yeoman, take mine hackney and do the best ye can, and I shall sewe you on foot to wit how that ye shall speed. Then Sir Percivale alighted upon that hackney, and rode as fast as he might, and at the last he saw that knight. And then he cried: Knight, turn again; and he turned and set his spear against Sir Percivale, and he smote the hackney in the midst of the breast that he fell down dead to the earth, and there he had a great fall, and the other rode his way. And then Sir Percivale was wood wroth, and cried: Abide, wicked knight; coward and false-hearted knight, turn again and fight with me on foot. But he answered not, but passed on his way.

When Sir Percivale saw he would not turn he cast away his helm and sword, and said: Now am I a very wretch, cursed and most unhappy above all other knights. So in this sorrow he abode all that day till it was night; and then he was faint, and laid him down and slept till it was midnight; and then he awaked and saw afore him a woman which said unto him right fiercely: Sir Percivale, what dost thou here? He answered, I do neither good nor great ill. If thou wilt ensure me, said she, that thou wilt fulfil my will when I summon thee, I shall lend thee mine own horse which shall bear thee whither thou wilt. Sir Percivale was glad of her proffer, and ensured her to fulfil all her desire. Then abide me here, and I shall go and fetch you an horse. And so she came soon again and brought an horse with her that was inly black. When Percivale beheld that horse he marvelled that it was so great and so well apparelled; and not for then he was so hardy, and he leapt upon him, and took none heed of himself. And so anon as he was upon him he thrust to him with his spurs, and so he rode by a forest, and the moon shone clear. And within an hour and less he bare him four days' journey thence, until he came to a rough water the which roared, and his horse would have borne him into it,

CHAPTER VI

OF THE GREAT DANGER THAT SIR PERCIVALE WAS IN BY HIS HORSE, AND HOW HE SAW A SERPENT AND A LION FIGHT.

And when Sir Percivale came night the brim, and saw the water so boistous, he doubted to overpass it. And then he made a sign of the cross in his forehead. When the fiend felt him so charged he shook off Sir Percivale, and he went into the water crying and roaring, making great sorrow, and it seemed unto him that the water brent. Then Sir Percivale perceived it was a fiend, the which would have brought him unto his perdition. Then he commended himself unto God, and prayed Our Lord to keep him from all such temptations; and so he prayed all that night till on the morn that it was day; then he saw that he was in a wild mountain the which was closed with the sea nigh all about, that he might see no land about him which might relieve him, but wild beasts.

And then he went into a valley, and there he saw a young serpent bring a young lion by the neck, and so he came by Sir Percivale. With that came a great lion crying and roaring after the serpent. And as fast as Sir Percivale saw this he marvelled, and hied him thither, but anon the lion had overtaken the serpent and began battle with him. And then Sir Percivale thought to help the lion, for he was the more natural beast of the two; and therewith he drew his sword, and set his shield afore him, and there he gave the serpent such a buffet that he had a deadly wound. When the lion saw that, he made no resemblaunt to fight with him, but made him all the cheer that a beast might make a man. Then Percivale perceived that, and cast down his shield which was broken; and then he did off his helm for to gather wind, for he was greatly enchafed with the serpent: and the lion went alway about him fawning as a spaniel. And then he stroked him on the neck and on the shoulders. And then he thanked God of the fellowship of that beast. And about noon the lion took his little whelp and trussed

him and bare him there he came from.

Then was Sir Percivale alone. And as the tale telleth, he was one of the men of the world at that time which most believed in Our Lord Jesu Christ, for in those days there were but few folks that believed in God perfectly. For in those days the son spared not the father no more than a stranger. And so Sir Percivale comforted himself in our Lord Jesu, and besought God no temptation should bring him out of God's service, but to endure as his true champion. Thus when Sir Percivale had prayed he saw the lion come toward him, and then he couched down at his feet. And so all that night the lion and he slept together; and when Sir Percivale slept he dreamed a marvellous dream, that there two ladies met with him, and that one sat upon a lion, and that other sat upon a serpent, and that one of them was young, and the other was old; and the youngest him thought said: Sir Percivale, my lord saluteth thee, and sendeth thee word that thou array thee and make thee ready, for to-morn thou must fight with the strongest champion of the world. And if thou be overcome thou shall not be quit for losing of any of thy members, but thou shalt be shamed for ever to the world's end. And then he asked her what was her lord. And she said the greatest lord of all the world and so she departed suddenly that he wist not where.

CHAPTER VII

OF THE VISION THAT SIR PERCIVALE SAW, AND HOW HIS VISION WAS EXPOUNDED, AND OF HIS LION.

THEN came forth the other lady that rode upon the serpent, and she said: Sir Percivale, I complain me of you that ye have done unto me, and have not offended unto you. Certes, madam, he said, unto you nor no lady I never offended. Yes, said she, I shall tell you why. I have nourished in this place a great while a serpent, which served me a great while, and yesterday ye slew him as he

gat his prey. Say me for that cause ye slew him, for the lion was not yours. Madam, said Sir Percivale, I know well the lion was not mine, but I did it for the lion is of more gentler nature than the serpent, and therefore I slew him; meseemeth I did not amiss against you. Madam, said he, what would ye that I did? I would, said she, for the amends of my beast that ye become my man. And then he answered: That will I not grant you. No, said she, truly ye were never but my servant sin ye received the homage of Our Lord Jesu Christ. Therefore, I ensure you in what place I may find you without keeping I shall take you, as he that sometime was my man. And so she departed from Sir Percivale and left him sleeping, the which was sore travailed of his advision. And on the morn he arose and blessed him, and he was passing feeble.

Then was Sir Percivale ware in the sea, and saw a ship come sailing toward him; and Sir Percivale went unto the ship and found it covered within and without with white samite. And at the board stood an old man clothed in a surplice, in likeness of a priest. Sir, said Sir Percivale, ye be welcome. God keep you, said the good man. Sir, said the old man, of whence be ye? Sir, said Sir Percivale, I am of King Arthur's court, and a knight of the Table Round, the which am in the quest of the Sangreal; and here am I in great duresse, and never like to escape out of this wilderness. Doubt not, said the good man, an ye be so true a knight as the order of chivalry requireth, and of heart as ye ought to be, ye should not doubt that none enemy should slay you. What are ye? said Sir Percivale. Sir, said the old man, I am of a strange country, and hither I come to comfort you.

Sir, said Sir Percivale, what signifieth my dream that I dreamed this night? And there he told him altogether: She which rode upon the lion betokeneth the new law of holy church, that is to understand, faith, good hope, belief, and baptism. For she seemed younger than the other it is great reason, for she was born in the resurrection and the passion of Our Lord Jesu Christ. And for great love she came to thee to warn thee of thy great battle that shall befall thee. With whom, said Sir Percivale, shall I fight? With the most champion of the world, said the old man; for as the lady said,

but if thou quit thee well thou shalt not be quit by losing of one member, but thou shalt be shamed to the world's end. And she that rode on the serpent signifieth the old law, and that serpent betokeneth a fiend. And why she blamed thee that thou slewest her servant, it betokeneth nothing; the serpent that thou slewest betokeneth the devil that thou rodest upon to the rock. And when thou madest a sign of the cross, there thou slewest him, and put away his power. And when she asked thee amends and to become her man, and thou saidst thou wouldst not, that was to make thee to believe on her and leave thy baptism. So he commanded Sir Percivale to depart, and so he leapt over the board and the ship, and all went away he wist not whither. Then he went up unto the rock and found the lion which always kept him fellowship, and he stroked him upon the back and had great joy of him.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW SIR PERCIVALE SAW A SHIP COMING TO HIM-WARD, AND HOW THE LADY OF THE SHIP TOLD HIM OF HER DISHERITANCE.

By that Sir Percivale had abiden there till mid-day he saw a ship came rowing in the sea, as all the wind of the world had driven it. And so it drove under that rock. And when Sir Percivale saw this he hied him thither, and found the ship covered with silk more blacker than any bear, and therein was a gentlewoman of great beauty, and she was clothed richly that none might be better. And when she saw Sir Percivale she said: Who brought you in this wilderness where ye be never like to pass hence, for ye shall die here for hunger and mischief? Damosel, said Sir Percivale, I serve the best man of the world, and in his service he will not suffer me to die, for who that knocketh shall enter, and who that asketh shall have, and who that seeketh him he hideth him not. But then she said: Sir Percivale, wot ye what I am? Yea, said he. Now who taught

you my name? said she. Now, said Sir Percivale, I know you better than ye ween. And I came out of the waste forest where I found the Red Knight with the white shield, said the damosel. Ah, damosel, said he, with that knight would I meet passing fain. Sir knight, said she, an ye will ensure me by the faith that ye owe unto knighthood that ye shall do my will what time I summon you, and I shall bring you unto that knight. Yea, said he, I shall promise you to fulfil your desire. Well, said she, now shall I tell you. I saw him in the forest chasing two knights unto a water, the which is called Mortaise; and they drove him into the water for dread of death, and the two knights passed over, and the Red Knight passed after, and there his horse was drenched, and he, through great strength, escaped unto the land: thus she told him, and Sir Percivale was passing glad thereof.

Then she asked him if he had ate any meat late. Nay, madam, truly I ate no meat nigh this three days, but late here I spake with a good man that fed me with his good words and holy, and refreshed me greatly. Ah, sir knight, said she, that same man is an enchanter and a multiplier of words. For an ye believe him ye shall plainly be shamed, and die in this rock for pure hunger, and be eaten with wild beasts; and ye be a young man and a goodly knight, and I shall help you and ye will. What are ye, said Sir Percivale, that proffered me thus great kindness? I am, said she, a gentlewoman that am disherited, which was sometime the richest woman of the world. Damosel, said Sir Percivale, who hath disherited you? for I have great pity of you. Sir, said she, I dwelled with the greatest man of the world, and he made me so fair and clear that there was none like me; and of that great beauty I had a little pride more than I ought to have had. Also I said a word that pleased him not. And then he would not suffer me to be any longer in his company, and so drove me from mine heritage, and so disherited me, and he had never pity of me nor of none of my council, nor of my court. And sithen, sir knight, it hath befallen me so, and through me and mine I have benome him many of his men, and made them to become my men. For they ask never nothing of me but I give it them, that and much more. Thus I and all my servants

were against him night and day. Therefore I know now no good knight, nor no good man, but I get them on my side an I may. And for that I know that thou art a good knight, I beseech you to help me; and for ye be a fellow of the Round Table, wherefore ye ought not to fail no gentlewoman which is disherited, an she besought you of help.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR PERCIVALE PROMISED HER HELP, AND HOW HE REQUIRED HER OF LOVE, AND HOW HE WAS SAVED FROM THE FIEND.

THEN Sir Percivale promised her all the help that he might; and then she thanked him. And at that time the weather was hot. Then she called unto her a gentlewoman and bade her bring forth a pavilion; and so she did, and pight it upon the gravel. Sir, said she, now may ye rest you in this heat of the day. Then he thanked her, and she put off his helm and his shield, and there he slept a great while. And then he awoke and asked her if she had any meat, and she said: Yea, also ye shall have enough. And so there was set enough upon the table, and thereon so much that he had marvel, for there was all manner of meats that he could think on. Also he drank there the strongest wine that ever he drank, him thought, and therewith he was a little chafed more than he ought to be; with that he beheld the gentlewoman, and him thought she was the fairest creature that ever he saw. And then Sir Percivale proffered her love, and prayed her that she would be his. Then she refused him, in a manner, when he required her, for the cause he should be the more ardent on her, and ever he ceased not to pray her of love. And when she saw him well enchafed, then she said: Sir Percivale, wit you well I shall not fulfil your will but if ye swear from henceforth ye shall be my true servant, and to do nothing but that I shall command you. Will ye ensure me this as ye be a

true knight? Yea, said he, fair lady, by the faith of my body. Well, said she, now shall ye do with me whatso it please you; and now wit ye well ye are the knight in the world that I have most desire to.

And then two squires were commanded to make a bed in midst of the pavilion. And anon she was unclothed and laid therein. And then Sir Percivale laid him down by her naked; and by adventure and grace he saw his sword lie on the ground naked, in whose pommel was a red cross and the sign of the crucifix therein, and bethought him on his knighthood and his promise made to-forehand unto the good man; then he made a sign of the cross in his forehead, and therewith the pavilion turned up-so-down, and then it changed unto a smoke, and a black cloud, and then he was adread and cried aloud:

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR PERCIVALE FOR PENANCE ROVE HIMSELF THROUGH THE THIGH: AND HOW SHE WAS KNOWN FOR THE DEVIL.

FAIR sweet Father, Jesu Christ, ne let me not be shamed, the which was nigh lost had not thy good grace been. And then he looked into a ship, and saw her enter therein, which said: Sir Percivale, ye have betrayed me. And so she went with the wind roaring and yelling, that it seemed all the water brent after her. Then Sir Percivale made great sorrow, and drew his sword unto him, saying: Sithen my flesh will be my master I shall punish it; and therewith he rove himself through the thigh that the blood stert about him, and said: O good Lord, take this in recompensation of that I have done against thee, my Lord. So then he clothed him and armed him, and called himself a wretch, saying: How nigh was I lost, and to have lost that I should never have gotten again, that was my virginity, for that may never be recovered after it is

once lost. And then he stopped his bleeding wound with a piece of his shirt.

Thus as he made his moan he saw the same ship come from Orient that the good man was in the day afore, and the noble knight was ashamed with himself, and therewith he fell in a swoon. And when he awoke he went unto him weakly, and there he saluted this good man. And then he asked Sir Percivale: How hast thou done sith I departed? Sir, said he, here was a gentlewoman and led me into deadly sin. And there he told him altogether. Knew ye not the maid? said the good man. Sir, said he, nay, but well I wot the fiend sent her hither to shame me. O good knight, said he, thou art a fool, for that gentlewoman was the master fiend of hell, the which hath power above all devils, and that was the old lady that thou sawest in thine advision riding on the serpent. Then he told Sir Percivale how our Lord Jesu Christ beat him out of heaven for his sin, the which was the most brightest angel of heaven, and therefore he lost his heritage. And that was the champion that thou foughtest withal, the which had overcome thee had not the grace of God been. Now beware Sir Percivale, and take this for an ensample. And then the good man vanished away. Then Sir Percivale took his arms, and entered into the ship, and so departed from thence.

Here endeth the fourteenth book, which is of Sir Percivale. And here followeth of Sir Launcelot, which is the fifteenth book.

IV

SIR LAUNCELOT

WHAN the eremyte had kepte sir Launcelot three dayes (1)
than the eremyte gate hym an horse, a helme and a
swerde, and than he departed ⟨and rode⟩ untyll the owre of
none. And than he saw a litill house, and whan he cam nere
he saw a lityll chapell. And there besyde he sye an olde man 5
which was clothed all in whyght full rychely. And than sir 372r
Launcelot seyde,

'Sir, God save you!'

'Sir, God kepe you,' seyde the good man, 'and make you
a good knyght.' 10

Than sir Launcelot alyght and entird into the chapell, and
there he saw an olde man dede and in a whyght she⌈r⌉te of
passyng fyne clothe.

'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'this man ought nat to be in
such clothynge as ye se hym in, for in that he brake the othe 15
of hys order, for he hath bene more than an hondred wynter
a man of religions.' And than the good man and sir Launce-
lot ⌈went into the chapell⌉; and the good man toke a stole
aboute hys neck and a booke, and than he conjoured on that
booke. And with that they saw the fyende in an hydeous 20
fygure, that there was no man so hardé-herted in the worlde
but he sholde a bene aferde. Than seyde the fyende,

'Thou haste travayle me gretly. Now telle me what thou
wolte with me.'

'I woll,' seyde the good man, 'that thou telle me how my 25
⌈felawe⌉ becam dede, and whether he be saved or dampned.'

Than he seyde with an horrible voice,

'He ys nat lost, but he ys saved!'

'How may that be?' seyde the good man. 'Hit semyth
me that he levith nat well, for he brake hys order for to were 30

3 *C*† about the houre *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 540v, col. 2*) quant il a chevauchié jusques a heure de midi (*see note*) 5 *C*† a Chappel *F* (*ibid.*) une petite chappelle 5–6 *C* man that was 8, 9 Sir *not in C* 12 *C** whyte shert *F* (*ibid.*) chemise blanche *W* whyght sheete 14 *C* this man that is dede oughte 17 *C* of a relygyon 17–18 *C** Launcelot wente in to the Chappel and the good man *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 541r, col. 1*) Lors entre li preudoms en sa chappelle 20 the fyende *not in C*† *F* (*ibid.*) voit l'ennemy en si hideuse fourme 21 *C* fygure & horryble that 21–22 *C* hard† herted nor soo hard but he shold *F* (*ibid.*) qu'il n'a si hardi homme en tout le monde 25–26 *W* my brother *C** my felawe *F* (*ibid.*) miens compains 28 *C* but saued 30 *C* lyued

a sherte where he ought to were none, and who that trespassith ayenst oure [ordre] doth nat well.'

'Nat so,' seyde the fyende. 'Thys man that lyeth here was com of grete lynage. And there was a lorde that hyght the erle de Vale that hylde grete warre ayenste thys mannes nevew which hyght Aguaurs. And so thys Aguaurs saw the erle was bygger than he. Than he wente for to take counceyle of hys uncle which lyeth dede here ⌜as ye may se,⌝ and than he wente oute of hys ermytaige for to maynteyne his nevew ayenste the myghty erle. And so hit happed that thys man that lyeth dede ded so muche by hys wysedom and hardines that the erle was take and three of hys lordys by (2) force of thys dede man. Than was there pees betwyxte thys erle and thys Aguaurs, and grete sureté that the erle sholde never warre agaynste hym more.

'Than this dede man that here lyeth cam to thys ermytayge agayne. And than the erle made two of hys nevews for to be avenged uppon this man. So they com on a day and 372v founde thys dede man at the sakerynge of hys masse. And they abode hym tyll he had seyde masse, and than they sette uppon hym and drew oute their swerdys to have slayne hym, but there wolde no swerde byghte on hym more than uppon a gadde of steele, for the Hyghe Lorde which he served, He hym preserved. Than made they a grete fyre and dud of all hys clothys and the heyre of hys backe. And than thys dede man ermyte seyde unto them,

' "Wene ye to bren me? Hit shall nat lyghe in youre power, nother to perish me as much as a threde, and there were ony on my body."

' "No?" seyde one of them. "Hit shall be assayde."

'And than they dispoyled hym, and put uppon hym hys sherte, and kyste hym in a fyre. And there he lay all that day tyll hit was nyght in that fyre and was nat dede. And so in the morne than com I and founde hym dede, but I founde neyther threde nor skynne tamed. So toke they hym oute of the fyre with grete feare and leyde hym here as ye may se.

3, 11 *C* here dede was 8 *F* (*ibid.*) que tu voiz ci 9 *C** he asked leue & wente 15 more *not in C* 21 their *not in C* 31–32 *C* this sherte 32–33 *C*† he laye all that nyȝt tyl hit was daye in that *F* (*ibid.*) des hier matin jusques a hier soir bien tart 34 *C* morn I came and 35 they *not in C*†

And now may ye suffir me to go my way, for I have seyde you the sothe.'

And than he departed with a grete tempest. Than was the good man and sir Launcelot more gladder than they were tofore. And than sir Launcelot dwelled with that good man that nyght.

'Sir,' seyde the good man, 'be ye nat sir Launcelot du Lake?'

'Ye, sir,' seyde he.

'Sir, what seke you in thys contrey?'

'I go, sir, to seke the adventures of the Sankgreall.'

'Well,' seyde he, 'seke ye hit ye may well, but thoughe hit were here ye shall have no power to se hit, no more than a blynde man that sholde se a bryght swerde. And that ys longe on youre synne, and ellys ye were more abeler than ony man lyvynge.'

And than sir Launcelot began to wepe. Than seyde the good man,

'Were ye confessed synne ye entred into the queste of the Sankgreall?'

'Ye, sir,' seyde sir Launcelot.

Than uppon the morne whan the good man had songe hys masse, than they buryed the dede man.

'Now,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'fadir, what shall I do.

'Now,' seyde the good man, 'I requyre you take thys hayre that was thys holy mannes and put hit nexte thy skynne, and hit shall prevayle the gretly.'

'Sir, than woll I do hit,' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Also, sir, I charge the that thou ete no fleysshe as longe as ye be in the queste of Sankgreall, nother ye shall drynke no wyne, and that ye hyre masse dayly and ye may com thereto.' 373r

So he toke the hayre and put hit uppon hym, and so departed at evynsonge, and so rode into a foreyste. And there he mette with a jantillwoman rydyng uppon a whyght palferey, and than she asked hym,

10 Sir *not in C* 11 *C* syr sayd syr launcelot I goo to 12 *C* seke it ye may 19 *C*† ye loetryd *S* ye entryd (*see note*) 21 *C*† launcent *S* launcelot (*see note*) 24 *C* Thenne syr launcelot sayd fader *C* doo *S* do 28 *C* syr and I 29 sir *not in C* *C* charge you that ye ete 31 *C** may doo hit *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 542v, col. 1*) se vous estes en lieu que vous le puissiés faire 33 *C** euensonge tyme *F* (*ibid.*) heure de vespres

'Sir knyght, whother ryde ye?'

'Sertes, damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I wote nat whothir I ryde but as fortune ledith me.'

'A, sir Launcelot,' seyde she, 'I wote what adventure ye seke, for ye were beforetyme nerar than ye be now, and yet shall ye se hit more opynly than ever ye dud, and that shall ye undirstonde in shorte tyme.'

Than sir Launcelot asked her where he myght be harberowde that nyght.

'Ye shall none fynde thys day nor nyght, but to-morne ye shall fynde herberow goode, and ease of that ye bene in doute off.'

And than he commaunded hir unto God, and so he rode tylle that he cam to a crosse and toke that for hys oste as for
(3) that nyght. And so he put hys horse to pasture and ded of hys helme and hys shylde and made hys prayers unto the crosse that he never falle in dedely synne agayne. And so he leyde hym downe to slepe.

And anone as he was on slepe hit befylle hym there a vision; that there com a man afore hym all bycompast with sterris, and that man had a crowne of golde on hys hede. And that man lad in hys felyship seven kynges and two knyghtes, and all thes worshipt the crosse, knelyng uppon their kneys, holdyng up their hondys towarde the hevyn, and all they seyde:

'Swete Fadir of Hevyn, com and visite us, and yelde unto everych of us as we have deserved.'

Than loked sir Launcelot up to the hevyn and hym semed the clowdis ded opyn, and an olde man com downe with a company of angels and alyghte amonge them and gaff unto everych hys blyssynge and called them hys servauntes and hys good and trew knyghtes. And whan thys olde man had seyde thus he com to one of the knyghtes and seyde,

'I have loste all that I have besette in the, for thou hast ruled the ayenste me as a warryoure and used wronge warris with vayneglory for the pleasure of the worlde more than to

10 *C* shalle not fynde 15–17 *W* (*sidenote*) The avision of sir Launcelot 20–21 *C* by compas of sterres 26 *C* fair swete 26–27 *C* vnto vs eueryche as 31 *W* þem hys hys 32 *C* and good 33 *C* tho knyghtes 34 *C* haue sette in 36 *C* vayne glory more for the pleasyr of the world than

please me, therefore thou shalt be confounded withoute thou 373v
yelde me my tresoure.'

All thys avision saw sir Launcelot at the crosse, and on the morne he toke hys horse and rode tylle mydday. And there by adventure he mette the same knyght that toke hys horse, helme and hys swerde whan he slepte, whan the Sankgreall appered afore the crosse. So whan sir Launcelot saw hym he salewede hym nat fayre, but cryed on hyght,

'Knyght, kepe the, for thou deddist me grete unkyndnes.'

And than they put afore them their spearis, and sir Launcelot com so fyersely that he smote hym and hys horse downe to the erthe, that he had nyghe brokyn hys neck. Than sir Launcelot toke the knyghtes horse that was hys owne beforehonde, and descended frome the horse he sate uppon, and mownted uppon hys horse, and tyed the knyghtes owne horse to a tre, that he myght fynde that horse whan he was rysen.

Than sir Launcelot rode tylle nyght, and by adventure he mette an ermyte, and eche of hem salewd other. And there he reste with that good man all nyght and gaff hys horse suche as he myght gete. Than seyde the good man unto sir Launcelot,

'Of whens be ye?'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I am of Arthurs courte, and my name ys sir Launcelot de Lake, that am in the queste of the Sankegreall. And therefor, sir, I pray you counceile me of a vision that I saw thys nyght.' And so he tolde h[y]m all.

'Lo, sir Launcelot,' seyde the good man, 'there myght (4)
thou undirstonde the hyghe lynayge that thou arte com off;
⟨th⟩at thyne avision betokenyth.

'Aftir the Passion of Jesu Cryste fourty yere, Joseph of Aramathy preched of the victory of kynge Evelake, that he had in hys batayles the bettir of hys enemyes. And of the seven kynges and the two knyghtes the firste of hem ys called Nappus, an holy man, and the secunde hyght Nacien in remembraunce of hys grauntesyre, and in hym dwelled

5 *C* mette with the 8 *C* on hyghe 9 *C* thow hast done to me 11 *C* fyersly vpon hym that 15 *C* his own hors 17 *C* arysen 26 sir *not in C* 26–27 *C** vysyon the whiche I hadde at (*S* et) the Crosse And soo he tolde hym (*W* hem) alle 29–30 *W* off at thyne *C* of And thyne 32 *C* preched the 33 *C* in the batails *C* enemyes and of *S* enemyes of

oure Lorde Jesu Cryst. And the third was called Hellyas le Grose, and the fourth hyght Lysays, and the fifth hyght Jonas; he departed oute of hys contrey and wente into Walis and toke there the doughter of Manuell, whereby he had the
374r 5 londe Gaule. And he com to dwelle in thys contrey, and of hym com kynge Launcelot, thy grauntesyre, whych were wedded to the kynges doughter of Irelonde, and he was as worthy a man as thou arte. And of hym cam kynge Ban, thy fadir, whych was the laste of the seven kynges. And by the,
10 sir Launcelot, hit signyfieth that the angels seyde thou were none of the seven felysship. And the last was the ninth knyght, he was signyfyed to a lyon, for he sholde passe all maner of erthely knyghtes: that ys sir Galahad whych thou gate on kynge Pelles doughter. And thou ought to thanke
15 God more than ony othir man lyvyng, for of a synner erthely thou hast no pere as in knyghthode nother never shall have. But lytyll thanke hast thou yevyn to God for all the grete vertuys that God hath lente the.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye sey that good knyght ys my
20 sonne?'

'That ought thou to know,' seyde the good man, 'for thou knew the doughter of kyng Pelles fleyshly, and on her thou begatist sir Galahad, and that was he that at the feste of Pentecoste sate in the Syge Perelous. And therefore make
25 thou hit to be knowyn opynly that he ys of thy begetyn[ge]. And ⌜I counceyle the,⌝ in no place prees nat uppon hym to have ado with hym, for hit woll nat avayle no knyght to have ado with hym.'

'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'mesemyth that good knyght
30 shold pray for me unto the Hyghe Fadir, that I falle nat to synne agayne.'

5 *C* lond of Gaule 6–7 *C** syre the whiche there wedded the 9 *C* the which 13 *C* the whiche 15 *C* lyuyuge *S* lyuynge 16 *C*† shalle be 19 *C* that that 21 *C* knowe and no man better said 24 *C* therefore *S* therefor 25 to be *not in C* 25–26 *C** one of thy begetynge on kynge Pelles doughter for that wyl be youre worship and honour and to alle thy kynred And I coũceyle yow in no place *W* begetyn and in no place *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 543v, col. 2*) et c'est ce chevaillier que tu quiers. Si le t'ay dist et fait congnoistre pour ce que je ne vouldroie mie que tu te preisses celui par bataille, car tu le pourr[o]ies faire mortelment et toy mal baillir du corps 27–28 for hit woll nat avayle no knyght to have ado with hym *not in C*† *F* (*ibid.*) puisque nulle prouesce ne se peut prandre a la soie

'Truste thou well,' seyde the good man, 'thou faryst muche the better for hys prayer, for the sonne shall nat beare the wyckednesse of the ⌜fader, nor the fader shall nat beare the wyckednesse of the⌝ sonne, but every man shall beare hys owne burdon. And therefore beseke thou only God, and He woll helpe the in all thy nedes.'

And than sir Launcelot and he wente to supere. And so leyde hem to reste, and ⌜the⌝ heyre prycked faste ⌜sir Launcelots skynne⌝ and greved hym sore, but he toke hyt mekely and suffirde the payne. And so on the morne he harde hys masse and toke hys armys and so toke hys leve, and mownted (5) uppon hys horse and rode into a foreyst and helde no hyghe- 374v way.

And as he loked before hym he sye a fayre playne, and besyde that a fayre castell, and before the castell were many pavelons of sylke and of dyverse hew. And hym semed that he saw there fyve hondred knyghtes rydynge on horsebacke, and there was two partyes: they that were of the castell were all on black horsys and their trappoures black, and they that were withoute were all on whyght horsis and trappers. So there began a grete turnemente, and every[che] hurteled with other, that hit mervayled sir Launcelot gretly. And at the laste hym thought they of the castell were putt to the wars.

Than thought sir Launcelot for to helpe there the wayker party in incresyng of his shevalry. And so sir Launcelot threste in amonge the party of the castell and smote downe a knyght, horse and man, to the erthe, and then he russhed here and there and ded many mervaylous dedis of armys. And than he drew oute hys swerde and strake many knyghtes to the erth, that all that saw hym mervayled that ever one knyght myght do so grete dedis of armys.

1–2 *C* faryst mykel the 2 *C* prayer but the 3–4 *C** wyckednes of the fader Nor the fader shalle not bere the wyckednes of the sone but eueryche shalle *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 544v, col. 1*) ne le filz ne partira mie a l'iniquité son pere, ne li peres a l'iniquité son fil, mais chascun . . . recevra son loier (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 8–9 *C** and the hayre prycked so syr launcelots skynne whiche greued hym ful sore *F* (*ibid.*) la haire qui estoit aspre et poingnant emprés sa char *W* hys heyre prycked faste and greved hym sore 11 *C* leue Capitulum Quintum And thenne 19 *C*† all in blak 20–21 So there began a grete turnemente *not in C*† *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 544r, col. 2*) Si avoient commencié le tournoy trop merveillieux et trop grant 22 *C* to other gretly *not in C* 28 many *not in C*† 30 *C* so that alle tho that sawe

But allwayes the whyght knyghtes hylde them nyghe aboute sir Launcelot for to tire hym and wynde hym, and at the laste, ⌜as a man may not ever endure⌝, sir Launcelot ⌜waxed so faynt of fyghtyng and travaillyng, and⌝ was so wery of hys grete dedis, that he myght nat lyffte up hys armys for to gyff one stroke, that he wente never to have borne armys.

And than they all toke and ledde hym away into a foreyste and there made hym to alyght to reeste hym. And than all the felyship of the castell were overcom for the defaughte of hym. Than they seyd all unto sir Launcelot,

'Blessed be God that ye be now of oure felyship, for we shall holde you in oure preson.'

And so they leffte hym with few wordys, and than sir Launcelot made grete sorowe:

'For never or now was I never at turnemente nor at justes but I had the beste. And now I am shamed, and am sure that I am more synfuller than ever I was.'

375r Thus he rode sorowyng, and halff a day oute of dispayre, tyll that he cam into a depe valey.

And whan sir Launcelot sye he myght nat ryde up unto the mountayne, he there alyght undir an appyll-tre. And there he leffte hys helme and hys shylde, and put hys horse unto pasture. And than he leyde hym downe to slepe.

And than hym thought there com an olde man afore hym whych seyde,

'A, Launcelot, of evill, wycked fayth and poore beleve! Wherefore ys thy wyll turned so lyghtly toward dedly synne?'

And whan he had seyde thus he vanysshed away, and sir Launcelot wyst nat where he becom.

Than he toke hys horse and armed hym. And as he rode by the hygheway he saw a chapell where was a recluse, which had a wyndow, that she myght se up to the awter. And

3 *C** as a man may not euer endure *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 544r, col. 2*) si le lassent tant par souffrir et par endurer 3–4 *C** Launcelot waxed so faynt of fy3tyng & trauaillyng & was so *F* (*ibid.*) est si durement lassé et traveilliez (*omission in W due to the recurrence of* wa *in* waxed *and* was) 6 *C* stroke so that 9 *C* alyghte & to 16 *C* nor Iustes 17 *C* shamed and thenne he sayd now I am sure 19 *C** day he was oute 21 *C* vp in to 26 *C* the whiche 27 wycked *not in C*† 28 *C* toward thy dedly 30 *C* he was become 32 *C* the way he

all a⌈loude⌉ she called sir Launcelot for that he semed a knyght arraunte.

And than he cam, and she asked hym what he was, and of what place, and where aboute he wente to seke. And (6) than he tolde hir alltogydir worde by worde, and the trouth how hit befelle hym at the turnemente, and aftir that he tolde hir hys avision that he had that nyght in hys slepe, ⌈and prayd her to telle hym what hit myght mene⌉.

'A, Launcelot,' seyde she, 'as longe as ye were knyght of erthly knyghthode ye were the moste mervayloust man of the worlde, and moste adventurest. Now,' seyde the lady, 'sitthen ye be sette amonge the knyghtis of hevynly adventures, if adventure falle ⟨you contrary at that turnamente yet⟩ have ye no mervayle; for that turnamente yestirday was but a tokenynge of oure Lorde. And natforethan there was none enchauntemente, for they at the turnemente were erthely knyghtes. The turnamente was tokyn to se who sholde have moste knyghtes, of ⟨E⟩liazar, the sonne of kynge Pelles, or Argustus, the sonne of kynge Harlon. But ⟨E⟩liazar was all clothed in whyght, and Argustus were coverde in blacke. 375v And what thys betokenyth I shall telle you.

'The day of Pentecoste, whan kynge Arthure hylde courte, hit befelle that erthely kynges and erthely knyghtes toke a turnemente togydirs, that ys to sey the queste of the Sankgreall. Of thes [the] erthely knyghtes [were they] which were clothed all in blake, and the coveryng betokenyth the sy[n]nes whereof they be nat confessed. And they with the coverynge of whyght betokenyth virginité, and they that hath chosyn chastité. And thus was the queste begonne in them. Than thou behelde the synners and the good men. And whan thou saw the synners overcom tho[u] enclyned to that party for bobbaunce and pryde of the worlde, and

1 *WO*[1] all aboute 7 *C* had had 7–9 *C*[*] slepe and prayd her to telle hym what hit myght mene for he was not contente with hit A Launcelot *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 544*[v], *col. 1*) si li prie que elle le conseille a son povoir 10, 11 *C* merueillous . . . aduenturous 13–14 *C*[*] felle the contrary at that turnement haue thou no *WO*[1] falle hit haue ye no (*see note*) 18 *C* knyghtes outher 18, 19 *W* Cliazar *C* Clyazar *F* Elyzar (*see note*) 20 *C* whyght And Argustus was *S* and 20–21 *C* blak the whiche were comen Alle what 22 *C* his court 23 *C* and knyghtes 24 *C* to gydrs *S* to gyders 24–26 *C* Sancgreal The erthely knyghtes were they the whiche were 27 *W* sygnes 29 hath *not in C* 31 *C* ouercomē thow enclynest 32 *W* pryde of the worlde *repeated*

all that muste be leffte in that queste; for in thys queste thou shalt have many felowis and thy bettirs, for thou arte so feble of evyll truste and good beleve. Thys made hit whan thou were [there] where they toke the and ladde the into the foreyste.

'And anone there appered the Sankgreall unto the whyght knyghtes, but thou were so fyeble of good ⌜beleve and⌝ fayth that thou myght nat abyde hit for all the techyng of the good man before. But anone thou turned to the synners, and that caused thy mysseaventure, that thou sholde know go[o]d frome vayneglory of the worlde; hit ys nat worth a peare. And for grete pryde thou madist grete sorow that thou haddist nat overcom all the whyght knyghtes. Therefore God was wrothe with you, for in thys queste God lovith no such dedis. And that made the avision to say to the that thou were of evyll faythe and of poore bylyeve, the which woll make the ⌜to falle into the⌝ depe pitte of helle, if thou kepe the nat the better.

'Now have I warned the of thy vayneglory and of thy pryde, that thou haste many tyme arred ayenste thy Maker.
376r Beware of everlastynge payne, for of all erthly knyghtes I have moste pité of the, for I know well thou haste nat thy pere of ony erthly synfull man.'

And so she commaunded sir Launcelot to dyner.

And aftir dyner he toke hys horse and commaunde her to God, and so rode into a depe valey. And there he saw a ryver ⟨that⟩ hygh⟨t⟩ Mortays. And thorow the watir he muste nedis passe, the whych was hedyous. And than in the name of God he toke hit wit[h] good herte.

And whan he com over he saw an armed knyght, horse and man all black as a beré. Withoute ony worde he smote

4, 11 *Not emended in O*[1] 7–8 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 545*r, *col. 1*) de povre foy et de male creance 8 *C* myghtest 9 before *not in C* *C* tornest 11 *WO*[1] God frome vayneglory *C** good from euylle and vayne glory of the world the whiche is 13 *C** knyghtes with the keueryng of whyte by whome was betokeneth vyrgynyte & chastyte & therfor 14–16 *C* for god loueth no suche dedes in this quest & this aduision signefyeth þt thou were 17 *C** to falle in to the depe pytte of helle *F* (*ibid.*) te feroit cheoir ou plus parfont puis d'enfer 18 the bettir *not in C*† 27 *W* ryver and an hyghe mortays *C* ryuer and an hyhe mntayn *F* (*ibid.*) l'iaue grant que on apeloit Marcoise (*see note*) 30 *C* And when *S* and when 31 all *not in C* *C* as ony beare withoute (*S* without) *W* beare *F* (*ibid.*) plus noires que meure

sir Launcelottis horse to the dethe. And so he paste on and wyst nat where he was becom.

And than he toke hys helme and hys shylde, and thanked God of hys adventure.

HERE LEVITH THE TALE OF SIR LAUNCELOT AND SPEKITH OF SIR [GAWAYNE]. 5

1 *C*† to the erthe *F* (*ibid.*) il l'occist 1–2 *C* on he wyst 5–6 *C* HERE LEUETH OF THE STORY OF SYR LAUNCELOT AND SPEKE WE OF SIR GAWAYNE THE WHICHE IS THE XVI BOOK

BOOK XV

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO A CHAPEL, WHERE HE FOUND DEAD, IN A WHITE SHIRT, A MAN OF RELIGION, OF AN HUNDRED WINTER OLD.

WHEN the hermit had kept Sir Launcelot three days, the hermit gat him an horse, an helm, and a sword. And then he departed about the hour of noon. And then he saw a little house. And when he came near he saw a chapel, and there beside he saw an old man that was clothed all in white full richly; and then Sir Launcelot said: God save you. God keep you, said the good man, and make you a good knight. Then Sir Launcelot alighted and entered into the chapel, and there he saw an old man dead, in a white shirt of passing fine cloth.

Sir, said the good man, this man that is dead ought not to be in such clothing as ye see him in, for in that he brake the oath of his order, for he hath been more than an hundred winter a man of a religion. And then the good man and Sir Launcelot went into the chapel; and the good man took a stole about his neck, and a book, and then he conjured on that book; and with that they saw in an hideous figure and horrible, that there was no man so hard-hearted nor so hard but he should have been afeard. Then said the fiend: Thou hast travailed me greatly; now tell me what thou wilt with me. I will, said the good man, that thou tell me how my fellow became dead, and whether he be saved or damned. Then he said with an horrible voice: He is not lost but saved. How may that be? said the good man; it seemed to me that he lived not well, for he brake his order for to wear a shirt where he ought to wear none, and who that trespasseth against our order doth not well. Not so, said the fiend, this man that lieth here dead was come of a great lineage. And there was a lord that hight the Earl de Vale, that held

great war against this man's nephew, the which hight Aguarus. And so this Aguarus saw the earl was bigger than he. Then he went for to take counsel of his uncle, the which lieth here dead as ye may see. And then he asked leave, and went out of his hermitage for to maintain his nephew against the mighty earl; and so it happed that this man that lieth here dead did so much by his wisdom and hardiness that the earl was taken, and three of his lords, by force of this dead man.

CHAPTER II

OF A DEAD MAN, HOW MEN WOULD HAVE HEWN HIM, AND IT WOULD NOT BE, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT TOOK THE HAIR OF THE DEAD MAN.

THEN was there peace betwixt the earl and this Aguarus, and great surety that the earl should never war against him. Then this dead man that here lieth came to this hermitage again; and then the earl made two of his nephews for to be avenged upon this man. So they came on a day, and found this dead man at the sacring of his mass, and they abode him till he had said mass. And then they set upon him and drew out swords to have slain him; but there would no sword bite on him more than upon a gad of steel, for the high Lord which he served He him preserved. Then made they a great fire, and did off all his clothes, and the hair off his back. And then this dead man hermit said unto them: Ween you to burn me? It shall not lie in your power nor to perish me as much as a thread, an there were any on my body. No? said one of them, it shall be assayed. And then they despoiled him, and put upon him this shirt, and cast him in a fire, and there he lay all that night till it was day in that fire, and was not dead, and so in the morn I came and found him dead; but I found neither thread nor skin tamed, and so took him out of the fire with great fear, and laid him here as ye may see. And now may ye suffer me to go my

way, for I have said you the sooth. And then he departed with a great tempest.

Then was the good man and Sir Launcelot more gladder than they were to-fore. And then Sir Launcelot dwelled with that good man that night. Sir, said the good man, be ye not Sir Launcelot du Lake? Yea, sir, said he. What seek ye in this country? Sir, said Sir Launcelot, I go to seek the adventures of the Sangreal. Well, said he, seek it ye may well, but though it were here ye shall have no power to see it no more than a blind man should see a bright sword, and that is long on your sin, and else ye were more abler than any man living. And then Sir Launcelot began to weep. Then said the good man: Were ye confessed sith ye entered into the quest of the Sangreal? Yea, sir, said Sir Launcelot. Then upon the morn when the good man had sung his mass, then they buried the dead man. Then Sir Launcelot said: Father, what shall I do? Now, said the good man, I require you take this hair that was this holy man's and put it next thy skin, and it shall prevail thee greatly. Sir, and I will do it, said Sir Launcelot. Also I charge you that ye eat no flesh as long as ye be in the quest of the Sangreal, nor ye shall drink no wine, and that ye hear mass daily an ye may do it. So he took the hair and put it upon him, and so departed at evensong-time.

And so rode he into a forest, and there he met with a gentlewoman riding upon a white palfrey, and then she asked him: Sir knight, whither ride ye? Certes, damosel, said Launcelot, I wot not whither I ride but as fortune leadeth me. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said she, I wot what adventure ye seek, for ye were afore time nearer than ye be now, and yet shall ye see it more openly than ever ye did, and that shall ye understand in short time. Then Sir Launcelot asked her where he might be harboured that night. Ye shall not find this day nor night, but to-morn ye shall find harbour good, and ease of that ye be in doubt of. And then he commended her unto God. Then he rode till that he came to a Cross, and took that for his host as for that night.

CHAPTER III

OF AN ADVISION THAT SIR LAUNCELOT HAD, AND HOW HE TOLD IT TO AN HERMIT, AND DESIRED COUNSEL OF HIM.

And so he put his horse to pasture, and did off his helm and his shield, and made his prayers unto the Cross that he never fall in deadly sin again. And so he laid him down to sleep. And anon as he was asleep it befell him there an advision, that there came a man afore him all by compass of stars, and that man had a crown of gold on his head, and that man led in his fellowship seven kings and two knights. And all these worshipped the Cross, kneeling upon their knees, holding up their hands toward the heaven. And all they said: Fair sweet Father of heaven, come and visit us, and yield unto us everych as we have deserved.

Then looked Launcelot up to the heaven, and him seemed the clouds did open, and an old man came down, with a company of angels, and alighted among them, and gave unto everych his blessing, and called them his servants, and good and true knights. And when this old man had said thus he came to one of those knights, and said: I have lost all that I have set in thee, for thou hast ruled thee against me as a warrior, and used wrong wars with vain-glory, more for the pleasure of the world than to please me, therefore thou shalt be confounded without thou yield me my treasure. All this advision saw Sir Launcelot at the Cross.

And on the morn he took his horse and rode till midday; and there by adventure he met with the same knight that took his horse, helm, and his sword, when he slept when the Sangreal appeared afore the Cross. When Sir Launcelot saw him he saluted him not fair, but cried on high: Knight, keep thee, for thou has done to me great unkindness. And then they put afore them their spears, and Sir Launcelot came so fiercely upon him that he smote him and his horse down to the earth, that he had nigh broken his neck. Then Sir Launcelot took the knight's horse that was his own

aforehand, and descended from the horse he sat upon, and mounted upon his own horse, and tied the knight's own horse to a tree, that he might find that horse when that he was arisen. Then Sir Launcelot rode till night, and by adventure he met an hermit, and each of them saluted other; and there he rested with that good man all night, and gave his horse such as he might get. Then said the good man unto Launcelot: Of whence be ye? Sir, said he, I am of Arthur's court, and my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake that am in the quest of the Sangreal, and therefore I pray you to counsel me of a vision the which I had at the Cross. And so he told him all.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE HERMIT EXPOUNDED TO SIR LAUNCELOT HIS ADVISION. AND TOLD HIM THAT SIR GALAHAD WAS HIS SON.

Lo, Sir Launcelot, said the good man, there thou mightest understand the high lineage that thou art come of, and thine advision betokeneth. After the passion of Jesu Christ forty year, Joseph of Aramathie preached the victory of King Evelake, that he had in the battles the better of his enemies. And of the seven kings and the two knights: the first of them is called Nappus, an holy man; and the second hight Nacien, in remembrance of his grandsire, and in him dwelled our Lord Jesu Christ; and the third was called Helias le Grose; and the fourth hight Lisais; and the fifth hight Jonas, he departed out of his country and went into Wales, and took there the daughter of Manuel, whereby he had the land of Gaul, and he came to dwell in this country. And of him came King Launcelot thy grandsire, the which there wedded the king's daughter of Ireland, and he was as worthy a man as thou art, and of him came King Ban, thy father, the which was the last of the seven kings. And by thee, Sir Launcelot, it signifi-

eth that the angels said thou were none of the seven fellowships. And the last was the ninth knight, he was signified to a lion, for he should pass all manner of earthly knights, that is Sir Galahad, the which thou gat on King Pelles' daughter; and thou ought to thank God more than any other man living, for a sinner earthly thou hast no peer as in knighthood, nor never shall be. But little thank hast thou given to God for all the great virtues that God hath lent thee. Sir, said Launcelot, ye say that that good knight is my son. That oughtest thou to know and no man better, said the good man, for thou knewest the daughter of King Pelles fleshly, and on her thou begattest Galahad, and that was he that at the feast of Pentecost sat in the Siege Perilous; and therefore make thou it known openly that he is one of thy begetting on King Pelles' daughter, for that will be your worship and honour, and to all thy kindred. And I counsel you in no place press not upon him to have ado with him. Well, said Launcelot, meseemeth that good knight should pray for me unto the High Father, that I fall not to sin again. Trust thou well, said the good man, thou farest mickle the better for his prayer; but the son shall not bear the wickedness of the father, nor the father shall not bear the wickedness of the son, but everych shall bear his own burden. And therefore beseek thou only God, and He will help thee in all thy needs. And then Sir Launcelot and he went to supper, and so laid him to rest, and the hair pricked so Sir Launcelot's skin which grieved him full sore, but he took it meekly, and suffered the pain. And so on the morn he heard his mass and took his arms, and so took his leave.

CHAPTER V

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT JOUSTED WITH MANY KNIGHTS, AND HOW HE WAS TAKEN.

And then mounted upon his horse, and rode into a forest, and held no highway. And as he looked afore him he saw a fair plain, and beside that a fair castle, and afore the castle were many pavilions of silk and of diverse hue. And him seemed that he saw there five hundred knights riding on horseback; and there were two parties: they that were of the castle were all on black horses and their trappings black, and they that were without were all on white horses and trappings, and everych hurtled to other that it marvelled Sir Launcelot. And at the last him thought they of the castle were put to the worse.

Then thought Sir Launcelot for to help there the weaker party in increasing of his chivalry. And so Sir Launcelot thrust in among the party of the castle, and smote down a knight, horse and man, to the earth. And then he rashed here and there, and did marvellous deeds of arms. And then he drew out his sword, and struck many knights to the earth, so that all those that saw him marvelled that ever one knight might do so great deeds of arms. But always the white knights held them nigh about Sir Launcelot, for to tire him and wind him. But at the last, as a man may not ever endure, Sir Launcelot waxed so faint of fighting and travailing, and was so weary of his great deeds, that[1] he might not lift up his arms for to give one stroke, so that he weened never to have borne arms; and then they all took and led him away into a forest, and there made him to alight and to rest him. And then all the fellowship of the castle were overcome for the default of him. Then they said all unto Sir Launcelot: Blessed be God that ye be now of our fellowship, for we shall hold you in our prison; and so they left him with few words. And then Sir Launcelot made great sorrow, For never or now was I never at tournament nor jousts

[1] So W. de Worde; Caxton "but."

but I had the best, and now I am shamed; and then he said: Now I am sure that I am more sinfuller than ever I was.

Thus he rode sorrowing, and half a day he was out of despair, till that he came into a deep valley. And when Sir Launcelot saw he might not ride up into the mountain, he there alighted under an apple tree, and thee he left his helm and his shield, and put his horse unto pasture. And then he laid him down to sleep. And then him thought there came an old man afore him, the which said: Ah, Launcelot of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore is thy will turned so lightly toward thy deadly sin? And when he had said thus he vanished away, and Launcelot wist not where he was become. Then he took his horse, and armed him; and as he rode by the way he saw a chapel where was a recluse, which had a window that she might see up to the altar. And all aloud she called Launcelot, for that he seemed a knight errant. And then he came, and she asked him what he was, and of what place, and where about he went to seek.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT TOLD HIS ADVISION TO A WOMAN, AND HOW SHE EXPOUNDED IT TO HIM.

And then he told her altogether word by word, and the truth how it befell him at the tournament. And after told her his advision that he had had that night in his sleep, and prayed her to tell him what it might mean, for he was not well content with it. Ah, Launcelot, said she, as long as ye were knight of earthly knighthood ye were the most marvellous man of the world, and most adventurous. Now, said the lady, sithen ye be set among the knights of heavenly adventures, if adventure fell thee contrary at that tournament have thou no marvel, for that tournament yesterday was but a tokening of Our Lord. And not for then there was none enchantment, for they at the tournament were earthly knights. The tournament was a token to see who

should have most knights, either Eliazar, the son of King Pelles, or Argustus, the son of King Harlon. But Eliazar was all clothed in white, and Argustus was covered in black, the which were [over] come.

All what this betokeneth I shall tell you. The day of Pentecost, when King Arthur held his court, it befell that earthly kings and knights took a tournament together, that is to say the quest of the Sangreal. The earthly knights were they the which were clothed all in black, and the covering betokeneth the sins whereof they be not confessed. And they with the covering of white betokeneth virginity, and they that chose chastity. And thus was the quest begun in them. Then thou beheld the sinners and the good men, and when thou sawest the sinners overcome, thou inclinest to that party for bobaunce and pride of the world, and all that must be left in that quest, for in this quest thou shalt have many fellows and they betters. For thou so feeble of evil trust and good belief, this made it when thou were there where they took thee and led thee into the forest. And anon there appeared the Sangreal unto the white knights, but thou was so feeble of good belief and faith that thou mightest not abide it for all the teaching of the good man, but anon thou turnest to the sinners, and that caused thy misadventure that thou should'st know good from evil and vain glory of the world, the which is not worth a pear. And for great pride thou madest great sorrow that thou hadst not overcome all the white knights with the covering of white, by whom was betokened virginity and chastity; and therefore God was wroth with you, for God loveth no such deeds in this quest. And this advision signifieth that thou were of evil faith and of poor belief, the which will make thee to fall into the deep pit of hell if thou keep thee not. Now have I warned thee of thy vain glory and of thy pride, that thou hast many times erred against thy Maker. Beware of everlasting pain, for of all earthly knights I have most pity of thee, for I know well thou hast not thy peer of any earthly sinful man.

And so she commended Sir Launcelot to dinner. And after dinner he took his horse and commended her to God, and so rode into a deep valley, and there he saw a river and an high mountain.

And through the water he must needs pass, the which was hideous; and then in the name of God he took it with good heart. And when he came over he saw an armed knight, horse and man black as any bear; without any word he smote Sir Launcelot's horse to the earth; and so he passed on, he wist not where he was become. And then he took his helm and his shield, and thanked God of his adventure.

Here leaveth off the story of Sir Launcelot, and speak we of Sir Gawaine, the which is the sixteenth book.

V

SIR GAWAIN

WHAN sir Gawayne was departed frome hys felyship (1) he rode longe withoute ony adventure, for he founde nat the tenthe parte of aventures as they were wonte to have. For sir Gawayne rode frome Whytsontyde tylle Mychaellmasse, and founde never adventure that pleased hym. 5

So on a day hit befelle that Gawayne mette with sir Ector de Maris, and aythir made grete joy of othir. And so they tolde everyche othir, and complayned them gretely, that they coude fynde none adventure.

'Truly,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I am ny wery of thys queste, 10 and lothe I am to folow further in straunge contreyes.'

'One thynge mervaylith me muche,' seyde sir Ector. 'I have mette with twenty knyghtes that be felowys of myne, and all they complayne as I do.'

'I have mervayle,' seyd sir Gawayne, 'where that sir 15 Launcelot, you[r] brothir, ys.'

'Truly,' seyde sir Ector, 'I can nat hyre of hym, nother of sir Galahad, sir Percivale, and sir Bors.'

'Lette hem be,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'for they four have no peerys. And if one thynge were nat [in] sir Launcelot he had 20 **376v** none felow of an erthely man; but he ys as we be but if he take the more payne uppon hym. But and thes four be mette togydyrs they woll be lothe that ony man mete with hem; for and they fayle of Sankgreall, hit ys in waste of all the remenaunte to recover hit.' 25

Thus sir Ector and sir Gawayne rode more than eyght dayes. And on a Satirday they founde an auncyant chapell which was wasted, that there semed no man nor woman thydir repayred. And there they alyght and sette their sperys at the dore. And so they entirde into the chapell and there made 30 their orysons a grete whyle.

And than they sette hem downe in the segys of the chapell, and as they spake of one thynge and of othir, for hevynesse

1 *C*† his his 3–4 *C* aduenture as he was wonte to doo For 5 *C* fonde none aduenture 7 *C** other that it were merueylle to telle And 10 *C* Gawayne vnto syre Ector I 12 *C* merueilled me sayde 13 that be *not in C*† 18 *C* Percyuale nor syr 19 *W* seyde seyde 20 *Not emended in O*[1] 21 *C* of none erthely 21–22 *C* he took more 24 *C* the Sancgreal 26 *C* Thus as† Ector 27–28 *C* an old chappel the whiche 28 nor woman *not in C* 30 *C* and in they 32 *C* thenne sette 33 *C* and other

they felle on slepe. And there [befelle] hem bothe mervaylous adventures.

Sir Gawayne hym semed he cam into a medow full of herbis and floures, and there he saw a rake of bullis, an hundrith and fyffty, that were proude and black, save three of hem was all whyght, and one had a blacke spotte. And the othir two were so fayre and so whyght that they myght be no whytter. And thes three bullis which were so fayre were tyed with two stronge cordis. And the remnaunte of the bullis seide amonge them,

'Go we hens to seke bettir pasture!'

And so som wente and som com agayne, but they were so megir that the[y] myght nat stonde upryght. And of the bullys that were so whyght that one com agayne and no mo. But whan thys whyght bulle was com agayne and amonge thes other, there rose up a grete crye for lacke of wynde [that] fayled them. And so they departed, one here and anothir there.

Thys avision befelle sir Gawayne that nyght.

(2) But to sir Ector de Mares befelle another avision, the contrary. For hit semed hym that hys brothir, sir Launcelot,
377r and he alyght oute of a chayre and lepte uppon two horsis. And the one s[a]yde to the othir,

'Go we to seke that we shall nat fynde.'

And hym thought thatt a man bete sir Launcelot and dispoyled hym, and clothed hym in another aray whych [was] all fulle of knottis, and sette hym uppon an asse. And so he rode tylle that he cam unto the fayryst welle that ever he saw. And there sir Launcelot alyght and [wolde have dronke] of that welle; and whan he stowped to drynke of that watir the watir sanke frome hym. And whan sir Launcelot saw that, he turned and wente thidir as ⟨he had⟩ com fro. And in the meanewhyle he trowed that hymself, sir Ector, rode tylle that ⟨he⟩ com to a ryche mannes house where there was a weddynge. And there he saw a kynge whych seyd,

'Sir knyght, here ys no place for you.'

6 *C* hem were al 12–13 *C* so lene that they 12–15 *W* (*sidenote*) The avision of sir Gawayne 15 *C* ageyne amonge 24 to *not in C* 26, 35 *C* the whiche 29 *WO*[1] and dranke (*combined error: omission of* wolde haue *between two* d's *followed by the substitution of* dranke *for* dronke *intended to restore sense*) 32 *WC* the hede (*see note*) 33 *W* hymself and sir *C* hym self and syr (*see note*) 34 *WC* that they

And than he turned agayne unto the chayre that he cam fro.

And so within a whyle both sir Gawayne and sir Ector awaked, and ayther tolde other of their avision, whych mervayled hem gretly.

'Truly,' seyde sir Ector, 'I shall never be myrry tyll I hyre tydynges of my brothyr sir Launcelot.'

So as they sate thus talkynge they saw an honde shewynge unto the elbow, and was coverde with rede samyte, and uppon that a brydill nat ryght ryche, that hylde within the fyste a grete candill whych brenned ryght clere; and so passed before them and entird into the chapell, and than vanyshed away they wyste nat whydir.

And anone com downe a voice which seyde,

'Knyghtes full of evyll fayth and of poore beleve, thes two thynges have fayled you, and therefore ye may nat com to the aventures of the Sankgreall!'

Than first spake sir Gawayne and seyde,

'Sir Ector, have ye herde thes wordys?'

'Ye truly,' seyde sir Ector, 'I herde all. Now go we,' 377v seyde sir Ector, 'unto some ermyte that woll telle us of oure avision, for hit semyth me we laboure all in waste.'

And so they departe and rode into a valey, and there they mette with a squyre which rode on an hakeney, and anone they salew hym fayre.

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'can thou teche us to ony ermyte?'

'Sir, here ys on[e] in a litill mountayne, but hit ys so rowghe there may no horse go thydir. And therefore ye muste go on foote. And there ye shall fynde a poore house, and therein ys Nacien [the] ermyte, whych ys the holyeste man in thys contrey.'

And so they departed aythir frome othir. And than in a valey they mette with a knyght all armed which profirde hem to fyght and juste as sone as he saw them.

'In the name of God,' seyde Gawayne, 'for sitthyn I departed frome Camelot there was none that profirde me to juste but onys.'

3 *C* the whiche 7 *C* Now as 9 *C** that henge a brydel not ryche and helde 12 *C* awey and they wyst not where 14 *C* ful euylle 18, 26 Sir *not in C* 21 *C* in vayne 22–23 *C* there mette 28 *C* vpon foote 29 *C* there is nacyen the* heremyte 33 fyght and *not in C* *C* as fer as he 34 for *not in C*

'And now, sir,' seyde sir Ector, 'lat me juste with hym.'

'Nay, ye shall nat, but if I be betyn. Hit shall nat than forthynke me if ye go to hym ⌜after me⌝.'

And than aythir enbraced other to juste, and so they cam togydirs as faste as the⌜ir horses⌝ myght renne, that they braste their shyldis and mayles, and that one more than the tother. But sir Gawayne was wounded in the lyffte syde, and thys other knyght was smytten thorow the breste, that the speare com oute on the other syde. And so they felle bothe oute of their sadyls, and in the fallynge they brake both their spearys.

And anone sir Gawayne arose and sette hys honde to hys swerde and caste hys shylde before hym. But all for naught was hit, for the knyght had no power to aryse agayne hym. Than seyde sir Gawayne,

'Ye muste yelde you as an overcom man, other ellis I muste sle you!'

'A, sir knyght!' he seyde, 'I am but dede! Therefore, for Goddys sake and of youre jantilnes, lede me here unto an abbay, that I may resceyve my Creature.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I know no house of religion here nyghe.'

'Sir, sette me on an horse tofore you, and I shall teche you.'

So sir Gawayne sette hym up in the sadyll, and he lepe up
378r behynde hym to sustayne hym. And so they cam to the abbay, and there were well resceyved. And anone he was unarmed and resceyve hys Creature.

Than he prayde sir Gawayne to drawe oute the truncheon of the speare oute of hys body. Than sir Gawayne asked hym what he was.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I am of kynge Arthurs courte, and was a felow of the Rounde Table, and we were sworne togydir. And now, sir Gawayne, thou hast slayne me. And

2 *C* Nay sayd Gawayne ye 2–3 *C** shalle not forthynke me thenne yf ye goo after me *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 546r, col. 2*) aprés moi 5–6 *C** as fast as their horses myghte renne and brast (*so in F*) 5 *WO*1 as they myght 6 *C* the one 6–7 *C* the other and Gawayne 7–8 *C* syde but the other 8 *C* brest and the 12 *C* Anone Gawayne 18 Therefore *not in C* 22 *C* here by 23 *C* Syr sayd the knyghte sette 24 *C* lepte vp 26 *C* Abbay where they were 30–31 *C* was that knewe hym not I am sayd he of 32 *C** were bretheren sworne 33–p. 945, l. 6 *W* (*sidenote*) Here sir Gawayne slew sir Uwayne his cousyn germayne

my name ys sir Uwayne le Avoutres, that somtyme was sone unto kynge Uryen, and I was in the queste of the Sankgreall. And now forgyff the God, for hit shall be ever rehersed that the tone sworne brother hath slayne the other.'

'Alas', seyde sir Gawayne, 'that ever thys mysadventure 5 (3) befelle me!'

'No force,' seyde sir Uwayne, 'sytthyn I shall dye this deth, of a much more worshipfuller mannes hande myght I nat dye. But whan ye com to the courte recommaunde me unto my lorde Arthur, and to all them that be leffte on lyve. 10 And for olde brothirhode thynke on me.'

Than began sir Gawayne to wepe, and also sir Ector. And than sir Uwayne bade hym draw oute the truncheon of the speare, and than sir Gawayne drew hit oute, and anone departed the soule frome the body. Than sir Gawayne and 15 sir Ector buryed hym as them ought to bury a kynges sonne and made hit wrytyn uppon hys tombe what was hys name and by whom he was slayne.

Than departed sir Gawayne and sir Ector as hevy as they myght for their mysseadventure. And so rode [tyl that] they 20 com to the rowghe mountayne, and there they tyed their horsis and wente on foote to the ermytayge.

And whan they were com up they saw a poore house, and besyde the chapell a litill courtelayge where Nacien the ermyte gadred wortis to hys mete, as he whych had tasted 25 none other mete of a grete whyle. And whan he saw the arraunte knyghtes he cam to them and salewed them and they hym agayne.

'Fayre lordis,' seyde he, 'what adventure brought you hydir?'

Than seyde sir Gawayne, 'to speke with you for to be 30 confessed.'

'Sir,' seyde the ermyte, 'I am redy.'

Than they tolde hym so muche that he wyste welle what they ware, and than he thought to counceyle them if he **378v** myght. 35

2 *C* Vryens and was 3 *C* forgyue it the 3–4 *C* be sayd that the one 6 *C* is befallen 10 *C* and alle tho that ben lefte 12 *C* Ector also 12–14 *C*† thenne Vwayne hym self and syre Gawayne drewe oute the truncheon of the spere and anone 16 *C* as men oughte 17 hit *not in C*† hys tombe what was *not in C*† 25 to hys mete *not in* †*C* 27 *C* toward them 29–30 *C* hyther Syr said Gawayn to

Than began sir Gawayne and tolde hym of hys avision that he had in the chapell. And Ector tolde hym all as hit ys before reherced.

'Sir,' seyde [the ermyte unto] sir Gawayne, 'the fayre medow and the rak therein ought to be undirstonde the Rounde Table, and by the medow ought to be undirstonde humilité and paciens; tho be the thynges which bene allwey grene and quyk. For that men mowe no tyme overcom humilité and pacience, therefore was the Rounde Table founden, and the shevalry hath ben at all tymes so hyghe by the fraternité which was there that she myght nat be overcom: for men seyde she was founded in paciens and in humilité. At the rack ete an hondred and fyffty bullys, but they ete nat in the medowe, for if they had, their hartes sholde have bene sette in humilité and paciens; and the bullis were proude and blacke sauff only three.

'And by the bullys ys undirstonde the felyshyp of the Rounde Table whych for their synne and their wyckednesse bene blacke; blackenes ys as much to sey withoute good vertues or workes. And the three bulles whych were whyght sauff only one had bene spotted? The too whyght betokenythe sir Galahad and sir Percivale, for they be maydyns and clene withoute spotte, and the thirde, that had a spotte, signifieth sir Bors de Gaynes, which trespassed but onys in hys virginité. But sithyn he kepyth hymselff so wel in chastité that all ys forgyffyn hym and hys myssededys. And why tho three were tyed by the neckes, they be three knyghtes in virginité and chastité, and there ys no pryde smytten in them.

'And the blacke bullis whych seyde, "go we hens", they were tho whych at Pentecoste at the hyghe feste toke uppon hem [to go] in the queste of the Sankgreall withoute confession: they myght nat entir in the medow of humilité and paciens. And therefore they turned into waste contreyes: that signifieth dethe, for there shall dye many off them. For everych of them shall sle othir for synne, and they that shall

1 *C* Gawayne fyrst & 4 *C*• said the heremyte vnto 7 *C* tho ben *W* which whych 8 *C* for men maye no *W The* e *in* mowe *is barely legible* 10 hyghe *not in C*† 14 if they had *not in C*† 14–15 *C* shold be sette 17 *C* is to vnderstande 19 as much *not in C*† 19–20 *C* good or vertuous werkes 21 *C* one that was spotted *C* bitokenen 22 *C* maydens clene and 25 *C* he kept 31 *C*• hem to goo in 33 *C* retorned

ascape shall be so megir that hit shall be mervayle to se them. And of the three bullis withoute spotte the one shall com agayne and the other two never.'

Than spake Nacien unto sir Ector: 'Soth hit ys that sir (4) Launcelot and ye com downe of one chayre; the chayer 5 379r betokenyth maystership and lordeship which ye too cam downe fro. But ye two knyghtes,' seyde the ermyte, 'ye go to seke that ye shall nat fynde, that ys the Sankgreall, for hit ys the secrete thynges of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. But what ys to meane that sir Launcelot felle doune of hys 10 horse? He hath leffte hys pryde and takyn to humilité, for he hath ⌜cryed⌝ mercy lowde for hys synne and sore repented hym, and oure Lorde hath clothed hym in Hys clothynge whych ys full of knottes, that ys the hayre that he werith dayly. And the asse that he rode uppon ys a beest 15 of humilité (for God wolde nat ryde uppon no styede nother uppon no palferey), in an exemple that an asse betokenyth mekenes, that thou saw sir Launcelot ryde [on] in thy slepe.

'A[nd] the welle whereat the watir sanke frome hym whan he sholde have takyn thereoff? (And whan he saw he myght 20 nat have hit he returned from whens he cam, for the welle betokenyth the hyghe grace of God; for the more men desyre hit to take hit, the more shall be their desire.) So whan he cam nyghe the Sankgreall he meked hym so that he hylde hym nat the man worthy to be so nyghe the holy vessell, for 25 he had be so defoyled in dedly synne by the space of many yere. Yett whan he kneled downe to drynke of the welle, there he saw grete provydence of the Sankgreall; and for he hath served so longe the devyll he shall have ⌜vengeaunce⌝ four and twenty dayes, for that he hath bene 30 the devillis servaunte four and twenty yerys. And than sone aftir he shall returne to Camelot oute of thys contrey, and he shall sey a party such thyngis as he hath founde.

'Now woll I telle you what betokenyth the hande with the

1 *C* soo lene that 6 too *not in C* 8 *C* shalle neuer fynde 9 *C* thynge But *not in C* 11 *C** left pryde and taken hym to 12 *C** cryed mercy *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 547r, col. 1*): cria mercy 18 *C* sawest 19 *W* At the *C* where as the 21 *C* retorned thyder from 25 *C* not a man 27 downe *not in C* 27–28 *W* welle and there 29 *W* devyll that he 30 *C** vengeaunce four and twenty dayes longe for *F* (*ibid., col. 2*): et durera celle vengence XIIII (*other MSS.* XXIIII) jours 33 *C* a parte of

candill and the brydyll: that ys to undirstonde the Holy Goste where charité ys ever; and the brydyll signifieth abstinens, for whan she ys brydeled in a Crysten mannes herte s[he] holdith hym so shorte that he fallith nat in dedly synne. And the candyll which shewith clernesse and lyght signyfieth the ryght way of Jesu Cryste.

'And whan ⌜He⌝ wente He seyde, "Knyghtes of pore fayth
379v and of wycked beleve, thes three thynges fayled: charité, abstinaunce and trouthe. Therefore ye may nat attayne thys adventure of the Sankgreall." '

(5) 'Sertes,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'full sothly have ye seyde, that I se hit opynly. Now I pray you telle me why we mette nat with so many adventures as we were wonte to do?'

'I shall telle you gladly,' seyde the good man. 'The adventure of the Sankgreall whych be in shewynge now, [ye and many other have undertaken the quest of hit and fynde hit not,] for hit apperith nat to no synners (wherefore mervayle ye nat thou[gh] ye fayle thereoff and many othir, for ye bene an untrew knyght and a grete murtherar), and to good men signifieth othir thynges than murthir. For I dare sey, as synfull as ever sir Launcelot hath byn, sith that he wente into the queste of the Sankgreal he slew never man nother nought shall, tylle that he com to Camelot agayne; for he hath takyn [upon] hym to forsake synne. And nere were that he ys nat stable, but by hys thoughte he ys lyckly to turne agayne, he sholde be nexte to enchev[e] hit sauff sir Galahad, hys sonne; but God knowith hys thought and hys unstablenesse. And yett shall he dye ryght an holy man, and no doute he hath no felow of none erthly synfull man lyvyng.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'hit semyth me by youre wordis that for oure synnes hit woll nat avayle us to travayle in thys queste.'

'Truly,' seyde the good man, 'there bene an hondred such as ye bene shall never prevayle but to have shame.'

4 *W* so holdith 5 *C*† clerenesse and syghte 7 *W* they wente (*see note*) *C* he* wente and† sayd 10 *C* that hyhe aduenturr 11 full *not in C* 12 *C** yow good man and holy fader telle 13 *C* doo and comynly haue the better (*not in F*) 15–17 *C** whiche ye and many other haue vndertake þe quest of it & fynde it not the cause is for it appiereth *Not emended in O*[1] 17–18 *C* merueylle not though 21 ever *not in C* 23–24 *C* taken vpon hymn for to forsake 24 *C* he nys 29 *C* of no erthely lyvyng *not in C* 34 *C* ye be that neuer shalle preuayle

And whan they had herde thes wordis they commaunded hym unto God. Than the good man called sir Gawayne and seyde,

'Hit ys longe tyme passed sith that ye were made knyght and never synnes servyd thou thy Maker, and now thou arte so olde a tre that in the ys neythir leeff, nor grasse, nor fruyte. Wherefore bethynke the that thou yelde to oure Lorde the bare rynde, sith the fende hath the levis and the fruyte.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and I had leyser I wolde speke with you, but my felow sir Ector ys gone and abithe me yondir bynethe the hylle.'

'Well,' seyde the good man, 'thou were better to be counceyled.'

Than departed sir Gawayne and cam to sir Ector, and so toke their horsis and rode tylle that they com to a fosters 380r house, which herberowde them ryght welle. And on the morne departed frome hir oste and rode longe or they cowthe fynde ony adventure.

NOW TURNYTH THYS TALE UNTO SYR BORS DE GANYS.

1 *C*† these voyces they 5 *C* sythen thow seruedest thy 6–7 *C*† neyther lyf ne fruyte 8 *W* hath hath 11 *C* felawe here syr 15–16 *W* and and so 16 that *not in C* 18 *C* they departed 20 Now turnyth thys tale unto syr Bors de Ganys *not in C*

BOOK XVI

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR GAWAINE WAS NIGH WEARY OF THE QUEST OF THE SANGREAL, AND OF HIS MARVELLOUS DREAM.

WHEN Sir Gawaine was departed from his fellowship he rode long without any adventure. For he found not the tenth part of adventure as he was wont to do. For Sir Gawaine rode from Whitsuntide until Michaelmas and found none adventure that pleased him. So on a day it befell Gawaine met with Sir Ector de Maris, and either made great joy of other that it were marvel to tell. And so they told everych other, and complained them greatly that they could find none adventure. Truly, said Sir Gawaine unto Sir Ector, I am nigh weary of this quest, and loath I am to follow further in strange countries. One thing marvelled me, said Sir Ector, I have met with twenty knights, fellows of mine, and all they complain as I do. I have marvel, said Sir Gawaine, where that Sir Launcelot, your brother, is. Truly, said Sir Ector, I cannot hear of him, nor of Sir Galahad, Percivale, nor Sir Bors. Let them be, said Sir Gawaine, for they four have no peers. And if one thing were not in Sir Launcelot he had no fellow of none earthly man; but he is as we be, but if he took more pain upon him. But an these four be met together they will be loath that any man meet with them; for an they fail of the Sangreal it is in waste of all the remnant to recover it.

Thus Ector and Gawaine rode more than eight days, and on a Saturday they found an old chapel, the which was wasted that there seemed no man thither repaired; and there they alighted, and set their spears at the door, and in they entered into the chapel, and there made their orisons a great while, and set them down in the sieges of the chapel. And as they spake of one thing and other, for heaviness they fell asleep, and there befell them both marvel-

lous adventures. Sir Gawaine him seemed he came into a meadow full of herbs and flowers, and there he saw a rack of bulls, an hundred and fifty, that were proud and black, save of three of them were all white, and one had a black spot, and the other two were so fair and so white that they might be no whiter. And these three bulls which were so fair were tied with two strong cords. And the remnant of the bulls said among them: Go we hence to seek better pasture. And so some went, and some came again, but they were so lean that they might not stand upright; and of the bulls that were so white, that one came again and no mo. But when this white bull was come again among these other there rose up a great cry for lack of wind that failed them; and so they departed one here and another there: this advision befell Gawaine that night.

CHAPTER II

OF THE ADVISION OF SIR ECTOR, AND HOW HE JOUSTED WITH SIR UWAINE LES AVOUTRES, HIS SWORN BROTHER.

But to Ector de Maris befell another vision the contrary. For it seemed him that his brother, Sir Launcelot, and he alighted out of a chair and leapt upon two horses, and the one said to the other: Go we seek that we shall not find. And him thought that a man beat Sir Launcelot, and despoiled him, and clothed him in another array, the which was all full of knots, and set him upon an ass, and so he rode till he came to the fairest well that ever he saw; and Sir Launcelot alighted and would have drunk of that well. And when he stooped to drink of the water the water sank from him. And when Sir Launcelot saw that, he turned and went thither as the head came from. And in the meanwhile he trowed that himself and Sir Ector rode till that they came to a rich man's house where there was a wedding. And there he saw a king the which said: Sir knight, here is no place for you. And then he turned again unto the chair that he came from.

Thus within a while both Gawaine and Ector awaked, and either told other of their advision, the which marvelled them greatly. Truly, said Ector, I shall never be merry till I hear tidings of my brother Launcelot. Now as they sat thus talking they saw an hand showing unto the elbow, and was covered with red samite, and upon that hung a bridle not right rich, and held within the fist a great candle which burned right clear, and so passed afore them, and entered into the chapel, and then vanished away and they wist not where. And anon came down a voice which said: Knights of full evil faith and of poor belief, these two things have failed you, and therefore ye may not come to the adventures of the Sangreal.

Then first spake Gawaine and said: Ector, have ye heard these words? Yea truly, said Sir Ector, I heard all. Now go we, said Sir Ector, unto some hermit that will tell us of our advision, for it seemeth me we labour all in vain. And so they departed and rode into a valley, and there met with a squire which rode on an hackney, and they saluted him fair. Sir, said Gawaine, can thou teach us to any hermit? Here is one in a little mountain, but it is so rough there may no horse go thither, and therefore ye must go upon foot; there shall ye find a poor house, and there is Nacien the hermit, which is the holiest man in this country. And so they departed either from other.

And then in a valley they met with a knight all armed, which proffered them to joust as far as he saw them. In the name of God, said Sir Gawaine, sith I departed from Camelot there was none proffered me to joust but once. And now, sir, said Ector, let me joust with him. Nay, said Gawaine, ye shall not but if I be beat; it shall not for-think me then if ye go after me. And then either embraced other to joust and came together as fast as their horses might run, and brast their shields and the mails, and the one more than the other; and Gawaine was wounded in the left side, but the other knight was smitten through the breast, and the spear came out on the other side, and so they fell both out of their saddles, and in the falling they brake both their spears.

Anon Gawaine arose and set his hand to his sword, and cast his shield afore him. But all for naught was it, for the knight had no

power to arise against him. Then said Gawaine: Ye must yield you as an overcome man, or else I may slay you. Ah, sir knight, said he, I am but dead, for God's sake and of your gentleness lead me here unto an abbey that I may receive my Creator. Sir, said Gawaine, I know no house of religion hereby. Sir, said the knight, set me on an horse to-fore you, and I shall teach you. Gawaine set him up in the saddle, and he leapt up behind him for to sustain him, and so came to an abbey where they were well received; and anon he was unarmed, and received his Creator. Then he prayed Gawaine to draw out the truncheon of the spear out of his body. Then Gawaine asked him what he was, that knew him not. I am, said he, of King Arthur's court, and was a fellow of the Round Table, and we were brethren sworn together; and now Sir Gawaine, thou hast slain me, and my name is Uwaine les Avoutres, that sometime was son unto King Uriens, and was in the quest of the Sangreal; and now forgive it thee God, for it shall ever be said that the one sworn brother hath slain the other.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR GAWAINE AND SIR ECTOR CAME TO AN HERMITAGE TO BE CONFESSED, AND HOW THEY TOLD TO THE HERMIT THEIR ADVISIONS.

ALAS, said Gawaine, that ever this misadventure is befallen me. No force, said Uwaine, sith I shall die this death, of a much more worshipfuller man's hand might I not die; but when ye come to the court recommend me unto my lord, King Arthur, and all those that be left alive, and for old brotherhood think on me. Then began Gawaine to weep, and Ector also. And then Uwaine himself and Sir Gawaine drew out the truncheon of the spear, and anon departed the soul from the body. Then Sir Gawaine and Sir Ector buried him as men ought to bury a king's son, and made write upon his name, and by whom he was slain.

Then departed Gawaine and Ector, as heavy as they might for their misadventure, and so rode till that they came to the rough mountain, and there they tied their horses and went on foot to the hermitage. And when they were come up they saw a poor house, and beside the chapel a little courtelage, where Nacien the hermit gathered worts, as hę which had tasted none other meat of a great while. And when he saw the errant knights he came toward them and saluted them, and they him again. Fair lords, said he, what adventure brought you hither? Sir, said Gawaine, to speak with you for to be confessed. Sir, said the hermit, I am ready. Then they told him so much that he wist well what they were. And then he thought to counsel them if he might.

Then began Gawaine first and told him of his advision that he had had in the chapel, and Ector told him all as it is afore rehearsed. Sir, said the hermit unto Sir Gawaine, the fair meadow and the rack therein ought to be understood the Round Table, and by the meadow ought to be understood humility and patience, those be the things which be always green and quick; for men may no time overcome humility and patience, therefore was the Round Table founded; and the chivalry hath been at all times so by the fraternity which was there that she might not be overcome; for men said she was founded in patience and in humility. At the rack ate an hundred and fifty bulls; but they ate not in the meadow, for their hearts should be set in humility and patience, and the bulls were proud and black save only three. By the bulls is to understand the fellowship of the Round Table, which for their sin and their wickedness be black. Blackness is to say without good or virtuous works. And the three bulls which were white save only one that was spotted: the two white betoken Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale, for they be maidens clean and without spot; and the third that had a spot signifieth Sir Bors de Ganis, which trespassed but once in his virginity, but sithen he kept himself so well in chastity that all is forgiven him and his misdeeds. And why those three were tied by the necks, they be three knights in virginity and chastity, and there is no pride smitten in them. And the black bulls which said: Go we hence, they were those which at Pentecost at the high feast

took upon them to go in the quest of the Sangreal without confession: they might not enter in the meadow of humility and patience. And therefore they returned into waste countries, that signifieth death, for there shall die many of them: everych of them shall slay other for sin, and they that shall escape shall be so lean that it shall be marvel to see them. And of the three bulls without spot, the one shall come again, and the other two never.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE HERMIT EXPOUNDED THEIR ADVISION.

THEN spake Nacien unto Ector: Sooth it is that Launcelot and ye came down off one chair: the chair betokeneth mastership and lordship which ye came down from. But ye two knights, said the hermit, ye go to seek that ye shall never find, that is the Sangreal; for it is the secret thing of our Lord Jesu Christ. What is to mean that Sir Launcelot fell down off his horse: he hath left pride and taken him to humility, for he hath cried mercy loud for his sin, and sore repented him, and our Lord hath clothed him in his clothing which is full of knots, that is the hair that he weareth daily. And the ass that he rode upon is a beast of humility, for God would not ride upon no steed, nor upon no palfrey; so in ensample that an ass betokeneth meekness, that thou sawest Sir Launcelot ride on in thy sleep. And the well whereas the water sank from him when he should have taken thereof, and when he saw he might not have it, he returned thither from whence he came, for the well betokeneth the high grace of God, the more men desire it to take it, the more shall be their desire. So when he came nigh the Sangreal, he meeked him that he held him not a man worthy to be so nigh the Holy Vessel, for he had been so defouled in deadly sin by the space of many years; yet when he kneeled to drink of the well, there he saw great providence of the Sangreal. And for he had served so long the devil, he shall have vengeance four-and-twenty days long, for

that he hath been the devil's servant four-and-twenty years. And then soon after he shall return unto Camelot out of this country, and he shall say a part of such things as he hath found.

Now will I tell you what betokeneth the hand with the candle and the bridle: that is to understand the Holy Ghost where charity is ever, and the bridle signifieth abstinence. For when she is bridled in Christian man's heart she holdeth him so short that he falleth not in deadly sin. And the candle which sheweth clearness and sight signifieth the right way of Jesu Christ. And when he went and said: Knights of poor faith and of wicked belief, these three things failed, charity, abstinence, and truth; therefore ye may not attain that high adventure of the Sangreal.

CHAPTER V

OF THE GOOD COUNSEL THAT THE HERMIT GAVE TO THEM.

CERTES, said Gawaine, soothly have ye said, that I see it openly. Now, I pray you, good man and holy father, tell me why we met not with so many adventures as we were wont to do, and commonly have the better. I shall tell you gladly, said the good man; the adventure of the Sangreal which ye and many other have undertaken the quest of it and find it not, the cause is for it appeareth not to sinners. Wherefore marvel not though ye fail thereof, and many other. For ye be an untrue knight, and a great murderer, and to good men signifieth other things than murder. For I dare say, as sinful as Sir Launcelot hath been, sith that he went into the quest of the Sangreal he slew never man, nor nought shall, till that he come unto Camelot again, for he hath taken upon him for to forsake sin. And nere that he nis not stable, but by his thought he is likely to turn again, he should be next to enchieve it save Galahad, his son. But God knoweth his thought and his unstableness, and yet shall he die right an holy man, and no doubt

he hath no fellow of no earthly sinful man. Sir, said Gawaine, it seemeth me by your words that for our sins it will not avail us to travel in this quest. Truly, said the good man, there be an hundred such as ye be that never shall prevail, but to have shame. And when they had heard these voices they commended him unto God.

Then the good man called Gawaine, and said: It is long time passed sith that ye were made knight, and never sithen thou servedst thy Maker, and now thou art so old a tree that in thee is neither life nor fruit; wherefore bethink thee that thou yield to Our Lord the bare rind, sith the fiend hath the leaves and the fruit. Sir, said Gawaine, an I had leisure I would speak with you, but my fellow here, Sir Ector, is gone, and abideth me yonder beneath the hill. Well, said the good man, thou were better to be counselled. Then departed Gawaine and came to Ector, and so took their horses and rode till they came to a forester's house, which harboured them right well. And on the morn they departed from their host, and rode long or they could find any adventure.

VI

SIR BORS

WHAN sir Bors was departed frome Camelot he mette (6) with a religious man rydynge on an asse, and anone sir Bors salewed hym. And anone the good man knew that he was one of the knyghtes arraunte that was in the queste of the Sankgreall.

'What ar ye?' seyde the good man.

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I am a knyght that fayne wolde be counceyled, that ys entirde into the queste of the Sankgreall. For he shall have much erthly worship that may bryng hit to an ende.'

'Sertes,' seyde the good man, 'that ys sothe withoute fayle, for he shall be the beste knyght of the worlde and the fayryst of the felyship. But wyte you welle there shall none attayne hit but by clennes, that ys pure confession.'

So rode they togydir tyll that they com unto a litill ermytayge, and there he prayde sir Bors to dwelle all that nyght. And he so put of hys armoure and prayde hym that he myght be confessed, ⌈and so they went into the chappel and there he was clene confessed.⌉ And so they ete brede and dranke watir togydir.

'Now,' seyde the good man, 'I pray the that thou ete none other tyll that thou sitte at the table where the Sankgreall shall be.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I agré me thereto. But how know ye that I shall sytte there?'

'Yes,' seyde the good man, 'that know I well, but there shall be but fewe of youre felowis with you.'

'All ys wellcomme,' seyde sir Bors, 'that God sendith me.'

'Also,' seyde the good man, 'insteede of a shurte, and in sygne of chastisemente, ye shall were a garmente. Therefore I pray you do of all your clothys and youre shurte.'

And so he dud. And than he toke hym a scarlet cote so that sholde be hys instede of hys sherte tylle he had fulfilled

3 *C* knewe hym that 7–8 *C*† counceylled in the quest 11–12 withoute fayle *not in C* 15–16 *C* came to an heremytage 16–17 *C** nyghte with hym and soo he alyghte and put awey his armour 18–19 *C** confessid and soo they wente in to the chappel and there he was clene confessid *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 548v, col. 1*) entrent en la chapele (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 20 *W* togydir togydir 26 well *not in C*† 33 *C* be in stede

the queste of the Sankegreall. And thys good man founde hym in so mervales a lyffe and so stable that he felte he was never gretly correpte in fleysshly lustes but in one tyme that he begat Elyan le Blanke.

380v 5 Than he armyd hym and toke hys leve, and so departed. And so a litill frome thens he loked up into a tre and there he saw a passynge grete birde uppon that olde tre. And hit was passyng drye, withoute leyffe; so she sate above and had birdis whiche were dede for hungir. So at the laste he smote 10 hymselffe with hys beke which was grete and sherpe, and so the grete birde bledde so faste that he dyed amonge hys birdys. And the yonge birdys toke lyff by the bloode of the grete birde.

Whan sir Bors saw thys he wyste well hit was a grete 15 tokenynge; for whan he saw the grete birde arose nat, than he toke hys horse and yode hys way.

And so by aventure, by evynsonge tyme, he cam to a stronge towre and an hyghe, and there was he herberowde (7) gladly. And whan he was unarmed they lad hym into an 20 hyghe towre where was a lady, yonge, lusty and fayre, and she resceyved hym with grete joy and made hym to sitte down by her. And anone he was sette to supper with fleyssh and many deyntees.

But whan sir Bors saw that, he bethought hym on hys 25 penaunce and bade a squyre to brynge hym watir. And so he brought hym, and he made soppis therein and ete them.

'A,' seyde the lady, 'I trow ye lyke nat youre mete.'

'Yes truly,' seyde sir Bors, 'God thanke you, madam, but I may nat ete none other mete to-day.'

30 Than she spake no more as at that tyme, for she was lothe to displease hym. Than aftir supper they spake of one thynge and of othir. So with that there cam a squyre and seyde,

'Madam, ye muste purvey you to-morne for a champion,

1 *C* the good 2 *C* that he merueilled and felte that he was 3 gretly *not in C*† 5 *W* & and 7 *C* vpon an olde 8 *C* withoute leues and the byrd sat 9 *C* the whiche 9–10 *C* Soo smote he hym self 10 *C* the whiche 11 *C* bledde tyl that 12 *C*† the yonge byrdes token the lyf by 17 *C* So by euensonge by aduentur he 18–19 *C* he lodged gladly 22 *C* and soo was he sette to soupe 27 *C*† not my mete *F* ceste viande que len vos a devant aportee 29 nat *not in C* *C* mete this daye 32 *C* and other

for ellis youre syster woll have thys castell and also youre londys, excepte ye can fynde a knyght that woll fyght tomorne in youre quarell ayenste sir Prydam le Noyre.'

Than she made grete sorow and seyde, 'A, Lorde God! wherefore graunted ye me to holde my londe whereof I sholde now be disherited withoute reson and ryght?'

And whan sir Bors herde hir sey thus he seyde, 'I shall comforte you.'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'I shall telle you: there was here a kynge that hyghte Anyausse whych hylde all thys londe in hys 381r kepynge. So hit myssehapped he loved a jantillwoman a grete dele elder than I. And so he toke her all this londe in hir kepynge and all hys men to governe, and she brought up many evyll custums whereby she put to dethe a grete party of his kynnesmen. And whan he saw that, he commaunded her oute of this londe and bytoke hit me, and all thys londe in my demenys. But anone as that worthy kynge was dede thys other lady began to warre uppon me, and hath destroyed many of my men and turned hem ayenste me, that I have well-nyghe no man leffte me, and I have naught ellis but thys hyghe towre that she leffte me. And yet she hath promysed me to have thys towre withoute I can fynde a knyght to fyght with her champion.'

'Now telle me,' seyde sir Bors, 'what ys that Prydam le Noyre?'

'Sir, he ys the moste douted man of thys londe.'

'Than may ye sende hir worde that ye have founde a knyght that shall fyght with that Prydam le Noyre in Goddis quarelle and youres.'

So that lady was than glad and sente her worde that she was purveyde. And so that nyght sir Bors had passyng good chere, but in no bedde he wolde com but leyde hym on the floore, nor never wolde do otherwyse tyll that he had mette with the queste of the Sankegreall.

And anone as he was aslepe hym befelle a vision: that (8) there cam two birdis, that one whyght as a swanne and that

5 me *not in C* 12 *C** londe to 15–16 *C* that he lete charce her 26 *C* fyre† sayd she he 30 *C* was not a lytel glad 31 passyng *not in C* 35–p. 958, l. 3 *W* (*sidenote*) The avysion of sir Bors whan he fought with sir Prydam 36 *C* came to hym two

other was merveylous blacke; but he was nat so grete as was that other, but in the lyknes of a raven. Than the whyght birde cam to hym and seyde,

'And thou woldist gyff me mete and serve me, I sholde gyff the all the ryches of the worlde, and I shall make the as fayre and as whyght as I am.'

So the whyght birde departed. And than cam the blacke birde to hym and seyde,

'And thou serve me to-morow and have me in no dispite, thoughe I be blacke. For wyte thou well that more avaylith
381v myne blacknesse than the odirs whyghtnesse.'

And than he departed. Than he had anothir vision: that he cam to a grete place which semed a chapell, and there he founde a chayre sette, on the lyffte syde which was ⟨a⟩ worme-etyn and fyeble tre besyde hit, and on the ryght honde were two floures lyke a lylye, and that one wolde a benomme the tother theyre whyghtnes. But a good man departed them, that they towched none othir, and than oute of eche floure com oute many floures and fruyte grete plenté. Than hym thought the good man seyde,

'Sholde nat he do grete foly that wolde lette thes two floures perishe for to succoure the rottyn tre that hyt felle nat to the erthe?'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'hit semyth me that thys wood myght nat avayle.'

'Now kepe the,' seyde the good man, 'that thou never se such adventure befalle the.'

Than he awaked and made a sygne of the crosse in myddys of the forehede, and so he arose and clothed hym. And anone there cam the lady of the place, and she salewed hym and he her agayne, and so wente to a chapell and herd their servyse.

And anone there cam a company of knyghtes that the lady had sente for, to lede sir Bors unto the batayle. Than

1 *C* but it was 1–2 *C* as the other 4 *W* me me 7 *C* and there came 9 *C* & thou wolte serue 12–13 *C** vysyon hym thoughte that 15 *W* fyeble the tre besyde hit (*see note*) the tre besyde hit *not in C*† *F* un fust 16–17 *C* and the one wold haue benome the others whytenes 18 *C*† that touched not the other 19 *C* of eueryche 30–31 *C* soo rose & clothed hym and there 35 *C* vnto bataille

asked he his armys, and whan he was armed she prayde hym to take a lytyll morsell to dyne.

'Nay, madam,' seyde he, 'that shall I nat do tylle I have done my batayle, by the grace of God.'

And so he lepe uppon hys horse and departed, and all the knyghtes and men with hym.

And as sone as thes two ladyes mette togydir, she which sir Bors sholde fyght for, she playned hir and seyde,

'Madam, ye have done grete wronge to beryve me my landis that kyng Anyauss gaff me, and full lothe I am there sholde be ony batayle.'

'Ye shall nat chose,' seyde the other, 'othir ellis lat your knyght withdraw hym.'

Than there was the cry made, which party had the bettir of tho two knyghtes, that hys lady sholde rejoyse all the londys. **382r**

Than departed the one knyght here and the other there. Than they cam togydirs with such raundom that they perced their shildes and their habergeons, and their spearis flye in pecis, and they sore wounded. Than hurteled they togydyrs so that they beete eche other to the erthe and theire horsis betwene their leggis. And anone they arose and sette handis to their swerdys and smote eche one other uppon their hedys, that they made grete woundis and depe, that the blode wente oute of hyre bodyes. For there founde sir Bors gretter deffence in that knyght more than he wente; for thys sir Prydam was a passyng good knyght and [he] wounded sir Bors full evyll, and he hym agayne. But ever sir Pridam hylde the stowre inlyche harde. That perceyved sir Bors and suffird hym tylle he was nyghe ataynte, and than he ranne uppon hym more and more, and the other wente backe for drede of dethe.

So in hys withdrawyng he felle upryght, and sir Bors drew hys helme so strongely that he rente hit frome hys hede, and gaff hym many sadde strokes with the flatte of hys swerde uppon the visayge and bade hym yelde hym or he sholde sle hym. Than he cryed hym mercy and seyde,

8 *C* for complayned 9 *C* done me wronge *C* of my 12 *C* other lady or els youre 15 *C* lande 17 *C* a raundon 18 *C* the speres 19 *C* they wounded eyther other sore 20 *C* they felle both to the erthe 25–26 *C* For that Prydam 27 *C* euer this Prydam 28 *C* in lyke hard 33 *W* frome frome 34 *C* hym grete strokes

'Fayre knyght, for Goddis love, sle me nat, and I shall ensure the never to warre ayenste thy lady, but be allway towarde hir.'

So sir Bors gaffe hym hys lyff, and anone the olde lady
(9) 5 fledde with all hir knyghtes. Than called sir Bors all tho that hylde landis of hys lady, and seyde he sholde destroy them but if they dud such servyse unto her as longed to their londys. So they dud her omayge, and they that wolde nat were chaced oute of their londis, that hit befelle that the
10 yonge lady com to her astate agayne be the myghty prouesse of sir Bors de Ganys.

So whan all the contrey was well sette in pease, than sir Bors toke hys leve and departed, and she thanked hym gretly and wolde have gyffyn hym grete gyfftes, but he
382v 15 refused hit.

Than he rode all that day tylle nyght, and so he cam to an herberow to a lady which knew hym well inowghe and made of hym grete joy. So on the morne as sone as the day appered, sir Bors departed from thens, and so rode into a
20 foreyste unto the owre of mydday.

And there befelle hym a mervaylous aventure. So he mette at the departynge of the two ⌜w⌝ayes two knyghtes that lad sir Lyonell, hys brothir, all naked, bowndyn uppo[n] a stronge hakeney, and his hondis bounden tofore hys breste;
25 and everych of them helde in theyre hondis thornys wherewith they wente betynge hym so sore that the bloode trayled downe more than in an hondred placis of hys body, so that he was all bloodé tofore and behynde. But he seyde never a worde as he whych was grete of hert. [He] suffird
30 all that they ded to hym as thoughe he had felte none angwysh.

And anone sir Bors dressed hym to rescow hym that was his brothir. And so he loked uppon the other syde of hym and sawe a knyght which brought a fayre jantillwoman, and
35 wolde a sette her in the thycke of the foreyste for to have

4 *C** Thenne Bors lete hym be thenne the old 5 *C* Soo thenne came Bors to alle 6 *W* ladyes 9–10 *C* Thenne befelle that yonge lady to come 14 *C* grete rychesse but 16 so he *not in C* 22* *C* two wayes two *W* two dayes *F* deus chemins 25 *C* in his 28 *C*† blood 29 *W* herte suffird *C** herte he suffred *F* ainz soffroit *O*[1] hert ⟨but⟩ suffird 30 *C* that euer they 35 *C** the thyckest place of *F* ou plus espés

be the more surer oute of the way from hem that sought her. And she whych was nothynge assured cryde with an hyghe voice,

'Seynte Mary, succour youre mayde!'

And anone as she syghe sir Bors she demed hym a knyght of the Rounde Table, [whereof she hoped to have some comforte.] Than she conjoured hym, by the faythe that he ought unto Hym 'in whose servyse thou arte entred [and for the feythe ye owe to the hyghe Ordre of Knyghthode, and] for kynge Arthures sake, which I suppose made the knyght, that thou helpe me and suffir me nat to be shamed of this knyght'.

Whan sir Bors herde hir say thus, he had so much sorow that he wyst nat what to do: 'For if I latte my brothir be in adventure he muste be slayne, and that wold I nat for all the erthe; and if I helpe nat the mayde she ys shamed, and shall lose hir virginité which she shall never gete agayne'. Than lyffte he up hy syghen and seyde wepynge, 'Fayre 383r swete Lorde Jesus Cryst, whos creature I am, kepe me sir Lyonell, my brothir, that thes knyghtes sle hym nat, and for pité of you and for mylde Maryes sake, I shall succour thys mayde.'

Than dressed he hym unto the knyght which had the (10) jantillwoman, and than he cryed, 'Sir knyght, let youre honde of youre maydyn, or ye be but dede!'

And than he sette downe the mayden, and was armed at all pycis sauff he lacked his speare. Than he dressed hys shylde and drew ⌜oute⌝ his swerde. And sir Bors smote hym so harde that hit wente thorow hys shylde and habirgeon on the lyffte sholdir, and thorow grete strengthe he bete hym downe to the erthe. And at the pullyng oute of sir Bors spere he there sowned. Than cam sir Bors to the mayde and seyde,

'How semyth hit you? Of thys knyght be ye delyverde at thys tyme?'

1 *C*† sought hym 5 *C** she aspyed where syre Bors came rydynge And whanne she came nygh hym she demed 6–7 *C** table wherof she hoped to haue some comforte & thenne she coniured 8–10 *C** entryd in and . . . & for the noble kyng (*homoeoteleuton*) *Not emended in O*[1] 13–14 *C* sorowe there he nyst not 16–17 *C* shamed for euer and also shall lese 17, 23 *C* the whiche 19–20 *C* whoos lyege man I am kepe Lyonel 21 *C* for Mary sake 25 *C* of that mayden 28 *W* drew unto *C** drewe oute *F* tret 33 *C* ye be

'Now, sir,' seyde she, 'I pray you lede me thereas this knyght had me.'

'So shall I do gladly.'

And toke the horse of the wounded knyght and sette the jantilwoman uppon hym, and so brought hir as she desired.

'Sir knyght,' seyde she, 'ye have bettir spedde than ye wente, for and I had loste my maydynhode fyve hondred men sholde have dyed therefore.'

'What knyght was he that had you in the foreyst?'

'Be my fayth, he ys my cosyne. So wote I never [with] what engyne the fynde enchaffed hym, for yestirday he toke me fro my fadir prevayly, for I, nother none of my fadirs men, myssetrusted hym nat. And iff he had had my maydynhode he had dyed for the synne of hys body, and shamed and dishonoured for ever.'

Thus as she stood talkyng with hym there cam twelve knyghtes sekyng aftir hir. And anone she tolde hem all how sir Bors had delyverde hir. Than they made grete joy and besought hym to com to her fadir, a grete lorde, and he sholde be ryght wellcom.

'Truly,' seyde sir Bors, 'that may nat be at thys tyme, for I have a grete aventure to do in this contrey.'

383v So he commaunde hem to God, and departed. Than sir Bors rode after sir Lyonell, hys brothir, by the trace of their horsis.

Thus he rode sekyng a grete whyle, and anone he overtoke a man clothed in a religious wede, and rode on a stronge blacke horse, blacker than a byry, and seyde,

'Sir knyght, what seke you?'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I seke my brother that I saw erewhyle betyn with two knyghtes.'

'A, sir Bors, discomforte you nat, nor falle nat into no wanhope, for I shall tell you tydyngis such as they be, for truly he ys dede.'

Than shewed he hym a new-slayne body lyyng in a buyssh, and hit semed hym well that hyt was the body of

9 *C* dyed for hit 11 *C* feithe sayd she he 14–15 *C*† maydenhede he shold haue dyed for the synne & his body shamed 22 *W* nat nat 24 *C* commaunded hem vnto god 28 *C* Relygyous clothynge 31 *C* sawe within a whyle 33 *C* not ne falle in to 34 *C* they ben

sir Lyonell, hys brothir. And than he made suche sorow that he felle to the erthe in a sowne, and so lay a grete whyle there. And whan he cam to hymselff he seyde,

'Fayre brother, sytthe the company of you and me ar departed, shall I never have joy in my herte. And now He whych I have takyn unto my mayster, He be my helpe.'

And whan he had seyde thus he toke the body lyghtly in hys armys and put hit upon the harson of hys sadyll, and than he seyde to the man,

'Can ye shew me ony chapell nyghe where that I may bury thys body?'

'Com one,' seyde [he], 'here ys one faste bye.'

And so longe they rode tylle they saw a fayre towre, and afore hit there semed an olde, fyeble chapell; and than they alyght bothe and put hym in the tombe of marble.

'Now leve we hym here,' seyde the good man, 'and go (11) we to oure herberow tylle to-morow we com hyre agayne to do hym servyse.'

'Sir,' seyd sir Bors, 'be ye a pryest?'

'Ye forsothe,' seyde he.

'Than I pray you telle me a dreme that befelle me the laste nyght.'

'Say on,' seyde he.

So he begon so much to telle hym of the grete birde in the foreyste, and aftir tolde hym of hys birdys, one whyght and another blacke, and of the rottyn tre and of the whyght floures.

'Sir, I shall telle you a parte now, and the othir dele to-morow. The whyght fowle betokenyth a jantillwoman 384r fayre and ryche whych loved the paramours and hath loved the longe. And if that thou warne hir love she shall dy anone—if thou have no pité on her. That signifieth the grete birde which shall make the to warne hir. Now for no feare that thou haste, ne for no drede that thou hast of God, thou shalt nat warne hir; for thou woldist nat do hit for to be holdyn chaste, for to conquere the lo⌜os⌝e of the vayne-glory of the worlde; for that shall befalle the now, and thou

1 hys brothir *not in C*† *C* suche a sorow 2 *C* erthe all in a 4 *C* me is 7 *C* toke his body 10 *C* canst thow telle me vnto somme chappel where that I 15 *C* in to a Tombe 17 *C* we wille come 21 *C* befalle to me 22 *W* myght 26 *C*† black and of of 30 that *not in C* *C* shalle goo dye 31 *W* anone and if 34 *C** her but thou 35 *W* love *C** loos *F* loenge

warne hir, that sir Launcelot, the good knyght, thy cousyn, shall dye. And than shall men sey that thou arte a man-sleer, both of thy brothir sir Lyonell and of thy cousyn sir Launcelot, whych th[o]u myght have rescowed easyly, but thou wentist to rescow a mayde which perteyned nothynge to the. Now loke thou whether hit had bene gretter harme of thy brothers dethe, other ellis to have suffirde her to have loste hir maydynhode.' Than seyde he, 'Now hast thou harde the tokyns of thy dreme?'

'Ye,' seyd sir Bors.

'Than ys hit in thy defaughte if sir Launcelot, thy cousyn, dye.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'that were me lothe, for there ys ⌜no⌝thynge in the worlde but I had levir do [hit] than to se my lorde sir Launcelot dye in my defaught.'

'Chose ye now the tone or that other.'

Than he ladde hym into the hygh towre, and there he founde knyghtes and ladyes that seyde he was welcom. And so they unarmed hym, and whan he was in his dublette they brought hym a mantell furred with ermyne and put hit aboute hym. So they made hym such chere that he had forgotyn hys sorow [and anguysshe and only sette his herte in these delytes and deyntees, and tooke no thought more for his brother sir Lyonell neyther of sir Launcelot du Lake, his cosyn]. And anone cam oute of a chambir unto hym the fayryst lady that ever he saw, and more rycher beseyne than ever was quene Guenyver or ony other astate.

'Lo', seyde they, 'sir Bors, here ys the lady unto whom we owghe all oure servyse, and I trow she be the rychyst lady and the fayryste of the worlde, whych lovith you beste aboven all other knyghtes, for she woll have no knyght but you.'

2 *C* And therefore men shalle now say 3–4 *C* launcelot du lake 4 *C** haue saued and rescowed 5 wenest . . . perteyneth 7 *W* suffirde 8 *C* Thenne asked he hym haste 9–11 *C** dreme the whiche I haue told to yow Ye forsothe sayd syre Bors alle youre exposycyon and declarynge of my dreme I haue wel vnderstande and herd Thenne said the man in this black clothynge thenne is 13 *C* for wete ye wel there 14 *F* il n'est riens *WO*[1] do than 15 *C* launcelot du lake to dye 16–17 *C* the one or the other said the good man And thenne 17 *C* led syr Bors in to an hyghe 18 *C* ladyes tho ladyes (*not in F*) sayde 19–20 *C* dobblet men (*not in F*) broughte 21 *C* and thenne they made 22–25 *Not emended in O*[1] (*see note*) 26–27 *C*† than euer he sawe Quene 30 *C* of alle the world and the whiche

And whan he undirstood that langayge he was abaysshed. Notforthan she salewed hym and he her; and than they 384v
sate downe togydirs and spake of many thyngis, insomuch that she besought hym to be hir love, for she had loved hym aboven all erthly men and she sholde make hym rycher 5
than evyr was man of hys ayge.

Whan sir Bors undirstood hir wordis he was ryght evyll at ease, but in no wyse he wolde breke his chastité, and so he wyst nat how to answere her.

'Alas, sir Bors!' seyde she, 'woll ye nat do my wylle?' 10 (12)

'Madam,' seyde he, 'there ys no lady in thys worlde whos wylle I wolde fullfylle as of thys thynge. She ought nat desire hit, for my brothir lyeth dede, which was slayne ryght late.'

'A, sir Bors,' seyde she, 'I have loved you longe for the 15
grete beauté I have sene in you and the grete hardynesse that I have herde of you, that nedys ye muste lye be me to-nyght, therefore I pray you graunte me.'

'Truly,' seyde he, 'I shall do hit in no maner wyse.'

Than anone she made hym such sorow as thoughe she 20
wolde have dyed.

'Well, sir Bors,' seyd she, 'unto thys have ye brought me, nyghe to myne ende.' And therewith she toke hym by the hande and bade hym beholde her, 'and ye shall se how I shall dye for youre love.' 25

And he seyd than, 'I shall hit never se.'

Than she departed and wente up into an hyghe batilment and lad with her twelve jantilwomen, and whan they were above one of the jantillwomen cryed,

'A, sir Bors, jantill knyght! Have mercy on us all, and 30
suffir my lady to have hir wyll; and if ye do nat, we muste suffir dethe with oure lady for to falle downe of this hyghe towre. And if ye suffir us thus to dye for so litill a thynge all ladys and jantillwomen woll sey you dishonoure.'

6 *W* man and of 8–9 *C* ease whiche in no maner wold not breke chastyte soo wyst not he how 10 *C*† Allas sayd she Bors shalle ye 11 *C* said Bors there 12 *C* I wylle 12–13 She ought nat desire hit *not in C*† 15–16 *W* for the grete beaute for the grete beaute 18 *C* this nyghte & therfor *C* graunte it me 19 *C* shalle not doo 26 *C* A sayd thenne he that shalle I neuer 27 up *not in C* 29 *C* cryed and sayd 32 *C*† doune os thys 34 *C* saye of you

Than loked he upwarde and saw they semed all ladyes of grete astate and rychely and well beseyne. Than had he of hem grete pité; natforthat he was nat uncounceyled in hymselff that levir he had they all had loste their soules than he hys soule. And with that they felle all at onys unto the erthe, and whan he saw that, he was all abaysshed and
385r had thereof grete mervayle. And with that he blyssed hys body and hys vysayge.

And anone he harde a grete noyse and a grete cry as all the fyndys of helle had bene aboute hym. And therewith ⌈he sawe⌉ nother towre, lady, ne jantillwomen, nother no chapell where he brought hys brothir to. Than hylde he up both hys hondis to the hevyn and seyde, 'Fayre swete Lorde Fadir and God in hevyn, I am grevously ascaped!'

And than he toke hys armys and hys horse and set hym on hys way. And anone he herde a clocke smyte on hys ryght honde, and thydir he cam to an abbay which was closed with hyghe wallis, and there was he lette in. And anone they supposed that he was one of the knyghtes of the Rounde Table that was in the queste of the Sankgreall, so they led hym into a chambir and unarmed hym.

'Sirs,' seyde sir Bors, 'if there be ony holy man in thys house, I pray you lette me speke with hym.'

Than one of hem lad hym unto the abbotte which was in a chapell. And than sir Bors salewed hym and he hym agayne.

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'I am a knyght arraunte,' and tolde hym the adventures whych he had sene.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the abbotte, 'I wote nat what ye be, for I went that a knyght of youre ayge myght nat have be so stronge in the grace of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste. Natforthan ye shall go unto youre reste, for I woll nat counceyle thys day, hit ys to late. And to-morow I shall counceyle you as I can.'

(13) And that nyght was sir Bors served rychely. And on the

1 and saw *not in C* 3 nat *not in C*† 5 soule *not in C* *C* felle adoune alle 9 *C* as though alle 11 *F* il ne voit ne la tor 13–14 *C* fayre fader god I am 15–16 *C* hors and rode on 17–18 *C* Abbay on his ryght hand closyd 18 *C* was lete 19–20 knyghtes of the Rounde Table that was in the queste of the *not in C*† (*homoeoteleuton*) 28 *C* hym all the aduenture 30 *C* wende neuer that nat *not in C* 32–33 *C* counceyle yow this

morne erly he harde masse, and than the abbot cam to hym and bade hym good-morow, and sir Bors to hym agayne. And than he tolde hym he was felow of the queste of the Sangreall, and how he had charge of the holy man to ete brede and watir.

'Than oure Lorde shewed Hym unto you in the lyknesse of a fowle, that suffirde grete anguysshe for us whan He was putte uppon the Crosse, and bledde Hys herte blood for mankynde; there was the tokyn and the lyknesse of the Sankgreall that appered afore you, for the blood that the grete fowle bledde reysyd the chykyns frome dethe to lyff. 385v And by the bare tre betokenyth the worlde, whych ys naked and nedy, withoute fruyte, but if hit com of oure Lorde.

'Also, the lady for whom ye fought for. And kyng Anyauss, whych was lorde thereto, betokenyth Jesu Cryste, which ys Kyng of the worlde. And that ⟨y⟩e fought with the champion for the lady, thus hit betokenyth: whan ⟨y⟩e toke the batayle for the lady, by her shall ye undirstonde the ⌜newe⌝ law of oure Lord Jesu Cryst and Holy Chirche, and by the othir lady ye shall undirstonde the olde lawe and the fynde which all day warryth ayenst Holy Chirch; therefore ye dud youre batayle with ryght, for ye be Jesu Crystes knyght[es,] therefore ye oughte to be defenders of Holy Chirche. ⌜And by the blak birde myght ye understande Holy Chirche⌝ whych seyth, "I am blacke," but he ys fayre. And by the whyght birde may men undirstonde the fynde, and I shall telle you how the swan ys whyght withoutefurth and blacke within: hit ys ipocresye, which ys with[oute] yalew or pale, and semyth withouteforth the servauntis of Jesu Cryste, but they be withinfurthe so horrible of fylth and synne, and begyle the worlde so evyll.

'Also whan the fynde apperith to you in lyknesse of a man o[f] religion and blamed the that thou lefft thy brothir

1 than *not in C* 6 *C* lord Ihesus Cryste 7 *C* vs syn he 11 *C* bled reuyued the 12 *C* is betokened 13 nedy *not in C*† 15 *C* lord there to fore (*not in F*) 16, 17 *C*, *W* he 18 *W* the olde lawe 19 oure Lord *not in C* 22 *Not emended in O*[1] 23–25 *C** chirche And by the black byrd myghte ye vnderstande holy chirche whiche sayth *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 551v, col. 1*) par le noir oisel qui vous vint veoir doit on entendre Sainte Eglise qui dit 26 *C* myghte 28 *W* ys with (*C** withoute) yalew (*contamination*) *F* qui est jaunes et pales 30 *C* within soo 31 so *not in C* 32 *C* to the in 33 *W* man or

for a lady, and he lede the where thou semed thy brothir was slayne—but he ys yette on lyve—and all was for to putte the in erroure, and to brynge the into wanhope and lechery, for he knew thou were tendir-herted, and all was for thou sholdist nat fynde the aventure of the Sankgreall. And the thirde fowle betokenyth the stronge batayle ayenste the fayre ladyes whych were all devyls.

'Also the dry tre and the whyght lylyes: the sere tre betokenyth thy brothir sir Lyonell, whych ys dry withoute vertu, and therefore men oughte to calle hym the rotyn tre, and the worme-etyn tre, for he ys a murtherer and doth contrary to the Order off Knyghthode. And the two whyght floures signifieth two maydyns; the one ys a knyght which y⟨e⟩ wounded the other day, and the other is the jantillwoman
386r whych ye rescowed. And why the other floure drew nye the tother, that was the knyght which wolde have defowled her and hymselff bothe. And, sir Bors, ye had bene a grete foole and in grete perell for to have sene tho two flowris perish for to succoure the rottyn tre, for and they had synned togydir, they had be dampned; and for ye rescowed them bothe, men myght calle you a verry knyght and the servaunte of Jesu Cryste.'

(14) Than wente sir Bors frome thens and commaunded the abbotte to God. And than he rode all that day, and herberowde with an olde lady.

And on the morne he rode to a castell in a valey, and there he mette with a yoman goyng a grete pace toward a foreyste.

'Sey me,' seyde sir Bors, 'canst thou telle me of ony adventure?'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'here shall be undir thys castell a grete and a mervaylous turnemente.'

'Of what folkys shall hit be?' seyde sir Bors.

'The erle of Playns shall be on the tone party, and the ladyes nevew off Hervyn on the todir party.'

Than sir Bors thought to be there, to assay iff he myght mete with hys brothir sir Lyonell, or ony other of hys fely-

1 *C*† lady soo ledde 5 *C** the blessid aduenture 8 *C* lylye the drye tree 10 *C* many men 14 *W* ys *C* was (*see note*) 20 *C* for that ye 34 *C* in the one party 35 *C* the other 36 to assay *not in C*†

ship whych were in the queste of the Sankgreall, than turned to an ermytayge that was in the entré of the foreysst. And whan he was com thydir he founde there sir Lyonell, his brother, which sate all ⟨un⟩armed at the entré of the chapell dore for to abyde there herberow tylle on the morne that the turnement sholde be.

And whan sir Bors saw hym he had grete joy of hym, that no man cowde telle of gretter joy. And than he alyght of his horse and seyde,

'Fayre swete brothir, whan cam ye hydir?'

And as sir Lyonell saw hym he seyde, 'A, sir Bors, ye may nat make none avaunte, but as for you I myght have bene slayne. Whan ye saw two knyghtes lede me away beatynge me, ye leffte me to succour a jantillwoman, and suffird me in perell of deth. For never arste ne ded no brothir to another so grete an untrouthe. And for that mysse-dede I ensure you now but dethe, for well have ye deserved hit. Therefor kepe you frome me frome hens forewarde! 386v And that shall ye fynde as sone as I am armed.'

Whan sir Bors undirstode his brothirs wratth he kneled downe tofore hym to the erthe, and cryed hym mercy, holdyng up both hys hondis, and prayde hym to forgyff hym hys evyll wylle.

'Nay, nay,' seyde sir Lyonell, 'that shall never [be] and I may have the hygher hande, that I make myne avow to God. Thou shalt have dethe, for hit were pité ye leved any lenger.'

Ryght so he wente in and toke hys harneyse, and lyght uppon his horse and cam tofore hym and seyde,

'Sir Bors, kepe the fro me, for I shall do to the as I wolde do to a felon other a traytoure. For ye be the untrewyst knyght that ever cam oute of so worthy an house as was kyng Bors de Ganis, which was oure fadir. Therefore sterte uppon thy horse, and so shalt thou be moste at thyne avauntayge. And but if thou wylt, I woll renne uppon the

1 *C* And thenne he torned 4 *Not emended in O*[1] (*see note*) 6 *C* shalle be 8 *C* that it were merueil to telle of hys Ioye 13 *C* ledyng 14 *C* me for to 17 *C* now I ensure you 18 *C*† kepe the from hensforward† 21 tofore hym *not in C* 24 *C* Nay sayd Lyonel 27–28 *C* and mounted vpon 33–34 *C* shalle ye . . . your . . . ye wylle . . . yow 34 And *not in O*[1] 34–p. 970, l. 1 *C* vpon yow there as ye stande vpon foote p. 970, ll. 2–9 (*sidenote*) How sir Lyonell wolde have slayne sir (*sic*) his brother syr Bors

thereas thou arte on foote, and so the shame shall be myne and the harme youres, but of that shame recke I nought.'

Whan sir Bors sye that he must fyght with his brothir
5 othir ellis to dye, he wyst nat what to do; so hys herte counceyled hym nat thereto, inasmuch as sir Lyonell was hys elder brothir, wherefore he oughte to bere hym reverence. Yette kneled he adowne agayne tofore sir Lyonelles horse feete and seyde,

10 'Fayre swete brothir, have mercy uppon me and sle me nat, and have in remembraunce the grete love which oughte to be betwene us two.'

So whatsomever sir Bors seyde to sir Lyonell he rought nat, for the fynde had brought hym in suche a wylle that he
15 sholde sle hym. So whan sir Lyonell saw he wolde none other do nor wolde nat ryse to gyff hym batayle he russhed over hym so that he smote sir Bors with his horse feete upwarde to the erthe, and hurte hym so sore that he sowned for distresse which he felte in hymselff to have dyed withoute
20 confession. So whan sir Lyonell saw thys he alyght of hys
387r horse to have smytten of hys hede, and so he toke hym by the helme and wolde have rente hit frome hys hede. Therewith cam the ermyte rennynge unto hym, which was a good man and of grete ayge, and well had herde all the wordis
25 ⌈that were betwene them⌉. He lepe betwene them, and so
(15) felle downe uppon sir Bors, and seyde unto sir Lyonell,

'A, jantyll knyght! have mercy uppon me and uppon thy brothir, for if thou sle hym thou shalt be dede of that synne, and that were grete sorow, for he ys one of the worthyest
30 knyghtes of the worlde and of best condicions.'

'So God me helpe, sir pryste, but if ye fle from hym I shall sle you, and he shall never the sunner be quytte.'

'Sertes,' seyde the good man, 'I had levir ye sle me than

2 *C* ne reke 5 *C* he nyst what 6–7 *C* as Lyonel was borne or he wherfor 8 *C* he doune afore Lyonels 12 *C* vs tweyne 13 *C* what syr (So *not in C*) 15 *C* Thenne whanne Lyonel 16 *C* other and that he wold not haue rysen to 17 *W* his hys 19 *C* of distresse the whiche 22–23 *C* heed Thenne came 24–26 *C* wordes that were bitwene them and soo felle doune (*homoeoteleuton in both texts*) *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 552r, col. 1–2*) les parollez qui avoient esté dittes entre'eulz 26 *C* Bors CAPITULUM XV Thenne he sayd to Lyonel 27 *C* and on 28 *C* dede of synne 29 *C* were sorouful 30 *C* of the best 31 *W* So go god *C* help sayd Lyonel syr

hym, for as for my dethe shall nat be grete harme, nat halff so much as for his woll be.'

'Well,' seyde sir Leonell, 'I am agreed,' and sette his honde to his swerde, and smote hym so harde that hys hede yode off bacwarde.

And natforthan he rescowed hym nat of hys evyll wyll, but toke hys brothir by the helme and unlaced hit to have smytten off hys hede, and had slayne hym had nat a felowe of hys of the Rounde Table com whos name was called sir Collegrevaunce, a felow of the Rounde Table, that com thydyr as oure Lordis wyll wolde.

And whan he saw the good man slayne he mervayled much what hit myght be; and than he behylde sir Lyonell that wolde have slayne hys brothir, ⌜and knewe⌝ sir Bors which he loved ryght well. Than sterte he adowne and toke sir Lyonell by the shuldirs, and drew hym strongely abacke frome sir Bors, and seyde to sir Lyonell,

'Woll ye sle youre brothir, the worthyest knyght one of the worlde? That sholde no good man suffir.'

'Why,' so seyde sir Lyonell, 'woll ye lette me thereoff? For if ye entirmete thereoff, I shall sle you to, and hym thereafftir!'

'Why,' seyde sir Colgrevaunce, 'ys thys sothe that ye woll sle hym?'

'Yee, sle hym woll I, whoso seyth the contrary! For he hath done so muche ayenst me that he hath well deserved hit.'

And so ran uppon hym, and wolde have smytten of the 387v
hede. And so sir Colgrevaunce ran betwixte them and seyde,

'And ye be so hardy to do so more, we two shall meddyll togidirs!'

So whan sir Lyonell undirstood his wordis he toke his shylde tofore hym and asked hym what that he was.

1 *C* hym for my 2 *C* moche as of his (woll be *not in C*) 3 *C* am greed 4 *C* te *S* to 5 *C* yede bakward 6 *C* Not for that he restrayned hym of his (*see note*) 7–8 *C* haue stryken of his hede 8–10 *C* hym withoute fayle but soo it happed Colgreuaunce 10–11 *C* table cam at that tyme thyder 11 *C* wylle was 13 that *not in C* 14 *C** broder and knewe syre Bors *F* (*loc. cit.*) si congnoist maintenant que ce est Boors que il amoit de moult grant amour 17–18 *C* sayd Lyonel wylle 18–19 *C* knyghte of the world one & that (*see note*) 20 so *not in C* 20–22 *C* lette me therfor yf ye entermete yow in this I shall slee you and hym after 25 Yee *not in C* *C* I sayd he who so saye 27–28 *C* smyten hym thurgh the hede

'Sir, my name ys sir Collgrevaunce, one of his felowis.'

Than sir Lyonell defyed hym, and so he sterte uppon hym and gaff hym a grete stroke thorow the helme. Than he drew his swerde—for he was a passyng good knyght—and defended hym ryght manfully.

And so longe dured there the batayle that sir Bors sate up all angwyshlye and behylde sir Collegrevaunce, the good knyght, that fought with his brother for his quarell. Thereof he was full hevy, and thought if sir Collgrevaunce slew hys brothir that he sholde never have joy; also, and if hys brothir slew sir Collgrevaunce, 'the same shame sholde ever be myne'.

Than wolde he have rysen to have departed them, but he had nat so much myght to stonde one foote. And so he abode so longe that sir Collgrevaunce was overthrowyn, for thys sir Lyonell was of grete chevalry and passyng hardy; for he had perced the hawbirke and the helme so sore that h[e] abode but deth; for he had lost much blood that hit was mervayle that he myght stonde upryght. Than behylde he sir Bors whych sate dressyng upward hymselff, which seyde,

'A, sir Bors! Why cam ye nat to rescowe me oute of perell of dethe wherein I have putte me to succour you which were ryght now nyghe dethe?'

'Sertes,' seyde sir Lyonell, 'that shall nat avayle you, for none of you shall be othirs warraunte, but ye shall dye both of my honde!'

Whan sir Bors herde that he seyde so muche, he arose and put on hys helme. And than he perceyved fi[r]st the ermyte-pryste whych was slayne; than made he a mervaylous
(16) sorow uppon hym. Than sir Collgrevaunce cryed offtyn uppon sir Bors and seyde,

1 *C* and he told hym Colgreuaunce one of 2 and so he sterte uppon hym *not in C*† 6 *C* that Bors rose vp 7–8 *C*† knyght fought 8–9 *C* thenne was he full sory and heuy 9–10 *C* slee hym that was his broder he 10 also *not in C* 11 same *not in C* 12 *W* have haue 13 *W* oone 13–15 *C* abode hym so longe tyl Colgreuaunce had the werse for Lyonel was of grete chyualrye and ryghte hardy 16 so sore *not in C* 17 *C* moche of his blood 19–20 *C* hym vpward and said 21 *C* to caste me 22–30 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Lyonell slewe the ermyte and Collgrevaunce for the rescowe of his brother syr Bors 25 *C** bere others *C* but that ye 27 *C*† he dyd soo moche he rose 28 *C* perceyued he fyrste 30–31 *C* ofte Colgreuaunce cryed vpon 31 and seyde *not in C*

'Why, woll ye lat me dye here for your sake? No forse, sir! If hit please you that I shall dy, the deth shall please me 388r
the bettir, for to save a worthyer man myght I never ressayve the dethe.'

With that worde sir Lyonell smote of the helme frome hys 5
hede; and whan sir Collgrevaunce saw that he myght nat ascape, than he seyde,

'Fayre swete Jesu Cryste, that I have myssedo, have mercy uppon my soule! For such sorow that my harte suffirthe for goodnes and for almes-dede that I wolde have 10
done here, be to me a lyegemente of penaunce unto my sowle helthe!'

And so at thes wordis sir Lyonell smote hym so sore that he bare hym dede to the erthe. And whan he had slayne sir Collgrevaunce he ran uppon hys brothir as a fyndely man, 15
and gaff hym such a stroke that he made hym stoupe. And ⌜he,⌝ as he that was full of humilité, prayde hym for Goddis love to leve his batayle, 'for if hit befelle, fayre brothir, if that I sle you other ye me, we both shall dye for that synne'. 20

'So God me helpe, I shall never have othir mercy, and I may have the bettir honde.'

'Well,' seyde sir Bors, and drew hys swerde, all wepyng, and seyde, 'fayre brother, God knowith myne entente, for ye have done full evyll thys day to sle an holy pryste which 25
never trespasced. Also ye have slayne a jantill knyght, and one of oure felowis. And well wote ye that I am nat aferde of you gretely, but I drede the wratthe of God; and thys ys an unkyndely werre. Therefore God shew His myracle uppon us bothe, and God have mercy uppon me, thoughe 30
I defende my lyff ayenst my brothir.'

And so with that sir Bors lyffte up hys honde and wolde have smyttyn hys brothir. And with that he harde a voice (17)
whych seyde,

1–2 No forse sir *not in C*† 2 *C* I dye for yow the dethe it wille 3 *C* worthy 3–4 myght I never ressayve the dethe *not in C*† (*see note*) 5 of *not in S* 6 *C* hede Thenne Colgreuaunce 7 *W* seyde seyde 8 Cryste *not in C* 11 *C* soules 14 dede *not in C*† *F* le rue mort a terre 17 *C* he that (*see note*) 18 *C* leue this 19 *C* we shold be dede of that 21 *C* Neuer god me help but yf I haue on yow mercy 23 *C* Thenne drewe Bors his suerd 24–25 *C* entente A fayre broder ye haue 25 *C* slee suche an *C* the whiche 29 His *not in C*† 30 *C* bothe Now god 33 *C* And thēne he

'Fle, sir Bors, and towche hym nat, othir ellis thou shalt sle hym!'

Ryght so alyght a clowde betwyxte them in lykenes of a fayre and a mervaylous flame, that bothe hir two shyldis brente. Than were they sore aferde and felle both to the erthe and lay there a grete whyle in a sowne. And whan they cam to themselff sir Bors saw that hys brothir had none
388v harme. Than he hylde up both his hondys, for he drad last God had takyn vengeaunce uppon hym. So with that he harde a voyce that seyde,

'Sir Bors, go hens and beare felyship no lenger with thy brothir, but take thy way anone ryght to the see, for sir Percivale abydith the there.'

Than he seyde to his brother, 'For Goddis love, fayre swete brothir, forgyffe me my trespasse!'

Than he answered and seyde, 'God forgyff you, and I do gladly.'

So sir Bors departed frome hym, and rode the next way to the se. And at the last, by fortune, he cam to an abbay which was nyghe the see, and that nyght he rested hym there.

And as he slepte, there cam a voyse and bade hym go to the see. Than he sterte up and made a signe of the crosse ⌜in the myddes of his forhede⌝, and toke hym to hys harnes, and made redy hys horse. And at a brokyn wall he rode oute, and by fortune he cam to the see. And uppon the seestronde he founde a shyppe that was coverde all with whyght samyte.

Than he alyghte and betoke hym to Jesu Cryste. And as sone as he was entird, the shippe departed into the see, and to hys semyng hit wente fleyng, but hit was sone durked, that he myght know no man. Than he layde hym downe and slept tyll hit was day.

5 *C* affrayed that they felle 8 last *not in C* 10–12 *C* voyce saye Bors go hens and bere thy broder noo lenger felaushyp but 14–15 *C* broder fayr swete broder forgyue me for goddes loue alle that I haue trespaced vnto yow 16 and seyde *not in C* *C* forgyue it thee 20 *C* nyght Bors rested 21 *C* and in his slepe there came a voice to hym and badde 23 *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 552v, col. 2*) en my son vis hym to *not in C* 24 *C** hors and moũted vpon hym And 25 *C* oute & rode soo long tyl that he came 25–26 *C* on the strond 26 that was *not in C* 29 *C* he entryd in to the ship the shyp departed 30 *C* and wente so fast that hym semed the shyp wente fleynge 30–31 *C* derke soo that 31–32 *C*† man and soo he slepte tyl

And whan he was waked he sawe in myddis of the shippe a knyght lye all armed sauff hys helme, and anone he was ware hit was sir Percivale de Galys. And than he made of hym ryght grete joy, but sir Percivale was abaysshed of hym and asked what he was.

'A, fayre sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'know ye me nat?'

'Sertes,' seyde he, 'I mervayle how ye cam hydir but if oure Lorde brought you hydir Hymselff.'

Than sir Bors smyled, and ded off hys helme, and anone sir Percyvale knew hym. And ayther made grete joy of othir, that hit was mervayle to hyre. Than sir Bors tolde hym how he cam into the ship, and by whos amonyshment. And aythir told other of their temptacions, as ye have herde toforehonde.

So wente they d⌈owneward⌉ in the see, one whyle backwarde, another while foreward, and every man comforted 389r other, and ever they were in theyre prayers. Than seyde sir Percivale,

'We lak nothynge but sir Galahad, the good knyght.'

NOW TURNYTH THE TALE UNTO SIR GALAHAD.

1 *C* Thenne he awaked and sawe 2–3 *C* helme Thenne knewe he that hit 3 *C* Percyual of walys 5 *C* and he asked hym what 15 *W* they dryuyng in *C** they douneward in *F* contreval la mer 16–17 *C* eueryche comforted other and ofte were 16 backwarde *is the last word on f. 388v and* while (*in the margin*) *the first word on f. 389r. The catchword is*: another while foreworde 20 Now turnyth the tale *etc. not in C* *C* And thus endeth the syxtenth book whiche is of syre Gawayne Ector de marys and syre Bors de ganys and sir percyual And here foloweth the seuenteenth book whiche is of the noble knyghte syre Galahad

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR BORS MET WITH AN HERMIT, AND HOW HE WAS CONFESSED TO HIM, AND OF HIS PENANCE ENJOINED TO HIM.

When Bors was departed from Camelot he met with a religious man riding on an ass, and Sir Bors saluted him. Anon the good man knew him that he was one of the knights-errant that was in the quest of the Sangreal. What are ye? said the good man. Sir, and he, I am a knight that fain would be counselled in the quest of the Sangreal, for he shall have much earthly worship that may bring it to an end. Certes, said the good man, that is sooth, for he shall be the best knight of the world, and the fairest of all the fellowship. But wit you well there shall none attain it but by cleanness, that is pure confession.

So rode they together till that they came to an hermitage. And there he prayed Bors to dwell all that night with him. And so he alighted and put away his armour, and prayed him that he might be confessed; and so they went into the chapel, and there he was clean confessed, and they ate bread and drank water together. Now, said the good man, I pray thee that thou eat none other till that thou sit at the table where the Sangreal shall be. Sir, said he, I agree me thereto, but how wit ye that I shall sit there. Yes, said the good man, that know I, but there shall be but few of your fellows with you. All is welcome, said Sir Bors, that God sendeth me. Also, said the good man, instead of a shirt, and in sign of chastisement, ye shall wear a garment; therefore I pray you do off all your clothes and your shirt: and so he did. And then he took him a scarlet coat, so that should be instead of his shirt till he had fulfilled the quest of the Sangreal; and the good man found in him so marvellous a life and so stable, that he marvelled and felt that he was never corrupt in fleshly lusts, but in one time that he begat Elian le Blank.

Then he armed him, and took his leave, and so departed. And so a little from thence he looked up into a tree, and there he saw a passing great bird upon an old tree, and it was passing dry, without leaves; and the bird sat above, and had birds, the which were dead for hunger. So smote he himself with his beak, the which was great and sharp. And so the great bird bled till that he died among his birds. And the young birds took the life by the blood of the great bird. When Bors saw this he wist well it was a great tokening; for when he saw the great bird arose not, then he took his horse and yede his way. So by evensong, by adventure he came to a strong tower and an high, and there was he lodged gladly.

CHAPTER VII

HOW SIR BORS WAS LODGED WITH A LADY, AND HOW HE TOOK UPON HIM FOR TO FIGHT AGAINST A CHAMPION FOR HER LAND.

And when he was unarmed they led him into an high tower where was a lady, young, lusty, and fair. And she received him with a great joy, and made him to sit down by her, and so was he set to sup with flesh and many dainties. And when Sir Bors saw that, he bethought him on his penance, and bade a squire to bring him water. And so he brought him, and he made sops therein and ate them. Ah, said the lady, I trow ye like not my meat. Yes, truly, said Sir Bors, God thank you, madam, but I may eat none other meat this day. Then she spake no more as at that time, for she was loath to displease him. Then after supper they spake of one thing and other.

With that came a squire and said: Madam, ye must purvey you to-morn for a champion, for else your sister will have this castle and also your lands, except ye can find a knight that will fight to-morn in your quarrel against Pridam le Noire. Then she made sorrow and said: Ah, Lord God, wherefore granted ye to hold my land, whereof I should now be disherited without reason and right? And when Sir Bors had heard her say thus, he said: I shall comfort you. Sir, said she, I shall tell you there was here a king that hight Aniause, which held all this land in his keeping. So it mishapped he loved a gentlewoman a great deal elder than I. So took he her all this land to her keeping, and all his men to govern; and she brought up many evil customs whereby she put to death a great part of his kinsmen. And when he saw that, he let chase her out of this land, and betook it me, and all this land in my demesnes. But anon as that worthy king was dead, this other lady began to war upon me, and hath destroyed many of my men, and turned them against me, that I have well-nigh no man left me; and I have nought else but this high tower that she left me. And yet

she hath promised me to have this tower, without I can find a knight to fight with her champion.

Now tell me, said Sir Bors, what is that Pridam le Noire? Sir, said she, he is the most doubted man of this land. Now may ye send her word that ye have found a knight that shall fight with that Pridam le Noire in God's quarrel and yours. Then that lady was not a little glad, and sent word that she was purveyed, and that night Bors had good cheer; but in no bed he would come, but laid him on the floor, nor never would do otherwise till that he had met with the quest of the Sangreal.

CHAPTER VIII

OF AN ADVISION WHICH SIR BORS HAD THAT NIGHT, AND HOW HE FOUGHT AND OVERCAME HIS ADVERSARY.

And anon as he was asleep him befell a vision, that there came to him two birds, the one as white as a swan, and the other was marvellous black; but it was not so great as the other, but in the likeness of a Raven. Then the white bird came to him, and said: An thou wouldst give me meat and serve me I should give thee all the riches of the world, and I shall make thee as fair and as white as I am. So the white bird departed, and there came the black bird to him, and said: An thou wolt, serve me to-morrow and have me in no despite though I be black, for wit thou well that more availeth my blackness than the other's whiteness. And then he departed.

And he had another vision: him thought that he came to a great place which seemed a chapel, and there he found a chair set on the left side, which was worm-eaten and feeble. And on the right hand were two flowers like a lily, and the one would have benome the other's whiteness, but a good man departed them that the one touched not the other; and then out of every flower came out many flowers, and fruit great plenty. Then him thought the good man said: Should not he do great folly that would let these two

flowers perish for to succour the rotten tree, that it fell not to the earth? Sir, said he, it seemeth me that this wood might not avail. Now keep thee, said the good man, that thou never see such adventure befall thee.

Then he awaked and made a sign of the cross in midst of the forehead, and so rose and clothed him. And there came the lady of the place, and she saluted him, and he her again, and so went to a chapel and heard their service. And there came a company of knights, that the lady had sent for, to lead Sir Bors unto battle. Then asked he his arms. And when he was armed she prayed him to take a little morsel to dine. Nay, madam, said he, that shall I not do till I have done my battle, by the grace of God. And so he leapt upon his horse, and departed, all the knights and men with him. And as soon as these two ladies met together, she which Bors should fight for complained her, and said: Madam, ye have done me wrong to bereave me of my lands that King Aniause gave me, and full loath I am there should be any battle. Ye shall not choose, said the other lady, or else your knight withdraw him.

Then there was the cry made, which party had the better of the two knights, that his lady should rejoice all the land. Now departed the one knight here, and the other there. Then they came together with such a raundon that they pierced their shields and their hauberks, and the spears flew in pieces, and they wounded either other sore. Then hurtled they together, so that they fell both to the earth, and their horses betwixt their legs; and anon they arose, and set hands to their swords, and smote each one other upon the heads, that they made great wounds and deep, that the blood went out of their bodies. For there found Sir Bors greater defence in that knight more than he weened. For that Pridam was a passing good knight, and he wounded Sir Bors full evil, and he him again; but ever this Pridam held the stour in like hard. That perceived Sir Bors, and suffered him till he was nigh attaint. And then he ran upon him more and more, and the other went back for dread of death. So in his withdrawing he fell upright, and Sir Bors drew his helm so strongly that he rent it from his head, and gave him great strokes with the flat of his sword upon the visage, and bade him

yield him or he should slay him. Then he cried him mercy and said: Fair knight, for God's love slay me not, and I shall ensure thee never to war against thy lady, but be alway toward her. Then Bors let him be; then the old lady fled with all her knights.

CHAPTER IX

HOW THE LADY WAS RETURNED TO HER LANDS BY THE BATTLE OF SIR BORS, AND OF HIS DEPARTING, AND HOW HE MET SIR LIONEL TAKEN AND BEATEN WITH THORNS, AND ALSO OF A MAID WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEVOURED.

So then came Bors to all those that held lands of his lady, and said he should destroy them but if they did such service unto her as longed to their lands. So they did their homage, and they that would not were chased out of their lands. Then befell that young lady to come to her estate again, by the mighty prowess of Sir Bors de Ganis. So when all the country was well set in peace, then Sir Bors took his leave and departed; and she thanked him greatly, and would have given him great riches, but he refused it.

Then he rode all that day till night, and came to an harbour to a lady which knew him well enough, and made of him great joy. Upon the morn, as soon as the day appeared, Bors departed from thence, and so rode into a forest unto the hour of midday, and there befell him a marvellous adventure. So he met at the departing of the two ways two knights that led Lionel, his brother, all naked, bounden upon a strong hackney, and his hands bounden to-fore his breast. And everych of them held in his hands thorns wherewith they went beating him so sore that the blood trailed down more than in an hundred places of his body, so that he was all blood to-fore and behind, but he said never a word; as he which was great of heart he suffered all that ever they did to him, as though he had felt none anguish.

Anon Sir Bors dressed him to rescue him that was his brother; and so he looked upon the other side of him, and saw a knight which brought a fair gentlewoman, and would have set her in the thickest place of the forest for to have been the more surer out of the way from them that sought him. And she which was nothing assured cried with an high voice: Saint Mary succour your maid. And anon she espied where Sir Bors came riding. And when she came nigh him she deemed him a knight of the Round Table, whereof she hoped to have some comfort; and then she conjured him: By the faith that he ought unto Him in whose service thou art entered in, and for the faith ye owe unto the high order of knighthood, and for the noble King Arthur's sake, that I suppose made thee knight, that thou help me, and suffer me not to be shamed of this knight. When Bors heard her say thus he had so much sorrow there he nist not what to do. For if I let my brother be in adventure he must be slain, and that would I not for all the earth. And if I help not the maid she is shamed for ever, and also she shall lose her virginity the which she shall never get again. Then lift he up his eyes and said weeping: Fair sweet Lord Jesu Christ, whose liege man I am, keep Lionel, my brother, that these knights slay him not, and for pity of you, and for Mary's sake, I shall succour this maid.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR BORS LEFT TO RESCUE HIS BROTHER, AND RESCUED THE DAMOSEL; AND HOW IT WAS TOLD HIM THAT LIONEL WAS DEAD.

THEN dressed he him unto the knight the which had the gentlewoman, and then he cried: Sir knight, let your hand off that maiden, or ye be but dead. And then he set down the maiden, and was armed at all pieces save he lacked his spear. Then he dressed his shield, and drew out his sword, and Bors smote him so hard

that it went through his shield and habergeon on the left shoulder. And through great strength he beat him down to the earth, and at the pulling out of Bors' spear there he swooned. Then came Bors to the maid and said: How seemeth it you? of this knight ye be delivered at this time. Now sir, said she, I pray you lead me thereas this knight had me. So shall I do gladly: and took the horse of the wounded knight, and set the gentlewoman upon him, and so brought her as she desired. Sir knight, said she, ye have better sped than ye weened, for an I had lost my maidenhead, five hundred men should have died for it. What knight was he that had you in the forest? By my faith, said she, he is my cousin. So wot I never with what engine the fiend enchafed him, for yesterday he took me from my father privily; for I, nor none of my father's men, mistrusted him not, and if he had had my maidenhead he should have died for the sin, and his body shamed and dishonoured for ever. Thus as she stood talking with him there came twelve knights seeking after her; and anon she told them all how Bors had delivered her; then they made great joy, and besought him to come to her father, a great lord, and he should be right welcome. Truly, said Bors, that may not be at this time, for I have a great adventure to do in this country. So he commended them unto God and departed.

Then Sir Bors rode after Lionel, his brother, by the trace of their horses, thus he rode seeking a great while. Then he overtook a man clothed in a religious clothing, and rode on a strong black horse blacker than a berry, and said: Sir knight, what seek you? Sir, said he, I seek my brother that I saw within a while beaten with two knights. Ah, Bors, discomfort you not, nor fall into no wanhope, for I shall tell you tidings such as they be, for truly he is dead. Then showed he him a new slain body lying in a bush, and it seemed him well that it was the body of Lionel; and then he made such a sorrow that he fell to the earth all in a swoon, and lay a great while there. And when he came to himself he said: Fair brother, sith the company of you and me is departed shall I never have joy in my heart, and now He which I have taken unto my master, He be my help. And when he had said thus he took his body lightly in his arms, and put it upon the arson of his saddle.

And then he said to the man: Canst thou tell me unto some chapel where that I may bury this body? Come on, said he, here is one fast by; and so long they rode till they saw a fair tower, and afore it there seemed an old feeble chapel. And then they alighted both, and put him into a tomb of marble.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR BORS TOLD HIS DREAM TO A PRIEST, WHICH HE HAD DREAMED, AND OF THE COUNSEL THAT THE PRIEST GAVE TO HIM.

Now leave we him here, said the good man, and go we to our harbour till to-morrow; we will come here again to do him service. Sir, said Bors, be ye a priest? Yea forsooth, said he. Then I pray you tell me a dream that befell to me the last night. Say on, said he. Then he began so much to tell him of the great bird in the forest, and after told him of his birds, one white, another black and of the rotten tree, and of the white flowers. Sir, I shall tell you a part now, and the other deal to-morrow. The white fowl betokeneth a gentlewoman, fair and rich, which loved thee paramours, and hath loved thee long; and if thou warn her love she shall go die anon, if thou have no pity on her. That signifieth the great bird, the which shall make thee to warn her. Now for no fear that thou hast, ne for no dread that thou hast of God, thou shalt not warn her, but thou wouldst not do it for to be holden chaste, for to conquer the loos of the vain glory of the world; for that shall befall thee now an thou warn her, that Launcelot, the good knight, thy cousin, shall die. And therefore men shall now say that thou art a manslayer, both of thy brother, Sir Lionel, and of thy cousin, Sir Launcelot du Lake, the which thou mightest have saved and rescued easily, but thou weenedst to rescue a maid which pertaineth nothing to thee. Now look thou whether it had been greater harm of thy brother's death, or else to have suffered her to

have lost her maidenhood. Then asked he him: Hast thou heard the tokens of thy dream the which I have told to you? Yea forsooth, said Sir Bors, all your exposition and declaring of my dream I have well understood and heard. Then said the man in this black clothing: Then is it in thy default if Sir Launcelot, thy cousin, die. Sir, said Bors, that were me loath, for wit ye well there is nothing in the world but I had liefer do it than to see my lord, Sir Launcelot du Lake, to die in my default. Choose ye now the one or the other, said the good man.

And then he led Sir Bors into an high tower, and there he found knights and ladies: those ladies said he was welcome, and so they unarmed him. And when he was in his doublet men brought him a mantle furred with ermine, and put it about him; and then they made him such cheer that he had forgotten all his sorrow and anguish, and only set his heart in these delights and dainties, and took no thought more for his brother, Sir Lionel, neither of Sir Launcelot du Lake, his cousin. And anon came out of a chamber to him the fairest lady than ever he saw, and more richer beseen than ever he saw Queen Guenever or any other estate. Lo, said they, Sir Bors, here is the lady unto whom we owe all our service, and I trow she be the richest lady and the fairest of all the world, and the which loveth you best above all other knights, for she will have no knight but you. And when he understood that language he was abashed. Not for then she saluted him, and he her; and then they sat down together and spake of many things, in so much that she besought him to be her love, for she had loved him above all earthly men, and she should make him richer than ever was man of his age. When Bors understood her words he was right evil at ease, which in no manner would not break chastity, so wist not he how to answer her.

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE DEVIL IN A WOMAN'S LIKENESS WOULD HAVE HAD SIR BORS TO HAVE LAIN BY HER, AND HOW BY GOD'S GRACE HE ESCAPED.

ALAS, said she, Bors, shall ye not do my will? Madam, said Bors, there is no lady in the world whose will I will fulfil as of this thing, for my brother lieth dead which was slain right late. Ah Bors, said she, I have loved you long for the great beauty I have seen in you, and the great hardiness that I have heard of you, that needs ye must lie by me this night, and therefore I pray you grant it me. Truly, said he, I shall not do it in no manner wise. Then she made him such sorrow as though she would have died. Well Bors, said she, unto this have ye brought me, nigh to mine end. And therewith she took him by the hand, and bade him behold her. And ye shall see how I shall die for your love. Ah, said then he, that shall I never see.

Then she departed and went up into an high battlement, and led with her twelve gentlewomen; and when they were above, one of the gentlewomen cried, and said: Ah, Sir Bors, gentle knight have mercy on us all, and suffer my lady to have her will, and if ye do not we must suffer death with our lady, for to fall down off this high tower, and if ye suffer us thus to die for so little a thing all ladies and gentlewomen will say of you dishonour. Then looked he upward, they seemed all ladies of great estate, and richly and well beseen. Then had he of them great pity; not for that he was uncounselled in himself that liefer he had they all had lost their souls than he his, and with that they fell down all at once unto the earth. And when he saw that, he was all abashed, and had thereof great marvel. With that he blessed his body and his visage. And anon he heard a great noise and a great cry, as though all the fiends of hell had been about him; and therewith he saw neither tower, nor lady, nor gentlewoman, nor no chapel where he brought his brother to. Then held he up both his hands to the heaven, and said:

Fair Father God, I am grievously escaped; and then he took his arms and his horse and rode on his way.

Then he heard a clock smite on his right hand; and thither he came to an abbey on his right hand, closed with high walls, and there was let in. Then they supposed that he was one of the quest of the Sangreal, so they led him into a chamber and unarmed him. Sirs, said Sir Bors, if there be any holy man in this house I pray you let me speak with him. Then one of them led him unto the Abbot, which was in a chapel. And then Sir Bors saluted him, and he him again. Sir, said Bors, I am a knight-errant; and told him all the adventure which he had seen. Sir Knight, said the Abbot, I wot not what ye be, for I weened never that a knight of your age might have been so strong in the grace of our Lord Jesu Christ. Not for then ye shall go unto your rest, for I will not counsel you this day, it is too late, and to-morrow I shall counsel you as I can.

CHAPTER XIII

OF THE HOLY COMMUNICATION OF AN ABBOT TO SIR BORS, AND HOW THE ABBOT COUNSELLED HIM.

And that night was Sir Bors served richly; and on the morn early he heard mass, and the Abbot came to him, and bade him good morrow, and Bors to him again. And then he told him he was a fellow of the quest of the Sangreal, and how he had charge of the holy man to eat bread and water. Then [said the Abbot]: Our Lord Jesu Christ showed him unto you in the likeness of a soul that suffered great anguish for us, since He was put upon the cross, and bled His heart-blood for mankind: there was the token and the likeness of the Sangreal that appeared afore you, for the blood that the great fowl bled revived the chickens from death to life. And by the bare tree is betokened the world which is naked and without fruit but if it come of Our Lord. Also the lady for whom ye fought for, and King Aniause which was lord there-to-

fore, betokeneth Jesu Christ which is the King of the world. And that ye fought with the champion for the lady, this it betokeneth: for when ye took the battle for the lady, by her shall ye understand the new law of Jesu Christ and Holy Church; and by the other lady ye shall understand the old law and the fiend, which all day warreth against Holy Church, therefore ye did your battle with right. For ye be Jesu Christ's knights, therefore ye ought to be defenders of Holy Church. And by the black bird might ye understand Holy Church, which sayeth I am black, but he is fair. And by the white bird might men understand the fiend, and I shall tell you how the swan is white without-forth, and black within: it is hypocrisy which is without yellow or pale, and seemeth without-forth the servants of Jesu Christ, but they be within so horrible of filth and sin, and beguile the world evil. Also when the fiend appeared to thee in likeness of a man of religion, and blamed thee that thou left thy brother for a lady, so led thee where thou seemed thy brother was slain, but he is yet alive; and all was for to put thee in error, and bring thee unto wanhope and lechery, for he knew thou were tender hearted, and all was for thou shouldst not find the blessed adventure of the Sangreal. And the third fowl betokeneth the strong battle against the fair ladies which were all devils. Also the dry tree and the white lily the dry tree betokeneth thy brother Lionel, which is dry without virtue, and therefore many men ought to call him the rotten tree, and the worm-eaten tree, for he is a murderer and doth contrary to the order of knighthood. And the two white flowers signify two maidens, the one is a knight which was wounded the other day, and the other is the gentlewoman which ye rescued; and why the other flower drew nigh the other, that was the knight which would have defouled her and himself both. And Sir Bors, ye had been a great fool and in great peril for to have seen those two flowers perish for to succour the rotten tree, for an they had sinned together they had been damned; and for that ye rescued them both, men might call you a very knight and servant of Jesu Christ.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SIR BORS MET WITH HIS BROTHER SIR LIONEL, AND HOW SIR LIONEL WOULD HAVE SLAIN SIR BORS.

THEN went Sir Bors from thence and commended the Abbot unto God. And then he rode all that day, and harboured with an old lady. And on the morn he rode to a castle in a valley, and there he met with a yeoman going a great pace toward a forest. Say me, said Sir Bors, canst thou tell me of any adventure? Sir, said he, here shall be under this castle a great and a marvellous tournament. Of what folks shall it be? said Sir Bors. The Earl of Plains shall be in the one party, and the lady's nephew of Hervin on the other party. Then Bors thought to be there if he might meet with his brother Sir Lionel, or any other of his fellowship, which were in the quest of the Sangreal. And then he turned to an hermitage that was in the entry of the forest.

And when he was come thither he found there Sir Lionel, his brother, which sat all armed at the entry of the chapel door for to abide there harbour till on the morn that the tournament shall be. And when Sir Bors saw him he had great joy of him, that it were marvel to tell of his joy. And then he alighted off his horse, and said: Fair sweet brother, when came ye hither? Anon as Lionel saw him he said: Ah Bors, ye may not make none avaunt, but as for you I might have been slain; when ye saw two knights leading me away beating me, ye left me for to succour a gentlewoman, and suffered me in peril of death; for never erst ne did no brother to another so great an untruth. And for that misdeed now I ensure you but death, for well have ye deserved it; therefore keep thee from henceforward, and that shall ye find as soon as I am armed. When Sir Bors understood his brother's wrath he kneeled down to the earth and cried him mercy, holding up both his hands, and prayed him to forgive him his evil will. Nay, said Lionel, that shall never be an I may have the higher hand, that I make mine avow to God, thou shalt have death for it, for it were pity ye lived any longer.

Right so he went in and took his harness, and mounted upon his horse, and came to-fore him and said: Bors, keep thee from me, for I shall do to thee as I would to a felon or a traitor, for ye be the untruest knight that ever came out of so worthy an house as was King Bors de Ganis which was our father, therefore start upon thy horse, and so shall ye be most at your advantage. And but if ye will I will run upon you thereas ye stand upon foot, and so the shame shall be mine and the harm yours, but of that shame ne reck I nought.

When Sir Bors saw that he must fight with his brother or else to die, he nist what to do; then his heart counselled him not thereto, inasmuch as Lionel was born or he, wherefore he ought to bear him reverence; yet kneeled he down afore Lionel's horse's feet, and said: Fair sweet brother, have mercy upon me and slay me not, and have in remembrance the great love which ought to be between us twain. What Sir Bors said to Lionel he rought not, for the fiend had brought him in such a will that he should slay him. Then when Lionel saw he would none other, and that he would not have risen to give him battle, he rashed over him so that he smote Bors with his horse, feet upward, to the earth, and hurt him so sore that he swooned of distress, the which he felt in himself to have died without confession. So when Lionel saw this, he alighted off his horse to have smitten off his head. And so he took him by the helm, and would have rent it from his head. Then came the hermit running unto him, which was a good man and of great age, and well had heard all the words that were between them, and so fell down upon Sir Bors.

CHAPTER XV

HOW SIR COLGREVANCE FOUGHT AGAINST SIR LIONEL FOR TO SAVE SIR BORS. AND HOW THE HERMIT WAS SLAIN.

THEN he said to Lionel: Ah gentle knight, have mercy upon me and on thy brother, for if thou slay him thou shalt be dead of sin, and that were sorrowful, for he is one of the worthiest knights of the world, and of the best conditions. So God help me, said Lionel, sir priest, but if ye flee from him I shall slay you, and he shall never the sooner be quit. Certes, said the good man, I have liefer ye slay me than him, for my death shall not be great harm, not half so much as of his. Well, said Lionel, I am greed; and set his hand to his sword and smote him so hard that his head yede backward. Not for that he restrained him of his evil will, but took his brother by the helm, and unlaced it to have stricken off his head, and had slain him without fail. But so it happed, Colgrevance, a fellow of the Round Table, came at that time thither as Our Lord's will was. And when he saw the good man slain he marvelled much what it might be. And then he beheld Lionel would have slain his brother, and knew Sir Bors which he loved right well. Then stert he down and took Lionel by the shoulders, and drew him strongly aback from Bors, and said: Lionel, will ye slay your brother, the worthiest knight of the world one? and that should no good man suffer. Why, said Lionel, will ye let me? therefore if ye entermete you in this I shall slay you, and him after. Why, said Colgrevance, is this sooth that ye will slay him? Slay him will I, said he, whoso say the contrary, for he hath done so much against me that he hath well deserved it. And so ran upon him, and would have smitten him through the head, and Sir Colgrevance ran betwixt them, and said: An ye be so hardy to do so more, we two shall meddle together.

When Lionel understood his words he took his shield afore him, and asked him what that he was. And he told him, Colgrevance,

one of his fellows. Then Lionel defied him, and gave him a great stroke through the helm. Then he drew his sword, for he was a passing good knight, and defended him right manfully. So long dured the battle that Bors rose up all anguishly, and beheld how Colgrevance, the good knight, fought with his brother for his quarrel; then was he full sorry and heavy, and thought if Colgrevance slew him that was his brother he should never have joy; and if his brother slew Colgrevance the shame should ever be mine. Then would he have risen to have departed them, but he had not so much might to stand on foot; so he abode him so long till Colgrevance had the worse, for Lionel was of great chivalry and right hardy, for he had pierced the hauberk and the helm, that he abode but death, for he had lost much of his blood that it was marvel that he might stand upright. Then beheld he Sir Bors which sat dressing him upward and said: Ah, Bors, why come ye not to cast me out of peril of death, wherein I have put me to succour you which were right now nigh the death? Certes, said Lionel, that shall not avail you, for none of you shall bear others warrant, but that ye shall die both of my hand. When Bors heard that, he did so much, he rose and put on his helm. Then perceived he first the hermit-priest which was slain, then made he a marvellous sorrow upon him.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR LIONEL SLEW SIR COLGREVANCE, AND HOW AFTER HE WOULD HAVE SLAIN SIR BORS.

THEN oft Colgrevance cried upon Sir Bors: Why will ye let me die here for your sake? if it please you that I die for you the death, it will please me the better for to save a worthy man. With that word Sir Lionel smote off the helm from his head. Then Colgrevance saw that he might not escape; then he said: Fair sweet Jesu, that I have misdone have mercy upon my soul, for such

sorrow that my heart suffereth for goodness, and for alms deed that I would have done here, be to me aligement of penance unto my soul's health. At these words Lionel smote him so sore that he bare him to the earth. So he had slain Colgrevance he ran upon his brother as a friendly man, and gave him such a stroke that he made him stoop. And he that was full of humility prayed him for God's love to leave this battle: For an it befell, fair brother, that I slew you or ye me, we should be dead of that sin. Never God me help but if I have on you mercy, an I may have the better hand. Then drew Bors his sword, all weeping, and said: Fair brother, God knoweth mine intent. Ah, fair brother, ye have done full evil this day to slay such an holy priest the which never trespassed. Also ye have slain a gentle knight, and one of our fellows. And well wot ye that I am not afeard of you greatly, but I dread the wrath of God, and this is an unkindly war, therefore God show miracle upon us both. Now God have mercy upon me though I defend my life against my brother: with that Bors lift up his hand and would have smitten his brother.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW THERE CAME A VOICE WHICH CHARGED SIR BORS TO TOUCH HIM NOT, AND OF A CLOUD THAT CAME BETWEEN THEM.

And then he heard a voice that said: Flee Bors, and touch him not, or else thou shalt slay him. Right so alighted a cloud betwixt them in likeness of a fire and a marvellous flame, that both their two shields brent. Then were they sore afraid, that they fell both to the earth, and lay there a great while in a swoon. And when they came to themself, Bors saw that his brother had no harm; then he held up both his hands, for he dread God had taken vengeance upon him. With that he heard a voice say: Bors, go hence, and bear thy brother no longer fellowship, but take thy way

anon right to the sea, for Sir Percivale abideth thee there. Then he said to his brother: Fair sweet brother, forgive me for God's love all that I have trespassed unto you. Then he answered: God forgive it thee and I do gladly.

So Sir Bors departed from him and rode the next way to the sea. And at the last by fortune he came to an abbey which was nigh the sea. That night Bors rested him there; and in his sleep there came a voice to him and bade him go to the sea. Then he stert up and made a sign of the cross in the midst of his forehead, and took his harness, and made ready his horse, and mounted upon him; and at a broken wall he rode out, and rode so long till that he came to the sea. And on the strand he found a ship covered all with white samite, and he alighted, and betook him to Jesu Christ. And as soon as he entered into the ship, the ship departed into the sea, and went so fast that him seemed the ship went flying, but it was soon dark so that he might know no man, and so he slept till it was day. Then he awaked, and saw in midst of the ship a knight lie all armed save his helm. Then knew he that it was Sir Percivale of Wales, and then he made of him right great joy; but Sir Percivale was abashed of him, and he asked him what he was. Ah, fair sir, said Bors, know ye me not? Certes, said he, I marvel how ye came hither, but if Our Lord brought ye hither Himself. Then Sir Bors smiled and did off his helm. The Percivale knew him, and either made great joy of other, that it was marval to hear. The Bors told him how he came into the ship, and by whose admonishment; and either told other of their temptations, as ye have heard to-forehand. So went they downward in the sea, one while backward, another while forward, and everych comforted other, and oft were in their prayers. Then said Sir Percivale: We lack nothing but Galahad, the good knight.

And thus endeth the sixteenth book, which is of Sir Gawaine, Ector de Maris, and Sir Bors de Ganis, and Sir Percivale. And here followeth the seventeenth book, which is of the noble knight Sir Galahad.

VII

SIR GALAHAD

NOW seyth the tale, whan sir Galahad had rescowed sir (1)
Percyvale frome the twenty knyghtes he rode tho into
a waste foreyste wherein he dud many journeyes and founde
many adventures which he brought all to an ende, whereof
the tale makith here no mencion. 5

Than he toke hys way to the see; and on a day, as hit be-
felle, as he passed by a castell there was a wondir turnemente.
But they withoute had done so much that they within were
put to the worse, and yet were they within good knyghtes inow.

So whan sir Galahad saw tho within were at so grete 10
myschyff that men slew hem at the entré of the castell, than
he thought to helpe them, and put a speare furthe, and
smote the firste, that he flowe to the erthe and the speare
yode in pecis. Than he drew hys swerde and smote thereas
they were thyckyst; and so he dud wondirfull dedys of 15
armys, that all they mervayled.

And so hyt happynde that sir Gawayne and sir Ector de
Marys were with the knyghtes withoute. But than they
aspyed the whyght shylde with the rede crosse, and anone
that one seyde to that othir, 20

'Yondir ys the good knyght sir Galahad, the Haute
Prynce. Now, forsothe, methynkith he shall be a grete foole
that shall mete with hym to fyght.'

But at the last by aventure he cam by sir Gawayne and
smote hym so sore that he clave hys helme and the coyff of 25
iron unto the hede, that sir Gawayne felle to the erthe; but the
stroke was so grete that hit slented downe and kutte the horse
sholdir in too. So whan sir Ector saw sir Gawayne downe,
he drew hym asyde and thought hit no wysedom for to abyde
hym, and also for naturall love, for because he was hys uncle. 30

Thus thorow hys hardynesse he bete abacke all the 389

1 *C* saith this story whanne 2 *C* he yede tho 3 *C* he rode many 4 all *not in C* 5 *C* the story maketh 6 and *not in C*† *C* day & hit 10–11 *C* grete a meschyef 13 *C* flay to 13–14 *C* spere brak to pyeces 18 *C* But whanne they 19–20 *C* Crosse the one sayd to the other 22–23 *C* Now he shold be a grete foole whiche shold mete 22–30 *W* (*sidenote*) he sir Galahad hurte sir Gawayne lyke as sir Launcelot made mencion tofore at Camelot 24 *C* Soo by 25 *C* soo hard that *W* that that 27 *C* doune to the erthe and carfe the hors 30 *C* loue that he 31 *C* Thns (*S* Thus) thurgh his grete hardynesse

knyghtes withoute, and than they within cam oute and chaced them all aboute. But whan sir Galahad saw there wolde none turne agayne, he stale away prevayly, and no man wyste where he was becom.

5 'Now, be my hede,' seyde sir Gawayne unto sir Ector, 'now ar the wondirs trew that was seyd of sir Launcelot, that the swerd which stake in the stone shulde gyff me such a buffette that I wold nat have hit for the beste castell in the worlde. And sothely now hit ys preved trew, for never ar 10 had I such a stroke of mannys honde.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Ector, 'mesemyth youre queste ys done, and myne ys nat done.'

'Well,' seyde he, 'I shall seke no farther.'

Than was sir Gawayne borne into the castell, and unarmed 15 hym and leyde hym in a rych bedde, and a leche was founde to hele hym. And sir Ector wolde nat departe frome hym tyll he was nyghe hole.

And so the good knyght sir Galahad rode so faste that he cam that nyght to the castell of Carbonecke. And so hit befelle 20 hym that he was benyghted and cam unto an armytayge. So the good man was fayne whan he saw he was a knyght arraunte.

So whan they were at reste, there befelle a jantillwoman cam and cnokkede at the dore and called sir Galahad. And so the good man cam to the dore to wete what she wolde. 25 Than she called the ermyte sir Ulphyne and seyde,

'I am a jantillwoman that wolde fayne speke with the knyght which ys within you.'

Than the good man awaked sir Galahad and bade hym aryse 'and speke with a jantyllwoman that semyth she hath 30 grete nede of you'.

Than sir Galahad ⌈wente to hir⌉ and asked hir what she wolde.

3–4 *C* pryuely so that none wyst 6 *C* that were sayd of Launcelot du lake that 7 *W* sulde shulde 8–9 *C* in this world 9 *C* neuer ere 11–13 *C** done and yours is not done sayd Gawayn but myn is done I shalle (*see note*) 14 *C* Thenne Gawayne was borne in to a Castel 15–17 *C** leche fonde that he myght lyue & to be hole within a moneth Thus Gawayne and Ector abode to gyder For syre Ector wold not awey til Gawayne were hole (*see note*) 18 *C* so long tyll he 20 *C* hym thus that *C* benyghted in an hermytage 22 *C* tho whan 22–23 *C* ther cam a gentilwoman knockyng 25 and seyde *not in C* 26 fayne *not in C* 27 *C* is with yow 31 *C** Thenne Galahad wente to her *F* vint a li

'Sir Galahad,' seyde she, 'I woll that ye arme you and lyght uppon thys horse and sew me, for I shall shew you within thys three dayes the hyghest adventure that ever ony knyght saw.'

So anone sir Galahad armed hym and toke hys horse, and commended the e[r]myte to God.

And so he bade the jantillwoman to ryde, and he wolde folow thereas she lyked. So she rode as faste as hir palferey (2) **390**r myght bere her, tyll that she cam to the see whych was called Collybye. And by nyght they com unto a castell in a valey, closed with a rennyng watir, whych had stronge wallis and hyghe.

And so she entird into the castell with sir Galahad, and there had he grete chere, for the lady of that castell was the damesels lady. So was he unarmed. Than seyde the damesell,

'Madame, shall we abyde here all thys day?'

'Nay,' seyde she, 'but tylle he hath dyned and slepte a litill.'

And so he ete and slepte a whyle, and this mayde than called hym and armed hym by torchelyght. And whan the mayden was horsed and he bothe, the lady toke sir Galahad a fayre shylde and ryche, and so they departed frome the castell and rode tylle they cam to the see. And there they founde the shippe that sir Bors and sir Percivale was in, whych seyde on the shipbourde,

'Sir Galahad, ye be wellcom, for we have abydyn you longe!'

And when he herde them he asked them what they were.

'Sir,' seyde she, 'leve youre horse hyre, and I shall leve myne also.'

And toke hir sadils and her brydyls with them, and made a crosse on them, and so entird into the ship. And the two knyghtes resceyved them bothe with grete joy, and everych knew other.

2 *C* moũte vpon your hors and folowe me 5 *C* Auone *S* Anone 6–7 *C* commaunded hym to god and badde the gentilwoman go and he 9 *C* the whiche 10 *C* And at the nyghte 11 *C* water and with stronge 15 *C* So whan he was vnarmed 18 *C* dyned and tyl he hath slepte 19–20 *C* whyle tyl that the mayde called 22 *C* fayr child 23 and rode *not in C*¶ *C** see syde 24–25 *C* shyp where Bors and Percyual were in the whiche cryed on the shyps bord 26 for *not in C* 30 also *not in C*

And so the wynde arose and drove hem thorow the see into a mervayles place, and within a whyle hit dawed. Than dud sir Galahad of hys helme and hys swerde, and asked of hys felowis from whens com that fayre shippe.

5 'Trewly,' seyde they, 'ye wote as well as we, but hit com of Goddis grace.'

And than they tolde everych to othir of all theyre harde aventures, and of her grete temptacions.

'Truly,' seyd sir Galahad, 'ye ar much bounden to God,
10 for ye have escaped ryght grete adventures. Sertes, had nat this jantillwoman bene, I had nat come hydir at thys tyme. For as for you two, I wente never to have founde you in thys straunge contreys.'

'A, sir Galahad,' seyde sir Bors, 'if sir Launcelot, your
390v 15 fadir, were here, than were we well at ease, for than mesemed we fayled nothynge.'

'That may nat be,' seyd sir Galahad, 'but if hit pleased our Lorde.'

By than the shipp had renne frome the londe of Logrys
20 many myles. So by adventure hit aryved up bytwyxte two rocchis, passynge grete and mervaylous, but there they myght nat londe, for there was a swalowe of the see, save there was another shippe, and uppon hit they myght go withoute daungere.

25 'Now go we thydir,' seyde the jantillwoman, 'and there shall we se adventures, for so ys oure Lordys wylle.'

And wan they com thyder they founde the shippe ryche inowghe, but they founde nother man nor woman therein. But they founde in the ende of the shippe two fayre
30 lettirs wrytten, which seyde a dredefull worde and a mervaylous:

'THOU MAN WHYCH SHALT ENTIR INTO THYS SHIPPE, BEWARE THAT THOU BE IN STEDEFASTE BELEVE, FOR I AM FAYTHE. AND THEREFORE BEWARE HOW THOU ENTIRST BUT IF THOU
35 BE STEDFASTE, FOR AND THOU FAYLE THEREOF I SHALL NAT HELPE THE.'

2 *C* in a merueyllous 5 hit com *not in C*† 10 ryght *not in C* 10–11 *C* aduentures and had not the gentilwoman 11–12 *C* not comen here for as for yow I wend 19 *C* shyp wente fro 20 many myles *not in C* 25 Now *not in C* 28 *C* man ne 33 that *not in C* 34–35 but if thou be stedfaste *not in C*† 35 thereof *not in C*†

And than seyde the jantillwoman:

'Sir Percivale,' seyde she, 'wote ye what I am?'

'Sertes,' seyde he, 'nay. Unto my wytynge I saw you never arst.'

'Wyte ye well,' seyde she, 'I am thy syster, whych was doughter unto kynge Pellynor, and therefore wete you welle ye ar the man that I moste love. And if ye be nat in perfite belyve of Jesu Cryste, entir nat in no maner of wyse for than sholde ye perish the shippe; for he ys so perfite he woll suffir no synner within hym.'

So whan sir Percyvale undirstode she was hys verry syster he was inwardly glad and seyde,

'Fayre sister, I shall entir in, for if I be a myssecreature other an untrew knyght, there shall I perische.'

So in the meanewhyle sir Galahad blyssed hym and entirde (3) thereinne, and so nexte the jantillwoman, and than sir Bors, and than sir Percyvale. And whan they were in, hit was so mervaylous fayre and ryche [that they mervaylede]. And amyddis the shippe was a fayre bedde. And anone sir Galahad wente thereto and founde thereon a crowne of sylke. **391**[r] And at the feete was a swerde, rych and fayre, and hit was drawyn oute of the sheeth ⌜half⌝ a foote and more.

And the swerde was of dyverse fassions; and the pomell was of stoone, and there was in hym all maner of coloures that ony man myght fynde, and every of the coloures had dyverse vertues. And the scalis of the hauffte were of two rybbis of two dyverse bestis; that one was a serpente whych ys coversaunte in Calydone and ys calle there the serpente of the fynde, and the boone of hym ys of such vertu that there ys no hande that handelith hym shall never be wery nother hurte; and the other bone ys of a fyssh whych ys nat ryght grete, and hauntith the floode of Eufrate, and that fyssh ys called Ertanax. And the bonys be of such maner of kynde that who that handelyth hym shall have so muche

2 seyde she *not in C** 3 he *not in C†* 3–4 I saw you never arst *not in C†* 5 *C* whiche am 7 *C* man in the world that 13 *C* entre therin 18–19 *C** ryche that they merueylled & in myddes of the 20 *C* there a crowne 22 *C** half a foote *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 554*[r]*, col. 1*) demi pié 25 *C* eueryche of 27 *C* beestes the one beest was 28 *C* was conuersaunt *C* called the 31 *W* And the and the other bone ys of a fyssh whych *C†* and the other beest is a fysshe whiche (*S* which) *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 554*[r]*, col. 2*) et l'aultre estoit d'un poisson 33 *C* his bones 34 *C* handeleth hem shalle neuer

wyll that he shall never be wery, and he shall nat thynke on joy nother sorow that he hath had, but only that thynge that he beholdith before hym.

'AND AS FOR THYS SWERDE, THERE SHALL ⌜NEVER⌝ MAN BEGRYPE HYM, THAT YS TO SEY, THE HAND, BUT ONE; AND HE SHALL PASSE ALL OTHIR.'

'In the name of God,' seyde sir Percivale, 'I shall assay to handyll hit.'

So he sette hys honde to the swerde, but he myght nat begrype hit.

'Be my faythe,' seyde he, 'now have I fayled.'

Than sir Bors sette to hys hande and fayled.

Than sir Galahad behylde the swerde and saw lettirs lyke bloode that seyde:

'LAT SE WHO DARE DRAW ME OUTE OF MY SHEETH BUT IF HE BE MORE HARDYER THAN ONY OTHER, FOR WHO THAT DRAWITH M[E] OUTE, WETE YOU WELLE HE SHALL NEVER BE SHAMED OF HYS BODY NOTHER WOUNDED TO THE DETHE.'

'Perfay,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I wolde draw thys swerde oute of the sheethe, but the offendynge ys so grete that I shall nat se[tt]e my hande thereto.'

'Now, sirs,' seyde the jantillwoman, 'the drawynge of thys swerde ys warned to all sauff all only to you. Also thys shippe aryved into [the] realme of Logrys, and that tyme was dedly warre betwene kyng Labor, which was fadir unto
391v the Maymed Kynge, and kynge Hurlaine, whych was a Saresyn. But than was he newly crystened, and so aftirwarde hylde hym one of the worthyest men of the worlde.

'And so uppon a day hit befelle that kynge Labor and kyng Hurlaine had assembeled theire folke uppon the see, where thys shippe was aryved. And there kynge Hurlaine was discomfite, and hys men slayne. And he was aferde to be dede and fledde to thys shippe, and there founde this

4 *C** shalle neuer man *F* (*loc. cit.*) jamais nulz ne m'empoingnera 5 *C** hym at the handels but one but 12 *C* hand therto & 15 *C* who shall assaye to drawe 16 *C* other & who 17–18 *C* neuer fayle of shame of his body or to be wounded 19 *C* By my feyth said galahad 21 *W* nat sende my hande (*contamination*) 22 *C* gentilwoman wete ye wel that the drawynge 23 *C* alle men sauf 24 *C* in the realme 27–28 *C* crystend soo that men helde afterward 28 *C*† the wyttyest men 33 *C* fled to his shyp *C* fond *S* he fonde

swerde, and drew hit, and cam oute and founde kynge Labor, the man of the worlde of all Crystyn in whom there is the grettist faythe. And whan kynge Hurlaine ⌜saw kynge Labor he dressid this swerde⌝ and smote hym uppon the helme so harde that he clave hym and hys horse to the ⌜erthe⌝ with the firste stroke of hys swerde.

'And hit was in the realme of Logris, and so befelle there grete pestilence, and grete harme to bothe reallmys; for there encresed nother corne, ne grasse, nother well-nye no fruyte, ne in the watir was founde no fyssh. Therefore men calle hit—the londys of the two marchys—the Waste Londe, for that dolerous stroke.

'And whan kynge Hurleine saw thys swerde so kerveynge, he turned agayne to fecch the scawberd. And so cam into thys shippe and entird, and put up the swerde in the sheethe, and as sone as he had done hit he felle downe dede afore the bedde. Thus was the swerde preved that never man drew hit but he were dede or maymed. So lay he here tyll a maydyn cam into the shippe and caste hym oute, for there was no man so hardy in the worlde to entir in that [shippe] for the defens.'

And than behylde they the scawberte, hit besemyd to (4)
be of a serpentis skynne, and thereon were lettirs of golde and sylver. And the gurdyll was but porely to com to, and nat able to susteyne such a ryche swerde. And the lettirs seyde:

'HE WHYCH SHALL WELDE ME OUGHT TO BE MORE HARDY THAN ONY OTHER, IF HE BEARE ME AS TRULY AS ME OUGHTE 392r
TO BE BORNE. FOR THE BODY OF HYM WHICH I OUGHT TO HANGE BY, HE SHALL NAT BE SHAMED IN NO PLACE WHYLE HE YS GURDE WITH THE GURDYLL. NOTHER NEVER NONE BE SO HARDY TO DO AWAY THYS GURDYLL, FOR HIT OUGHT NAT TO BE

2–4 *C** *C* man in the world of al crystendom in whome was thenne the grettest feyth And when kynge Hurlame sawe kynge Labor he dressid this suerd and smote *W* all crystyn in whom there is the grettist faythe and whan kynge Hurlaine was discomfite and hys menne slayne and and he was aferde to be dede and fledde to thy shippe and there founde thys swerde and drew hit and smote (*duplication followed by homoeoteleuton; see note*) *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 554r, col. 1*) Quant le roy Urarlon vist le roy Lambar, si drece l'espee, si le feri 5 *C** to the erthe *W* to the hede *F* (*loc. cit.*) jusqu'en terre 8 *C* for sythen 10 founde *not in C* 10–11 *C* fysshe werfor men callen hit 17–18 *C* that none ne drewe 20 *C* hardy of the 20–21 *C* in to shypthat for 22 *C* hit semed 23 *C* serpents *S* serpentes 26 *C* be more harder 30 *C* this gyrdel 31 *C* not be

DONE AWAY BUT BY THE HONDIS OF A MAYDE, AND THAT SHE BE A KYNGIS DOUGHTER AND A QUENYS. AND SHE MUST BE A MAYDE ALL THE DAYES OF HIR LYFF, BOTH IN WYLL AND IN WORKE; AND IF SHE BREKE HIR VIRGINITÉ SHE SHALL DY THE MOSTE VYLAYNES DETH THAT EVER DUD ONY WOMAN.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Percivale, 'turne thys swerde that we may se what ys on the other syde.'

And hit was rede os bloode, with blacke lettirs as ony cole that seyde:

'HE THAT SHALL PRAYSE ME MOSTE, MOSTE SHALL HE FYNDE ME TO BLAME AT A GRETE NEDE. AND TO WHOM I SHOLDE BE MOSTE DEBONAYRE SHALL I BE MOST FELON. AND THAT SHALL BE AT ONE TYME ONLY.'

'Fayre brother,' seyde she to sir Percyvale, 'hit befelle afftir a fourty yere aftir the Passion of our Lorde Jesu Cryste, that Nacien, th⟨e⟩ brothir-in-law of kyng Mordr[a]i[ns], was bore in a towne, more than fourtene dayes journey frome his contray, by the commaundemente of oure Lorde, into an yle into the partyes of the Weste that men clepith the Ile of Turnaunce.

'So befelle hit, he founde thys shippe at the entré of a roche, and he founde the bedde and the swerde, as we have ⌈herd⌉ now. Natforthan he had nat so much hardynesse to draw hit. And there he dwelled an eyght dayes, and at the nynyth day there felle a grete wynd whych departed hym oute of the ile, and brought hym to another ile by a roche. And there he founde the grettist gyaunte that ever man myght see. And therewith cam that horrible gyaunte to sle hym, and than he loked aboute hym, and myght nat fle, also he had nothyng wherewith to defende hym. But at the laste he ran to the swerde, and whan he saw hit naked he praysed hit muche, and than he shooke hit, and therewith hit brake
392v in the myddys.

' "A," seyde Nacien, "the thynge that I moste praysed ought I now moste to blame!"

4 *C* in dede And 4 *C* vyrgynyte *S* vyrgynte 9 *C* whiche sayd 13 only *not in C*† 15 our Lorde *not in C* 16 *C W* thy 16–17 *C* Mordrayns 17 *C* boren in to a 21 *C* hit that he 22 *C* and this (*S* his) suerd 22–23 *C** as we haue herd now *So in F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 554v, col. 2*) 29 *C*† aad myghde 30–31 *C* no thynge to defende hym with Soo he ranne to his suerd 32–33 *C* therwith he brak it in

'And therewith he threw the pecis of the swerde over hys bedde, and aftir that he lepe over the bourde to fyght with the gyaunte, and slew hym. And anone he entirde into the shyppe agayne, and the wynde arose and drove hym thorow the see, that by adventure he cam to another shippe where kynge Mordrayns was, whych had bene tempted full evyll with the fynde, in the Porte of Perelous Roche.

'And whan that one saw that other they made grete joy aythir of othir. And so they tolde eche other of their adventure, and how the swerde fayled hym at hys moste nede. So whan Mordrayns saw the swerde he praysed hit muche, "but the brekyng was do by wyckednesse of thyselffward, for thou arte in som synne".

'And there he toke the swerde and sette the pecis togydirs, and they were as fayre isowdred as ever they were tofore. And than he put the swerde in the sheeth ayen, and leyde hit downe on the bedde. Than herde they a voyce that seyde,

' "Go ye oute of thys shippe a litill whyle and entir into that othir for drede ye falle in dedly synne. For and ye be founde in dedely synne ye may nat ascape but perishe!"

'And so they wente into the othir shippe. And as Nacyen wente over the bourde he was smytten with a swerde on the ryght foote, that he felle downe noselynge to the shippebourde. And therewith he seyde,

' "A, Good Lorde, how am I hurte!"

'Than there cam a voice that seyde, "Take thou that for thy forfette that thou dyddist in drawynge of this swerde! Therefore thou hast ressayved a wounde, for thou were never worthy to handyll hit: the wrytynge makith mencion."'

'In the name of God!' seyde sir Galahad, 'ye ar ryght wyse of thes wor⟨d⟩es.'

'Sir,' seyde she, 'there was a kynge that hyght Pelleaus, (5) which men called the Maymed Kynge, and whyle he myght

1 *C* of his suerde 2–3 *C*† with we gyaunt 7 *C* with a fende 8 *C* sawe the other 9 *C* of other and eyther told other of their 12 *C* was not to doo bnt (*S* but) by wyckednes 15 *C* they soudered as fayr as euer 16 *C* and there putte he the swerd ayen *not in C* 19 ye *not in C* 20 *C* the other 24–25 *C* shyps bord 26 *C* O god how 29 *C* thou receyuest 32 *W* workes *C* werkes *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 555r, col. 2*) ceste parolle (*see note*) 34 which men called *not in C*† *F* (*ibid.*) que on appelle

ryde he supported much Crystyndom and Holy Chyrche. So uppon a day he hunted in a woode of hys owne whych
393r lasted unto the see, so at the laste he loste hys howndys and hys knyghtes sauff only one.

'And so he and his knyght wente tyll that they cam toward Irelonde, and there he founde the shippe. And whan he saw the lettirs and undirstood them, yet he entird, for he was ryght perfite of lyff. But hys knyght had no hardynes to entir. And there founde he thys swerde, and drew hit oute as much as ye may se. So therewith entirde a spere wherewith he was smytte⟨n⟩ thorow both thyghes. And never sith myght he be heled, ne nought shall tofore we com to hym. Thus', seyde she, 'was kyng Pelles, youre grauntesyre, maymed for hys hardynes.'

'In the name of God, damesell!' seyde sir Galahad.

So they wente towarde the bedde to beholde all aboute hit. And abovyn the bed there hynge two swerdys, also there were spyndelys whych were whyght as snowe, and othir that were rede as bloode, and othir abovyn grene as ony emerawde. Of these three colowres were thes spyndyls, and of naturall coloure within, and withoute ony pay[n]tynge.

'Thes spyndyls', seyde the damesell, 'was whan synfull Eve cam to gadir fruyte, for which Adam and she were put oute of Paradyse. She toke with her the bowgh whych the appyll hynge on, than perseyved she that the braunche was freysh and grene, and she remembird of the losse which cam of the tre. Than she thought to kepe the braunche as longe as she myght, and for she had no coffir to kepe hit in, she put hit in the erthe. So by the wylle of oure Lorde the braunche grew to a grete tre within a litill whyle, and was as whyght as ony snowe, braunchis, bowis, and levys: that was a tokyn that a maydyn planted hit. But affter that oure Lorde com to Adam and bade hym know hys wyff fleyshly, as nature requyred. So lay Adam with hys wyff undir the same tre, and anone the tre which was whyght felle to grene

2 owne *not in C* 4–5 *W* one and he So he (*duplication*) *C* one and there he 8 *C* of his lyf 11 *W* smytter *C* smyte hym thurgh bothe the thyes 13 *C*† was not kynge 17 *C*† aboue the hede *F* (*loc. cit.*) en milieu du lit 18 *C* as ony snowe 20 *C* the spyndels 22 *C* damoysel were whan 24 *C* bough on whiche 26 *C* remembryd her the 27 *C* came fro the 30 *C* branuche *S* braunche 32–33 *C* after god came 35 *C*† whyte and ful grene

os ony grasse, and all that com oute of hit. And in the same tyme that they medled togydirs Abell was begotyn.

'Thus was the tre longe of grene coloure. And so [hit] befelle many dayes aftir, undir the same tre, Cayme slew Abell, 393v whereof befelle grete mervayle, for a[s] Abell had ressayved dethe undir the grene tre, he loste the grene colour and becam rede; and that was in tokenyng of blood. And anone all the plantis dyed thereoff, but the tre grewe and waxed mervaylusly fayre, and hit was the most fayryst tre and the most delectable that ony man myght beholde and se; and so ded the plantes that grewe oute of hit tofore that Abell was slayne undir hit.

'And so longe dured the tre tyll that Salamon, kynge Davythys sonne, regned and hylde the londe aftir his fadir. So thys Salamon was wyse, and knew all the vertues of stonys and treys; also he knew the course of the stirres, and of many other dyvers thynges. So this Salamon had an evyll wyff, wherethorow he wente there had be no good woman borne, and therefore he dispysed them in hys bookis. So there answerde a voice that seyde to hym thus:

' "Salamon, if hevynesse com to a man by a woman, ne rek tho[u] never, for yet shall there com a woman whereof there shall com gretter joy to a man an hondred tymes than thys hevynesse gyvith sorow. And that woman shall be borne of thy lynayge."

'So whan Salamon harde thes wordis, he hylde hymself but a foole. Tha⟨n⟩ preff had he by olde bookis the trouthe. Also the Holy Goste shewed hym the commynge of the glorius Virgyne Mary.

'Than asked he the voyce if hit sholde be in the yarde of hys lynayge.

' "Nay," seyde the voyce, "but there shall com a Man which shall be a mayde, and laste of youre bloode, and He shall be as good a knyght as deuke Josue, thy brother-in-

2 *C* to gyders there was Abel begoten 3–4 *C** it befelle many dayes after *WO*[1] aftir befelle many dayes 5 *W* whereof befefelle *C* For anone as 6 *C* the dethe 7 *C* the blood 9 *C* the fayrest 16 *C* trees and soo he 16–17 *C* sterres and many 19 borne *not in C*† *C* and soo he despysed 20–21 *C* voyce hym ones Salamon 22 *C** thow 23 *C* to man 27 *W* foole That preff had he by olde bookis the trouthe *C* foole & the trouthe he perceyued by old bookes (*see note*) 30 *C* he of the 33 *C* the last

(6) law. Now have I sertefyed the of that thou stondist in doute."

'Than was Salamon gladde that there shulde com ony suche of hys lynayge, but ever he mervayled and studyed who that sholde be, and what hys name myght be. So hys wyff perceyved that he studyed, and thought she wolde know 394r at som season. And so she wayted hir tyme and cam to hym and asked hym. And there he tolde her alltogydir how the voice had tolde hym.

' "Well," seyde she, "I shall lette make a shippe of the beste wood and moste durable that ony man may fynde."

'So Salamon sente for carpenters, of all the londe the beste. And whan they had made the shippe the lady seyde to Salamon,

' "Sir, syn hit ys so that thys knyght oughte to passe all knyghtes of chevalry whych hathe bene tofore hym and shall com affitir hym, moreover I shall lerne you," seyde she, "ye shall go into oure Lordis temple where ys kyng Davith his swerde, youre fadir, whych ys the mervaylouste and the sherpyste that ever was takyn in ony knyghtes hondys. Therefore take ye that, and take off the pomelle, and thereto make ye a pomell of precious stonys; late hit be so suttelly made that no man perceyve hit but that they beth all one. And aftir make there an hylte so mervaylously that no man may know hit, and aftir that make a mervaylous sheethe. And whan ye have made all thys I shall lette make a gurdyll thereto, such one as shall please me."

'So all thys kyng Salamon ded lat make as she devised, bothe the shippe and all the remenaunte. And whan the shippe was redy in the see to sayle, the lady lete make a grete bedde and mervaylous ryche, and sette hir uppon the beddis hede coverde with ⌜sylke⌝, and leyde the swerde at the feete. And the gurdyls were of hempe.

'And therewith the kynge was ryght angry.

1 *C* stodest 6–7 *C* knowe it at 7–8 *C** tyme & asked of hym the cause of his studyenge and 9 had *not in C* 11 *C* that men 12–13 *C†* carpenters of the lond and the best 15 *C* syr sayd she syn 16 *C* whiche haue 17 *C* shall (*S* shalle) telle you 19 *C* the whiche 20 *C* hand 21 ye *not in C* 22 *C* stones that it be 23 *C* they be al 24 *C** merueyllously and wonderly that 27 one *not in C* 32 *C** with sylke *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 557r, col. 2*) et la couvri d'un blanc drap de soie 34 ryght *not in C*

' "Sir, wyte you welle that I have none so hyghe a thynge whych were worthy to susteyne ⌜soo hyghe a swerde. And a mayde shall brynge other knyghtes thereto, but I wote not whan hit shall be ne what tyme.⌝"

'And there she lete make a coverynge to the shippe of clothe of sylke, that sholde never rotte for no manner of wedir. Than thys lady wente and made a carpynter to com to the tre whych Abelle was slayne undir.

' "Now," seyde she, "carve me oute of thys tre as much woode as woll make me a spyndill."

' "A, madam," seyde he, "thys ys the tre which oure firste modir planted."

' "Do hit," seyd she, "other ellis I shall destroy the."

'Anone as he began to worke, there com oute droppis of blood; and than wolde he a leffte, but she wolde nat suffir hym. And so he toke as muche woode as myght make a spyndyll, and so she made hym to take as muche of the grene 394v tre, and so of the whyght tre. And whan thes three spyndyls were shapyn she made hem to be fastened uppon the syler of the bedde. So whan Salamon saw thys he seyde to hys wyff,

' "Ye have done mervaylously, for thoughe all the worlde were here ryght now, they cowde nat devise wherefore all thys was made but oure Lorde Hymselff. And thou that haste done hit wote nat what hit shall betokyn."

' "Now lat hyt be," seyde she, "for ye shall hyre peraventure tydynges sonner than ye wene." '

NOW HERE YS A WONDIR TALE OF KYNG SALAMON AND OF HYS WYFF.

'That nyght lay Salamon before the shippe with litill felyship. And whan he was on slepe hym thought there (7) com from hevyn a grete company of angels, and alyght into

1 *C* wel sayd she that 2–4 *C** susteyne soo hyhe a suerd and a mayde shall brynge other knyghtes ther to but I wote not whanne hit shalle be ne what tyme *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 557r, col. 2*) "... je n'ay nulle si haulte chose qui soit digne de soustenir si haulte espee comme ceste est." "Qu'en pourra on donc faire ?" fist il. "Vous la lairés ainsi, fist elle, qu'il n'affiert pas a nous deux que nous lez y mettions; ains lez y mettra une damoiselle, mais je ne say quant ce sera ne en quel temps" (*homoeoteleuton in W; the scribe must have mistaken* tyme *for the ending of* susteyne) 7 *C* weder yet went that lady and 10 *C* wood *S* woode 16 *C* tooke aweye as 18 *C* and of *W* thes s iii 22 *C* he coude 24 *C* wotest 25–26 peraventure *not in C* 27–28 *C* Now shalle ye here a wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his

the shippe, and toke water whych was brought by an angell in a vessell of sylver, and besprente all the shippe.

'And aftir he cam to the swerde and drew lettirs o[n] the hylte. And aftir wente to the shippe-bourde and wrote there other lettirs whych seyde: "THOU MAN THAT WOLTE ENTIR WITHIN ME, BEWARE THAT THOU BE FULLE IN THE FAYTHE, FOR I NE AM BUT FAYTH AND BELYVE."

'Whan Salamon aspyed thos lettirs he was so abaysshed that he dirst nat entir, and so he drew hym abacke, and the shippe was anone shovyn in the see. He wente so faste that he had loste the syght of hym within a litill whyle. And than a voyce seyde,

' "Salamon, the laste knyght of thy kynred shall reste in ⌜t⌝hys bedde."

'Than wente Salamon and awaked hys wyff, and tolde her the adventures of thys shipp.'

Now seyth the tale that a grete whyle [the] three felowis behylde the bed and the three spyndyls. Than they were at a sertayne that they were of naturall coloures withoute ony payntynge. Than they lyfft up a cloth which was above the grounde, and there founde a rych purse be semyng. And sir Percivale toke hit and founde therein a wrytte, and so he rad hit, and devysed the maner of the spyndils and of the ship: whens hit cam, and by whom hit was made.

'Now,' seyde sir Galahad, 'where shall we fynde the
395r jantillwoman that shall make new gurdyls to the swerde?'

'Fayre sirres,' seyde Percivallis syster, 'dismay you nat. For, by the leve of God, I shall lette make a gurdyll to the swerde, such one as sholde longe thereto.'

And than opynde she a boxe and toke oute gurdils which were semely wrought [with] goldyn thredys, and uppon that were sette full precius stonys, and a ryche buckyll of golde.

2 *C* and sprente 3 *W* letters of the 6 *C* ful within the 8–9 *C* these letters he was abasshed soo that 11 *C* he lost syghte 12 *C* a lytyl voyce 13–14 *C* thy lygnage shalle reste in this* bedde *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 557v, col. 1*) en ce lit 15–16 *C* her of the 17 *C* sayth thystory *Not emended in O1* 19 a *not in C* 21–22 *C* Percyual *S* Percyuale 22 *C* so *S* soo 27 *C* Fair syre 29 *C* as shalle longe 30 *C* she opend 32 *W* full of precious *C** ful precyous *F* (*ibid., col. 2*) et avecques ce y avoit embatu richez pierres precieuses

'Lo, lordys,' she seyde, 'here ys a gurdill that ought to be sette aboute the swerde. And wete you well the grettist parte of thys gurdyll was made of my hayre, whych somme tyme I loved well, whyle that I was woman of the worlde. But as sone as I wyste that thys adventure was ordayned me, I clipped off my heyre and made thys gurdyll.'

'In the name of God, ye be well ifounde!' seyde sir Bors. 'For serteyse ye have put us oute off grete payne, wherein we sholde have entirde ne had your tydyngis ben.'

Than wente the jantillwoman and sette hit on the gurdyll of the swerde.

'Now,' seyde the felyship, 'what ys the name of the swerde, and what shall we calle hit?'

'Truly,' seyde she, 'the name of the swerde ys the Swerde with the Straunge Gurdyls, and the s[h]eeth, Mevear of Blood. For no man that hath blood in hym ne shall never see that one party of the sheth whych was made of the tree of lyff.'

Than they seyde, 'Sir Galahad, in the name of Jesu Cryste, we pray you to gurde you with thys swerde which hath bene desyred so much in the realme of Logrys.'

'Now latte me begynne,' seyde Galahad, 'to grype thys swerde for to gyff you corrayge. But wete you well hit longith no more to me than hit doth to you.'

And than he gryped aboute hit with his fyngirs a grete dele, and than she gurte hym aboute the myddyll with the swerde.

'Now recke I nat though I dye, for now I holde me one of the beste blyssed maydyns of the worlde, whych hath made the worthyest knyght of the worlde.'

'Damesell,' seyde sir Galahad, 'ye have done so muche that I shall be your knyght all the dayes of my lyff.'

Than they wente frome that ship and wente to the other. And anone the wynde droff hem into the see a grete pace, but they had no vytayle. So hit befelle that they cam on 395v

1 *C* said she 3–4 somme tyme *not in C* 8 *C* certes 15–16 *C* meuer of blood 17 *C* the one 19 *C* sayd to Galahad In 20 *C*† and praye that ye gyrd 28 beste *not in C* 28–29 *W* hath made me one of the worthyest knyghtes (*repetition of* me one of *from the previous line*) *C** hath made the worthyest knyght *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 558r, col. 1*) il me semble que je soye le plus bonneuré pucelle du siecle qui [ai] fait le plus preudomme du monde chevaillier 34 *C* vytaille but hit

the morne to a castell that men calle Carteloyse, that was in the marchys of Scotlonde. And whan they had passed the porte the jantillwoman seyde,

'Lordys, here be men aryven that, and they wyst that [y]e were of kynge Arthurs courte, ye shulde be assayled anone.'

'Well, damesell, dismay you nat,' seyde sir Galahad, 'for He that cast us oute of the rocche shall delyver us frome hem.'

(8) So hit befelle, as they talked thus togydir, there cam a squyre by them and asked what they were.

'Sir, we ar of kyng Arthu[r]s howse.'

'Ys that sothe?' seyde he. 'Now, be my hede,' seyd he, 'ye be evyll arayde.'

And than turned agayne unto the chyff fortresse, and within a whyle they harde an horne blow. Than a jantillwoman cam to hem and asked them of whens they were. Anone they tolde her.

'Now, fayre lordys,' she seyde, 'for Goddys love, turnyth agayne if ye may, for ye be com to youre dethe.'

'Nay, forsoth,' they seyde, 'we woll nat turne agayne, for He shulde helpe us into whos servyse we were entred in.'

So as they stoode talkynge there cam ten knyghtes well armed, and bade hem yelde othir ellis dye.

'That yeldyng,' seyde they, 'shall be noyous unto you.'

And therewith they lete their horsis renne, and sir Percivale smote the firste, that he bare hym to the erthe, and toke hys horse and bestrode hym. And the same wyse dud sir Galahad, and al[so] sir Bors served another so; for they had no horse in that contrey, for they lefft their horsys whan they toke their shippe.

And so, whan they were horsed, than began they to sette uppon them, and they of the castell fledde into stronge fortressis, and thes three knyghtes aftir them into the castell;

4 *C** wyste that ye *W* wyst that and he *F* (*ibid., col. 1*) se on scet ceans que nous soions de la maison le roy Artus 6 Well *not in C* 6–7 *C*† Damoysell sayd Galahad he that 8 *C* as they spoken thus there 9–10 *C* were and they said they were of kynge Arthurs 13 *C* torned he ageyn *C*† clyff fortresse *F* (*loc. cit.*) maistre forteresse 17 Now *not in C* *C* sayd she 19 forsoth *not in C* 20 *C* he shalle we ben 21 ten *not in C*† *F* X chevaliers toulz armés 22 *C* els to dye 25 *C* smote the formest to the erthe 26–27 *C* hors & mounted therupon and the same dyd Galahad Also Bors serued 27 *W* and all sir Bors served 28 *C* no horses 29 *C* shyp in other countrayes 32 *C* fortresse

and so alyght on foote, and with their swerdis slew them downe, and gate into the halle.

Than whan they behelde the grete multitude of the people that they had slayne, they helde themself grete synners.

'Sertes,' seyde sir Bors, 'I wene, and God had loved them, that we sholde nat have had power to have slayne hem thus. 396r But they have done so muche agayne oure Lorde that He wolde nat suffir hem to regne no lenger.'

'Yee say nat so,' seyde Galahad. 'First, if they mysseded ayenst God, the vengeaunce ys nat owris, but to Hym which hath power thereoff.'

So cam there, oute of a chambir, a good man, which was a preste and bare Goddis body in a cuppe. And whan he saw hem whych lay dede in the halle he was abaysshed. Anone sir Galahad ded of hys ⌜helme⌝ and kneled adowne, and so dud hys two felowis.

'Sir,' seyde they, 'have ye no drede of us, for we bene of kynge Arthurs courte.'

Than asked the good man how they were slayne so suddaynly. And they tolde hym.

'Truly,' seyde the good man, 'and ye myght lyve as longe as the worlde myght endure, ne myght ye have done so grete almys-dede as this.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I repente me gretely inasmuch as they were crystynde.'

'Nay, repente you nat,' seyde he, 'for they were nat crystynde. And I shall telle you how that I know of thys castell. Here was a lorde erle whos name was Hernox, nat but one yere. And he had three sonnys, good knyghtes of armys, and a doughter, the fayrist jantillwoman that men knew. So tho three knyghtes loved their syster so sore that they brente in love. And so they lay by her, magré her hede. And for she cryed to hir fadir they slew her, and toke their fadir and put hym in preson and wounded hym nye to the deth. But [a] cosyn of hers rescowed hym.

'And than ded they grete untrouthe, for they slew clerkis

9 *C* Say ye not soo sayd Galahad for yf 14 *C* alle abasshed 15 *C** his helme and *W* hys and *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 558r, col. 2*) oste son heaume 20 *C* told it hym 23 *C* an almesse dede 24 *C* me moch in as moche 27 *C* that I wote of 28 a *not in C* whos name was *not in C*† 32 *C** maulgre her *W* magre their (*see note*)

and prestis, and made bete downe chapellis that oure Lordys servyse myght nat be seyde. And thys same day her fadir sente unto me for to be confessed and howseled. But such shame had never man as I had thys same day with the three bretherne; but the olde erle made me to suffir, for he seyde they shold nat longe endure, for three servauntes of oure Lorde sholde destroy them. And now hit ys brought to an ende, and by thys may you wete that oure Lorde ys nat displesed with youre dedis.'

396v 'Sertes,' seyde sir Galahad, 'and hit had nat pleased oure Lorde, never sholde we have slayne so many men in so litill a whyle.'

And they brought the erle Hernox oute of preson into the myddis of the hall, the which knew well sir Galahad, and yet he sye hym never before but by revelacion of oure (9) Lorde. Than began he to wepe ryght tendirly, and seyde,

'Longe have I abyddyn youre commynge! But for Goddis love, holdith me in youre armys, that my soule may departe oute of my body in so good a mannys armys as ye be.'

'Full gladly,' seyde sir Galahad.

And than one seyde on hyght, that all folke harde,

'Sir Galahad, well hast thou ben avenged on Goddis enemyes. Now behovith the to go to the Maymed Kynge as sone as thou mayste, for he shall ressayve by the helth whych he hath abyddyn so longe.'

And therewith the soule departed frome the body. And sir Galahad made hym to be buryed as hym ought to be.

Ryght so departed the three knyghtes, and sir Percivallis syster with them. And so they cam into a waste foreyst, and there they saw afore them a whyght herte which four lyons lad. Than they toke hem to assente for to folow aftir to know whydir they repayred.

And so they rode aftir a grete pase tyll that they cam to a valey. And thereby was an ermytayge where a good man

2 *C* not be serued ne sayd (*not in F*) *C* daye *S* day 4 same *not in C* 5 *C* the erle badde me suffer 8 that *not in S* 11 *C* lytyl *S* lytel 14–15 *C* halle that knewe Galahad anone and 16 and (&) *obliterated in R* 20 Full *not in C* 21 *C* on hyghe folke *not in C* 22 Sir *not in C* 22–23 *C** hast thou auenged me on goddes enemyes *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 558v, col. 2*) ce te mande le Hault Maistre que tu as huy si bien vengié de ses ennemis 31 *C* after for to

dwelled, and the herte and the lyons entirde also. Whan they saw all thys they turned to the chapell and saw the good man in a relygious wede and in the armour of oure Lorde, for he wolde synge masse of the Holy Goste.

And so they entird in and herde masse; and at the secretis of the masse they three saw the herte becom a man, which mervayled hem, and sette hym uppon the awter in a ryche se⌜g⌝e, and saw the four lyons were chaunged: one to the fourme of man, and another to the fourme of a lyon, and the t[h]irde to an egle, and the fourth was changed to an oxe. Than toke they her se⌜g⌝e where the harte sate, and wente out thorow a glasse wyndow; and there was nothynge perisshed nother brokyn.

And they harde ⌜a voyce⌝ say: 'In such maner entred the 397r
Sonne of God into the wombe of Maydyn Mary, whos virginité ne was perisshed, ne hurte.'

And whan they harde thes wordis, they felle downe to the erthe and were astoned. And therewith was a grete clerenesse. And whan they were com to theirselff agayne, they wente to the good man and prayde hym that he wolde sey them the trouthe of that vision.

'Why, what thynge have ye sene?'

Anone they tolde hym all.

'A, lordys,' seyde he, 'ye be wellcom, for now wote I well ye beth the good knyghtes whych shall brynge the Sankgreall to an ende; for ye bene they unto whom oure Lorde shall shew grete secretis. And well ought oure Lorde be signifyed to an harte. For the harte, whan he ys olde, he waxith yonge agayne in his whyght skynne. Ryght so commyth agayne oure Lorde frome deth to lyff, for He lost erthely fleysshe, that was the dedly fleyssh whych He had takyn in the wombe of the Blyssed Virgyne Mary. And for that cause appered oure Lorde as a whyghte harte withoute spot.

6 *C* the whiche 7–8 *W* ryche sete *C** ryche sege *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 558v, col. 2*) en ung siege moult bel et moult riche 8 *C* the one 9 *C* man the other 10–11 *C* vnto an oxe 11 *W* her sete *C** her sege *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 559r, col. 1*) si prindrent le siege 14 *C** herd a voyce say *F* (*loc. cit.*) une voix descendi entr'eulz qui dist 15 *C* of a mayd mary 21–22 *C*† say hem trouthe What thynge *F* (*loc. cit.*) la signifiance de ce qu'il ont veu 22–23 *C* sene sayd he & they told hym all that they had sene 24 for *not in C* 25 *C* ye be *C* the whiche

'And the four that were with hym ys to undirstonde the four Evaungelistis, which sette in wrytynge a parte of Jesu Crystes dedys, that He dud somtyme whan He was amonge you an erthely man. For wete you welle never arst ne myght no knyght knowe the trouthe; for oftyntymes or thys hath oure Lorde shewed Hym unto good men and to good knyghtes in lyknesse of an herte, but I suppose frome henseforthe ye shall se hit no more.'

And than they joyed much, and dwelled there all day. And uppon the morne, whan they had herde masse, they departed and commended the good man to God. And so they cam to a castell, and passed. So there cam a knyght armed aftir them and seyde,

(10) 'Lordys, thys jantillwoman that ye lede with you, ys she a mayde?'

'Ye, sir,' seyde she, 'a mayde I am.'

Than he toke hir by the brydyll and seyde,

'By the Holy Crosse, ye shall nat ascape me tofore ye have yolden the custum of thys castell.'

397v 'Lat her go!' seyde sir Percivale. 'Ye be nat wyse, for a mayde, in what place she commythe, ys fre.'

So in the meanewhyle there cam oute a ten or twelve knyghtes armed oute of the castell, and with hem cam jantillwomen the which hylde a dyssh of sylver. And than they seyde,

'Thys jantillwoman muste yelde us the custom of thys castell.'

'Why,' seyde sir Gallahad, 'what ys the custom of thys castell?'

'Sir,' seyde a knyght, 'what mayde passith hereby, sholde hylde thys dyshe full of bloode of hir ryght arme.'

'Blame have he,' seyde Galahad, 'that brought up such customs! And so God save me, also sure mow ye be that of this jantillwom[a]n shall ye fayle whyle that I have hele.'

5 *C* oftymes 6 hath *not in C* 7 *C* vnto good 8 hit *not in C*† 9 *C* alle that day 11 *C* commaunded 12 *C* passed by 14 *C* lordes herke what I shal saye to yow Capitulum X This gentylwoman she *not in C*† 16 Ye *not in C* 24 *C* gentylwymmen whiche 28–29 Why seyde sir (*W* the sir) Gallahad what ys the custom of thys castell *not in C*† 30–31 *C* shalle yeue this dysshe 33–34 *C* god me saue I ensure yow of this gentylwoman ye shal fayle whyle that I lyue 34 *W* jantillwomen

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Percivale, 'I had lever be slayne.'

'And I also,' seyde sir Bors.

'Be my fayth,' seyde the knyght, 'than shall ye dye, for ye mow nat endure ayenste us, thoughe ye were the beste knyghtes of the worlde.'

Than lette they ren ech horse to other, and thes three knyghtes bete the ten knyghtes, and than set their hondis to their swerdis and bete them downe. Than there cam oute of the castell a sixty knyghtes armed.

'Now, fayre lordis,' seyde thes three knyghtes, 'have mercy on youreselff, and have nat ado with us.'

'Nay, fayre lordes,' seyde the knyghtes of the castell, 'we counceyle you to withdrawe you, for ye ben the beste knyghtes of the worlde, and therefore do no more, for ye have done inow. We woll lat you go with thys harme, but we muste nedys have the custum.'

'Sertes,' seyde sir Galahad, 'for noughte speke ye.'

'Well,' sey they, 'woll ye dye?'

'Sir, we be nat yet com thereto', seyde sir Galahad.

Than began they to meddyll togydirs. And sir Galahad with the straunge gurdyls drew his swerde and smote on the ryght honde and on the lyffte honde, and slew whom that ever abode hym, and dud so mervaylously that ⌈there was none that sawe hym⌉ they ⌈wend he had ben none erthely man, but a monstre.⌉ And hys two felowis holpe hym passyngly well, and so they helde their journey everych inlycke harde tyll hit was nyghe nyght. Than muste they nedis departe.

So there cam a good knyght and seyde to thes three **398r** knyghtes,

4 *C* By my trouthe sayd 7 horse *not in C* 7–8 *C* thre felawes 9 *C* doune and slewe them *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 559r, col. 2*) si lez vont abatant et occiant. *But further on F has* si lez eussent occis assés legierement quant ceulz du chastel issirent hors 10 *C* a thre score knyghtes *F* jusques a LX chevaliers 11 Now *not in C* *C* thre felawes haue 20 Sir *not in C* *C* sayd Galahad 23 *C* slewe what that 24–26 *W* dud so mervaylously that they had mervayle of hym *C** dyd suche merueils that there was none that sawe hym they wend he had ben none erthely man but a monstre and his two felawes *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 559v, col. 1*) fait itieux merveillez que n'est nulz homs qui le veist qui cuidast qu'il fust homs terriens, mais aucuns monstres 26–27 *C* passyng wel 27 *C* the Iourney 29 *C* So cam in a 29–30 *C* to the thre felawes

'If ye woll com in to-nyght and take such herberow as here ys, ye shall be ryght wellcom. And we shall ensure you by the fayth of oure bodyes and as we be trew knyghtes to leve you in such astate to-morow as here we fynde you, withoute ony falsehode. And as sone as ye know of the custom, we dare sey ⌜y⌝e woll accorde therefore.'

'For Goddis love,' seyde the jantyllwoman, 'go we thydir, and spare nat for me.'

'Well, go we!' seyde sir Galahad.

And so they entird into the castell, and whan they were alyght they made grete joy of hem. So within a whyle the three knyghtes asked the custom of the castell, and wherefore hit was used.

(11) 'Sir, what hit ys we woll sey you the sothe. There ys in this castell a jantillwoman, whych both we and thys castell ys hers, and many other. So hit befelle many yerys agone, there happened on her a malodye, and whan she had lyene a grete whyle she felle unto a mesell. And no leche cowde remedye her, but at the laste an olde man sayde, and she myght have a dysshfulle of bloode of a maydyn, and a clene virgyne in wylle and in worke, and a kynges doughter, that bloode sholde be her helth for to anoynte her withall. And for thys thynge was thys custom made.'

'Now,' seyde sir Percivallis sister, 'fayre knyghtes, I se well that this jantillwoman ys but dede withoute helpe, and therefore lette me blede.'

'Sertes,' seyde sir Galahad, 'and ye blede so muche ye mo⟨u⟩ dye.'

'Truly,' seyd she, 'and I dye for the helth of her I shall gete me grete worship and soule helthe, and worship to my lynayge; and better ys one harme than twayne. And there-

4 here *not in C* 6 *W* we woll accord therefore *C** ye wyll accorde therfor *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 559r, col. 1*) vous vous accorderés legierement a ce que la damoiselle face ce que nous li requerons 7 we *not in C*† 9 Well *not in C* 10 *C* the chappel 13 used *not in C*† 14 Sir *not in C* *C* is sayd they we wille saye yow sothe 15 both *not in C*† 17 *C* there fylle vpon 18–19 *C* and of no leche she coude haue no remedy But 22 *C* her hele and for 26–27 withoute helpe and therefore lette me blede *not in C*† *F* (*loc. cit.*) je la puis gairer se je vueil, et se je ne veul elle n'en puet gairir 28–29 *W* ye mon *C* ye maye 30 *C* for to hele her 31 *C* sowles helthe

fore there shall no more batayle be, but to-morne I shall ⌜yelde⌝ you youre custom of this castell.'

And than there was made grete joy over there, ⌜more than⌝ was made tofore, for ellis had there bene mortall warre uppon the morne; natwithstondynge she wolde none other, whether they wolde or nolde. So that nyght were thes three felowis eased with the beste, and on the morne they harde masse. And sir Percivalis syster bade them brynge forth the 398v syke lady. So she was brought forth, whych was full evyll at ease. Than seyde she,

'Who shall lette me bloode?'

So one cam furthe and lette her bloode. And she bled so muche that the dyssh was fulle. Than she lyfft up her honde and blyssed her and seyde to thys lady,

'Madam, I am com to my dethe for to hele you. Therefore, for Goddis love, prayeth for me!'

And with that she felle in a sowne. Than sir Galahad and his two felows sterte up to her, and lyffte hir up, and staunched hir blood, but she had bled so muche that she myght nat lyve. So whan she was awaked she seyde,

'Fayre brothir sir Percivale, I dye for the helynge of this lady. And whan I am dede, I requyre you that ye burye me nat in thys contrey, but as sone as I am dede putte me in a boote at the nexte haven, and lat me go as aventures woll lede me. And as sone as ye three com to the cité of Sarras, there to enchyeve the Holy Grayle, ye shall fynde me undir a towre aryved. And the[re] bury me in the spirituall palyse. For I shall telle you for trouthe, there sir Galahad shall be buryed, and ye bothe, in the same place.'

Whan sir Percivale undirstoode thes wordis he graunted hir all wepyn[g]ly. And than seyde a voice unto them,

1 *C* shall be no more batail but 2 *C** yelde yow *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 559v, col. 2*) je me acquitteray demain par celle maniere comme lez aultrez damoisellez s'acquittent 3–4 *C* was grete Ioye more than* there was to for *F* (*loc. cit.*) Et lors commence la joie et la feste par laiens, assés greigneur que elle n'y avoit esté 8 them *not in C*† 9 brought forth *not in C*† *C* the whiche full *not in C* 14 *C* And thenne she said to the lady 15–16 *C* to the dethe for to make yow hole for goddes 17–23 *W* (*sidenote*) The deth of sir Percivalis syster 19 blood *not in C*† 20 *C* lyue Thenne she sayd whan she was awaked 22 *C*† lady Soo I requyre 24 *C* aduenture 26 *W* ho holy 28 *C*† place *F* palays 28–29 *C* I saye yow soo moche there Galahad shall *W* there shall sir Galahad shall 29 *C* ye also in 30–31 *C* wordes and graunted it her wepyng 31 unto them *not in C*

'Lordis, to-morow, at the owre of pryme, ye three shall departe everych frome other, tylle the aventure brynge you unto the Maymed Kynge.'

Than asked she her Saveoure, and as sone as she had reseyved Hym the soule departed frome the body. So the same day was the lady heled whan she was anoynted with hir bloode.

Than sir Percivale made a lettir of all that she had holpe them as in stronge aventures, and put hit in hir [r]yght honde. And so leyde hir in a barge, and coverde hit with blacke sylke. And so the wynde arose and droff the barge frome the londe, and all maner of knyghtes behylde hit tyll hit was oute of ther syght.

Than they drew all to the castell, and furthewith there fylle a tempeste suddeyne of thundir and lyghtnynge and rayne, as all the erthe wolde a brokyn. So halff the castell
399r turned up-so-downe. So hyt passyd evensonge or the tempest were seased.

Than they saw tofore hem a knyght armed and wounded harde in the body and in the hede, whych seyde,

'A, Good Lord, succour me, for now hit ys nede!'

So after thys knyght there cam another knyght and a dwarff which cryed to h⟨y⟩m afarre,

'Stonde, ye may nat ascape!'

Than the wounded knyght hylde up hys hondys, and prayde God he myght nat dye in suche tribulacion.

'Truly,' seyde sir Galahad, 'I shall succour hym, for His sake that he callith on.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'I shall do hit, for hit ys nat for you, for he ys but one knyght.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'I graunte you.'

So sir Bors toke hys ⌈horse⌉ and commaunded hym to God, and rode after to rescow the wounded knyght.

1 *C* lordes and felawes to morowe 5 *C* receyued hit the 6 *C*† enoynted with alle 12 maner of *not in C* 14–16 *C* and soo forthe with ther felle a sodeyne tempest and a thonder (a *not in S*) layte and rayne 16 *C* haue broken 18 *C* was seaced 20–21 *C* hede that sayd O god socoure 23 *CWO*[1] hem *F* li crioit *The pronoun refers to the wounded knight, not to Galahad, Bors and Perceval* 25–26 *C* handes to god that he shold not 31 you *not in C* 32 *W* toke hys swerde *C** toke his hors *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 560r, col. 2*) Et Boors vient a son cheval et monte

NOW TURNE WE TO SIR GALAHAD AND TO SIR PERCIVALL. (12)

Now turnyth the tale unto sir Galahad and sir Percivall, that were in a chapell all nyght in hir prayers, for to save hem sir Bors.

So on the morow they dressed them in their harneys toward the castell, to wete what was fallyn of them ⌜therein⌝. And whan they cam there, they founde nother man nother woman that he ne was dede by the vengeaunce of oure Lorde. So with that they harde a voice that seyde,

'Thys vengeaunce ys for bloode-shedynge of maydyns!'

Also they founde at the ende of the c⌜h⌝a⌜pp⌝el a chircheyarde, and therein they myght se a sixti fayre tumbis. And that place was fayre and so delectable that hit semed hem there had bene no tempeste. And there lay the bodyes of all the good maydyns which were martirde for the syke lady. Also they founde there namys of ech lady, and of what bloode they were com off. And all were of kyngys bloode, and ⌜twelve⌝ of them were kynges doughtirs.

Than departed they and wente into a foreyste.

'Now,' seyde sir Percivale unto sir Galahad, 'we muste departe, and therefore pray we oure Lorde that we may mete togydirs in shorte tyme.'

Than they ded of their helmys and kyssed togydir and sore wepte at theyre departynge.

NOW TURNYTH THYS TALE UNTO SIR LAUNCELOTT.

1–4 *C* Now torne we to the tw felawes Capitulum XII Now saith the story that al nyght Galahad and Percyual were in a chappel in her prayers for to saue sir Bors 6 *C** of them there in *F* (*loc. cit.*) comment il estoit avenu a ceulz de laiens 11 *W* the castell *C** the chappel *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 560v, col. 1*) au chief d'une chappelle 12 *C* yerd *S* yard *C* a thre score fair tombes *F* en y povoit bien avoir LX 13 *C* was soo fayre 14 *C* none tempest For there 15–16 *C* for the seke ladyes sake Also 16 *C* the names of eueryche and of 17 off *not in C* 18 *W* eleven of them *C* twelue *F* (*loc. cit.*) xii filles de roy 19 *C* they departed 21 *C* departe soo pray 24 sore *not in C* 25 Now turnyth thys tale unto sir Launcelott *not in C*

BOOK XVII

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR GALAHAD FOUGHT AT A TOURNAMENT, AND HOW HE WAS KNOWN OF SIR GAWAINE AND SIR ECTOR DE MARIS.

Now saith this story, when Galahad had rescued Percivale from the twenty knights, he yede tho into a waste forest wherein he rode many journeys; and he found many adventures the which he brought to an end, whereof the story maketh here no mention. Then he took his way to the sea on a day, and it befell as he passed by a castle where was a wonder tournament, but they without had done so much that they within were put to the worse, yet were they within good knights enough. When Galahad saw that those within were at so great a mischief that men slew them at the entry of the castle, then he thought to help them, and put a spear forth and smote the first that he fell to the earth, and the spear brake to pieces. Then he drew his sword and smote thereas they were thickest, and so he did wonderful deeds of arms that all they marvelled. Then it happed that Gawaine and Sir Ector de Maris were with the knights without. But when they espied the white shield with the red cross the one said to the other: Yonder is the good knight, Sir Galahad, the haut prince: now he should be a great fool which should meet with him to fight. So by adventure he came by Sir Gawaine, and he smote him so hard that he clave his helm and the coif of iron unto his head, so that Gawaine fell to the earth; but the stroke was so great that it slanted down to the earth and carved the horse's shoulder in two.

When Ector saw Gawaine down he drew him aside, and thought it no wisdom for to abide him, and also for natural love, that he was his uncle. Thus through his great hardiness he beat aback all the knights without. And then they within came out and

chased them all about. But when Galahad saw there would none turn again he stole away privily, so that none wist where he was become. Now by my head, said Gawaine to Ector, now are the wonders true that were said of Launcelot du Lake, that the sword which stuck in the stone should give me such a buffet that I would not have it for the best castle in this world; and soothly now it is proved true, for never ere had I such a stroke of man's hand. Sir, said Ector, meseemeth your quest is done. And yours is not done, said Gawaine, but mine is done, I shall seek no further. Then Gawaine was borne into a castle and unarmed him, and laid him in a rich bed, and a leech found that he might live, and to be whole within a month. Thus Gawaine and Ector abode together, for Sir Ector would not away till Gawaine were whole.

And the good knight, Galahad, rode so long till he came that night to the Castle of Carboneck; and it befell him thus that he was benighted in an hermitage. So the good man was fain when he saw he was a knight-errant. Tho when they were at rest there came a gentlewoman knocking at the door, and called Galahad, and so the good man came to the door to wit what she would. Then she called the hermit: Sir Ulfin, I am a gentlewoman that would speak with the knight which is with you. Then the good man awaked Galahad, and bade him: Arise, and speak with a gentlewoman that seemeth hath great need of you. Then Galahad went to her and asked her what she would. Then Galahad, said she, I will that ye arm you, and mount upon your horse and follow me, for I shall show you within these three days the highest adventure that ever any knight saw. Anon Galahad armed him, and took his horse, and commended him to God, and bade the gentlewoman go, and he would follow thereas she liked.

CHAPTER II

HOW SIR GALAHAD RODE WITH A DAMOSEL, AND CAME TO THE SHIP WHEREAS SIR BORS AND SIR PERCIVALE WERE IN.

So she rode as fast as her palfrey might bear her, till that she came to the sea, the which was called Collibe. And at the night they came unto a castle in a valley, closed with a running water, and with strong walls and high; and so she entered into the castle with Galahad, and there had he great cheer, for the lady of that castle was the damosel's lady. So when he was unarmed, then said the damosel: Madam, shall we abide here all this day? Nay, said she, but till he hath dined and till he hath slept a little. So he ate and slept a while till that the maid called him, and armed him by torchlight. And when the maid was horsed and he both, the lady took Galahad a fair child and rich; and so they departed from the castle till they came to the seaside; and there they found the ship where Bors and Percivale were in, the which cried on the ship's board: Sir Galahad, ye be welcome, we have abiden you long. And when he heard them he asked them what they were. Sir, said she, leave your horse here, and I shall leave mine; and took their saddles and their bridles with them, and made a cross on them, and so entered into the ship. And the two knights received them both with great joy, and everych knew other; and so the wind arose, and drove them through the sea in a marvellous pace. And within a while it dawned.

Then did Galahad off his helm and his sword, and asked of his fellows from whence came that fair ship. Truly, said they, ye wot as well as we, but of God's grace; and then they told everych to other of all their hard adventures, and of their great temptations. Truly, said Galahad, ye are much bounden to God, for ye have escaped great adventures; and had not the gentlewoman been I had not come here, for as for you I weened never to have found you in these strange countries. Ah Galahad, said Bors, if Launcelot,

your father, were here then were we well at ease, for then meseemed we failed nothing. That may not be, said Galahad, but if it pleased Our Lord.

By then the ship went from the land of Logris, and by adventure it arrived up betwixt two rocks passing great and marvellous; but there they might not land, for there was a swallow of the sea, save there was another ship, and upon it they might go without danger. Go we thither, said the gentlewoman, and there shall we see adventures, for so is Our Lord's will. And when they came thither they found the ship rich enough, but they found neither man nor women therein. But they found in the end of the ship two fair letters written, which said a dreadful word and a marvellous: Thou man, which shall enter into this ship, beware thou be in steadfast belief, for I am Faith, and therefore beware how thou enterest, for an thou fail I shall not help thee. Then said the gentlewoman: Percivale, wot ye what I am? Certes, said he, nay, to my witting. Wit ye well, said she, that I am thy sister, which am daughter of King Pellinore, and therefore wit ye well ye are the man in the world that I most love; and if ye be not in perfect belief of Jesu Christ enter not in no manner of wise, for then should ye perish the ship, for he is so perfect he will suffer no sinner in him. When Percivale understood that she was his very sister he was inwardly glad, and said: Fair sister, I shall enter therein, for if I be a miscreature or an untrue knight there shall I perish.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR GALAHAD ENTERED INTO THE SHIP, AND OF A FAIR BED THEREIN, WITH OTHER MARVELLOUS THINGS, AND OF A SWORD.

In the meanwhile Galahad blessed him, and entered therein; and then next the gentlewoman, and then Sir Bors and Sir Percivale. And when they were in, it was so marvellous fair and rich that

they marvelled; and in midst of the ship was a fair bed, and Galahad went thereto, and found there a crown of silk. And at the feet was a sword, rich and fair, and it was drawn out of the sheath half a foot and more; and the sword was of divers fashions, and the pommel was of stone, and there was in him all manner of colours that any man might find, and everych of the colours had divers virtues; and the scales of the haft were of two ribs of divers beasts, the one beast was a serpent which was conversant in Calidone, and is called the Serpent of the Fiend; and the bone of him is of such a virtue that there is no hand that handleth him shall never be weary nor hurt. And the other beast is a fish which is not right great, and haunteth the flood of Euphrates; and that fish is called Ertanax, and his bones be of such a manner of kind that who that handleth them shall have so much will that he shall never be weary, and he shall not think on joy nor sorrow that he hath had, but only that thing that he beholdeth before him. And as for this sword there shall never man begrip him at the handles but one; but he shall pass all other. In the name of God, said Percivale, I shall assay to handle it. So he set his hand to the sword, but he might not begrip it. By my faith, said he, now have I failed. Bors set his hand thereto and failed.

Then Galahad beheld the sword and saw letters like blood that said: Let see who shall assay to draw me out of my sheath, but if he be more hardier than any other; and who that draweth me, wit ye well that he shall never fail of shame of his body, or to be wounded to the death. By my faith, said Galahad, I would draw this sword out of the sheath, but the offending is so great that I shall not set my hand thereto. Now sirs, said the gentlewoman, wit ye well that the drawing of this sword is warned to all men save all only to you. Also this ship arrived in the realm of Logris; and that time was deadly war between King Labor, which was father unto the maimed king, and King Hurlame, which was a Saracen. But then was he newly christened, so that men held him afterward one of the wittiest men of the world. And so upon a day it befell that King Labor and King Hurlame had assembled their folk upon the sea where this ship was arrived; and there King Hurlame was

discomfit, and his men slain; and he was afeard to be dead, and fled to his ship, and there found this sword and drew it, and came out and found King Labor, the man in the world of all Christendom in whom was then the greatest faith. And when King Hurlame saw King Labor he dressed this sword, and smote him upon the helm so hard that he clave him and his horse to the earth with the first stroke of his sword. And it was in the realm of Logris; and so befell great pestilence and great harm to both realms. For sithen increased neither corn, nor grass, nor well-nigh no fruit, nor in the water was no fish; wherefore men call it the lands of the two marches, the waste land, for that dolorous stroke. And when King Hurlame saw this sword so carving, he turned again to fetch the scabbard, and so came into this ship and entered, and put up the sword in the sheath. And as soon as he had done it he fell down dead afore the bed. Thus was the sword proved, that none ne drew it but he were dead or maimed. So lay he there till a maiden came into the ship and cast him out, for there was no man so hardy of the world to enter into that ship for the defence.

CHAPTER IV

OF THE MARVELS OF THE SWORD AND OF THE SCABBARD.

And then beheld they the scabbard, it seemed to be of a serpent's skin, and thereon were letters of gold and silver. And the girdle was but poorly to come to, and not able to sustain such a rich sword. And the letters said: He which shall wield me ought to be more harder than any other, if he bear me as truly as me ought to be borne. For the body of him which I ought to hang by, he shall not be ashamed in no place while he is girt with this girdle, nor never none be so hardy to do away this girdle; for it ought not be done away but by the hands of a maid, and that she be a king's daughter and queen's, and she must be a maid all the days of her

life, both in will and in deed. And if she break her virginity she shall die the most villainous death that ever died any woman. Sir, said Percivale, turn this sword that we may see what is on the other side. And it was red as blood, with black letters as any coal, which said: He that shall praise me most, most shall he find me to blame at a great need; and to whom I should be most debonair shall I be most felon, and that shall be at one time.

Fair brother, said she to Percivale, it befell after a forty year after the passion of Jesu Christ that Nacien, the brother-in-law of King Mordrains, was borne into a town more than fourteen days' journey from his country, by the commandment of Our Lord, into an isle, into the parts of the West, that men cleped the Isle of Turnance. So befell it that he found this ship at the entry of a rock, and he found the bed and this sword as we have heard now. Not for then he had not so much hardiness to draw it; and there he dwelled an eight days, and at the ninth day there fell a great wind which departed him out of the isle, and brought him to another isle by a rock, and there he found the greatest giant that ever man might see. Therewith came that horrible giant to slay him; and then he looked about him and might not flee, and he had nothing to defend him with. So he ran to his sword, and when he saw it naked he praised it much, and then he shook it, and therewith he brake it in the midst. Ah, said Nacien, the thing that I most praised ought I now most to blame, and therewith he threw the pieces of his sword over his bed. And after he leapt over the board to fight with the giant, and slew him.

And anon he entered into the ship again, and the wind arose, and drove him through the sea, that by adventure he came to another ship where King Mordrains was, which had been tempted full evil with a fiend in the Port of Perilous Rock. And when that one saw the other they made great joy of other, and either told other of their adventure, and how the sword failed him at his most need. When Mordrains saw the sword he praised it much: But the breaking was not to do but by wickedness of thy self-ward, for thou art in some sin. And there he took the sword, and set the pieces together, and they soldered as fair as ever they were to-fore; and

there put he the sword in the sheath, and laid it down on the bed. Then heard they a voice that said: Go out of this ship a little while, and enter into the other, for dread ye fall in deadly sin, for and ye be found in deadly sin ye may not escape but perish: and so they went into the other ship. And as Nacien went over the board he was smitten with a sword on the right foot, that he fell down noseling to the ship's board; and therewith he said: O God, how am I hurt. And then there came a voice and said: Take thou that for thy forfeit that thou didst in drawing of this sword, therefore thou receivest a wound, for thou were never worthy to handle it, as the writing maketh mention. In the name of God, said Galahad, ye are right wise of these works.

CHAPTER V

HOW KING PELLES WAS SMITTEN THROUGH BOTH THIGHS BECAUSE HE DREW THE SWORD, AND OTHER MARVELLOUS HISTORIES.

SIR, said she, there was a king that hight Pelles, the maimed king. And while he might ride he supported much Christendom and Holy Church. So upon a day he hunted in a wood of his which lasted unto the sea; and at the last he lost his hounds and his knights save only one: and there he and his knight went till that they came toward Ireland, and there he found the ship. And when he saw the letters and understood them, yet he entered, for he was right perfect of his life, but his knight had none hardiness to enter; and there found he this sword, and drew it out as much as ye may see. So therewith entered a spear wherewith he was smitten him through both the thighs, and never sith might he be healed, nor nought shall to-fore we come to him. Thus, said she, was not King Pelles, your grandsire, maimed for his hardiness? In the name of God, damosel, said Galahad.

So they went toward the bed to behold all about it, and above

the head there hung two swords. Also there were two spindles which were as white as any snow, and other that were as red as blood, and other above green as any emerald: of these three colours were the spindles, and of natural colour within, and without any painting. These spindles, said the damosel, were when sinful Eve came to gather fruit, for which Adam and she were put out of paradise, she took with her the bough on which the apple hung on. Then perceived she that the branch was fair and green, and she remembered her the loss which came from the tree. Then she thought to keep the branch as long as she might. And for she had no coffer to keep it in, she put it in the earth. So by the will of Our Lord the branch grew to a great tree within a little while, and was as white as any snow, branches, boughs, and leaves: that was a token a maiden planted it. But after God came to Adam, and bade him know his wife fleshly as nature required. So lay Adam with his wife under the same tree; and anon the tree which was white was full green as any grass, and all that came out of it; and in the same time that they medled together there was Abel begotten: thus was the tree long of green colour. And so it befell many days after, under the same tree Cain slew Abel, whereof befell great marvel. For anon as Abel had received the death under the green tree, it lost the green colour and became red; and that was in tokening of the blood. And anon all the plants died thereof, but the tree grew and waxed marvellously fair, and it was the fairest tree and the most delectable that any man might behold and see; and so died the plants that grew out of it to-fore that Abel was slain under it. So long dured the tree till that Solomon, King David's son, reigned, and held the land after his father. This Solomon was wise, and knew all the virtues of stones and trees, and so he knew the course of the stars, and many other divers things. This Solomon had an evil wife, wherethrough he weened that there had been no good woman, and so he despised them in his books. So answered a voice him once: Solomon, if heaviness come to a man by a woman, ne reck thou never; for yet shall there come a woman whereof there shall come greater joy to man an hundred times more than this heaviness giveth sorrow; and that woman shall be born of thy

lineage. Tho when Solomon heard these words he held himself but a fool, and the truth he perceived by old books. Also the Holy Ghost showed him the coming of the glorious Virgin Mary. Then asked he of the voice, if it should be in the yerde of his lineage. Nay, said the voice, but there shall come a man which shall be a maid, and the last of your blood, and he shall be as good a knight as Duke Josua, thy brother-in-law.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SOLOMON TOOK DAVID'S SWORD BY THE COUNSEL OF HIS WIFE. AND OF OTHER MATTERS MARVELLOUS.

Now have I certified thee of that thou stoodest in doubt. Then was Solomon glad that there should come any such of his lineage; but ever he marvelled and studied who that should be, and what his name might be. His wife perceived that he studied, and thought she would know it at some season; and so she waited her time, and asked of him the cause of his studying, and there he told her altogether how the voice told him. Well, said she, I shall let make a ship of the best wood and most durable that men may find. So Solomon sent for all the carpenters of the land, and the best. And when they had made the ship the lady said to Solomon: Sir, said she, since it is so that this knight ought to pass all knights of chivalry which have been to-fore him and shall come after him, moreover I shall tell you, said she, ye shall go into Our Lord's temple, where is King David's sword, your father, the which is the marvelloust and the sharpest that ever was taken in any knight's hand. Therefore take that, and take off the pommel, and thereto make ye a pommel of precious stones, that it be so subtly made that no man perceive it but that they be all one; and after make there an hilt so marvellously and wonderly that no man may know it; and after make a marvellous sheath. And when ye have made all this I shall let make a girdle thereto, such as shall please me.

All this King Solomon did let make as she devised, both the ship and all the remnant. And when the ship was ready in the sea to sail, the lady let make a great bed and marvellous rich, and set her upon the bed's head, covered with silk, and laid the sword at the feet, and the girdles were of hemp, and therewith the king was angry. Sir, wit ye well, said she, that I have none so high a thing which were worthy to sustain so high a sword, and a maid shall bring other knights thereto, but I wot not when it shall be, nor what time. And there she let make a covering to the ship, of cloth of silk that should never rot for no manner of weather. Yet went that lady and made a carpenter to come to the tree which Abel was slain under. Now, said she, carve me out of this tree as much wood as will make me a spindle. Ah madam, said he, this is the tree the which our first mother planted. Do it, said she, or else I shall destroy thee. Anon as he began to work there came out drops of blood; and then would he have left, but she would not suffer him, and so he took away as much wood as might make a spindle: and so she made him to take as much of the green tree and of the white tree. And when these three spindles were shapen she made them to be fastened upon the selar of the bed. When Solomon saw this, he said to his wife: Ye have done marvellously, for though all the world were here right now, he could not devise wherefore all this was made, but Our Lord Himself; and thou that hast done it wottest not what it shall betoken. Now let it be, said she, for ye shall hear tidings sooner than ye ween. Now shall ye hear a wonderful tale of King Solomon and his wife.

CHAPTER VII

A WONDERFUL TALE OF KING SOLOMON AND HIS WIFE.

THAT night lay Solomon before the ship with little fellowship. And when he was asleep him thought there came from heaven a great company of angels, and alighted into the ship, and took

water which was brought by an angel, in a vessel of silver, and sprent all the ship. And after he came to the sword, and drew letters on the hilt. And after went to the ship's board, and wrote there other letters which said: Thou man that wilt enter within me, beware that thou be full within the faith, for I ne am but Faith and Belief. When Solomon espied these letters he was abashed, so that he durst not enter, and so drew him aback; and the ship was anon shoven in the sea, and he went so fast that he lost sight of him within a little while. And then a little voice said: Solomon, the last knight of thy lineage shall rest in this bed. Then went Solomon and awaked his wife, and told her of the adventures of the ship.

Now saith the history that a great while the three fellows beheld the bed and the three spindles. Then they were at certain that they were of natural colours without painting. Then they lift up a cloth which was above the ground, and there found a rich purse by seeming. And Percivale took it, and found therein a writ and so he read it, and devised the manner of the spindles and of the ship, whence it came, and by whom it was made. Now, said Galahad, where shall we find the gentlewoman that shall make new girdles to the sword? Fair sir, said Percivale's sister, dismay you not, for by the leave of God I shall let make a girdle to the sword, such one as shall long thereto. And then she opened a box, and took out girdles which were seemly wrought with golden threads, and upon that were set full precious stones, and a rich buckle of gold. Lo, lords, said she, here is a girdle that ought to be set about the sword. And wit ye well the greatest part of this girdle was made of my hair, which I loved well while that I was a woman of the world. But as soon as I wist that this adventure was ordained me I clipped off my hair, and made this girdle in the name of God. Ye be well found, said Sir Bors, for certes ye have put us out of great pain, wherein we should have entered ne had your tidings been.

Then went the gentlewoman and set it on the girdle of the sword. Now, said the fellowship, what is the name of the sword, and what shall we call it? Truly, said she, the name of the sword is the Sword with the Strange Girdles; and the sheath, Mover of Blood; for no man that hath blood in him ne shall never see the

one part of the sheath which was made of the Tree of Life. Then they said to Galahad: In the name of Jesu Christ, and pray you that ye gird you with this sword which hath been desired so much in the realm of Logris. Now let me begin, said Galahad, to grip this sword for to give you courage; but wit ye well it longeth no more to me than it doth to you. And then he gripped about it with his fingers a great deal; and then she girt him about the middle with the sword. Now reck I not though I die, for now I hold me one of the blessed maidens of the world, which hath made the worthiest knight of the world. Damosel, said Galahad, ye have done so much that I shall be your knight all the days of my life.

Then they went from that ship, and went to the other. And anon the wind drove them into the sea a great pace, but they had no victuals: but it befell that they came on the morn to a castle that men call Carteloise, that was in the marches of Scotland. And when they had passed the port, the gentlewoman said: Lords, here be men arriven that, an they wist that ye were of King Arthur's court, ye should be assailed anon. Damosel, said Galahad, He that cast us out of the rock shall deliver us from them.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW GALAHAD AND HIS FELLOWS CAME TO A CASTLE, AND HOW THEY WERE FOUGHT WITHAL, AND HOW THEY SLEW THEIR ADVERSARIES, AND OTHER MATTERS.

So it befell as they spoke thus there came a squire by them, and asked what they were; and they said they were of King Arthur's house. Is that sooth? said he. Now by my head, said he, ye be ill arrayed; and then turned he again unto the cliff fortress. And within a while they heard an horn blow. Then a gentlewoman came to them, and asked them of whence they were; and they told her. Fair lords, said she, for God's love turn again if ye may, for ye be come unto your death. Nay, they said, we will not turn again,

for He shall help us in whose service we be entered in. Then as they stood talking there came knights well armed, and bade them yield them or else to die. That yielding, said they, shall be noyous to you. And therewith they let their horses run, and Sir Percivale smote the foremost to the earth, and took his horse, and mounted thereupon, and the same did Galahad. Also Bors served another so, for they had no horses in that country, for they left their horses when they took their ship in other countries. And so when they were horsed then began they to set upon them; and they of the castle fled into the strong fortress, and the three knights after them into the castle, and so alighted on foot, and with their swords slew them down, and gat into the hall.

Then when they beheld the great multitude of people that they had slain, they held themself great sinners. Certes, said Bors, I ween an God had loved them that we should not have had power to have slain them thus. But they have done so much against Our Lord that He would not suffer them to reign no longer. Say ye not so, said Galahad, for if they misdid against God, the vengeance is not ours, but to Him which hath power thereof.

So came there out of a chamber a good man which was a priest, and bare God's body in a cup. And when he saw them which lay dead in the hall he was all abashed; and Galahad did off his helm and kneeled down, and so did his two fellows. Sir, said they, have ye no dread of us, for we be of King Arthur's court. Then asked the good man how they were slain so suddenly, and they told it him. Truly, said the good man, an ye might live as long as the world might endure, ne might ye have done so great an alms-deed as this. Sir, said Galahad, I repent me much, inasmuch as they were christened. Nay, repent you not, said he, for they were not christened, and I shall tell you how that I wot of this castle. Here was Lord Earl Hernox not but one year, and he had three sons, good knights of arms, and a daughter, the fairest gentlewoman that men knew. So those three knights loved their sister so sore that they brent in love, and so they lay by her, maugre her head. And for she cried to her father they slew her, and took their father and put him in prison, and wounded him nigh to the death, but a cousin

of hers rescued him. And then did they great untruth: they slew clerks and priests, and made beat down chapels, that Our Lord's service might not be served nor said. And this same day her father sent to me for to be confessed and houseled; but such shame had never man as I had this day with the three brethren, but the earl bade me suffer, for he said they should not long endure, for three servants of Our Lord should destroy them, and now it is brought to an end. And by this may ye wit that Our Lord is not displeased with your deeds. Certes, said Galahad, an it had not pleased Our Lord, never should we have slain so many men in so little a while.

And then they brought the Earl Hernox out of prison into the midst of the hall, that knew Galahad anon, and yet he saw him never afore but by revelation of Our Lord.

CHAPTER IX

HOW THE THREE KNIGHTS, WITH PERCIVALE'S SISTER, CAME UNTO THE SAME FOREST, AND OF AN HART AND FOUR LIONS, AND OTHER THINGS.

THEN began he to weep right tenderly, and said: Long have I abiden your coming, but for God's love hold me in your arms, that my soul may depart out of my body in so good a man's arms as ye be. Gladly, said Galahad. And then one said on high, that all heard: Galahad, well hast thou avenged me on God's enemies. Now behoveth thee to go to the Maimed King as soon as thou mayest, for he shall receive by thee health which he hath abiden so long. And therewith the soul departed from the body, and Galahad made him to be buried as him ought to be.

Right so departed the three knights, and Percivale's sister with them. And so they came into a waste forest, and there they saw afore them a white hart which four lions led. Then they took them to assent for to follow after for to know whither they repaired; and so they rode after a great pace till that they came to a valley, and

thereby was an hermitage where a good man dwelled, and the hart and the lions entered also. So when they saw all this they turned to the chapel, and saw the good man in a religious weed and in the armour of Our Lord, for he would sing mass of the Holy Ghost; and so they entered in and heard mass. And at the secrets of the mass they three saw the hart become a man, the which marvelled them, and set him upon the altar in a rich siege; and saw the four lions were changed, the one to the form of a man, the other to the form of a lion, and the third to an eagle, and the fourth was changed unto an ox. Then took they their siege where the hart sat, and went out through a glass window, and there was nothing perished nor broken; and they heard a voice say: In such a manner entered the Son of God in the womb of a maid Mary, whose virginity ne was perished he hurt. And when they heard these words they fell down to the earth and were astonied; and therewith was a great clearness.

And when they were come to theirself again they went to the good man and prayed him that he would say them truth. What thing have ye seen? said he. And they told him all that they had seen. Ah lords, said he, ye be welcome; now wot I well ye be the good knights the which shall bring the Sangreal to an end; for ye be they unto whom Our Lord shall shew great secrets. And well ought Our Lord be signified to an hart, for the hart when he is old he waxeth young again in his white skin. Right so cometh again Our Lord from death to life, for He lost earthly flesh that was the deadly flesh, which He had taken in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary; and for that cause appeared Our Lord as a white hart without spot. And the four that were with Him is to understand the four evangelists which set in writing a part of Jesu Christ's deeds that He did sometime when He was among you an earthly man; for wit ye well never erst ne might no knight know the truth, for ofttimes or this Our Lord showed Him unto good men and unto good knights, in likeness of an hart, but I suppose from henceforth ye shall see no more. And then they joyed much, and dwelled there all that day. And upon the morrow when they had heard mass they departed and commended the good man to God: and so they came

to a castle and passed by. So there came a knight armed after them and said: Lords, hark what I shall say to you.

CHAPTER X

HOW THEY WERE DESIRED OF A STRANGE CUSTOM, THE WHICH THEY WOULD NOT OBEY; WHEREFORE THEY FOUGHT AND SLEW MANY KNIGHTS.

THIS gentlewoman that ye lead with you is a maid? Sir, said she, a maid I am. Then he took her by the bridle and said: By the Holy Cross, ye shall not escape me to-fore ye have yolden the custom of this castle. Let her go, said Percivale, ye be not wise, for a maid in what place she cometh is free. So in the meanwhile there came out a ten or twelve knights armed, out of the castle, and with them came gentlewomen which held a dish of silver. And then they said: This gentlewoman must yield us the custom of this castle. Sir, said a knight, what maid passeth hereby shall give this dish full of blood of her right arm. Blame have ye, said Galahad, that brought up such customs, and so God me save, I ensure you of this gentlewoman ye shall fail while that I live. So God me help, said Percivale, I had liefer be slain. And I also, said Sir Bors. By my troth, said the knight, then shall ye die, for ye may not endure against us though ye were the best knights of the world.

Then let they run each to other, and the three fellows beat the ten knights, and then set their hands to their swords and beat them down and slew them. Then there came out of the castle a three score knights armed. Fair lords, said the three fellows, have mercy on yourself and have not ado with us. Nay, fair lords, said the knights of the castle, we counsel you to withdraw you, for ye be the best knights of the world, and therefore do no more, for ye have done enough. We will let you go with this harm, but we must needs have the custom. Certes, said Galahad, for nought speak ye. Well, said they, will ye die? We be not yet come thereto, said

Galahad. Then began they to meddle together, and Galahad, with the strange girdles, drew his sword, and smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and slew what that ever abode him, and did such marvels that there was none that saw him but weened he had been none earthly man, but a monster. And his two fellows halp him passing well, and so they held the journey everych in like hard till it was night: then must they needs depart.

So came in a good knight, and said to the three fellows: If ye will come in to-night and take such harbour as here is ye shall be right welcome, and we shall ensure you by the faith of our bodies, and as we be true knights, to leave you in such estate to-morrow as we find you, without any falsehood. And as soon as ye know of the custom we dare say ye will accord therefore. For God's love, said the gentlewoman, go thither and spare not for me. Go we, said Galahad; and so they entered into the chapel. And when they were alighted they made great joy of them. So within a while the three knights asked the custom of the castle and wherefore it was. What it is, said they, we will say you sooth.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR PERCIVALE'S SISTER BLED A DISH FULL OF BLOOD FOR TO HEAL A LADY, WHEREFORE SHE DIED; AND HOW THAT THE BODY WAS PUT IN A SHIP.

THERE is in this castle a gentlewoman which we and this castle is hers, and many other. So it befell many years agone there fell upon her a malady; and when she had lain a great while she fell unto a measle, and of no leech she could have no remedy. But at the last an old man said an she might have a dish full of blood of a maid and a clean virgin in will and in work, and a king's daughter, that blood should be her health, and for to anoint her withal; and for this thing was this custom made. Now, said Percivale's sister, fair knights, I see well that this gentlewoman is but dead.

Certes, said Galahad, an ye bleed so much ye may die. Truly, said she, an I die for to heal her I shall get me great worship and soul's health, and worship to my lineage, and better is one harm than twain. And therefore there shall be no more battle, but to-morn I shall yield you your custom of this castle. And then there was great joy more than there was to-fore, for else had there been mortal war upon the morn; notwithstanding she would none other, whether they wold or nold.

That night were the three fellows eased with the best; and on the morn they heard mass, and Sir Percivale's sister bade bring forth the sick lady. So she was, the which was evil at ease. Then said she: Who shall let me blood? So one came forth and let her blood, and she bled so much that the dish was full. Then she lift up her hand and blessed her; and then she said to the lady: Madam, I am come to the death for to make you whole, for God's love pray for me. With that she fell in a swoon. Then Galahad and his two fellows start up to her, and lift her up and staunched her, but she had bled so much that she might not live. Then she said when she was awaked: Fair brother Percivale, I die for the healing of this lady, so I require you that ye bury me not in this country, but as soon as I am dead put me in a boat at the next haven, and let me go as adventure will lead me; and as soon as ye three come to the City of Sarras, there to enchieve the Holy Grail, ye shall find me under a tower arrived, and there bury me in the spiritual place; for I say you so much, there Galahad shall be buried, and ye also, in the same place.

Then Percivale understood these words, and granted it her, weeping. And then said a voice: Lords and fellows, to-morrow at the hour of prime ye three shall depart everych from other, till the adventure bring you to the Maimed King. Then asked she her Saviour; and as soon as she had received it the soul departed from the body. So the same day was the lady healed, when she was anointed withal. Then Sir Percivale made a letter of all that she had holpen them as in strange adventures, and put it in her right hand, and so laid her in a barge, and covered it with black silk; and so the wind arose, and drove the barge from the land, and all

knights beheld it till it was out of their sight. Then they drew all to the castle, and so forthwith there fell a sudden tempest and a thunder, lightning, and rain, as all the earth would have broken. So half the castle turned up-so-down. So it passed evensong or the tempest was ceased.

Then they saw afore them a knight armed and wounded hard in the body and in the head, that said: O God, succour me for now it is need. After this knight came another knight and a dwarf, which cried to them afar: Stand, ye may not escape. Then the wounded knight held up his hands to God that he should not die in such tribulation. Truly, said Galahad, I shall succour him for His sake that he calleth upon. Sir, said Bors, I shall do it, for it is not for you, for he is but one knight. Sir, said he, I grant. So Sir Bors took his horse, and commended him to God, and rode after, to rescue the wounded knight. Now turn we to the two fellows.

CHAPTER XII

HOW GALAHAD AND PERCIVALE FOUND IN A CASTLE MANY TOMBS OF MAIDENS THAT HAD BLED TO DEATH.

Now saith the story that all night Galahad and Percivale were in a chapel in their prayers, for to save Sir Bors. So on the morrow they dressed them in their harness toward the castle, to wit what was fallen of them therein. And when they came there they found neither man nor woman that he ne was dead by the vengeance of Our Lord. With that they heard a voice that said: This vengeance is for blood-shedding of maidens. Also they found at the end of the chapel a churchyard, and therein might they see a three score fair tombs, and that place was so fair and so delectable that it seemed them there had been none tempest, for there lay the bodies of all the good maidens which were martyred for the sick lady's sake. Also they found the names of everych, and of what blood they were come, and all were of king's blood, and twelve of them were kings'

daughters. Then they departed and went into a forest. Now, said Percivale unto Galahad, we must depart, so pray we Our Lord that we may meet together in short time: then they did off their helms and kissed together, and wept at their departing.

VIII

THE CASTLE OF CORBENIC

NOW seyth the tale that whan sir Launcelot was com 399v(13)
to the watir of Mortays as hit ys reherced before, he was
in grete perell. And so he leyde hym downe and slepte, and
toke the adventure that God wolde sende hym. So whan he
was aslepe there cam a vision unto hym that seyde, 5

'Sir Launcelot, aryse up and take thyne armour, and entir
into the firste shippe that thou shalt fynde!'

And whan he herde thes wordys he sterte up and saw
grete clerenesse aboute hym, and than he lyffte up hys honde
and blyssed hym. And so toke hys armys and made hym 10
redy.

And at the laste he cam by a stronde and founde a shippe
withoute sayle other ore. And as sone as he was within the
shippe, there he had the moste swettnes that ever he felte,
and he was fulfylled with all thynge that he thought on 15
other desyred. Than he seyde,

'Swete Fadir, Jesu Cryste! I wote natt what joy I am in,
for thys passith all erthely joyes that ever I was in.'

And so in thys joy [he] leyde hym downe to the shippe-
bourde and slepte tyll day. And whan he awooke he founde 20
there a fayre bed, and therein lyynge a jantillwoman dede,
which was sir Percivalles sister. And as sir Launcelot avised
her, he aspyed in hir ryght honde ⌜a wrytte⌝ whych he rad,
that tolde hym all the aventures that ye have herde before,
and of what lynayge she was com. 25

So with thys jantillwoman sir Launcelot was a moneth
and more. If ye wold aske how he lyved, for He that fedde
the ⌜peple⌝ of Israel with manna in deserte, so was he fedde;
for every day, whan he had seyde hys prayers, he was
susteyned with the grace of the Holy Goste. 30

And so on a ⌜nyght⌝ he wente to play hym by the watirs

1 *C* sayth the history 4–8 *W* (*sidenote*) The avisione of sir Launcelot 5 *C* hym and said 11–12 *C* redy and soo by aduenture he 12–13 *C* shyp the which was withoute 14 *C* he felte the moost swetnes that euer he felte 17 *C* Fair swete fader 17–18 *C* not in what Ioye I am For this Ioye passeth 19–20 *C* shyps borde 22, 23 *C* the whiche 22 *C* launcelot deuysed 23 *C** hand a wrytte *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 560v, col. 2*) ung brief 24 *C* the whiche told 27–28 *C** lyued he that fedde the peple of Israel *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 561r, col. 1*) les gens Israel *W* lyved for he that fedde the chyldirn of Irsl 29 *W* hys hys 31 *C** on a nyghte *W* on a day *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 561r, col. 2*) par nuit 31 *C* water

syde, for he was somwhat wery of the shippe. And than he lystened and herde an ⌜hors⌝ com and one rydyng uppon hym, and whan he cam nyghe hym semed a knyght, and so he late hym passe and wente thereas the ship was. And there he alyght and toke the sadyll and the brydill, and put the horse frome hym, and so wente into the shyppe.

And than sir Launcelot dressed hym unto the shippe and seyde,

400r 'Sir, ye be wellcom!'

And he answerd, and salewed hym agayne and seyde,

'Sir, what ys youre name? For much my herte gevith unto you.'

'Truly,' seyde he, 'my name ys sir Launcelot du Lake.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'than be ye wellcom! For ye were the begynner of me in thys worlde.'

'A, sir, ar ye sir Galahad?'

'Ye, forsothe.'

And so he kneled downe and askyd hym hys blyssynge. And aftir that toke of hys helme and kyssed hym, and there was grete joy betwyxte them, for no tunge can telle what joy was betwyxte them. And there every of them tolde othir the aventures that had befalle them syth that they departed frome the courte.

And anone as sir Galahad saw the jantillwoman dede in the bedde he knew her well, and seyde grete worship of hir, that she was one of the beste maydyns lyvyng and hit was grete pité of hir dethe.

But whan sir Launcelot herde how the mervayles swerde was gotyn and who made hit, and all the mervayles rehersed afore, than he prayd sir Galahad that he wolde shew hym the swerde. And so he brought hit forth and kyssed the pomell and the hiltis and the scawberde.

2 *W* an com *C** an hors come *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 561r, col. 2*) si oy ung chevaller venir grant erre tout a cheval 3 *C* nygh he semed 7 *W* Launcelot and dressyd hym vnto the shippe *C** Launcelot dressid vnto hym and 9, 11 Sir *not in C* 10 and seyde *not in C* 10–11 *C* ageyne & asked hym what 13 *W* sir se 16 *C* A sayd he ar 17 *C* forsothe sayd he 20–22 *C** for there is no tonge can telle the Ioye that they made eyther of other and many a frendely word spoken bitwene as kynde wold the whiche is no nede here to be reherced And there eueryche told other of their aduentures and merueils that were befallen to them in many Iourneys sythe 25 *C* wel ynough & told grete 26 *C* was the best 30 *C* galahad his sone 31 *C* so he dyd and anone he kyssed

'Truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'never arste knew I of so hyghe adventures done, and so mervalous stronge.'

So dwelled sir Launcelot [and] Galahad within that shippe halff [a yere, and served God dayly and] nyghtly with all their power. [And often they aryved in yles ferre] frome folke, where th[ere repayred none but wylde beestes, and ther] they founde many [straunge adventures and peryllous which they] brought to an end. [But for tho adventures were with wylde beestes] and nat in the q[uest of the Sancgreal, therfor the tale ma]kith here [no] menci[on therof; for it wolde be to longe to telle of alle tho adventures that befelle] them.

So aftir, [on a Mondaye, hit befelle that they aryved in (14) the] edge of a forey[ste tofore a crosse. And thenne sawe they a knyghte] armed all in [whyte, and was rychely horsed, and ledde in his] ryght hond [a whyte hors. And so he cam to the shyp and] salewed the two knyghtes in the Hyghe **400v** Lordis behalff, and seyde unto sir Galahad,

'Sir, ye have bene longe inowe with youre fadir. Therefore com oute of the shippe, and take thys horse, and go where the aventures shall lede you in the queste of the Sankgreall.'

Than he wente to hys fadir and kyste hym swetely and seyde,

'Fayre swete fadir, I wote nat whan I shall se you more tyll I se the body of Jesu Cryste.'

'Now, for Goddis love,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'pray to the Fadir that He holde me stylle in Hys servyse.'

And so he toke hys horse, and there they hard a voyce that seyde,

'Every of you thynke for to do welle, for nevermore shall one se another off you before the dredefull day of doome.'

'Now, my sonne, sir Galahad, sith we shall departe and nother of us se other more, I pray to that Hyghe Fadir, conserve me and you bothe.'

2 *C* merueyllous & straunge *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 561v, col. 1*) oncquez si haulte aventure ne si merveilleuse n'avint a chevaillier 3–17 *The bottom right corner of the page is torn in W* 10 *W* here menci *C** here no mencyon 16 *C* soo 18 unto sir *not in C*† 19–20 Therefore *not in C* 20 *C* and starte vpon this hors 21 *C* lede the in 24–26 *C* Cryst I praye yow sayd launcelot praye ye to the hyghe fader 26 stylle *not in C* 29 Every of you *not in C*† *F* (*ibid.*) chascun de vous 29–30 *C* for the one shal neuer see the other before 31–32 *C* Now sone galahad said laũcelot syn we shal departe & neuer see other I pray to þe hyȝ fader

'Sir,' seyde sir Galahad, 'no prayer avaylith so much as youres.'

And therewith sir Galahad entird into the foreyste. And the wynde arose and drove sir Launcelot more than a moneth thorow the se, where he sleped but litill, but prayde to God that he myght se som tydynges of the Sankgreall.

So hit befelle on a nyght, at mydnyght, he aryved before a castell, on the backe [syde whiche was ry]ch and fayre, and there was a posterne [opened toward the see, and was open] withoute ony kepynge, save two [lyons kept the entré; and the moon]e shone ryght clere. A[none sir Launcelot herd a voyce that] seyde,

'Launcelot, go oute [of this shyp, and entre into the castel] where thou shalte [see a grete parte of thy desyre.'

Thenne he ran] to hys armys and [so armed hym, and so wente to the gate and] saw the lyons. [Thenne sette he hand to his suerd and dr]ew hit. So there cam [a dwerf sodenly and smote hym th]e arme so sore [that the suerd felle oute of his hand. Then] herde he a voice [say,

'O, man of evylle feyth and poure byleve]! Wherefore
401r trustist thou more on thy harneyse than in thy Maker? For He myght more avayle the than thyne armour, in what servyse that thou arte sette in.'

Than seyde sir Launcelot,

'Fayre Fader, Jesu Cryste! I thanke The of Thy grete mercy that Thou reprevyst me of my myssedede. Now se I that Thou holdiste me for one of Thy servauntes.'

Than toke he hys swerde agayne and put hit up in hys sheethe, and made a crosse in hys forehede, and cam to the lyons. And they made sembelaunte to do hym harme. Natwithstondynge he passed by them withoute hurte, and entird into the castell to the chyeff fortresse. And there were they all at reste.

Than sir Launcelot entred so armed, for he founde no gate nor doore but hit was opyn. And at the laste he founde

5 *C* thurgh oute the 8–21 *The bottom left corner of the page is torn in W* 18 *C* Thenne ther came *S* Thenne there came 19 *C* the harme 23 *C*† in whos 24–25 *C* sette Thenne 26 *C*† fayu fader *S*† fay u fader 28 *C* that ye hold me for youre seruaunt 29 *C* thenne toke he ageyne his suerd and putte 33 *C* there were *S*† there where 35 *C* entryd in so

a chambir whereof the doore was shutte, and he sett hys honde thereto to have opened hit, but he myght nat. Than (15) he enforced hym myckyll to undo the doore. Than he lystened and herde a voice whych sange so swetly that hit semede none erthely thynge, and hym thought the voice seyde,

'Joy and honoure be to the Fadir of Hevyn.'

Than sir Launcelot kneled adowne tofore the chambir dore, for well wyst he that there was the Sankgreall within that chambir. Than seyde he,

'Fayre swete Fadir, Jesu Cryste! If ever I dud thynge that plesed The, Lorde, for Thy pité ne have [me] nat in dispite for my synnes done byforetyme, and that Thou shew me somthynge of that I seke.'

And with that he saw the chambir dore opyn, and there cam oute a grete clerenesse, that the house was as bryght as all the tourcheis of the worlde had bene there. So cam he to the chambir doore and wolde have entird. And anone a voice seyde unto hym,

'Sir Launcelot, flee and entir nat, for thou ought nat to do hit! For and if thou entir thou shalt forthynke **401**[v] hit.'

Than he withdrew hym aback ryght hevy.

Than loked he up into the myddis of the chambir and saw a table of sylver, and the holy vessell coverde with rede samyte, and many angels aboute hit, whereof one hylde a candyll of wexe brennynge and the other hylde a crosse and the ornementis of an awter. And before the holy vessell he saw a good man clothed as a pryste, and hit semed that he was at the sakerynge of the masse. And hit semed to sir Launcelot that above the prystis hondys were three men, whereof the two put the yongyste by lyknes betwene the prystes hondis; and so he lyffte ⟨hym⟩ up ryght hyghe, and hit semed to shew so to the peple.

And than sir Launcelot mervayled nat a litill, for hym

1 *C* shytte 9 dore *not in C*† 20 *C* Flee launcelot and *C* oughtest 21 *C* hit And yf 24 *C* in the myddes 30–p. 1016, l. 5 *W* (*sidenote*) The significacion of the Sankgreal that ys called the holy vessel the whiche appered to sir Launcelot 33 *C* lyfte hit vp *W* lyffte them up *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 562*[r]*, col. 1*) il le levoit en hault *C* ryghte *S* ryght

thought the pryste was so gretly charged of the vygoure that hym semed that he sholde falle to the erth. And whan he saw none aboute hym that wolde helpe hym, than cam he to the dore a grete pace and seyde,

5 'Fayre Fadir, Jesu Cryste, ne take hit for no synne if I helpe the good man whych hath grete nede of helpe.'

Ryght so entird he into the chambir and cam toward the table of sylver, and whan he cam nyghe hit he felte a breeth that hym thought hit was entromedled with fyre, which smote 10 hym so sore in the vysayge that hym thought hit brente hys vysayge. And therewith he felle to the erthe and had no power to aryse, as he that ⌜was so araged that⌝ had loste the power of hys body and hys hyrynge and syght. Than felte he many hondys whych toke hym up and bare hym oute of the chambir 15 doore and leffte hym there semynge dede to all people.

So uppon the morow, whan hit was fayre day, they within were rysen and founde sir Launcelot lyynge before the chambir doore. All they mervayled how that he com in. And so they loked uppon hym, and felte hys powse to wete 402r 20 whethir were ony lyff in hym. And so they founde lyff in hym, but he myght nat stonde nother stirre no membir that he had.

And so they toke hym by every parte of the body and bare hym into a chambir and leyde hym in a rych bedde farre frome folke. And so he lay four dayes.

25 Than one seyde he was on lyve, and another seyde nay, he was dede.

'In the name of God,' seyde an olde man, 'I do you veryly to wete he ys nat dede, but he ys as fulle of lyff as the strengyst of ⌜you⌝ all. Therefore I rede you all that he be well kepte 30 tylle God sende lyff in hym agayne.'

1 *C** charged of the fygure *W* charged of the vygoure *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 562r, col. 1*) il veoit que le prestre iert si charchiez de la figure qu'il tenoit qu'il li est bien advis qu'il deust cheoir a terre 5–6 *C* though I helpe 12 *C** aryse as he that was soo araged that had loste *F* (*ibid.*) lors n'a povoir d'aler avant comme cil qui est tel atournés qu'il a tout le povoir du corps perdu (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 13 *C* his seynge Thenne 14 *C** handes aboute hym 15 *C* dore withoute ony amendynge of his swoune and lefte hym there semyng dede to of the chamber dore and lefte hym there semynge dede to al peple (*see note*) 17 *C* arysen 24 *C** from alle folke 25–27 *C* Thenne the one sayd he was on lyue and the other sayd Nay In the 27 *C* man for I 29 *C** of yow *W* of us *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 562r, col. 2*) de vous touz *Not emended in O*1 *C* I counceylle yow that 30 *C* send hym lyf ageyne

So in such maner they kepte sir Launcelot four-and- (16)
twenty dayes and also many nyghtis, that ever he lay stylle as a dede man. And at the twenty-fifth day befylle hym aftir mydday that he opened hys yen. And whan he saw folke he made grete sorow and seyde, 5

'Why have ye awaked me? For I was more at ease than I am now. A, Jesu Cryste, who myght be so blyssed that myght se opynly Thy grete mervayles of secretnesse there where no synner may be?'

'Wh⌈at⌉ have ye sene?' seyde ⌈they aboute hym⌉. 10

'⌈I have sene', seyde⌉ he, 'grete mervayles that no tunge may telle, and more than ony herte can thynke. And had nat my synne bene beforetyme, ellis I had sene muche more.'

Than they tolde hym how he had layne there four-and-twenty dayes and nyghtes. 15

Than hym thought hit was ponyshemente for the four-⌈and-twenty⌉ yere that he had bene ⌈a⌉ synner, wherefore oure Lorde put hym in penaunce the four-⌈and-twenty⌉ dayes and nyghtes. Than loked Launcelot tofore hym and saw the hayre whych he had borne nyghe a yere; for that 20 he forthoughte hym ryght muche that he had brokyn his promyse unto the ermyte whych he had avowed to do.

Than they asked how [hit] stood with hym.

'Forsothe,' seyde he, 'I am hole of body, thanked be oure Lorde. Therefore, for Goddis love, telle me where I am.' 25

Than seyde they all that he was in the castell of Carbonek.

Therewith com a jantillwoman and brought hym a shirte of small lynen clothe; but he chaunged nat there, but toke **402v** the hayre to hym agayne.

'Sir,' seyde they, 'the queste of the Sankgreall ys encheved 30

7 *C* O Ihesu 10–11 *W* Why have ye sene seyde he grete *C** what haue ye sene sayd they aboute hym I haue sene said he so grete *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 562v, col. 1*) Quant ceulz qui entour lui estoient oent ceste parolle, si ont trop grant joie. Si li demandent qu'il a veu. "Je ay, fait il, veu si grans merveilles", *etc.* (*W seems to have confused* What have *with the* Why have *of the previous paragraph. There is an obvious homoeoteleuton after* seyde) 12–13 *C*† had not my sone ben here afore me *F* (*ibid.*) Et se [ma] maleureté et mes grans pechiés ne fust, je eusse encores plus veu 16–17 *W* iiii yere *C** four and twenty *F* (*ibid.*) xxiiii ans 17 *W* bene no synner *F* (*ibid.*) qu'il ot ou terme de xxiiii ans servi l'ennemy 18 the *not in C* 18–19 *W* iiii dayes *C** four and twenty dayes *F* xxiiii jours 23 *C** how hit stood *F* comment il li est 25 *C* therefore syrs for *C* where that I am

now ryght in you, and never shall ye se of Sankgreall more than ye have sene.'

'Now I thanke God,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for Hys grete mercy of that I have sene, for hit suffisith me. For, as I suppose, no man in thys worlde have lyved bettir than I have done to enchyeve that I have done.'

And therewith he toke the hayre and clothed hym in hit, and aboven that he put a lynen ⌜shirte⌝, and aftir that a roobe of scarlet, freyssh and new. And whan he was so arayed they mervayled all, for they knew hym well that he was sir Launcelot, the good knyght. And than they seyde all,

'A, my lorde sir Launcelott, ye be he?'

And he seyde, 'Yee truly, I am he.'

Than came worde to the kynge Pelles that the knyght that had layne so longe dede was the noble knyght sir Launcelot. Than was the kynge ryght glad and wente to se hym, and whan sir Launcelot saw hym com he dressed hym ayenste hym, and than made the kynge grete joy of hym.

And there the kynge tolde hym tydynges how his fayre doughter was dede. Than sir Launcelot was ryght hevy and seyde,

'Me forthynkith of the deth of youre doughter, for she was a full fayre lady, freyshe and yonge. And well I wote she bare the beste knyght that ys now on erthe, or that ever was syn God was borne.'

So the kynge hylde hym there four dayes, and on the morow he toke hys leve at kynge Pelles and at all the felyship, and thanked them of the grete laboure.

Ryght so as they sate at her dyner in the chyff halle, hit befylle that the Sangreall had fulfylled the table with all metis that ony harte mygh[t] thynke. And as they sate they saw all the doorys of the paleyse and wyndowes shutte withoute mannys honde. So were they all abaysshed. So a

1–2 *C* yow that neuer shalle ye see of the Sancgreal nomore than 3 *C* Launcelot of his 6 *C* encheue *S* enchere 8 *C** lynen sherte *F* (*ibid.*) la robe de lin 10 well *not in C* 12 *C* O my lord sir launcelot be that ye 13 Yee *not in C* 15 the noble knyght *not in C* 19 *C* tydynges that his 20–22 *C* heuy of hit and sayd syre me 24 *C* bare *S* bere 29–30 *C* chyef sale thenne was so befalle 30–31 *C* tables with al maner of metes 32 *C* the dores and the wyndowes of the place† were shitte 33–p. 1019, l. 1 *C** hand wherof they were al abasshed and none wyste what to doo And thenne it happed sodenly a knyghte cam

knyght whych was all armed cam to the chyeff dore, and 403r
knocked and cryed,

'Undo!'

But they wolde nat, and ever he cryed,

'Undo!'

So hit noyed hem so much that the kynge hymselff arose and cam to a wyndow there where the knyght called. Than he seyde,

'Sir knyght, ye shall nat enter at thys tyme, whyle the Sankgreall ys hyre. And therefore go ye into anothir fortresse, for ye be none of the knyghtes of the Quest, but one of them whych have servyd the fyende, and haste leffte the servyse of oure Lorde.'

Than was he passynge wroth at the kynges wordis.

'Sir knyght,' seyde the kynge, 'syn ye wolde so fayne entir, telle me of what contrey ye be.'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I am of the realme of Logrys, and my name ys sir Ector de Marys, brother unto my lorde sir Launcelot.'

'In the name of God,' seyde the kynge, 'me forthynkis ⟨sore⟩ [of that I have] seyde, for youre brother ys hereinne.'

Whan sir Ector undirstood that hys brother was there, for he was the man in the worlde that he moste drad and loved, than he seyde,

'A, good lorde, now dowblith my sorow and shame! Full truly seyde the good man of the hylle unto sir Gawayne and to me of oure dremys.'

Than wente he oute of the courte as faste as hys horse myght, and so thorowoute the castell.

Than kyng Pelles cam to sir Launcelot and tolde hym (17)
tydynges of hys brothir. Anone he was sory therefore that he wyst nat what to do. So sir Launcelot departed and toke hys armys and seyde he wold go se the realme of Logris whych ⟨he⟩ had nat sene afore in a yere, and therewith commaunded the kynge to God.

1 *W* armed cam to the that cam to the chyeff 3 *C* vndo the dore 5–6 *C* vndoo but they wold not And atte laste it noyed 10–11 *C*† another For certes ye be 12 *C* whiche hath 14 *C* and he was 16 *C* saye me 17 *C* sayd he 18 Ector de marys and broder 19–20 *C** forthynketh of that I haue sayd for *W* forthynkis seyde the kynge for (*see note*) 20 *C* here within 21 *C* & whan Ector de marys 24 *C* A god now 30–31 *C* broder wherof he was sory that he 33 *C* whiche I haue not sene in a (a *not in S*) twelue moneth and there with

And so rode thorow many realmys, and at the laste he com to a whyght abbay, and there they made hym that nyght grete chere. And on the morne he arose and hard masse, and afore an awter he founde a ryche tombe which was newly made. And than he toke hede and saw the sydys wryten with golde which seyde,

'Here lyeth kyng Bagdemagus of Gore, which kynge Ar-
403v thurs nevew slew,' and named hym sir Gawayne.

Than was nat he a litill sory, for sir Launcelot loved hym muche more than ony other (and had hit bene ony other than sir Gawayne he sholde nat ascape frome the dethe), and seyde to hymselff,

'A, lorde God! Thys ys a grete hurte unto kynge Arthurs courte, the losse of suche a man!'

And than he departed and cam to the abbey where sir Galahad dud the aventure of the tombis and wan the whyght shylde with the rede crosse. And there had he grete chere all that nyght, and on the morne he turned to Camelot where he founde kynge Arthure and the quene.

But many of the knyghtes of Rounde Table were slayne and destroyed, more than halff; and so three of them were com home, sir Ector, Gawayne, and Lyonell, and many other that nedith nat now to reherce. And all the courte were passyng glad of sir Launcelot, and the kynge asked hym many tydyngis of hys sonne sir Galahad.

And there sir Launcelot tolde the kynge of hys aventures that befelle hym syne he departed. And also he tolde hym of the aventures of sir Galahad, sir Percivale, and sir Bors whych that he knew by the lettir of the ded mayden, and also as sir Galahad had tolde hym.

'Now God wolde', seyde the kynge, 'that they were all three here!'

'That shall never be,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for two of hem shall ye never se. But one of them shall com home agayne.'

NOW LEVITH THYS TALE AND SPEKITH OF SIR GALAHAD.

11–12 *C** not haue escaped (*S* escared) from dethe to lyf and 14 *C* conrte *S* courte 16 *S* Gatahad 21 of them *not in C* 23 *C* neden not to be reherced 27 *C* that had befallen 30 also *not in C* 35 *C* Now leue we this story and speke of Galahad

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT ENTERED INTO THE SHIP WHERE SIR PERCIVALE'S SISTER LAY DEAD, AND HOW HE MET WITH SIR GALAHAD, HIS SON.

Now saith the history, that when Launcelot was come to the water of Mortoise, as it is rehearsed before, he was in great peril, and so he laid him down and slept, and took the adventure that God would send him. So when he was asleep there came a vision unto him and said: Launcelot, arise up and take thine armour, and enter into the first ship that thou shalt find. And when he heard these words he start up and saw great clearness about him. And then he lift up his hand and blessed him, and so took his arms and made him ready; and so by adventure he came by a strand, and found a ship the which was without sail or oar. And as soon as he was within the ship there he felt the most sweetness that ever he felt, and he was fulfilled with all thing that he thought on or desired. Then he said: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, I wot not in what joy I am, for this joy passeth all earthly joys that ever I was in. And so in this joy he laid him down to the ship's board, and slept till day. And when he awoke he found there a fair bed, and therein lying a gentlewoman dead, the which was Sir Percivale's sister. And as Launcelot devised her, he espied in her right hand a writ, the which he read, the which told him all the adventures that ye have heard to-fore, and of what lineage she was come. So with this gentlewoman Sir Launcelot was a month and more. If ye would ask how he lived, He that fed the people of Israel with manna in the desert, so was he fed; for every day when he

had said his prayers he was sustained with the grace of the Holy Ghost.

So on a night he went to play him by the water side, for he was somewhat weary of the ship. And then he listened and heard an horse come, and one riding upon him. And when he came nigh he seemed a knight. And so he let him pass, and went thereas the ship was; and there he alighted, and took the saddle and the bridle and put the horse from him, and went into the ship. And then Launcelot dressed unto him, and said: Ye be welcome. And he answered and saluted him again, and asked him: What is your name? for much my heart giveth unto you. Truly, said, he, my name is Launcelot du Lake. Sir, said he, then be ye welcome, for ye were the beginner of me in this world. Ah, said he, are ye Galahad? Yea, forsooth, said he; and so he kneeled down and asked him his blessing, and after took off his helm and kissed him. And there was great joy between them, for there is no tongue can tell the joy that they made either of other, and many a friendly word spoken between, as kin would, the which is no need here to be rehearsed. And there everych told other of their adventures and marvels that were befallen to them in many journeys sith that they departed from the court.

Anon, as Galahad saw the gentlewoman dead in the bed, he knew her well enough, and told great worship of her, that she was the best maid living, and it was great pity of her death. But when Launcelot heard how the marvellous sword was gotten, and who made it, and all the marvels rehearsed afore, then he prayed Galahad, his son, that he would show him the sword, and so he did; and anon he kissed the pommel, and the hilt, and the scabbard. Truly, said Launcelot, never erst knew I of so high adventures done, and so marvellous and strange. So dwelt Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power; and often they arrived in isles far from folk, where there repaired none but wild beasts, and there they found many strange adventures and perilous, which they brought to an end; but for those adventures were with wild beasts, and not in the quest of the Sangreal, therefore the tale maketh here no

mention thereof, for it would be too long to tell of all those adventures that befell them.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW A KNIGHT BROUGHT UNTO SIR GALAHAD A HORSE, AND BADE HIM COME FROM HIS FATHER, SIR LAUNCELOT.

So after, on a Monday, it befell that they arrived in the edge of a forest to-fore a cross; and then saw they a knight armed all in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse; and so he came to the ship, and saluted the two knights on the High Lord's behalf, and said: Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father, come out of the ship, and start upon this horse, and go where the adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sangreal. Then he went to his father and kissed him sweetly, and said: Fair sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more till I see the body of Jesu Christ. I pray you, said Launcelot, pray ye to the High Father that He hold me in His service. And so he took his horse, and there they heard a voice that said: Think for to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom. Now, son Galahad, said Launcelot, since we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the High Father to conserve me and you both. Sir, said Galahad, no prayer availeth so much as yours. And therewith Galahad entered into the forest.

And the wind arose, and drove Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, but prayed to God that he might see some tidings of the Sangreal. So it befell on a night, at midnight, he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair, and there was a postern opened toward the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said: Launcelot, go out of this ship and enter into the castle, where

thou shalt see a great part of thy desire. Then he ran to his arms, and so armed him, and so went to the gate and saw the lions. Then set he hand to his sword and drew it. Then there came a dwarf suddenly, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard he a voice say: O man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore trowest thou more on thy harness than in thy Maker, for He might more avail thee than thine armour, in whose service that thou art set. Then said Launcelot: Fair Father Jesu Christ, I thank thee of Thy great mercy that Thou reprovest me of my misdeed; now see I well that ye hold me for your servant. Then took he again his sword and put it up in his sheath, and made a cross in his forehead, and came to the lions, and they made semblaunt to do him harm. Notwithstanding he passed by them without hurt, and entered into the castle to the chief fortress, and there were they all at rest. Then Launcelot entered in so armed, for he found no gate nor door but it was open. And at the last he found a chamber whereof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto to have opened it, but he might not.

CHAPTER XV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS TO-FORE THE DOOR OF THE CHAMBER WHEREIN THE HOLY SANGREAL WAS.

THEN he enforced him mickle to undo the door. Then he listened and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thin; and him thought the voice said: Joy and honour be to the Father of Heaven. Then Launcelot kneeled down to-fore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sangreal within that chamber. Then said he: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased Thee, Lord for Thy pity never have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that Thou show me something of that I seek. And with that he saw the chamber door open, and there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright

as all the torches of the world had been there.

So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said to him: Flee, Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it; and if thou enter thou shalt for-think it. Then he withdrew him aback right heavy. Then looked he up in the midst of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the Holy Vessel, covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of an altar. And before the Holy Vessel he saw a good man clothed as a priest. And it seemed that he was at the sacring of the mass. And it seemed to Launcelot that above the priest's hands were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness between the priest's hands; and so he lift it up right high, and it seemed to show so to the people. And then Launcelot marvelled not a little, for him thought the priest was so greatly charged of the figure that him seemed that he should fall to the earth. And when he saw none about him that would help him, then came he to the door a great pace, and said: Fair Father Jesu Christ, ne take it for no sin though I help the good man which hath great need of help.

Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he felt a breath, that him thought it was intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it brent his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged, that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his seeing. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there, seeming dead to all people.

So upon the morrow when it was fair day they within were arisen, and found Launcelot lying afore the chamber door. All they marvelled how that he came in, and so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse to wit whether there were any life in him; and so they found life in him, but he might not stand nor stir no member that he had. And so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all

folk; and so he lay four days. Then the one said he was alive, and the other said, Nay. In the name of God, said an old man, for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all; and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT HAD LAIN FOUR-AND-TWENTY DAYS AND AS MANY NIGHTS AS A DEAD MAN, AND OTHER DIVERS MATTERS.

In such manner they kept Launcelot four-and-twenty days and all so many nights, that ever he lay still as a dead man; and at the twenty-fifth day befell him after midday that he opened his eyes. And when he saw folk he made great sorrow, and said: Why have ye awaked me, for I was more at ease than I am now. O Jesu Christ, who might be so blessed that might see openly thy great marvels of secretness there where no sinner may be ! What have ye seen? said they about him. I have seen, said he, so great marvels that no tongue may tell, and more than any heart can think, and had not my sin been here afore me I had seen much more.

Then they told him how he had lain there four-and-twenty days and nights. Then him thought it was punishment for the four-and-twenty years that he had been a sinner, wherefore Our Lord put him in penance four-and-twenty days and nights. Then looked Sir Launcelot afore him, and saw the hair which he had borne nigh a year, for that he for-thought him right much that he had broken his promise unto the hermit, which he had avowed to do. Then they asked how it stood with him. Forsooth, said he, I am whole of body, thanked be Our Lord; therefore, sirs, for God's love tell me where I am. Then said they all that he was in the castle of Carbonek.

Therewith came a gentlewoman and brought him a shirt of small linen cloth, but he changed not there, but took the hair to

him again. Sir, said they, the quest of the Sangreal is achieved now right in you, that never shall ye see of the Sangreal no more than ye have seen. Now I thank God, said Launcelot, of His great mercy of that I have seen, for it sufficeth me; for as I suppose no man in this world hath lived better than I have done to enchieve that I have done. And therewith he took the hair and clothed him in it, and above that he put a linen shirt, and after a robe of scarlet, fresh and new. And when he was so arrayed they marvelled all, for they knew him that he was Launcelot, the good knight. And then they said all: O my lord Sir Launcelot, be that ye? And he said: Truly I am he.

Then came word to King Pelles that the knight that had lain so long dead was Sir Launcelot. Then was the king right glad, and went to see him. And when Launcelot saw him come he dressed him against him, and there made the king great joy of him. And there the king told him tidings that his fair daughter was dead. Then Launcelot was right heavy of it, and said: Sir, me forthinketh the death of your daughter, for she was a full fair lady, fresh and young. And well I wot she bare the best knight that is now on the earth, or that ever was sith God was born. So the king held him there four days, and on the morrow he took his leave at King Pelles and at all the fellowship, and thanked them of their great labour.

Right so as they sat at their dinner in the chief salle, then was so befallen that the Sangreal had fulfilled the table with all manner of meats that any heart might think. So as they sat they saw all the doors and the windows of the place were shut without man's hand, whereof they were all abashed, and none wist what to do.

And then it happed suddenly a knight came to the chief door and knocked, and cried: Undo; the door. But they would not. And ever he cried: Undo; but they would not. And at last it noyed them so much that the king himself arose and came to a window there where the knight called. Then he said: Sir knight, ye shall not enter at this time while the Sangreal is here, and therefore go into another; for certes ye be none of the knights of the quest, but one of them which hath served the fiend, and hast left the service of Our Lord: and he was passing wroth at the king's words. Sir knight,

said the king, sith ye would so fain enter, say me of what country ye be. Sir, said he, I am of the realm of Logris, and my name is Ector de Maris, and brother unto my lord, Sir Launcelot. In the name of God, said the king, me for-thinketh of what I have said, for your brother is here within. And when Ector de Maris understood that his brother was there, for he was the man in the world that he most dread and loved, and then he said: Ah God, now doubleth my sorrow and shame. Full truly said the good man of the hill unto Gawaine and to me of our dreams. Then went he out of the court as fast as his horse might, and so throughout the castle.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RETURNED TOWARDS LOGRIS, AND OF OTHER ADVENTURES WHICH HE SAW IN THE WAY.

THEN King Pelles came to Sir Launcelot and told him tidings of his brother, whereof he was sorry, that he wist not what to do. So Sir Launcelot departed, and took his arms, and said he would go see the realm of Logris, which I have not seen in twelve months. And therewith he commended the king to God, and so rode through many realms. And at the last he came to a white abbey, and there they made him that night great cheer; and on the morn he rose and heard mass. And afore an altar he found a rich tomb, which was newly made; and then he took heed, and saw the sides written with gold which said: Here lieth King Bagdemagus of Gore, which King Arthur's nephew slew; and named him, Sir Gawaine. Then was not he a little sorry, for Launcelot loved him much more than any other, and had it been any other than Gawaine he should not have escaped from death to life; and said to himself: Ah Lord God, this is a great hurt unto King Arthur's court, the loss of such a man. And then he departed and came to the abbey where Galahad did the adventure of the tombs, and won the white shield with the red cross; and there had he great cheer all that night.

And on the morn he turned unto Camelot, where he found King Arthur and the queen. But many of the knights of the Round Table were slain and destroyed, more than half. And so three were come home, Ector, Gawaine, and Lionel, and many other that need not to be rehearsed. And all the court was passing glad of Sir Launcelot, and the king asked him many tidings of his son Galahad. And there Launcelot told the king of his adventures that had befallen him since he departed. And also he told him of the adventures of Galahad, Percivale, and Bors, which that he knew by the letter of the dead damosel, and as Galahad had told him. Now God would, said the king, that they were all three here. That shall never be, said Launcelot, for two of them shall ye never see, but one of them shall come again.

Now leave we this story and speak of Galahad.

IX

THE MIRACLE OF GALAHAD

NOW seyth the tale that sir Galahad rode many journeys (18)
in vayne, and at the last he com to the abbay where
kyng Mordrayns was. And whan he harde that, he thoughte
he wolde abyde to se hym.

And so uppon the morne, whan he had herd masse, sir 5
Galahad com unto kynge Mordrayns. And anone the kyng
saw hym, whych had layne blynde of longe tyme, and than
he dressed hym ayenste hym and seyde,

'Sir Galahad, the servaunte of Jesu Cryste and verry
knyght, whos commynge I have abyddyn longe, now enbrace 10
me and lette me reste on thy breste, so that I may reste
betwene thyne armys! For thou arte a clene virgyne above
all knyghtes, as the floure of the lyly in whom virginité is
signified. And thou arte the rose which ys the floure of all 404r
good vertu, and in colour of fyre. For the fyre of the Holy 15
Goste ys takyn so in the that my fleyssh, whych was all dede
of oldenes, ys becom agayne yonge.'

Whan sir Galahad harde thes wordys, than he enbraced
hym and all hys body. Than seyde he,

'Fayre Lorde Jesu Cryste, now I have my wylle! Now I 20
requyre The, in thys poynte that I am in, that Thou com and
visite me.'

And anone oure Lorde herde his prayere, and therewith the
soule departed frome the body. And than sir Galahad put
hym in the erthe as a kynge ought to be, and so departed, 25
and cam into a perelous foreyste where he founde the welle
which boyled with grete wawis, as the tale tellith tofore.

And as sone as sir Galahad sette hys honde thereto hit
seased, so that hit brente no more, and anone the hete
departed away. And cause why that hit brente, hit was a 30
sygne of lechory that was that tyme muche used. But that
hete myght nat abyde hys pure virginité. And so thys was

1 *C* saith the story Galahad 5, 32 so *not in C* 7 *C* hym the whiche 9–10 and verry knyght *not in C*† 14 *C* rose the whiche 16 *C* take 17 *C* yonge ageyne 18 *C* Thenne Galahad herd his wordes thenne 20–21 *W* wylle I now I requyre 21 that *not in C*† 25 *C* departed *S* departede 29–30 *C* more and the hete departed for that it brente 31 *C* lechery the whiche was 32 *C* vyrgynyte *S* vyrgyntye

takyn in the contrey for a miracle, and so ever afftir was hit called Galahaddis Welle.

So by aventure he com unto the contrey of Gore, and into the abbey where sir Launcelot had bene toforehonde and founde the tombe of kynge Bagdemagus. But he was fownder thereoff, for there was the tombe of Joseph of Aramathyys son and the tombe of Symyan, where sir Launcelot had fayled. Than he loked into a croufte undir the mynstir, and there he sawe a tombe which [brente] full mervaylously.

Than asked he the brethirne what hit was.

'Sir', seyde they, 'a mervalous aventure that may nat be brought to an ende but by hym that passith of bounté and of knyghthode all them of the Rounde Table.'

'I wolde,' seyde sir Galahad, 'that ye wolde brynge me thereto.'

'Gladly,' seyde they, and so ledde hym tyll a cave. And so he wente downe uppon grecis and cam unto the tombe. And so the flamyng fayled, and the fyre staunched which many a day had bene grete.

404v Than cam there a voice whych seyde,

'Much ar ye beholde to thanke God which hath gyven you a good owre, that ye may draw oute the soulis of erthely payne and to putte them into the joyes of Paradyse. Sir, I am of youre kynred, which hath dwelled in thys hete thys three hondred wyntir and four-and-fifty to be purged of the synne that I ded ayenste Aramathy Joseph.'

Than sir Galahad toke the body in his armys and bare hit into the mynster. And that nyght lay sir Galahad in the abbay; and on the morne he gaff hym hys servyse and put hym in the erthe byfore the hyghe awter.

(19) So departed he frome thens, and commended the brethirn to God. And so he rode fyve dayes tylle that he cam to the Maymed Kynge.

And ever folowed sir Percivale the fyve dayes [askynge]

2 *C*† Callahadys 6 for there was the tombe of *not in C*† 9 *W* whichich full *C** whiche brent ful 13 *C* broughte vnto none ende 15 *C* lede me 18 *C* cam nyghe the 19 *C* the whiche 21 *C* voyce that 22 *C* thanke oure lord the whiche 24 Sir *not in C* 25 *C* the whiche haue dwelled 26 *W* and Liiii[t] *C* and four and fifty 27 *C** ageynst Ioseph of Armathye 30 hys *not in C* 32 *C* commaunded

where he had bene, and so one tolde hym how the aventures of Logrus were encheved. So on a day hit befelle that he cam oute of a grete foreyste, and there mette they at travers with sir Bors which rode alone. Hit ys no rede to aske if they were glad! And so he salewed them, and they yelded to hym honoure and good aventure, and everych tolde other how they had spedde. Than seyde sir Bors,

'Hit ys more than a yere and a halff that I ne lay ten tymes where men dwelled, but in wylde forestis and in mownteaynes. But [God] was ever my comforte.'

Than rode they a grete whyle tylle they cam to the castell of Carbonek. And whan they were entirde within, kynge Pelles knew hem. So there was grete joy, for he wyste well by her commynge that they had fulfylled the [quest of the] Sankgreall. Than Elyazar, kynge Pelles sonne, brought tofore them the brokyn swerde wherewith Josephe was stryken thorow the thyghe. Than sir Bors sette his honde thereto to say if he myght have sowded hit agayne, but hit wolde nat be. Than he toke hit to sir Percivale, but he had no more power thereto than he.

'Now have ye hit agayne,' seyde sir Percivale unto sir Galahad, 'for and hit be ever encheved by ony bodily man, ye muste do hit.'

And than he toke the pecis and set hem togydirs, and **405r** semed to them as hit had never be brokyn, and as well as hit was firste forged. And whan they within aspyed that the aventure of the swerde was encheved, than they gaff the swerde to sir Bors, for hit myght no bettir be sette, for he was so good a knyght and a worthy man.

And a litill before evyn the swerde arose, grete and merevaylous, and was full of grete hete, that many men felle for drede. And anone alyghte a voyce amonge them and seyde,

2 *C* bifelle *S* befelle 2–3 *C*† they cam 3 *C* they mette 4 *C* the whiche *C* is none nede to telle yf 5–6 *C* glad & hem he salewed & they yelded hym 7 how they had spedde *not in C*† 12 *C* within the Castel 13 *C* they wyst 14–15 *C** the quest of the Sancgreal 17–18 *C*† therto yf that he *O*[1] ⟨as⟩ say *F* pour essaier savoir s'il la pouvoit ressoulder (*see note*) 25 *C* they semed that they had neuer ben broken 25–26 *C* hit had ben fyrst 27 *C* aduenture *W* aventures *C* enchened *S* encheued 28 *C* not be better set 32–33 *W* voyce that seyde amonge them and seyde *C* voys amonge them and sayd

'They that ought nat to sitte at the table of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste, avoyde hens! For now there shall verry knyghtes be fedde.'

So they wente thense, all sauf kyng Pelles and Elyazar, hys sonne, which were holy men, and a mayde whych was hys nyce. And so ⟨there abode⟩ thes three knyght⟨es⟩ and these three; elles were no mo. And anone they saw knyghtes all armed that cam in at the halle dore, and ded of their helmys and armys, and seyde unto sir Galahad,

['Sir,] we have hyghed ryght muche for to be with you at thys table where the holy mete shall be departed.'

Than seyde he, 'Ye be wellcom! But of whens be ye?'

So three of them seyde they were of Gaule, and other three seyde they were of Irelonde, and other three seyde they were of Danemarke.

And so as they sate thus, there cam oute a bedde of tre of a chambir, which four jantillwomen broughte; and in the bedde lay a good man syke, and had a crowne of golde uppon his hede. And there, in the myddis of the paleyse, they sette hym downe and wente agayne. Than he lyffte up hys hede and seyde,

'Sir Galahad, good knyght, ye be ryght wellcom, for much have y desyred your commyng! For in such payne and in such angwysh as I have ⟨no man ellis myght have⟩ suffird longe. But now I truste to God the terme ys com that my payne shall be alayed, and ⌜so I shall⌝ sone passe oute of thys worlde, so as hit was promysed me longe ago.'

And therewith a voice seyde, 'There be two amonge you that be nat in the queste of the Sankgreall, and therefore departith!'

1 oure Lorde *not in C* 2 *C* Cryst aryse for now shalle 5 *C* the whiche were 6–7 *W* so thes iii knyght and þes iii elles were no mo *C* so these thre felawes and they thre were there no mo *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 564r, col. 1*) et avecques ces troiz demourerent lez troiz compaignons (*the recurrence of* th *in Malory's text seems to have caused the omission of* there abode *in X. See note*) 8 that *not in C* 9 *C* and their armes 10 *W* for we *C** Sire we 14 *C* and the other 17 *C* the whiche 18 had *not in C* 19 *C*† myddes of the place 20 *C* ageyne their waye 22 good *not in C*† ryght *not in C* 24–25 *W* Angwysh as I have suffird longe *C* anguysshe I haue ben longe *F* (*ibid.*) en telle paine et en telle angoisse que uns aultres homs ne la pourroit mie souffrir legierement (*other MSS.* longuement). *See note* 26 *C** alayed that I shall passe out (*S* oute) *F* (*ibid.*) je trespasseray de cest siecle *W* and sone passe oute (*saut du même au même*) 30 *C* departe ye

Than kynge Pelles and hys sunne departed. And there- 405v
withall besemed them that there cam an olde man and four (20)
angelis frome hevyn, clothed in lyknesse of a byshop, and had
a crosse in hys honde. And thes four angels bare hym up in a
chayre and sette hym downe before the table of sylver where- 5
uppon the Sankgreall was. And hit semed that he had in
myddis of hys forehede lettirs which seyde, 'Se you here
Joseph, the firste bysshop of Crystendom, the same which
oure Lorde succoured in the cité of Sarras in the spirituall
palleys'. Than the knyghtes mervayled, for that bysshop 10
was dede more than three hondred yere tofore.

'A, knyghtes,' seyde he, 'mervayle nat, for I was somtyme
an erthely man.'

So with that they harde the chambir dore opyn, and there
they saw angels; and two bare candils of wexe, and the thirde 15
bare a towell, and the fourth a speare which bled mervayl-
ously, that the droppis felle within a boxe which he hylde with
hys othir hande. And anone they sette the candyls uppon
the table, and the thirde the towell uppon the vessell, and
the fourth the holy speare evyn upryght uppon the vessell. 20

And than the bysshop made sembelaunte as thoughe he
wolde have gone to the sakeryng of a masse, and than he
toke an obley which was made in lyknesse of brede. And
at the lyftyng up there cam a vigoure in lyknesse of a
chylde, and the vysayge was as rede and as bryght os ony 25
fyre, and smote hymselff into the brede, that all they saw
hit that the brede was fourmed of a fleyshely man. And
than he put hit into the holy vessell agayne, and than he
ded tha[t] longed to a preste to do masse.

And than he wente to sir Galahad and kyssed hym, and 30
bade hym go and kysse hys felowis. And so he ded anone.

'Now,' seyde he, 'the servauntes of Jesu Cryste, ye shull
be fedde afore thys table with swete metis that never
knyghtes yet tasted.'

2 them *not in S* olde *not in C* 6 *W* that he that he 7 *C* the whiche 10 *W* palesy *C* place 12 *C* O knyghtes 15–16 *C* thyrd a towel 17 *C** that thre droppes 18 hys *not in S* 23 *C* an vbblye 24 *C** cam a fygur in lykenes *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 564v, col. 2*) une figure en semblance d'enfant 29 *W* ded than *C** dyd that *F* (*ibid.*) il ot ce fait que a prouvoire (*MS.* approuvoire) appertient comme du service de la messe *C* doo to a masse 32 the *not in C* 34 yet *not in C*

And whan he had seyde he vanysshed away. And they
406r sette hem at the table in grete drede and made their prayers.
Than loked they and saw a man com oute of the holy
vessell that had all the sygnes of the Passion of Jesu Cryste
5 bledynge all opynly, and seyde,

'My knyghtes and my servauntes and my trew chyldren
which bene com oute of dedly lyff into the spirituall lyff, I
woll no lenger cover me frome you, but ye shall se now a
parte of my secretes and of my hydde thynges. Now holdith
10 and resseyvith the hyghe order and mete whych ye have so
much desired.'

Than toke He hymselff the holy vessell and cam to sir
Galahad. And he kneled adowne and resseyved hys Saveoure.
And aftir hym so ressayved all hys felowis, and they thought
15 hit so sweete that hit was mervaylous to telle. Than seyde
He to sir Galahad,

'Sonne, wotyst thou what I holde betwyxte my hondis?'

'Nay,' seyde he, 'but if ye telle me.'

'Thys ys,' seyde He, 'the holy dysshe wherein I ete the
20 lambe on Estir Day, and now hast thou sene that thou moste
desired to se. But yet hast thou nat sene hit so opynly as
thou shalt se hit in the cité of Sarras, in the spirituall paleyse.
Therefore thou must go hense and beare with the thys holy
vessell, for this nyght hit shall departe frome the realme of
25 Logrus, and hit shall nevermore be sene here. And knowyst
thou wherefore? For he ys nat served nother worshipped
to hys ryght by hem of thys londe, for they be turned
to evyll lyvyng, and therefore I shall disherite them of
the honoure whych I have done them. And therefore go
30 ye three ⌜to-morne⌝ unto the see, where ye shall fynde
youre shippe redy, and with you take the swerde with
the stronge gurdils, and no mo with you but sir Percivale
and sir Bors. Also I woll that ye take with you off thys
bloode of thys speare for to anoynte the Maymed Kynge,
35 both his legges and hys body, and he shall have hys
heale.'

4 *C* vessel *S* vessel 8 *C* wyl now no lenger hyde me 10 order and *not in C* 18 *C* ye will telle 20 *C*† on sherthursdaye *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 564v, col. 1*) le jour de Pasques 22 *C*† spyrituel place *F* (*ibid.*) ou palais esperituel 25–26 *C* neuer be sene more here and wotest thou 30 *C** thre to morowe *F* (*ibid.*) le matin 33–34 *C* of the blood 35 *C** and alle his

'Sir,' seyde Galahad, 'why shall nat thys other felowis go with us?'

'For thys cause: for ryght as I departe my postels one here and anothir there, so I woll that ye departe. And two of **406v** you shall dy in my servyse, and one of you shall com agayne and telle tydynges.'

Than gaff He hem Hys blyssynge and vanysshed away.

And sir Galahad wente anone to the speare which lay (21) uppon the table and towched the bloode with hys fyngirs, and cam aftir to the maymed knyght and anoynted his legges and hys body. And therewith he clothed hym anone, and sterte uppon hys feete oute of hys bedde as an hole man, and thanked God that He had heled hym. And anone he leffte the worlde and yelded hymselffe to a place of religion of whyght monkes, and was a full holy man.

And that same nyght, aboute mydnyght, cam a voyce amonge them which seyde,

'My sunnes, and nat my chyeff sunnes, my frendis, and nat my ⌜werryours⌝, go ye hens where ye hope beste to do, and as I bade you do.'

'A, thanked be Thou, Lorde, that Thou wolt whyghtsauff to calle us Thy sunnes! Now may [we] well preve that we have nat ⌜lost⌝ oure paynes.'

And anone in all haste they toke their harneyse and departed; but the three k⌜nyght⌝es of Gaule (one of hem hyght Claudyne, kynge Claudas sonne, and the other two were grete jantillmen) than prayde sir Galahad to every[che] of them, that and they com to kynge Arthurs courte, 'to salew my lorde sir Launcelot, my fadir, and hem all of the Rounde Table', [and prayde hem, and] they com on that party, nat to forgete hit.

3 *C* I departed 5 *C* seruyse but one 7 *W* Than gaff He *repeated* 10 *C* maymed kynge 11 and hys body *not in C* 13 *C* thanked oure lorde that 13–14 *C* hym and that was not to the world ward For anone he yelded hym to a place 19 *WO*[1] myne enemyes *C** my werryours *F* mes guerroiers (*MS. cit. f.* 564v, *col.* 2) 20–21 *C* bad yow A thanked 21–22 *C* wilt vouchesaufe to 22 *C*† thy synners *F* (*ibid.*) qui nous daingnes tenir a tes filz et a tes amis 23 *C** lost our paynes *F* (*ibid.*) nous n'avons pas perdu nos paines 25 *C** thre knyghtes *W* three kynges *F* (*ibid.*) troiz chevailliers qui de Gaulle estoient 28 *C* that yf they 28 *C* court that they sholde salewe 29–31 *C* and of hem of the round table and prayed hem yf that they cam on that party that they shold not forgete *W* table if they (*see note*)

Ryght so departed sir Galahad, and sir Percivale and sir Bors with hym, and so they rode three dayes. And than they com to a ryvage and founde the shippe whereof the tale spekith of tofore. And whan they com to the bourde they founde in the myddys of ⟨the bedde⟩ the table of sylver, whych they had lefft with the Maymed Kynge, and the Sankgreall whych was coverde with rede samyte. Than
407r were they glad to have such thyngis in their felyship. And so they entred and made grete reverence thereto, and sir Galahad felle on hys kneys and prayde longe tyme to oure Lorde, that at what tyme that he asked, he myght passe oute of this worlde. And so longe he prayde tyll a voice seyde,

'Sir Galahad, thou shalt have thy requeste, and whan thou askyst the deth of thy body thou shalt have hit, and than shalt thou have the lyff of thy soule.'

Than sir Percivale harde hym a litill, and prayde hym of felyship that was betwene them [to telle hym] wherefore he asked such thynges.

'Sir, that shall I telle you,' seyde sir Galahad. 'Thys othir day, whan we sawe a parte of the adventures of the Sangreall, I was in such joy of herte that I trow never man was [that was] erthely. And therefore I wote well, whan my body ys dede, my soule shall be in grete joy to se the Blyssed Trinité every day and the majesté of oure Lorde Jesu Cryste.'

And so longe were they in the shippe that they seyde to sir Galahad,

'Sir, in thys bedde ye oughte to lyghe, for so seyth the lettirs.'

And so he layde hym downe, and slepte a grete whyle. And whan he awaked he loked tofore hym and saw the cité of Sarras. And as they wolde have londed they saw the shyp wherein sir Percivall had putte hys syster in.

'Truly,' seyde sir Percivall, 'in the name of God, well hath my syster holden us covenaunte.'

Than toke they oute of the shyppe the table of sylver; and

1–2 *C* Galahad Percyual and Bors 5 *C*† myddes the table *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 564v, col. 2*) deles (*other MSS.* en mi) le lit 10 *C* felle in his prayer longe 11 *C* asked that he shold passe 12 *C* world soo moche he prayd 12–13 *C* sayd to hym 13, 19 Sir *not in C* 15 *C* thow fynde the lyf of the soule 16 *C* herd this and 17 *Not emended in O*1 19 *C* thother 21 *C* suche a Ioye 21–22 *WO*1 man was erthely 27–28 *C* saith the scrypture 29 *W* slelpte

he toke hit to sir Percivale and to sir Bors to go tofore, and sir Galahad com behynde, and ryght so they wente into the cité. And at the gate of the cité they saw an olde man croked, and anone sir Galahad called hym and bade hym 'helpe to bere thys hevy thynge'.

'Truly,' seyde the olde man, 'hit ys ten yere ago that I myght nat go but with crucchis.'

'Care thou nat,' seyde sir Galahad, 'aryse up and shew thy good wyll!'

And so he assayde, and founde hymselff as hole as ever he was. Than ran he to the table and toke one parte ayenst sir Galahad. 407v

Anone rose there a grete noyse in the cité that a crypple was made hole by knyghtes merveylous that entird into the cité. Than anone aftir the three knyghtes wente to the watir and brought up into the paleyse sir Percivallis syster, and buryed her as rychely as them oughte a kynges doughter.

And whan the kynge of that contrey knew that and saw that felyship (whos name was Estorause), he asked them of whens they were, and what thynge hit was that they had brought uppon the table of sylver.

And they told hym the trouth of the Sankgreall, and the power whych God hath sette there.

Than thys kynge was a grete tirraunte, and was com of the lyne of paynymes, and toke hem and put hem in preson in a depe hole. But as sone as they were there our Lord (22) sente them the Sankgreall, thorow whos grace they were allwey fullfylled whyle they were in preson.

So at the yerys ende hit befelle that thys kynge lay syke and felte that he sholde dye. Than he sente for the three knyghtes, and they cam afore hym, and he cryed hem mercy of that he had done to them; and they forgave hym goodly, and he dyed anone.

Whan the kynge was dede all the cité stoode dyssemayde and wyst nat who myght be her kynge. Ryght so as they

8 *C* and aryse 17–18 *C* rychely as a kynges doughter oughte to be 19–20 *C* of the Cyte whiche was cleped Estorause sawe the felaushyp he 24 *C* power whiche that god 25 grete *not in C* 29 *C* whyle that they 30 *C* kynge Estourause lay 33 *C* forgaf hit hym 35 *C* Cyte was desmayed

were in counceyle, there com a voice downe amonge them and bade hem chose the yongyst knyght of three to be her kynge, 'for he shall well maynteyne you and all youris'.

So they made sir Galahad kynge by all the assente of the hole cité, and ellys they wolde have slayne hym. And whan he was com to ⌜beholde⌝ hys ⌜londe⌝ he lete make abovyn the table of sylver a cheste of golde and of precious stonys that coverde the holy vessell, and every day erly thes three knyghtes wolde com before hit and make their prayers.

Now at the yerys ende, and the selff Sonday aftir that sir
408r Galahad had borne the crowne of golde, he arose up erly and hys felowis, and cam to the paleyse, and saw tofore hem the holy vessell, and a man knelyng on his kneys in lykenesse of a bysshop that had aboute hym a grete feliship of angels, as hit had bene Jesu Cryste hymselff. And than he arose and began a masse of oure Lady. And so he cam to the sakerynge, and anone made an ende. He called sir Galahad unto hym and seyde,

'Com forthe, the servaunte of Jesu Cryste, and thou shalt se that thou hast much desired to se.'

And than he began to tremble ryght harde whan the dedly fleysh began to beholde the spirituall thynges. Than he hylde up his hondis towarde hevyn and seyde,

'Lorde, I thanke The, for now I se that that hath be my desire many a day. Now, my Blyssed Lorde, I wold nat lyve in this wrecched worlde no lenger, if hit myght please The, Lorde.'

And therewith the good man toke oure Lordes Body betwyxte hys hondis, and profird hit to sir Galahad, and he resseyved hit ryght gladly and mekely.

'No[w] wotist thou what I am?' seyde the good man.

'Nay, sir,' seyde sir Galahad.

'I am Joseph, the sonne of Joseph of Aramathy, which

1 downe *not in C* 2 *C** of them thre 6 *W* to hys āboven he lete make abovyn *C** to beholde the land he lete make aboue *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 565v, col. 1*) a terre tenir (*see note*) 8 *C* that hylled the 8–9 *C* thre felawes wold 10–11 *C* self daye after Galahad 16–18 *C* And whan he cam to the sacrament of the masse and had done anone he called Galahad and sayd to hym 25–26 *C*† Now blessyd lord wold I not lenger lyue yf it 31 *W* No wotist *C** Now wotist 32 *C* Nay said Galahad 33 the sonne of Joseph *not in C*†

oure Lorde hath sente to the to bere the felyship. And wotyst thou wherefore He hathe sente me more than ony other? For thou hast resembled ⟨me⟩ in to thynges: that thou hast sene, that ys the mervayles of the Sankgreall, ⟨and⟩ for thou hast bene a clene mayde as I have be and am.' 5

And whan he had seyde thes wordis ⌜sir Galahad⌝ wente to sir Percivale and kyssed hym and commended hym to God. And so he wente to sir Bors and kyssed hym and commended hym to God and seyde,

'My fayre lorde, salew me unto my lorde sir Launcelot, 10 my fadir, and as sone as ye se hym bydde hym remembir of this worlde unstable.'

And therewith he kneled downe tofore the table and made hys prayers. And so suddeynly departed hys soule to Jesu Cryste, and a grete multitude of angels bare hit up to 15 **408**[v] hevyn evyn in the syght of hys two felowis.

Also thes two knyghtes saw com frome hevyn an hande, but they sy nat the body, and so hit cam ryght to the vessell and toke hit, and the speare, and so bare hit up into hevyn. And sythen was there never man so hardy to sey that he 20 hade sey⌜ne⌝ the Sankgreal.

So whan sir Percivale and sir Bors saw sir Galahad dede (23) they made as much sorow as ever ded men. And if they had nat bene good men they myght lyghtly have falle in dispayre. And so people of the contrey and cité, they were ryght hevy. 25 But so he was buryed, and as sone as he was buryed sir Percivale yelded hym to an ermytayge oute of the cité, and toke religious clothyng. And sir Bors was allwey with hym, but he chonged never hys seculer clothyng, for that he purposed hym to go agayne into the realme of Logrus. 30

1 *C* sente here to 2 *C* wherfor that he 3–5 *C** resemblyd in to thynges in that thou hast sene the merueyls (*S* merueyles) of the Sancgreal in that hou hast ben *W* resembled in to thynges that thou hast sene that ys the mervayles of the Sankgreall for thou hast bene *F* (*MS. B.N. fr. 120, f. 565*[v]*, col. 2*) tu ma'as resemblé en deus choses: en ce que tu as . . . et en ce que tu as esté 6 *W* he wente *C* Galahad went *F* (*ibid.*) Galahad vient 7, 9 *C* commaunded hym 10 My *not in C* 12 *C* this vnstable world 14 *C* his soule departed 15–17 *C* bare his soule vp to heuen that the two felawes myghte wel behold hit Also the two felawes sawe *W* and hande *C** an hand 21 *W* seyd *C** sene *F* (*ibid.*) veu 23 *C* euer dyd two men 25 *C* & the peple 25–26 *C* cyte were ryȝt heuy And thenne he was 28 *C* a relygyous 29 *C* but neuer chaunged he his

Thus a yere and two monethis lyved sir Pervicale in the ermytayge a full holy lyff, and than passed oute of the worlde. Than sir Bors lat bury hym by hys syster and by sir Galahad in the spiritualités.

So whan sir Bors saw that he was in so farre contreyes as in the partis of Babilonye, he departed frome the cité of Sarras and armed hym and cam to the see, and entird into a shippe. And so hit befelle hym, by good adventure, he cam unto the realme of Logrus, and so he rode a pace tyll he com to Camelot where the kynge was.

And than was there made grete joy of hym in all the courte, for they wente he had bene loste forasmuch as he had bene so longe oute of the contrey. And whan they had etyn the kynge made grete clerkes to com before hym, for cause they shulde cronycle of the hyghe adventures of the good knyghtes. So whan sir Bors had tolde hym of the hyghe aventures of the Sankgreall such as had befalle hym and his three felowes, which were sir Launcelot, Percivale and sir Galahad and hymselff, than sir Launcelot tolde the adventures of the Sangreall that he had sene. And all
409r thys was made in grete bookes and put up in almeryes at Salysbury.

And anone sir Bors seyde to sir Launcelot,

'Sir Galahad, youre owne sonne, salewed you by me, and aftir you my lorde kynge Arthure and all the hole courte, and so ded sir Percivale For I buryed them both myne owne hondis in the cité of Sarras Also, sir Launcelot, sir Galahad prayde you to remembir of thys unsyker worlde, as ye behyght hym whan ye were togydirs more than halffe a yere'

'Thys ys trew,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'now I truste to God hys prayer shall avayle me.'

Than sir Launcelot toke sir Bors in hys armys and seyde,

4 *C* spyrytueltees 6 the cité of *not in C* 8 *C* hym in good 9–10 *C* rode so fast tyl 11 *C* there grete Ioye made of *W* of of all *not in C* 12 *C* wend alle he had ben dede for as moche 14–15 *C* hym that they 16 hyghe *not in C* 18 *C* felawes that was launcelot 19 *C* hym self There Launcelot 24 *C* youre *S* your 25 my lorde *not in C* hole *not in C* 26 both *not in C*

'Cousyn, ye ar ryght wellcom to me! For [all that ever I may do for you and for yours, ye shall fynde my poure body redy atte all tymes whyle the spyryte is in hit, and that I promyse you feythfully, and never to fayle. And wete ye well, gentyl cousyn sir Bors,] ye and I shall never departe in sundir whylis oure lyvys may laste.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'as ye woll, so woll I.'

THUS ENDITH THE TALE OF THE SANKGREAL THAT WAS BREFFLY DRAWY[N] OUTE OF FREYNSHE—WHICH YS A TALE CRONYCLED FOR ONE OF THE TREWYST AND OF THE HOLYEST THAT YS IN THYS WORLDE—BY SIR THOMAS MALEORRÉ, KNYGHT.

O BLESSED JESU HELPE HYM THOROW HYS MYGHT! AMEN.

1 *C** gentyl cosyn 1–5 *C** to me and alle that euer I maye doo for yow and for yours ye shalle fynde my poure body redy atte all tymes whyles the spyryte is in hit and that I promyse yow feythfully and neuer to fayle And wete ye wel gentyl cosyn syre Bors that ye and I wylle neuer 7 *C* he I wylle as ye wylle 8 *C* endeth thistory of *W* the s Sankgreal 9–11 *C* Frensshe in to Englysshe the whiche is a story cronycled for one of the truest and the holyest that is in thys world the whiche is the xvii book And here foloweth the eyghtenth book 11–13 by sir Thomas Maleorré, knyght. O Blessed Jesu helpe hym thorow Hys myght! Amen *not in C*†

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW GALAHAD CAME TO KING MORDRAINS, AND OF OTHER MATTERS AND ADVENTURES.

Now, saith the story, Galahad rode many journeys in vain. And at the last he came to the abbey where King Mordrains was, and when he heard that, he thought he would abide to see him. And upon the morn, when he had heard mass, Galahad came unto King Mordrains, and anon the king saw him, which had lain blind of long time. And then he dressed him against him, and said: Galahad, the servant of Jesu Christ, whose coming I have abiden so long, now embrace me and let me rest on thy breast, so that I may rest between thine arms, for thou art a clean virgin above all knights, as the flower of the lily in whom virginity is signified, and thou art the rose the which is the flower of all good virtues, and in colour of fire. For the fire of the Holy Ghost is taken so in thee that my flesh which was all dead of oldness is become young again. Then Galahad heard his words, then he embraced him and all his

body. Then said he: Fair Lord Jesu Christ, now I have my will. Now I require thee, in this point that I am in, thou come and visit me. And anon Our Lord heard his prayer: therewith the soul departed from the body.

And then Galahad put him in the earth as a king ought to be, and so departed and so came into a perilous forest where he found the well the which boileth with great waves, as the tale telleth to-fore. And as soon as Galahad set his hand thereto it ceased, so that it brent no more, and the heat departed. For that it brent it was a sign of lechery, the which was that time much used. But that heat might not abide his pure virginity. And this was taken in the country for a miracle. And so ever after was it called Galahad's well.

Then by adventure he came into the country of Gore, and into the abbey where Launcelot had been to-forehand, and found the tomb of King Bagdemagus, but he was founder thereof, Joseph of Aramathie's son; and the tomb of Simeon where Launcelot had failed. Then he looked into a croft under the minster, and there he saw a tomb which brent full marvellously. Then asked he the brethren what it was. Sir, said they, a marvellous adventure that may not be brought unto none end but by him that passeth of bounty and of knighthood all them of the Round Table. I would, said Galahad, that ye would lead me thereto. Gladly, said they, and so led him till a cave. And he went down upon greses, and came nigh the tomb. And then the flaming failed, and the fire staunched, the which many a day had been great. Then came there a voice that said: Much are ye beholden to thank Our Lord, the which hath given you a good hour, that ye may draw out the souls of earthly pain, and to put them into the joys of paradise. I am of your kindred, the which hath dwelled in this heat this three hundred winter and four-and-fifty to be purged of the sin that I did against Joseph of Aramathie. Then Galahad took the body in his arms and bare it into the minster. And that night lay Galahad in the abbey; and on the morn he gave him service, and put him in the earth afore the high altar.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW SIR PERCIVALE AND SIR BORS MET WITH SIR GALAHAD, AND HOW THEY CAME TO THE CASTLE OF CARBONEK, AND OTHER MATTERS.

So departed he from thence, and commended the brethren to God; and so he rode five days till that he came to the Maimed King. And ever followed Percivale the five days, asking where he had been; and so one told him how the adventures of Logris were enchieved. So on a day it befell that they came out of a great forest, and there they met at traverse with Sir Bors, the which rode alone. It is none need to tell if they were glad; and them he saluted, and they yielded him honour and good adventure, and everych told other. Then said Bors: It is mo than a year and an half that I ne lay ten times where men dwelled, but in wild forests and in mountains, but God was ever my comfort.

Then rode they a great while till that they came to the castle of Carbonek. And when they were entered within the castle King Pelles knew them; then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sangreal. Then Eliazar, King Pelles' son, brought to-fore them the broken sword wherewith Joseph was stricken through the thigh. Then Bors set his hand thereto, if that he might have soldered it again; but it would not be. Then he took it to Percivale, but he had no more power thereto than he. Now have ye it again, said Percivale to Galahad, for an it be ever enchieved by any bodily man ye must do it. And then he took the pieces and set them together, and they seemed that they had never been broken, and as well as it had been first forged. And when they within espied that the adventure of the sword was enchieved, then they gave the sword to Bors, for it might not be better set; for he was a good knight and a worthy man.

And a little afore even the sword arose great and marvellous, and was full of great heat that many men fell for dread. And anon

alighted a voice among them, and said: They that ought not to sit at the table of Jesu Christ arise, for now shall very knights be fed. So they went thence, all save King Pelles and Eliazar, his son, the which were holy men, and a maid which was his niece; and so these three fellows and they three were there, no mo. Anon they saw knights all armed came in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their arms, and said unto Galahad: Sir, we have hied right much for to be with you at this table where the holy meat shall be departed. Then said he: Ye be welcome, but of whence be ye? So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three said they were of Ireland, and the other three said they were of Denmark. So as they sat thus there came out a bed of tree, of a chamber, the which four gentlewomen brought; and in the bed lay a good man sick, and a crown of gold upon his head; and there in the midst of the place they set him down, and went again their way. Then he lift up his head, and said: Galahad, Knight, ye be welcome, for much have I desired your coming, for in such pain and in such anguish I have been long. But now I trust to God the term is come that my pain shall be allayed, that I shall pass out of this world so as it was promised me long ago. Therewith a voice said: There be two among you that be not in the quest of the Sangreal, and therefore depart ye.

CHAPTER XX

HOW GALAHAD AND HIS FELLOWS WERE FED OF THE HOLY SANGREAL, AND HOW OUR LORD APPEARED TO THEM, AND OTHER THINGS.

THEN King Pelles and his son departed. And therewithal beseemed them that there came a man, and four angels from heaven, clothed in likeness of a bishop, and had a cross in his hand; and these four angels bare him up in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver whereupon the Sangreal was; and it

seemed that he had in midst of his forehead letters the which said: See ye here Joseph, the first bishop of Christendom, the same which Our Lord succoured in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place. Then the knights marvelled, for that bishop was dead more than three hundred year to-fore. O knights, said he, marvel not, for I was sometime an earthly man. With that they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels; and two bare candles of wax, and the third a towel, and the fourth a spear which bled marvellously, that three drops fell within a box which he held with his other hand. And they set the candles upon the table, and the third the towel upon the vessel, and the fourth the holy spear even upring upon the vessel. And then the bishop made semblaunt as though he would have gone to the scaring of the mass. And then he took an ubblie which was made in likeness of bread. And at the lifting up there came a figure in likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into the bread, so that they all saw it that the bread was formed of a fleshly man; and then he put it into the Holy Vessel again, and then he did that longed to a priest to do to a mass. And then he went to Galahad and kissed him, and bade him go and kiss his fellows: and so he did anon. Now, said he, servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed afore this table with sweet meats that never knights tasted. And when he had said, he vanished away. And they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers.

Then looked they and saw a man come out of the Holy Vessel, that had all the signs of the passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said: My knights, and my servants, and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hidden things: now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired. Then took he himself the Holy Vessel and came to Galahad; and he kneeled down, and there he received his Saviour, and after him so received all his fellows; and they thought it so sweet that it was marvellous to tell. Then said he to Galahad: Son, wottest thou what I hold betwixt my hands? Nay, said he, but if ye will tell me. This is, said he, the holy

dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sheer-Thursday. And now hast thou seen that thou most desired to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place. Therefore thou must go hence and bear with thee this Holy Vessel; for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here. And wottest thou wherefore? For he is not served nor worshipped to his right by them of this land, for they be turned to evil living; therefore I shall disherit them of the honour which I have done them. And therefore go ye three tomorrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship ready, and with you take the sword with the strange girdles, and no more with you but Sir Percivale and Sir Bors. Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spear for to anoint the Maimed King, both his legs and all his body, and he shall have his health. Sir, said Galahad, why shall not these other fellows go with us? For this cause: for right as I departed my apostles one here and another there, so I will that ye depart; and two of you shall die in my service, but one of you shall come again and tell tidings. Then gave he them his blessing and vanished away.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW GALAHAD ANOINTED WITH THE BLOOD OF THE SPEAR THE MAIMED KING, AND OF OTHER ADVENTURES.

And Galahad went anon to the spear which lay upon the table, and touched the blood with his fingers, and came after to the Maimed King and anointed his legs. And therewith he clothed him anon, and start upon his feet out of his bed as an whole man, and thanked Our Lord that He had healed him. And that was not to the worldward, for anon he yielded him to a place of religion of white monks, and was a full holy man. That same night about midnight came a voice among them which said: My sons and not my chief sons, my friends and not my warriors, go ye hence where

ye hope best to do and as I bade you. Ah, thanked be Thou, Lord, that Thou wilt vouchsafe to call us, Thy sinners. Now may we well prove that we have not lost our pains. And anon in all haste they took their harness and departed. But the three knights of Gaul, one of them hight Claudine, King Claudas' son, and the other two were great gentlemen. Then prayed Galahad to everych of them, that if they come to King Arthur's court that they should salute my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and all the fellowship[1] of the Round Table; and prayed them if that they came on that part that they should not forget it.

Right so departed Galahad, Percivale and Bors with him; and so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage, and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh of to-fore. And when they came to the board they found in the midst the table of silver which they had left with the Maimed King, and the Sangreal which was covered with red samite. Then were they glad to have such things in their fellowship; and so they entered and made great reverence thereto; and Galahad fell in his prayer long time to Our Lord, that at what time he asked, that he should pass out of this world. So much he prayed till a voice said to him: Galahad, thou shalt have thy request; and when thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of the soul. Percivale heard this, and prayed him, of fellowship that was between them, to tell him wherefore he asked such things. That shall I tell you, said Galahad; the other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Sangreal I was in such a joy of heart, that I trow never man was that was earthly. And therefore I wot well, when my body is dead my soul shall be in great joy to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the majesty of Our Lord, Jesu Christ.

So long were they in the ship that they said to Galahad: Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so saith the scripture. And so he laid him down and slept a great while; and when he awaked he looked afore him and saw the city of Sarras. And as they would have landed they saw the ship wherein Percivale had put his sister in.

[1]So W. de Worde; Caxton "of them."

Truly, said Percivale, in the name of God, well hath my sister holden us covenant. Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Percivale and to Bors, to go to-fore, and Galahad came behind. And right so they went to the city, and at the gate of the city they saw an old man crooked. Then Galahad called him and bade him help to bear this heavy thing. Truly, said the old man, it is ten year ago that I might not go but with crutches. Care thou not, said Galahad, and arise up and shew thy good will. And so he assayed, and found himself as whole as ever he was. Than ran he to the table, and took one part against Galahad. And anon arose there great noise in the city, that a cripple was made whole by knights marvellous that entered into the city.

Then anon after, the three knights went to the water, and brought up into the palace Percivale's sister, and buried her as richly as a king's daughter ought to be. And when the king of the city, which was cleped Estorause, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sangreal, and the power which that God had sent there. Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the line of paynims, and took them and put them in prison in a deep hole.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW THEY WERE FED WITH THE SANGREAL WHILE THEY WERE IN PRISON, AND HOW GALAHAD WAS MADE KING.

But as soon as they were there Our Lord sent them the Sangreal, through whose grace they were always fulfilled while that they were in prison. So at the year's end it befell that this King Estorause lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights, and they came afore him; and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave it him goodly; and he died anon. When the king was dead all the city was

dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel there came a voice among them, and bade them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king: For he shall well maintain you and all yours. So they made Galahad king by all the assent of the holy city, and else they would have slain him. And when he was come to behold the land, he let make above the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones, that hilled the Holy Vessel. And every day early the three fellows would come afore it, and make their prayers.

Now at the year's end, and the self day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early and his fellows, and came to the palace, and saw to-fore them the Holy Vessel, and a man kneeling on his knees in likeness of a bishop, that had about him a great fellowship of angels, as it had been Jesu Christ himself; and then he arose and began a mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the sacrament of the mass, and had done, anon he called Galahad, and said to him: Come forth the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that thou hast much desired to see. And then he began to tremble right hard when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things. Then he held up his hands toward heaven and said: Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that that hath been my desire many a day. Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee, Lord. And therewith the good man took Our Lord's body betwixt his hands, and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. Now wottest thou what I am? said the good man. Nay, said Galahad. I am Joseph, son of Joseph of Aramathie, the which Our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship; and wottest thou wherefore that he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things; in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sangreal, in that thou hast been a clean maiden, as I have been and am.

And when he had said these words Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God; and so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said: Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember of this unstable world. And

therewith he kneeled down to-fore the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body. And then it came right to the Vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithen was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sangreal.

CHAPTER XXIII

OF THE SORROW THAT PERCIVALE AND BORS MADE WHEN GALAHAD WAS DEAD: AND OF PERCIVALE HOW HE DIED, AND OTHER MATTERS.

When Percivale and Bors saw Galahad dead they made as much sorrow as ever did two men. And if they had not been good men they might lightly have fallen in despair. And the people of the country and of the city were right heavy. And then he was buried; and as soon as he was buried Sir Percivale yielded him to an hermitage out of the city, and took a religious clothing. And Bors was alway with him, but never changed he his secular clothing, for that he purposed him to go again into the realm of Logris. Thus a year and two months lived Sir Percivale in the hermitage a full holy life, and then passed out of this world; and Bors let bury him by his sister and by Galahad in the spiritualities.

When Bors saw that he was in so far countries as in the parts of Babylon he departed from Sarras, and armed him and came to the sea, and entered into a ship; and so it befell him in good adventure he came into the realm of Logris; and he rode so fast till he came to Camelot where the king was. And then was there great joy made of him in the court, for they weened all he had been dead, forasmuch as he had been so long out of the country. And when they had eaten, the king made great clerks to come afore him, that they should chronicle of the high adventures of the good

knights. When Bors had told him of the adventures of the Sangreal, such as had befallen him and his three fellows, that was Launcelot, Percivale, Galahad, and himself, there Launcelot told the adventures of the Sangreal that he had seen. All this was made in great books, and put up in almeries at Salisbury. And anon Sir Bors said to Sir Launcelot: Galahad, your own son, saluted you by me, and after you King Arthur and all the court, and so did Sir Percivale, for I buried them with mine own hands in the city of Sarras. Also, Sir Launcelot, Galahad prayed you to remember of this unsiker world as ye behight him when ye were together more than half a year. This is true, said Launcelot; now I trust to God his prayer shall avail me.

Then Launcelot took Sir Bors in his arms, and said: Gentle cousin, ye are right welcome to me, and all that ever I may do for you and for yours ye shall find my poor body ready at all times, while the spirit is in it, and that I promise you faithfully, and never to fail. And wit ye well, gentle cousin, Sir Bors, that ye and I will never depart asunder whilst our lives may last. Sir, said he, I will as ye will.

Thus endeth the history of the Sangreal, that was briefly drawn out of French into English, the which is a story chronicled for one of the truest and the holiest that is in this world, the which is the xvii. book.

And here followeth the eighteenth book.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

I

THE POISONED APPLE

SO aftir the quest of the Sankgreall was fulfylled and all knyghtes that were leffte on lyve were com home agayne unto the Table Rownde—as the BOOKE OF THE SANKGREALL makith mencion—than was there grete joy in the courte, and enespeciall kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyvere made grete joy of the remenaunte that were com home. And passyng gladde was the kynge and the quene of sir Launcelot and of sir Bors, for they had bene passynge longe away in the queste of the Sankgreall.

Than, as the booke seyth, sir Launcelot began to resorte unto quene Gwenivere agayne and forgate the promyse and the perfeccion that he made in the queste; for, as the booke seyth, had nat sir Launcelot bene in his prevy thoughtes and in hys myndis so sette inwardly to the quene as he was in semynge outewarde to God, there had no knyght passed hym in the queste of the Sankgreall. But ever his thoughtis prevyly were on the quene, and so they loved togydirs more hotter than they dud toforehonde, and had many such prevy draughtis togydir that many in the courte spake of hit, and in especiall sir Aggravayne, sir Gawaynes brothir, for he was ever opynne-mowthed.

So hit befelle that sir Launcelot had many resortis of ladyes and damesels which dayly resorted unto hym, [that besoughte hym] to be their champion. In all such maters of ryght sir Launcelot applyed hym dayly to do for the plesure of oure Lorde Jesu Cryst, and ever as much as he myght he withdrew hym fro the company of quene Gwenyvere for to eschew the sclawndir and noyse. Wherefore the quene waxed wrothe with sir Launcelot.

So on a day she called hym to hir chambir and seyd thus:

'Sir Launcelot, I se and fele dayly that youre love begynnyth to slake, for ye have no joy to be in my presence, but ever ye ar oute of thys courte, and quarels and maters ye

1 *P* Soa ofter *R* Soo a fter 2 home *not in C*† 5 *C* in especyal 17 *C* were pryuely 22 hit *not in C*† 23 *C* that dayly 23–24 *C** hym that besought hym (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 27 *C** companye and felaushyp of Quene 30 *C* and vpon a day she called sir launcelot vnto her 32–34 *C* thy loue . . . thou hast . . . thou arte 34–p. 1046, l. 1 *C* thow hast

410r have nowadayes for ladyes, madyns and jantillwomen, [more] than ever ye were wonte to have beforehande.'

'A, madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'in thys ye must holde me excused for dyvers causis: one ys, I was but late in the quest of the Sankgreall, and I thanke God of Hys grete mercy, and never of my deservynge, that I saw in that my queste as much as ever saw ony synfull man lyvynge, and so was hit tolde me. And if that I had nat had my prevy thoughtis to returne to you[r]e love agayne as I do, I had sene as grete mysteryes as ever saw my sonne sir Galahad, Percivale, other sir Bors. And therefore, madam, I was but late in that queste, and wyte you well, madam, hit may nat be yet lyghtly forgotyn, the hyghe servyse in whom I dud my dyligente laboure.

'Also, madame, wyte you well that there be many men spekith of oure love in thys courte and have you and me gretely in awayte, as thes sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred. And, madam, wyte you well I drede them more for youre sake than for ony feare I have of them myselffe, for I may happyn to ascape and ryde myselff in a grete nede where, madame, ye muste abyde all that woll be seyde unto you. And than, if that ye falle in ony distresse thorowoute wyllfull foly, than ys there none other helpe but by me and my bloode.

'And wyte you well, madam, the boldenesse of you and me woll brynge us to shame and sclaundir, and that were me lothe to se you dishonoured. And that is the cause I take uppon me more for to do for damesels and maydyns than ever y ded toforne, that men sholde undirstonde my joy and my delite ys my plesure to have ado for damesels and maydyns.'

(2) All thys whyle the quene stood stylle and lete sir Launcelot sey what he wolde; and whan he had all seyde she braste oute of wepynge, and so she sobbed and awepte a grete whyle. And whan she myght speke she seyde,

1 madyns *not in C* 2 *C* thou were 6 *C* my deserte that 7 lyvynge *not in C* 8 *C* And yf I had not had my *S*† And yf I had not my 10–11 *C* Galahad outher Percyual 16 *C* speken 17 thes *not in C* 19 *W* feare of them I have of them 21 madame *not in C* 22 *C* thurgh wylfulle 23 *C** other remedy or helpe 26 *C* to grete shame 29 *C* vnterstande *S* vnderstande 34 *C* on wepynge *C* and wepte

'Sir Launcelot, now I well understonde that thou arte a false, recrayed knyght and a comon lechourere, and lovyste **410v** and holdiste othir ladyes, and of me thou haste dysdayne and scorne. For wyte thou well, now I undirstonde thy falsehede I shall never love the more, and loke thou be never so hardy to com in my syght. And ryght here I dyscharge the thys courte, that thou never com within hit, and I forfende the my felyship, and uppon payne of thy hede that thou se me nevermore!'

Ryght so sir Launcelot departed with grete hevynes, that unneth he myght susteyne hymselff for grete dole-makynge.

Than he called sir Bors, Ector de Maris and sir Lyonell, and tolde hem how the quene had forfende hym the courte, and so he was in wyll to departe into hys owne contrey.

'Fayre sir,' seyde Bors de Ganys, 'ye shall departe oute of thys londe by myne advyce, for ye muste remembir you what ye ar, and renomed the moste nobelyst knyght of the worlde, and many grete maters ye have in honde. And women in their hastynesse woll do oftyntymes that aftir hem sore repentith. And therefore, be myne advyce, ye shall take youre horse and ryde to the good ermytayge here besyde Wyndesore, that somtyme was a good knyght, hys name ys sir Brascias. And there shall ye abyde tyll that I sende you worde of bettir tydynges.'

'Brother,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyte you well I am full loth to departe oute of thys reallme, but the que[ne] hath defended me so hyghly that mesemyth she woll never be my good lady as she hath bene.'

'Sey ye never so,' seyde sir Bors, 'for many tymys or this she hath bene wroth with you, and aftir that she was the first [that] repented hit.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for now woll I do by your counceyle and take myne horse and myne harneyse and ryde to the ermyte sir Brastias, and there woll I repose me tille I hyre som maner of tydynges frome you. But, fayre brother, in that ye can, gete me the love of my lady quene Gwenyvere.'

3 *C* and by me 4 *C* wel she sayd now 5–6 *C* falshede and therfor shalle I loue the no more and neuer be thou so hardy 9 *C* me no more 16–17 *C* remembre in what honour ye are renoumed and called the noblest 19 aftir *not in C*† 29 *C* or this tyme 30 *C* after it 31 *W* firste repented 35–36 *C* broder I praye yow gete 36 *C* Gueneuer and ye maye

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'ye nede nat to meve me of such maters, for well ye wote, I woll do what I may to please you.'

411r And than sir Launcelot departed suddeynly, and no creature wyst where he was becom but sir Bors. So whan sir Launcelot was departed the quene outewarde made no maner of sorow in shewyng to none of his bloode nor to none other, but wyte ye well, inwardely, as the booke seythe, she toke grete thought; but she bare hit oute with a proude countenaunce, as thoughe she felte no thought nother daungere.

(3) So the quene lete make a pryvy d[ryn]ere in London unto the knyghtes of the Rownde Table, and all was for to shew outwarde that she had as grete joy in all other knyghtes of the Rounde Table as she had in sir Launcelot. So there was all only at that dyner sir Gawayne and his b[r]ethern, that ys for to sey, sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys, sir Gareth and sir Mordred. Also there was sir Bors de Ganis, sir Blamour de Ganys, sir Bleobris de Ganys, sir Galihud, sir Eliodyn, sir Ector de Maris, sir Lyonell, sir Palamydes, sir Safyr, his brothir, sir La Cote Male Tayle, sir Persaunte, sir Ironsyde, sir Braundeles, sir Kay le Senysciall, sir Madore de la Porte, sir Patrise, a knyght of Irelonde, sir Alyduke, sir Ascamoure and sir Pynell le Saveayge, whych was cosyne to sir Lameroke de Galis, the good knyght that sir Gawayne and hys brethirn slew by treson.

And so thes four-and-twenty knyghtes sholde dyne with the quene in a prevy place by themselff, and there was made a grete feste of all maner of deyntees. But sir Gawayne had a custom that he used dayly at mete and at supper: that he loved well all maner of fruyte, and in especiall appyls and pearys. And therefore whosomever dyned other fested sir Gawayne wolde comonly purvey for good fruyte for hym. And so ded the quene; for to please sir Gawayne she lette purvey for hym all maner of fruyte.

4–5 *C** thenne the noble knyghte sire Launcelot departed with ryghte heuy chere sodenly that none erthely creature wyste of hym nor where 10 *C* felte nothynge nor 12 *W* pryvy daungere (*contamination*) *C** preuy dyner *So in F* 15 *W* Table and all was for to shew outewarde as she So there was *not in C* 16 *C* dyner she had sir 19 *C* sire Galyhud sir Galyhodyn 22 *W* Modore 24 *C* the whiche 30 *C* at dyner and at souper

For sir Gawayne was a passyng hote knyght of nature, and thys sir Pyonell hated sir Gawayne bycause of hys kynnesman sir Lamorakes dethe; and therefore, for pure envy and 411v hate, sir Pyonell enpoysonde sertayn appylls for to enpoysen sir Gawayne.

So thys was well yet unto the ende of mete, and so hit befylle by myssefortune a good knyght, sir Patryse, which was cosyn unto sir Mador de la Porte, toke an appyll, for ⟨he⟩ was enchaffed with hete of wyne. And hit myssehapped hym to take a poysonde apple. And whan he had etyn hit he swall sore tylle h[e] braste, and there sir Patryse felle downe suddeynly dede amonge hem.

Than every knyght lepe frome the bourde ashamed and araged for wratthe oute of hir wittis, for they wyst nat what to sey; considerynge quene Gwenyvere made the feste and dyner they had all suspeccion unto hir.

'My lady the quene!' seyde sir Gawayne. 'Madam, wyte you that thys dyner was made for me and my felowis, for all folkes that knowith my condicion undirstonde that I love well fruyte. And now I se well I had nere be slayne. Therefore, madam, I drede me leste ye woll be shamed.'

Than the quene stood stylle and was so sore abaysshed that she wyst nat what to sey.

'Thys shall nat so be ended,' seyde sir Mador de la Porte, 'for here have I loste a full noble knyght of my bloode, and therefore uppon thys shame and dispite I woll be revenged to the utteraunce!'

And there opynly sir Mador appeled the quene of the deth of hys cousyn sir Patryse.

Than stood they all stylle, that none wolde speke a worde ayenste hym, for they all had grete suspeccion unto the quene bycause she lete make that dyner. And the quene was so abaysshed that she cowde none otherwayes do but wepte so hartely that she felle on a swowghe. So with thys noyse and crye cam to them kynge Arthure, and whan he wyste of the trowble he was a passyng hevy man. And ever (4)

3 *C*† Lamorak de galys & 6 yet *not in C* 7–8 *C* knyght named Patryse cosyn 8–10 *C*† porte to take a poysend (*S* poysond) Appel (*homoeoteleuton*) 11 *C* soo tyl *W* hit braste 14 *C* nyghe oute 16 *C* alle had 17–18 *C* Wete ye wel madame that 18 and my felowis *not in C* *W* and for 19 *C* knowen 22–23 *C* that he† nyst not what

sir Madore stood stylle before the kynge and appeled the quene of treson. (For the custom was such at that tyme that all maner of [s]hamefull deth was called treson.)

'Fayre lordys,' seyd kynge Arthure, 'me repentith of thys trouble, but the case ys so I may nat have ado in thys mater, 412r for I muste be a ryghtfull juge. And that repentith me that I may nat do batayle for my wyff, for, as I deme, thys dede com never by her. And therefor I suppose she shall nat be all distayned, but that somme good knyght shall put hys body in jouperté for my quene rather than she sholde be brente in a wronge quarell. And therefore, sir Madore, be nat so hasty; for, perdé, hit may happyn she shall nat be all frendeles. And therefore desyre thou thy day of batayle, and she shall purvey hir of som good knyght that shall answere you, other ellis hit were to me grete shame and to all my courte.'

'My gracious lorde,' seyde sir Madore, 'ye muste holde me excused, for thoughe ye be oure kynge, in that degré ye ar but a knyght as we ar, and ye ar sworne unto knyghthode als welle as we be. And therefore I beseche you that ye be nat displeased, for there ys none of all thes four-and-twenty knyghtes that were bodyn to thys dyner but all they have grete suspeccion unto the quene. What sey ye all, my lordys?' seyde sir Madore.

Than they answerde by and by and seyde they coude nat excuse the quene for why she made the dyner, and other hit muste com by her other by her servauntis.

'Alas,' seyde the quene, 'I made thys dyner for a good entente and never for none evyll, so Allmyghty Jesu helpe me in my ryght, as I was never purposed to do such evyll dedes, and that I reporte me unto God.'

'My lorde the kynge,' seyde sir Madore, 'I requyre you, as ye beth a ryghteuous kynge, gyffe me my day that I may have justyse.'

'Well,' seyde the kynge, 'thys day fiftene dayes, loke thou be redy armed on horsebak in the medow besydes Wyn-

1 *C* and euer he appeled 2 at *not in C* 8 *C* she shal be 12 perdé *not in C* 20 *C* as wel be *not in C* 21 *C* of the four and twenty 25 *C* by and by that they 29 *C* almyghty god me help 33 *C* me a day 35 *C** kynge I gyue the daye thys day xv dayes that thow 36 *C*† besyde westmynster

chestir. And if hit so falle that there be ony knyght to encountir ayenste you, there may you do youre beste, and God spede the ryght. And if so befalle that there be no knyght redy at that day, than muste my quene be brente, and there she shall be redy to have hir jugemente.' 5

'I am answerde,' seyde sir Mador.

And every knyght yode where hym lyked. So whan the 412v
kynge and the quene were togidirs the kynge asked the quene how this case befelle. Than the [quene] seyde, 'Sir, as Jesu be my helpe!' She wyst nat how, nother in what manere. 10

'Where ys sir Launcelot?' seyde kynge Arthure. 'And he were here he wolde nat grucche to do batayle for you.'

'Sir,' seyde the quene, 'I wote nat where he ys, but hys brother and hys kynessmen deme that he be nat within thys realme.' 15

'That me repentith,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'for and he were here, he wolde sone stynte thys stryffe. Well, than I woll counceyle you,' seyde the kyng, 'that ye go unto sir Bors and pray hym for to [do] batayle for you for sir Launcelottis sake, and uppon my lyff he woll nat refuse you. For well 20 I se', seyde the kynge, 'that none of the four-and-twenty knyghtes, that were at your dyner where sir Patryse was slayne, that woll do batayle for you, nother none of hem woll sey well of you, and that shall be grete sclaundir to you in thys courte.' 25

'[Allas,' seyde the quene, 'and I may not to withalle,] but now I mysse sir Launcelot, for and he were here he wolde sone putte me in my hartis ease.'

'What aylith you,' seyde the kynge, 'that ye can nat kepe sir Launcelot uppon youre syde? For wyte you well,' seyde 30 the kynge, 'who that hathe sir Launcelot uppon his party hath the moste man of worship in thys worlde uppon hys syde. Now go youre way,' seyde the kynge unto the quene, 'and requyre sir Bors to do batayle for you for sir Launcelottis sake.' 35

2 *W* encountir to encountir *C* encountre with yow there mayst thow do the best 4 redy *not in C* 7 *C* wente where it lyked hem 8 *W* were were 9–10 *C* the quene ansuerd so god me help I wote not how nor (*S* or) 12 *W* he wold he wolde 17 Well *not in C* 18–19 *C*† kynge and vnto sire Bors that ye wil doo bataille for her for sir 24 *C* sklaunder for yow 26 *Not emended in O*[1] 28 *C* me soone to my 29 that *not in C*

(5) So the quene departed frome the kynge and sente for sir Bors into the chambir. And whan he cam she besought hym of succour.

'Madam,' seyde he, 'what wolde ye that I ded? For I may nat with my worship have ado in thys mater, because I was at the same dyner, for drede of ony of tho knyghtes wolde have you in suspeccion. Also, madam,' seyde sir Bors, 'now mysse ye sir Launcelot, for he wolde nat a fayled you in youre ryght nother in youre wronge, for whan ye have bene in ryght grete daungers he hath succoured you. And now ye have drevyn hym oute of thys contrey by whom ye and 413r all we were dayly worshipped by. Therefore, madame, I mervayle how ye dare for shame to requyre me to do onythynge for you, insomuche ye have enchaced oute of your courte by whom we were up borne and honoured.'

'Alas, fayre knyght,' seyde the quene, 'I put me holé in youre grace, and all that ys amysse I woll amende as ye woll counceyle me.' And therewith she kneled downe uppon both hir kneys and besought sir Bors to have mercy uppon her, 'other ellis [I] shall have a shamefull dethe, and thereto I never offended.'

Ryght so cam kynge Arthure and founde the quene knelynge. And than sir Bors toke hir up and seyde,

'Madam, ye do me grete dishonoure.'

'A, jantill knyght,' seyde the kynge, 'have mercy uppon my quene, curteyse knyght, for I am now in sertayne she ys untruly defamed. And therefore, curteyse knyght,' the kynge seyde, 'promyse her to do batayle for her, I requyre you, for the love ye owghe unto sir [Launcelot.'

'My lord,' seyde sir] Bors, 'ye requyre me the grettist thynge that ony man may requyre me. And wyte you well, if I graunte to do batayle for the quene I shall wretth many

1–6 *W* (*sidenote*): How quene Gwenyvere besought sir Bors to fyght for her 2 *C* her chamber 6 *C** drede that ony 7 *C** haue me 8–11 *C** haue fayled yow neyther in ryght nor in wronge as ye haue wel preued whan ye haue ben in daunger and now ye haue dryuen hym oute (*W omits* as ye haue wel preued; *C omits* for, ryght *and* he hath succoured you) 12 *W* by hym 13 *W* how how 14–15 *C** chaced hym oute of your countrey by whome 15 *C* borne vp 17 *C* is done amys 23 *C** knelyng afore sir Bors thenne sir Bors pulled her vp *W* that toke 26 *W* in sertayne in sertayne 28–29 *C* sayd the kyng 29–30 *C* loue of syr launcelot My lord sayd syr Bors *W's reading of ll. 29 and 30 is a clear case of homoeoteleuton*

of my felyship of the Table Rounde. But as for that,' seyde sir Bors, 'I woll graunte for my lorde sir Launcelottis sake, and for youre sake: I woll at that daye be the quenys champyon onles that there com by adventures a better knyght than I am to do batayle for her.'

'Woll ye promyse me this,' seyde the kynge, 'by youre fayth?'

'Yee, sir,' seyd sir Bors, 'of that I shall nat fayle you nother her but if there com a bettir knyght than I am: than shall he have the batayle.'

Than was the kynge and the quene passynge gladde, and so departed and thanked hym hertely.

Than sir Bors departed secretly uppon a day and rode unto sir Launcelot thereas he was with sir Brastias, and tolde hym of all thys adventure.

'A, Jesu,' sir Launcelot seyde, 'thys ys com happely as I wolde have hit. And therefore I pray you make you redy to do batayle, but loke that ye tarry tylle ye se me com as longe as ye may. For I am sure sir Madore ys an hote knyght whan he ys inchaffed, for the more ye suffyr hym the hastyer 413 woll he be to batayle.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'latte me deale with hym. Doute ye nat ye shall have all youre wylle.'

So departed sir Bors frome hym and cam to the courte agayne. Than was hit noysed in all the courte that sir Bors sholde do batayle for the quene, wherefore many knyghtes were displeased with hym that he wolde take uppon hym to do batayle in the quenys quarell; for there were but fewe knyghtes in all the courte but they demed the quene was in the wronge and that she had done that treson. So sir Bors answered thus to hys felowys of the Table Rounde:

'Wete you well, my fayre lordis, hit were shame to us all and we suffird to se the moste noble quene of the worlde to be shamed opynly, consyderyng her lorde and oure lorde ys the man of moste worship crystynde, and he hath ever worshipped us all in all placis.'

2 *C** graunte my lord that for my lord 4 *C* by aduenture 9 *C* her bothe 14 *C** wyth the heremyte sir Brastias 15 *C* all theire aduenture 16 *C* said sir Launcelot 20 *C* enchaufed 23 *W* shall shall 35 *C** worship in the world & moost crystend

Many answerd hym agayne: 'As for oure moste noble kynge Arthure, we love hym and honoure hym as well as ye do, but as for quene Gwenyvere, we love hir nat, because she ys a destroyer of good knyghtes.'

'Fayre lordis,' seyde sir Bors, 'mesemyth ye sey nat as ye sholde sey, for never yet in my dayes knew I never ne harde sey that ever she was a destroyer of good knyghtes, but at all tymes, as far as ever I coude know, she was a maynteyner of good knyghtes; and ever she hath bene large and fre of hir goodis to all good knyghtes, and the moste bownteuous lady of hir gyffti[s] and her good grace that ever I saw other harde speke off. And therefore hit were shame to us all and to oure moste [noble] kynges wyff whom we serve [and we suffred her] to be shamefully slayne. And wete you well,' seyde sir Bors, 'I woll nat suffir hit, for I dare sey so much, for the quene ys nat gylty of sir Patryseys dethe: for she ought hym never none evyll wyll nother none of the four-and-twenty knyghtes that were at that dyner, for I dare sey for good love she bade us to dyner and nat for no male engyne. And that, I doute
414r nat, shall be preved hereafftir, for howsomever the game goth, there was treson amonge us.'

Than some seyde to Bors, 'We may well belyve youre wordys.' And so somme were well pleased and some were nat.

(6) So the day com on faste untyll the evyn that the batayle sholde [be]. Than the quene sente for sir Bors and asked hym how he was disposed.

'Truly, madame,' seyde he, 'I am disposed in lykewyse as I promysed you, that ys to sey I shall natt fayle you onles there by aventure com a bettir knyght than I am to do batayle for you. Than, madam, I am of you discharged of my promyse.'

'Woll ye', seyde the que[ne], 'that I telle my lorde the kyng thus?'

'Doth as hit pleasith you, madam.'

Than the quene yode unto the kyng and tolde the answere of sir Bors.

3 *C* do *S* doo 7 *C* of ony good knyghte 11 *W* gyfftir 12 *C* shame said sire Bors to 13–14 *C*[w] wyf & we suffred her to be 15 *C* moche the quene 17 *C* ylle wyll 18 *W* sey sey 23–24 *C*† not so Capitulum vi The 30 *C* am I discharged 32–33 *C* lord Arthur thus 34 *C* it shal please 35 *C* quene wente *C* told hym the

'Well, have ye no doute,' seyde the kynge, 'of sir Bors, for I calle hym now that ys lyvynge one of the nobelyst knyghtes of the worlde, and moste perfitist man.'

And thus hit paste on tylle the morne, and so the kynge and the quene and all maner of knyghtes that were there at that tyme drewe them unto the medow bysydys Wynchester where the batayle [shold be]. And so whan the kynge was com with the quene and many knyghtes of the Table Rounde, so the quene was than put in the conestablis awarde and a grete fyre made aboute an iron stake, that an sir Mador de la Porte had the bettir, she sholde there be brente; for such custom was used in tho dayes: for favoure, love, nother affinité there sholde be none other but ryghtuous jugemente, as well uppon a kynge as uppon a knyght, and as well uppon a quene as uppon another poure lady.

So thys meanewhyle cam in sir Mador de la Porte and toke hys [othe] before the kynge, how that the que[ne] ded thys treson untill hys cosyn sir Patryse, 'and unto myne othe I woll preve hit with my body, honde for hande, who that woll sey the contrary.'

Ryght so cam in sir Bors de Ganys and seyde that as for quene Gwenivere, 'she ys in the ryght, and that woll I make good that she ys nat culpable of thys treson that is put uppon her.'

'Than make the redy,' seyde sir Madore, 'and we shall preve whethir thou be in the ryght or I!' 414v

'Sir Madore,' seyde sir Bors, 'wete you well, I know you for a good knyght. Natforthan I shall nat feare you so gretly but I truste to God I shall be able to withstonde youre malyce. But thus much have I promised my lorde Arthure and my lady the quene, that I shall do batayle for her in thys cause to the utteryste, onles that there com a bettir knyght than I am and discharge me.'

'Is that all?' seyde sir Madore. 'Othir com thou off and do batayle with me, other elles sey nay.'

1 Well *not in C* 2 that ys lyvynge *not in C* *C* the beste knyghtes 3 *C*† most profytelyest man 8 *C* round table 9 *C* ward 11 for *not in C* 12–13 *C* dayes that neyther for fauour neyther for loue nor affynyte 17 how *not in C* 18–19 *C* vnto his othe he wold preue it (*S* hit) with his body 19–20 *C* that wold saye 23 *C* good with my handes that *S* culpaple 32 *C* caas to the vttermest

'Take your horse,' seyde sir Bors, 'and, as I suppose, I shall nat tarry long but ye shall be answerde.'

Than ayther departed to their tentis and made hem redy to horsebacke as they thought beste. And anone sir Madore cam into the fylde with hys shylde on hys shulder and hys speare in hys honde, and so rode aboute the place cryyng unto kyng Arthure,

'Byd youre champyon com forthe and he dare!'

Than was sir Bors ashamed, and toke hys horse and cam to the lystis ende. And than was he ware where cam frome a woode there fast by a knyght all armed uppon a whyght horse with a straunge shylde of straunge armys, and he cam dryvyng all that hys horse myght renne. And so he cam to sir Bors and seyd thus:

'Fayre knyght, I pray you be nat displesed, for here muste a bettir knyght than ye ar have thys batayle. Therefore I pray you withdraw you, for wyte you well I have had thys day a ryght grete journey and thys batayle ought to be myne. And so I promysed you whan I spake with you laste, and with all my herte I thanke you of youre good wylle.'

Than sir Bors rode unto kynge Arthure and tolde hym how there was a knyght com that wolde have the batayle to fyght for the quene.

'What knyght ys he?' seyde the kyng.

'I wote nat,' seyde sir Bors, 'but suche covenaunte he made with me to be here thys day. Now, my lorde,' seyde sir Bors, 'here I am discharged.'

(7) Than the kynge called to that knyght and asked hym if he wolde fyght for the quene.

Than he answerd and seyde, 'Sir, therefore com I hyddir.
415r And therefore, sir kynge, tarry me no lenger, for anone as I have fynysshed thys batayle I muste departe hens, for I have to do many batayles elswhere. For wyte you well,' seyde that knyght, 'thys ys dishonoure to you and to all knyghtes of the Rounde Table to se and know so noble a

2 *C*† ye shalle 12–13 *C* came rydynge alle that he myghte renne 13–20 *W* (*sidenote*): How sir Launcelot rescowed quene Gwenyvere from the deth 28 *C* am I 31 *C* ansuerd to the kynge therfor 32 *C** kyng he sayd tary me noo lenger for I may not tary For 34 *C* haue a doo many maters els where 35 and to *not in C*†

lady and so curteyse as quene Gwenyvere ys, thus to be rebuked and shamed amongyst you.'

Than they all mervayled what knyght that myght be that so toke [the batayle] uppon hym, for there was nat one that knew hym but if hit were sir Bors. Than seyde sir Madore de la Porte unto the kynge,

'Now lat me wete with whom I shall have ado.'

And than they rode to the lystes ende, and there they cowched their spearis and ran togydirs with all their myghtes. And anone sir Madors speare brake all to pecis, but the othirs speare hylde and bare sir Madors horse and all backwarde to the erthe a grete falle. But myghtyly and delyverly he avoyded his horse from hym and put hys shylde before hym and drew hys swerde and bade the othir knyght alyght and do batayle with hym on foote.

Than that knyght descended downe from hys horse and put hys shylde before hym and drew hys swerde. And so they cam egirly unto batayle, and aythir gaff othir many sadde strokes, trasyng and traversyng and foynyng togydir with their swerdis as hit were wylde boorys, thus fyghtyng nyghe an owre; for thys sir Madore was a stronge knyght and myghtyly preved in many strange batayles. But at the laste thys knyght smote sir Madore grovelynge uppon the erthe, and the [knyghte] stepte nere hym to have pulde sir Madore flatlynge uppon the grounde. And therewith sir Madore arose, and in hys rysyng he smote that knyght thorow the thyk of the thyghes, that the bloode braste oute fyersly.

And whan he felte hymself so wounded and saw hys bloode, he lete hym aryse uppon hys feete, and than he gaff hym such a buffette uppon the helme that he felle to the erthe flatlyng. And therewith he strode to hym to have pulled of hys helme of hys hede. And so sir Madore prayde 415v that knyght to save hys lyff. And so he yeldyd hym as overcom, and releaced the quene of hys quarell.

'I woll nat graunte the thy lyff,' seyde that knyght, 'only

1 *C** curtoys a quene as quene 4 *C** tooke the bataille vpon 7 *C* adoo with alle 10 *W* but but 12–13 *C* and sodenly he 13 from hym *not in C* 16 downe *not in C* 16–17 *C** hors lyghtly lyke a valyaunt man and putte 18–19 *C* many grete strokes 19 *C* trauercynge racynge and foynynge and hurtlyng to gyder *W* fyyghtyng 20 *C* thus were they fyghtynge 22 *C** stronge 25 *C* there with sodenly sir 27 *C* blood ranne oute

that thou frely reales the quene for ever, and that no mencion be made uppon sir Patryseys tombe that ever quene Gwenyver consented to that treson.'

'All thys shall be done', seyde sir Madore. 'I clerely discharge my quarell for ever.'

Than the knyghtes parters of the lystis toke up sir Madore and led hym tylle hys tente. And the othir knyght wente strayte to the stayre-foote where sate kynge Arthure. And by that tyme was the quene com to the kyng and aythir kyssed othir hartely.

And whan the kynge saw that knyght he stowped downe to hym and thanked hym, and in lyke wyse ded the quene. And the kynge prayde hym to put of his helmet and to repose hym and to take a soppe of wyne.

And than he putte of hys helmette to drynke, and than every knyght knew hym that hit was sir Launcelot. And anone as the kyng wyst that, he toke the quene in hys honde and yode unto sir Launcelot and seyde,

'Sir, grauntemercy of youre grete travayle that ye have had this day for me and for my quyene.'

'My lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wytte you well y ought of ryght ever [to be] in youre quarell and in my ladyes the quenys quarell to do batayle, for ye ar the man that gaff me the hygh Order of Knyghthode, and that day my lady, youre quene, ded me worshyp. And ellis had I bene shamed, for that same day that ye made me knyght, thorow my hastynes I loste my swerde, and my lady, youre quene, founde hit, and lapped hit in her trayne, and gave me my swerde whan I had nede thereto; and ells had I bene shamed amonge all knyghtes. And therefore, my lorde Arthure, I promysed her at that day ever to be her knyght in ryght othir in wronge.'

'Grauntemercy,' seyde the kynge, 'for this journey. And
416r wete you well,' seyde the kynge, 'I shall acquyte youre goodnesse.'

And evermore the quene behylde sir Launcelot, and wepte so tendirly that she sanke allmoste to the grownde for

7 *C* to his quene wyst the quene 13 *C* helme *S* helmet 16 *C* Launcelot du lake 17 *C*† as the 25 *C* me grete worship 26 *C* day ye made 36 *C* and euer

sorow that he had done to her so grete kyndenes where she shewed hym grete unkyndenesse. Than the knyghtes of hys bloode drew unto hym, and there aythir of them made grete joy of othir. And so cam all the knyghtes of the Table Rounde that were there at that tyme and wellcommed hym.

And than sir Madore was [had to] lechecrauffte, and sir Launcelot was heled of hys play. And so there was made grete joy, and many merthys there was made in that courte.

And so hit befelle that the Damesell of the Lake that hyght (8) Nynyve, whych wedded the good knyght sir Pelleas, and so she cam to the courte, for ever she ded grete goodnes unto kynge Arthure and to all hys knyghtes thorow her sorsery and enchauntementes. And so whan she herde how the quene was greved for the dethe of sir Patryse, than she tolde hit opynly that she was never gylty, and there she disclosed by whom hit was done, and named hym sir Pynel, and for what cause he ded hit. There hit was opynly knowyn and disclosed, and so the quene was [excused]. And thys knyght sir Pynell fledde unto hys contrey, and was opynly knowyn that he enpoysynde the appyls at that feste to that entente to have destroyed sir Gawayne, bycause sir Gawayne and hys brethirne destroyed sir Lamerok de Galys which sir Pynell was cosyn unto.

Than was sir Patryse buryed in the chirche of Westemynster in a towmbe, and thereuppon was wrytten: HERE LYETH SIR PATRYSE OF IRELONDE, SLAYNE BY SIR PYNELL LE SAVEAIGE THAT ENPOYSYNDE APPELIS TO HAVE SLAYNE SIR GAWAYNE, AND BY MYSSEFORTUNE SIR PATRYSE ETE ONE OF THE APPLIS, AND THAN SUDDEYNLY HE BRASTE. Also there was wrytyn uppon the tombe that quene Gwenyvere was appeled of treson of the deth of sir Patryse by sir Madore de la Porte, and there was made the mencion how sir Launcelot fought 416v with hym for quene Gwenyvere and overcom hym in playne

1 *C* grete goodenes where 7 *WO*[1] was healed of hys lechecrauffte (*see note*) 8 *C* of his woūd And thenne there 9 *C* & myrthes in that 11–12 *C* lake her name was Nymue the whiche 16 *C* was an angred for 19–20 *C* openly disclosed and soo 21 *C* fled in to his countre Thenne was it openly 22 *C* that syr Pynel enpoysond 24 *W* brethirne destroyed destroyed sir *C* to the whiche 30–31 *C* tho appels 32 *S* wryten vnto the 33 the *not in C*

batayle. All thys was wretyn uppon the tombe of sir Patryse in excusyng of the quene.

And than sir Madore sewed dayly and longe to have the quenys good grace, and so by the meanys of sir Launcelot he caused hym to stonde in the quenys good grace, and all was forgyffyn.

BOOK XVIII

CHAPTER I

OF THE JOY KING ARTHUR AND THE QUEEN HAD OF THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SANGREAL; AND HOW LAUNCELOT FELL TO HIS OLD LOVE AGAIN.

So after the quest of the Sangreal was fulfilled, and all knights that were left alive were come again unto the Table Round, as the book of the Sangreal maketh mention, then was there great joy in the court; and in especial King Arthur and Queen Guenever made great joy of the remnant that were come home, and passing glad was the king and the queen of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Bors, for they had been passing long away in the quest of the Sangreal.

Then, as the book saith, Sir Launcelot began to resort unto Queen Guenever again, and forgat the promise and the perfection that he made in the quest. For, as the book saith, had not Sir Launcelot been in his privy thoughts and in his mind so set inwardly to the queen as he was in seeming outward to God, there had no knight passed him in the quest of the Sangreal; but ever his thoughts were privily on the queen, and so they loved together more hotter than they did to-forehand, and had such privy draughts together, that many in the court spake of it, and in especial Sir Agravaine, Sir Gawaine's brother, for he was ever open-mouthed.

So befell that Sir Launcelot had many resorts of ladies and damosels that daily resorted unto him, that besought him to be their champion, and in all such matters of right Sir Launcelot applied him daily to do for the pleasure of Our Lord, Jesu Christ. And ever as much as he might he withdrew him from the company and fellowship of Queen Guenever, for to eschew the slander and noise; wherefore the queen waxed wroth with Sir Launcelot. And upon a day she called Sir Launcelot unto her chamber, and said

thus: Sir Launcelot, I see and feel daily that thy love beginneth to slake, for thou hast no joy to be in my presence, but ever thou art out of this court, and quarrels and matters thou hast nowadays for ladies and gentlewomen more than ever thou wert wont to have aforehand.

Ah madam, said Launcelot, in this ye must hold me excused for divers causes; one is, I was but late in the quest of the Sangreal; and I thank God of his great mercy, and never of my desert, that I saw in that my quest as much as ever saw any sinful man, and so was it told me. And if I had not had my privy thoughts to return to your love again as I do, I had seen as great mysteries as ever saw my son Galahad, outher Percivale, or Sir Bors; and therefore, madam, I was but late in that quest. Wit ye well, madam, it may not be yet lightly forgotten the high service in whom I did my diligent labour. Also, madam, wit ye well that there be many men speak of our love in this court, and have you and me greatly in await, as Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred; and madam, wit ye well I dread them more for your sake than for any fear I have of them myself, for I may happen to escape and rid myself in a great need, where ye must abide all that will be said unto you. And then if that ye fall in any distress through wilful folly, then is there none other remedy or help but by me and my blood. And wit ye well, madame, the boldness of you and me will bring us to great shame and slander; and that were me loath to see you dishonoured. And that is the cause I take upon me more for to do for damosels and maidens than ever I did to-fore, that men should understand my joy and my delight is my pleasure to have ado for damosels and maidens.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE QUEEN COMMANDED SIR LAUNCELOT TO AVOID THE COURT, AND OF THE SORROW THAT LAUNCELOT MADE.

ALL this while the queen stood still and let Sir Launcelot say what he would. And when he had all said she brast out a-weeping, and so she sobbed and wept a great while. And when she might speak she said: Launcelot, now I well understand that thou art a false recreant knight and a common lecher, and lovest and holdest other ladies, and by me thou hast disdain and scorn. For wit thou well, she said, now I understand thy falsehood, and therefore shall I never love thee no more. And never be thou so hardy to come in my sight; and right here I discharge thee this court, that thou never come within it; and I forfend thee my fellowship, and upon pain of thy head that thou see me no more. Right so Sir Launcelot departed with great heaviness, that unnethe he might sustain himself for great dole-making.

Then he called Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel, and told them how the queen had forfended him the court, and so he was in will to depart into his own country. Fair sir, said Sir Bors de Ganis, ye shall not depart out of this land by mine advice. Ye must remember in what honour ye are renowned, and called the noblest knight of the world; and many great matters ye have in hand. And women in their hastiness will do ofttimes that sore repenteth them; and therefore by mine advice ye shall take your horse, and ride to the good hermitage here beside Windsor, that sometime was a good knight, his name is Sir Brasias, and there shall ye abide till I send you word of better tidings. Brother, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well I am full loath to depart out of this realm, but the queen hath defended me so highly, that meseemeth she will never be my good lady as she hath been. Say ye never so, said Sir Bors, for many times or this time she hath been wroth with you, and after it she was the first that repented it. Ye say well, said Launcelot, for now

will I do by your counsel, and take mine horse and my harness, and ride to the hermit Sir Brasias, and there will I repose me until I hear some manner of tidings from you; but, fair brother, I pray you get me the love of my lady, Queen Guenever, an ye may. Sir, said Sir Bors, ye need not to move me of such matters, for well ye wot I will do what I may to please you.

And then the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, departed with right heavy cheer suddenly, that none earthly creature wist of him, nor where he was become, but Sir Bors. So when Sir Launcelot was departed, the queen outward made no manner of sorrow in showing to none of his blood nor to none other. But wit ye well, inwardly, as the book saith, she took great thought, but she bare it out with a proud countenance as though she felt nothing nor danger.

CHAPTER III

HOW AT A DINNER THAT THE QUEEN MADE THERE WAS A KNIGHT ENPOISONED, WHICH SIR MADOR LAID ON THE QUEEN.

And then the queen let make a privy dinner in London unto the knights of the Round Table. And all was for to show outward that she had as great joy in all other knights of the Table Round as she had in Sir Launcelot. All only at that dinner she had Sir Gawaine and his brethren, that is for to say Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, Sir Gareth, and Sir Mordred. Also there was Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Galihodin, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Lionel, Sir Palomides, Safere his brother, Sir La Cote Male Taile, Sir Persant, Sir Ironside, Sir Brandiles, Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Mador de la Porte, Sir Patrise, a knight of Ireland, Aliduk, Sir Astamore, and Sir Pinel le Savage, the which was cousin to Sir Lamorak de Galis, the good knight that Sir Gawaine and his brethren slew by treason. And so these four-and-twenty knights should dine with the queen in a

privy place by themself, and there was made a great feast of all manner of dainties.

But Sir Gawaine had a custom that he used daily at dinner and at supper, that he loved well all manner of fruit, and in especial apples and pears. And therefore whosomever dined or feasted Sir Gawaine would commonly purvey for good fruit for him, and so did the queen for to please Sir Gawaine; she let purvey for him all manner of fruit, for Sir Gawaine was a passing hot knight of nature. And this Pinel hated Sir Gawaine because of his kinsman Sir Lamorak de Galis; and therefore for pure envy and hate Sir Pinel enpoisoned certain apples for to enpoison Sir Gawaine. And so this was well unto the end of the meat; and so it befell by misfortune a good knight named Patrise, cousin unto Sir Mador de la Porte, to take a poisoned apple. And when he had eaten it he swelled so till he brast, and there Sir Patrise fell down suddenly dead among them.

Then every knight leapt from the board ashamed, and araged for wrath, nigh out of their wits. For they wist not what to say; considering Queen Guenever made the feast and dinner, they all had suspicion unto her. My lady, the queen, said Gawaine, wit ye well, madam, that this dinner was made for me, for all folks that know my condition understand that I love well fruit, and now I see well I had near been slain; therefore, madam, I dread me lest ye will be shamed. Then the queen stood still and was sore abashed, that she nist not what to say. This shall not so be ended, said Sir Mador de la Porte, for here have I lost a full noble knight of my blood; and therefore upon this shame and despite I will be revenged to the utterance. And there openly Sir Mador appealed the queen of the death of his cousin, Sir Patrise. Then stood they all still, that none would speak a word against him, for they all had great suspicion unto the queen because she let make that dinner. And the queen was so abashed that she could none other ways do, but wept so heartily that she fell in a swoon. With this noise and cry came to them King Arthur, and when he wist of that trouble he was a passing heavy man.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR MADOR APPEACHED THE QUEEN OF TREASON, AND THERE WAS NO KNIGHT WOULD FIGHT FOR HER AT THE FIRST TIME.

And ever Sir Mador stood still afore the king, and ever he appealed the queen of treason; for the custom was such that time that all manner of shameful death was called treason. Fair lords, said King Arthur, me repenteth of this trouble, but the case is so I may not have ado in this matter, for I must be a rightful judge; and that repenteth me that I may not do battle for my wife, for as I deem this deed came never by her. And therefore I suppose she shall not be all distained, but that some good knight shall put his body in jeopardy for my queen rather than she shall be brent in a wrong quarrel. And therefore, Sir Mador, be not so hasty, for it may happen she shall not be all friendless; and therefore desire thou thy day of battle, and she shall purvey her of some good knight that shall answer you, or else it were to me great shame, and to all my court.

My gracious lord, said Sir Mador, ye must hold me excused, for though ye be our king in that degree, ye are but a knight as we are, and ye are sworn unto knighthood as well as we; and therefore I beseech you that ye be not displeased, for there is none of the four-and-twenty knights that were bidden to this dinner but all they have great suspicion unto the queen. What say ye all, my lords? said Sir Mador. Then they answered by and by that they could not excuse the queen; for why she made the dinner, and either it must come by her or by her servants. Alas, said the queen, I made this dinner for a good intent, and never for none evil, so Almighty God me help in my right, as I was never purposed to do such evil deeds, and that I report me unto God.

My lord, the king, said Sir Mador, I require you as ye be a righteous king give me a day that I may have justice. Well, said the king, I give the day this day fifteen days that thou be ready armed on

horseback in the meadow beside Winchester. And if it so fall that there be any knight to encounter with you, there mayst thou do the best, and God speed the right. And if it so fall that there be no knight at that day, then must my queen be burnt, and there she shall be ready to have her judgment. I am answered, said Sir Mador. And every knight went where it liked them.

So when the king and the queen were together the king asked the queen how this case befell. The queen answered: So God me help, I wot not how or in what manner. Where is Sir Launcelot? said King Arthur; an he were here he would not grudge to do battle for you. Sir, said the queen, I wot not where he is, but his brother and his kinsmen deem that he be not within this realm. That me repenteth, said King Arthur, for an he were here he would soon stint this strife. Then I will counsel you, said the king, and unto Sir Bors: That ye will do battle for her for Sir Launcelot's sake, and upon my life he will not refuse you. For well I see, said the king, that none of these four-and-twenty knights that were with you at your dinner where Sir Patrise was slain, that will do battle for you, nor none of them will say well of you, and that shall be a great slander for you in this court. Alas, said the queen, and I may not do withal, but now I miss Sir Launcelot, for an he were here he would put me soon to my heart's ease. What aileth you, said the king, ye cannot keep Sir Launcelot upon your side? For wit ye well, said the king, who that hath Sir Launcelot upon his part hath the most man of worship in the world upon his side. Now go your way, said the king unto the queen, and require Sir Bors to do battle for you for Sir Launcelot's sake.

CHAPTER V

HOW THE QUEEN REQUIRED SIR BORS TO FIGHT FOR HER, AND HOW HE GRANTED UPON CONDITION; AND HOW HE WARNED SIR LAUNCELOT THEREOF.

So the queen departed from the king, and sent for Sir Bors into her chamber. And when he was come she besought him of succour. Madam, said he, what would ye that I did? for I may not with my worship have ado in this matter, because I was at the same dinner, for dread that any of those knights would have me in suspicion. Also, madam, said Sir Bors, now miss ye Sir Launcelot, for he would not have failed you neither in right nor in wrong, as ye have well proved when ye have been in danger; and now ye have driven him out of this country, by whom ye and all we were daily worshipped by; therefore, madam, I marvel how ye dare for shame require me to do any thing for you, in so much ye have chased him out of your country by whom we were borne up and honoured. Alas, fair knight, said the queen, I put me wholly in your grace, and all that is done amiss I will amend as ye will counsel me. And therewith she kneeled down upon both her knees, and besought Sir Bors to have mercy upon her: Outher I shall have a shameful death, and thereto I never offended.

Right so came King Arthur, and found the queen kneeling afore Sir Bors; then Sir Bors pulled her up, and said: Madam, ye do me great dishonour. Ah, gentle knight, said the king, have mercy upon my queen, courteous knight, for I am now in certain she is untruly defamed. And therefore, courteous knight, said the king, promise her to do battle for her, I require you for the love of Sir Launcelot. My lord, said Sir Bors, ye require me the greatest thing that any man may require me; and wit ye well if I grant to do battle for the queen I shall wrath many of my fellowship of the Table Round. But as for that, said Bors, I will grant my lord that for my lord Sir Launcelot's sake, and for your sake I will at that day be the queen's champion unless that there come by adventure a better knight than

I am to do battle for her. Will ye promise me this, said the king, by your faith? Yea sir, said Sir Bors, of that I will not fail you, nor her both, but if there come a better knight than I am, and then shall he have the battle. Then was the king and the queen passing glad, and so departed, and thanked him heartily.

So then Sir Bors departed secretly upon a day, and rode unto Sir Launcelot thereas he was with the hermit, Sir Brasias, and told him of all their adventure. Ah Jesu, said Sir Launcelot, this is come happily as I would have it, and therefore I pray you make you ready to do battle, but look that ye tarry till ye see me come, as long as ye may. For I am sure Mador is an hot knight when he is enchafed, for the more ye suffer him the hastier will he be to battle. Sir, said Bors, let me deal with him, doubt ye not ye shall have all your will. Then departed Sir Bors from him and came to the court again. Then was it noised in all the court that Sir Bors should do battle for the queen; wherefore many knights were displeased with him, that he would take upon him to do battle in the queen's quarrel; for there were but few knights in all the court but they deemed the queen was in the wrong, and that she had done that treason.

So Sir Bors answered thus to his fellows of the Table Round: Wit ye well, my fair lords, it were shame to us all an we suffered to see the most noble queen of the world to be shamed openly, considering her lord and our lord is the man of most worship in the world, and most christened, and he hath ever worshipped us all in all places. Many answered him again: As for our most noble King Arthur, we love him and honour him as well as ye do, but as for Queen Guenever we love her not, because she is a destroyer of good knights. Fair lords, said Sir Bors, meseemeth ye say not as ye should say, for never yet in my days knew I never nor heard say that ever she was a destroyer of any good knight. But at all times as far as ever I could know she was a maintainer of good knights; and ever she hath been large and free of her goods to all good knights, and the most bounteous lady of her gifts and her good grace, that ever I saw or heard speak of. And therefore it were shame, said Sir Bors, to us all to our most noble king's wife, an we suffered her to be shamefully slain. And wit ye well, said Sir Bors,

I will not suffer it, for I dare say so much, the queen is not guilty of Sir Patrise's death, for she owed him never none ill will, nor none of the four-and-twenty knights that were at that dinner; for I dare say for good love she bade us to dinner, and not for no mal engine, and that I doubt not shall be proved hereafter, for howsomever the game goeth, there was treason among us. Then some said to Sir Bors: We may well believe your words. And so some of them were well pleased, and some were not so.

CHAPTER VI

HOW AT THE DAY SIR BORS MADE HIM READY FOR TO FIGHT FOR THE QUEEN; AND WHEN HE WOULD FIGHT HOW ANOTHER DISCHARGED HIM.

THE day came on fast until the even that the battle should be. Then the queen sent for Sir Bors and asked him how he was disposed. Truly madam, said he, I am disposed in likewise as I promised you, that is for to say I shall not fail you, unless by adventure there come a better knight than I am to do battle for you, then, madam, am I discharged of my promise. Will ye, said the queen, that I tell my lord Arthur thus? Do as it shall please you, madam. Then the queen went unto the king and told him the answer of Sir Bors. Have ye no doubt, said the king, of Sir Bors, for I call him now one of the best knights of the world, and the most profitablest man. And thus it passed on until the morn, and the king and the queen and all manner of knights that were there at that time drew them unto the meadow beside Westminster where the battle should be. And so when the king was come with the queen and many knights of the Round Table, then the queen was put there in the Constable's ward, and a great fire made about an iron stake, that an Sir Mador de la Porte had the better, she should be burnt: such custom was used in those days, that neither for favour, neither for love nor affinity, there should be none other

but righteous judgment, as well upon a king as upon a knight, and as well upon a queen as upon another poor lady.

So in this meanwhile came in Sir Mador de la Porte, and took his oath afore the king, that the queen did this treason until his cousin Sir Patrise, and unto his oath he would prove it with his body, hand for hand, who that would say the contrary. Right so came in Sir Bors de Ganis, and said: That as for Queen Guenever she is in the right, and that will I make good with my hands that she is not culpable of this treason that is put upon her. Then make thee ready, said Sir Mador, and we shall prove whether thou be in the right or I. Sir Mador, said Sir Bors, wit thou well I know you for a good knight. Not for then I shall not fear you so greatly, but I trust to God I shall be able to withstand your malice. But this much have I promised my lord Arthur and my lady the queen, that I shall do battle for her in this case to the uttermost, unless that there come a better knight than I am and discharge me. Is that all? said Sir Mador, either come thou off and do battle with me, or else say nay. Take your horse, said Sir Bors, and as I suppose, ye shall not tarry long but ye shall be answered.

Then either departed to their tents and made them ready to horseback as they thought best. And anon Sir Mador came into the field with his shield on his shoulder and his spear in his hand; and so rode about the place crying unto Arthur: Bid your champion come forth an he dare. Then was Sir Bors ashamed and took his horse and came to the lists' end. And then was he ware where came from a wood there fast by a knight all armed, upon a white horse, with a strange shield of strange arms; and he came riding all that he might run, and so he came to Sir Bors, and said thus: Fair knight, I pray you be not displeased, for here must a better knight than ye are have this battle, therefore I pray you withdraw you. For wit ye well I have had this day a right great journey, and this battle ought to be mine, and so I promised you when I spake with you last, and with all my heart I thank you of your good will. Then Sir Bors rode unto King Arthur and told him how there was a knight come that would have the battle for to fight for the queen. What knight is he? said the king. I wot not, said Sir Bors, but such

covenant he made with me to be here this day. Now my lord, said Sir Bors, here am I discharged.

CHAPTER VII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT FOUGHT AGAINST SIR MADOR FOR THE QUEEN, AND HOW HE OVERCAME SIR MADOR, AND DISCHARGED THE QUEEN.

THEN the king called to that knight, and asked him if he would fight for the queen. Then he answered to the king: Therefore came I hither, and therefore, sir king, he said, tarry me no longer, for I may not tarry. For anon as I have finished this battle I must depart hence, for I have ado many matters elsewhere. For wit you well, said that knight, this is dishonour to you all knights of the Round Table, to see and know so noble a lady and so courteous a queen as Queen Guenever is, thus to be rebuked and shamed amongst you. Then they all marvelled what knight that might be that so took the battle upon him. For there was not one that knew him, but if it were Sir Bors.

Then said Sir Mador de la Porte unto the king: Now let me wit with whom I shall have ado withal. And then they rode to the lists' end, and there they couched their spears, and ran together with all their might, and Sir Mador's spear brake all to pieces, but the other's spear held, and bare Sir Mador's horse and all backward to the earth a great fall. But mightily and suddenly he avoided his horse and put his shield afore him, and then drew his sword, and bade the other knight alight and do battle with him on foot. Then that knight descended from his horse lightly like a valiant man, and put his shield afore him and drew his sword; and so they came eagerly unto battle, and either gave other many great strokes, tracing and traversing, racing and foining, and hurtling together with their swords as it were wild boards. Thus were they fighting nigh an hour, for this Sir Mador was a strong knight, and mightily

proved in many strong battles. But at the last this knight smote Sir Mador grovelling upon the earth, and the knight stepped near him to have pulled Sir Mador flatling upon the ground; and therewith suddenly Sir Mador arose, and in his rising he smote that knight through the thick of the thighs that the blood ran out fiercely. And when he felt himself so wounded, and saw his blood, he let him arise upon his feet. And then he gave him such a buffet upon the helm that he fell to the earth flatling, and therewith he strode to him to have pulled off his helm off his head. And then Sir Mador prayed that knight to save his life, and so he yielded him as overcome, and released the queen of his quarrel. I will not grant thee thy life, said that knight, only that thou freely release the queen for ever, and that no mention be made upon Sir Patrise's tomb that ever Queen Guenever consented to that treason. All this shall be done, said Sir Mador, I clearly discharge my quarrel for ever.

Then the knights parters of the lists took up Sir Mador, and led him to his tent, and the other knight went straight to the stair-foot where sat King Arthur; and by that time was the queen come to the king, and either kissed other heartily. And when the king saw that knight, he stooped down to him, and thanked him, and in likewise did the queen; and the king prayed him to put off his helmet, and to repose him, and to take a sop of wine. And then he put off his helm to drink, and then every knight knew him that it was Sir Launcelot du Lake. Anon as the king wist that, he took the queen in his hand, and yode unto Sir Launcelot, and said: Sir, grant mercy of your great travail that ye have had this day for me and for my queen. My lord, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well I ought of right ever to be in your quarrel, and in my lady the queen's quarrel, to do battle; for ye are the man that gave me the high order of knighthood, and that day my lady, your queen, did me great worship, and else I had been shamed; for that same day ye made me knight, through my hastiness I lost my sword, and my lady, your queen, found it, and lapped it in her train, and gave me my sword when I had need thereto, and else had I been shamed among all knights; and therefore, my lord Arthur, I promised her at that day ever to be her knight in right outher in wrong. Grant

mercy, said the king, for this journey; and wit ye well, said the king, I shall acquit your goodness.

And ever the queen beheld Sir Launcelot, and wept so tenderly that she sank almost to the ground for sorrow that he had done to her so great goodness where she shewed him great unkindness. Then the knights of his blood drew unto him, and there either of them made great joy of other. And so came all the knights of the Table Round that were there at that time, and welcomed him. And then Sir Mador was had to leech-craft, and Sir Launcelot was healed of his wound. And then there was made great joy and mirths in that court.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE TRUTH WAS KNOWN BY THE MAIDEN OF THE LAKE, AND OF DIVERS OTHER MATTERS.

And so it befell that the damosel of the lake, her name was Nimue, the which wedded the good knight Sir Pelleas, and so she came to the court; for ever she did great goodness unto King Arthur and to all his knights through her sorcery and enchantments. And so when she heard how the queen was an-angered for the death of Sir Patrise, then she told it openly that she was never guilty; and there she disclosed by whom it was done, and named him, Sir Pinel; and for what cause he did it, there it was openly disclosed; and so the queen was excused, and the knight Pinel fled into his country. Then was it openly known that Sir Pinel enpoisoned the apples at the feast to that intent to have destroyed Sir Gawaine, because Sir Gawaine and his brethren destroyed Sir Lamorak de Galis, to the which Sir Pinel was cousin unto. Then was Sir Patrise buried in the church of Westminster in a tomb, and thereupon was written: Here lieth Sir Patrise of Ireland, slain by Sir Pinel le Savage, that enpoisoned apples to have slain Sir Gawaine, and by misfortune Sir Patrise ate one of those apples, and

then suddenly he brast. Also there was written upon the tomb that Queen Guenever was appealed of treason of the death of Sir Patrise, by Sir Mador de la Porte; and there was made mention how Sir Launcelot fought with him for Queen Guenever, and overcame him in plain battle. All this was written upon the tomb of Sir Patrise in excusing of the queen. And then Sir Mador sued daily and long, to have the queen's good grace; and so by the means of Sir Launcelot he caused him to stand in the queen's good grace, and all was forgiven.

II

THE FAIR MAID OF ASTOLAT

THUS hit passed untyll oure Lady day of the Assumpcion. Within a fiftene dayes of that feste the kyng lete cry a grete justyse and a turnement that sholde be at that day at Camelott, otherwyse called Wynchester. And the kyng lete cry that he and the Kynge of Scottes wolde juste ayenst all th[at] wolde [come].

And whan thys cry was made, thydir cam many good knyghtes, that ys to sey the kynge of North Galis, and kynge Angwysh of Irelonde, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and syr Galahalte the Haute Prynce, and the kynge of Northumbirlonde, and many other noble deukes and erlis of other dyverse contreyes.

So kynge Arthure made hym redy to departe to hys justis, and wolde have had the quene with hym; but at that tyme she wolde nat, she seyde, for she was syke and myght nat ryde.

'That me repentith,' seyde the kynge, 'for thys seven yere ye saw nat such a noble felyship togydirs excepte the Whytsontyde whan sir Galahad departed frome the courte.'

'Truly,' seyde the quene, 'ye muste holde me excused. Y may nat be there.'

And many demed the quene wolde nat be there because of sir Launcelot, for he wolde nat ryde with the kynge; for he seyde he was nat hole of the play of sir Madore. Wherefore the kynge was hevy and passynge wroth, and so he departed towarde Wynchestir with hys felyship.

And so by the way the kynge lodged at a towne that was called Astolot, that ys in Englysh Gylforde, and there the kynge lay in the castell. So whan the kynge was departed the quene called sir Launcelot unto her and seyde thus:

'Sir, ye ar gretly to blame thus to holde you behynde my 417r
lorde. What woll youre enemyes and myne sey and deme?

1 of the *not in C* 2 *W* feste that the 4 *C* Camelot that is wynchester 6 *WO*[1] all the worlde *C** alle that wold come ageynst them 7–8 *C* many knyghtes Soo there came thyder the kyng 13 *C* to thise Iustys 16 *C* ryde at that tyme 18–19 *C* at wytsontyde 20 *C* the quene to the kynge 21 *C** there and that me repenteth 23 *C* for sire launcelot wold 24–25 *C* the wound the whiche sire Mador had gyuen hym wherfor 27–28 *C** in a Towne called Astolot that is now in Englyssh called Gylford 31 *C* Sire launcelot ye 32 *C** what trowe ye what will youre 32–p. 1066, l. 1 *C* deme noughte els but see how

"Se how sir Launcelot holdith hym ever behynde the kynge, and so the quene doth also, for that they wolde have their plesure togydirs." And thus woll they sey,' seyde the quene.

(9) 5 'Have ye no doute, madame,' seyde sir Launcelot. 'I alow youre witte. Hit ys of late com syn ye were woxen so wyse! And there[fore], madam, at thys tyme I woll be ruled by youre counceyle, and thys nyght I woll take my reste, and to-morow betyme I woll take my way towarde Wynchestir. 10 But wytte you well,' seyde sir Launcelot unto the quene, 'at that justys I woll be ayenste the kynge and ayenst all hys felyship.'

'Sir, ye may there do as ye lyste,' seyde the quene, 'but be my counceyle ye shall nat be ayenst youre kynge and your 15 felyshyp, for there bene full many hardé knyghtes of youre bloode.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall take the adventure that God woll gyff me.'

And so uppon the morne erly he harde masse and dyned, 20 and so he toke hys leve of the quene and departed. And than he rode so muche unto the tyme he com to Astolott, and there hit happynd hym that in the evenyng-tyde he com to an olde barownes place that hyght sir Barnarde of Astolot. And as sir Launcelot entird into hys lodgynge, kynge Ar- 25 thure aspyed hym as he dud walke in a gardeyne besyde the castell: he knew hym welle inow.

'Well, sirs,' seyde kyng Arthure unto hys knyghtes that were by hym besyde the castell, 'I have now aspyed one knyght,' he seyde, 'that woll play hys play at the justys, I 30 undirtake.'

'Who ys that?' seyde the knyghtes.

2 *C* soo doth the quene for 3–5 *C*† the Quene to syr launcelot haue ye noo doubte thereof CAPITULUM IX Madame said syr 6 woxen so *not in C*† 7 *C* therfor 13 Sir *not in C* 15 *C*† hard 16 *C** blood as ye wote wel ynough hit nedeth not to reherce them 17 *C** Launcelot I praye yow that ye be not displeasyd with me for I will take 18 *C* wylle sende me 19 *C** erly syre launcelot herd masse and brake his fast 21–22 *C* vntyl he came to Astolat that is Gylford and there it happed 26–28 *C* Castel how he took his lodgynge & knewe hym ful wel It is wel sayd kynge Arthur vnto the knyghtes that were with hym in that gardyn besyde 29 he seyde *not in C* 29–30 *C** Iustes to the whiche we be gone toward I vndertake he wil do merveils 31–p. 1067, l. 2 *C** that we pray you telle vs sayd many knyghtes that were there at that tyme said the kynge

'At thys tyme ye shall nate wyte for me!' seyde the kynge and smyled, and wente to hys lodgynge.

So whan sir Launcelot was in hys lodgyng and unarmed in hys chambir, the olde barown, sir Barnarde, com to hym and wellcomed hym in the beste maner. But he knew nat sir Launcelot.

'Fayre sir,' seyde sir Launcelot tylle hys oste, 'I wolde pray you to lende me a shylde that were nat opynly knowyn, for 417v myne ys well knowyn.'

'Sir,' seyde hys oste, 'ye shall have youre desire, for mesemyth ye bene one of the lyklyest knyghtes that ever y sawe, and therefore, sir, I shall shew you freynship.' And seyde, 'Sir, wyte you well I have two sunnes that were but late made knyghtes. And the eldist hyght sir Tirry, and he was hurte that same day he was made knyght, and he may nat ryde; and hys shylde ⌜ye shalle have⌝, for that ys nat knowyn, I dare sey, but here [and] in no place [else].' And hys yonger sonne hyght sir Lavayne. 'And if hit please you, he shall ryde with you unto that justis, for he ys of hys ayge stronge and wyght. For much my herte gyvith unto you, that ye sholde be a noble knyght. And therefore I praye you to telle me youre name,' seyde sir Barnarde.

'As for that,' seyd sir Launcelot, 'ye muste holde me excused as at thys tyme. And if God gyff me grace to spede well at the justis I shall com agayne and telle you my name. But I pray you in ony wyse lete me have your sonne, sir Lavayne, with me, and that I may have hys brothers shylde.'

'Sir, all thys shall be done,' seyde sir Barnarde.

So thys olde barown had a doughtir that was called that tyme the Fayre Maydyn off Astolot, and ever she behylde sir Launcelot wondirfully.

(And, as the booke sayth, she keste such a love unto

as at this tyme. And soo the kynge smyled 4 *C*† baron and heremyte came 4–5 *C** hym makynge his reuerence and welcomed 5 *C* but the old knyghte knewe 7 *C* to his 8 *C* to lene 11–12 *C* knyghtes of the world and therfor I shall 12–13 And seyde *not in C* 15 *C* that he may 16 *C** ye shalle haue (*not in W*) *F* (*op. cit., p.* 9) 'prenez quanque vous voudroiz' 18 *C* and my yongest sone hyght Lauayne 20 *S*† age X stronge 26 my name *not in C* 27 *C* praye yow said sir Launcelot in ony wyse 28 *C*† haue your broders shelde 29 Sir *not in C* 30–31 *C*† doughter that tyme that was called that tyme the

sir Launcelot that she cowde never withdraw hir loove, wherefore she dyed. And her name was Elayne le Blanke.)

So thus as she cam to and fro, she was so hote in love that [she] besought sir Launcelot to were uppon hym at the justis a tokyn of hers.

'Damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and if I graunte you that, ye may sey that I do more for youre love than ever y ded for lady or jantillwoman.'

Than he remembird hymselff that he wolde go to the justis disgysed, and because he had never aforne borne no maner of tokyn of no damesell, he bethought hym to bere
418r a tokyn of hers, that none of hys bloode thereby myght know hym. And than he seyde,

'Fayre maydyn, I woll graunte you to were a tokyn of youres uppon myne helmet. And therefore what ys hit? Shewe ye hit me.'

'Sir,' she seyde, 'hit ys a rede sleve of myne, of scarlet, well embrowdred with grete perelles.'

And so she brought hit hym. So sir Launcelot resseyved hit and seyde,

'Never dud I erste so much for no damesell.'

Than sir Launcelot betoke the fayre mayden hys shylde in kepynge, and prayde her to kepe hit untill tyme that he com agayne. And so that nyght he had myrry reste and grete chere, for thys damesell Elayne was ever aboute sir Launcelot all the whyle she myght be suffirde.

(10) So uppon a day, on the morne, kynge Arthure and all hys knyghtis departed, for there the kyng had tarryed three dayes to abyde hys noble knyghtes. And so whan the kynge was rydden, sir Launcelot and sir Lavayne made them redy to ryde, and aythir of them had whyght shyldis, and the rede sleve sir Launcelot lete cary with hym.

And so they toke their leve at sir Barnarde, the olde barowne, and at hys doughtir, the fayre mayden, and than they rode so longe tylle that they cam to Camelot, that tyme

3 *C* in her loue 6 *C* Faire damoysel 7 *C* saye I 8 *C* or damoysel 9 *C* remembryd hym that 10 *C* neuer fore that tyme borne 11–12 *C* damoysel Thenne he bethoughte hym that he wold bere one of her that 15 *C* it is 16 ye *not in C* 23 *C* kepe that vntyl that he 25 *C* For euer the damoysel Elayne was aboute 28 *C*† for theire kynge 34 *C* mayden of Astalot And

called Wynchester. And there was grete pres of kyngis, deukes, erlis, and barownes, and many noble knyghtes. But there sir Launcelot was lodged pryvaly by the meanys of sir Lavayne with a ryche burgeyse, that no man in that towne was ware what they were. And so they reposed them there tyll oure Lady day of the Assumpcion that the grete justes sholde be.

So whan trumpettis blew unto the fylde and kynge Arthur was sette on hyght uppon a chafflet to beholde who ded beste (but, as the Freynshe booke seyth, the kynge wold nat suffir sir Gawayne to go frome hym, for never had sir Gawayne the bettir and sir Launcelot were in the fylde, and many tymes was sir Gawayne rebuked so whan sir Launcelot was in the fylde in ony justis dysgysed), than som of the kyngis, as kynge Angwysh of Irelonde and the Kynge of Scottis, were **418v** that tyme turned to be uppon the syde of kynge Arthur. And than the othir party was the kynge of North Galis, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtis, and the kynge of Northhumbirlonde, and sir Galahalte the Halte Prynce. But thes three kyngis and thys duke was passynge wayke to holde ayenste Arthurs party, for with hym were the nobelyst knyghtes of the worlde.

So than they withdrew them, aythir party frome othir, and every man made hym redy in his beste maner to do what he myght. Than sir Launcelot made hym redy and put the rede slyeve uppon hys helmette and fastened hit faste. And so sir Launcelot and sir Lavayne departed oute of Wynchestir pryvayly and rode untyll a litill leved woode behynde the party that hylde ayenste kynge Arthure party. And there they hylde hem stylle tylle the partyes smote togydirs. And than cam in the Kynge o[f] Scottis and the kynge of Irelonde on kynge Arthurs party, and ayenste them cam in the kynge of Northumbirlonde and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes.

And there began a grete medlé, and there the kynge of

6 of the *not in C* 6–7 *C* Assumpcion as the grete feest shold 8 *C* So thenne trumpets 9 *C* on hyghe vpon a skafhold to 13 so *not in C* 13–14 *C** laũcelot cam in to ony Iustes 16 to be *not in C* 17 *C** thenne on the 18 *C* kymge with *S* kynge with 20 *C* duke were passyng 26 *C* vpon his hede and *W* hit hit 33 in *not in C* 33–p. 1070, l. 2 *C*† the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doun the kynge of Northumberland and the kynge

Scottis smote downe the kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes smote downe kynge Angwysh of Irelonde. Than sir Palamydes, that was one Arthurs party, he encountird with sir Galahalte, and ayther of hem smote downe othir, and aythir party halpe their lordys [on] horseback agayne. So there began a stronge assayle on bothe partyes.

And than com in sir Braundyles, sir Sagramoure le Desyrous, sir Dodynas le Saveayge, sir Kay la Senesciall, sir Gryffelet le Fyze de D⌜ie⌝u, sir Lucan de Butlere, sir Bedwere, sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys, sir Mordred, sir Melyot de Logrys, sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, sir Saphyr, sir Epynogrys, sir Gallerowne of Galeway. Alle thes fiftene knyghtes, that were knyghtes of the Rounde Table, so thes with mo other cam in togydir and bete abacke the kynge off
419 Northumbirlonde and the kynge of North Walys.

Whan sir Launcelot saw thys, as he hoved in the lytyll leved wood, than he seyde unto sir Lavayne,

'Se yondir ys a company of good knyghtes, and they holde them togydirs as borys that were chaced with doggis.'

'That ys trouth,' seyde sir Lavayne.

(11) 'Now,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and ye woll helpe a lityll, ye shall se the yonder felyship that chacith now thes men on oure syde, that they shall go as faste backwarde as they wente forewarde.'

'Sir, spare ye nat for my parte,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'for I shall do what I may.'

Than sir Launcelot and sir Lavayne cam in at the thyckyst of the prees, and there sir Launcelot smote downe sir Brandeles, sir Sagramour, sir Dodynas, sir Kay, sir Gryfflet, and all thys he ded with one speare. And sir Lavayne smote downe sir Lucan de Butlere and sir Bedwere. And than sir Launcelot gate another grete speare, and there he smote

with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Anguysshe of Irland (*a double homoeoteleuton in C due to the recurrence of* the kynge (*p. 1069 l. 35 and p. 1070 l. 2*) *and* smote downe (*ll. 1 and 2*)) 4 he *not in C* 10 *W* de Du *C** de dieu *F* Dieu 10–11 sir Bedwere sir Aggravayne sir Gaherys *not in C*† 14 that *not in C* *C* table round 15 *C* bete on bak the 16 *W* North North Walys 17 *C* in a lytil 20 *C* chauffed with dogges 23 the *not in C* *C* men in oure 26 *C*† spare not said 32 *C* Lucan de buttelere *S* Lucan the buttelere 33 grete *not in C*

downe sir Aggravayne and sir Gaherys, sir Mordred, sir Melyot de Logrys; and sir Lavayne smote downe sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy. And than sir Launcelot drew hys swerde, and there he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyf[t] honde, and by grete forse he unhorsed sir Safir, sir Epynogrys, and sir Galleron. And than the knyghtes of the Table Rounde withdrew them abacke aftir they had gotyn their horsys as well as they myght.

'A, mercy Jesu!' seyde sir Gawayne. 'What knyght ys yondir that doth so mervaylous dedys in that fylde?'

'I wote what he ys,' seyde the kyn[g], 'but as at thys tyme I woll nat name hym.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I wolde sey hit were sir Launcelot by hys rydynge and hys buffettis that I se hym deale. But ever mesemyth hit sholde nat be he, for that he beryth the rede slyve uppon hys helmet; for I wyst hym never beare tokyn at no justys of lady ne jantillwoman.'

'Lat hym be,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'for he woll be bettir knowyn and do more or ever he departe.'

Than the party that was ayenst kynge Arthur were well comforted, and than they hylde hem togydirs that befornhande were sore rebuked. Than sir Bors, sir Ector de Marys [and] sir Lyonell, they called unto them the knyghtes 419v of their blood, as sir Blamour de Ganys, sir Bleoberys, sir Alyduke, sir Galyhud, sir Galyhodyn, sir Bellyngere le Bewse. So thes nine knyghtes of sir Launcelottis kynne threst in myghtyly, for they were all noble knyghtes, and they of grete hate and despite [that they had unto hym] thought to rebuke sir Launcelot and sir Lavayne, for they knew hem nat.

And so they cam hurlyng togydirs and smote downe many knyghtes of North Walys and of Northumbirlonde. And whan sir Launcelot saw them fare so, he gate a grete speare in hys honde; and they encountird with hym all at onys, sir Bors, sir Ector, and sir Lyonell. And they three

4 *W* lyff *C** lyfte 9 *C* O mercy 10 *C* dedes of armes 11 *C*† I wote not what *C* sayd kynge Arthur 16 *C* vpon his hede 17 *C* nor gentilwoman 18 for *not in C* 23 *W* Marys sir Lyonell and they called *C* marys and sir Lyonel called 25–26 *C* Bellangere le beuse 26 *C*† launcelots skynne 28 *Not emended in O*[1] 29 *C* rebuke that noble knyght sir launcelot 33 grete *not in C* 35 *C* alle they thre

smote hym at onys with their spearys, and with fors of themselff they smote sir Launcelottis horse revers to the erthe. And by myssefortune sir Bors smote sir Launcelot thorow the shylde into the syde, and the speare brake and the hede leffte stylle in the syde.

Whan sir Lavayne saw hys mayster lye on the grounde he ran to the Kynge of Scottis and smote hym to the erthe; and by grete forse he toke hys horse and brought hym to sir Launcelot, and magré them all he made hym to mownte upon that horse. And than sir Launcelot gate a speare in hys honde, and there he smote sir Bors, horse and man, to the erthe; and in the same wyse he served sir Ector and sir Lyonell; and sir Lavayne smote downe sir Blamour de Gaynys. And than sir Launcelot drew hys swerde, for he felte hymselff so sore hurte that he wente there to have had hys deth. And than he smote sir Bleoberis such a buffet on the helmet that he felle downe to the erthe in a sowne, and in the same wyse he served sir Alyduke and sir Galyhud. And sir Lavayne smote down sir Bellyngere that was [sone] to Alysaunder le Orphelyn.

And by thys was done, was sir Bors horsed agayne and in cam with sir Ector and sir Lyonell, and all they three smote with their swerdis uppon sir Launcelottis helmet. And whan he felte their buffettis, and with that hys wounde greved hym grevously, tha[n] he thought to do what he myght
420r whyle he cowde endure. And than he gaff sir Bors such a buffette that he made hym bowghe hys hede passynge lowe; and therewithall he raced of hys helme, and myght have slayne hym, but whan he saw ⟨his⟩ vysayge so pulde hym downe. And in the same wyse he served sir Ector and sir Lyonell; for, as the booke seyth, he myght have slayne them, but whan he saw their visages hys herte myght nat serve hym thereto, but leffte hem there.

⌜And than afterward he hurled into the thyckest prees of them alle, and dyd there the merveyloust dedes of armes that ever man sawe⌝, and ever sir Lavayne with hym. And there

2 revers *not in C*† 9 *C* maulgre of them 15 *C* sore y hurte 19–20 *C** was the sone of Alysaunder 21 was done *not in C*† 21–22 *C* horsed and thenne he came with 24–25 *C* and his wounde the whiche was soo greuous 25 *W* that 26 *C* he myght endure 29 *C*† slayne hym & soo pulled hym *WO*1 their vysayges 34–36 *C** Aud (*S* And) thenne afterward he hurled in to

sir Launcelot with hys swerde smote downe and pulled downe, as the Freynsh booke seyth, mo than thirty knyghtes, and the moste party were of the Table Rounde. And there sir Lavayne dud full well that day, for he smote downe ten knyghtes of the Table Rounde.

'Mercy Jesu,' seyde sir Gawayne unto kynge Arthur, 'I (12) mervayle what knyght that he ys with the rede sleve.'

'Sir,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'he woll be knowyn or ever he departe.'

And than the kynge blew unto lodgynge, and the pryce was gyvyn by herowdis unto the knyght with the whyght shylde that bare the rede slyve. Than cam the kynge of North Galys, and the kynge of Northhumbirlonde, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and sir Galahalte the Haute Prince, [and] seyde unto sir Launcelot,

'Fayre knyght, God you blysse, for muche have ye done for us thys day. And therefore we pray you that ye woll com with us, that ye may resceyve the honour and the pryce as ye have worshypfully deserved hit.'

'Fayre lordys,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wete you well, gyff I have deserved thanke I have sore bought hit, and that me repentith hit, for I am never lyke to ascape with the lyff. Therefore, my fayre lordys, I pray you that ye woll suffir me to departe where me lykith, for I am sore hurte. And I take no forse of none honoure, for I had levir repose me than to be lorde of all the worlde.'

And therewithall he groned pyteuously and rode a grete walop awaywarde from them untyll he cam undir a woodys evyse. And whan he saw that he was frome the fylde nyghe a myle, that he was sure he myght nat be seyne, than he seyde with an hyghe voyce and with a grete grone,

thyckest prees of them alle and dyd there the merueyloust dedes of armes that ener (*S* euer) man sawe or herde speke of And euer sire Lauayne the good knyghte with hym *F* (*La Mort le Roi Artu*, ed. Frappier, ch. 20) et commence a doner granz cox destre et senestre et a abatre chevaliers et a occire chevax et a esrachier escuz de cox et hiaumes de testes et a fere granz proesces de toutes parz si que nus nel voit qui nel tiengne a grant merveille

2 *C* book maketh mencyon moo 8 ever *not in C* 12–15 *C* kynge with the honderd knyȝtes the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge of Northumberland and sir Galahaut the haute prynce and* sayd 16 *C* god the blesse 17 *C* this day for vs 20 *C* My faire 22 hit *not in C* *C* with my lyf 23 my *not in C* 28–29 *C* woodes syde 31 and with a grete grone *not in C*†

420v 'A, jantill knyght, sir Lavayne! Helpe me that thys truncheoune were oute of my syde, for hit stykith so sore that hit nyghe sleyth me.'

'A, myne owne lorde,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'I wolde fayne do that myght please you, but I drede me sore, and I pulle oute the truncheoune, that ye shall be in perelle of dethe.'

'I charge you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'as ye love me, draw hit oute!'

And therewithall he descended frome hys horse, and ryght so ded sir Lavayne; and forthwithall he drew the truncheoune oute of hys syde, and gaff a grete shryche and a gresly grone, that the blood braste oute, nyghe a pynte at onys, that at the laste he sanke downe uppon hys arse and so sowned downe, pale and dedly.

'Alas,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'what shall I do?'

And than he turned sir Launcelot into the wynde, and so he lay there nyghe halff an owre as he had bene dede. And so at the laste sir Launcelot caste up hys yghen and seyde,

'A, sir Lavayne, helpe me that I were on my horse! For here ys faste by, within thys two myle, a jantill ermyte that somtyme was a full noble knyght and a grete lorde of possessyons. And for grete goodnes he hath takyn hym to wyllfull poverté and forsakyn myghty londys. And hys name ys sir Bawdwyn of Bretayne, and he ys a full noble surgeon and a good leche. Now lat se and helpe me up that I were there, for ever my harte gyvith me that I shall never dye of my cousyne jermaynes hondys.'

And than with grete payne sir Lavayne holpe hym uppon hys horse, and than they rode a grete walop togydirs, and ever sir Launcelot bled, that hit ran downe to the erthe. And so by fortune they cam to an ermytayge [whiche] was undir a woode, and a grete clyff on the othir syde, and a fayre watir rennynge undir hit. And than sir Lavayne bete on the gate with the but of hys speare and cryed faste,

'Lat in, for Jesus sake!'

1 *C* O gentyl 4 *C* O myn 10 *C** forth with al sir Lauayn drewe 11 *C* a merueillous grysely 13–14 *C* his buttocks & so swounde pale 16–17 *C* wynde but so 20 *C* O Lauayn 24 *C* forsaken many landes 26 *C* see helpe 32 *C** to that hermytage the whiche

And anone there cam a fayre chylde to hem and asked them what they wolde.

'Fayre sonne,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'go and pray thy lorde the ermyte for Goddys sake to late in here a knyght that ys full sore wounded. And thys day, telle thy lorde, I saw hym do more dedys of armys than ever I herde sey that ony man ded.'

So the chylde wente in lyghtly, and than he brought the ermyte whych was a passynge lycly man. Whan sir Lavayne **421** saw hym he prayed hym for Goddys sake of succour.

'What knyght ys he?' seyde the ermyte. 'Ys he of the house of kynge Arthure or nat?'

'I wote nat,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'what he ys, nother what ys hys name, but well I wote I saw hym do mervaylously thys day as of dedys of armys.'

'On whos party was he?' seyde the ermyte.

'Sir,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'he was thys day ayenste kynge Arthure, and there he wanne the pryce of all the knyghtis of the Rounde Table.'

'I have seyne the day', seyde the ermyte, 'I wolde have loved hym the worse bycause he was ayenste my lorde kynge Arthure, for sometyme I was one of the felyship, but now I thanke God I am othirwyse disposed. But where ys he? Lat me se hym.'

Than sir Lavayne brought the ermyte to hym. And whan (13) the ermyte behylde hym as he sate leenynge uppon hys sadyll-bowe, ever bledynge spiteuously, and ever the knyght ermyte thought that he sholde know hym; but he coude nat brynge hym to knowlech bycause he was so pale for bledyng.

'What knyght ar ye?' seyde the ermyte, 'and where were ye borne?'

'My fayre lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am a straunger and a knyght aventures that laboureth thorowoute many realmys for to wynne worship.'

Than the ermyte avysed hym bettir, and saw by a wounde on hys chyeke that he was sir Launcelot.

'Alas,' seyde the ermyte, 'myne owne lorde! Why layne

9 *C* the whiche *C* passynge good man 22–23 *C* felauship of the round table but I thanke god now I am 27 *C* bledynge pytously

you youre name from me? Perdeus, I ought to know you of ryght, for ye ar the moste nobelyst knyght of the worlde. For well I know you for sir Launcelot.'

'Sir,' seyde he, 'syth ye know me, helpe me, and ye may, for Goddys sake! For I wolde be oute of thys payne at onys, othir to deth othir to lyff.'

'Have ye no doute,' seyde the ermyte, 'for ye shall lyve and fare ryght well.'

And so the ermyte called to hym two of hys servauntes, and so they bare hym into the ermytayge, and lyghtly unarmed hym and leyde hym in hys bedde. And than anone the ermyte staunched hys bloode and made hym to drynke good wyne, that he was well refygowred and knew hymselff. 421v For in thos dayes hit was nat the gyse as ys nowadayes; for there were none ermytis in tho dayes but that they had bene men of worship and of prouesse, and tho ermytes hylde grete householdis and refreysshed people that were in distresse.

Now turned we unto kynge Arthure and leve we sir Launcelot in the ermytayge. So whan the kyngis were togydirs on both partyes, and the grete feste sholde be holdyn, kynge Arthure asked the kynge of North Galis and their felyshyp where was that knyght that bare the rede slyve.

'Lat brynge hym before me, that he may have hys lawde and honoure and the pryce, as hit ys ryght.'

Than spake sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and seyde,

'We suppose that knyght ys myscheved so that he ys never lyke to se you nother none of us all. And that ys the grettyst pyté that ever we wyste of ony knyght.'

'Alas,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'how may thys be? Ys he so sore hurte? But what ys hys name?' seyde kynge Arthure.

'Truly,' seyde they all, 'we know nat hys name, nother frome whens he cam, nother whother he wolde.'

'Alas,' seyde the kynge, 'thys ys the warste tydyngis that cam to me thys seven yere! For I wolde nat for all the londys

1 *C* me For sothe I oughte 7 for *not in C* 10 *C* and so he and his serauntes bare 13 *C* so that sir launcelot was wel refresshed and 14 *C* guyse of hermytes 15 *W* but that but that 17 *C* housholde 19–20 *C** were comen to gyders 24 Lat *not in C* 27 and seyde *not in C* 31–32 *C*† soo hurte What 35 *C* this be to me the werst tydynges

I welde to knowe and wyte hit were so that that noble knyght were slayne.'

'Sir, knowe ye ought of hym?' seyde they all.

'As for that,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'whethir I know hym other none, ye shall nat know for me what man he ys but Allmyghty Jesu sende me good tydyngis of hym.'

And so seyde they all.

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'gyff hit so be that the good knyght be so sore hurte, hit ys gret damage and pité to all thys londe, for he ys one of the nobelyst knyghtes that ever I saw in a fylde handyll speare or swerde. And iff he may be founde I shall fynde hym, for I am sure he ys nat farre frome thys contrey.'

'Sir, ye beare you well,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and ye [maye] fynde hym, onles that he be in such a plyte that he may nat welde hymselff.'

'Jesu defende!' seyde sir Gawayne. 'But wyte well, I shall know what he ys and I may fynde hym.'

Ryght so sir Gawayne toke a squyre with hym uppon **422r** hakeneyes and rode all aboute Camelot within six or seven myle, but so⟨ne⟩ he com agayne and cowde here no worde of hym. Than within two dayes kynge Arthure and all the felyshyp returned unto London agayne. And so as they rode by the way hyt happened sir Gawayne at Astolot to lodge with sir Barnarde thereas was sir Launcelot lodged.

And so as sir Gawayne was in hys chamber to repose hym, sir Barnarde, the olde barowne, cam in to hym, and hys doughtir Elayne, to chere hym and to aske hym what tydyngis, and who ded beste at the turnemente of Wynchester.

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'there were two knyghtes that bare two whyght shyldys, but one of them bare a rede sleve uppon hys hede, and sertaynly he was the beste knyght that ever y saw juste in fylde. For I dare sey,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that one knyght with the rede slyve smote downe fourty knyghtes of the Rounde Table, and his felow ded ryght well and worshipfully.'

3 Sir *not in C* ought of *not in C*† 4–5 *C* hym or knowe hym not ye 6 *C*† good good 11 *C* a spere or a suerd 13 *C* fro this towne 14 Sir ye *not in C* 17 well *not in C*† 18 know *not in C*† 21 *Not emended in O*[1] 24 *C* hit happed 31 *C* but the one 32–33 *C* was one of the beste knyghtes

'Now blyssed be God,' seyde thys Fayre Maydyn of Astolate, 'that that knyght sped so welle! For he ys the man in the worlde that I firste loved, and truly he shall be the laste that ever I shall love.'

5 'Now, fayre maydyn,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'ys that good knyght youre love?'

'Sertaynly, sir,' she seyde, 'he ys my love.'

'Than know ye hys name?' seyde sir Gawayne.

'Nay, truly, sir,' seyde the damesell, 'I know nat hys name 10 nothir frome whens he com, but to sey that I love hym, I promyse God and you I love hym.'

'How had ye knowlecch of hym firste?' seyde sir Gawayne.

(14) Than she tolde hym, as ye have harde before, and how hir fadir betoke hym her brother to do hym servyse, and how 15 hir fadir lente hym her brothirs, sir Tyrryes, shylde: 'and here with me he leffte hys owne shylde.'

'For what cause ded he so?' seyde sir Gawayne.

'For thys cause,' seyde the damesell, 'for hys shylde was full well knowyn amonge many noble knyghtes.'

20 'A, fayre damesell,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'please hit you to lette me have a syght of that shylde?'

422v 'Sir,' she seyde, 'hit ys in my chambir, coverde wyth a case, and if ye woll com with me ye shall se hit.'

'Nat so,' seyde sir Barnarde to hys doughter, 'but sende ye 25 for that shylde.'

So whan the shylde was com sir Gawayne toke of the case, and whan he behylde that shylde [he] knew hyt anone that hit was sir Launcelottis shylde and hys owne armys.

'A, Jesu mercy!' seyde sir Gawayne, 'now ys my herte more 30 hevyar than ever hit was tofore.'

'Why?' seyde thys mayde Elayne.

'For I have a grete cause,' seyde sir Gawayne. 'Ys that knyght that owyth thys shylde youre love?'

'Yee truly,' she sayde, 'my love ys he. God wolde that I 35 were hys love!'

'So God me spede,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'fayre damesell,

1 *C* the fayre 3 *C* be laste 7 *C* sayd she wete ye wel he is 10 *C* cometh 11 *C* promyse you and god that I 16 *W* he leffte he leffte 18–19 *C* was to wel 20 to *not in C* 24–26 *C* tyl his doughter lete send for it Soo whan 27 *WO*1 and knew hyt anone *C* he knewe anone 31 thys mayd *not in C* (*homoeoteleuton?*) 32 a *not in C* 34 *C* he is that *not in C*

ye have ryght, for and he be youre love, ye love the moste honorabelyst knyght of the worlde and the man of moste worship.'

'So methought ever,' seyde the damesell, 'for never ar that tyme no knyght that ever I saw loved I never none a[r]ste.'

'God graunte,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that aythir of you may rejoyse othir, but that ys in a grete aventure. But truly,' seyde sir Gawayne unto the damesell, 'ye may sey ye have a fayre grace, for why I have knowyn that noble knyght thys four-and-twenty yere, and never or that day I nor none othir knyght, I dare make good, saw never nother herde say that ever he bare tokyn or sygne of no lady, jantillwoman, nor maydyn at no justis nother turnemente. And therefore, fayre maydyn, ye ar much beholdyn to hym to gyff hym thanke. But I drede me', seyde sir Gawayne, 'that ye shall never se hym in thys worlde, and that ys as grete pité as ever was of ony erthely man.'

'Alas,' seyde she, 'how may thys be? Ys he slayne?'

'I say nat so,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'but wete you well he ys grevously wounded, by all maner of sygnys, and by meanys of syght more lycklyer to be dede than to be on lyve. And wyte you well he ys the noble knyght sir Launcelot, for by thys shylde I know hym.'

'Alas!' seyde thys Fayre Maydyn of Astolat, 'how may thys be? And what was hys hurte?'

'Truly,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'the man in the worlde that **423** loved beste hym hurte hym. And I dare sey,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and that knyght that hurte hym knew the verry sertaynté that he had hurte sir Launcelot, hit were the moste sorow that ever cam to hys herte.'

'Now, fayre fadir,' seyde than Elayne, 'I requyre you gyff me leve to ryde and seke hym, othir ellis I wote well I shall go oute of my mynde. For I shall never stynte tyll that I fynde hym and my brothir, sir Lavayne.'

'Do ye as hit lykith you,' seyde hir fadir, 'for sore me repentis of the hurte of that noble knyght.'

2 *C* honourable 5 tyme for no 6 *W* asste 12 *C* sawe nor herd 15 *C* mayden said sire Gawayne ye 17 *C* is grete pyte that euer 18 *C* of erthely knyght 21 *C* greuously 21–22 *C** by mens syghte 28 *C** loued hym best hurte hym soo and 30 *C* it wold be the moost 36 ye *not in C* *C* me sore

Ryght so the mayde made hyr redy and departed before sir Gawayne makynge grete dole. Than on the morne sir Gawayne com to kynge Arthure and tolde hym all how he had founde sir Launcelottis shylde in the kepynge of the Fayre Mayden of Astolat.

'All that knew I aforehande,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'and that caused me I wolde nat suffir you to have ado at the grete justis; for I aspyed hym whan he cam untyll hys lodgyng, full late in the evenyng, into Astolat. But grete mervayle have I,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'that ever he wolde beare ony sygne of ony damesell, for ar now I never herde sey nor knew that ever he bare ony tokyn of none erthely woman.'

'Be my hede, sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'the Fayre Maydyn of Astolat lovith hym mervaylously well. What hit meanyth I cannat sey. And she ys ryddyn aftir to seke hym.'

So the kynge and all com to London, and there Gawayne all opynly disclosed hit to all the courte that hit was sir (15) Launcelot that justed beste. And whan sir Bors harde that, wyte you well he was an hevy man, and so were all hys kynnysmen. But whan the quyene wyst that hit was sir Launcelot that bare the rede slyve of the Fayre Maydyn of Astolat, she was nygh ought of her mynde for wratthe. And than she sente for sir Bors de Ganys in all haste that myght be. So whan sir Bors was com before the quyene she seyde,

423ᵛ 'A, sir Bors! Have ye nat herde sey how falsely sir Launcelot hath betrayed me?'

'Alas, madame,' seyde sir Bors, 'I am aferde he hath betrayed hymselff and us all.'

'No forse,' seyde the quene, 'though he be distroyed, for he ys a false, traytoure knyght.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Bors, 'I pray you sey ye no more so, for wyte you well I may nat here no such langayge of hym.'

'Why so, sir Bors?' seyde she. 'Shold I nat calle hym traytoure whan he bare the rede slyve uppon hys hede at Wynchester at the grete justis?'

1 departed *not in C*† 3 all *not in C* 8 *C* aspyed said kynge Arthur whan he cam in tyl 9 *C* in Astolat grete *not in C* 13 *C* hede said 16–17 *C* sire Gawayne openly disclosed to alle 20 *C* whan quene Gueneuer *W* wyste that wyst that 20–21 *C* that syre Launcelot bare 23 *C* alle the hast 24 *C* thenne she sayd 25 nat *not in C* 31–32 *C* ye not so 34 so *not in C*

'Madame,' seyde sir Bors, 'that slyeve-berynge repentes me, but I dare say he dud beare hit to none evyll entent, but for thys cause he bare the rede slyve that none of hys blood shold know hym. For or than we nother none of us all never knew that ever he bare tokyn or sygne of maydyn, lady, nothir jantillwoman.'

'Fy on hym!' seyde the quene. 'Yet for all hys pryde and bobbaunce, there ye proved youreselff better man than he.'

'Nay, madam, sey ye nevermore so, for he bete me and my felowys, and myght have slayne us and he had wolde.'

'Fy on hym!' seyde the quene. 'For I harde sir Gawayne say before my lorde Arthure that hit were mervayle to telle the grete love that ys betwene the Fayre Maydyn of Astolat and hym.'

'Madam,' seyde sir Bors, 'I may nat warne sir Gawayne to sey what hit pleasith hym, but I dare sey, as for my lorde sir Launcelot, that he lovith no lady, jantillwoman, nother mayden, but as he lovith all inlyke muche. And therefore, madam,' seyde sir Bors, 'ye may sey what ye wyll, but wyte you well I woll hast me to syke hym and fynde hym where-sumever he be, and God sende me good tydyngis of hym!'

And so leve we them there, and speke we of sir Launcelot that lay in grete perell. And so as thys fayre madyn Elayne cam to Wynchester she sought there all aboute, and by fortune sir Lavayne, hir brothir, was ryddyn to sporte hym to enchaff hys horse. And anone as thys maydyn Elayne saw hym she knew hym, and than she cryed on-lowde tylle **424** hym, and whan he herde her he com to her. And anone with that she asked hir brother,

'How dothe my lorde, sir Launcelot?'

'Who tolde you, syster, that my lordys name was sir Launcelot?'

Than she tolde hym how sir Gawayne by hys shylde knew hym.

2 *C** me sore beare *not in C* 3 *C*† yf his 4 *W* nother none nother none of us all 8 *W* for there (*contamination*) 8–9 *C* your self his better Nay 16 *C* pleasyd 18 *C* but all he loueth in lyke 23 thys *not in C* madyn *not in C* 25 hir brother *not in C* 25–26 *C* to playe hym to enchauffe 26 thys maydyn *not in C* 27–28 *W* and than she cryed on lowde tylle hym and than she cryed on lowde to hym *C* vyntyl hym 28 *C* her anone he 28–29 *C* and thenne she 30 *C* how dyd

So they rode togydirs tyll that they cam to the ermytayge, and anone she alyght. So sir Lavayne brought her in to sir Launcelot, and whan she saw hym ly so syke and pale in hys bed she myght nat speke, but suddeynly she felle downe to the erthe in a sowghe. And there she lay a grete whyle. And when she was releved she shryked and seyde,

'My lord, sir Launcelot! Alas, whyghe lye ye in thys plyte?'

And than she sowned agayne. And than sir Launcelot prayde sir Lavayne to take hir up, 'and brynge hir hydir to me'. And whan she cam to herselff sir Launcelot kyste her and seyde,

'Fayre maydyn, why fare ye thus? For ye put me to more payne. Wherefore make ye no such chere, for and ye be com to comforte me, ye be ryght wellcom; and of thys lytyll hurte that I have I shall be ryght hastely hole, by the grace of God. But I mervayle', seyde sir Launcelot, 'who tolde you my name.'

And so thys maydyn tolde hym all how sir Gawayne was lodged with hir fader, 'and there by youre shylde he dyscoverde youre name.'

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that repentith me that my name ys knowyn, for I am sure hit woll turne untyll angir.'

And than sir Launcelot compaste in hys mynde that sir Gawayne wolde telle quene Gwenyvere how he bare the rede slyve and for whom, that he wyst well wolde turne unto grete angur.

So thys maydyn Elayne never wente frome sir Launcelot, but wacched hym day and nyght, and dud such attendaunce to hym that the Freynshe booke seyth there was never woman dyd never more kyndlyer for man. Than sir Launce-
424v lot prayde sir Lavayne to make aspyes in Wynchester for sir Bors if he cam there, and tolde hym by what tokyns he sholde know hym: by a wounde in hys forehede.

'For I am sure,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that sir Bors woll seke me, for he ys the same good knyght that hurte me.'

4–5 *C* but sodenly she felle to the erthe doune sodenly in a swoun and there 6 *C* stryked *S* shryked 7 *C* why be ye 10 hydir *not in C* 13 more *not in C* 14 *C* nomore suche 19 *C* thenne the fayre mayden 22 *C* me repenteth 25 *P* Gawnynge *R* Gawnyne *S* Gawayne 31 *C* dyd more kyndelyer for man than she Thenne 35 *C* for wel I am

Now turne we unto sir Bors de Ganys, that cam untyll (16)
Wynchestir to seke aftir hys cosyne sir Launcelot. And
whan he cam to Wynchester sir Lavayne leyde wacche for
sir Bors. And anone he had warnyng of hym, and so he
founde hym, and anone he salewed hym and tolde hym 5
frome whens he com.

'Now, fayre knyght,' seyde sir Bors, 'ye be wellcom, and I
requyre you that ye woll brynge me to my lorde sir Launce-
lot.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'take youre horse, and within thys 10
owre ye shall se hym.'

So they departed and com to the ermytayge. And whan
sir Bors saw sir Launcelot lye in hys bedde, dede pale and
discoloured, anone sir Bors loste hys countenaunce, and for
kyndenes and pité he myght nat speke but wepte tendirly a 15
grete whyle. But whan he myght speke he seyde thus:

'A, my lorde sir Launcelot, God you blysse and sende
you hasty recoveryng! For full hevy am I of my mysfortune
and of myne unhappynesse. For now I may calle myselff
unhappy, and I drede me that God ys gretely [displeasyd] 20
with me, that He wolde suffir me to have such a shame for to
hurte you that ar all oure ledar and all oure worship; and
therefore I calle myselff unhappy. Alas, that ever such a
caytyff knyght as I am sholde have power by unhappines to
hurte the moste noblyst knyght of the worlde! Where I so 25
shamefully sette uppon you and overcharged you, and where
ye myght have slayne me, ye saved me; and so ded nat I, for
I and all oure bloode ded to you their utteraunce. I mer-
vayle', seyde sir Bors, 'that my herte or my bloode wolde
serve me. Wherefore, my lorde sir Launcelot, I aske you 30
mercy.'

'Fayre cousyn,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye be ryght wellcom,
and wyte you well, overmuche ye se[y] for the plesure of me
whych pleasith me nothynge, for why I have the same

1–2 *C* vnto wynchestre 3–7 *C** wynchestre anone there were men that sire Lauayne had made to lye in a watche for suche a man and anone sir Lauayne had warnynge and thenne sire Lauayne came to wynchestre and fond sir Bors and there he told hym what he was and with whome he was and what was his name Now fayr 7 ye be wellcom and *not in C* 13 dede *not in C* 17 *C* O my 18 *C* recouer 28 all *not in C* *C* our vtteraunce 30–31 *C* your mercy 33 *W* ye se *C** ye say 33–34 *C* for to please me the whiche pleaseth me not

425r isought; for I wolde with pryde have overcom you all. And there in my pryde I was nere slayne, and that was in myne owne defaughte; for I myght have gyffyn you warnynge of my beynge there, and [than] had I had no hurte. For hit ys an olde-seyde sawe, "there ys harde batayle thereas kynne and frendys doth batayle ayther ayenst other", for there may be no mercy, but mortall warre. Therefore, fayre cousyn,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'lat thys langage overpasse, and all shall be wellcom that God sendith. And latte us leve of thy[s] mater and speke of som rejoysynge, for thys that ys done may nat be undone; and lat us fynde a remedy how sone that I may be hole.'

Than sir Bors lenyd uppon hys beddys syde and tolde sir Launcelot how the quene was passynge wrothe with hym, 'because ye ware the rede slyve at the grete justes'. And there sir Bors tolde hym all how sir Gawayne discoverde hit 'by youre shylde' that he leffte with the Fayre Madyn of Astolat.

'Than ys the quene wrothe?' seyde sir Launcelot. 'Therefore am I ryght hevy, but I deserved no wrath, for all that I ded was bycause I wolde nat be knowyn.'

'Sir, ryght so excused I you,' seyde sir Bors, 'but all was in vayne, for she seyde more largelyer to me than [I] to you sey now. But, sir, ys thys she,' seyde sir Bors, 'that ys so busy aboute you, that men calle the Fayre Maydyn of Astolat?'

'Forsothe, she hit ys,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that by no meany[s] I cannat put her fro me.'

'Why sholde ye put her frome you?' seyde sir Bors. 'For she ys a passyng fayre damesell, and well besayne and well taught. And God wolde, fayre cousyn,' seyde sir Bors, 'that ye cowde love her, but as to that I may nat nother dare nat counceyle you. But I se well,' seyde sir Bors, 'by her dyligence aboute you that she lovith you intyerly.'

'That me repentis,' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Well,' seyde sir Bors, 'she ys nat the first that hath loste hir payne uppon you, and that ys the more pyté.'

4 *C** And thenne had I 6 for *not in C* 7 *C†* Tlerfor *S* Therfor 8 *C* thys speche ouerpasse 9–10 *W* thy mater *C* this mater and lete vs speke of 15 *C* he ware 17 *C** ye lefte 22 Sir *not in C* 23 sey *not in C* 24 *C* But is this 26 Forsothe *not in C* 29 For *not in C* 31 *C* nor I dare 33 *C* entierly 35 *C* syr said syr Bors

And so they talked of many mo thynges.

And so within three or four dayes sir Launcelot wexed bygge and lyght. Than sir [Bors] tolde sir [Launcelot] how there was sworne a grete turnement betwyxt kyng Arthure and the kynge of North Galis, that sholde be uppon Allhalowmasse day, besydes Wynchestir. 425v (17)

'Is that trouth?' seyde sir Launcelot. 'Than shall ye abyde with me stylle a lityll whyle untyll that I be hole, for I fele myself resonabely bygge and stronge.'

'Blessed be God!' seyde sir Bors.

Than they were there nyghe a moneth togydirs, and ever thys maydyn Elayne ded ever hir dyligence and labour both nyght and day unto sir Launcelot, that there was never chylde nother wyff more mekar tyll fadir and husbande than was thys Fayre Maydyn of Astolat; wherefore sir Bors was gretly pleased with her.

So uppon a day, by the assente of sir Lavayne, sir Bors, and sir Launcelot, they made the ermyte to seke in woodys for diverse erbys, and so sir Launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadir erbys for hym to make hym a bayne. So in the meanewhyle sir Launcelot made sir Lavayne to arme hym at all pecis, and there he thought to assay hymselff uppon horsebacke with a speare, whether he myght welde hys armour and hys speare for hys hurte or nat.

And so whan he was uppon hys horse he steyrred hym freyshly, and the horse was passyng lusty and frycke because he was nat laboured of a moneth before. And than sir Launcelot bade sir Lavayne gyff hym that grete speare, and so sir Launcelot cowchyd that speare in the reeste. The courser lepte myghtyly whan he felte the spurres, and he that was uppon hym, [whiche] was the nobelyst horseman of the worlde, strayned hym myghtyly and stabely, and kepte stylle the speare in the reeste. And therewith sir Launcelot

2–3 *C* thre dayes or four sire launcelot was bygge and stronge ageyne CAPITULUM XVII Thenne sire Bors* told sire launcelot* *W* Launcelot tolde sir Bors 4 *C* turnement and Iustes betwixe 9 *C* my self ryght bygge 12–13 *C* dylygente labour nyghte 14 *C* to her fader 15 *C* that fayre 17–18 *C* syr launcelot syre Bors and syre lauayne they 21 *C*† made hym to arme 22–24 *C*† assaye his armour and his spere for his hurte or not (*homoeoteleuton*) 25–26 *C* hym fyersly and 26–27 *C* and fresshe by cause 27 of *not in C* 28–29 bade sir Lavayne gyff hym that grete speare and so sir Launcelot *not in C*† (*homoeoteleuton*) 29–30 *C* that courser 31 *C** hym the whiche was 31–32 *C*† hors of the

strayned hymselff so straytly, with so grete fors, to gete the courser forewarde that the bottom of hys wounde braste both within and withoute, and therewithall the bloode cam oute so fyersely that he felte hymselff so feble that he myght nat sitte uppon hys horse. And than sir Launcelot cryed unto sir Bors,

'A, sir Bors and sir Lavayne, helpe! For I am com unto myne ende!'

426r And therewith he felle downe on the one syde to the erth lyke a dede coorse. And than sir Bors and sir Lavayne cam unto hym with sorow-makynge oute of mesure. And so by fortune thys mayden, Elayne, harde their mournynge; and than she cam, and whan she founde sir Launcelot there armed in that place she cryed and wepte as she had bene wood. And than she kyssed hym and ded what she myght to awake hym, and than she rebuked her brothir and sir Bors, and called hem false traytours, and seyde,

'Why wolde ⟨ye⟩ take hym oute of hys bed? For and he dye, I woll appele you of hys deth!'

And so with that cam the ermyte, sir Bawdewyn of Bretayne, and whan he founde sir Launcelot in that plyte he seyde but lityll, but wyte you well he was wroth. But he seyde, 'Lette us have hym in', and anone they bare hym into the ermytage and unarmed hym, and leyde hym in hys bedde; and evermore hys wounde bled spiteuously, but he stirred no lymme off hym. Than the knyght armyte put a thynge in hys nose and a litill dele of watir in hys mowthe, and than sir Launcelot waked of hys swowghe. And than the ermyte staunched hys bledyng, and whan sir Launcelot myght speke he asked why he put his lyff so in jouperté.

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'because I wente I had be stronge inowghe, and also sir Bors tolde me there sholde be at [Al]halowmasse a grete justis betwyxte kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northe Galys. And therefore I thought to assay myselff, whether I myght be there or not.'

1–2 *C* gete the hors forward 12 *C* came thyder 16–19 *C* traytours why they wold take hym out of his bedde there she cryed and sayd she wold appele them of his deth With this came the holy heremyte 21–22 *C* wrothe and thenne he bad hem lete vs 22–23 *C* And so they alle bare hym vnto the 24 *C* pytously 27 *C* swoune 28–29 *C* And whan he myghte speke he asked sir launcelot why 29 so *not in C* 31 inowghe *not in C*† *W* there sholde be that there sholde be 32 *WO*1 Halowmasse 33–34 *C* assaye hit my self

'A, sir Launcelot,' seyde the ermyte, 'youre harte and youre currayge woll never be done untyll youre laste day! But ye shall do now be my counceyle: lat sir Bors departe frome you, and lat hym do at that turnemente what he may; and, by the grace of God,' seyde the knyght ermyte, 'be that the turnemente be done and he comyn hydir agayne, sir, ye shall be hole, so that ye woll be governed by me.'

Than sir Bors made hym redy to departe frome hym, and (18)
sir Launcelot seyde,

'Fayre cousyn, sir Bors, recommaunde me unto all tho ye 426v
owght recommaunde me unto, and I pray you enforce youreselff at that justis that ye may be beste, for my love. And here shall I abyde you, at the mercy of God, tyll youre agayne-commynge.'

And so sir Bors departed and cam to the courte of kynge Arthure, and tolde hem in what place he leffte sir Launcelot.

'That me repentis!' seyde the kynge. 'But syn he shall have hys lyff, we all may thanke God.'

And than sir Bors tolde the quene what jouperté sir Launcelot was in whan he wolde asayde hys horse:

'And all that he ded was for the love of you, because he wolde a bene at thys turnemente.'

'Fy on hym, recreayde knyght!' seyde the quene. 'For wyte you well I am ryght sory and he shall have hys lyff.'

'Madam, hys lyff shall he have,' seyde sir Bors, 'and who that wolde otherwyse, excepte you, madame, we that ben of hys blood wolde helpe to shortyn their lyves! But, madame,' seyde sir Bors, 'ye have ben oftyntymes displeased with my lorde sir Launcelot, but at all tymys at the ende ye founde hym a trew knyght.'

And so he departed. And than every knyght of the Rounde Table that were there that tyme presente made them redy to that justes at Allhalowmasse. And thidir drew many knyghtes of diverse contreyes. And as Halowmasse drew

6 *C*† and ye come 6–7 *C* syr launcelot shall be as hole as ye soo that he† wil be gouerned 8–9 *C* de parte (*S* departe) from syre launcelot and thenne sir launcelot sayd 10–11 *C* alle (*S* all) them vnto whom me ought to recommaunde 13–14 *C* tyl ye come ageyne 16 *C* he had lefte 19 *C* and there syre 20 *C* was whanne *C* assaye 21 *C* dyd madame was 25 Madam *not in C* 30 *C*† fynde 32 *C* there at that 33 *C* to be at that Iustes 34 *C** as al halowemasse

nere, thydir cam the kynge of North Galis, and the Kynge with the Hondred Knyghtes, and sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce of Surluse. And thider cam kynge Angwysh of Irelonde, and the Kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the Kynge of Scottis. So thes three kynges com to kynge Arthurs party.

And so that day sir Gawayne ded grete dedys of armys and began first; and the herowdis nombirde that sir Gawayne smote downe twenty knyghtes. Than sir Bors de Ganys cam in the same tyme, and he was numbir[de] he smote downe twenty knyghtes; and therefore the pryse was gyvyn betwyxt them bothe, for they began firste and lengist
427 endured. Also sir Gareth, as the boke seyth, ded that day grete dedis of armys, for he smote downe and pulled downe thirty knyghtes; but whan he had done that dedis he taryed nat, but so departed, and therefore he loste hys pryse. And sir Palamydes ded grete dedis of armys that day, for he smote downe twenty knyghtes; but he departed suddeynly, and men demed that he and sir Gareth rode togydirs to som maner adventures.

So whan thys turnement was done sir Bors departed, and rode tylle he cam to sir Launcelot, hys cousyne. And than he founde hym walkyng on hys feete, and there aythir made grete joy of other.

And so he tolde sir Launcelot of all the justys, lyke as ye have herde.

'I mervayle', seyde sir Launcelot, 'that sir Gareth, whan he had done such dedis of armys, that he wolde nat tarry.'

'Sir, thereof we mervayled all,' seyde sir Bors, 'for but if hit were you, other the noble knyght sir Trystram, other the good knyght sir Lamorake de Galis, I saw never knyght bere so many knyghtes and smyte downe in so litill a whyle a[s] ded sir Gareth. And anone as he was gone we all wyst nat where he becom.'

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'he ys a noble knyght and a myghty man and well-brethed; and yf he were well assayed,' seyd sir Launcelot, 'I wolde deme he were good

4 and the kynge of Northumbirlonde *not in C*† (*cf. next sentence*: 'thes three kynges') 5 *C* came on kynge 6 *W* ded sir Gawayne ded 9–10 *C* was nombred that he smote 14 *C* these dedes 18 that *not in C* 24 *C* so sire Bors told 28 Sir *not in C* 29–30 *C*† yow or syr Tristram or syre lamorak 30–31 *C* knyȝt bere doune soo many in so lytel 32–34 *C*† we wyste not where By my

inow for ony knyght that beryth the lyff. And he ys jantill, curteyse and ryght bownteuous, meke and mylde, and in hym ys no maner of male engynne, but playne, faythfull an trew.'

So than they made hem redy to departe frome the ermytayge. And so uppon a morne they toke their horsis, and this Elayne le Blanke with hem. And whan they cam to Astolat there were they well lodged and had grete chere of sir Barnarde, the olde baron, and of sir Tirré, hys sonne.

And so uppon the morne, whan sir Launcelot sholde departe, fayre Elayne brought hir fadir with her, and sir Lavayne, and sir Tyrré, and than thus she sayde:

'My lorde, sir Launcelot, now I se ye woll departe frome (19)
me. Now, fayre knyght and curtayse knyght,' seyde she, 'have
mercy uppon me, and suffir me nat to dye for youre love.' 427v

'Why, what wolde ye that I dud?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Sir, I wolde have you to my husbande,' seyde Elayne.

'Fayre damesell, I thanke you hartely,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but truly,' seyde he, 'I caste me never to be wedded man.'

'Than, fayre knyght,' seyde she, 'woll ye be my paramour?'

'Jesu deffende me!' seyde sir Launcelot. 'For than I rewarded youre fadir and youre brothir full evyll for their grete goodnesse.'

'Alas! Than', seyde she, 'I muste dye for youre love.'

'Ye shall nat do so,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for wyte you well, fayre mayden, I myght have bene maryed and I had wolde, but I never applyed me yett to be maryed. But bycause, fayre damesell, that ye love me as ye sey ye do, I woll for youre good wylle and kyndnes shew to you som goodnesse. That ys thys, that wheresomever ye woll besette youre herte uppon som good knyght that woll wedde you, I shall gyff you togydirs a thousand pounde yerly, to you and to youre ayris. This muche woll I gyff you, fayre

1–2 *C* is a gentyl knyghte curtois true and bounteuous 3 *C* and trewe 4–5 *C* from the heremyte 6 this *not in C* 11 than *not in C* 12–13 frome me *not in C*† 13–14 *W* knyghte seyde she woll ye be my paramoure have mercy (*contamination, cf. l. 20*) *C* knyghte haue mercy 14 *C* thy loue 15 Why *not in C* *C** wold ye *W* wolde you 16 Sir *not in C* 17 hartely *not in C*† 24 *C* Allas sayd she thenne must I 25 do *not in C* 27 *C* me to be maryed yet but 29 *C* shewe yow 30 *C* where someuer *S*† were someuer 31–32 *W* you and I *C** yow I 33 *C* thus moche 33–p. 1090, l. 1 *C*† faire madame

mayden, for youre kyndnesse, and allweyes whyle I lyve to be youre owne knyght.'

'Sir, of all thys', seyde the maydyn, 'I woll none, for but yff ye woll wedde me, other to be my paramour at the leste, wyte you well, sir Launcelot, my good dayes ar done.'

'Fayre damesell,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'of thes two thynges ye muste pardon me.'

Than she shryked shirly and felle downe in a sowghe; and than women bare hir into her chambir, and there she made overmuche sorowe. And than sir Launcelot wolde departe, and there he asked sir Lavayne what he wolde do.

'Sir, what sholde I do,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'but folow you, but if ye dryve me frome you or commaunde me to go frome you.'

Than cam sir Barnarde to sir Launcelot and seyde to hym, 'I cannat se but that my doughtir woll dye for youre sake.'

'Sir, I may nat do withall,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for that me

(*sig. Y iii*) [4 ff.] *R* my peramour at the leest wete yow wel sir launcelot my good dayes are done Fair damoysel sayd sir launcelot of these ij thynges ye must pardonne me thenne she shryked shyrly and felle doune in a swoune and thenne wymmen bare her in to her chamber and there she made ouer moche sorowe and thenne sir launcelot wold departe and there he asked sir Lauayn what he wold doo what shold I doo said syre lauayne but folowe you but yf ye dryue me from yow or commaunde me to goo from yow Thenne came sir Bernard to sir launcelot and sayd to hym I can not see but that my doughter Elayne wille dye for your sake I maye not doo with alle said sir launcelot for that me

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(*sig. Y iii*) [4 ff.] *P* my peramour at the leest wete ye wel sir Launcelot my good dayes are doon Fayr damoysel sayd syr Launcelot of these ij thynges ye must pardonne me thenne she shryked shyrely and felle doun in a swoune & thenne wymmen bare hyr in to hyr chamber and there she made ouermoche sorowe and thenne sir Launcelot wold departe and there he asked syr Lauayn what he wold do what shold I doo sayd Syr Lauayne but folowe you but yf ye dryue me from you or commaunde me to goo from you Thenne came syr bernard to syr launcelot and sayd to hym I can not see but that my doughter Elayne wyl dye for your sake I may not do wythal sayd syr Launcelot For that me

3 Sir *not in C* 4 *C* or ellys be

sore repentith, for I reporte me to youreselff that my profir ys fayre. And me repentith', seyde sir Launcelot, 'that she lovith me as she dothe, for I was never the causer of hit; for I reporte me unto youre sonne, I never erly nother late profirde her bownté nother fayre behestes. And as for me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I dare do that a knyght sholde do, and sey that she ys a clene mayden for me, bothe for dede and wylle. For I am ryght hevy of hir distresse. For she ys a full fayre maydyn, goode and jentill, and well itaught.' 428r

'Fadir,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'I dare make good she ys a clene maydyn as for my lorde sir Launcelot; but she doth as I do, for sythen I saw first my lorde sir Launcelot I cowde never departe frome hym, nother nought I woll, and I may folow hym.'

Than sir Launcelot toke hys leve, and so they departed

R sore repenteth For I reporte me to youre self that my profer is fayre and me repenteth said syr launcelot that she loueth me as she doth I was neuer the causer of hit for I reporte me to youre sone I erly ne late profered her bounte nor faire byhestes and as for me said sir launcelot I dare do all* that a knyght shold doo† that she is a clene mayden for me bothe for dede and for wille And I am ryght heuy of her distresse for she is a ful fayre mayden good and gentyl and well taughte Fader said sir Lauayne I dar make goood she is a clene mayden as for my lord sir launcelot but she doth as I doo For sythen I fyrst sawe my lord sir launcelot I coude neuer departe from hym nor nought I wylle and I maye folowe hym Thenne sir Launcelot took his leue and soo they departed

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P sore repenteth For I reporte me to your self that my profer is fayre and me repenteth sayd syr Launcelot that she loueth me as she doth I was neuer the causer of hit For I reporte me to your sone I erly ne late profered hir bounte nor fayre byhestys and as for me sayd syr launcelot I dare do all* that a knyght shold do† that she is a clene mayden for me bothe for dede and for wylle And I am ryght heuy of hir dystresse For she is a full fayr mayden good gentyl and wel taughte Fader sayd syr Lauayne I dare make good she is a clene mayden as for my lord syr Launcelot but she dooth as I doo For sythen I fyrst sawe my lord Syr Launcelot I coude neuer departe from hym nor nought I wyl and I may folowe hym Thenne syr Launcelot took hys leue and so they departed

and cam to Wynchestir. And whan kynge Arthur wyst that sir Launcelot was com hole and sownde, the kynge made grete joy of hym; and so ded sir Gawayne and all the knyghtes of the Rounde Table excepte sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred. Also quene Gwenyver was woode wrothe with sir Launcelot, and wolde by no meanys speke with hym, but enstraunged herselff frome hym. And sir Launcelot made all the meanys that he myght for to speke with the quene, but hit wolde nat be.

Now speke we of the Fayre Maydyn of Astolat that made such sorow day and nyght that she never slepte, ete, nother dranke, and ever she made hir complaynte unto sir Launcelot. So whan she had thus endured a ten dayes, that she fyebled so that she muste nedis passe oute of thys worlde, than she shrove her clene and resseyved hir Creature. And ever she complayned stylle uppon sir Launcelot. Than

R and came vnto wynchestre And whan Arthur wyste that syr launcelot was come hole and sound the kynge maade grete ioye of hym and soo dyd sir Gawayn and all the knyȝtes of the round table excepte sir Agrauayn and sire Mordred Also quene Gueneuer was woode wrothe with sir launcelot and wold by no meanes speke with hym but enstraunged her self from hym and sir launcelot made alle the meanes that he myght for to speke with the quene but hit wolde not be Now speke we of the fayre mayden of Astolat that made suche sorowe daye and nyght that she neuer slepte ete nor drank and euer she made her complaynt vnto sir Launcelot so when she had thus endured a ten dayes that she febled so that she must nedes passe out of thys world thenne she shryued her clene and receyued her creatoure And euer she complayned [*v°*] stylle vpon sire launcelot Thenne

P and came vnto wynchester And whan Arthur wyste that syr Launcelot was come hole and sounde the kyng made grete Ioye of hym and so dyd syr Gawayn & al the knyghtes of the rounde table except syr agrauayn and syr mordred Also quene Gueneuer was wode wrothe wyth syr launcelot and wold by no meanes speke wyth hym but estraunged her self from hym and syr launcelot made all the meanes that he myght for to speke wyth the quene but hyt wolde not be Now speke we of the fayr mayden of astolat that made suche sorowe day and nyght that she neuer slepte ete nor dranke & euer she made her complaynte vnto syr Launcelot so whan she had thus endured a ten dayes that she febled so that she must nedes passe out of this world thenne she shryued hir clene and receyued hyr creatour And euer she complayned [*v°*] stylle vpon syr Launcelot Thenne

hir gostly fadir bade hir leve such thoughtes. Than she seyde,

'Why sholde I leve such thoughtes? Am I nat an erthely woman? And all the whyle the brethe ys in my body I may complayne me, for my belyve ys that I do none offence, thou[gh] I love an erthely man, unto God, for He fourmed me thereto, and all maner of good love comyth of God. And othir than good love loved I never sir Launcelot du Lake. And I take God to recorde, I loved never none but hym, nor never shall, of erthely creature; and a clene maydyn I am for hym and for all othir. And sitthyn hit ys the sufferaunce of God that I shall dye for so noble a knyght, I beseche The, 428v Hyghe Fadir of Hevyn, have mercy uppon me and my soule, and uppon myne unnumerable paynys that I suffir may be alygeaunce of parte of my synnes. For, Swete Lorde Jesu,' seyde the fayre maydyn, 'I take God to recorde I was never to The grete offenser nother ayenste Thy lawis but that I

R her ghoostly fader bad her leue suche thoughtes Thenne she sayd why shold I leue suche thoughtes am I not an erthely woman and alle the whyle the brethe is in my body I may complayne me for my byleue is I doo none offence though I loue an erthely man and† I take god to my record I loued neuer none but sir launcelot du lake nor neuer shall and† a clene mayden I am for hym and for alle other and sythen hit is the sufferaunce of god that I shalle dye for the loue of soo noble a knyghte I byseche the hyghe fader of heuen to haue mercy vpon my sowle and vpon myn innumerable paynes that I suffred may be allygeaunce of parte of my synnes For swete lord Ihesu sayd the fayre mayden I take the to record on the I was neuer grete offenser ageynst thy lawes but that I

P hir ghoostly fader bad hyr leue suche thoughtes Thenne she sayd why shold I leue suche thoughtes am I not an erthely woman and all the whyle the brethe is in my body I may compleyne me for my byleue is I doo none offence though I loue an erthely man and† I take god to my recorde I loued neuer none but syr Launcelot du lake nor neuer shal and† a clene mayden I am for hym and for al other and sythen hit is the suffraunce of god that I shal deye for the loue of soo noble a knyght I beseche the hyghe fader of heuen to haue mercy vpon my soule and vpon myn Innumerable paynes that I suffred may be allygeaunce of parte of my synnes For swete lord Ihesu sayd the fayr mayden I take the to recorde on the I was never grete offencer ageynste thy lawes But that I

loved thys noble knyght, sir Launcelot, oute of mesure. And of myselff, Good Lorde, I had no myght to withstonde the fervent love, wherefore I have my deth!'

And than she called hir fadir, sir Bernarde, and hir brothir, sir Tirry, and hartely she prayd hir fadir that hir brothir myght wryght a lettir lyke as she ded endite, and so hir fadir graunted her. And whan the lettir was wryten, worde by worde lyke as she devised hit, than she prayde hir fadir that she myght be wacched untylle she were [dede]. 'And whyle my body ys hote lat thys lettir be put in my ryght honde, and my honde bounde faste to the letter untyll that I be colde. And lette me be put in a fayre bed with all the rychyste clothys that I have aboute me, and so lat my bed and all my rychyst clothis be ledde with m[e] in a charyat unto the nexte place where the Temmys ys; and there lette me be put

R loued this noble knyght sire launcelot out of mesure and of my self good lord I myght not withstande the feruent loue wherfor I haue my dethe And thenne she called her fader sire Bernard and her broder sir Tyrre and hertely she praid her fader that her broder myght wryte a letter lyke as she did endyte hit and so her fader graunted her And whan the letter was wryten word by word lyke as she deuysed Thenne she prayd her fader that she myght be watched vntyl she were dede* and whyle my body is hote lete this letter be putt in my ryght hand and my hande boūde fast with the letter vntyl that I be cold and lete me be putte in a fayre bedde with alle the rychest clothes that I haue aboute me and so lete my bedde and alle my rychest clothes be laide with me in a charyot vnto the next place where Temse is and there lete me be putte

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P loued thys noble knyght syr Launcelot oute of mesure and of my self good lord I myght not wythstande the feruent loue wherfore I haue my deth And thenne she called hyr fader syr Bernard and hyr broder syr Tyrre and hertely she prayed hir fader that hir broder myght wryte a letter lyke as she dyd endyte hit & soo her fader graunted hyr & whan the letter was wryton word by word lyke as she deuysed Thēne she prayed her fader that she myght be watched vntyl she were dede* and whyle my body is hote lete this letter be put in my ryght hande and my hande bounde faste wyth the letter vntyl that I be colde & lete me be put in a fayre bedde wyth alle the rychest clothes that I haue aboute me and so lete my bedde and al my rychest clothes be layed wyth me in a charyot vnto the nexte place where temse is and there lete me be put

within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye truste, to stirre me thidir; and that my barget be coverde with blacke samyte over and over. And thus, fadir, I beseche you, lat hit be done.'

So hir fadir graunte her faythfully all thynge sholde be done lyke as she had devised. Than her fadir and hir brothir made grete dole for he⟨r⟩. And whan thys was done anone she dyed.

And whan she was dede the corse and the bedde all was lad the nexte way unto the Temmys, and there a man and the corse, and all thynge as she had devised, was put in the Temmys. And so the man stirred the bargett unto Westmynster, and there hit rubbed and rolled too and fro a grete whyle or ony man aspyed hit.

So by fortune kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyver were talkynge togydirs at a wyndow, and so as they loked into the Temmys they aspyed that blacke barget and had mervayle what hit mente. Than the kynge called sir Kay and shewed hit hym. (20) 429r

'Sir,' seyde sir Kay, 'wete you well, there ys som new tydynges.'

R within a barget & but one man with me suche as ye trust to stere me thyder and that my barget be couerd with blak samyte ouer and ouer Thus fader I byseche yow lete hit be done soo her fader graunted* hit her feythfully alle thynge shold be done lyke as she had deuysed Thenne her fader and her broder made grete dole for when† this was done anone she dyed And soo whan she was dede the corps and the bedde alle was ledde the next way vnto Temse and there a man and the corps & alle were put in to Temse and soo the man styred the barget vnto westmynster and there he rowed† a grete whyle to & fro or ony aspyed hit

P within a barget and but one man with me suche as ye truste to stere me thyder and that my barget be couerd with blak samyte ouer and ouer Thus fader I byseche you lete hit be done so hyr fader graunted* hit her feythfully al thyng shold be done lyke as she had deuysed Thenne her fader and her broder made grete dole for whan† this was done anone she deyed And so whan she was dede the corps and the bedde alle was ledde the next waye vnto Temse and there a man and the corps and alle were put in to temse and so the man styred the barget vnto westmynster and there he rowed† a grete whyle to & fro or ony espyed hyt

15–16 *C* were spekynge to gyders

'Therefore go ye thidir,' seyde the kynge to sir Kay, 'and take with you sir Braundiles and sir Aggravayne, and brynge me redy worde what ys there.'

Than thes three knyghtes departed and cam to the barget and wente in. And there they founde the fayryst corse lyyng in a ryche bed that ever ⟨y⟩e saw, and a poore man syttynge in the bargettis ende, and no worde wolde [he] speke. So thes three knyghtes returned unto the kynge agayne and tolde hym what they founde.

'That fayre corse woll I se,' seyde the kynge.

And so the kynge toke the quene by the honde and wente thydir. Than the kynge made the barget to be holde faste, and than the kynge and the quene wente in with sertayne knyghtes with them, and there he saw the fayryst woman ly in a ryche bed, coverde unto her myddyll with many rych clothys, and all was of cloth of golde. And she lay as she had smyled.

Than the quene aspyed the lettir in hir ryght hande and tolde the kynge. Than the kynge toke hit and seyde,

'Now am I sure thys lettir woll telle us what she was, and why she ys com hyddir.'

So than the kynge and the quene wente oute of the bargette, and so commaunded a sertayne to wayte uppon the barget. And so whan the kynge was com to hys chambir he called many knyghtes aboute hym and seyde that he wolde wete opynly what was wryten within that lettir. Than the kynge brake hit and made a clerke to rede hit, and thys was the entente of the lettir:

'Moste noble knyght, my lorde sir Launcelot, now hath dethe made us two at debate for youre love. And I was youre lover, that men called the Fayre Maydyn of Astolate. Therefore unto all ladyes I make my mone, yet for my soule ye pray and bury me at the leste, and offir ye my masse-peny: thys ys my laste requeste. And a clene maydyn I dyed, I take God to wytnesse. And pray for my soule, sir Launcelot, as thou arte pereles.'

1 Therefore *not in C* *C* Goo thyder sayd 4 *C* these four† knyghtes 6 that ever ⟨y⟩e (*W* he) saw *not in C* 7–8 *C* these foure† knyghtes 13 *C* quene entred with certayn 16 *C* as thongh (*S* though) she 17 *C* a letter 18 *C* told it to thee 19 us *not in C* 22 to *not in C* 23 *C* come within his chäber 28 my lord *not in C* 29 And *not in C* 31–32 *C* yet praye for my soule & bery me atte leest 34 *C* wytnes pray

Thys was all the substaunce in the lettir. And whan hit 429v
was rad the kynge, the quene and all the knyghtes wepte for pité of the dolefull complayntes. Than was sir Launcelot sente for, and whan he was com kynge Arthure made the lettir to be rad to hym. And whan sir Launcelot harde hit 5
worde by worde, he seyde,

'My lorde Arthur, wyte you well I am ryght hevy of the deth of thys fayre lady. And God knowyth I was never causar of her deth be my wyllynge, and that woll I reporte me unto her owne brothir that here ys, sir Lavayne. I woll nat 10
say nay,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but that she was both fayre and good, and much I was beholdyn unto her, but she loved me oute of mesure.'

'Sir,' seyde the quene, 'ye myght have shewed hir som bownté and jantilnes whych myght have preserved hir lyff.' 15

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'she wolde none other wayes be answerde but that she wolde be my wyff othir ellis my paramour, and of thes two I wolde not graunte her. But I proffird her, for her good love that she shewed me, a thousand pound yerely to her and to her ayres, and to wedde 20
ony maner of knyght that she coude fynde beste to love in her harte. For, madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I love nat to be constrayned to love, for love muste only aryse of the harte selff, and nat by none constraynte.'

'That ys trouth, sir,' seyde the kynge, 'and with many 25
knyghtes love ys fre in hymselffe, and never woll be bonde; for where he ys bonden he lowsith hymselff.'

Than seyde the kynge unto sir Launcelot, 'Sir, hit woll be youre worshyp that ye oversé that she be entered worshypfully.' 30

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that shall be done as I can beste devise.'

And so many knyghtes yode thyder to beholde that fayre dede mayden, and so uppon the morn she was entered rychely. And sir Launcelot offird her masse-peny; and all 35
tho knyghtes of the Table Rounde that were there at that 430r

8 *C* fair damoysel god 10 *C* broder here he is 14–15 *C* Ye myght haue shewed her sayd the quene somme bounte 15 *C* that myghte 23 only *not in C* 24 selff *not in C* *C* by no constraynte 25 with *not in C* 27 *C* looseth 28 Sir *not in C* 34 dede *not in C* 35–36 *C* all the

tyme offerde with sir Launcelot. And than the poure m[a]n wente agayne wyth the barget.

Than the quene sent for sir Launcelot and prayde hym of mercy for why that she had ben wrothe with hym causeles. 'Thys ys nat the firste tyme,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ye have ben displese with me causeles. But, madame, ever I muste suffir you, but what sorow that I endure, ye take no forse.'

So thys passed on all that wynter, with all maner of huntynge and hawkynge; and justis and turneyes were many betwyxte many grete lordis. And ever in all placis sir Lavayn gate grete worshyp, that he was nobely defamed amonge many knyghtis of the Table Rounde.

(21) Thus hit past on tylle Crystemasse, and than every day there was justis made for a dyamonde: who that justed best shulde have a dyamounde. But sir Launcelot wolde nat juste but if hit were a grete justes cryed; but sir Lavayne justed there all the Crystemasse passyngly well, and was beste praysed, for there were but feaw that ded so well. Wherefore all maner of knyghtes demed that sir Lavayn sholde be made knyght of the Table Rounde at the next feste of Pentecoste.

1 *W* men *C** man 7–8 *C*† endure I take no force 10 *W* mainy 12 *C* worshyp soo that 12–13 *C* nobly renomed amonge 17 *C* were at a 18 *C* all that Crystemasse *C* best was

Thus it passed until our Lady day of the Assumption. Within a fifteen days of that feast the king let cry a great jousts and a tournament that should be at that day at Camelot, otherwise called Winchester, and the king let cry that he and the king of Scots would joust against all that would come against them. And when this cry was made, thither came many good knights, that is to say the king of North Wales, and king Anguish of Ireland, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and sir Galahalt the Haut Prince, and the king of Northumberland, and many other noble dukes and earls of other divers countries.

So king Arthur made him ready to depart to his jousts, and would have had the queen with him; but at that time she would not, she said, for she was sick and might not ride.

'That me repenteth,' said the king, 'for this seven year ye saw not such a noble fellowship togethers except the Whitsuntide when sir Galahad departed from the court.'

'Truly,' said the queen, 'ye must hold me excused. I may not be there, and that me repenteth.'*

And many deemed the queen would not be there because of sir Lancelot, for he would not ride with the king; for he said he was not whole of the play of sir Mador. Wherefore the king was heavy and passing wroth. And so he departed toward Winchester with his fellowship. And so by the way the king lodged at a town that was called Astolat, that is now in English called Guildford;* and there the king lay in the castle.

So when the king was departed the queen called sir Lancelot unto her and said thus:

'Sir, ye are greatly to blame thus to hold you behind my lord. What will your enemies and mine say and deem? "See how sir Lancelot

holdeth him ever behind the king, and so the queen doth also, for that they would have their pleasure togethers." And thus will they say,' said the queen.

'Have ye no doubt, madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'I allow your wit. It is of late come sin ye were waxen so wise! And therefore, madam, at this time I will be ruled by your counsel, and this night I will take my rest, and tomorrow betime I will take my way toward Winchester. But wit you well,' said sir Lancelot unto the queen, 'at that jousts I will be against the king and against all his fellowship.'

'Sir, ye may there do as ye list,' said the queen, 'but by my counsel ye shall not be against your king and your fellowship, for there been full many hardy knights of your blood as ye wot wel enough—it needeth not to rehearse them.'*

'Madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'I pray you that ye be not displeased with me for I will take the adventure that God will send me.'*

And so upon the morn early sir Lancelot heard Mass and brake his fast, and so* took his leave of the queen and departed, and then he rode so much unto the time he came to Astolat. And there it happened him that in the evening-tide he came to an old baron's place that hight sir Bernard of Astolat. And as sir Lancelot entered into his lodging, king Arthur espied him as he did walk in a garden beside the castle. He knew him well enough.

'Well, sirs,' said king Arthur unto his knights that were by him beside the castle, 'I have now espied one knight,' he said, 'that will play his play at the jousts, to the which we be gone toward. I undertake he will do marvels'.*

'Who is that? We pray you tell us', said many knights that were there at that time.*

'Ye shall not wit for me!' said the king, 'as at this time'. And so the king smiled and went to his lodging.*

So when sir Lancelot was in his lodging and unarmed in his chamber, the old baron, sir Bernard, came to him and welcomed him in the best manner, but he knew not sir Lancelot.

'Fair sir,' said sir Lancelot till his host, 'I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known.'

'Sir,' said his host, 'ye shall have your desire, for meseemeth ye been one of the likeliest knights that ever I saw, and therefore, sir, I shall shew you friendship.' And he* said, 'Sir, wit you well I have two sons

that were but late made knights; and the eldest hight sir Tirry, and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, and he may not ride. And his shield ye shall have, for that is not known, I dare say, but here and in no place else.' And his younger son hight sir Lavain. 'And if it please you, he shall ride with you unto that jousts, for he is of his age strong and wight. For much my heart giveth unto you, that ye should be a noble knight, and therefore I pray you to tell me your name,' said sir Bernard.

'As for that,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye must hold me excused as at this time, and if God give me grace to speed well at the jousts I shall come again and tell you my name. But I pray you in any wise let me have your son sir Lavain with me, and that I may have his brother's shield.'

'Sir, all this shall be done,' said sir Bernard.

So this old baron had a daughter that was called that time the Fair Maiden of Astolat. And ever she beheld sir Lancelot wonderfully, and, as the book saith, she cast such a love unto sir Lancelot that she could never withdraw her love, wherefore she died. And her name was Elaine la Blanche. So thus as she came to and fro, she was so hot in love that she besought sir Lancelot to wear upon him at the jousts a token of hers.

'Damsel,' said sir Lancelot, 'and if I grant you that, ye may say that I do more for your love than ever I did for lady or gentlewoman.'

Then he remembered himself that he would go to the jousts disguised, and because he had never afore borne no manner of token of no damsel, he bethought him to bear a token of hers, that none of his blood thereby might know him, and then he said:

'Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet. And therefore what is it? Shew ye it me.'

'Sir,' she said, 'it is a red sleeve of mine, of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls.' And so she brought it him. So sir Lancelot received it and said,

'Never did I erst so much for no damsel.'

Then sir Lancelot betook the fair maiden his shield in keeping, and prayed her to keep it until time that he came again. And so that night he had merry rest and great cheer, for this damsel Elaine was ever about sir Lancelot all the while she might be suffered.

So upon a day, on the morn, king Arthur and all his knights departed, for there the king had tarried three days to abide his noble knights.

And so when the king was ridden, sir Lancelot and sir Lavain made them ready to ride, and either of them had white shields, and the red sleeve sir Lancelot let carry with him. And so they took their leave at sir Bernard, the old baron, and at his daughter, the fair maiden, and then they rode so long till that they came to Camelot, that time called Winchester. And there was great press of kings, dukes, earls, and barons, and many noble knights, but sir Lancelot was lodged privily by the means of sir Lavain with a rich burgess, that no man in that town was ware what they were. And so they reposed them there till our Lady day of the Assumption that the great jousts should be.

So when trumpets blew unto the field and king Arthur was set on height upon a chafflet to behold who did best—but, as the French book saith, the king would not suffer sir Gawain to go from him, for never had sir Gawain the better and sir Lancelot were in the field, and many times was sir Gawain rebuked when sir Lancelot came in to any jousts disguised*—then some of the kings, as king Anguish of Ireland and the king of Scots, were that time turned to be upon the side of king Arthur. And then the other party was the king of North Wales, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and the king of Northumberland, and sir Galahalt the Haut Prince. But these three kings and this duke was passing weak to hold against Arthur's party, for with him were the noblest knights of the world. So then they withdrew them, either party from other, and every man made him ready in his best manner to do what he might.

Then sir Lancelot made him ready and put the red sleeve upon his helmet and fastened it fast. And so sir Lancelot and sir Lavain departed out of Winchester privily and rode until a little leaved wood behind the party that held against king Arthur party. And there they held them still till the parties smote togethers. And then came in the king of Scots and the king of Ireland on king Arthur's party, and against them came in the king of Northumberland and the King with the Hundred Knights. And there began a great medley, and there the king of Scots smote down the king of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down king Anguish of Ireland. Then sir Palomides, that was one of Arthur's party, he encountered with sir Galahalt, and either of them smote down other, and either party holp their lords on horseback again. So there began a strong assail on both parties.

And then came in sir Brandiles, sir Sagramour le Desirous, sir Dodinas le Savage, sir Kay le Seneschal, sir Grifflet le Fitz de Dieu, sir Lucan de Butler, sir Bedivere, sir Agravain, sir Gaheris, sir Mordred, sir Meliot de Logres, sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, sir Saphir, sir Epinogris, sir Galleron of Galway, all these fifteen knights, that were knights of the Round Table. So these with mo other came in together and beat aback the king of Northumberland and the king of North Wales.

When sir Lancelot saw this, as he hoved in the little leaved wood, then he said unto sir Lavain,

'See, yonder is a company of good knights, and they hold them togethers as boars that were chased with dogs.'

'That is truth,' said sir Lavain.

'Now,' said sir Lancelot, 'and ye will help a little, ye shall see the yonder fellowship that chaseth now these men on our side, that they shall go as fast backward as they went forward.'

'Sir, spare ye not for my part,' said sir Lavain, 'for I shall do what I may.'

Then sir Lancelot and sir Lavain came in at the thickest of the press, and there sir Lancelot smote down sir Brandiles, sir Sagramour, sir Dodinas, sir Kay, sir Grifflet, and all this he did with one spear. And sir Lavain smote down sir Lucan de Butler and sir Bedivere. And then sir Lancelot got another great spear, and there he smote down sir Agravain and sir Gaheris, sir Mordred, sir Meliot de Logres, and sir Lavain smote down sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy. And then sir Lancelot drew his sword, and there he smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and by great force he unhorsed sir Saphir, sir Epinogris, and sir Galleron. And then the knights of the Table Round withdrew them aback after they had gotten their horses as well as they might.

'A, mercy Jesu!' said sir Gawain, 'What knight is yonder that doth so marvellous deeds in that field?'

'I wot what he is,' said the king, 'but as at this time I will not name him.'

'Sir,' said sir Gawain, 'I would say it were sir Lancelot by his riding and his buffets that I see him deal, but ever meseemeth it should not be he, for that he beareth the red sleeve upon his helmet; for I wist him never bear token at no jousts of lady ne gentlewoman.'

'Let him be,' said king Arthur, 'for he will be better known and do more or ever he depart.'

Then the party that was against king Arthur were well comforted, and then they held them togethers, that befornhand were sore rebuked.

Then sir Bors, sir Ector de Maris and sir Lionel, they called unto them the knights of their blood, as sir Blamour de Ganis, sir Bleoberis, sir Aliduke, sir Galihud, sir Galihodin, sir Bellinger le Bewse. So these nine knights of sir Lancelot's kin thrust in mightily, for they were all noble knights, and they of great hate and despite that they had unto him thought to rebuke that noble knight* sir Lancelot, and sir Lavain, for they knew them not. And so they came hurling togethers and smote down many knights of North Wales and of Northumberland.

And when sir Lancelot saw them fare so, he got a great spear in his hand. And they encountered with him all at once, sir Bors, sir Ector, and sir Lionel. And they three smote him at once with their spears. And with force of themself they smote sir Lancelot's horse reverse to the earth. And by misfortune sir Bors smote sir Lancelot through the shield into the side, and the spear broke and the head left still in the side.

When sir Lavain saw his master lie on the ground he ran to the king of Scots and smote him to the earth, and by great force he took his horse and brought him to sir Lancelot, and maugre them all he made him to mount upon that horse. And then sir Lancelot got a spear in his hand, and there he smote sir Bors, horse and man, to the earth, and in the same wise he served sir Ector and sir Lionel. And sir Lavain smote down sir Blamor de Ganis. And then sir Lancelot drew his sword, for he felt himself so sore hurt that he went there to have had his death, and then he smote sir Bleoberis such a buffet on the helmet that he fell down to the earth in a swoon, and in the same wise he served sir Aliduke and sir Galihud. And sir Lavain smote down sir Bellinger that was son to Alexander le Orphelin.

And by this was done, was sir Bors horsed again and in came with sir Ector and sir Lionel, and all they three smote with their swords upon sir Lancelot's helmet. And when he felt their buffets, and with that his wound grieved him grievously, then he thought to do what he might while he could endure. And then he gave sir Bors such a buffet that he made him bow his head passing low, and therewithal he raced off his helm, and might have slain him; and so pulled him down. And in the same wise he served sir Ector and sir Lionel, for, as the book saith, he might have slain them, but when he saw their visages his heart might not serve him thereto, but left them there.

And then afterward he hurled into the thickest press of them all, and did there the marvelloust deeds of arms that ever man saw or heard speak of and ever sir Lavain the good knight* with him. And there sir Lancelot with his sword smote down and pulled down, as the French book saith, mo than thirty knights, and the most party were of the Table Round. And there sir Lavain did full well that day, for he smote down ten knights of the Table Round.

'Mercy Jesu,' said sir Gawain unto king Arthur, 'I marvel what knight that he is with the red sleeve.'

'Sir,' said king Arthur, 'he will be known or ever he depart.'

And then the king blew unto lodging, and the prize was given by heralds unto the knight with the white shield that bore the red sleeve. Then came the king of North Wales and the king of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and sir Galahalt the Haut Prince, and said unto sir Lancelot,

'Fair knight, God you bless, for much have ye done for us this day. And therefore we pray you that ye will come with us, that ye may receive the honour and the prize as ye have worshipfully deserved it.'

'Fair lords,' said sir Lancelot, 'wit you well, if I have deserved thank I have sore bought it, and that me repenteth it, for I am never like to escape with the life. Therefore, my fair lords, I pray you that ye will suffer me to depart where me liketh, for I am sore hurt. And I take no force of none honour, for I had liefer repose me than to be lord of all the world.' And therewithal he groaned piteously and rode a great gallop awayward from them until he came under a wood's eaves. And when he saw that he was from the field nigh a mile, that he was sure he might not be seen, then he said with an high voice and with a great groan,

'Ah, gentle knight, sir Lavain! Help me that this truncheon were out of my side, for it sticketh so sore that it nigh slayeth me!'

'Ah, mine own lord,' said sir Lavain, 'I would fain do that might please you, but I dread me sore, and I pull out the truncheon, that ye shall be in peril of death.'

'I charge you,' said sir Lancelot, 'as ye love me, draw it out!' And therewithal he descended from his horse, and right so did sir Lavain, and forwithal sir Lavain* drew the truncheon out of his side. And gave a great shriek and a grisly groan, that the blood burst out, nigh a pint

at once, that at the last he sank down upon his arse and so swooned down, pale and deadly.

'Alas,' said sir Lavain, 'what shall I do?' And then he turned sir Lancelot into the wind, and so he lay there nigh half an hour as he had been dead. And so at the last sir Lancelot cast up his eyen and said,

'Ah, sir Lavain, help me that I were on my horse! For here is fast by, within this two mile, a gentle hermit that sometime was a full noble knight and a great lord of possessions. And for great goodness he hath taken him to wilful poverty and forsaken mighty lands, and his name is sir Baldwin of Brittany. And he is a full noble surgeon and a good leech. Now let see and help me up that I were there, for ever my heart giveth me that I shall never die of my cousin germain's hands.'

And then with great pain sir Lavain holp him upon his horse, and then they rode a great gallop togethers, and ever sir Lancelot bled, that it ran down to the earth. And so by fortune they came to an hermitage which was under a wood, and a great cliff on the other side, and a fair water running under it. And then sir Lavain beat on the gate with the butt of his spear and cried fast, 'Let in, for Jesu's sake!' And anon there came a fair child to them and asked them what they would.

'Fair son,' said sir Lavain, 'go and pray thy lord the hermit for God's sake to let in here a knight that is full sore wounded. And this day, tell thy lord, I saw him do more deeds of arms than ever I heard say that any man did.' So the child went in lightly. And then he brought the hermit which was a passing likely man. When sir Lavain saw him he prayed him for God's sake of succour.

'What knight is he?' said the hermit, 'Is he of the house of king Arthur or not?'

'I wot not,' said sir Lavain, 'what he is, nother what is his name, but well I wot I saw him do marvellously this day as of deeds of arms.'

'On whose party was he?' said the hermit.

'Sir,' said sir Lavain, 'he was this day against king Arthur, and there he won the prize of all the knights of the Round Table.'

'I have seen the day,' said the hermit, 'I would have loved him the worse because he was against my lord king Arthur, for sometime I was one of the fellowship. But now, I thank God, I am otherwise disposed. But where is he? Let me see him.'

Then sir Lavain brought the hermit to him. And when the hermit

beheld him as he sat leaning upon his saddle-bow, ever bleeding spiteously, and ever the knight hermit thought that he should know him. But he could not bring him to knowledge because he was so pale for bleeding.

'What knight are ye?' said the hermit, 'and where were ye born?'

'My fair lord,' said sir Lancelot, 'I am a stranger, and a knight adventurous that laboureth throughout many realms for to win worship.'

Then the hermit avised him better, and saw by a wound on his cheek that he was sir Lancelot.

'Alas,' said the hermit, 'mine own lord! Why lain you your name from me? Perdeus, I ought to know you of right, for ye are the most noblest knight of the world. For well I know you for sir Lancelot.'

'Sir,' said he, 'sith ye know me, help me and ye may, for God's sake! For I would be out of this pain at once, other to death, other to life.'

'Have ye no doubt,' said the hermit, 'for ye shall live and fare right well.'

And so the hermit called to him two of his servants, and so they bore him into the hermitage, and lightly unarmed him, and laid him in his bed. And then anon the hermit staunched his blood and made him to drink good wine, that he was well revigoured and knew himself. For in those days it was not the guise as is nowadays, for there were none hermits in tho days but that they had been men of worship and of prowess, and tho hermits held great households and refreshed people that were in distress.

Now turn we unto king Arthur and leave we sir Lancelot in the hermitage. So when the kings were comen* togethers on both parties, and the great feast should be holden, king Arthur asked the king of North Wales and their fellowship where was that knight that bore the red sleeve. 'Let bring him before me, that he may have his laud and honour and the prize, as it is right.'

Then spoke sir Galahalt the Haut Prince and the King with the Hundred Knights, and said,

'We suppose that knight is mischieved so that he is never like to see you nother none of us all, and that is the greatest pity that ever we wist of any knight.'

'Alas,' said king Arthur, 'how may this be? Is he so sore hurt? But what is his name?' said king Arthur.

'Truly,' said they all, 'we know not his name, nother from whence he came, nother whither he would.'

'Alas,' said the king, 'this is the worst tidings that came to me this seven year! For I would not for all the lands I wield to know and wit it were so that that noble knight were slain.'

'Sir, know ye aught of him?' said they all.

'As for that,' said king Arthur, 'whether I know him other none, ye shall not know for me what man he is, but Almighty Jesu send me good tidings of him.'

And so said they all.

'By my head,' said sir Gawain, 'if it so be that the good knight be so sore hurt, it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle spear or sword. And if he may be found I shall find him, for I am sure he is not far from this country.'

'Sir, ye bear you well,' said king Arthur, 'and ye may find him, unless he be in such a plight that he may not wield himself.'

'Jesu defend!' said sir Gawain. 'But wit well I shall know what he is and I may find him.'

Right so sir Gawain took a squire with him upon hackneys and rode all about Camelot within six or seven mile, but so he came again and could hear no word of him. Then within two days king Arthur and all the fellowship returned unto London again. And so as they rode by the way it happened sir Gawain at Astolat to lodge with sir Bernard thereas was sir Lancelot lodged.

And so as sir Gawain was in his chamber to repose him, sir Bernard, the old baron, came in to him, and his daughter Elaine, to cheer him, and to ask him what tidings, and who did best at the tournament of Winchester.

'So God me help,' said sir Gawain, 'there were two knights that bore two white shields, but one of them bore a red sleeve upon his head, and certainly he was the best knight that ever I saw joust in field. For I dare say,' said sir Gawain, 'that one knight with the red sleeve smote down forty knights of the Round Table. And his fellow did right well and worshipfully.'

'Now blessed be God,' said this Fair Maiden of Astolat, 'that that

knight sped so well! For he is the man in the world that I first loved, and truly he shall be the last that ever I shall love.'

'Now, fair maiden,' said sir Gawain, 'is that good knight your love?'

'Certainly, sir,' she said, 'he is my love.'

'Then know ye his name?' said sir Gawain.

'Nay truly, sir,' said the damsel, 'I know not his name, nother from whence he came. But to say that I love him, I promise God and you I love him.'

'How had ye knowledge of him first?' said sir Gawain.

Then she told him, as ye have heard before; and how her father betook him her brother to do him service; and how her father lent him her brother's, sir Tirry's shield; 'and here with me he left his own shield.'

'For what cause did he so?' said sir Gawain.

'For this cause,' said the damsel, 'for his shield was full well known among many noble knights.'

'Ah, fair damsel,' said sir Gawain, 'please it you to let me have a sight of that shield?'

'Sir,' she said, 'it is in my chamber, covered with a case, and if ye will come with me ye shall see it.'

'Not so,' said sir Bernard to his daughter, 'but send ye for that shield.'

So when the shield was come sir Gawain took off the case, and when he beheld that shield, and knew it anon that it was sir Lancelot's shield and his own arms, 'Ah, Jesu mercy!' said sir Gawain, 'now is my heart more heavier than ever it was tofore.'

'Why?' said this maid Elaine.

'For I have a great cause,' said sir Gawain. 'Is that knight that oweth this shield your love?'

'Yea truly,' she said, 'my love is he. God would that I were his love!'

'So God me speed,' said sir Gawain, 'fair damsel, ye have right, for and he be your love, ye love the most honourablest knight of the world and the man of most worship.'

'So methought ever,' said the damsel, 'for never or that time no knight that ever I saw loved I never none erst.'

'God grant,' said sir Gawain, 'that either of you may rejoice other, but that is in a great aventure. But truly,' said sir Gawain unto the

damsel, 'ye may say ye have a fair grace, for why I have known that noble knight this four-and-twenty year, and never or that day I nor none other knight, I dare make good, saw never nother heard say that ever he bore token or sign of no lady, gentlewoman, nor maiden at no jousts nother tournament. And therefore, fair maiden, ye are much beholden to him to give him thank. But I dread me,' said sir Gawain, 'that ye shall never see him in this world, and that is as great pity as ever was of any earthly man.'

'Alas,' said she, 'how may this be? Is he slain?'

'I say not so,' said sir Gawain, 'but wit you well he is grievously wounded by all manner of signs, and by men's* sight more likelier to be dead than to be on live. And wit you well he is the noble knight sir Lancelot, for by this shield I know him.'

'Alas,' said this Fair Maiden of Astolat, 'how may this be? And what was his hurt?'

'Truly,' said sir Gawain, 'the man in the world that loved best him hurt him. And I dare say,' said sir Gawain, 'and that knight that hurt him knew the very certainty that he had hurt sir Lancelot, it were the most sorrow that ever came to his heart.'

'Now, fair father,' said then Elaine, 'I require you give me leave to ride and seek him, other else I wot well I shall go out of my mind. For I shall never stint till that I find him and my brother, sir Lavain.' 'Do ye as it liketh you,' said her father, 'for sore me repents of the hurt of that noble knight.' Right so the maid made her ready and departed before sir Gawain making great dole.

Then on the morn sir Gawain came to king Arthur and told him all how he had found sir Lancelot's shield in the keeping of the Fair Maiden of Astolat. 'All that knew I aforehand,' said king Arthur, 'and that caused me I would not suffer you to have ado at the great jousts; for I espied him when he came until his lodging, full late in the evening, into Astolat. But great marvel have I,' said king Arthur, 'that ever he would bear any sign of any damsel, for or now I never heard say nor knew that ever he bore any token of none earthly woman.'

'By my head, sir,' said sir Gawain, 'the Fair Maiden of Astolat loveth him marvellously well. What it meaneth I cannot say. And she is ridden after to seek him.'

So the king and all came to London, and there Gawain all openly disclosed it to all the court that it was sir Lancelot that jousted best.

And when sir Bors heard that, wit you well he was an heavy man, and so were all his kinsmen. But when the queen wist that it was sir Lancelot that bore the red sleeve of the Fair Maiden of Astolat, she was nigh out of her mind for wrath, and then she sent for sir Bors de Ganis in all haste that might be. So when sir Bors was come before the queen she said,

'Ah, sir Bors! Have ye not heard say how falsely sir Lancelot hath betrayed me?'

'Alas, madam,' said sir Bors, 'I am afeared he hath betrayed himself and us all.'

'No force,' said the queen, 'though he be destroyed, for he is a false traitor knight.'

'Madam,' said sir Bors, 'I pray you say ye no more so, for wit you well I may not hear no such language of him.'

'Why so, sir Bors?' said she. 'Should I not call him traitor when he bore the red sleeve upon his head at Winchester at the great jousts?'

'Madam,' said sir Bors, 'that sleeve-bearing repents me, but I dare say he did bear it to none evil intent, but for this cause he bore the red sleeve, that none of his blood should know him. For or then we nother none of us all never knew that ever he bore token or sign of maiden, lady, nother gentlewoman.'

'Fie on him!' said the queen. 'Yet for all his pride and bobance, there ye proved yourself better man than he.'

'Nay, madam, say ye nevermore so, for he beat me and my fellows, and might have slain us and he had would.'

'Fie on him!' said the queen, 'for I heard sir Gawain say before my lord Arthur that it were marvel to tell the great love that is between the Fair Maiden of Astolat and him.'

'Madam,' said sir Bors, 'I may not warn sir Gawain to say what it pleaseth him, but I dare say, as for my lord sir Lancelot, that he loveth no lady, gentlewoman, nother maiden, but as he loveth all inlike much. And therefore, madam' said sir Bors, 'ye may say what ye will, but wit you well I will haste me to seek him and find him wheresomever he be, and God send me good tidings of him!'

And so leave we them there, and speak we of sir Lancelot that lay in great peril. And so as this fair maiden Elaine came to Winchester she sought there all about. And by fortune sir Lavain, her brother, was ridden to sport him to enchafe his horse, and anon as this maiden

Elaine saw him she knew him, and then she cried on-loud till him. And when he heard her he came to her, and anon with that she asked her brother, 'How doth my lord sir Lancelot?'

'Who told you, sister, that my lord's name was sir Lancelot?'

Then she told him how sir Gawain by his shield knew him. So they rode togethers till that they came to the hermitage, and anon she alight. So sir Lavain brought her in to sir Lancelot, and when she saw him lie so sick and pale in his bed she might not speak, but suddenly she fell down to the earth in a swough, and there she lay a great while. And when she was relieved she shrieked and said,

'My lord, sir Lancelot! Alas, why lie ye in this plight?' And then she swooned again. And then sir Lancelot prayed sir Lavain to take her up, 'and bring her hither to me.' And when she came to herself sir Lancelot lift her and said, 'Fair maiden, why fare ye thus? For ye put me to more pain. Wherefore make ye no such cheer, for and ye be come to comfort me, ye be right welcome. And of this little hurt that I have I shall be right hastily whole, by the grace of God. But I marvel,' said sir Lancelot, 'who told you my name.' And so this maiden told him all how sir Gawain was lodged with her father, 'and there by your shield he discovered your name.'

'Alas!' said sir Lancelot, 'that repenteth me that my name is known, for I am sure it will turn until anger.' And then sir Lancelot compassed in his mind that sir Gawain would tell queen Guenevere how he bore the red sleeve and for whom, that he wist well would turn unto great anger. So this maiden Elaine never went from sir Lancelot, but watched him day and night, and did such attendance to him that the French book saith there was never woman did nevermore kindlier for man than she.*

Then sir Lancelot prayed sir Lavain to make espies in Winchester for sir Bors if he came there, and told him by what tokens he should know him: by a wound in his forehead. 'For I am sure,' said sir Lancelot, 'that sir Bors will seek me, for he is the same good knight that hurt me.'

Now turn we unto sir Bors de Ganis, that came until Winchester to seek after his cousin sir Lancelot. And when he came to Winchester anon there were men that sir Lavain had made to lie in a watch for such a man and anon sir Lavain had warning. And then sir Lavain came to Winchester, and found sir Bors, and there he told him what

he was, and with whom he was, and what was his name.* 'Now, fair knight,' said sir Bors, 'ye be welcome, and I require you that ye will bring me to my lord sir Lancelot.' 'Sir,' said sir Lavain, 'take your horse, and within this hour ye shall see him.'

So they departed and came to the hermitage. And when sir Bors saw sir Lancelot lie in his bed, dead pale and discoloured, anon sir Bors lost his countenance, and for kindness and pity he might not speak, but wept tenderly a great while. But when he might speak he said thus:

'Ah, my lord sir Lancelot, God you bless and send you hasty recovering! For full heavy am I of my misfortune and of mine unhappiness. For now I may call myself unhappy, and I dread me that God is greatly displeased with me, that he would suffer me to have such a shame for to hurt you that are all our leader and all our worship; and therefore I call myself unhappy. Alas, that ever such a caitiff knight as I am should have power by unhappiness to hurt the most noblest knight of the world! Where I so shamefully set upon you and overcharged you, and where ye might have slain me, ye saved me. And so did not I, for I and all our blood did to you their utterance. I marvel,' said sir Bors, 'that my heart or my blood would serve me. Wherefore, my lord sir Lancelot, I ask you mercy.'

'Fair cousin,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye be right welcome, and wit you well, overmuch ye say for the pleasure of me which pleaseth me nothing, for why I have the same ysought; for I would with pride have overcome you all. And there in my pride I was near slain, and that was in mine own default, for I might have given you warning of my being there, and then had I had no hurt. For it is an old-said saw, "there is hard battle thereas kin and friends doth battle either against other," for there may be no mercy but mortal war. Therefore, fair cousin,' said sir Lancelot, 'let this language overpass, and all shall be welcome that God sendeth. And let us leave off this matter and speak of some rejoicing, for this that is done may not be undone. And let us find a remedy how soon that I may be whole.'

Then sir Bors leaned upon his bed's side and told sir Lancelot how the queen was passing wroth with him, 'because ye wore the red sleeve at the great jousts.' And there sir Bors told him all how sir Gawain discovered it, 'by your shield that ye* left with the Fair Maiden of Astolat'. 'Then is the queen wroth?' said sir Lancelot.

'Therefore am I right heavy. But I deserved no wrath, for all that I did was because I would not be known.' 'Sir, right so excused I you,' said sir Bors 'but all was in vain, for she said more largelier to me than I to you say now. But, sir, is this she,' said sir Bors, 'that is so busy about you, that men call the Fair Maiden of Astolat?'

'Forsooth, she it is,' said sir Lancelot, 'that by no means I cannot put her from me.' 'Why should ye put her from you?' said sir Bors, 'for she is a passing fair damsel, and well beseen and well taught. And God would, fair cousin,' said sir Bors, 'that ye could love her. But as to that I may not nother dare not counsel you. But I see well,' said sir Bors, 'by her diligence about you that she loveth you entirely.' 'That me repents,' said sir Lancelot. 'Well,' said sir Bors, 'she is not the first that hath lost her pain upon you, and that is the more pity.' And so they talked of many mo things.

And so within three or four days sir Lancelot waxed big and light. Then sir Bors told sir Lancelot how there was sworn a great tournament betwixt king Arthur and the king of North Wales, that should be upon Allhallowmas day, besides Winchester.

'Is that truth?' said sir Lancelot. 'Then shall ye abide with me still a little while, until that I be whole, for I feel myself reasonably big and strong.' 'Blessed be God!' said sir Bors.

Then they were there nigh a month togethers, and ever this maiden Elaine did ever her diligence and labour both night and day unto sir Lancelot, that there was never child nother wife more meeker till father and husband than was this Fair Maiden of Astolat; wherefore sir Bors was greatly pleased with her.

So upon a day, by the assent of sir Lavain, sir Bors, and sir Lancelot, they made the hermit to seek in woods for divers herbs, and so sir Lancelot made fair Elaine to gather herbs for him to make him a bain. So in the meanwhile sir Lancelot made sir Lavain to arm him at all pieces, and there he thought to assay himself upon horseback with a spear, whether he might wield his armour and his spear for his hurt or not.

And so when he was upon his horse he stirred him freshly, and the horse was passing lusty and frick, because he was not laboured of a month before. And then sir Lancelot bade sir Lavain give him that great spear, and so sir Lancelot couched that spear in the rest. The courser leapt mightily when he felt the spurs; and he that was upon

him, which was the noblest horseman of the world, strained him mightily and stably, and kept still the spear in the rest. And therewith sir Lancelot strained himself so straitly, with so great force, to get the courser forward that the bottom of his wound burst both within and without, and therewithal the blood came out so fiercely that he felt himself so feeble that he might not sit upon his horse. And then sir Lancelot cried unto sir Bors, 'Ah, sir Bors and sir Lavain, help! For I am come unto mine end!' And therewith he fell down on the one side to the earth like a dead corpse. And then sir Bors and sir Lavain came unto him with sorrow-making out of measure. And so by fortune this maiden, Elaine, heard their mourning, and then she came, and when she came, and when she found sir Lancelot there armed in that place she cried and wept as she had been wood. And then she kissed him and did what she might to awake him, and then she rebuked her brother and sir Bors, and called them false traitors, and said, 'Why would ye take him out of his bed? For and he die, I will appeal you of his death!'

And so with that came the hermit, sir Baldwin of Brittany, and when he found sir Lancelot in that plight he said but little, but wit you well he was wroth. But he said, 'Let us have him in,' and anon they bore him into the hermitage and unarmed him and laid him in his bed. And evermore his wound bled spiteously, but he stirred no limb of him. Then the knight hermit put a thing in his nose and a little deal of water in his mouth, and then sir Lancelot waked of his swough. And then the hermit staunched his bleeding, and when sir Lancelot might speak he asked why he put his life so in jeopardy.

'Sir,' said sir Lancelot, 'because I went I had be strong enough, and also sir Bors told me there should be at Allhallowmas a great jousts betwixt king Arthur and the king of North Wales. And therefore I thought to assay myself, whether I might be there or not.'

'Ah, sir Lancelot,' said the hermit, 'your heart and your courage will never be done until your last day! But ye shall do now by my counsel. Let sir Bors depart from you, and let him do at that tournament what he may. And, by the grace of God,' said the knight hermit, 'by that the tournament be done and he comen hither again, sir, ye shall be whole, so that ye will be governed by me.'

Then sir Bors made him ready to depart from him, and sir Lancelot said, 'Fair cousin, sir Bors, recommend me unto all tho ye ought recommend me unto, and I pray you enforce yourself at that jousts

that ye may be best, for my love. And here shall I abide you, at the mercy of God, till your again-coming.'

And so sir Bors departed and came to the court of king Arthur, and told them in what place he left sir Lancelot. 'That me repents!' said the king. 'But sin he shall have his life, we all may thank God.'

And then sir Bors told the queen what jeopardy sir Lancelot was in when he would assay* his horse, 'and all that he did was for the love of you, because he would a been at this tournament.'

'Fie on him, recrayed knight!' said the queen. 'For wit you well I am right sorry and he shall have his life.'

'Madam, his life shall he have,' said sir Bors, 'and who that would otherwise, except you, madam, we that been of his blood would help to shorten their lives! But, madam,' said sir Bors, 'ye have been oftentimes displeased with my lord sir Lancelot, but at all times at the end ye found him a true knight.' And so he departed.

And then every knight of the Round Table that were there at* that time present made them ready to be at* that jousts at Allhallowmas, and thither drew many knights of divers countries. And as Allhallowmas drew near, thither came the king of North Wales, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and sir Galahalt the Haut Prince of Surluse. And thither came king Anguish of Ireland, and the king of Northumberland, and the king of Scots. So these three kings came to king Arthur's party.

And so that day sir Gawain did great deeds of arms and began first. And the heralds numbered that sir Gawain smote down twenty knights. Then sir Bors de Ganis came in the same time, and he was numbered he smote down twenty knights. And therefore the prize was given betwixt them both, for they began first and longest endured. Also sir Gareth, as the book saith, did that day great deeds of arms, for he smote down and pulled down thirty knights. But when he had done that deeds he tarried not, but so departed, and therefore he lost his prize. And sir Palomides did great deeds of arms that day, for he smote down twenty knights. But he departed suddenly, and men deemed that he and sir Gareth rode togethers to some manner adventures.

So when this tournament was done sir Bors departed, and rode till he came to sir Lancelot, his cousin. And then he found him walking

on his feet, and there either made great joy of other. And so Sir Bors* told sir Lancelot of all the jousts, like as ye have heard.

'I marvel,' said sir Lancelot, 'that sir Gareth, when he had done such deeds of arms, that he would not tarry.' 'Sir, thereof we marvelled all,' said sir Bors, 'for but if it were you, other the noble knight sir Tristram, other the good knight sir Lamorak de Wales, I saw never knight bear so many knights and smite down in so little a while as did sir Gareth. And anon as he was gone we all wist not where he become.'

'By my head,' said sir Lancelot, 'he is a noble knight and a mighty man and well breathed; and if he were well assayed,' said sir Lancelot, 'I would deem he were good enough for any knight that beareth the life. And he is gentle, courteous and right bounteous, meek and mild, and in him is no manner of mal engine, but plain, faithful and true.'

So then they made them ready to depart from the hermitage. And so upon a morn they took their horses, and this Elaine la Blanche with them. And when they came to Astolat there were they well lodged and had great cheer of sir Bernard, the old baron, and of sir Tirry, his son.

And so upon the morn, when sir Lancelot should depart, fair Elaine brought her father with her, and sir Lavain, and sir Tirry, and then thus she said: 'My lord, sir Lancelot, now I see ye will depart from me. Now, fair knight and courteous knight,' said she, 'have mercy upon me, and suffer me not to die for your love.'

'Why, what would ye that I did?' said sir Lancelot.

'Sir, I would have you to my husband,' said Elaine.

'Fair damsel, I thank you heartily,' said sir Lancelot, 'but truly,' said he, 'I cast me never to be wedded man.'

'Then, fair knight,' said she, 'will ye be my paramour?'

'Jesu defend me!' said sir Lancelot, 'For then I rewarded your father and your brother full evil for their great goodness.'

'Alas! then,' said she, 'I must die for your love.'

'Ye shall not do so,' said sir Lancelot, 'for wit you well, fair maiden, I might have been married and I had would, but I never applied me yet to be married. But because, fair damsel, that ye love me as ye say ye do, I will for your good will and kindness shew to you some goodness. That is this, that wheresomever ye will beset your heart upon some good knight that will wed you, I shall give you togethers a

thousand pounds yearly, to you and to your heirs. This much will I give you, fair maiden, for your kindness, and always while I live to be your own knight.'

'Sir, of all this,' said the maiden, 'I will none, for but if ye will wed me, other to be my paramour at the least, wit you well, sir Lancelot, my good days are done.'

'Fair damsel,' said sir Lancelot, 'of these two things ye must pardon me.'

Then she shrieked shrilly and fell down in a swough. And then women bore her into her chamber, and there she made overmuch sorrow. And then sir Lancelot would depart, and there he asked sir Lavain what he would do.

'Sir, what should I do,' said sir Lavain, 'but follow you, but if ye drive me from you or command me to go from you.'

Then came sir Bernard to sir Lancelot and said to him, 'I cannot see but that my daughter will die for your sake.'

'Sir, I may not do withal,' said sir Lancelot, 'for that me sore repenteth, for I report me to yourself that my proffer is fair. And me repenteth,' said sir Lancelot, 'that she loveth me as she doth, for I was never the causer of it. For I report me unto your son, I never early nother late proffered her bounty, nother fair behests. And as for me,' said sir Lancelot, 'I dare do all* that a knight should do, and say that she is a clean maiden for me, both for deed and will. For I am right heavy of her distress! For she is a full fair maiden, good and gentle and well ytaught.'

'Father,' said sir Lavain, 'I dare make good she is a clean maiden as for my lord sir Lancelot. But she doth as I do, for sithen I saw first my lord sir Lancelot I could never depart from him, neither naught I will, and I may follow him.'

Then sir Lancelot took his leave, and so they departed and came to Winchester. And when king Arthur wist that sir Lancelot was come whole and sound, the king made great joy of him, and so did sir Gawain and all the knights of the Round Table except sir Agravain and sir Mordred. Also queen Guenevere was wood wroth with sir Lancelot, and would by no means speak with him, but estranged herself from him. And sir Lancelot made all the means that he might for to speak with the queen, but it would not be.

Now speak we of the Fair Maiden of Astolat that made such sorrow

day and night that she never slept, ate, nother drank, and ever she made her complaint unto sir Lancelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she feebled so that she must needs pass out of this world, then she shrove her clean and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon sir Lancelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said:

'Why should I leave such thoughts? Am I not an earthly woman? And all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is that I do none offence, though I love an earthly man, unto God, for he formed me thereto, and all manner of good love cometh of God. And other than good love loved I never sir Lancelot du Lake. And I take God to record, I loved never none but him, nor never shall, of earthly creature. And a clean maiden I am for him and for all other. And sithen it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for so noble a knight, I beseech Thee, High Father of Heaven, have mercy upon me and my soul. And upon mine innumerable pains that I suffer may be allegiance of part of my sins, for sweet lord Jesu,' said the fair maiden, 'I take God to record I was never to Thee great offenser nother against Thy laws, but that I loved this noble knight, sir Lancelot, out of measure. And of myself, good Lord, I had no might to withstand the fervent love, wherefore I have my death!'

And then she called her father, sir Bernard, and her brother, sir Tirry, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she did endite, and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written, word by word like as she devised it, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. 'And while my body is hot let this letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast to the letter until that I be cold. And let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my richest clothes be led with me in a chariot unto the next place where the Thames is. And there let me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye trust, to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samite over and over. And thus, father, I beseech you, let it be done.'

So her father grant her faithfully all thing should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole for her. And when this was done, anon she died.

And when she was dead the corpse and the bed all was led the next

way unto the Thames, and there a man and the corpse, and all thing as she had devised, was put in the Thames. And so the man stirred the barget unto Westminster, and there it rubbed and rolled to and fro a great while or any man espied it.

So by fortune king Arthur and queen Guenevere were talking togethers at a window, and so as they looked into the Thames they espied that black barget and had marvel what it meant. Then the king called sir Kay and shewed it him. 'Sir,' said sir Kay, 'wit you well, there is some new tidings.' 'Therefore go ye thither,' said the king to sir Kay, 'and take with you sir Brandiles and sir Agravain, and bring me ready word what is there.'

Then these three knights departed and came to the barget and went in. And there they found the fairest corpse lying in a rich bed that ever ye saw, and a poor man sitting in the barget's end, and no word would he speak. So these three knights returned unto the king again and told him what they found.

'That fair corpse will I see,' said the king. And so the king took the queen by the hand and went thither. Then the king made the barget to be hold fast, and then the king and the queen went in with certain knights with them. And there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold. And she lay as she had smiled. Then the queen espied the letter in her right hand and told the king. Then the king took it and said, 'Now am I sure this letter will tell us what she was, and why she is come hither.'

So then the king and the queen went out of the barget, and so commanded a certain to wait upon the barget. And so when the king was come to his chamber he called many knights about him, and said that he would wit openly what was written within that letter. Then the king broke it, and made a clerk to read it, and this was the intent of the letter:

'Most noble knight, my lord sir Lancelot, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. And I was your lover, that men called the Fair Maiden of Astolat. Therefore unto all ladies I make my moan, yet for my soul ye pray and bury me at the least, and offer ye my mass-penny. This is my last request. And a clean maiden I died, I take God to witness. And pray for my soul, sir Lancelot, as thou art peerless.'

This was all the substance in the letter. And when it was read the king, the queen and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was sir Lancelot sent for, and when he was come king Arthur made the letter to be read to him. And when sir Lancelot heard it word by word, he said, 'My lord Arthur, wit you well I am right heavy of the death of this fair lady. And God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my willing, and that will I report me unto her own brother that here is, sir Lavain. I will not say nay,' said sir Lancelot, 'but that she was both fair and good, and much I was beholden unto her, but she loved me out of measure.'

'Sir,' said the queen, 'ye might have showed her some bounty and gentleness which might have preserved her life.'

'Madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'she would none other ways be answered but that she would be my wife, other else my paramour, and of these two I would not grant her. But I proffered her, for her good love that she showed me, a thousand pound yearly to her and to her heirs, and to wed any manner of knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For, madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'I love not to be constrained to love, for love must only arise of the heart self, and not by none constraint.'

'That is truth, sir,' said the king, 'and with many knights love is free in himself, and never will be bound; for where he is bound he looseth himself.'

Then said the king unto sir Lancelot, 'Sir, it will be your worship that ye oversee that she be interred worshipfully.'

'Sir,' said sir Lancelot, 'that shall be done as I can best devise.'

And so many knights yode thither to behold that fair dead maiden, and so upon the morn she was interred richly. And sir Lancelot offered her mass-penny; and all tho knights of the Table Round that were there at that time offered with sir Lancelot. And then the poor man went again with the barget.

Then the queen sent for sir Lancelot and prayed him of mercy, for why that she had been wroth with him causeless. 'This is not the first time,' said sir Lancelot, 'that ye have been displeased* with me causeless. But, madam, ever I must suffer you, but what sorrow that I endure, ye take no force.'

So this passed on all that winter, with all manner of hunting and hawking; and jousts and tourneys were many betwixt many great

lords. And ever in all places sir Lavain got great worship, that he was nobly defamed among many knights of the Table Round.

Thus it passed on till Christmas, and then every day there was jousts made for a diamond: who that jousted best should have a diamond. But sir Lancelot would not joust but if it were a great jousts cried. But sir Lavain jousted there all the Christmas passingly well, and was best praised, for there were but few that did so well. Wherefore all manner of knights deemed that sir Lavain should be made knight of the Table Round at the next feast of Pentecost.

Thus it passed on till our Lady Day, Assumption. Within a fifteen days of that feast the king let cry a great jousts and a tournament that should be at that day at Camelot, that is Winchester; and the king let cry that he and the King of Scots would joust against all that would come against them. And when this cry was made, thither came many knights. So there came thither the King of Northgalis, and King Anguish of Ireland, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and Galahad, the haut prince, and the King of Northumberland, and many other noble dukes and earls of divers countries. So King Arthur made him ready to depart to these jousts, and would have had the queen with him, but at that time she would not, she said, for she was sick and might not ride at that time. That me repenteth, said the king, for this seven year ye saw not such a noble fellowship together except at Whitsuntide when Galahad departed from the court. Truly, said the queen to the king, ye must hold me excused, I may not be there, and that me repenteth. And many deemed the queen would not be there because of Sir Launcelot du Lake, for Sir Launcelot would not ride with the king, for he said that he was not whole of the wound the which Sir Mador had given him; wherefore the king was heavy and passing wroth. And so he departed toward Winchester with his fellowship; and so by the way the king lodged in a town called Astolat, that is now in English called Guildford, and there the king lay in the castle.

So when the king was departed the queen called Sir Launcelot to her, and said thus: Sir Launcelot, ye are greatly to blame thus to hold you behind my lord; what, trow ye, what will your enemies

and mine say and deem? nought else but, See how Sir Launcelot holdeth him ever behind the king, and so doth the queen, for that they would have their pleasure together. And thus will they say, said the queen to Sir Launcelot, have ye no doubt thereof.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RODE TO ASTOLAT, AND RECEIVED A SLEEVE TO WEAR UPON HIS HELM AT THE REQUEST OF A MAID.

MADAM said Sir Launcelot, I allow your wit, it is of late come since ye were wise. And therefore, madam, at this time I will be ruled by your counsel, and this night I will take my rest, and to-morrow by time I will take my way toward Winchester. But wit you well, said Sir Launcelot to the queen, that at that jousts I will be against the king, and against all his fellowship. Ye may there do as ye list, said the queen, but by my counsel ye shall not be against your king and your fellowship. For therein be full many hard knights of your blood, as ye wot well enough, it needeth not to rehearse them. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, I pray you that ye be not displeased with me, for I will take the adventure that God will send me.

And so upon the morn early Sir Launcelot heard mass and brake his fast, and so took his leave of the queen and departed. And then he rode so much until he came to Astolat, that is Guildford; and there it happed him in the eventide he came to an old baron's place that hight Sir Bernard of Astolat. And as Sir Launcelot entered into his lodging, King Arthur espied him as he did walk in a garden beside the castle, how he took his lodging, and knew him full well. It is well, said King Arthur unto the knights that were with him in that garden beside the castle, I have now espied one knight that will play his play at the jousts to the which we be gone toward; I undertake he will do marvels. Who is that, we pray you tell us?

said many knights that were there at that time. Ye shall not wit for me, said the king, as at this time. And so the king smiled, and went to his lodging.

So when Sir Launcelot was in his lodging, and un-armed him in his chamber, the old baron and hermit came to him making his reverence, and welcomed him in the best manner; but the old knight knew not Sir Launcelot. Fair sir, said Sir Launcelot to his host, I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known. Sir, said his host, ye shall have your desire, for meseemeth ye be one of the likeliest knights of the world, and therefore I shall shew you friendship. Sir, wit you well I have two sons that were but late made knights, and the eldest hight Sir Tirre, and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, that he may not ride, and his shield ye shall have; for that is not known I dare say but here, and in no place else. And my youngest son hight Lavaine, and if it please you, he shall ride with you unto that jousts; and he is of his age strong and wight, for much my heart giveth unto you that ye should be a noble knight, therefore I pray you, tell me your name, said Sir Bernard. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, ye must hold me excused as at this time, and if God give me grace to speed well at the jousts I shall come again and tell you. But I pray you, said Sir Launcelot, in any wise let me have you son, Sir Lavaine, with me, and that I may have his brother's shield. All this shall be done, said Sir Bernard.

This old baron had a daughter that was called that time the Fair Maiden of Astolat. And ever she beheld Sir Launcelot wonderfully; and as the book saith, she cast such a love unto Sir Launcelot that she could never withdraw her love, wherefore she died, and her name was Elaine le Blank. So thus as she came to and fro she was so hot in her love that she besought Sir Launcelot to wear upon him at the jousts a token of hers. Fair damosel, and Sir Launcelot, an if I grant you that, ye may say I do more for your love than ever I did for lady or damosel. Then he remembered him he would go to the jousts disguised. And because he had never fore that time borne no manner of token of no damosel, then he bethought him that he would bear one of her, that none of his blood thereby might

know him, and then he said: Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet, and therefore what it is, shew it me. Sir, she said, it is a red sleeve of mine, of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls: and so she brought it him. So Sir Launcelot received it, and said: Never did I erst so much for no damosel. And then Sir Launcelot betook the fair maiden his shield in keeping, and prayed her to keep that until that he came again; and so that night he had merry rest and great cheer, for ever the damosel Elaine was about Sir Launcelot all the while she might be suffered.

CHAPTER X

HOW THE TOURNEY BEGAN AT WINCHESTER, AND WHAT KNIGHTS WERE AT THE JOUSTS; AND OTHER THINGS.

So upon a day, on the morn, King Arthur and all his knights departed, for their king had tarried three days to abide his noble knights. And so when the king was ridden, Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine made them ready to ride, and either of them had white shields, and the red sleeve Sir Launcelot let carry with him. And so they took their leave at Sir Bernard, the old baron, and at his daughter, the Fair Maiden of Astolat. And then they rode so long till that they came to Camelot, that time called Winchester; and there was great press of kings, dukes, earls, and barons, and many noble knights. But there Sir Launcelot was lodged privily by the means of Sir Lavaine with a rich burgess, that no man in that town was ware what they were. And so they reposed them there till our Lady Day, Assumption, as the great feast should be. So then trumpets blew unto the field, and King Arthur was set on high upon a scaffold to behold who did best. But as the French book saith, the king would not suffer Sir Gawaine to go from him, for never had Sir Gawaine the better an Sir Launcelot were in the field; and many times was Sir Gawaine rebuked when Launcelot came into any jousts disguised.

Then some of the kings, as King Anguish of Ireland and the King of Scots, were that time turned upon the side of King Arthur. And then on the other party was the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince. But these three kings and this duke were passing weak to hold against King Arthur's party, for with him were the noblest knights of the world. So then they withdrew them either party from other, and every man made him ready in his best manner to do what he might.

Then Sir Launcelot made him ready, and put the red sleeve upon his head, and fastened it fast; and so Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine departed out of Winchester privily, and rode until a little leaved wood behind the party that held against King Arthur's party, and there they held them still till the parties smote together. And then came in the King of Scots and the King of Ireland on Arthur's party, and against them came the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down King Anguish of Ireland. Then Sir Palomides that was on Arthur's party encountered with Sir Galahad, and either of them smote down other, and either party halp their lords on horseback again. So there began a strong assail upon both parties And then came in Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagramore le Desirous, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu, Sir Mordred, Sir Meliot de Logris, Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Safere, Sir Epinogris, Sir Galleron of Galway. All these fifteen knights were knights of the Table Round. So these with more other came in together, and beat aback the King of Northumberland and the King of Northgalis. When Sir Launcelot saw this, as he hoved in a little leaved wood, then he said unto Sir Lavaine: See yonder in a company of good knights, and they hold them together as boars that were chafed with dogs. That is truth, said Sir Lavaine.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR LAVAINE ENTERED IN THE FIELD AGAINST THEM OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT, AND HOW LAUNCELOT WAS HURT.

Now, said Sir Launcelot, an ye will help me a little, ye shall see yonder fellowship that chaseth now these men in our side, that they shall go as fast backward as they went forward. Sir, spare not, said Sir Lavaine, for I shall do what I may. Then Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine came in at the thickest of the press, and there Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagramore, Sir Dodinas, Sir Kay, Sir Griflet, and all this he did with one spear; and Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Lucan le Butler and Sir Bedevere. And then Sir Launcelot gat another spear, and there he smote down Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Mordred, and Sir Meliot de Logris; and Sir Lavaine smote Ozanna le Cure Hardy. And then Sir Launcelot drew his sword, and there he smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and by great force he unhorsed Sir Safere, Sir Epinogris, and Sir Galleron; and then the knights of the Table Round withdrew them aback, after they had gotten their horses as well as they might. O mercy Jesu, said Sir Gawaine, what knight is yonder that doth so marvellous deeds of arms in that field? I wot well what he is, said King Arthur, but as at this time I will not name him. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, I would say it were Sir Launcelot by his riding and his buffets that I see him deal, but ever meseemeth it should not be he, for that he beareth the red sleeve upon his head; for I wist him never bear token at no jousts, of lady nor gentlewoman. Let him be, said King Arthur, he will be better known, and do more, or ever he depart.

Then the party that was against King Arthur were well comforted, and then they held them together that beforehand were sore rebuked. Then Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel called unto them the knights of their blood, as Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Aliduke, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir

Bellangere le Beuse. So these nine knights of Sir Launcelot's kin thrust in mightily, for they were all noble knights; and they, of great hate and despite that they had unto him, thought to rebuke that noble knight Sir Launcelot, and Sir Lavaine, for they knew them not; and so they came hurling together, and smote down many knights of Northgalis and of Northumberland. And when Sir Launcelot saw them fare so, he gat a spear in his hand; and there encountered with him all at once Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote him at once with their spears. And with force of themself they smote Sir Launcelot's horse to the earth; and by misfortune Sir Bors smote Sir Launcelot through the shield into the side, and the spear brake, and the head left still in his side.

When Sir Lavaine saw his master lie on the ground, he ran to the King of Scots and smote him to the earth; and by great force he took his horse, and brought him to Sir Launcelot, and maugre of them all he made him to mount upon that horse. And then Launcelot gat a spear in his hand, and there he smote Sir Bors, horse and man, to the earth. In the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel; and Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Blamore de Ganis. And then Sir Launcelot drew his sword, for he felt himself so sore y-hurt that he weened there to have had his death. And then he smote Sir Bleoberis such a buffet on the helm that he fell down to the earth in a swoon. And in the same wise he served Sir Aliduke and Sir Galihud. And Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Bellangere, that was the son of Alisander le Orphelin.

And by this was Sir Bors horsed, and then he came with Sir Ector and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote with swords upon Sir Launcelot's helmet. And when he felt their buffets and his wound, the which was so grievous, then he thought to do what he might while he might endure. And then he gave Sir Bors such a buffet that he made him bow his head passing low; and therewithal he raced off his helm, and might have slain him; and so pulled him down, and in the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel. For as the book saith he might have slain them, but when he saw their visages his heart might not serve him thereto, but left them there. And then afterward he hurled into the thickest press

of them all, and did there marvelloust deeds of arms that ever man saw or heard speak of, and ever Sir Lavaine, the good knight, with him. And there Sir Launcelot with his sword smote down and pulled down, as the French book maketh mention, more than thirty knights, and the most part were of the Table Round; and Sir Lavaine did full well that day, for he smote down ten knights of the Table Round.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR LAVAINE DEPARTED OUT OF THE FIELD, AND IN WHAT JEOPARDY LAUNCELOT WAS.

MERCY Jesu, said Sir Gawaine to Arthur, I marvel what knight that he is with the red sleeve. Sir, said King Arthur, he will be known or he depart. And then the king blew unto lodging, and the prize was given by heralds unto the knight with the white shield that bare the red sleeve. Then came the King with the Hundred Knights, the King of Northgalis, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, and said unto Sir Launcelot: Fair knight, God thee bless, for much have ye done this day for us, therefore we pray you that ye will come with us that ye may receive the honour and the prize as ye have worshipfully deserved it. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well if I have deserved thanks I have sore bought it, and that me repenteth, for I am like never to escape with my life; therefore, fair lords, I pray you that ye will suffer me to depart where me liketh, for I am sore hurt. I take none force of none honour, for I had liefer to repose me than to be lord of all the world. And therewithal he groaned piteously, and rode a great wallop away-ward from them until he came under a wood's side.

And when he saw that he was from the field nigh a mile, that he was sure he might not be seen, then he said with an high voice: O gentle knight, Sir Lavaine, help me that this truncheon were out

of my side, for it sticketh so sore that it nigh slayeth me. O mine own lord, said Sir Lavaine, I would fain do that might please, you, but I dread me sore an I pull out the truncheon that ye shall be in peril of death. I charge you, said Sir Launcelot, as ye love me, draw it out. And therewithal he descended from his horse, and right so did Sir Lavaine; and forthwithal Sir Lavaine drew the truncheon out of his side, and he gave a great shriek and a marvellous grisly groan, and the blood brast out nigh a pint at once, that at the last he sank down upon his buttocks, and so swooned pale and deadly. Alas, said Sir Lavaine, what shall I do? And then he turned Sir Launcelot into the wind, but so he lay there nigh half an hour as he had been dead.

And so at the last Sir Launcelot cast up his eyes, and said: O Lavaine, help me that I were on my horse, for here is fast by within this two mile a gentle hermit that sometime was a full noble knight and a great lord of possessions. And for great goodness he hath taken him to wilful poverty, and forsaken many lands, and his name is Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and he is a full noble surgeon and a good leech. Now let see, help me up that I were there, for ever my heart giveth me that I shall never die of my cousin-germain's hands. And then with great pain Sir Lavaine halp him upon his horse. And then they rode a great wallop together, and ever Sir Launcelot bled that it ran down to the earth; and so by fortune they came to that hermitage the which was under a wood, and a great cliff on the other side, and a fair water running under it. And then Sir Lavaine beat on the gate with the butt of his spear, and cried fast: Let in for Jesu's sake.

And there came a fair child to them, and asked them what they would. Fair son, said Sir Lavaine, go and pray thy lord, the hermit, for God's sake to let in here a knight that is full sore wounded; and this day tell thy lord I saw him do more deeds of arms than ever I heard say that any man did. So the child went in lightly, and then he brought the hermit, the which was a passing good man. When Sir Lavaine saw him he prayed him for God's sake of succour. What knight is he? said the hermit. Is he of the house of King Arthur, or not? I wot not, said Sir Lavaine, what is he, nor what is his name,

but well I wot I saw him do marvellously this day as of deeds of arms. On whose party was he? said the hermit. Sir, said Sir Lavaine, he was this day against King Arthur, and there he won the prize of all the knights of the Round Table. I have seen the day, said the hermit, I would have loved him the worse because he was against my lord, King Arthur, for sometime I was one of the fellowship of the Round Table, but I thank God now I am otherwise disposed. But where is he? let me see him. Then Sir Lavaine brought the hermit to him.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW LAUNCELOT WAS BROUGHT TO AN HERMIT FOR TO BE HEALED OF HIS WOUND, AND OF OTHER MATTERS.

And when the hermit beheld him, as he sat leaning upon his saddle-bow ever bleeding piteously, and ever the knight-hermit thought that he should know him, but he could not bring him to knowledge because he was so pale for bleeding. What knight are ye, said the hermit, and where were ye born? My fair lord, said Sir Launcelot, I am a stranger and a knight adventurous, that laboureth throughout many realms for to win worship. Then the hermit advised him better, and saw by a wound on his cheek that he was Sir Launcelot. Alas, said the hermit, mine own lord why lain you your name from me? Forsooth I ought to know you of right, for ye are the most noblest knight of the world, for well I know you for Sir Launcelot. Sir, said he, sith ye know me, help me an ye may, for God's sake, for I would be out of this pain at once, either to death or to life. Have ye no doubt, said the hermit, ye shall live and fare right well. And so the hermit called to him two of his servants, and so he and his servants bare him into the hermitage, and lightly unarmed him, and laid him in his bed. And then anon the hermit staunched his blood, and made him to drink good wine, so that Sir Launcelot was well refreshed and knew

himself; for in those days it was not the guise of hermits as is nowadays, for there were none hermits in those days but that they had been men of worship and of prowess; and those hermits held great household, and refreshed people that were in distress.

Now turn we unto King Arthur, and leave we Sir Launcelot in the hermitage. So when the kings were come together on both parties, and the great feast should be holden, King Arthur asked the King of Northgalis and their fellowship, where was that knight that bare the red sleeve: Bring him afore me that he may have his laud, and honour, and the prize, as it is right. Then spake Sir Galahad, the haut prince, and the King with the Hundred Knights: We suppose that knight is mischieved, and that he is never like to see you nor none of us all, and that is the greatest pity that ever we wist of any knight. Alas, said Arthur, how may this be, is he so hurt? What is his name? said King Arthur. Truly, said they all, we know not his name, nor from whence he came, nor whither he would. Alas, said the king, this be to me the worst tidings that came to me this seven year, for I would not for all the lands I wield to know and wit it were so that that noble knight were slain. Know ye him? said they all. As for that, said Arthur, whether I know him or know him not, ye shall not know for me what man he is, but Almighty Jesu send me good tidings of him. And so said they all. By my head, said Sir Gawaine, if it so be that the good knight be so sore hurt, it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found I shall find him, for I am sure he nis not far from this town. Bear you well, said King Arthur, an ye may find him, unless that he be in such a plight that he may not wield himself. Jesu defend, said Sir Gawaine, but wit I shall what he is, an I may find him.

Right so Sir Gawaine took a squire with him upon hackneys, and rode all about Camelot within six or seven mile, but so he came again and could hear no word of him. Then within two days King Arthur and all the fellowship returned unto London again. And so as they rode by the way it happed Sir Gawaine at Astolat to lodge with Sir Bernard thereas was Sir Launcelot lodged. And

so as Sir Gawaine was in his chamber to repose him Sir Bernard, the old baron, came unto him, and his daughter Elaine, to cheer him and to ask him what tidings, and who did best at that tournament of Winchester. So God me help, said Sir Gawaine, there were two knights that bare two white shields, but the one of them bare a red sleeve upon his head, and certainly he was one of the best knights that ever I saw joust in field. For I dare say, said Sir Gawaine, that one knight with the red sleeve smote down forty knights of the Table Round, and his fellow did right well and worshipfully. Now blessed be God, said the Fair Maiden of Astolat, that that knight sped so well, for he is the man in the world that I first loved, and truly he shall be last that ever I shall love. Now, fair maid, said Sir Gawaine, is that good knight your love? Certainly sir, said she, wit ye well he is my love. Then know ye his name? said Sir Gawaine. Nay truly, said the damosel, I know not his name nor from whence he cometh, but to say that I love him, I promise you and God that I love him. How had ye knowledge of him first? said Sir Gawaine.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SIR GAWAINE WAS LODGED WITH THE LORD OF ASTOLAT, AND THERE HAD KNOWLEDGE THAT IT WAS SIR LAUNCELOT THAT BARE THE RED SLEEVE.

THEN she told him as ye have heard to-fore, and how her father betook him her brother to do him service, and how her father lent him her brother's, Sir Tirre's, shield: And here with me he left his own shield. For what cause did he so? said Sir Gawaine. For this cause, said the damosel, for his shield was too well known among many noble knights. Ah fair damosel, said Sir Gawaine, please it you let me have a sight of that shield. Sir, said she, it is in my chamber, covered with a case, and if ye will come with me ye shall see it. Not so, said Sir Bernard till his daughter, let send for it.

So when the shield was come, Sir Gawaine took off the case, and when he beheld that shield he knew anon that it was Sir Launcelot's shield, and his own arms. Ah Jesu mercy, said Sir Gawaine, now is my heart more heavier than ever it was to-fore. Why? said Elaine. For I have great cause, said Sir Gawaine. Is that knight that oweth this shield your love? Yea truly, said she, my love he is, God would I were his love. So God me speed, said Sir Gawaine, fair damosel ye have right, for an he be your love ye love the most honourable knight of the world, and the man of most worship. So me thought ever, said the damosel, for never or that time, for no knight of that ever I saw, loved I never none erst. God grant, said Sir Gawaine, that either of you may rejoice other, but that is in a great adventure. But truly, said Sir Gawaine unto the damosel, ye may say ye have a fair grace, for why I have known that noble knight this four-and-twenty year, and never or that day, I nor none other knight, I dare make good, saw nor heard say that ever he bare token or sign of no lady, gentlewoman, ne maiden, at no jousts nor tournament. And therefore fair maiden, said Sir Gawaine, ye are much beholden to him to give him thanks. But I dread me, said Sir Gawaine, that ye shall never see him in this world, and that is great pity that ever was of earthly knight. Alas, said she, how may this be, is he slain? I say not so, said Sir Gawaine, but wit ye well he is grievously wounded, by all manner of signs, and by men's sight more likelier to be dead than to be alive; and wit ye well he is the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, for by this shield I know him. Alas, said the Fair Maiden of Astolat, how may this be, and what was his hurt? Truly, said Sir Gawaine, the man in the world that loved him best hurt him so; and I dare say, said Sir Gawaine, an that knight that hurt him knew the very certainty that he had hurt Sir Launcelot, it would be the most sorrow that ever came to his heart.

Now fair father, said then Elaine, I require you give me leave to ride and to seek him, or else I wot well I shall go out of my mind, for I shall never stint till that I find him and my brother, Sir Lavaine. Do as it liketh you, said her father, for me sore repenteth of the hurt of that noble knight. Right so the maid made her ready, and before Sir Gawaine, making great dole.

Then on the morn Sir Gawaine came to King Arthur, and told him how he had found Sir Launcelot's shield in the keeping of the Fair Maiden of Astolat. All that knew I aforehand, said King Arthur, and that caused me I would not suffer you to have ado at the great jousts, for I espied, said King Arthur, when he came in till his lodging full late in the evening in Astolat. But marvel have I, said Arthur, that ever he would bear any sign of any damosel, for or now I never heard say nor knew that ever he bare any token of none earthly woman. By my head, said Sir Gawaine, the Fair Maiden of Astolat loveth him marvellously well; what it meaneth I cannot say, and she is ridden after to seek him. So the kind and all came to London, and there Sir Gawaine openly disclosed to all the court that it was Sir Launcelot that jousted best.

CHAPTER XV

OF THE SORROW THAT SIR BORS HAD FOR THE HURT OF LAUNCELOT; AND OF THE ANGER THAT THE QUEEN HAD BECAUSE LAUNCELOT BARE THE SLEEVE.

And when Sir Bors heard that, wit ye well he was an heavy man, and so were all his kinsmen. But when Queen Guenever wist that Sir Launcelot bare the red sleeve of the Fair Maiden of Astolat she was nigh out of her mind for wrath. And then she sent for Sir Bors de Ganis in all the haste that might be. So when Sir Bors was come to-fore the queen, then she said: Ah Sir Bors, have ye heard say how falsely Sir Launcelot hath betrayed me? Alas madam, said Sir Bors, I am afeard he hath betrayed himself and us all. No force, said the queen, though he be destroyed, for he is a false traitor-knight. Madam, said Sir Bors, I pray you say ye not so, for wit you well I may not hear such language of him. Why Sir Bors, said she, should I not call him traitor when he bare the red sleeve upon his head at Winchester, at the great jousts? Madam, said Sir Bors, that sleeve-bearing repenteth me sore, but I dare say

he did it to none evil intent, but for this cause he bare the red sleeve that none of his blood should know him. For or then we, nor none of us all, never knew that ever he bare token or sign of maid, lady, ne gentlewoman. Fie on him, said the queen, yet for all his pride and bobaunce there ye proved yourself his better. Nay madam, say ye never more so, for he beat me and my fellows, and might have slain us an he had would. Fie on him, said the queen, for I heard Sir Gawaine say before my lord Arthur that it were marvel to tell the great love that is between the Fair Maiden of Astolat and him. Madam, said Sir Bors, I may not warn Sir Gawaine to say what it pleased him; but I dare say, as for my lord, Sir Launcelot, that he loveth no lady, gentlewoman, nor maid, but all he loveth in like much. And therefore madam, said Sir Bors, ye may say what ye will, but wit ye well I will haste me to seek him, and find him wheresomever he be, and God send me good tidings of him. And so leave we them there, and speak we of Sir Launcelot that lay in great peril.

So as fair Elaine came to Winchester she sought there all about, and by fortune Sir Lavaine was ridden to play him, to enchafe his horse. And anon as Elaine saw him she knew him, and then she cried aloud until him. And when he heard her anon he came to her, and then she asked her brother how did my lord, Sir Launcelot. Who told you, sister, that my lord's name was Sir Launcelot? Then she told him how Sir Gawaine by his shield knew him. So they rode together till that they came to the hermitage, and anon she alighted.

So Sir Lavaine brought her in to Sir Launcelot; and when she saw him lie so sick and pale in his bed she might not speak, but suddenly she fell to the earth down suddenly in a swoon, and there she lay a great while. And when she was relieved, she shrieked and said: My lord, Sir Launcelot, alas why be ye in this plight? and then she swooned again. And then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Lavaine to take her up: And bring her to me. And when she came to herself Sir Launcelot kissed her, and said: Fair maiden, why fare ye thus? ye put me to pain; wherefore make ye no more such cheer, for an ye be come to comfort me ye be right welcome; and

of this little hurt that I have I shall be right hastily whole by the grace of God. But I marvel, said Sir Launcelot, who told you my name? Then the fair maiden told him all how Sir Gawaine was lodged with her father: And there by your shield he discovered your name. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that me repenteth that my name is known, for I am sure it will turn unto anger. And then Sir Launcelot compassed in his mind that Sir Gawaine would tell Queen Guenever how he bare the red sleeve, and for whom; that he wist well would turn into great anger. So this maiden Elaine never went from Sir Launcelot, but watched him day and night, and did such attendance to him, that the French book saith there was never woman did more kindlier for man than she. Then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Lavaine to make aspies in Winchester for Sir Bors if he came there, and told him by what tokens he should know him, by a wound in his forehead. For well I am sure, said Sir Launcelot, that Sir Bors will seek me, for he is the same good knight that hurt me.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW SIR BORS SOUGHT LAUNCELOT AND FOUND HIM IN THE HERMITAGE, AND OF THE LAMENTATION BETWEEN THEM.

Now turn we unto Sir Bors de Ganis that came unto Winchester to seek after his cousin Sir Launcelot. And so when he came to Winchester, anon there were men that Sir Lavaine had made to lie in a watch for such a man, and anon Sir Lavaine had warning; and then Sir Lavaine came to Winchester and found Sir Bors, and there he told him what he was, and with whom he was, and what was his name. Now fair knight, said Sir Bors, I require you that ye will bring me to my lord, Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Lavaine, take your horse, and within this hour ye shall see him. And so they departed, and came to the hermitage.

And when Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot lie in his bed pale and discoloured, anon Sir Bors lost his countenance, and for kindness and pity he might not speak, but wept tenderly a great while. And then when he might speak he said thus: O my lord, Sir Launcelot, God you bless, and send you hasty recover; and full heavy am I of my misfortune and of mine unhappiness, for now I may call myself unhappy. And I dread me that God is greatly displeased with me, that he would suffer me to have such a shame for to hurt you that are all our leader, and all our worship; and therefore I call myself unhappy. Alas that ever such a caitiff-knight as I am should have power by unhappiness to hurt the most noblest knight of the world. Where I so shamefully set upon you and overcharged you, and where ye might have slain me, ye saved me; and so did not I, for I and your blood did to you our utterance. I marvel, said Sir Bors, that my heart or my blood would serve me, wherefore my lord, Sir Launcelot, I ask your mercy. Fair cousin, said Sir Launcelot, ye be right welcome; and wit ye well, overmuch ye say for to please me, the which pleaseth me not, for why I have the same I sought; for I would with pride have overcome you all, and there in my pride I was near slain, and that was in mine own default, for I might have given you warning of my being there. And then had I had no hurt, for it is an old said saw, there is hard battle thereas kin and friends do battle either against other, there may be no mercy but mortal war. Therefore, fair cousin, said Sir Launcelot, let this speech overpass, and all shall be welcome that God sendeth; and let us leave off this matter and let us speak of some rejoicing, for this that is done may not be undone; and let us find a remedy how soon that I may be whole.

Then Sir Bors leaned upon his bedside, and told Sir Launcelot how the queen was passing wroth with him, because he wore the red sleeve at the great jousts; and there Sir Bors told him all how Sir Gawaine discovered it: By your shield that ye left with the Fair Maiden of Astolat. Then is the queen wroth, said Sir Launcelot, and therefore am I right heavy, for I deserved no wrath, for all that I did was because I would not be known. Right so excused I you, said Sir Bors, but all was in vain, for she said more largelier to me

than I to you now. But is this she, said Sir Bors, that is so busy about you, that men call the Fair Maiden of Astolat? She it is, said Sir Launcelot, that by no means I cannot put her from me. Why should ye put her from you? said Sir Bors, she is a passing fair damosel, and a well beseen, and well taught; and God would, fair cousin, said Sir Bors, that ye could love her, but as to that I may not, nor I dare not, counsel you. But I see well, said Sir Bors, by her diligence about you that she loveth you entirely. That me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Bors, she is not the first that hath lost her pain upon you, and that is the more pity: and so they talked of many more things. And so within three days or four Sir Launcelot was big and strong again.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT ARMED HIM TO ASSAY IF HE MIGHT BEAR ARMS, AND HOW HIS WOUNDS BRAST OUT AGAIN.

THEN Sir Bors told Sir Launcelot how there was sworn a great tournament and jousts betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis, that should be upon All Hallowmass Day, beside Winchester. Is that truth? said Sir Launcelot; then shall ye abide with me still a little while until that I be whole, for I feel myself right big and strong. Blessed be God, said Sir Bors. Then were they there nigh a month together, and ever this maiden Elaine did ever her diligent labour night and day unto Sir Launcelot, that there was never child nor wife more meeker to her father and husband than was that Fair Maiden of Astolat; wherefore Sir Bors was greatly pleased with her.

So upon a day, by the assent of Sir Launcelot, Sir Bors, and Sir Lavaine, they made the hermit to seek in woods for divers herbs, and so Sir Launcelot made fair Elaine to gather herbs for him to make him a bain. In the meanwhile Sir Launcelot made him to

arm him at all pieces; and there he thought to assay his armour and his spear, for his hurt or not. And so when he was upon his horse he stirred him fiercely, and the horse was passing lusty and fresh because he was not laboured a month afore. And then Sir Launcelot couched that spear in the rest. That courser leapt mightily when he felt the spurs; and he that was upon him, the which was the noblest horse of the world, strained him mightily and stably, and kept still the spear in the rest; and therewith Sir Launcelot strained himself so straitly, with so great force, to get the horse forward, that the button of his wound brast both within and without; and therewithal the blood came out so fiercely that he felt himself so feeble that he might not sit upon his horse. And then Sir Launcelot cried unto Sir Bors: Ah, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine, help, for I am come to mine end. And therewith he fell down on the one side to the earth like a dead corpse. And then Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine came to him with sorrow-making out of measure. And so by fortune the maiden Elaine heard their mourning, and then she came thither; and when she found Sir Launcelot there armed in that place she cried and wept as she had been wood; and then she kissed him, and did what she might to awake him. And then she rebuked her brother and Sir Bors, and called them false traitors, why they would take him out of his bed; there she cried, and said she would appeal them of his death.

With this came the holy hermit, Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and when he found Sir Launcelot in that plight he said but little, but wit ye well he was wroth; and then he bade them: Let us have him in. And so they all bare him unto the hermitage, and unarmed him, and laid him in his bed; and evermore his would bled piteously, but he stirred no limb of him. Then the knight-hermit put a thing in his nose and a little deal of water in his mouth. And then Sir Launcelot waked of his swoon, and then the hermit staunched his bleeding. And when he might speak he asked Sir Launcelot why he put his life in jeopardy. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, because I weened I had been strong, and also Sir Bors told me that there should be at All Hallowmass a great jousts betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis, and therefore I thought to assay it myself, whether

I might be there or not. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said the hermit, your heart and your courage will never be done until your last day, but ye shall do now by my counsel. Let Sir Bors depart from you, and let him do at that tournament what he may: And by the grace of God, said the knight-hermit, by that the tournament be done and ye come hither again, Sir Launcelot shall be as whole as ye, so that he will be governed by me.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW SIR BORS RETURNED AND TOLD TIDINGS OF SIR LAUNCELOT; AND OF THE TOURNEY, AND TO WHOM THE PRIZE WAS GIVEN.

THEN Sir Bors made him ready to depart from Sir Launcelot; and then Sir Launcelot said: Fair cousin, Sir Bors, recommend me unto all them unto whom me ought to recommend me unto. And I pray you, enforce yourself at that jousts that ye may be best, for my love; and here shall I abide you at the mercy of God till ye come again. And so Sir Bors departed and came to the court of King Arthur, and told them in what place he had left Sir Launcelot. That me repenteth, said the king, but since he shall have his life we all may thank God. And there Sir Bors told the queen in what jeopardy Sir Launcelot was when he would assay his horse. And all that he did, madam, was for the love of you, because he would have been at this tournament. Fie on him, recreant knight, said the queen, for wit ye well I am right sorry an he shall have his life. His life shall he have, said Sir Bors, and who that would otherwise, except you, madam, we that be of his blood should help to short their lives. But madam, said Sir Bors, ye have been ofttimes displeased with my lord, Sir Launcelot, but at all times at the end ye find him a true knight: and so he departed.

And then every knight of the Round Table that were there at that time present made them ready to be at that jousts at All

Hallowmass, and thither drew many knights of divers countries. And as All Hallowmass drew near, thither came the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, of Surluse, and thither came King Anguish of Ireland, and the King of Scots. So these three kings came on King Arthur's party. And so that day Sir Gawaine did great deeds of arms, and began first. And the heralds numbered that Sir Gawaine smote down twenty knights. Then Sir Bors de Ganis came in the same time, and he was numbered that he smote down twenty knights; and therefore the prize was given betwixt them both, for they began first and longest endured. Also Sir Gareth, as the book saith, did that day great deeds of arms, for he smote down and pulled down thirty knights. But when he had done these deeds he tarried not but so departed, and therefore he lost his prize. And Sir Palomides did great deeds of arms that day, for he smote down twenty knights, but he departed suddenly, and men deemed Sir Gareth and he rode together to some manner adventures.

So when this tournament was done Sir Bors departed, and rode till he came to Sir Launcelot, his cousin; and then he found him walking on his feet, and there either made great joy of other; and so Sir Bors told Sir Launcelot of all the jousts like as ye have heard. I marvel, said Sir Launcelot, that Sir Gareth, when he had done such deeds of arms, that he would tarry. Thereof we marvelled all, said Sir Bors, for but if it were you, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Lamorak de Galis, I saw never knight bear down so many in so little a while as did Sir Gareth: and anon he was gone we wist not where. By my head, said Sir Launcelot, he is a noble knight, and a mighty man and well breathed; and if he were well assayed, said Sir Launcelot, I would deem he were good enough for any knight that beareth the life; and he is a gentle knight, courteous, true, and bounteous, meek, and mild, and in him is no manner of mal enginé, but plain, faithful, and true.

So then they made them ready to depart from the hermit. And so upon a morn they took their horses and Elaine le Blank with them; and when they came to Astolat there were they well lodged, and had great cheer of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of Sir Tirre,

his son. And so upon the morn when Sir Launcelot should depart, fair Elaine brought her father with her, and Sir Lavaine, and Sir Tirre, and thus she said:

CHAPTER XIX

OF THE GREAT LAMENTATION OF THE FAIR MAID OF ASTOLAT WHEN LAUNCELOT SHOULD DEPART, AND HOW SHE DIED FOR HIS LOVE.

My lord, Sir Launcelot, now I see ye will depart; now fair knight and courteous knight, have mercy upon me, and suffer me not to die for thy love. What would ye that I did? said Sir Launcelot. I would have you to my husband, said Elaine. Fair damosel, I thank you, said Sir Launcelot, but truly, said he, I cast me never to be wedded man. Then, fair knight, said she, will ye be my paramour? Jesu defend me, said Sir Launcelot, for then I rewarded your father and your brother full evil for their great goodness. Alas, said she, then must I die for your love. Ye shall not so, said Sir Launcelot, for wit ye well, fair maiden, I might have been married an I had would, but I never applied me to be married yet; but because, fair damosel, that ye love me as ye say ye do, I will for your good will and kindness show you some goodness, and that is this, that wheresomever ye will beset your heart upon some good knight that will wed you, I shall give you together a thousand pound yearly to you and to your heirs; thus much will I give you, fair madam, for your kindness, and always while I live to be your own knight. Of all this, said the maiden, I will none, for but if ye will wed me, or else be my paramour at the least, wit you well, Sir Launcelot, my good days are done. Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, of these two things ye must pardon me.

Then she shrieked shrilly, and fell down in a swoon; and then women bare her into her chamber, and there she made over much sorrow; and then Sir Launcelot would depart, and there he asked

Sir Lavaine what he would do. What should I do, said Sir Lavaine, but follow you, but if ye drive me from you, or command me to go from you. Then came Sir Bernard to Sir Launcelot and said to him: I cannot see but that my daughter Elaine will die for your sake. I may not do withal, said Sir Launcelot, for that me sore repenteth, for I report me to yourself, that my proffer is fair; and me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot, that she loveth me as she doth; I was never the causer of it, for I report me to your son I early ne late proffered her bount nor fair behests; and as for me, said Sir Launcelot, I dare do all that a knight should do that she is a clean maiden for me, both for deed and for will. And I am right heavy of her distress, for she is a full fair maiden, good and gentle, and well taught. Father, said Sir Lavaine, I dare make good she is a clean maiden as for my lord Sir Launcelot; but she doth as I do, for sithen I first saw my lord Sir Launcelot, I could never depart from him, nor nought I will an I may follow him.

Then Sir Launcelot took his leave, and so they departed, and came unto Winchester. And when Arthur wist that Sir Launcelot was come whole and sound the king made great joy of him, and so did Sir Gawaine and all the knights of the Round Table except Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred. Also Queen Guenever was wood wroth with Sir Launcelot, and would by no means speak with him, but estranged herself from him; and Sir Launcelot made all the means that he might for to speak with the queen, but it would not be.

Now speak we of the Fair Maiden of Astolat that made such sorrow day and night that she never slept, ate, nor drank, and ever she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she feebled so that she must needs pass out of this world, then she shrived her clean, and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, why should I leave such thoughts? Am I not an earthly woman? And all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man; and I take God to my record I loved never none but Sir Launcelot du

Lake, nor never shall, and a clean maiden I am for him and for all other; and sithen it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the High Father of Heaven to have mercy upon my soul, and upon mine innumerable pains that I suffered may be allegeance of part of my sins. For sweet Lord Jesu, said the fair maiden, I take Thee to record, on Thee I was never great offencer against thy laws; but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Launcelot, out of measure, and of myself, good Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death.

And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she did indite it: and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written word by word like as she devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. And while my body is hot let this letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my richest clothes be laid with me in a chariot unto the next place where Thames is; and there let me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samite over and over: thus father I beseech you let it be done. So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole, for when this was done anon she died. And so when she was dead the corpse and the bed all was led the next way unto Thames, and there a man, and the corpse, and all, were put into Thames; and so the man steered the barget unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro or any espied it.

CHAPTER XX

HOW THE CORPSE OF THE MAID OF ASTOLAT ARRIVED TO-FORE KING ARTHUR, AND OF THE BURYING, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT OFFERED THE MASS-PENNY.

So by fortune King Arthur and the Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window, and so as they looked into Thames they espied this black barget, and had marvel what it meant. Then the king called Sir Kay, and showed it him. Sir, said Sir Kay, wit you well there is some new tidings. Go thither, said the king to Sir Kay, and take with you Sir Brandiles and Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there. Then these four knights departed and came to the barget and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barget's end, and no word would he speak. So these four knights returned unto the king again, and told him what they found. That fair corpse will I see, said the king. And so then the king took the queen by the hand, and went thither.

Then the king made the barget to be holden fast, and then the king and the queen entered with certain knights with them; and there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold, and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the queen espied a letter in her right hand, and told it to the king. Then the king took it and said: Now am I sure this letter will tell what she was, and why she is come hither. So then the king and the queen went out of the barget, and so commanded a certain man to wait upon the barget.

And so when the king was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said that he would wit openly what was written within that letter. Then the king brake it, and made a clerk to read it, and this was the intent of the letter. Most noble knight, Sir Launcelot, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover, that men called the Fair Maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan, yet pray for my

soul and bury me at least, and offer ye my mass-penny: this is my last request. And a clean maiden I died, I take God to witness: pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art peerless. This was all the substance in the letter. And when it was read, the king, the queen, and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Launcelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him.

And when Sir Launcelot heard it word by word, he said: My lord Arthur, wit ye well I am right heavy of the death of this fair damosel: God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my willing, and that will I report me to her own brother: here he is, Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay, said Sir Launcelot, but that she was both fair and good, and much I was beholden unto her, but she loved me out of measure. Ye might have shewed her, said the queen, some bounty and gentleness that might have preserved her life. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, she would none other ways be answered but that she would be my wife, outher else my paramour; and of these two I would not grant her, but I proffered her, for her good love that she shewed me, a thousand pound yearly to her, and to her heirs, and to wed any manner knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For madam, said Sir Launcelot, I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by no constraint. That is truth, said the king, and many knight's love is free in himself, and never will be bounden, for where he is bounden he looseth himself.

Then said the king unto Sir Launcelot: It will be your worship that ye oversee that she be interred worshipfully. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, that shall be done as I can best devise. And so many knights yede thither to behold that fair maiden. And so upon the morn she was interred richly, and Sir Launcelot offered her mass-penny; and all the knights of the Table Round that were there at that time offered with Sir Launcelot. And then the poor man went again with the barget. Then the queen sent for Sir Launcelot, and prayed him of mercy, for why that she had been wroth with him causeless. This is not the first time, said Sir Launcelot, that ye had been displeased with me causeless, but, madam, ever I must suffer

you, but what sorrow I endure I take no force. So this passed on all that winter, with all manner of hunting and hawking, and jousts and tourneys were many betwixt many great lords, and ever in all places Sir Lavaine gat great worship, so that he was nobly renowned among many knights of the Table Round.

THUS it passed on till Christmas, and then every day there was jousts made for a diamond, who that jousted best should have a diamond. But Sir Launcelot would not joust but if it were at a great jousts cried. But Sir Lavaine jousted there all that Christmas passingly well, and best was praised, for there were but few that did so well. Wherefore all manner of knights deemed that Sir Lavaine should be made knight of the Table Round at the next feast of Pentecost.

III

THE GREAT TOURNAMENT

SO at afftir Crystemas kynge Arthure lete calle unto hym many knyghtes, and there they avysed togydirs to make a party and a grete turnemente and justis. And the kynge of North Galys seyde to kynge Arthure he wolde have on hys party kyng Angwysh of Irelonde and the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes and the kynge of Northhumbirlonde and sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce. So thes four kynges and this myghty deuke toke party ayenste kynge Arthure and the knyghtes of the Rounde Table.

And the cry was made that the day off justys shulde be [be]sydes Westemynster, uppon Candylmasse day, whereof many knyghtes were glad and made them redy to be at that justys in the freysshyste maner.

Than quene Gwenyver [sente] for sir Launcelot and seyd **430v** thus:

'I warne you that ye ryde no more in no justis nor turnementis but that youre kynnesmen may know you, and at thys justis that shall be ye shall have of me a slyeve of golde. And I pray you for my sake to force yourselff there, that men may speke you worshyp. But I charge you, as ye woll have my love, that ye warne your kynnesmen that ye woll beare that day the slyve of golde uppon your helmet.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit shall be done.'

And othir made grete joy of othir. And whan sir Launcelot saw hys tyme he tolde sir Bors that he wolde departe, and no mo wyth hym but sir Lavayne, unto the good ermyte that dwelled in the foreyst of Wyndesore, whos name was sir Brastias. And there he thought to repose hym and to take all the reste that he myght, because he wolde be freysh at that day of justis.

So sir Launcelot and sir Lav[ayne] departed, that no creature wyste where he was becom but the noble men of hys blood. And whan he was com to the ermytayge, wyte you well he had grete chyre. And so dayly sir Launcelot used to go

9 *C* table round 10–11 *W* shulde be sydes *C** shold be besyde 14 *W* Gwenyver (*end of f* 120r) for *C** Queueuer sent for 16 *C*† ny more 19 *C* make enforce 2[illegible] *C* speke of you 24 *C* and soo eyther 25–26 *C* & haue no more with 27 *C* in the forest of Wyndsoore his name 1 *W* sir Launcelot and sir Launcelot *C** sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne 34 *C* good chere *C* launcelot wold goo

to a welle by the ermytage, and there he wolde ly downe and se the well sprynge and burble, and somtyme he slepte there.

So at that tyme there was a lady that dwelled in that foreyste, and she was a grete hunteresse, and dayly she used to hunte. And ever she bare her bowghe with her, and no men wente never with her, but allwayes women, and they were all shooters and cowde well kylle a dere at the stalke and at the treste. And they dayly beare bowys, arowis, hornys and wood-knyves, and many good doggis they had, bothe for the strenge and for a bate.

So hit happed the lady, the huntresse, had abated her dogge for the bowghe at a barayne hynde, and so [this barayne hynde] toke the flyght over hethys and woodis. And ever thys lady and parte of her women costed the hynde, 431r and checked hit by the noyse of the hounde to have mette with the hynde at som watir. And so hit happened that that hynde cam to the same welle thereas sir Launcelot was by that welle slepynge and slumberynge.

And so the hynde, whan he cam to the welle, for heete she wente to soyle, and there she lay a grete whyle. And the dogge cam aftir and unbecaste aboute, for she had lost the verray parfyte fewte of the hynde. Ryght so cam that lady, the hunteres, that knew by her dogge that the hynde was at the soyle by that welle, and thyder she cam streyte and founde the hynde. And anone as she had spyed hym she put a brode arow in her bowe and shot at the hynde, and so she overshotte the hynde, and so by myssefortune the arow smote sir Launcelot in the thycke of the buttok over the barbys.

Whan sir Launcelot felte hym so hurte he whorled up woodly, and saw the lady that had smytten hym. And whan he knew she was a woman he sayde thus:

'Lady, or damesell, whatsomever ye be, in an evyll tyme bare ye thys bowe. The devyll made you a shoter!'

1 *C** welle fast by 6 all *not in C* 13 *C* ouer hedges and 16–17 *C* happed the hynde 17 same *not in C* *C* welle where as 17–18 by that welle *not in C* 19 *C* whan the hynde came 23 *C* by thy† dogge that she had that the hynde 24 *C* in† that welle 24–25 *C* and there she cam styfly† and fonde 25 anone as she had spyed hym *not in C* 27 *C*† ouer fhotte (*S* shotte) 30 *C* hym self so hurte he hurled vp 32 *C* he sawe she 33 *C* what that thow be 34 *C* ye a bowe

'Now, mercy, fayre sir!' seyde the lady, 'I am a jantill- (22)
woman that usyth here in thys foreyste huntynge, and God knowyth I saw you nat but as here was a barayne hynde at the soyle in thys welle. And I wente I had done welle, but my hande swarved.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye have myscheved me.'

And so the lady departed. And sir Launcelot, as he myght, pulled oute the arow and leffte the hede stylle in hys buttok, and so he wente waykely unto the ermytayge, evermore bledynge as he wente. And whan sir Lavayne and the ermyte aspyed that sir Launcelot was so sore hurte, wyte you well they were passyng hevy. But sir Lavayne wyst nat how that he was hurte nothir by whom. And than were they wrothe oute of mesure. And so wyth grete payne the ermyte gate oute the arow-hede oute of sir Launcelottis buttoke, and **431**[v]

[9 ff.] *R* Capitulum XX Now mercy fair sir said the lady I am (*sig. Υ vi*)
a gentilwoman that vseth here in this forest huntynge and god knoweth I sawe yow not but as here was a barayn hynde at the soyle in this welle and I wend to haue done wel but my hand swarued Allas said syre launcelot ye haue mescheued me and soo the lady departed and sir launcelot as he myghte pulled oute the arowe and lefte that hede styll in his buttok and so he wente weykely to the hermytage euer more bledynge as he went And whan sir Lauayne and the heremyte aspyed that sir launcelot was hurte wete yow wel they were passynge heuy but sire Lauayne wyst not how that he was hurte nor by whome And thenne were they wrothe out of mesure thenne with grete payne the heremyte gat oute the arowes hede oute of syr launcelots buttok and

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(*sig. Υ vi*)

[9 ff.] *P* Capitulum XX Now mercy fayre syr sayd the lady I am
a gentilwoman that vseth here in this forest huntyng and god knoweth I sawe you not but as here was a bareyn hynde at the soylle in this welle & I wende to haue done wel but my hande swarued alas said syr launcelot ye haue myscheued me and so the lady departed and syr launcelot as he myght pulled oute the arowe and left that hede stylle in hys buttok and so he wente weykely to the hermytage euer more bledynge as he wente And whan syr Lauayne and the heremyte aspyed that syr launcelot was hurt wete you wel they were passyng heuy but syr Lauayne wyste not how that he was hurte nor by whome and thenne were they wrothe oute of mesure. Thenne wyth grete payne the heremyte gate out the arowes hede oute of syr launcelots buttock and

muche of hys bloode he shed; and the wounde was passynge sore and unhappyly smytten, for hit was on such a place that he myght nat sytte in no sadyll.

'A, mercy Jesu!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may calle myselff the moste unhappy man that lyvyth, for ever whan I wolde have faynyst worshyp there befallyth me ever som unhappy thynge. Now, so Jesu me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and if no man wolde but God, I shall be in the fylde on Candilmas day at the justys, whatsomever falle of hit.'

So all that myght be gotyn to hele sir Launcelot was had. So whan the day was com sir Launcelot lat devise that he was arayed, and sir Lavayne and he and their horsis, as they had ben Sar[a]syns. And so they departed and cam nyghe to the fylde.

So the kynge of North Galys he had an hondred knyghtes with hym, and the kynge of Northehumbirlonde brought

R moche of his blood he shedde and the wound was passynge sore and vnhappyly smyten for it was in suche a place that he myght not sytte in noo sadyl A mercy Ihesu said sir Launcelot I may calle my self the moost vnhappyest man that lyueth for euer whan I wold faynest haue worshyp there befalleth me euer somme vnhappy thynge Now soo Ihesu me helpe said sir launcelot and yf no man wold but god I shalle be in the felde vpon candelmasse daye at the Iustes what someuer falle of hit soo alle that myght be goten to hele sir launcelot was had Soo whan the day was come sir launcelot lete deuyse that he was arayed and sir Lauayne and their horses as thouȝ they had ben sarazyns and soo they departed and cam nygh to the felde The kynge of Northgalys with† an honderd knyghtes with hym and the kynge of Northumberland broughte

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P moche of his blode he shedde and the wounde was passyng sore and vnhappyly smyten for it was in suche a place that he myȝt not sytte in no sadyl A mercy Ihesu sayd syr Launcelot I may calle my self the moost vnhappyest man that lyueth for euer whan I wold faynest haue worshyp there falleth me euer somme vnhappy thyng Now so Ihesu me helpe sayd sir launcelot and yf noo man wold but god I shall be in the felde vpon candelmasse day at the Iustes what someuer falle of hyt soo alle that myght be goten to hele syr Launcelot was had Soo whan the day was come syr launcelot lete deuyse that he was arayed and syr Lauayn and their horses as though they had ben sarazyns and so they departed and came nyghe to the felde The kyng of Northgalys with† an hondred knyghtes with hym and the kyng of Northumberlonde broughte

with hym an hondred good knyghtes, and kynge Angwysh of Irelonde brought with hym an hondred good knyghtes redy to juste. And sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce brought with hym an hondred good knyghtes, and the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes brought with hym as many, and all the[s]e were proved good knyghtes.

Than cam in kynge Arthurs party, and in cam wyth hym the kynge of Scottes, and an hondred knyghtes with hym, and kynge Uryence of Goore brought with hym an hondred knyghtes, and kynge Howell of Bretayne he brought wyth hym an hondred knyghtes, and deuke Chalaunce of Claraunce brought with hym an hondred knyghtes. And kynge Arthure hymselff cam into the fylde with two hondred knyghtes, and the moste party were knyghtes of the Rounde Table that were all proved noble men. And there were olde

R with hym an honderd good knyghtes and kynge Anguysshe of Irland brought with hym an honderd good knyghtes redy to Iuste and sir Galahalt the haute prynce broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes brought with hym as many and all these* were proued good knyghtes Thenne cam in kyng Arthurs party and there came in the kynge of Scottes with an honderd kynghtes and kynge Vryens of Gore brought with hym an [*v*°] honderd knyghtes And kynge Howel of Bretayne brouȝte with hym an honderd knyghtes and Chalaunce of Claraunce brought with hym an honderd knyghtes and kynge Arthur hym self came in to the felde with two honderd knyghtes and the moost party were knyghtes of the table round that were proued noble* knyghtes and there were old

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P with hym an hondred good knyghtes and kyng Anguysse of Irland brought with hym an hondred good knyghtes redy to Iuste and syr Galahalt the haute prynce brought wyth hym an hondred good knyghtes and the kyng wyth the hondred knyghtes brought with hym as many and al these* were proued good knyghtes Thenne came in kyng Arthurs partye and there came in the kyng of Scottes wyth an hondred knyghtes and kyng Vryens of gore brought wyth hym an [*v*°] hondred knyghtes And kyng howel of Bretayne broughte wyth hym an hondred knyghtes and Chalaunce of claraūce brought wyth hym an hondred knyghtes and kyng Arthur hym self came in to the felde wyth two hondred knyghtes and the moost party were knyghtes of the table rounde that were proued noble* knyghtes and there were olde

5–6 *WO*[1] all there 15 *H* proved men noble men

knyghtes set on skaffoldys for to jouge with the quene who ded beste.

(23) Than they blew unto the fylde. And there the kynge off North Galis encountred wyth the kynge of Scottes, and there
432r 5 the kynge of Scottis had a falle; and the kynge of Irelonde smote downe kynge Uryence, and the kynge of Northhumbirlonde smote downe kynge Howell of Bretayne, and sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce smote downe deuke Chalaunce of Claraunce. And than kynge Arthure was wood
10 wrothe, and ran to the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes, and so kynge Arthure smote hym downe. And aftir wyth that same speare he smote downe other three knyghtes, and than hys speare brake, and ded passyngly well.

So therewith cam in sir Gawayne and sir Gaherys, sir
15 Aggravayne and sir Mordred, and there everych of them

R knyghtes sette in skaffoldes for to Iuge with the quene who dyd best CAPITULUM XXII Thenne they blewe to the felde and there the kyng of northgalys encountred with the kynge of scottes & there the kynge of Scottes had a falle and the kyng of Irland smote doune kynge Vryens and the kyng of Northumberland smote doune kynge Howel of Bretayne and sir Galahaut the haute prynce smote doune Chalenge of Claraunce And thenne kynge Arthur was woode wroth and ranne to the kynge with the honderd knyȝtes and there kyng Arthur smote hym doune and after with that same spere kynge Arthur smote doune thre other knyghtes And thenne whan his spere was broken kynge Arthur dyd passyngly wel and soo there with alle came in syr Gawayne and sir Gaheryse sire Agrauayne and sir mordred and there eueryche of them

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P knyghtes sette in skaffoldes for to Iuge wyth the quene who dyd beste CAPITULUM XXII Thenne they blewe to the felde and there the Kyng of Northgalys encountred wyth the kyng of scottes & there the kyng of scottes had a falle and the Kyng of Irlond smote doun kyng Vryens and the kyng of Northumberland smote donn kyng Howel of Bretayne and syr galahaut the haute prynce smote doun Chalenge of Claraunce And thenne kyng arthur was wode wroth and ranne to the kyng wyth the hondred knyghtes And there kyng arthur smote hym doune and after wyth that same spere kyng Arthur smote doun thre other knyghtes And thenne whan his spere was broken kyng arthur dyd passyngly wel and soo there wythal came in syr Gawayn and syr Gaherise syr Agrauayne anh syr mordred and there eueryche of them

smote downe a knyght and sir Gawayne smote downe four knyghtes. And than there began a grete medlé, for than cam in the knyghtes of sir Launcelottys blood and sir Gareth and sir Palomydes wyth them, and many knyghtes of the Rounde Table; and they began to holde the four kynges and the myghty deuke so harde that they were ny discomfyte. But thys sir Galahalte the Haute Prynce was a noble knyght, and by hys myghty proues of armys he hylde the knyghtes of the Rounde Table strayte.

So all thys doynge saw sir Launcelot, and than he cam into the fylde wyth sir Lavayne with hym, as hit had bene thunder. And than anone sir Bors and the knyghtes of hys bloode aspyed sir Launcelot anone and seyde unto them all,

'I warne you, beware of hym with the slyve of golde uppon hys hede, for he ys hymselff my lorde sir Launcelot.'

And for great goodnes sir Bors warned sir Gareth.

R smote doune a knyghte and sir Gawayne smote doune four knyȝtes and thenne beganne a stronge medle for thenne there came in the knyghtes of launcelots blood and sir Gareth and sire Palomydes with them and many knyghtes of the table round and they beganne to holde the foure kynges and the myghty duke soo hard that they were† discomfyte but this duke Galahad the haut prynce was a noble knyght and by his myghty prowesse of armes he helde the knyghtes of the table round strayte ynough Alle this doynge sawe sir launcelot & thenne he came in to the felde with syr Lauayne as hit had ben thonder And thenne anone syre Bors and the knyghtes of his blood aspyed sir launcelot and said to them alle I warne you beware of hym with the sleue of gold vpon his hede for he is hym self sir launcelot du lake and for grete goodenes si

P smote doun a knyght and syr Gawayn smote doun foure knyghtes and thenne there beganne a stronge medle For thenne there came in the knyghtes of Launcelots blood and syr Gareth & syr Palomydes wyth them And many knyghtes of the table rounde and they began to holde the foure kynges and the myghty duke so harde that they were† dyscomfyte But thys duke galahad the haute prynce was a noble knyght & by his myghty prowesse of armes he helde the knyghtes of the table rounde strayt ynough Al this doyng sawe syr Launcelot and thenne he came in to the felde with syr Lauayne as it had been thonder And thenne anone syr boors and the knyghtes of his blood espyed syr Launcelot and sayd to them al I warne you beware of hym with the sleue of golde vpon his hede for he is hym self syr Launcelot du lake & for grete goodnes syr

'Sir, I am well payde,' seyde sir Gareth, 'that I may know hym.'

'But who ys he,' seyde they all, 'that rydith with hym in the same aray?'

5 'Sir, that ys the good and jantyll knyght sir Lavayne,' seyde sir Bors.

So sir Launcelot encountred with sir Gawayne, and there by force sir Launcelot smote downe sir Gawayne and his horse to the erthe. And so he smote downe sir Aggravayne
432v 10 and sir Gaherys, and also he smote downe sir Mordred, and all this was wyth one speare. Than sir Lavayne mette with sir Palomydes, and aythir mette other so harde and so fersely that both theire horsis felle to the erthe. And than were they horsed agayne.

15 And than mette sir Launcelot with sir Palomydes, and there sir Palomydes had a falle. And so sir Launcelot, or ever he stynte, and as faste as he myght get spearys, he smote downe thirty knyghtes, and the moste party were knyghtes of the Rounde Table. And ever the knyghtes of hys bloode
20 wythdrew them, and made hem ado in othir placis where sir Launcelot cam nat.

And than kynge Arthure was wrotthe whan he saw sir Launcelot do suche dedis, and than the kynge called unto hym sir Gawayne, sir Gaherys, sir Aggravayne, sir Mordred,
25 sir Kay, sir Gryfflet, sir Lucan de Butlere, sir Bedyvere, sir Palomydes and sir Safyr, hys brothir. And so the kynge wyth thes nine knyghtes made them redy to sette uppon sir Launcelot and uppon sir Lavayne.

And all thys aspyed sir Bors and sir Gareth.

30 'Now I drede me sore,' seyde sir Bors, 'that my lorde sir Launcelot woll be harde macched.'

'Now, be my hede,' seyde sir Gareth, 'I woll ryde unto my lorde sir Launcelot for to helpe hym whatsomever me betyde. For he ys the same man that made me knyght.'

35 'Sir, ye shall nat do so,' seyde sir Bors, 'be my counceyle, onles that ye were disgysed.'

1 Sir *not in C* C wel apayed 5 Sir *not in C* 18 *C* party of them 19 *C* table round 24–25 *C*† gawayn sir Mordred sir kay sir Gryflet 25 *C* sir Pedeuer 31 *C* be harde *S* harde be 32 Now *not in C* 33–34 *C* hym falle of hym what falle may for he 35 Sir *not in C* do *not in C*

'Sir, ye shall se me sone disgysed,' seyde sir Gareth.

And therewithall he had aspyed a Waylshe knyght where he was to repose hym, for he was sore hurte before of sir Gawayne. And unto hym sir Gareth rode and prayde hym of hys knyghthode to lende hym hys shylde for hys.

'I woll well,' seyde the Waylshe knyght.

And whan sir Gareth had hys shylde—the booke seythe h[it] was gryne, wyth a maydyn whych semed in hit—than 433r sir Gareth cam dryvynge unto sir Launcelot all that ever he myght, and seyde,

'Sir knyght, take kepe to thyselff, for yondir commyth kynge Arthur with nine noble knyghtes wyth hym, to put you to a rebuke. And so I am com to beare you felyshyp for the olde love ye have shewed unto me.'

'Grauntemercy,' seyde sir Launcelot.

'But, sir,' seyde sir Gareth, 'encountir ye with sir Gawayne, and I shall encountir with sir Palomydes, and lat sir Lavayne macche with the noble kynge Arthur. And whan we have delyverde them lat us three holde us sadly togydirs.'

So than cam in kynge Arthure wyth hys nine knyghtes with hym, and sir Launcelot encountred with sir Gawayne and gaff hym suche a buffette that the arson of hys sadyll braste, and sir Gawayne felle to the erthe. Than sir Gareth encountred with sir Palomydes, and he gaff hym such a buffet that bothe hys horse and he daysshed to the erthe. Than encountred kynge Arthure wyth sir Lavayne, and there aythir of them smote other to the erthe, horse and all, that they lay bothe a grete whyle.

Than sir Launcelot smote downe sir Aggravayne and sir Gaherys and sir Mordred; and sir Gareth smote downe sir Kay, sir Safir and sir Gryfflet.

And than sir Lavayne was horsed agayne, and he smote downe sir Lucan de Butlere and sir Bedyvere, and than there began grete thrange of good knyghtes. Than sir Launcelot hurled here and there, and raced and pulled of helmys, that

1 Sir *not in C* sone *not in C* 2, 6 *C* walysshe 3–4 *C* hym and he was sore hurte afore hurte† by syr Gawayne 5 *C* to lene 7–8 *C** saith it was 8 *WO*1 he was *C* that semed 9 euer *not in* C 11 Sir *not in C* *C* knyghte kepe thy self 14 the *not in C* 16 But *not in C* 20 in *not in C* 24 *C* with the good knyghte sir 28 bothe *not in C* 33 *C* Lucan the butteler 35 *C* helmes soo that

at that tyme there myght none sytte hym a buffette with speare nothir with swerde.

And sir Gareth ded such dedys of armys that all men mervayled what knyght he was with the gryne shylde, for he smote downe that day and pulled downe mo than thirty knyghtes. And, as the Freynshe booke sayth, sir Launcelot mervayled, whan he behylde sir Gareth do such dedis, what 433v knyght he myght be. And sir Lavayne smote and pulled downe mo than twenty knyghtes. And yet, for all thys, sir Launcelot knew nat sir Gareth; for and sir Trystram de Lyones other sir Lamorak de Galys had ben on lyve, sir Launcelot wolde have demed he had bene one of them twayne.

So ever as sir Launcelot, sir Gareth and sir Lavayne fought on the tone syde, sir Bors, sir Ector de Marys, sir Lyonell, sir Bleoberys, sir Galyhud, sir Galyhodyn and sir Pelleas and many mo other of kynge Banys blood faught uppon another party and hylde the Kynge wyth the Hondred Knyghtes and the kynge of Northhumbirlonde ryght strayte.

(24) So thys turnemente and justis dured longe tylle hit was nere nyght, for the knyghtes of the Rounde Table releved ever unto kynge Arthur; for the kyng was wrothe oute of mesure that he and hys knyghtes myght nat prevayle that day. Than sayde sir Gawayne to the kynge,

'Sir, I mervayle where ar all thys day sir Bors de Ganys and hys felyshyp of sir Launcelottis blood, that of all thys day they be nat aboute you. And therefore I deme hit ys for som cause,' seyde sir Gawayne.

'Be my hede,' seyde sir Kay, 'sir Bors ys yondir all thys day uppon the ryght honde of thys fylde, and there he and his blood dothe more worshypfully than we do.'

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'but I drede me ever of gyle. For o[n] payne of my lyff, that same knyght with the rede slyve of golde ys hymselff sir Launcelot, for

8–10 *C* Lauayne pulled doune and smote doune twenty knyghtes Also syr launcelot knewe not 14–15 *C* faughte and† on the one 15–16 *C*† lyonel syr lamorak de galys syr bleoberys (*cf. ll. 10–11*) 17 *C* and wyth moo 24 *C* sire Gawayne said 25 Sir *not in C* 25–28 *C*† merueile where alle this day syr Bors de ganys and his felaushyp of syre launcelots blood I merueylle all this day they be not aboute yow hit is for 31 *C*† blood done more 33 *W* of *C** on 33–34 *C* lyf said sir Gawayne this knyghte with 34–p. 1113, l. 1 *C* launcelot I see

I se well by hys rydynge and by hys greate strokis. And the othir knyght in the same colowres ys the good yonge knyght sir Lavayne, and that knyght with the grene shylde ys my brothir sir Gareth, and yet he hath disgysed hymselff, for no man shall make hym be ayenste sir Launcelot, bycause he made hym knyght.'

'By my hede,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'neveaw, I belyeve you. And therefore now telle me what ys youre beste counceyle'

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'my counceile ys to blow unto lodgynge. For and he be sir Launcelot du Lake and my brothir sir Gareth wyth hym, wyth the helpe of that goode yonge knyght, sir Lavayne, truste me truly, hit woll be no boote to stryve wyth them but if we sholde falle ten or twelve uppon one knyght, and that were no worshyp, but shame.' 434r

'Ye say trouthe,' seyde the kynge, 'hit were shame for us, so many as we be, to sette uppon them ony more. For wyte you well,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'they be three good knyghtes, and namely that knyght with the slyve of golde.'

And anone they blew unto lodgyng, but furthwithall kynge Arthure lete sende unto the four kyngis and to the myghty deuke and prayde hem that the knyght with the slyve of golde departe nat frome them but that the kynge may speke with hym. Than furthwithall kynge Arthur alyght and unarmed hym and toke a lytyll hakeney and rode after sir Launcelot, for ever he had a spy uppon hym. And so he founde hym amonge the four kyngis and the deuke, and there the kynge prayde hem all unto suppere, and they seyde they wolde with good wyll. And whan they were unarmed kynge Arthur knew sir Launcelot, sir Gareth and sir Lavayne.

'A, sir Launcelot,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'thys day ye have heted me and my knyghtes!'

And so they yode unto kynge Arthurs lodgynge all togydir, and there was a grete feste and grete revell. And the pryce was yevyn unto sir Launcelot, for by herowdys

3 *C* lauayne Also that 5 *C* shalle neuer make 8 *C* telle me now what 10 *C* Gawayne ye shalle haue my counceylle lete blowe vnto 16 *C* kyng and for to saye sothe said the kynge it were shame to vs 20 *C* So thenne they 28 *C*† prayed hem *S* hem 30–31 *C* sir Lauayne and sir Gareth 34 *C* yede

they named hym that he had smytten downe fifty knyghtys, and sir Gareth fyve-and-thirty knyghtes, and sir Lavayne four-and-twenty.

Than sir Launcelot tolde the kynge and the quene how the lady hunteras shotte hym in the foreyste of Wyndesore in the buttok wyth a brode arow, and how the wounde was at that tyme six inchys depe and inlyke longe.

434v Also kynge Arthure blamed sir Gareth because he leffte hys felyshyp and hylde with sir Launcelot.

'My lorde,' seyde sir Garethe, 'he made me knyght, and whan I saw hym so hard bestad, methought hit was my worshyp to helpe hym. For I saw hym do so muche dedis of armys, and so many noble knyghtes ayenste hym, that whan I undirstode that he was sir Launcelot du Lake I shamed to se so many good knyghtes ayenste hym alone.'

'Now, truly,' seyde kynge Arthur unto sir Gareth, 'ye say well, and worshypfully have ye done, and to youreselff grete worshyp. And all the dayes of my lyff,' seyde kynge Arthure unto sir Gareth, 'wyte you well I shall love you and truste you the more bettir. For ever hit ys,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'a worshypfull knyghtes dede to help and succoure another worshypfull knyght whan he seeth hym in daungere. For ever a worshypfull man woll be lothe to se a worshypfull man shamed, and he that ys of no worshyp and medelyth with cowardise never shall he shew jantilnes nor no maner of goodnes where he seeth a man in daungere, for than woll a cowarde never shew mercy. And allwayes a good man woll do ever to another man as he wolde be done to hymselff.'

So than there were made grete festis unto kyngis and deukes, and revell, game, and play, and all maner of nobeles was used. And he that was curteyse, trew, and faythefull to hys frynde was that tyme cherysshed.

2–3 *C* fyue and thyrtty and sir Lauayne four and twenty knyghtes 6–7 *C* wound therof was that 10 *C* a knyghte 12–13 dedis of armys *not in C*† 13 *C*† hym and whan 15 good *not in C* 16 Now *not in C* 20 *C* euer sayd Arthur hit is 21 and succoure *not in C*† 22 *C* in a grete daunger 23–24 *C*† worshipful shamed 24–25 *C* and fareth with cowardyse 26 *C* in ony daunger 26–27 *C* thenne euer wylle a coward shewe no mercy

So at after Christmas king Arthur let call unto him many knights, and there they advised togethers to make a party and a great tournament and jousts. And the king of North Wales said to king Arthur he would have on his party king Anguish of Ireland and the King with the Hundred Knights and the king of Northumberland and sir Galahalt the Haut Prince. So these four kings and this mighty duke took party against king Arthur and the knights of the Round Table.

And the cry was made that the day of jousts should be besides Westminster, upon Candlemas day, whereof many knights were glad and made them ready to be at that jousts in the freshest manner.

Then queen Guenevere sent for sir Lancelot and said thus: 'I warn you that ye ride no more in no jousts nor tournaments but that your kinsmen may know you. And at this jousts that shall be ye shall have of me a sleeve of gold, and I pray you for my sake to force yourself there, that men may speak of* you worship. But I charge you, as ye will have my love, that ye warn your kinsmen that ye will bear that day the sleeve of gold upon your helmet.' 'Madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'it shall be done.' And other made great joy of other.

And when sir Lancelot saw his time he told sir Bors that he would depart, and no mo with him but sir Lavain, unto the good hermit that dwelled in the forest of Windsor, whose name was sir Brastias. And there he thought to repose him and to take all the rest that he might, because he would be fresh at that day of jousts. So sir Lancelot and sir Lavain departed, that no creature wist where he was become

but the noble men of his blood. And when he was come to the hermitage, wit you well he had great cheer.

And so daily sir Lancelot used to go to a well fast* by the hermitage, and there he would lie down and see the well spring and burble, and some time he slept there. So at that time there was a lady that dwelled in that forest, and she was a great huntress, and daily she used to hunt. And ever she bore her bow with her, and no men went never with her, but always women, and they were all shooters and could well kill a deer at the stalk and at the tryst. And they daily bore bows, arrows, horns and wood-knives, and many good dogs they had, both for the string and for a bait.

So it happed the lady, the huntress, had abated her dog for the bow at a barren hind, and so this barren hind took the flight over heaths and woods. And ever this lady and part of her women coasted the hind, and checked it by the noise of the hound to have met with the hind at some water. And so it happened that that hind came to the same well thereas sir Lancelot was* sleeping and slumbering.

And so the hind, when she* came to the well, for heat she went to soil, and there she lay a great while. And the dog came after and umbecast about, for she had lost the very perfect fewte of the hind. Right so came that lady, the huntress, that knew by her dog that the hind was at the soil by that well, and thither she came straight and found the hind. And anon as she had spied her* she put a broad arrow in her bow, and shot at the hind, and so she overshot the hind, and so by misfortune the arrow smote sir Lancelot in the thick of the buttock over the barbs.

When sir Lancelot felt him so hurt, he whirled up woodly, and saw the lady that had smitten him. And when he knew she was a woman he said thus: 'Lady, or damsel, whatsomever ye be, in an evil time bore ye this bow. The devil made you a shooter!'

'Now mercy, fair sir!' said the lady, 'I am a gentlewoman that useth here in this forest hunting, and God knoweth I saw you not, but as here was a barren hind at the soil in this well. And I went I had done well, but my hand swerved.'

'Alas,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye have mischieved me!'

And so the lady departed. And sir Lancelot, as he might, pulled out the arrow and left the head still in his buttock, and so he went weakly unto the hermitage, evermore bleeding as he went. And when

sir Lavain and the hermit espied that sir Lancelot was so sore hurt, wit you well they were passing heavy. But sir Lavain wist not how that he was hurt nother by whom. And then were they wroth out of measure. And so with great pain the hermit got out the arrow head out of sir Lancelot's buttock, and much of his blood he shed. And the wound was passing sore and unhappily smitten, for it was on such a place that he might not sit in no saddle.

'Ah, mercy Jesu!' said sir Lancelot, 'I may call myself the most unhappy man that liveth, for ever when I would have fainest worship there befalleth me ever some unhappy thing. Now, so Jesu me help,' said sir Lancelot, 'and if no man would but God, I shall be in the field on Candlemas day at the jousts, whatsomever fall of it.'

So all that might be gotten to heal sir Lancelot was had. So when the day was come sir Lancelot let devise that he was arrayed, and sir Lavain and he and their horses, as they had been Saracens. And so they departed and came nigh to the field.

So the king of North Wales he had a hundred knights with him, and the king of Northumberland brought with him an hundred good knights, and king Anguish of Ireland brought with him an hundred good knights ready to joust. And sir Galahalt the Haut Prince brought with him an hundred good knights, and the King with the Hundred Knights brought with him as many, and all these were proved good knights.

Then came in king Arthur's party, and in came with him the king of Scots, and an hundred knights with him, and king Uriens of Goore brought with him an hundred knights, and king Howell of Brittany he brought with him an hundred knights, and duke Chalence of Clarence brought with him an hundred knights. And king Arthur himself came into the field with two hundred knights, and the most party were knights of the Round Table that were all proved noble men. And there were old knights set on scaffolds for to judge with the queen who did best.

Then they blew unto the field. And there the king of North Wales encountered with the king of Scots, and there the king of Scots had a fall. And the king of Ireland smote down king Uriens, and the king of Northumberland smote down king Howell of Brittany, and sir Galahalt the Haut Prince smote down duke Chalence of Clarence. And then king Arthur was wood wroth, and ran to the King with the

Hundred Knights, and so king Arthur smote him down. And after with that same spear he smote down other three knights—and then his spear broke—and did passingly well.

So therewith came in sir Gawain and sir Gaheris, sir Agravain and sir Mordred, and there every of them smote down a knight and sir Gawain smote down four knights. And then there began a great medley, for then came in the knights of sir Lancelot's blood and sir Gareth and sir Palomides with them, and many knights of the Round Table. And they began to hold the four kings and the mighty duke so hard that were nigh discomfit. But this sir Galahalt the Haut Prince was a noble knight, and by his mighty prowess of arms he held the knights of the Round Table strait.

So all this doing saw sir Lancelot, and then he came into the field with sir Lavain with him, as it had been thunder. And then anon sir Bors and the knights of his blood espied sir Lancelot anon and said unto them all, 'I warn you, beware of him with the sleeve of gold upon his head, for he is himself my lord sir Lancelot.' And for great goodness sir Bors warned sir Gareth. 'Sir, I am well paid,' said sir Gareth, 'that I may know him.' 'But who is he,' said they all, 'that rideth with him in the same array?' 'Sir, that is the good and gentle knight sir Lavain,' said sir Bors.

So sir Lancelot encountered with sir Gawain, and there by force sir Lancelot smote down sir Gawain and his horse to the earth. And so he smote down sir Agravain and sir Gaheris, and also he smote down sir Mordred, and all this was with one spear. Then sir Lavain met with sir Palomides, and either met other so hard and so fiercely that both their horses fell to the earth. And then were they horsed again. And then met sir Lancelot with sir Palomides, and there sir Palomides had a fall.

And so sir Lancelot, or ever he stint, and as fast as he might get spears, he smote down thirty knights, and the most party were knights of the Round Table. And ever the knights of his blood withdrew them, and made them ado in other places where sir Lancelot came not.

And then king Arthur was wroth when he saw sir Lancelot do such deeds, and then the king called unto him sir Gawain, sir Gaheris, sir Agravain, sir Mordred, sir Kay, sir Grifflet, sir Lucan de Butler, sir Bedivere, sir Palomides and sir Saphir, his brother. And so the king with these nine knights made them ready to set upon sir Lancelot and upon sir Lavain.

And all this espied sir Bors and sir Gareth. 'Now I dread me sore,' said sir Bors, 'that my lord sir Lancelot will be hard matched.' 'Now by my head,' said sir Gareth, 'I will ride unto my lord sir Lancelot for to help him whatsomever me betide. For he is the same man that made me knight.' 'Sir, ye shall not do so,' said sir Bors, 'by my counsel, unless that ye were disguised.' 'Sir, ye shall see me soon disguised,' said sir Gareth.

And therwithal he had espied a Welsh knight where he was to repose him, for he was sore hurt before of sir Gawain. And unto him sir Gareth rode, and prayed him of his knighthood to lend him his shield for his. 'I will well,' said the Welsh knight.

And when sir Gareth had his shield—the book saith it was green with a maiden which seemed in it—then sir Gareth came driving unto sir Lancelot all that ever he might, and said,

'Sir knight, take keep to thyself, for yonder cometh king Arthur with nine noble knights with him, to put you to a rebuke. And so I am come to bear you fellowship for the old love ye have shewed unto me.' 'Grauntmercy,' said sir Lancelot. 'But, sir,' said sir Gareth, 'encounter ye with sir Gawain, and I shall encounter with sir Palomides, and let sir Lavain match with the noble king Arthur. And when we have delivered them let us three hold us sadly togethers.'

So then came in king Arthur with his nine knights with him, and sir Lancelot encountered with sir Gawain and gave him such a buffet that the arson of his saddle burst, and sir Gawain fell to the earth. Then sir Gareth encountered with sir Palomides, and he gave him such a buffet that both his horse and he dashed to the earth. Then encountered king Arthur with sir Lavain, and there either of them smote other to the earth, horse and all, that they lay both a great while.

Then sir Lancelot smote down sir Agravain and sir Gaheris and sir Mordred, and sir Gareth smote down sir Kay, sir Saphir and sir Grifflet. And then sir Lavain was horsed again, and he smote down sir Lucan de Butler and sir Bedivere, and then there began great throng of good knights. Then sir Lancelot hurled here and there, and raced and pulled off helms, that at that time there might none sit him a buffet with spear neither with sword. And sir Gareth did such deeds of arms that all men marvelled what knight he was with the green shield, for he smote down that day and pulled down mo than thirty knights. And, as the French book saith, sir Lancelot marvelled, when he beheld sir

Gareth do such deeds, what knight he might be. And sir Lavain smote and pulled down mo than twenty knights. And yet, for all this, sir Lancelot knew not sir Gareth; for and sir Tristram de Lyonesse other sir Lamorak de Wales had been on live, sir Lancelot would have deemed he had been one of them twain.

So ever as sir Lancelot, sir Gareth and sir Lavain fought on the tone side, sir Bors, sir Ector de Maris, sir Lionel, sir Bleoberis, sir Galihud, sir Galihodin and sir Pelleas and many mo other of king Banis blood fought upon another party and held the King with the Hundred Knights and the king of Northumberland right strait.

So this tournament and jousts dured long till it was near night, for the knights of the Round Table relieved ever unto king Arthur; for the king was wroth out of measure that he and his knights might not prevail that day. Then said sir Gawain to the king,

'Sir, I marvel where are all this day sir Bors de Ganis and his fellowship of sir Lancelot's blood, that of all this day they be not about you. And therefore I deem it is for some cause,' said sir Gawain.

'By my head,' said sir Kay, 'sir Bors is yonder all this day upon the right hand of this field, and there he and his blood doth more worshipfully than we do.'

'It may well be,' said sir Gawain, 'but I dread me ever of guile. For on pain of my life, that same knight with the red sleeve of gold is himself sir Lancelot, for I see well by his riding and by his great strokes. And the other knight in the same colours is the good young knight sir Lavain, and that knight with the green shield is my brother sir Gareth, and yet he hath disguised himself, for no man shall make him be against sir Lancelot, because he made him knight.'

'By my head,' said king Arthur, 'nephew, I believe you. And therefore now tell me what is your best counsel.'

'Sir,' said Gawain, 'my counsel is to blow unto lodging. For and he be sir Lancelot du Lake and my brother sir Gareth with him, with the help of that good young knight, sir Lavain, trust me truly, it will be no boot to strive with them but if we should fall ten or twelve upon one knight, and that were no worship, but shame.'

'Ye say truth,' said the king, 'it were shame for us, so many as we be, to set upon them any more. For wit you well,' said king Arthur, 'they be three good knights, and namely that knight with the sleeve of gold.'

And anon they blew unto lodging, but forthwithal king Arthur let send unto the four kings and to the mighty duke and prayed them that the knight with the sleeve of gold depart not from them 'but that the king may speak with him.' Then forthwithal king Arthur alight and unarmed him and took a little hackney and rode after sir Lancelot, for ever he had a spy upon him. And so he found him among the four kings and the duke, and there the king prayed them all unto supper, and they said they would with good will. And when they were unarmed king Arthur knew sir Lancelot, sir Gareth and sir Lavain. 'Ah, sir Lancelot,' said king Arthur, 'this day ye have heated me and my knights!'

And so they yode unto king Arthur's lodging all together, and there was a great feast and great revel. And the prize was given unto sir Lancelot, for by heralds they named him that he had smitten down fifty knights, and sir Gareth five-and-thirty knights, and sir Lavain four-and-twenty.

Then sir Lancelot told the king and the queen how the lady huntress shot him in the forest of Windsor in the buttock with a broad arrow, and how the wound was at that time six inches deep and inlike long.

Also king Arthur blamed sir Gareth because he left his fellowship and held with sir Lancelot. 'My lord,' said sir Gareth, 'he made me knight, and when I saw him so hard bestead, methought it was my worship to help him. For I saw him do so much deeds of arms, and so many noble knights against him, that when I understood that he was sir Lancelot du Lake I shamed to see so many good knights against him alone.'

'Now, truly,' said king Arthur unto sir Gareth, 'ye say well, and worshipfully have ye done, and to yourself great worship. And all the days of my life,' said king Arthur unto sir Gareth, 'wit you well I shall love you and trust you the more better. For ever it is,' said king Arthur, 'a worshipful knight's deed to help and succour another worshipful knight when he seeth him in danger. For ever a worshipful man will be loth to see a worshipful man shamed, and he that is of no worship and meddleth with cowardice never shall he shew gentleness nor no manner of goodness where he seeth a man in danger, for then will a coward never shew mercy. And always a good man will do ever to another man as he would be done to himself.'

So then there were made great feasts unto kings and dukes, and revel, game and play, and all manner of noblesse was used. And he that was courteous, true and faithful to his friend was that time cherished.

CHAPTER XXI

OF GREAT JOUSTS DONE ALL A CHRISTMAS, AND OF A GREAT JOUSTS AND TOURNEY ORDAINED BY KING ARTHUR, AND OF SIR LAUNCELOT.

So at-after Christmas King Arthur let call unto him many knights, and there they advised together to make a party and a great tournament and jousts. And the King of Northgalis said to Arthur, he would have on his party King Anguish of Ireland, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince. And so these four kings and this mighty duke took part against King Arthur and the knights of the Table Round. And the cry was made that the day of the jousts should be beside Westminster upon Candlemas Day, whereof many knights were glad, and made them ready to be at that jousts in the freshest manner.

Then Queen Guenever sent for Sir Launcelot, and said thus: I warn you that ye ride no more in no jousts nor tournaments but that your kinsmen may know you. And at these jousts that shall be ye shall have of me a sleeve of gold; and I pray you for my sake

enforce yourself there, that men may speak of you worship; but I charge you as ye will have my love, that ye warn your kinsmen that ye will bear that day the sleeve of gold upon your helmet. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, it shall be done. And so either made great joy of other. And when Sir Launcelot saw his time he told Sir Bors that he would depart, and have no more with him but Sir Lavaine, unto the good hermit that dwelt in that forest of Windsor; his name was Sir Brasias; and there he thought to repose him, and take all the rest that he might, because he would be fresh at that day of jousts.

So Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine departed, that no creature wist where he was become, but the noble men of his blood. And when he was come to the hermitage, wit ye well he had good cheer. And so daily Sir Launcelot would go to a well fast by the hermitage, and there he would lie down, and see the well spring and burble, and sometime he slept there. So at that time there was a lady dwelt in that forest, and she was a great huntress, and daily she used to hunt, and ever she bare her bow with her; and no men went never with her, but always women, and they were shooters, and could well kill a deer, both at the stalk and at the trest; and they daily bare bows and arrows, horns and wood-knives, and many good dogs they had, both for the string and for a bait. So it happed this lady the huntress had abated her dog for the bow at a barren hind, and so this barren hind took the flight over hedges and woods. And ever this lady and part of her women costed the hind, and checked it by the noise of the hounds, to have met with the hind at some water; and so it happed, the hind came to the well whereas Sir Launcelot was sleeping and slumbering. And so when the hind came to the well, for heat she went to soil, and there she lay a great while; and the dog came after, and umbecast about, for she had lost the very perfect feute of the hind. Right so came that lady the huntress, that knew by the dog that she had, that the hind was at the soil in that well; and there she came stiffly and found the hind, and she put a broad arrow in her bow, and shot at the hind, and over-shot the hind; and so by misfortune the arrow smote Sir Launcelot in the thick of the buttock, over the barbs. When Sir

Launcelot felt himself so hurt, he hurled up woodly, and saw the lady that had smitten him. And when he saw she was a woman, he said thus: Lady or damosel, what that thou be, in an evil time bear ye a bow; the devil made you a shooter.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW LAUNCELOT AFTER THAT HE WAS HURT OF A GENTLEWOMAN CAME TO AN HERMIT, AND OF OTHER MATTERS.

Now mercy, fair sir, said the lady, I am a gentlewoman that useth here in this forest hunting, and God knoweth I saw ye not; but as here was a barren hind at the soil in this well, and I weened to have done well, but my hand swerved. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, ye have mischieved me. And so the lady departed, and Sir Launcelot as he might pulled out the arrow, and left that head still in his buttock, and so he went weakly to the hermitage ever more bleeding as he went. And when Sir Lavaine and the hermit espied that Sir Launcelot was hurt, wit you well they were passing heavy, but Sir Lavaine wist not how that he was hurt nor by whom. And then were they wroth out of measure.

Then with great pain the hermit gat out the arrow's head out of Sir Launcelot's buttock, and much of his blood he shed, and the wound was passing sore, and unhappily smitten, for it was in such a place that he might not sit in no saddle. Have mercy, Jesu, said Sir Launcelot, I may call myself the most unhappiest man that liveth, for ever when I would fainest have worship there befalleth me ever some unhappy thing. Now so Jesu me help, said Sir Launcelot, and if no man would but God, I shall be in the field upon Candlemas Day at the jousts, whatsomever fall of it: so all that might be gotten to heal Sir Launcelot was had.

So when the day was come Sir Launcelot let devise that he was arrayed, and Sir Lavaine, and their horses, as though they had been

Saracens; and so they departed and came nigh to the field. The King of Northgalis with an hundred knights with him, and the King of Northumberland brought with him an hundred good knights, and King Anguish of Ireland brought with him an hundred good knights ready to joust, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, brought with him an hundred good knights, and the King with the Hundred Knights brought with him as many, and all these were proved good knights. Then came in King Arthur's party; and there came in the King of Scots with an hundred knights, and King Uriens of Gore brought with him an hundred knights, and King Howell of Brittany brought with him an hundred knights, and Chaleins of Clarance brought with him an hundred knights, and King Arthur himself came into the field with two hundred knights, and the most part were knights of the Table Round, that were proved noble knights; and there were old knights set in scaffolds for to judge, with the queen, who did best.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BEHAVED HIM AT THE JOUSTS, AND OTHER MEN ALSO.

THEN they blew to the field; and there the King of Northgalis encountered with the King of Scots, and there the King of Scots had a fall; and the King of Ireland smote down King Uriens; and the King of Northumberland smote down King Howell of Brittany; and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, smote down Chaleins of Clarance. And then King Arthur was wood wroth, and ran to the King with the Hundred Knights, and there King Arthur smote him down; and after with that same spear King Arthur smote down three other knights. And then when his spear was broken King Arthur did passingly well; and so therewithal came in Sir Gawaine and Sir Gaheris, Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, and there everych of them smote down a knight, and Sir Gawaine smote down four

knights; and then there began a strong medley, for then there came in the knights of Launcelot's blood, and Sir Gareth and Sir Palomides with them, and many knights of the Table Round, and they began to hold the four kings and the mighty duke so hard that they were discomfit; but this Duke Galahad, the haut prince, was a noble knight, and by his mighty prowess of arms he held the knights of the Table Round strait enough.

All this doing saw Sir Launcelot, and then he came into the field with Sir Lavaine as it had been thunder. And then anon Sir Bors and the knights of his blood espied Sir Launcelot, and said to them all: I warn you beware of him with the sleeve of gold upon his head, for he is himself Sir Launcelot du Lake; and for great goodness Sir Bors warned Sir Gareth. I am well apaid, said Sir Gareth, that I may know him. But who is he, said they all, that rideth with him in the same array? That is the good and gentle knight Sir Lavaine, said Sir Bors. So Sir Launcelot encountered with Sir Gawaine, and there by force Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Gawaine and his horse to the earth, and so he smote down Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris, and also he smote down Sir Mordred, and all this was with one spear. Then Sir Lavaine met with Sir Palomides, and either met other so hard and so fiercely that both their horses fell to the earth. And then were they horsed again, and then met Sir Launcelot with Sir Palomides, and there Sir Palomides had a fall; and so Sir Launcelot or ever he stint, as fast as he might get spears, he smote down thirty knights, and the most part of them were knights of the Table Round; and ever the knights of his blood withdrew them, and made them ado in other places where Sir Launcelot came not.

And then King Arthur was wroth when he saw Sir Launcelot do such deeds; and then the king called unto him Sir Gawaine, Sir Mordred, Sir Kay, Sir Griflet, Sir Lucan the Butler, Sir Bedivere, Sir Palomides, Sir Safere, his brother; and so the king with these nine knights made them ready to set upon Sir Launcelot, and upon Sir Lavaine. All this espied Sir Bors and Sir Gareth. Now I dread me sore, said Sir Bors, that my lord, Sir Launcelot, will be hard matched. By my head, said Sir Gareth, I will ride unto my lord Sir

Launcelot, for to help him, fall of him what fall may, for he is the same man that made me knight. Ye shall not so, said Sir Bors, by my counsel, unless that ye were disguised. Ye shall see me disguised, said Sir Gareth; and therewithal he espied a Welsh knight where he was to repose him, and he was sore hurt afore by Sir Gawaine, and to him Sir Gareth rode, and prayed him of his knighthood to lend him his shield for his. I will well, said the Welsh knight. And when Sir Gareth had his shield, the book saith it was green, with a maiden that seemed in it.

Then Sir Gareth came driving to Sir Launcelot all that he might and said: Knight, keep thyself, for yonder cometh King Arthur with nine noble knights with him to put you to a rebuke, and so I am come to bear you fellowship for old love ye have shewed me. Gramercy, said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Gareth, encounter ye with Sir Gawaine, and I shall encounter with Sir Palomides; and let Sir Lavaine match with the noble King Arthur. And when we have delivered them, let us three hold us sadly together. Then came King Arthur with his nine knights with him, and Sir Launcelot encountered with Sir Gawaine, and gave him such a buffet that the arson of his saddle brast, and Sir Gawaine fell to the earth. Then Sir Gareth encountered with the good knight Sir Palomides, and he gave him such a buffet that both his horse and he dashed to the earth. Then encountered King Arthur with Sir Lavaine, and there either of them smote other to the earth, horse and all, that they lay a great while. Then Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Agravaine, and Sir Gaheris, and Sir Mordred; and Sir Gareth smote down Sir Kay, and Sir Safere, and Sir Griflet. And then Sir Lavaine was horsed again, and he smote down Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedevere; and then there began great throng of good knights.

Then Sir Launcelot hurtled here and there, and raced and pulled off helms, so that at that time there might none sit him a buffet with spear nor with sword; and Sir Gareth did such deeds of arms that all men marvelled what knight he was with the green shield, for he smote down that day and pulled down mo than thirty knights. And, as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot marvelled, when he beheld Sir Gareth do such deeds, what knight he might

be; and Sir Lavaine pulled down and smote down twenty knights. Also Sir Launcelot knew not Sir Gareth, for an Sir Tristram de Liones, outher Sir Lamorak de Galis had been alive, Sir Launcelot would have deemed he had been one of them twain. So ever as Sir Launcelot, Sir Gareth, Sir Lavaine fought, and on the one side Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Lionel, Sir Lamorak de Galis, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Pelleas, and with mo other of King Ban's blood fought upon another party, and held the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Northumberland right strait.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW KING ARTHUR MARVELLED MUCH OF THE JOUSTING IN THE FIELD, AND HOW HE RODE AND FOUND SIR LAUNCELOT.

So this tournament and this jousts dured long, till it was near night, for the knights of the Round Table relieved ever unto King Arthur; for the king was wroth out of measure that he and his knights might not prevail that day. Then Sir Gawaine said to the king: I marvel where all this day be Sir Bors de Ganis and his fellowship of Sir Launcelot's blood, I marvel all this day they be not about you: it is for some cause said Sir Gawaine. By my head, said Sir Kay, Sir Bors is yonder all this day upon the right hand of this field, and there he and his blood do more worshipfully than we do. It may well be, said Sir Gawaine, but I dread me ever of guile; for on pain of my life, said Sir Gawaine, this knight with the red sleeve of gold is himself Sir Launcelot, I see well by his riding and by his great strokes; and the other knight in the same colours is the good young knight, Sir Lavaine. Also that knight with the green shield is my brother, Sir Gareth, and yet he hath disguised himself, for no man shall never make him be against Sir Launcelot, because he made him knight. By my head, said Arthur, nephew, I

believe you; therefore tell me now what is your best counsel. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall have my counsel: let blow unto lodging, for an he be Sir Launcelot du Lake, and my brother, Sir Gareth, with him, with the help of that good young knight, Sir Lavaine, trust me truly it will be no boot to strive with them but if we should fall ten or twelve upon one knight, and that were no worship, but shame. Ye say truth, said the king; and for to say sooth, said the king, it were shame to us so may as we be to set upon them any more; for wit ye well, said King Arthur, they be three good knights, and namely that knight with the sleeve of gold.

So then they blew unto lodging; but forthwithal King Arthur let send unto the four kings, and to the mighty duke, and prayed them that the knight with the sleeve of gold depart not from them, but that the king may speak with him. Then forthwithal King Arthur alighted and unarmed him, and took a little hackney and rode after Sir Launcelot, for ever he had a spy upon him. And so he found him among the four kings and the duke; and there the king prayed them all unto supper, and they said they would with good will. And when they were unarmed then King Arthur knew Sir Launcelot, Sir Lavaine, and Sir Gareth. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day ye have heated me and my knights.

So they yede unto Arthur's lodging all together, and there was a great feast and great revel, and the prize was given unto Sir Launcelot; and by heralds they named him that he had smitten down fifty knights, and Sir Gareth five-and-thirty, and Sir Lavaine four-and-twenty knights. Then Sir Launcelot told the king and the queen how the lady huntress shot him in the forest of Windsor, in the buttock, with an broad arrow, and how the wound thereof was that time six inches deep, and in like long. Also Arthur blamed Sir Gareth because he left his fellowship and held with Sir Launcelot. My lord, said Sir Gareth, he made me a knight, and when I saw him so hard bestead, methought it was my worship to help him, for I saw him do so much, and so many noble knights against him; and when I understood that he was Sir Launcelot du Lake, I shamed to see so many knights against him alone. Truly, said King Arthur unto Sir Gareth, ye say well, and worshipfully have ye done

and to yourself great worship; and all the days of my life, said King Arthur unto Sir Gareth, wit you well I shall love you, and trust you the more better. For ever, said Arthur, it is a worshipful knight's deed to help another worshipful knight when he seeth him in a great danger; for ever a worshipful man will be loath to see a worshipful man shamed; and he that is of no worship, and fareth with cowardice, never shall he show gentleness, nor no manner of goodness where he seeth a man in any danger, for then ever will a coward show no mercy; and always a good man will do ever to another man as he would be done to himself. So then there were great feasts unto kings and dukes, and revel, game, and play, and all manner of noblesse was used; and he that was courteous, true, and faithful, to his friend was that time cherished.

IV

THE KNIGHT OF THE CART

AND thus hit passed on frome Candylmas untyll [after] (25)
Ester, that the moneth of May was com, whan every
lusty harte begynnyth to blossom and to burgyne. For, lyke
as trees and erbys burgenyth and florysshyth in May, in lyke
wyse every lusty harte that ys ony maner of lover spryngith, 5
burgenyth, buddyth, and florysshyth in lusty dedis. For hit
gyvyth unto all lovers corrayge, that lusty moneth of May, 435
in somthynge to constrayne hym to som maner of thynge
more in that moneth than in ony other monethe, for dyverce
causys: for than all erbys and treys renewyth a man and 10
woman, and in lyke wyse lovers callyth to their mynde olde
jantylnes and olde servyse, and many kynde dedes that was
forgotyn by neclygence.

For, lyke as wynter rasure dothe allway arace and deface
grene summer, so faryth hit by unstable love in man and 15
woman, for in many persones there ys no stabylité: for [w]e
may se all day, for a lytyll blaste of wyntres rasure, anone
we shall deface and lay aparte trew love, for lytyll or nowght,
that coste muche thynge. Thys ys no wysedome nother no
stabylité, but hit ys fyeblenes of nature and grete diswor- 20
shyp, whosomever usyth thys.

Therefore, lyke as May moneth flowryth and floryshyth
in every mannes gardyne, so in lyke wyse lat every man of
worshyp florysh hys herte in thys worlde: firste unto God,
and nexte unto the joy of them that he promysed hys feythe 25
unto; for there was never worshypfull man nor worshypfull
woman but they loved one bettir than another; and worshyp
in armys may never be foyled. But firste reserve the honoure
to God, and secundely thy quarell muste com of thy lady.
And such love I calle vertuouse love. 30

But nowadayes men can nat love sevennyght but they
muste have all their desyres. That love may nat endure
by reson, for where they bethe sone accorded and hasty,

1 *Not emended in O*[1] 3–4 *C* blosomme and to brynge forth fruyte for lyke as herbes and trees bryngen forth fruyte and florysshen 5 *C* in ony maner a louer 6 burgenyth buddyth *not in C*† 11 *C* and in lyke *S* and lyke *C** callen ageyne to 12 that *not in S* 16–17 *W* for he may *C** for we may 19–20 *C* wysedome nor stabylyte 21 *C* vseth *S* vsed 23 *C* in many gardyns 26 *C* man nor *S* man or 29 *C*† the quarel 33 *C* they ben soone

heete sone keelyth. And ryght so faryth the love nowadayes, sone hote sone colde. Thys ys no stabylyté. But the olde love was nat so. For men and women coude love togydirs seven yerys, and no lycoures lustis was betwyxte them, and than was love trouthe and faythefulnes. And so in lyke wyse was used such love in kynge Arthurs dayes.

435v Wherefore I lykken love nowadayes unto sommer and wynter: for, lyke as the tone ys colde and the othir ys hote, so faryth love nowadayes. And therefore all ye that be lovers, calle unto youre remembraunce the monethe of May, lyke as ded quene Gwenyver, for whom I make here a lytyll mencion, that whyle she lyved she was a trew lover, and therefor she had a good ende.

(IX, 1) So hit befelle in the moneth of May, quene Gwenyver called unto her ten knyghtes of the Table Rounde, and she gaff them warnynge that early uppon the morn she wolde ryde on-maynge into woodis and fyldis besydes Westemynster:

'And I warne you that there be none of you but he be well horsed, and that ye all be clothed all in gryne, othir in sylke othir in clothe. And I shall brynge with me ten ladyes, and every knyght shall have a lady be hym. And every knyght shall have a squyar and two yomen, and I woll that all be well horsed.'

So they made hem redy in the freysshyst maner, and thes were the namys of the knyghtes: sir Kay le Senesciall, sir Aggravayne, sir Braundyles, sir Sagramour le Desyrous, sir Dodynas le Savayge, sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, sir Ladynas of the Foreyst Savayge, sir Persaunte of Inde, sir Ironsyde that was called the Knyght of the Rede Laundes, and sir Pelleas the Lovear. And thes ten knyghtes made them redy in the freysshyste maner to ryde wyth the quyne.

And so uppon the morne or hit were day, in a May mornynge, they toke their horsys wyth the quene and rode on-mayinge in wodis and medowis as hit pleased hem, in

1 *C*† soone it keleth *C* fareth loue 3 For *not in C* 4 *C* were bitwene 5 *C** and loo in lyke 6 such *not in C* 8–9 *C* as the one is hote & the other cold so fareth 13–14 *C* ende Explicit liber Octodecimus And here foloweth liber XIX 15 ten *not in C* 16 *C* the morowe 20 *C* clothed in grene 22 *C* behynde hym 23 *C* that ye alle 33–34 or hit were day, in a May mornynge *not in C*†

grete joy and delytes. For the quene had caste to have bene agayne with kynge Arthur at the furthest by ten of the clok, and so was that tyme her purpose.

Than there was a knyght whych hyght sir Mellyagaunce, and he was sonne unto kynge Bagdemagus, and this knyght had that tyme a castell of the gyffte of kynge Arthure within seven myle of Westemynster. And thys knyght sir Mellyagaunce loved passyngly well quene Gwenyver, and so had he done longe and many yerys. And the booke seyth he had lay[n] in awayte for to stele away the quene, but evermore he forbare for bycause of sir Launcelot; for in no wyse he wolde meddyll with the quene and sir Launcelot were in her company othir ellys and he were nerehonde. 436r

And that tyme was such a custom that the quene rode never wythoute a grete felyshyp of men of armys aboute her. And they were many good knyghtes, and the moste party were yonge men that wolde have worshyp, and they were called the Quenys Knyghtes. And never in no batayle, turnement nother justys they bare none of hem no maner of knowlecchynge of their owne armys but playne whyght shyldis, and thereby they were called the Quenys Knyghtes. And whan hit happed ony of them to be of grete worshyp by hys noble dedis, than at the nexte feste of Pentecoste, gyff there were ony slayne or dede (as there was none yere that there fayled but there were som dede), than was there chosyn in hys stede that was dede the moste men of worshyp that were called the Quenys Knyghtes. And thus they cam up firste or they were renowmed men of worshyp, both sir Launcelot and all the reme[n]aunte of them.

But thys knyght sir Mellyagaunce had aspyed the quene well and her purpose, and how sir Launcelot was nat wyth her, and how she had no men of armys with her but the ten noble knyghtis all rayed in grene for maiynge. Than he purveyde hym a twenty men of armys and an hondred archars for to destresse the quene and her knyghtes; for he thought that tyme was beste seson to take the quene.

4 *C* that hyghte 6 *C* at that *W* of the kynge 8 *C* passynge 13 *C* nere hand her 14 *C* customme the 25 *C* but somme were 27 *C** vp alle fyrste 29 *W* remelaunte *C** remenaunt 32 *C* man 33 *C* arayed 35 *C*† to destroye the *W* he he

(2) So as [the quene] was oute on mayynge wyth all her knyghtes whych were bedaysshed wyth erbis, mossis and floures in the freysshyste maner, ryght so there cam oute of a wood sir Mellyagaunte with an eyght score men, all har-
436v 5 neyst as they shulde fyghte in a batayle of areste, and bade the quene and her knyghtis abyde, for magré their hedis they shulde abyde.

'Traytoure knyght,' seyd quene Gwenyver, 'what caste thou to do? Wolt thou shame thyselff? Bethynke the how
10 thou arte a kyngis sonne and a knyght of the Table Rounde, and thou thus to be aboute to dishonoure the noble kyng that made the knyght! Thou shamyst all knyghthode and thyselffe and me. And I lat the wyte thou shalt never shame me, for I had levir kut myne owne throte in twayne rather than
15 thou sholde dishonoure me!'

'As for all thys langayge,' seyde sir Mellyagaunte, 'be as hit be may. For wyte you well, madame, I have loved you many a yere, and never ar now cowde I gete you at such avayle. And therefore I woll take you as I fynde you.'

20 Than spake all the ten noble knyghtes at onys and seyde, 'Sir Mellyagaunte, wyte thou well thou ar aboute to jouparté thy worshyp to dishonoure, and also ye caste to jouparté oure persones. Howbehit we be unarmed and ye have us at a grete avauntayge—for hit semyth by you that
25 ye have layde wacche uppon us—but rather than ye shulde put the quene to a shame and us all, we had as lyff to departe frome owre lyvys, for and we othyrwayes ded we were shamed for ever.'

Than seyde sir Mellyagaunt, 'Dresse you as well as ye can,
30 and kepe the quene!'

Than the ten knyghtis of the Rounde Table drew their swerdis, and thes othir lat ren at them wyth their spearys. And the ten knyghtis manly abode them and smote away their spearys, that no speare ded them no harme. Than they
35 laysshed togydirs wyt[h] swerdis, and anone sir Kay, sir

1 *C* the quene had mayed and alle 2 *C* knyghtes alle were 3 *C** the best maner and fresshest 4–5 *C* men wel harnysed 11 thus *not in C* 13 And *not in C** 13–14 *C*† shalte thow neuer shame for 15 *C* sholdest 16 *C* be it as 19 *C* an auauntage as I doo now and 21–22 *C* ye ar . . . your 23 *WO*[1] youre persones and *not in C* 24 *C* grete auayle 27 *C* & yf we other wayes 31 *C* table round 32 *C* the other 34 *C* none harme

Sagramoure, sir Aggravayne, sir Dodynas, sir Ladynas and sir Ozanna were smytten to the erthe with grymly woundis. Than sir Braundiles and sir Persaunte, sir Ironsyde and sir Pelleas faught longe, and they were sore wounded, for thes ten knyghtes, or ever they were leyde to the grounde, slew fourty men of the boldyste and the beste of them. 437r

So whan the quene saw her knyghtes thus dolefully wounded and nedys muste be slayne at the laste, than for verry pyté and sorow she cryed and seyde,

'Sir Mellyagaunte, sle nat my noble knyghtes and I woll go with the uppon thys covenaunte: that thou save them and suffir hem no more to be hurte, wyth thys that they be lad with me wheresomever thou ledyst me. For I woll rather sle myselff than I woll go wyth the, onles that thes noble knyghtes may be in my presence.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Mellyagaunt, 'for your sake they shall be lad wyth you into myne owne castell, with that ye woll be reuled and ryde with me.'

Than the quene prayde the four knyghtes to leve their fyghtynge, and she and they wolde nat departe.

'Madame,' seyde sir Pelleas, 'we woll do as ye do, for as for me, I take no force of my lyff nor deth.'

For, as the Freynshe booke seyth, sir Pelleas gaff such buffettis there that none armoure myght holde hym.

Than by the quenys commaundemente they leffte batayle (3) and dressed the wounded knyghtes on horsebak, som syttyng and som overtwarte their horsis, that hit was pité to beholde. And than sir Mellyagaunt charged the quene and all her knyghtes that none of hir felyshyp shulde departe frome her, for full sore he drad sir Launcelot du Lake, laste he shulde have ony knowlecchynge. And all this aspyed the quene, and pryvaly she called unto her a chylde of her chambir whych was swyfftely horsed of a grete avauntayge.

'Now go thou,' seyde she, 'whan thou seyst thy tyme, and beare thys rynge unto sir Launcelot du Laake, and pray hym as he lovythe me that he wo[ll] se me and rescow me, if ever

3–4 *C*† Persaunt of Ironsyde syre Pelleas 9 verry *not in C*† and seyde *not in C*† 12 *C* suffer hem not to be no more hurte 14 *C* thyse my noble 26–27 *C* syttyng somme 28 *C* beholde them 29 *C* none of al her 31 And *not in C* 33 *C* that was 33–34 *C* horsed to whome she sayd Go thow whan

he woll have joy of me. And spare nat thy horse,' seyde the quyene, 'nother for watir nother for londe.'

So thys chyld aspyed hys tyme, and lyghtly he toke hys
437v horse with spurres and departed as faste as he myght. And
5 wan sir Mellyagaunte saw hym so fle, he undirstood that hit was by the quyenys commaundemente for to warne sir Launcelot. Than they that were beste horsed chaced hym and shotte at hym, but frome hem all the chylde wente delyverly.

And than sir Mellyagaunte sayde unto the quyne,

10 'Madame, ye ar aboute to betray me, but I shall ordayne for sir Launcelot that he shall nat com lyghtly at you.'

And than he rode wyth her and all the felyshyp in all the haste that they myght. And so by the way sir Mellyagaunte layde in buyshemente of the beste archars that he [myghte
15 gete in his countré to the numbre] of a thirty to awayte uppon sir Launcelot, chargynge them that yf they saw suche a maner a knyght com by the way uppon a whyght horse, 'that in ony wyse ye sle hys horse, but in no maner have ye ado wyth hym bodyly, for he ys over hardé to be overcom'.
20 So thys was done, and they were com to hys castell; but in no wyse the quene wolde never lette none of the ten knyghtes and her ladyes oute of her syght, but allwayes they were in her presence. For the booke sayth sir Mellyagaunte durste make no mastryes for drede of sir Launcelot, insomuche he
25 demed that he had warnynge.

So whan the chylde was departed fro the felyshyp of sir Mellyagaunte, wythin a whyle [he] cam to Westemynster, and anone he founde sir Launcelot. And whan he had tolde hys messayge and delyverde hym the quenys rynge,

30 'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'now am I shamed for ever, onles that I may rescow that noble lady frome dishonour!' Than egirly he asked hys armys.

And ever the chylde tolde sir Launcelot how the ten knyghtes faught mervaylously, and how sir Pelleas, sir Iron-
35 syde, sir Braundyles and sir Persaunte of Inde fought

3 *C* the chyld 4 *C* the spores 8 *C* wente sodenly 12–13 *C** her and they alle to his castel in alle the haste 14 *C* in an enbusshement the 14–15 *W* that he had *C** that he myghte gete in his coûtrey *etc.* (*see note*) 17 *C** manere of knyghte 18 *C* wyse they slee 18–19 *C* manere of wyse haue not adoo 19 *C* hard *S* hardy 22–23 *C*† in their presence 32 *C* armour 34–35 *C* and sire Ironsyde and sir

strongely, but namely sir Pelleas, there myght none harneys holde hym; and how they all faught tylle they were layde to the [erthe], and how the quene made apoyntemente for to 438r save their lyvys and to go wyth sir Mellyagaunte.

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that moste noble lady, that she shulde be so destroyed! I had lever', seyde sir Launcelot, 'than all Fraunce that I had bene there well armed.'

So whan sir Launcelot was armed and uppon hys horse he prayde the chylde of the quynys chambir to warne sir Lavayne how suddeynly he was departed and for what cause. 'And pray hym, as he lovyth me, that he woll hyghe hym aftir me, and that he stynte nat untyll he com to the castell where sir Mellyagaunt abydith, for there', seyde sir Launcelot, 'he shall hyre of me, and I be a man lyvynge!'

Than sir Launcelot rode as faste as he myght, and the (4) booke seyth he toke the watir at Westmynster Brydge and made hys horse swymme over the Temmys unto Lambyth. And so within a whyle he cam to the same place thereas the ten noble knyghtes fought with sir Mellyagaunte.

And than sir Launcelot folowed the trak untyll that he cam to a woode, and there was a strayte way, and there the thirty archers bade sir Launcelot 'turne agayne and folow no longer that trak'.

'What commaundemente have ye,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'to cause me, that am a knyght of the Rounde Table, to leve my ryght way?'

'Thys wayes shalt thou leve, othir ellis thou shalte go hit on thy foote, for wyte thou well thy horse shall be slayne.'

'That ys lytyll maystry,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'to sle myne horse! But as for myselff, whan my horse ys slayne I gyff ryght nought of you, nat and ye were fyve hundred mo!'

So than they shotte sir Launcelottis horse and smote hym with many arowys. And than sir Launcelot avoyded hys horse and wente on foote, but there were so many dychys and

1–2 *C* none withstãde hym 2 *C** tylle at the last they 3 *C* and thenne the 4 to *not in C* 7 *C*† there were wel 13 *C* abydich or dwelleth for 14–15 *C** and I am a man lyuynge and rescowe the quene and the ten knyȝtes the whiche he traitoursly hath taken and that shalle I preue vpon his hede and alle them that hold with hym CAPITULUM iiii Thenne 17–18 *C* hors to swymme ouer Temse vnto lambehythe And thẽne within 24 *C* ye ther to sayd 27 *C* This way 31 *C* nought for yow

hedgys betwyxte hem and hym that he myght nat meddyll with none of hem.

'Alas, for shame!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ever one
438v knyght shulde betray anothir knyght! But hyt ys an olde-
5 seyde saw: "A good man ys never in daungere but whan he ys in the daungere of a cowhard." '

Than sir Launcelot walked on a whyle, and was sore acombird of hys armoure, hys shylde, and hys speare. Wyte you well he was full sore anoyed! And full lothe he was for
10 to leve onythynge that longed unto hym, for he drad sore the treson of sir Mellyagaunce.

Than by fortune there cam [by hym] a charyote that cam thydir to feche wood.

'Say me, carter,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what shall I gyff the
15 to suffir me to lepe into thy charyote, and that thou wolte brynge me unto a castell within thys two myle?'

'Thou shalt nat entir into thys caryot,' seyde the carter, 'for I am sente for to fecche wood.'

'Unto whom?' seyde sir Launcelot.

20 'Unto my lorde, sir Mellyagaunce,' seyde the carter.

'And with hym wolde I speke,' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Thou shalt nat go with me!' seyde the carter.

Whan sir Launcelot lepe to hym and gaff hym backwarde with hys gauntelet a reremayne, that he felle to the erthe
25 starke dede, than the tothir carter, hys felow, was aferde and wente to have gone the same way. And than he sayde,

'Fayre lorde, sauff my lyff, and I shall brynge you where ye woll.'

'Than I charge the,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that thou dryve
30 me and thys charyote unto sir Mellyagaunce yate.'

'Than lepe ye up into the charyotte,' seyde the carter, 'and ye shall be there anone.'

So the carter drove on a grete walop, and sir Launcelottes hors folowed the charyot, with mo than forty arowys in hym.

5 seyde *not in C* 7–8 *C* wente a whyle and thenne he was fowle combred 8–9 *C** spere & alle that longed vnto hym wete ye 13 *C* for to 15 wolte *not in C* 17 *C* not come within my charyot 18–21 *C†* wood for my lord sir Mellyagraunce with hym 21 seyde sir Launcelot *not in C†* 22–23 *C* carter thēne syr 23–24 *C†* hym suche a buffet that he 26–27 *C* he cryed fair 30 *C* charyot euen vnto 30–31 *C* yate lepe vp 34 *C** than a xl arowes brode and rough in

And more than an owre and an halff quene Gwenyver was a-waytyng in a bay-wyndow. Than one of hir ladyes aspyed an armed knyght stondyng in a charyote.

'A! se, madam,' seyde the lady, 'where rydys in a charyot a goodly armed knyght, and we suppose he rydyth unto hangynge.'

'Where?' seyde the quene.

Than she aspyed by hys shylde that hit was sir Launcelot, **439r** and than was she ware where cam hys horse after the charyotte, and ever he trode hys guttis and hys paunche undir hys feete.

'Alas!' seyde the quene, 'now I may preve and se that well ys that creature that hath a trusty frynde. A ha!' seyde quene Gwenyver, 'I se well that ye were harde bestad whan ye ryde in a charyote.' And than she rebuked that lady that lykened sir Launcelot to ryde in a charyote to hangynge: 'Forsothe hit was fowle-mowthed,' seyde the quene, 'and evyll lykened, so for to lyken the moste noble knyght of the worlde unto such a shamefull dethe. A! Jesu deffende hym and kepe hym', sayde the quene, 'frome all myschevous ende!'

So by thys was sir Launcelot comyn to the gatis of that castell, and there he descended down and cryed, that all the castell myght rynge:

'Where arte thou, thou false traytoure sir Mellyagaunte, and knyghte of the Table Rounde? Com forth, thou traytour knyght, thou and all thy felyshyp with the, for here I am, sir Launcelot du Lake, that shall fyght with you all!'

And therewithall he bare the gate wyde opyn uppon the porter, and smote hym undir the ere wyth hys gauntelet, that hys nekke braste in two pecis. Whan sir Mellyagaunce harde (5) that sir Launcelot was comyn he ranne unto the quene and felle uppon hys kne and seyde,

2–3 *C* wyndowe with her ladyes & aspyed 4 A *not in C* *C* a lady 5 *C* knyghte I suppose 8 *C* that he was there hym self sir launcelot du lake 9–10 *C* hors euer after that charyot 12–13 *C* now I see well and preue that wel is hym that hath 13 *C** Ha a moost noble knyghte sayd qnene 14 *C* wel thow arte hard bestad whan thow rydest 15 And *not in C* 16 Forsothe *not in C* 19 *C* O Ihesu 23–24 *C* Castel range of it where arte thow fals 25–26 now come forth here thou 26 all *not in C* 29 *C* vnder his ȝere 30 *C* brast in sonder 31 *C* was there he *C* vnto quene Gueneuer and

'Mercy, madame, for now I putte me holé in you[r] good grace.'

'What ayles you now?' seyde quene Gwenyver. 'Pardé, I myght well wete that some good knyght wolde revenge me, thoughe my lorde kynge Arthure knew nat of thys your worke.'

'A! madame,' seyde sir Mellyagaunte, 'all thys that ys amysse on my party shall be amended ryght as youreselff woll devyse, and holy I put me in youre grace.'

'What wolde ye that I ded?' seyde the quene.

'Madame, I wolde no more,' seyde sir Mellyagaunt, 'but that ye wolde take all in youre owne hondys, and that ye woll
439v rule my lorde sir Launcelot. And such chere as may be made hym in thys poure castell ye and he shall have untyll to-morn, and than may ye and all they returne ayen unto Westmynster. And my body and all that I have I shall put in youre rule.'

'Ye sey well,' seyde the quene, 'and bettir ys pees than evermore warre, and the lesse noyse the more ys my worshyp.'

Than the quene and hir ladyes wente downe unto sir Launcelot that stood wood wrothe oute of mesure [in the inner courte] to abyde batayle, and ever he seyde,

'Thou traytour knyght, com forthe!'

Than the quene cam unto hym and seyde,

'Sir Launcelot, why be ye so amoved?'

'A! madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'why aske ye me that questyon? For mesemyth ye oughte to be more wrotther than I am, for ye have the hurte and the dishonour. For wyte you well, madame, my hurte ys but lytyll in regard for the sleyng of a marys sonne, but the despite grevyth me much more than all my hurte.'

'Truly,' seyde the quene, 'ye say trouthe, but hartely I thanke you,' seyde the quene. 'But ye muste com in with me pesyblé, for all thynge ys put in myne honde, and all that ys amysse shall be amended, for the knyght full sore repentys hym of thys mysadventure that ys befallyn hym.'

1 for *not in C* good *not in C*† 3 *C* Gueneuer For sothe I 4 that *not in C* 5 *C* lord Arthur wyste not 6 A *not in C* 8 *W* in in 10 Madame *not in C* 14 ayen *not in C*† 16 *C* hetter *S* better 16–17 *C* euer werre and 18–19 *C* vnto the knyghte syr launcelot 19 wood *not in C*† 19–20 *Not emended in O*1 20–21 *C* he bad thou 23 *C* soo moeued 25 For *not in C* *C* Me semeth said sir launcelot ye ou3te *C* wrothe 27 in regard *not in C* 27–28 *C* for the kyllynge of a mares sone 32–33 *C*† is euylle shalle be for the best for

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'syth hit ys so that ye be accorded with hym, as for me I may nat agaynesay hit, howbehit sir Mellyagaunte hath done full shamefully to me and cowardly. And, madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and I had wyste that ye wolde have bene so lyghtly accorded with hym I wolde nat a made such haste unto you.'

'Why say ye so?' seyde the quene. 'Do ye forthynke youreselff of youre good dedis? Wyte you well,' seyde the quene, 'I accorded never with hym for no favoure nor love that I had unto hym, but of every shamefull noyse of wysedom to lay adoune.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye undirstonde full well I was never wyllynge nor glad of shamefull sclaundir nor noyse. And there ys nother kynge, quene ne knyght that beryth the lyffe, excepte my lorde kynge Arthur and you, **440r** madame, that shulde lette me but I shulde make sir Mellyagaunte harte full colde or ever I departed frome hense.'

'That wote I well,' seyde the quene, 'but what woll ye more? Ye shall have all thynge ruled as ye lyste to have hit.'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'so ye be pleased! As for my parte, ye shall sone please me.'

Ryght so the quene toke sir Launcelot by the bare honde, for he had put of hys gauntelot, and so she wente wyth hym tyll her chambir, and than she commanded hym to be unarmed.

And than sir Launcelot asked the quene where were hir ten knyghtes that were wounded with her. Than she shewed them unto hym, and there they made grete joy of the commyng of sir Launcelot, and he made grete sorow of their hurtis. And there sir Launcelot tolde them how cowardly and traytourly he sette archers to sle hys horse, and how he was fayne to put hymselff in a charyotte. And thus they complayned everyche to other, and full fayne they wolde have ben revenged, but they kepte the pees bycause of the quene.

2 *C* not be ageyn it 4 *C* cowardly A madame 5 *C* soo soone accorded 9 *C* neuer vnto hym no *not in C* 10–11 *C* but for to laye doune euery shameful noyse (of wysedom *not in C*†) 16 that *not in C* 20 *C** pleasyd I care not as 21 me *not in C*† 25 the quene *not in C* 25–27 *C* were the ten knyghtes that were wounded sore so she shewed them vnto sir launcelot and 27–29 *C** comynge of hym and sir launcelot made grete dole of their hurtes and bewayled them gretely & there 30 *C** Mellyagraunce sette 33 *C* they peaced them self by cause

Than, as the Freynsh booke saythe, sir Launcelot was called many dayes aftyr 'le Shyvalere de Charyotte', and so he ded many dedys and grete adventures.

AND SO WE LEVE OF HERE OF LA SHYVALERE LE CHARYOTE, AND TURNE WE TO THYS TALE.

So sir Launcelot had grete chere with the quene. And than he made a promyse with the quene that the same nyght he sholde com to a wyndow outewarde towarde a gardyne, and that wyndow was barred with iron, and there sir Launcelot promysed to mete her whan all folkes were on slepe.

So than cam sir Lavayne dryvynge to the gatis, seyyng, 'Where ys my lorde sir Launcelot?' And anone he was sente fore, and whan sir Lavayne saw sir Launcelot, he seyde, 'A, my lorde! I founde howe ye were harde bestadde, for I
440v have founde your hors that ys slayne with arowys.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I praye you, sir Lavayne, speke ye of othir maters and lat thys passe, and ryght hit anothir tyme and we may.'

(6) Than the knyghtes that were hurt were serched, and soffte salves were layde to their woundis, and so hit passed on tyll souper-tyme. And all the chere that myght be made them there was done unto the quene and all her knyghtes. And whan season was they wente unto their chambirs, but in no wyse the quene wolde nat suffir her wounded knyghtes to be fro her, but that they were layde inwyth draughtes by hir chambir, uppon beddis and paylattes, that she myght herselff se unto them that they wanted nothynge.

So whan sir Launcelot was in hys chambir whych was assygned unto hym, he called unto hym sir Lavayne and tolde hym that nyght he must speke with hys lady, quene Gwenyver.

2 *C* many a day *C* cheualer* du charyot† 2–3 so he *not in C* 3–4 *C* aduentures he had and soo leue we of this tale le* Cheualer* du Charyot† 7 *C* thenne syr launcelot made 7–8 *C* nyghte sir launcelot shold 9 *C* was y barryd 11–12 *C* gates cryeng where 12 *C* launcelot du lake thenne was he 14 A *not in C* *C* fond well how 15 *W* hors slayne that ys slayne *C* that was 17–18 *C* *lete ye this passe & we shalle ryghte hit another tyme when we beste may 22–23 *C* knyȝtes thenne whan season 24 *C* suffre the wounded 25 *C* layde within draughtes 26 *W* hur upppon 26–27 *C* and pylowes† that she her self myght see to them 28 *C* chamber that was 30 *C* must goo speke 30–31 *C* dame Gueneuer

'Sir,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'let me go with you, and hyt please you, for I drede me sore of [the] treson of sir Mellyagaunte.'

'Nay,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I thanke you, but I woll have nobody wyth me.'

Than sir Launcelot toke hys swerde in hys honde and prevaly wente to the place where he had spyed a ladder toforehande, and that he toke undir hys arme, and bare hit thorow the gardyne and sette hit up to the wyndow. And anone the quene was there redy to mete hym.

And than they made their complayntes to othir of many dyverce thyngis, and than sir Launcelot wysshed that he myght have comyn in to her.

'Wyte you well,' seyde the quene, 'I wolde as fayne as ye that ye myght com in to me.'

'Wolde ye so, madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyth youre harte that I were with you?'

'Ye, truly,' seyde the quene.

'Than shall I prove my myght,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for youre love.'

And than he sette hys hondis uppon the barrys of iron and pulled at them with suche a myght that he braste hem clene oute of the stone wallys. And therewithall one of the barres of iron kutte the brawne of hys hondys thorowoute to the bone. And than he lepe into the chambir to the quene.

'Make ye no noyse,' seyde the quene, 'for my wounded **441r** knyghtes lye here fast by me.'

So, to passe uppon thys tale, sir Launcelot wente to bedde with the quene and toke no force of hys hurte honde, but toke hys pleasaunce and hys lykynge untyll hit was the dawnyng of the day; for wyte you well he slept nat, but wacched. And whan he saw hys tyme that he myght tary no lenger, he toke hys leve and departed at the wyndowe, and put hit togydir as well as he myght agayne, and so departed untyll hys owne chambir. And there he tolde sir Lavayne how that he was hurte. Than sir Lavayne dressed

7 *C* to a place *C* aspyed 9–10 *C* and there anone the quene was redy 11 *C** made eyther to other their complayntes of 16 so *not in C* 18–19 *C* quene Now shalle I 21–22 *C* and he pulled 28 *C* wente vnto bed 29 *C* & he took (he *not in S*) 30 *C* was in the 31 *C* day & wete ye well 34–35 *C* departed vnto his 36 that *not in C*

hys honde [and staunched] hit and put uppon hit a glove, that hit sholde nat be aspyed. And so they lay longe a-bed in the mornynge tylle hit was nine of the clok.

Than sir Mellyagaunte wente to the quenys chambir and founde her ladyes there redy clothed.

'A! Jesu mercy,' seyde sir Mellyagaunte, 'what ayles you, madame, that ye slepe thys longe?'

And therewithall he opened the curtayn for to beholde her. And than was he ware where she lay, and all the hede-sheete, pylow, and over-shyte was all bebled of the bloode of sir Launcelot and of hys hurte honde. Whan sir Mellyagaunt aspyed that blood, than he demed in her that she was false to the kynge and that som of the wounded knyghtes had lyene by her all that nyght.

'A ha, madame!' seyde sir Mellyagaunte, 'now I have founde you a false traytouras unto my lorde Arthur, for now I preve well hit was nat for nought that ye layde thes wounded knyghtis within the bondys of youre chambir. Therefore I calle you of tresoun afore my lorde kynge Arthure. And now I have proved you, madame, wyth a shamefull dede; and that they bene all false, or som of them, I woll make hit good, for a wounded knyght thys nyght hath layne by you.'

'That ys false,' seyde the quene, 'that I woll report me unto them.'

But whan the ten knyghtes harde of sir Mellyagaunteys wordys, than they spake all at onys and seyd,

'Sir Mellyagaunte, thou falsely belyest my lady, the quene, and that we woll make good uppon the, any of us. Now chose whych thou lyste of us, whan we ar hole of the wounde thou gavyst us.'

441v 'Ye shall nat! Away with youre proude langayge! For here ye may all se that a wounded knyght thys nyght hath layne by the quene.'

2 *C** the quene lay 2–3 *C* in her bed vntyl it 6 A *not in C* 7 *C* thus longe 8 *C* and ryght there with alle 9–10 *C*† the shete & pylowe was bebled with the blood 18–19 *C** I wille calle yow of treason before my 21 hit *not in C* 24–25 *C* them alle thenne whanne 25 of *not in C** 26 *WO*1 and than (*not in C**) 26–27 *C* al in one voys and sayd to sire 27–28 *C* thou sayst falsly and wrongfully puttest vpon vs suche a dede and that 28 uppon the *not in C*† 29 Now *not in C* 29–31 *C*† of oure woundes ye shal not said syr Mellyagraunce away 32–p. 1133, l. 1 *C** see sayd sir Mellyagraunce that by the quene this nyght a wounded knyghte hath layne thenne were they al ashamed whan

Than they all loked and were sore ashamed whan they saw that bloode. And wyte you well sir Mellyagaunte was passyng glad that he had the quene at suche avauntayge, for he demed by that to hyde hys owne treson.

And so in thys rumour com in sir Launcelot and fownde them at a grete affray.

'What aray ys thys?' seyde sir Launcelot. (7)

Than sir Mellyagaunce tolde hem what he had founde, and so he shewed hym the quenys bed.

'Now truly,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye ded nat youre parte nor knyghtly, to touche a quenys bede whyle hit was drawyn and she lyyng therein. And I daresay,' seyde syr Launcelot, 'my lorde kynge Arthur hymselff wolde nat have displayed hir curtaynes, and she beyng within her bed, onles that hit had pleased hym to have layne hym downe by her. And therefore, sir Mellyagaunce, ye have done unworshypfully and shamefully to youreselff.'

'Sir, I wote nat what ye meane,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'but well I am sure there hath one of hir hurte knyghtes layne with her thys nyght. And that woll I prove with myne hondys, that she ys a tratoures unto my lorde kynge Arthur.'

'Beware what ye do,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for an ye say so and wyll preve hit, hit woll be takyn at youre handys.'

'My lorde sir Launcelot,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'I rede you beware what ye do; for thoughe ye ar never so good a knyght, as I wote well ye ar renowned the beste knyght of the wor[l]de, yet shulde ye be avysed to do batayle in a wronge quarell, for God woll have a stroke in every batayle.'

'As for that,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'God ys to be drad! But as to that I say nay playnly, that thys nyght there lay none of thes ten knyghtes wounded with my lady, quene Gwenyver, and that woll I prove with myne hondys that ye say untrewly in that. Now, what sey ye?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Thus I say,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'here ys my glove

4 owne *not in C*† 5 *C* soo with this ramour 6 *C*† them al at a grete araye Capitulum septimum What araye is 9 so *not in C* 10 Now *not in C* 12 seyde syr Launcelot *not in C* 14 and *not in C* 15 *C* layne down 16 sir Mellyagaunce *not in C* 18 Sir *not in C* 19–20 *C* her wounded knȝtes layne by her 20 *C* & therfor I wil proue 23 *C* & ye will proue 26 *C*† as ye wote 31 *C* wounded knyȝtes 33–34 *C*† that now Hold said sir Mellyagraunce here

442r that she ys a traytoures unto my lorde kynge Arthur, and that thys nyght one of the wounded knyghtes lay wyth her.'

'Well, sir, and I resceyve youre glove,' seyde sir Launcelot.

And anone they were sealed with their synattes, and delyverde unto the ten knyghtes.

'At what day shall we do batayle togydirs?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Thys day eyght dayes,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'in the fylde besydys Westemynster.'

'I am agreed,' seyde sir Launcelot.

'But now,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'sytthyn hit ys so that we muste nedys fyght togydirs, I pray you as ye betthe a noble knyght, awayte me wyth no treson nother no vylany the meanewhyle, nother none for you.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye shall ryght well wyte that I was never of no such condysions. For I reporte me to all knyghtes that ever have knowyn me, I fared never wyth no treson, nother I loved never the felyshyp of hym that fared with treson.'

'Than lat us go unto dyner,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'and aftir dyner the quene and ye may ryde all unto Westemynster.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Launcelot.

Than sir Mellyagaunce seyde unto sir Launcelot, 'Sir, pleasyth you to se esturys of thys castell?'

'With a good wyll,' seyde sir Launcelot.

And than they wente togydir frome chambir to chambir, for sir Launcelot drad no perellis: for ever a man of worshyp and of proues dredis but lytyll of perels, for they wene that every man be as they bene. But ever he that faryth with treson puttyth oftyn a trew man in grete daungere. And so hit befelle uppon sir Launcelot that no perell dred: as he wente with sir Mellyagaunce he trade on a trappe, and the burde rolled, and there sir Launcelot felle downe more than ten fadom into a cave full off strawe.

1 a *not in C* 3 Well sir *not in C* 4 *C* & so they were *C* their sygnettys 12 nedys *not in C* 13 *C* treason nor none vylony 16 that *not in C* *W* condusions 19 *C* of no man that 20 *C* go to dyner seid melliagraũce 21 *C*† after dyner ye & þe quene and ye 24 Sir *not in C* 25 *C* pleaseth it yow 29 *C*† dredeth lest alwayes perils that *not in C* 31 trew *not in C*† And *not in C*

And than sir Mellyagaunce departed and made no fare, no more than he that wyste nat where he was. And whan sir Launcelot was thus myssed they mervayled where he was becomyn, and than the quene and many of them demed that he was departed, as he was wonte to do, suddaynly. For sir Mellyagaunce made suddaynly to put on syde sir Lavaynes horse, that they myght all undirstonde that sir Launcelot were departed suddaynly. 442v

So tha⟨n⟩ hit passed on tyll afftir dyner, and than sir Lavayne wolde nat stynte untyll that he had horse-lytters for the wounded knyghtes, that they myght be caryed in them. And so with the quene bothe ladyes and jantylwomen and [other] rode unto Westemynster, and there the knyghtes tolde how sir Mellyagaunce had appeled the quene of hyghe treson, and how sir Launcelot resceyved the glove of hym, 'and thys day eyght dayes they shall do batayle before you.'

'Be my hede,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'I am aferde sir Mellyagaunce hath charged hymselff with a grete charge. But where is sir Launcelot?' seyde the kynge.

'Sir, we wote nat where he ys, but we deme he ys ryddyn to som adventure, as he ys offtyntymes wonte to do, for he had sir Lavaynes horse.'

'Lette hym be,' seyde the kynge, 'for he woll be founden but if he be betrapped wyth som treson.'

Thus leve we sir Launcelot liyng within that cave in grete payne. And every day there cam a lady and brought hys mete and hys drynke, and wowed hym every day to have layne by her, and ever sir Launcelot seyde her nay. (8)

Than seyde she, 'Sir, ye ar nat wyse, for ye may never oute of this preson but if ye have my helpe. And also youre lady, quene Gwenyver, shall be brente in youre defaute onles that ye be there at the day of batayle.'

1–2 *C*† fare as that he nyst where he 6 *C* putte awaye on syde 7–8 *C** launcelot was departed 9 *W* that (*not in C*) 8–16 *W* (*sidenote*) He sir Launcelot felle into a depe pytte by the treson off sir Mellyagaunce Iten fadum (*sic*) 10 *C*† that he ordeyned lyttyers 11 *C* be lad in 12 *C** quene and them al bothe 12–13 *W* and so they rode unto *C* and other* wente vnto 13 *C* told kyng arthur hou 15 *C* Launcelot had receyued 18 *C* has taken vpon hym a 20 *C* Sir sayd they alle we 21 *C* aduenture 21–22 *C* he hath sy[illegible] 24 *CO*[1] trapped 26 *C* brought hym his [illegible] every day *not in C* *W* have have 28 *C*† by hym 28–29 *C* euer the noble knyghte syre Launcelot said her nay sir Launcelot said he ye

'God deffende,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that she shulde be brente in my defaught! And if hit be so,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that I may nat be there, hit shall be well undirstonde, bothe at the kynge and the quene and with all men of worship, that I am dede, syke othir in preson. For all men that know me woll say for me that I am in som evyll case and I be nat that day there. And thus well I undirstonde that there ys som good knyght, othir of my blood other som other that lovys me, that woll take my quarell in honde. And therefore,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wyte you well, ye shall nat feare me, and
443r if there were no mo women in all thys londe but ye, yet shall nat I have ado with you.'

'Than ar ye shamed,' seyde the lady, 'and destroyed for ever.'

'As for worldis shame, now Jesu deffende me! And as for my distresse, hit ys welcom, whatsomever hit be that God sendys me.'

So she cam to hym agayne the same day that the batayle shulde be and seyde,

'Sir Launcelot, bethynke you, for ye ar to hard-harted. And therefore, and ye wolde but onys kysse me, I shulde delyver you and your armoure, and the beste horse that was within sir Mellyagaunce stable.'

'As for to kysse you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may do that and lese no worshyp. And wyte you well, and I undirstood there were ony disworshyp for to kysse you, I wold nat do hit.'

And than he kyssed hir. And anone she gate hym up untyll hys armour, and whan he was armed she brought hym tylle a stable where stoode twelve good coursers, and bade hym to chose of the beste. Than sir Launcelot loked uppon a whyght courser and that lyked hym beste, and anone he commaunded hym to be sadeled with the beste sadyll of warre, and so hit was done. Than he gate hys owne speare

4 *C* and at the quene 7 *C* not there that (*S* at that) day *C* and wel I wote there 11–12 *C* but ye I wil not haue adoo 13 *C* thenne arte thow 15 now *not in C* 18 agayne *not in C* 20 *C* launcelot me thynketh ye 20–22 *C* herted but woldest thow but kysse me ones I shold delyuer the and thyn 22–23 *C* that is within 27–28 *C*† & thenne she gat hym and broughte hym to his armour 30 of *not in C* 31 *C* courser the whiche lyked 32 *C** commaunded the kepers faste to sadle hym with 33 *C** werre that there was and soo it was done as he badde thenne *not in C*

in hys honde and hys swerde by hys syde, and than he commaunded the lady unto God and sayde,

'Lady, for thys dayes dede I shall do you servyse, if ever hit lye in my power.'

Now leve we here sir Launcelot, all that ever he myght walop, and speke we of quene Gwenyver that was brought tyll a fyre to be brente; for sir Mellyagaunce was sure, hym thought, that sir Launcelotte sholde nat be at that batayle, and therefore he ever cryed uppon sir Arthur to do hym justyse othir ellys brynge forth sir Launcelot. Than was the kynge and all the courte full sore abaysshed and shamed that the quene shulde have be brente in the defaute of sir Launcelot. 5 (9) 10

'My lorde, kynge Arthur,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'ye may undirstonde that hit ys nat well with my lorde sir Launcelot, for and he were on lyve, so he be nat syke other in preson, wyte you well he wolde have bene here. For never harde ye that ever he fayled yet hys parte for whom he solde do batayle fore. And therefore,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'my lorde kynge Arthur, I beseche you that ye will gyff me lycence to do batayle here thys day for my lorde and mayster, and for to save my lady the quene.' 15 443v 20

'Grauntemercy, jantill sir Lavayne,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for I dare say all that sir Mellyagaunce puttith uppon my lady the quene ys wronge. For I have spokyn with all the ten wounded knyghtes, and there ys nat one of them, and he were hole and able to do batayle, but he wolde prove uppon sir Mellyagaunce body [that it is fals that he puttith upon my] ⟨lady⟩.' 25

'And so shall I,' seyde sir Lavayne, 'in the deffence of my lorde sir Launcelot, and ye woll gyff me leve.' 30

'And I gyff you leve,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'and do youre beste, for I dare well say there ys som treson done to sir Launcelot.'

1 than he *not in C* 3 *C* this good dede 4 *C* hit be in 5 here *not in C* 5–6 *C* Launcelot wallop alle that he myghte And 6–7 *C* broughte to a 9 and *not in C* *C* kynge Arthur 1[illegible] *C* launcelot du lake 1[illegible], 17 have *not in C* 18 yet *not in C*† 19 *W* Launcelot Lavayne 20 *C* yow gyve me lycence (*S* the lycence) 28–29 *C** body that it is tals that he putteth upon my quene (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 30 And *not in C* 3[illegible] *C* leue Now I gyue

Than was sir Lavayn armed and horsed, and delyverly at the lystes ende [he rode] to perfourme hys batayle. And ryght as the herrowdis shuld cry: 'Lechés les alere!' ryght so com sir Launcelot dryvyng with all the myght of hys horse. And than kynge Arthure cryed: 'Whoo!' and 'Abyde!'

And than was sir Launcelot called tofore kynge Arthur, and there he tolde opynly tofor the kynge all how that sir Mellyagaunce had served hym firste and laste. And whan the kynge and quene and all the lordis knew off the treson of sir Mellyagaunte, they were all ashamed on hys behalffe. Than was the quene sente fore and sette by the kynge in the grete truste of hir champion.

And than sir Launcelot and sir Mellyagaunte dressed them togydir with spearys as thunder, and there sir Launcelot bare hym quyte over hys horse croupe. And than sir Launcelot alyght and dressed hys shylde on hys shuldir and toke hys swerde in hys honde, and so they dressed to eche other and smote many grete strokis togydir. And at the laste sir Launcelot smote hym suche a buffet uppon the
444r helmet that he felle on the tone syde to the erthe.

And than he cryed uppon hym lowde and seyde, 'Moste noble knyght, sir Launcelot, save my lyff! For I yelde me unto you, and I requyre you, as ye be a knyght and felow of the Table Rounde, sle me nat, for I yelde me as overcomyn, and whethir I shall lyve or dey, I put me in the kynges honde and youres.'

Than sir Lancelot wyst nat what to do, for he had lever than all the good in the worlde that he myght be revenged uppon hym. So sir Launcelot loked uppon the quene, gyff he myght aspye by ony sygne or countenaunce what she wolde have done. And anone the quene wagged hir hede

1 *C* and sodenly at 2 *C** ende he rode to performe this bataille 3 *C** lesses les aler 3–4 *C* soo came in sir 4 *C* the force of 5 kynge *not in C* 6 And *not in C* *C** called on horsbak to fore 7 that *not in C* 9 *C* and the quene 11 *C* was quene Gueneuer 11–12 *C* in grete 13 *C** thenne there was no more els to say but syr Launcelot 14 *C** them vnto bataille and took their speres and soo they came to gyders as thonder 15 *C* hym doune quyte 16–17 *C* sholder with his suerd 17–18 *C* hand and sir Mellyagraunce in the same wyse dressid hym vnto hym and there they smote many 21 *C* hym alowde Moost 22 *C* launcelot du lake 28 that *not in C* 28–29 *C** myghte haue ben reuenged vpon syr Mellyagraunce and sir Launcelot loked vp to the Quene Gueneuer yf 31 *C* And thenne the

uppon sir Launcelot, as ho seyth 'sle hym'. And full well knew sir Launcelot by her sygnys that she wolde have hym dede.

Than sir Launcelot bade hym, 'Aryse, for shame, and perfourme thys batayle with me to the utteraunce!' 5

'Nay,' seyde sir Mellyagaunce, 'I woll never aryse untyll that ye take me as yolden and recreaunte.'

'Well, I shall proffir you a large proffir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ys for to say I shall unarme my hede and my lyffte quarter of my body, all that may be unarmed as for that 10 quarter, and I woll lette bynde my lyfft honde behynde me there hit shall nat helpe me, and ryght so I shall do batayle with you.'

Than sir Mellyagaunce sterte up and seyde on hyght,

'Take hede, my lorde Arthur, of thys proffir, for I woll take 15 hit. And lette hym be dissarmed and bounden accordynge to hys proffir.'

'What sey ye?' seyde kynge Arthur unto sir Launcelot. 'Woll ye abyde by youre proffir?'

'Ye, my lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for I woll never go 20 fro that I have onys sayde.'

Than the knyghtes parters of the fylde disarmed sir Launcelot, firste hys hede and than hys lyffte arme and hys lyffte syde, and they bounde his lyffte arme to hys lyffte syde fast behynde hys bak, withoute shylde or onythynge. And 25 anone they yode togydirs.

Wyte you well there was many a lady and many a knyght **444v** mervayled of sir Launcelot [that] wolde jouparté hymselff in suche wyse.

Than sir Mellyagaunce com wyth swerde all on hyght, 30 and sir Launcelot shewed hym opynly hys bare hede and the bare lyffte syde. And whan he went to have smytten hym uppon the bare hede, than lyghtly he devoyded the lyffte

1 *C* as though she wold saye slee hym Ful 2 *C* by the waggynge of her hede that 4 *C* bad hym ryse 5 *C* that bataille to the 7 that *not in C* 8 Well *not in C* *C* yow large profers 10–11 *C* vnarmed & lete 11–12 *C* me soo that it 14–15 *C** vp vpon his legges & sayd on hyghe My lord Arthur take hede to this profer 20 for *not in C* 23 *C* hede & sythen his lyfte 24–25 *C*† arme behynd his bak 25 *W* behynde hyend 25–26 *C* & thenne they were put to gyders 27–28 *C* lady & knyȝt merueylled that sir 29 *S* suche a wyse 30 *C* with his suerd 33 *C* he auoyded the

legge and the lyffte syde and put hys honde and hys swerde to that stroke, and so put hit on syde wyth grete slyght. And than with grete force sir Launcelot smote hym on the helmet such a buffett that the stroke carved the hed in two partyes.

Than there was no more to do, but he was drawyn oute of the fylde, and at the grete instaunce of the knyghtes of the Table Rounde the kynge suffird hym to be entered, and the mencion made uppon hym who slewe hym and for what cause he was slayne.

And than the kynge and the quene made more of sir Launcelot, and more was he cherysshed than ever he was aforehande.

1 *C** his ryght hand 12 *C* Launcelot du lake

And thus it passed on from Candlemas until after Easter, that the month of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom and to burgeon. For, like as trees and herbs burgeoneth and flourisheth in May, in like wise every lusty heart that is any manner of lover springeth, burgeoneth, buddeth, and flourisheth in lusty deeds. For it giveth unto all lovers courage, that lusty month of May, in something to constrain him to some manner of thing more than in any other month, for divers causes: for then all herbs and trees reneweth a man and woman, and in like wise lovers calleth to their mind old gentleness and old service, and many kind deeds that was forgotten by negligence.

For, like as winter rasure doth alway erase and deface green summer, so fareth it by unstable love in man and woman, for in many persons there is no stability: for we may see all day, for a little blast of winter's rasure, anon we shall deface and lay apart true love, for little or nought, that cost much thing. This is no wisdom nother no stability, but it is feebleness of nature and great disworship, whosomever useth this.

Therefore, like as May month flowereth and flourisheth in every man's garden, so in like wise let every man of worship flourish his heart in this world: first unto God, and next unto the joy of them that he promised his faith unto; for there was never worshipful man nor worshipful woman but they loved one better than another; and worship in arms may never be foiled. But first reserve the honour to God, and secondly thy quarrel must come of thy lady. And such love I call virtuous love.

But nowadays men cannot love sevennight but they must have all their desires. That love may not endure by reason, for where they beeth soon accorded and hasty, heat soon cooleth. And right so fareth the love nowadays, soon hot soon cold. This is no stability. But the old love was not so. For men and women could love togethers seven years, and no licorous lusts was betwixt them, and then was love,

truth and faithfulness. And lo* in like wise was used such love in king Arthur's days.

Wherefore I liken love nowadays unto summer and winter: for, like as the tone is cold and the other is hot, so fareth love nowadays. And therefore all ye that be lovers, call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did queen Guenevere, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end.

So it befell in the month of May, queen Guenevere called unto her ten knights of the Table Round, and she gave them warning that early upon the morn she would ride on maying into woods and fields besides Westminster: 'And I warn you that there be none of you but he be well horsed, and that ye all be clothed all in green, other in silk other in cloth. And I shall bring with me ten ladies, and every knight shall have a lady by him. And every knight shall have a squire and two yeomen, and I will that all be well horsed.'

So they made them ready in the freshest manner, and these were the names of the knights: sir Kay le Seneschal, sir Agravain, sir Brandiles, sir Sagramour le Desirous, sir Dodinas le Savage, sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, sir Ladinas of the Forest Savage, sir Persant of Ind, sir Ironside that was called the Knight of the Red Lands, and sir Pelleas the Lover. And these ten knights made them ready in the freshest manner to ride with the queen.

And so upon the morn or it were day, in a May morning, they took their horses with the queen and rode on maying in woods and meadows as it pleased them, in great joy and delights. For the queen had cast to have been again with king Arthur at the furthest by ten of the clock, and so was that time her purpose.

Then there was a knight which hight sir Meliagaunt, and he was son unto king Bagdemagus, and this knight had that time a castle of the gift of king Arthur within seven mile of Westminster. And this knight sir Meliagaunt loved passingly well queen Guenevere, and so had he done long and many years. And the book saith he had lain in await for to steal away the queen, but evermore he forbore for because of sir Lancelot; for in no wise he would meddle with the queen and sir Lancelot were in her company other else and he were nearhand.

And that time was such a custom that the queen rode never without a great fellowship of men of arms about her. And they were many

good knights, and the most party were young men that would have worship, and they were called the Queen's Knights. And never in no battle, tournament nother jousts they bore none of them no manner of knowledging of their own arms, but plain white shields, and thereby they were called the Queen's Knights. And when it happed any of them to be of great worship by his noble deeds, then at the next feast of Pentecost, if there were any slain or dead (as there was none year that there failed but there were some dead), then was there chosen in his stead that was dead the most men of worship that were called the Queen's Knights. And thus they came up first or they were renowned men of worship, both sir Lancelot and all the remnant of them.

But this knight sir Meliagaunt had espied the queen well, and her purpose, and how sir Lancelot was not with her, and how she had no men of arms with her but the ten noble knights all arrayed in green for maying. Then he purveyed him a twenty men of arms and an hundred archers for to distress the queen and her knights; for he thought that time was best season to take the queen.

So as the queen was out on maying with all her knights which were bedashed with herbs, mosses and flowers in the best manner and* freshest, right so there came out of a wood sir Meliagaunt with an eight score men, well* harnessed as they should fight in a battle of arrest, and bade the queen and her knights abide, for maugre their heads they should abide.

'Traitor knight,' said queen Guenevere, 'what cast thou to do? Wilt thou shame thyself? Bethink thee how thou art a king's son and a knight of the Table Round, and thou thus to be about to dishonour the noble king that made thee knight! Thou shamest all knighthood and thyself and me. And I let thee wit thou shalt never shame me, for I had liefer cut mine own throat in twain rather than thou should dishonour me!'

'As for all this language,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'be as it be may. For wit you well, madam, I have loved you many a year, and never or now could I get you at such avail. And therefore I will take you as I find you.'

Then spoke all the ten noble knights at once and said, 'Sir Meliagaunt, wit thou well thou are about to jeopardy thy worship to dishonour, and also ye cast to jeopardy our persons. Howbeit we be

unarmed and ye have us at a great advantage—for it seemeth by you that ye have laid watch upon us—but rather than ye should put the queen to a shame and us all, we had as lief to depart from our lives, for and we otherwise did we were shamed for ever.' Then said sir Meliagaunt, 'Dress you as well as ye can, and keep the queen!'

Then the ten knights of the Round Table drew their swords, and these other let run at them with their spears, and the ten knights manly abode them, and smote away their spears, that no spear did them no harm. Then they lashed togethers with swords, and anon sir Kay, sir Sagramour, sir Agravain, sir Dodinas, sir Ladinas and sir Ozanna were smitten to the earth with grimly wounds. Then sir Brandiles and sir Persant, sir Ironside and sir Pelleas fought long, and they were sore wounded, for these ten knights, or ever they were laid to the ground, slew forty men of the boldest and the best of them.

So when the queen saw her knights thus dolefully wounded and needs must be slain at the last, then for very pity and sorrow she cried and said,

'Sir Meliagaunt, slay not my noble knights! And I will go with thee upon this covenant: that thou save them and suffer them no more to be hurt, with this that they be led with me wheresomever thou leadest me. For I will rather slay myself than I will go with thee, unless that these noble knights may be in my presence.'

'Madam,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'for your sake they shall be led with you into mine own castle, with that ye will be ruled and ride with me.'

Then the queen prayed the four knights to leave their fighting, and she and they would not depart. 'Madam,' said sir Pelleas, 'we will do as ye do, for as for me, I take no force of my life nor death.' For, as the French book saith, sir Pelleas gave such buffets there that none armour might hold him.

Then by the queen's commandment they left battle and dressed the wounded knights on horseback, some sitting and some overthwart their horses, that it was pity to behold. And then sir Meliagaunt charged the queen and all her knights that none of her fellowship should depart from her, for full sore he dread sir Lancelot du Lake, lest he should have any knowledging. And all this espied the queen, and privily she called unto her a child of her chamber which was swiftly horsed of a great advantage.

'Now go thou,' said she, 'when thou seest thy time, and bear this

ring unto sir Lancelot du Lake, and pray him as he loveth me that he will see me and rescue me, if ever he will have joy of me. And spare not thy horse,' said the queen, 'nother for water nother for land.'

So this child espied his time, and lightly he took his horse with spurs and departed as fast as he might. And when sir Meliagaunt saw him so flee, he understood that it was by the queen's commandment for to warn sir Lancelot. Then they that were best horsed chased him and shot at him, but from them all the child went deliverly.

And then sir Meliagaunt said unto the queen, 'Madam, ye are about to betray me, but I shall ordain for sir Lancelot that he shall not come lightly at you.'

And then he rode with her and all the fellowship in all the haste that they might. And so by the way sir Meliagaunt laid in bushment of the best archers that he might get in his country to the number of a thirty to await upon sir Lancelot, charging them that if they saw such a manner of* knight come by the way upon a white horse, 'that in any wise ye slay his horse, but in no manner have ye ado with him bodily, for he is over hardy to be overcome.' So this was done, and they were come to his castle. But in no wise the queen would never let none of the ten knights and her ladies out of her sight, but always they were in her presence. For the book saith sir Meliagaunt durst make no masteries for dread of sir Lancelot, insomuch he deemed that he had warning.

So when the child was departed from the fellowship of sir Meliagaunt, within a while he came to Westminster, and anon he found sir Lancelot. And when he had told his message and delivered him the queen's ring, 'Alas,' said sir Lancelot, 'now am I shamed for ever, unless that I may rescue that noble lady from dishonour!' Then eagerly he asked his arms.

And ever the child told sir Lancelot how the ten knights fought marvellously, and how sir Pelleas, sir Ironside, sir Brandiles and sir Persaunt of Ind fought strongly, but namely sir Pelleas—there might none harness hold him. And how they all fought till at the last* they were laid to the earth, and then* the queen made appointment for to save their lives and to go with sir Meliagaunt. 'Alas!' said sir Lancelot, 'that most noble lady, that she should be so destroyed! I had liefer,' said sir Lancelot, 'than all France that I had been there well armed.'

So when sir Lancelot was armed and upon his horse, he prayed the child of the queen's chamber to warn sir Lavain how suddenly he was departed and for what cause. 'And pray him as he loveth me, that he will hie him after me, and that he stint not until he come to the castle where sir Meliagaunt abideth, for there,' said sir Lancelot, 'he shall hear of me and I be a man living, and then shall I rescue the queen and the ten knights the which he traitorly hath taken, and that shall I prove upon his head, and all of them that hold with him.'

And then sir Lancelot rode as fast as he might, and the book saith he took the water at Westminster Bridge and made his horse swim over the Thames unto Lambeth. And so within a while he came to the same place thereas the ten noble knights fought with sir Meliagaunt. And then sir Lancelot followed the track until that he came to a wood, and there was a strait way. And there the thirty archers bade sir Lancelot turn again and follow no longer that track.

'What commandment have ye,' said sir Lancelot, 'to cause me, that am a knight of the Round Table, to leave my right way?'

'This ways shalt thou leave, other else thou shalt go it on thy foot, for wit thou well thy horse shall be slain.'

'That is little mastery,' said sir Lancelot, 'to slay mine horse! But as for myself, when my horse is slain I give right nought of you, not and ye were five hundred mo!'

So then they shot sir Lancelot's horse and smote him with many arrows, and then sir Lancelot avoided his horse and went on foot. But there were so many ditches and hedges betwixt them and him that he might not meddle with none of them.

'Alas, for shame!' said sir Lancelot, 'that ever one knight should betray another knight! But it is an old-said saw: "A good man is never in danger but when he is in the danger of a coward."'

Then sir Lancelot walked on a while, and was sore accumbered of his armour, his shield, and his spear and all that longed unto him.* Wit you well he was full sore annoyed! And full loth he was for to leave anything that longed unto him, for he dread sore the treason of sir Meliagaunt.

Then by fortune there came by him a chariot that came thither to fetch wood. 'Say me, carter,' said sir Lancelot, 'what shall I give thee to suffer me to leap into thy chariot, and that thou wilt bring me unto a castle within this two mile?'

'Thou shalt not enter into this chariot,' said the carter, 'for I am sent for to fetch wood.'

'Unto whom?' said sir Lancelot.

'Unto my lord, sir Meliagaunt,' said the carter.

'And with him would I speak,' said sir Lancelot.

'Thou shalt not go with me!' said the carter.

When sir Lancelot lep to him and gave him backward with his gauntlet a rearmaine, that he fell to the earth stark dead, then the tother carter, his fellow, was afeared, and went to have gone the same way. And then he cried,* 'Fair lord, save my life, and I shall bring you where ye will.'

'Then I charge thee,' said sir Lancelot, 'that thou drive me and this chariot unto sir Meliagaunt gate.' 'Then leap ye up into the chariot,' said the carter, 'and ye shall be there anon.' So the carter drove on a great gallop, and sir Lancelot's horse followed the chariot, with mo than forty arrows in him.

And more than an hour and an half queen Guenevere was awaiting in a bay-window. Then one of her ladies espied an armed knight standing in a chariot. 'Ah! see, madam,' said the lady, 'where rides in a chariot a goodly armed knight, and we suppose he rideth unto hanging.'

'Where?' said the queen.

Then she espied by his shield that he was there himself, sir Lancelot du Lake.* And then was she ware where came his horse after the chariot, and ever he trod his guts and his paunch under his feet.

'Alas!' said the queen, 'now I may prove and see that well is that creature that hath a trusty friend. Ha! a most noble knight',* said queen Guenevere, 'I see well that ye were hard bestead when ye ride in a chariot.' And then she rebuked that lady that likened sir Lancelot to ride in a chariot to hanging. 'Forsooth, it was foul-mouthed,' said the queen, 'and evil likened, so for to liken the most noble knight of the world unto such a shameful death. Ah! Jesu defend him and keep him,' said the queen, 'from all mischievous end!'

So by this was sir Lancelot comen to the gates of that castle, and there he descended down and cried, that all the castle might ring:

'Where art thou, thou false traitor sir Meliagaunt, and knight of the Table Round? Come forth, thou traitor knight, thou and all thy fellowship with thee, for here I am, sir Lancelot du Lake, that shall fight with you all!'

And therewithal he bore the gate wide open upon the porter and smote him under the ear with his gauntlet, that his neck burst in two pieces.

When sir Meliagaunt heard that sir Lancelot was comen, he ran unto the queen and fell upon his knee and said, 'Mercy, madam, for now I put me wholly in your good grace.'

'What ails you now?' said queen Guenevere, 'Pardé, I might well wit that some good knight would revenge me, though my lord king Arthur knew not of this your work.'

'Ah! madam,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'all this that is amiss on my party shall be amended right as yourself will devise, and wholly I put me in your grace.' 'What would ye that I did?' said the queen. 'Madam, I would no more,' said sir Meligaunt, 'but that ye would take all in your own hands, and that ye will rule my lord sir Lancelot. And such cheer as may be made him in this poor castle ye and he shall have until tomorn, and then may ye and all they return again unto Westminster. And my body and all that I have I shall put in your rule.' 'Ye say well,' said the queen, 'and better is peace than evermore war, and the less noise the more is my worship.'

Then the queen and her ladies went down unto sir Lancelot that stood wroth out of measure in the inner court to abide battle, and ever he said, 'Thou traitor knight, come forth!' Then the queen came unto him and said,

'Sir Lancelot, why be ye so amoved?'

'Ah! madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'why ask ye me that question? For meseemeth ye ought to be more wrother than I am, for ye have the hurt and the dishonour. For wit you well, madam, my hurt is but little in regard for the slaying of a mare's son, but the despite grieveth me much more than all my hurt.'

'Truly,' said the queen, 'ye say truth. But heartily I thank you,' said the queen. 'But ye must come in with me peaceably, for all thing is put in mine hand, and all that is amiss shall be amended, for the knight full sore repents him of this misadventure that is befallen him.'

'Madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'sith it is so that ye be accorded with him, as for me I may not againsay it, howbeit sir Meliagaunt hath done full shamefully to me and cowardly. And, madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'and I had wist that ye would have been so lightly accorded with him, I would not a made such haste unto you.'

'Why say ye so?' said the queen. 'Do ye forethink yourself of your good deeds? Wit you well,' said the queen, 'I accorded never with him for no favour nor love that I had unto him, but of every shameful noise, of wisdom, to lay adown.'

'Madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye understand full well I was never willing nor glad of shameful slander nor noise. And there is nother king, queen, ne knight that beareth the life, except my lord king Arthur and you, madam, that should let me but I should make sir Meliagaunt heart full cold or ever I departed from hence.

'That wot I well,' said the queen, 'but what will ye more? Ye shall have all thing ruled as ye list to have it.'

'Madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'so ye be pleased I care not.* As for my part ye shall soon please me.'

Right so the queen took sir Lancelot by the bare hand, for he had put off his gauntlet. And so she went with him till her chamber, and then she commanded him to be unarmed. And then sir Lancelot asked the queen where were her ten knights that were wounded with her. Then she shewed them unto sir Lancelot,* and there they made great joy of the coming of him, and sir Lancelot made great dole of their hurts and bewailed them greatly.* And there sir Lancelot told them how cowardly and traitorly Meliagaunt* set archers to slay his horse, and how he was fain to put himself in a chariot. And thus they complained every to other, and full fain they would have been revenged, but they peaced themself* because of the queen.

Then, as the French book saith, sir Lancelot was called many days after 'le Chevalier de Chariot' and so he did many deeds and great adventures. And so we leave off here of le chevalier de chariot, and turn we to this tale.

So sir Lancelot had great cheer with the queen. And then he made a promise with the queen that the same night he should come to a window outward toward a garden, and that window was barred with iron. And there sir Lancelot promised to meet her when all folks were on sleep.

So then came sir Lavain driving to the gates, crying* 'Where is my lord sir Lancelot?' And anon he was sent for, and when sir Lavain saw sir Lancelot, he said, 'Ah! my lord! I found how ye were hard bestead, for I have found your horse that is slain with arrows.' 'As for that,' said sir Lancelot, 'I pray you, sir Lavain, speak ye of other

matters and let this pass, and we shall* right it another time and we may.'

Then the knights that were hurt were searched, and soft salves were laid to their wounds, and so it passed on till supper-time. And all the cheer that might be made them there was done unto the queen and all her knights. And when season was they went unto their chambers, but in no wise the queen would not suffer her wounded knights to be from her, but that they were laid inwith draughts by her chamber, upon beds and pallets, that she might herself see unto them that they wanted nothing.

So when sir Lancelot was in his chamber which was assigned unto him, he called unto him sir Lavain and told him that night he must speak with his lady, queen Guenevere. 'Sir,' said sir Lavain, 'let me go with you, and it please you, for I dread me sore of the treason of sir Meliagaunt.' 'Nay,' said sir Lancelot, 'I thank you, but I will have nobody with me.'

Then sir Lancelot took his sword in his hand and privily went to the place where he had spied a ladder toforehand, and that he took under his arm, and bore it through the garden and set it up to the window. And anon the queen was there ready to meet him.

And then they made either to other* their complaints of many divers things, and then sir Lancelot wished that he might have comen in to her.

'Wit you well,' said the queen, 'I would as fain as ye that ye might come in to me.'

'Would ye so, madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'with your heart that I were with you?'

'Yea, truly,' said the queen.

'Then shall I prove my might,' said sir Lancelot, 'for your love.'

And then he set his hands upon the bars of iron and pulled at them with such a might that he burst them clean out of the stone walls. And therewithal one of the bars of iron cut the brawn of his hands throughout to the bone. And then he lep into the chamber to the queen.

'Make ye no noise,' said the queen, 'for my wounded knights lie here fast by me.'

So, to pass upon this tale, sir Lancelot went to bed with the queen and took no force of his hurt hand, but took his pleasance and his liking until it was the dawning of the day; for wit you well he slept

not, but watched. And when he saw his time, that he might tarry no longer, he took his leave and departed at the window, and put it together as well as he might again, and so departed until his own chamber. And there he told sir Lavain how that he was hurt. Then sir Lavain dressed his hand and staunched it and put upon it a glove, that it should not be espied. And so they lay long a-bed in the morning till it was nine of the clock.

Then sir Meliagaunt went to the queen's chamber and found her ladies there ready clothed. 'Ah! Jesu mercy!' said sir Meliagaunt, 'what ails you, madam, that yè sleep this long?'

And therewithal he opened the curtain for to behold her. And then was he ware where she lay, and all the head-sheet, pillow, and over-sheet was all bebled of the blood of sir Lancelot and of his hurt hand. When sir Meliagaunt espied that blood, then he deemed in her that she was false to the king and that some of the wounded knights had lain by her all that night.

'Ah ha, madam!' said sir Meliagaunt, 'now I have found you a false traitress unto my lord Arthur, for now I prove well it was not for nought that ye laid these wounded knights within the bounds of your chamber. Therefore I will* call you of treason afore my lord king Arthur. And now I have proved you, madam, with a shameful deed; and that they been all false, or some of them, I will make it good, for a wounded knight this night hath lain by you.'

'That is false,' said the queen, 'that I will report me unto them.'

But when the ten knights heard sir Meliagaunt's words, then they spoke all at once and said, 'Sir Meliagaunt, thou falsely beliest my lady, the queen, and that we will make good upon thee, any of us. Now choose which thou list of us, when we are whole of the wounds thou gavest us.'

'Ye shall not! Away with your proud language! For here ye may all see that a wounded knight this night hath lain by the queen.'

Then they all looked and were sore ashamed when they saw that blood. And wit you well sir Meliagaunt was passing glad that he had the queen at such advantage, for he deemed by that to hide his own treason. And so in this rumour came in sir Lancelot and found them at a great affray.

'What array is this?' said sir Lancelot. Then sir Meliagaunt told them what he had found, and so he shewed him the queen's bed.

'Now truly,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye did not your part nor knightly, to touch a queen's bed while it was drawn and she lying therein. And I daresay,' said sir Lancelot, 'my lord king Arthur himself would not have displayed her curtains, and she being within her bed, unless that it had pleased him to have lain him down by her. And therefore, sir Meliagaunt, ye have done unworshipfully and shamefully to yourself.'

'Sir, I wot not what ye mean,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'but well I am sure there hath one of her hurt knights lain with her this night. And that will I prove with mine hands, that she is a traitress unto my lord king Arthur.'

'Beware what ye do,' said sir Lancelot, 'for and ye say so and will prove it, it will be taken at your hands.'

'My lord sir Lancelot,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'I rede you beware what ye do; for though ye are never so good a knight, as I wot well ye are renowned the best knight of the world, yet should ye be advised to do battle in a wrong quarrel, for God will have a stroke in every battle.'

'As for that,' said sir Lancelot, 'God is to be dread! But as to that I say nay plainly, that this night there lay none of these ten knights wounded with my lady queen Guenevere, and that will I prove with mine hands that ye say untruly in that. Now, what say ye?' said sir Lancelot.

'This I say,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'here is my glove that she is a traitress unto my lord king Arthur, and that this night one of the wounded knights lay with her.'

'Well, sir, and I receive your glove,' said sir Lancelot. And anon they were sealed with their signets, and delivered unto the ten knights. 'At what day shall we do battle togethers?' said sir Lancelot.

'This day eight days,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'in the field besides Westminster.' 'I am agreed,' said sir Lancelot. 'But now,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'sithen it is so that we must needs fight togethers, I pray you as ye beeth a noble knight, await me with no treason nother no villainy the meanwhile, nother none for you'. 'So God me help,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye shall right well wit that I was never of no such conditions. For I report me to all knights that ever have known me, I fared never with no treason, nother I loved never the fellowship of him that fared with treason.' 'Then let us go into dinner,' said sir Meliagaunt,

'and after dinner the queen and ye may ride all unto Westminster.' 'I will well,' said sir Lancelot.

Then sir Meliagaunt said unto sir Lancelot, 'Sir, pleaseth you to see the* estres of this castle?' 'With a good will,' said sir Lancelot.

And then they went together from chamber to chamber, for sir Lancelot dread no perils: for ever a man of worship and of prowess dreads but little of perils, for they ween that every man be as they been. But ever he that fareth with treason putteth often a true man in great danger. And so it befell upon sir Lancelot that no peril dread: as he went with sir Meliagaunt he trod on a trap, and the board rolled, and there sir Lancelot fell down more than ten fathom into a cave full of straw.

And then sir Meliagaunt departed and made no fare, no more than he that wist not where he was. And when sir Lancelot was thus missed they marvelled where he was becomen, and then the queen and many of them deemed that he was departed, as he was wont to do, suddenly. For sir Meliagaunt made suddenly to put on side sir Lavain's horse, that they might all understand that sir Lancelot were departed suddenly.

So then it passed on till after dinner, and then sir Lavain would not stint until he had horse-litters for the wounded knights, that they might be carried in them. And so, with the queen, both ladies and gentlewomen and other rode unto Westminster. And there the knights told how sir Meliagaunt had appealed the queen of high treason, and how sir Lancelot received the glove of him, 'and this day eight days they shall do battle before you.'

'By my head,' said king Arthur, 'I am afeared sir Meliagaunt hath charged himself with a great charge. But where is sir Lancelot?' said the king. 'Sir we wot not where he is, but we deem he is ridden to some adventure, as he is oftentimes wont to do, for he had sir Lavain's horse.' 'Let him be,' said the king, 'for he will be founden but if he be trapped with some treason.'

Thus leave we sir Lancelot lying within that cave in great pain. And every day there came a lady and brought his meat and his drink, and wooed him every day to have lain by her, and ever sir Lancelot said her nay. Then said she, 'Sir, ye are not wise, for ye may never out of this prison but if ye have my help. And also your lady, queen Guenevere, shall be burnt in your default unless that ye be there at the day of battle.'

'God defend,' said sir Lancelot, 'that she should be burnt in my default! And if it be so,' said sir Lancelot, 'that I may not be there, it shall be well understand, both at the king and the queen and with all men of worship, that I am dead, sick, other in prison. For all men that know me will say for me that I am in some evil case and I be not that day there. And thus well I understand that there is some good knight, other of my blood, other some other that loves me, that will take my quarrel in hand. And therefore,' said sir Lancelot, 'wit you well, ye shall not fear me, and if there were no mo women in all this land but ye, yet shall not I have ado with you.'

'Then are ye shamed,' said the lady, 'and destroyed for ever.'

'As for world's shame, now Jesu defend me! And as for my distress, it is welcome, whatsomever it be that God sends me.'

So she came to him again the same day that the battle should be and said, 'Sir Lancelot, bethink you, for ye are too hard-hearted. And therefore, and ye would but once kiss me, I should deliver you and your armour, and the best horse that was within sir Meliagaunt stable.'

'As for to kiss you,' said sir Lancelot, 'I may do that and lose no worship. And wit you well, and I understood there were any disworship for to kiss you, I would not do it.' And then he kissed her.

And anon she got him up until his armour, and when he was armed she brought him till a stable where stood twelve good coursers, and bade him to choose of the best. Then sir Lancelot looked upon a white courser and that liked him best, and anon he commanded the keepers fast to saddle him* with the best saddle of war that there was*, and so it was done as he bad.* Then he got his own spear in his hand and his sword by his side, and then he commended the lady unto God and said, 'Lady, for this day's deed I shall do you service, if ever it lie in my power.'

Now leave we here sir Lancelot, all that ever he might gallop, and speak we of queen Guenevere that was brought till a fire to be burnt. For sir Meliagaunt was sure, him thought, that sir Lancelot should not be at that battle, and therefore he ever cried upon sir Arthur to do him justice other else bring forth sir Lancelot.

Then was the king and all the court full sore abashed and shamed that the queen should have be burnt in the default of sir Lancelot. 'My lord, king Arthur,' said sir Lavain, 'ye may understand that it is not well with my lord sir Lancelot, for and he were on live, so he be

not sick other in prison, wit you well he would have been here. For never heard ye that ever he failed yet his part for whom he should do battle for. And therefore,' said sir Lavain, 'my lord king Arthur, I beseech you that ye will give me licence to do battle here this day for my lord and master, and for to save my lady the queen.'

'Grauntmercy, gentle sir Lavain,' said king Arthur, 'for I dare say all that sir Meliagaunt putteth upon my lady the queen is wrong. For I have spoken with all the ten wounded knights, and there is not one of them, and he were whole and able to do battle, but he would prove upon sir Meliagaunt body that it is false that he putteth upon my lady.'

'And so shall I,' said sir Lavain, 'in the defence of my lord, sir Lancelot, and ye will give me leave.'

'And I give you leave,' said king Arthur, 'and do your best, for I dare well say there is some treason done to sir Lancelot.'

Then was sir Lavain armed and horsed, and deliverly at the list's end he rode to perform his battle. And right as the heralds should cry: 'Laissez les aller!' right so came sir Lancelot driving with all the might of his horse. And then king Arthur cried: 'Whoa!' and 'Abide!'

And then was sir Lancelot called on horseback* tofore king Arthur and there he told openly tofore the king all how that sir Meliagaunt had served him first and last. And when the king and queen and all the lords knew of the treason of sir Meliagaunt, they were all ashamed on his behalf. Then was the queen sent for and set by the king in the great trust of her champion.

And then there was no more else to say but* sir Lancelot and sir Meliagaunt dressed them unto battle, and took their spears and so they came togethers* as thunder, and there sir Lancelot bore him quite over his horse croup. And then sir Lancelot alight and dressed his shield on his shoulder and took his sword in his hand, and sir Meliagaunt in the same wise dressed him unto him, and there they* smote many great strokes together. And at the last sir Lancelot smote him such a buffet upon the helmet that he fell on the tone side to the earth. And then he cried upon him loud and said, 'Most noble knight, sir Lancelot, save my life! For I yield me unto you, and I require you, as ye be a knight and fellow of the Table Round, slay me not, for I yield me as overcomen, and whether I shall live or die, I put me in the king's hand and yours.'

Then sir Lancelot wist not what to do, for he had liefer than all the

good in the world that he might be revenged upon him. So sir Lancelot looked upon the queen, if he might espy by any sign or countenance what she would have done. And anon the queen wagged her head upon sir Lancelot, as who saith, 'slay him.' And full well knew sir Lancelot by her signs that she would have him dead.

Then sir Lancelot bade him, 'Arise, for shame, and perform this battle with me to the utterance!'

'Nay,' said sir Meliagaunt, 'I will never arise until that ye take me as yolden and recreant.'

'Well, I shall proffer you a large proffer,' said sir Lancelot, 'that is for to say, I shall unarm my head and my left quarter of my body, all that may be unarmed as for that quarter, and I will let bind my left hand behind me there it shall not help me, and right so I shall do battle with you.'

Then sir Meliagaunt start up upon his legs and said on high* 'Take heed, my lord Arthur, of this proffer, for I will take it, and let him be disarmed and bounden according to his proffer.'

'What say ye?' said king Arthur unto sir Lancelot, 'Will ye abide by your proffer?'

'Yea, my lord,' said sir Lancelot, 'for I will never go from that I have once said.'

Then the knights parters of the field disarmed sir Lancelot, first his head and then his left arm and his left side, and they bound his left arm to his left side behind his back, without shield or anything. And anon they yode togethers. Wit you well there was many a lady and many a knight marvelled of sir Lancelot that would jeopardy himself in such wise.

Then sir Meliagaunt came with sword all on height, and sir Lancelot shewed him openly his bare head and the bare left side. And when he went to have smitten him upon the bare head, then lightly he devoided the left leg and the left side and put his right* hand and his sword to that stroke, and so put it on side with great sleight. And then with great force sir Lancelot smote him on the helmet such a buffet that the stroke carved the head in two parties.

Then there was no more to do, but he was drawn out of the field, and at the great instance of the knights of the Table Round the king suffered him to be interred, and the mention made upon him who slew him and for what cause he was slain.

And then the king and the queen made more of sir Lancelot, and more was he cherished than ever he was aforehand.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW TRUE LOVE IS LIKENED TO SUMMER

And thus is passed on from Candlemass until after Easter, that the month of May was come, when every lusty heart begin-neth to blossom, and to bring forth fruit; for like as herbs and trees bring forth fruit and flourish in May, in like wise every lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds. For it giveth unto all lovers courage, that lusty month of May, in something to constrain him to some manner of thing more in that month than in any other month, for divers causes. For then all herbs and trees renew a man and woman, and likewise lovers call again to their mind old gentleness and old service, and many kind deeds that were forgotten by negligence. For like as winter rasure doth alway arase and deface green summer, so fareth it by unstable love in man and woman. For in many persons there is no stability; for we may see all day, for a little blast of winter's rasure, anon we shall deface and lay apart true love for little or nought, that cost much thing; this is no wisdom nor stability, but it is feeble-

ness of nature and great disworship, whosomever useth this. Therefore, like as May month flowereth and flourisheth in many gardens, so in like wise let every man of worship flourish his heart in this world, first unto God, and next unto the joy of them that he promised his faith unto; for there was never worshipful man or worshipful woman, but they loved one better than another; and worship in arms may never be foiled, but first reserve the honour to God, and secondly the quarrel must come of thy lady: and such love I call virtuous love.

But nowadays men can not love seven night but they must have all their desires: that love may not endure by reason; for where they be soon accorded and hasty heat, soon it cooleth. Right so fareth love nowadays, soon hot soon cold: this is no stability. But the old love was not so; men and women could love together seven years, and no licours lusts were between them, and then was love, truth, and faithfulness: and lo, in like wise was used love in King Arthur's days. Wherefore I liken love nowadays unto summer and winter; for like as the one is hot and the other cold, so fareth love nowadays; therefore all ye that be lovers call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guenever, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end.

Explicit liber Octodecimus. And here followeth liber xix.

BOOK XIX

CHAPTER I

HOW QUEEN GUENEVER RODE A-MAYING WITH CERTAIN KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE AND CLAD ALL IN GREEN.

So it befell in the month of May, Queen Guenever called unto her knights of the Table Round; and she gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride a-Maying into woods and fields beside Westminster. And I warn you that there be none of you but that he be well horsed, and that ye all be clothed in green, outher in silk outher in cloth; and I shall bring with me ten ladies, and every knight shall have a lady behind him, and every knight shall have a squire and two yeomen; and I will that ye all be well horsed. So they made them ready in the freshest manner. And these were the names of the knights: Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Agravaine, Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagramore le Desirous, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Ladinas of the Forest Savage, Sir Persant of Inde, Sir Ironside, that was called the Knight of the Red Launds, and Sir Pelleas, the lover; and these ten knights made them ready in the freshest manner to ride with the queen. And so upon the morn they took their horses with the queen, and rode a-Maying in woods and meadows as it pleased them, in great joy and delights; for the queen had cast to have been again with King Arthur at the furthest by ten of the clock, and so was that time her purpose.

Then there was a knight that hight Meliagrance, and he was son unto King Bagdemagus, and this knight had at that time a castle of the gift of King Arthur within seven mile of Westminster. And this knight, Sir Meliagrance, loved passing well Queen Guenever, and so had he done long and many years. And the book saith he had lain in await for to steal away the queen, but evermore he

forbare for because of Sir Launcelot; for in no wise he would meddle with the queen an Sir Launcelot were in her company, outher else an he were near-hand her. And that time was such a custom, the queen rode never without a great fellowship of men of arms about her, and they were many good knights, and the most part were young men that would have worship; and they were called the Queen's Knights, and never in no battle, tournament, nor jousts, they bare none of them no manner of knowledging of their own arms, but plain white shields, and thereby they were called the Queen's Knights. And then when it happed any of them to be of great worship by his noble deeds, then at the next Feast of Pentecost, if there were any slain or dead, as there was none year that there failed but some were dead, then was there chosen in his stead that was dead the most men of worship, that were called the Queen's Knights. And thus they came up all first, or they were renowned men of worship, both Sir Launcelot and all the remnant of them.

But this knight, Sir Meliagrance, had espied the queen well and her purpose, and how Sir Launcelot was not with her, and how she had no men of arms with her but the ten noble knights all arrayed in green for Maying. Then he purveyed him a twenty men of arms and an hundred archers for to destroy the queen and her knights, for he thought that time was best season to take the queen.

CHAPTER II

HOW SIR MELIAGRANCE TOOK THE QUEEN AND HER KNIGHTS, WHICH WERE SORE HURT IN FIGHTING.

So as the queen had Mayed and all her knights, all were bedashed with herbs, mosses and flowers, in the best manner and freshest. Right so came out of a wood Sir Meliagrance with an eight score men well harnessed, as they should fight in a battle of arrest, and bade the queen and her knights abide, for maugre their

heads they should abide. Traitor knight, said Queen Guenever, what cast thou for to do? Wilt thou shame thyself? Bethink thee how thou art a king's son, and knight of the Table Round, and thou to be about to dishonour the noble king that made thee knight; thou shamest all knighthood and thyself, and me, I let thee wit, shalt thou never shame, for I had liefer cut mine own throat in twain rather than thou shouldest dishonour me. As for all this language, said Sir Meliagrance, be it as it be may, for wit you well, madam, I have loved you many a year, and never or now could I get you at such an advantage as I do now, and therefore I will take you as I find you.

Then spake all the ten noble knights at once and said: Sir Meliagrance, wit thou well ye are about to jeopard your worship to dishonour, and also ye cast to jeopard our persons howbeit we be unarmed. Ye have us at a great avail, for it seemeth by you that ye have laid watch upon us; but rather than ye should put the queen to a shame and us all, we had as lief to depart from our lives, for an if we other ways did, we were shamed for ever. Then said Sir Meliagrance: Dress you as well ye can, and keep the queen. Then the ten knights of the Table Round drew their swords, and the other let run at them with their spears, and the ten knights manly abode them, and smote away their spears that no spear did them none harm. Then they lashed together with swords, and anon Sir Kay, Sir Sagramore, Sir Agravaine, Sir Dodinas, Sir Ladinas, and Sir Ozanna were smitten to the earth with grimly wounds. Then Sir Brandiles, and Sir Persant, Sir Ironside, Sir Pelleas fought long, and they were sore wounded, for these ten knights, or ever they were laid to the ground, slew forty men of the boldest and the best of them.

So when the queen saw her knights thus dolefully wounded, and needs must be slain at the last, then for pity and sorrow she cried Sir Meliagrance: Slay not my noble knights, and I will go with thee upon this covenant, that thou save them, and suffer them not to be no more hurt, with this, that they be led with me where-somever thou leadest me, for I will rather slay myself than I will go with thee, unless that these my noble knights may be in my

presence. Madam, said Meliagrance, for your sake they shall be led with you into mine own castle, with that ye will be ruled, and ride with me. Then the queen prayed the four knights to leave their fighting, and she and they would not depart. Madam, said Sir Pelleas, we will do as ye do, for as for me I take no force of my life nor death. For as the French book saith, Sir Pelleas gave such buffets there that none armour might hold him.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT HAD WORD HOW THE QUEEN WAS TAKEN, AND HOW SIR MELIAGRANCE LAID A BUSHMENT FOR LAUNCELOT.

THEN by the queen's commandment they left battle, and dressed the wounded knights on horseback, some sitting, some overthwart their horses, that it was pity to behold them. And then Sir Meliagrance charged the queen and all her knights that none of all her fellowship should depart from her; for full sore he dread Sir Launcelot du Lake, lest he should have any knowledging. All this espied the queen, and privily she called unto her a child of her chamber that was swiftly horsed, to whom she said: Go thou, when thou seest thy time, and bear this ring unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and pray him as he loveth me that he will see me and rescue me, if ever he will have joy of me; and spare not thy horse, said the queen, neither for water, neither for land. So the child espied his time, and lightly he took his horse with the spurs, and departed as fast as he might. And when Sir Meliagrance saw him so flee, he understood that it was by the queen's commandment for to warn Sir Launcelot. Then they that were best horsed chased him and shot at him, but from them all the child went suddenly. And then Sir Meliagrance said to the queen: Madam, ye are about to betray me, but I shall ordain for Sir Launcelot that he shall not come lightly at you. And then he rode with her, and they all, to his castle,

in all the haste that they might. And by the way Sir Meliagrance laid in an embushment the best archers that he might get in his country, to the number of thirty, to await upon Sir Launcelot, charging them that if they saw such a manner of knight come by the way upon a white horse, that in any wise they slay his horse, but in no manner of wise have not ado with him bodily, for he is over-hardy to be overcome.

So this was done, and they were come to his castle, but in no wise the queen would never let none of the ten knights and her ladies out of her sight, but always they were in her presence; for the book saith, Sir Meliagrance durst make no masteries, for dread of Sir Launcelot, insomuch he deemed that he had warning. So when the child was departed from the fellowship of Sir Meliagrance, within a while he came to Westminster, and anon he found Sir Launcelot. And when he had told his message, and delivered him the queen's ring: Alas, said Sir Launcelot, now I am shamed for ever, unless that I may rescue that noble lady from dishonour. Then eagerly he asked his armour; and ever the child told Sir Launcelot how the ten knights fought marvellously, and how Sir Pelleas, and Sir Ironside, and Sir Brandiles, and Sir Persant of Inde, fought strongly, but namely Sir Pelleas, there might none withstand him; and how they all fought till at the last they were laid to the earth; and then the queen made appointment for to save their lives, and go with Sir Meliagrance.

Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that most noble lady, that she should be so destroyed; I had liefer, said Sir Launcelot, than all France, that I had been there well armed. So when Sir Launcelot was armed and upon his horse, he prayed the child of the queen's chamber to warn Sir Lavaine how suddenly he was departed, and for what cause. And pray him as he loveth me, that he will hie him after me, and that he stint not until he come to the castle where Sir Meliagrance abideth, or dwelleth; for there, said Sir Launcelot, he shall hear of me an I am a man living, and rescue the queen and the ten knights the which he traitorously hath taken, and that shall I prove upon his head, and all them that hold with him.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT'S HORSE WAS SLAIN, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RODE IN A CART FOR TO RESCUE THE QUEEN

THEN Sir Launcelot rode as fast as he might, and the book saith he took the water at Westminster Bridge, and made his horse to swim over Thames unto Lambeth. And then within a while he came to the same place thereas the ten noble knights fought with Sir Meliagrance. And then Sir Launcelot followed the track until that he came to a wood, and there was a straight way, and there the thirty archers bade Sir Launcelot turn again, and follow no longer that track. What commandment have ye thereto, said Sir Launcelot, to cause me that am a knight of the Round Table to leave my right way? This way shalt thou leave, other-else thou shalt go it on thy foot, for wit thou well thy horse shall be slain. That is little mastery, said Sir Launcelot, to slay mine horse; but as for myself, when my horse is slain, I give right nought for you, not an ye were five hundred more. So then they shot Sir Launcelot's horse, and smote him with many arrows; and then Sir Launcelot avoided his horse, and went on foot; but there were so many ditches and hedges betwixt them and him that he might not meddle with none of them. Alas for shame, said Launcelot, that ever one knight should betray another knight; but it is an old saw, A good man is never in danger but when he is in the danger of a coward. Then Sir Launcelot went a while, and then he was foul cumbered of his armour, his shield, and his spear, and all that longed unto him. Wit ye well he was full sore annoyed, and full loath he was for to leave anything that longed unto him, for he dread sore the treason of Sir Meliagrance.

Then by fortune there came by him a chariot that came thither for to fetch wood. Say me, carter, said Sir Launcelot, what shall I give thee to suffer me to leap into thy chariot, and that thou bring me unto a castle within this two mile? Thou shalt not come within my chariot, said the carter, for I am sent for to fetch wood for my

lord, Sir Meliagrance. With him would I speak. Thou shalt not go with me, said the carter. Then Sir Launcelot leapt to him, and gave him such a buffet that he fell to the earth stark dead. Then the other carter, his fellow, was afeard, and weened to have gone the same way; and then he cried: Fair lord, save my life, and I shall bring you where ye will. Then I charge thee, said Sir Launcelot, that thou drive me and this chariot even unto Sir Meliagrance's gate. Leap up into the chariot, said the carter, and ye shall be there anon. So the carter drove on a great wallop, and Sir Launcelot's horse followed the chariot, with more than a forty arrows broad and rough in him.

And more than an hour and an half Dame Guenever was awaiting in a bay window with her ladies, and espied an armed knight standing in a chariot. See, madam, said a lady, where rideth in a chariot a goodly armed knight; I suppose he rideth unto hanging. Where? said the queen. Then she espied by his shield that he was there himself, Sir Launcelot du Lake. And then she was ware where came his horse ever after that chariot, and ever he trod his guts and his paunch under his feet. Alas, said the queen, now I see well and prove, that well is him that hath a trusty friend. Ha, ha, most noble knight, said Queen Guenever, I see well thou art hard bestead when thou ridest in a chariot. Then she rebuked that lady that likened Sir Launcelot to ride in a chariot to hanging. It was foul mouthed, said the queen, and evil likened, so for to liken the most noble knight of the world unto such a shameful death. O Jesu defend him and keep him, said the queen, from all mischievous end. By this was Sir Launcelot come to the gates of that castle, and there he descended down, and cried, that all the castle rang of it: Where art thou, false traitor, Sir Meliagrance, and knight of the Table Round? now come forth here, thou traitor knight, thou and thy fellowship with thee; for here I am, Sir Launcelot du Lake, that shall fight with you. And therewithal he bare the gate wide open upon the porter, and smote him under his ear with his gauntlet, that his neck brast a-sunder.

CHAPTER V

HOW SIR MELIAGRANCE REQUIRED FORGIVENESS OF THE QUEEN, AND HOW SHE APPEASED SIR LAUNCELOT; AND OTHER MATTERS.

WHEN Sir Meliagrance heard that Sir Launcelot was there he ran unto Queen Guenever, and fell upon his knee, and said: Mercy, madam, now I put me wholly into your grace. What aileth you now? said Queen Guenever; forsooth I might well wit some good knight would revenge me, though my lord Arthur wist not of this your work. Madam, said Sir Meliagrance, all this that is amiss on my part shall be amended right as yourself will devise, and wholly I put me in your grace. What would ye that I did? said the queen. I would no more, said Meliagrance, but that ye would take all in your own hands, and that ye will rule my lord Sir Launcelot; and such cheer as may be made him in this poor castle ye and he shall have until to-morn, and then may ye and all they return unto Westminster; and my body and all that I have I shall put in your rule. Ye say well, said the queen, and better is peace than ever war, and the less noise the more is my worship.

Then the queen and her ladies went down unto the knight, Sir Launcelot, that stood wroth out of measure in the inner court, to abide battle; and ever he bade: Thou traitor knight come forth. Then the queen came to him and said: Sir Launcelot, why be ye so moved? Ha, madam, said Sir Launcelot, why ask ye me that question? Meseemeth, said Sir Launcelot, ye ought to be more wroth than I am, for ye have the hurt and the dishonour, for wit ye well, madam, my hurt is but little for the killing of a mare's son, but the despite grieveth me much more than all my hurt. Truly, said the queen, ye say truth; but heartily I thank you, said the queen, but ye must come in with me peaceably, for all thing is put in my hand, and all that is evil shall be for the best, for the knight full sore repenteth him of the misadventure that is befallen him. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, sith it is so that ye been accorded with

him, as for me I may not be again it, howbeit Sir Meliagrance hath done full shamefully to me, and cowardly. Ah madam, said Sir Launcelot, an I had wist ye would have been so soon accorded with him I would not have made such haste unto you. Why say ye so, said the queen, do ye forthink yourself of your good deeds? Wit you well, said the queen, I accorded never unto him for favour nor love that I had unto him, but for to lay down every shameful noise. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, ye understand full well I was never willing nor glad of shameful slander nor noise; and there is neither king, queen, nor knight, that beareth the life, except my lord King Arthur, and you, madam, should let me, but I should make Sir Meliagrance's heart full cold or ever I departed from hence. That wot I well, said the queen, but what will ye more? Ye shall have all thing ruled as ye list to have it. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, so ye be pleased I care not, as for my part ye shall soon please.

Right so the queen took Sir Launcelot by the bare hand, for he had put off his gauntlet, and so she went with him till her chamber; and then she commanded him to be unarmed. And then Sir Launcelot asked where were the ten knights that were wounded sore; so she showed them unto Sir Launcelot, and there they made great joy of the coming of him, and Sir Launcelot made great dole of their hurts, and bewailed them greatly. And there Sir Launcelot told them how cowardly and traitorly Meliagrance set archers to slay his horse, and how he was fain to put himself in a chariot. Thus they complained everych to other; and full fain they would have been revenged, but they peaced themselves because of the queen. Then, as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot was called many a day after le Chevaler du Chariot, and did many deeds, and great adventures he had. And so leave we of this tale le Chevaler du Chariot, and turn we to this tale.

So Sir Launcelot had great cheer with the queen, and then Sir Launcelot made a promise with the queen that the same night Sir Launcelot should come to a window out-ward toward a garden; and that window was y-barred with iron, and there Sir Launcelot promised to meet her when all folks were asleep. So then came Sir Lavaine driving to the gates, crying: Where is my lord, Sir

Launcelot du Lake? Then was he sent for, and when Sir Lavaine saw Sir Launcelot, he said: My lord, I found well how ye were hard bestead, for I have found your horse that was slain with arrows. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, I pray you, Sir Lavaine, speak ye of other matters, and let ye this pass, and we shall right it another time when we best may.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME IN THE NIGHT TO THE QUEEN AND LAY WITH HER, AND HOW SIR MELIAGRANCE APPEACHED THE QUEEN OF TREASON.

THEN the knights that were hurt were searched, and soft salves were laid to their wounds; and so it passed on till supper time, and all the cheer that might be made them there was done unto the queen and all her knights. Then when season was, they went unto their chambers, but in no wise the queen would not suffer the wounded knights to be from her, but that they were laid within draughts by her chamber, upon beds and pillows, that she herself might see to them, that they wanted nothing.

So when Sir Launcelot was in his chamber that was assigned unto him, he called unto him Sir Lavaine, and told him that night he must go speak with his lady, Dame Guenever. Sir, said Sir Lavaine, let me go with you an it please you, for I dread me sore of the treason of Sir Meliagrance. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, I thank you, but I will have nobody with me. Then Sir Launcelot took his sword in his hand, and privily went to a place where he had espied a ladder to-forehand, and that he took under his arm, and bare it through the garden, and set it up to the window, and there anon the queen was ready to meet him. And then they made either to other their complaints of many divers things, and then Sir Launcelot wished that he might have come into her. Wit ye well, said the queen, I would as fain as ye, that ye might come in to me.

Would ye, madam, said Sir Launcelot, with your heart that I were with you? Yea, truly, said the queen. Now shall I prove my might, said Sir Launcelot, for your love; and then he set his hands upon the bars of iron, and he pulled at them with such a might that he brast them clean out of the stone walls, and therewithal one of the bars of iron cut the brawn of his hands throughout to the bone; and then he leapt into the chamber to the queen. Make ye no noise, said the queen, for my wounded knights lie here fast by me. So, to pass upon this tale, Sir Launcelot went unto bed with the queen, and he took no force of his hurt hand, but took his pleasaunce and his liking until it was in the dawning of the day; and wit ye well he slept not but watched, and when he saw his time that he might tarry no longer he took his leave and departed at the window, and put it together as well as he might again, and so departed unto his own chamber; and there he told Sir Lavaine how he was hurt. Then Sir Lavaine dressed his hand and staunched it, and put upon it a glove, that it should not be espied; and so the queen lay long in her bed until it was nine of the clock.

Then Sir Meliagrance went to the queen's chamber, and found her ladies there ready clothed. Jesu mercy, said Sir Meliagrance, what aileth you, madam, that ye sleep thus long? And right therewithal he opened the curtain for to behold her; and then was he ware where she lay, and all the sheet and pillow was bebled with the blood of Sir Launcelot and of his hurt hand. When Sir Meliagrance espied that blood, then he deemed in her that she was false to the king, and that some of the wounded knights had lain by her all that night. Ah, madam, said Sir Meliagrance, now I have found you a false traitress unto my lord Arthur; for now I prove well it was not for nought that ye laid these wounded knights within the bounds of your chamber; therefore I will call you of treason before my lord, King Arthur. And now I have proved you, madam, with a shameful deed; and that they be all false, or some of them, I will make good, for a wounded knight this night hath lain by you. That is false, said the queen, and that I will report me unto them all. Then when the ten knights heard Sir Meliagrance's words, they spake all in one voice and said to Sir Meliagrance: Thou

sayest falsely, and wrongfully puttest upon us such a deed, and that we will make good any of us; choose which thou list of us when we are whole of our wounds. Ye shall not, said Sir Meliagrance, away with your proud language, for here ye may all see, said Sir Meliagrance, that by the queen this night a wounded knight hath lain. Then were they all ashamed when they saw that blood; and wit you well Sir Meliagrance was passing glad that he had the queen at such an advantage, for he deemed by that to hide his treason. So with this rumour came in Sir Launcelot, and found them all at a great array.

CHAPTER VII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT ANSWERED FOR THE QUEEN, AND WAGED BATTLE AGAINST SIR MELIAGRANCE; AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS TAKEN IN A TRAP.

WHAT array is this? said Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Meliagrance told them what he had found, and showed them the queen's bed. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, ye did not your part nor knightly, to touch a queen's bed while it was drawn, and she lying therein; for I dare say my lord Arthur himself would not have displayed her curtains, she being within her bed, unless that it had pleased him to have lain down by her; and therefore ye have done unworshipfully and shamefully to yourself. I wot not what ye mean, said Sir Meliagrance, but well I am sure there hath one of her wounded knights lain by her this night, and therefore I will prove with my hands that she is a traitress unto my lord Arthur. Beware what ye do said Launcelot, for an ye say so, an ye will prove it, it will be taken at your hands.

My lord, Sir Launcelot, said Sir Meliagrance, I rede you beware what ye do; for though ye are never so good a knight, as ye wot well ye are renowned the best knight of the world, yet should ye be advised to do battle in a wrong quarrel, for God will have a

stroke in every battle. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, God is to be dread; but as to that I say nay plainly, that this night there lay none of these ten wounded knights with my lady Queen Guenever, and that will I prove with my hands, that ye say untruly in that now. Hold, said Sir Meliagrance, here is my glove that she is traitress unto my lord, King Arthur, and that this night one of the wounded knights lay with her. And I receive your glove, said Sir Launcelot. And so they were sealed with their signets, and delivered unto the ten knights. At what day shall we do battle together? said Sir Launcelot. This day eight days, said Sir Meliagrance, in the field beside Westminster. I am agreed, said Sir Launcelot. But now, said Sir Meliagrance, sithen it is so that we must fight together, I pray you, as ye be a noble knight, await me with no treason, nor none villainy the meanwhile, nor none for you. So God me help, said Sir Launcelot, ye shall right well wit I was never of no such conditions, for I report me to all knights that ever have known me, I fared never with no treason, nor I loved never the fellowship of no man that fared with treason. Then let us go to dinner, said Meliagrance, and after dinner ye and the queen and ye may ride all to Westminster. I will well, said Sir Launcelot.

Then Sir Meliagrance said to Sir Launcelot: Pleaseth it you to see the estures of this castle? With a good will, said Sir Launcelot. And then they went together from chamber to chamber, for Sir Launcelot dread no perils; for ever a man of worship and of prowess dreadeth least always perils, for they ween every man be as they be; but ever he that fareth with treason putteth oft a man in great danger. So it befell upon Sir Launcelot that no peril dread, as he went with Sir Meliagrance he trod on a trap and the board rolled, and there Sir Launcelot fell down more than ten fathom into a cave full of straw; and then Sir Meliagrance departed and made no fare as that he nist where he was.

And when Sir Launcelot was thus missed they marvelled where he was become; and then the queen and many of them deemed that he was departed as he was wont to do, suddenly. For Sir Meliagrance made suddenly to put away aside Sir Lavaine's horse, that they might all understand that Sir Launcelot was departed

suddenly. So it passed on till after dinner; and then Sir Lavaine would not stint until that he ordained litters for the wounded knights, that they might be laid in them; and so with the queen and them all, both ladies and gentlewomen and other, went unto Westminster; and there the knights told King Arthur how Meliagrance had appealed the queen of high treason, and how Sir Launcelot had received the glove of him: And this day eight days they shall do battle afore you. By my head, said King Arthur, I am afeard Sir Meliagrance hath taken upon him a great charge; but where is Sir Launcelot? said the king. Sir, said they all, we wot not where he is, but we deem he is ridden to some adventures, as he is ofttimes wont to do, for he hath Sir Lavaine's horse. Let him be, said the king, he will be founden, but if he be trapped with some treason.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS DELIVERED OUT OF PRISON BY A LADY, AND TOOK A WHITE COURSER AND CAME FOR TO KEEP HIS DAY.

So leave we Sir Launcelot lying within that cave in great pain; and every day there came a lady and brought him his meat and his drink, and wooed him, to have lain by him; and ever the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, said her nay. Sir Launcelot, said she, ye are not wise, for ye may never out of this prison, but if ye have my help; and also your lady, Queen Guenever, shall be brent in your default, unless that ye be there at the day of battle. God defend, said Sir Launcelot, that she should be brent in my default; and if it be so, said Sir Launcelot, that I may not be there, it shall be well understanded, both at the king and at the queen, and with all men of worship, that I am dead, sick, other in prison. For all men that know me will say for me that I am in some evil case an I be not there that day; and well I wot there is some good knight either of

my blood, or some other that loveth me, that will take my quarrel in hand; and therefore, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well ye shall not fear me; and if there were no more women in all this land but ye, I will not have ado with you. Then art thou shamed, said the lady, and destroyed for ever. As for world's shame, Jesu defend me, and as for my distress, it is welcome whatsoever it be that God sendeth me.

So she came to him the same day that the battle should be, and said: Sir Launcelot, methinketh ye are too hard-hearted, but wouldest thou but kiss me once I should deliver thee, and thine armour, and the best horse that is within Sir Meliagrance's stable. As for to kiss you, said Sir Launcelot, I may do that and lose no worship; and wit ye well an I understood there were any disworship for to kiss you I would not do it. Then he kissed her, and then she gat him, and brought him to his armour. And when he was armed, she brought him to a stable, where stood twelve good coursers, and bade him choose the best. Then Sir Launcelot looked upon a white courser the which liked him best; and anon he commanded the keepers fast to saddle him with the best saddle of war that there was; and so it was done as he bade. Then gat he his spear in his hand, and his sword by his side, and commended the lady unto God, and said: Lady, for this good deed I shall do you service if ever it be in my power.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME THE SAME TIME THAT SIR MELIAGRANCE ABODE HIM IN THE FIELD AND DRESSED HIM TO BATTLE.

Now leave we Sir Launcelot wallop all that he might, and speak we of Queen Guenever that was brought to a fire to be brent; for Sir Meliagrance was sure, him thought, that Sir Launcelot should not be at that battle; therefore he ever cried upon King

Arthur to do him justice, other-else bring forth Sir Launcelot du Lake. Then was the king and all the court full sore abashed and shamed that the queen should be brent in the default of Sir Launcelot. My lord Arthur, said Sir Lavaine, ye may understand that it is not well with my lord Sir Launcelot, for an he were alive, so he be not sick outher in prison, wit ye well he would be here; for never heard ye that ever he failed his part for whom he should do battle for. And therefore, said Sir Lavaine, my lord, King Arthur, I beseech you give me license to do battle here this day for my lord and master, and for to save my lady, the queen. Gramercy gentle Sir Lavaine, said King Arthur, for I dare say all that Sir Meliagrance putteth upon my lady the queen is wrong, for I have spoken with all the ten wounded knights, and there is not one of them, an he were whole and able to do battle, but he would prove upon Sir Meliagrance's body that it is false that he putteth upon my queen. So shall I, said Sir Lavaine, in the defence of my lord, Sir Launcelot, an ye will give me leave. Now I give you leave, said King Arthur, and do your best, for I dare well say there is some treason done to Sir Launcelot.

Then was Sir Lavaine armed and horsed, and suddenly at the lists' end he rode to perform this battle; and right as the heralds should cry: Lesses les aler, right so came in Sir Launcelot driving with all the force of his horse. And then Arthur cried: Ho ! and Abide ! Then was Sir Launcelot called on horseback to-fore King Arthur, and there he told openly to-fore the king and all, how Sir Meliagrance had served him first to last. And when the king, and the queen, and all the lords, knew of the treason of Sir Meliagrance they were all ashamed on his behalf. Then was Queen Guenever sent for, and set by the king in great trust of her champion. And then there was no more else to say, but Sir Launcelot and Sir Meliagrance dressed them unto battle, and took their spears; and so they came together as thunder, and there Sir Launcelot bare him down quite over his horse's croup. And then Sir Launcelot alighted and dressed his shield on his shoulder, with his sword in his hand, and Sir Meliagrance in the same wise dressed him unto him, and there they smote many great strokes together; and at the last Sir

Launcelot smote him such a buffet upon the helmet that he fell on the one side to the earth. And then he cried upon him aloud: Most noble knight, Sir Launcelot du Lake, save my life, for I yield me unto you, and I require you, as ye be a knight and fellow of the Table Round, slay me not, for I yield me as overcome; and whether I shall live or die I put me in the king's hands and your.

Then Sir Launcelot wist not what to do, for he had had liefer than all the good of the world he might have been revenged upon Sir Meliagrance; and Sir Launcelot looked up to the Queen Guenever, if he might espy by any sign or countenance what she would have done. And then the queen wagged her head upon Sir Launcelot, as though she would say: Slay him. Full well knew Sir Launcelot by the wagging of her head that she would have him dead; then Sir Launcelot bade him rise for shame and perform that battle to the utterance. Nay, said Sir Meliagrance, I will never arise until ye take me as yolden and recreant. I shall proffer you large proffers, said Sir Launcelot, that is for to say, I shall unarm my head and my left quarter of my body, all that may be unarmed, and let bind my left hand behind me, so that it shall not help me, and right so I shall do battle with you. Then Sir Meliagrance started up upon his legs, and said on high: My lord Arthur, take heed to this proffer, for I will take it, and let him be disarmed and bounden according to his proffer. What say ye, said King Arthur unto Sir Launcelot, will ye abide by your proffer? Yea, my lord, said Sir Launcelot, I will never go from that I have once said.

Then the knights parters of the field disarmed Sir Launcelot, first his head, and sithen his left arm, and his left side, and they bound his left arm behind his back, without shield or anything, and then they were put together. Wit you well there was many a lady and knight marvelled that Sir Launcelot would jeopardy himself in such wise. Then Sir Meliagrance came with his sword all on high, and Sir Launcelot showed him openly his bare head and the bare left side; and when he weened to have smitten him upon the bare head, then lightly he avoided the left leg and the left side, and put his right hand and his sword to that stroke, and so put it on side with great sleight; and then with great force Sir Launcelot smote

him on the helmet such a buffet that the stroke carved the head in two parts. Then there was no more to do, but he was drawn out of the field. And at the great instance of the knights of the Table Round, the king suffered him to be interred, and the mention made upon him, who slew him, and for what cause he was slain; and then the king and thè queen made more of Sir Launcelot du Lake, and more he was cherished, than ever he was aforehand.

V

THE HEALING OF SIR URRY

THAN, as the Freynshe boke makith mencion, there was (10)
a good knyght in the londe of Hungré whos name was
sir Urré. And he was an adventurys knyght, and in all
placis where he myght here ony adventures dedis and of
worshyp there wold he be.

So hit happened in Spayne there was an erle, and hys
sunnes name was called sir Alpheus. And at a grete turne-
mente in Spayne thys sir Urry, knyght of Hungré, and sir
Alpheus of Spayne encountred togydirs for verry envy, and
so aythir undirtoke other to the utteraunce. And by fortune
thys sir Urry slew sir Alpheus, the erlys son of Spayne. But
thys knyght that was slayne had yevyn sir Urry, or ever he
were slayne, seven grete woundis, three on the hede and 445r
three on hys body, an one uppon hys lyffte honde. And
thys sir Alpheus had a modir [whiche] was a grete sorseras;
and she, for the despyte of hir sunnes deth, wrought by her
suttyle craufftis that sir Urry shulde never be hole, but ever
his woundis shulde one tyme fester and another tyme blede,
so that he shulde never be hole untyll the beste knyght of the
worlde had serched hys woundis. And thus she made her
avaunte, wherethorow hit was knowyn that this sir Urry
sholde never be hole.

Than hys modir lete make an horse-lytter and put hym
therein with two palfreyes caryyng hym. And than she toke
wyth hym hys syster, a full fayre damesell whos name was
Fyleloly, and a payge wyth hem to kepe their horsis, and so
they lad sir Urry thorow many contreyes. For, as the
Freynshe boke saythe, she lad hym so seven yere thorow all
londis crystened and never cowde fynde no knyght that
myght ease her sunne.

So she cam unto Scotlonde and into the bondes of
Inglonde. And by fortune she com unto the feste of Pente-
coste untyll kynge Arthurs courte that at that tyme was

2 *C* his name 4 *C* hers of ony dedes of 6–7 *C* Erle sone his name was Alphegus 11 *C* but *S* but 13 *C* he was 14 *C* and four on his body & vpon 15 *C** the whiche was this *not in C* *C* thetyn vnder two caryyng hym *not in C* 24–5 *C* took syr Urry with hym a ful 26 *C* and theane she took a page with hym 29 *C* neuer he coude 31 *C* came in to Scotland 32 *C* came nyghe the

holdyn at Carlehylle. And whan she cam there she made hit to be opynly knowyn how that she was com into that londe for to hele her sonne. Than kynge Arthur lette calle that lady and aske her the cause why she brought that hurte knyght into that londe.

'My moste noble kynge,' seyde that lady, 'wyte you well I brought hym hyddir to be heled of hys woundis, that of all thys seven yere myght never be hole.'

And thus she tolde the kynge, and where he was wounded and with whom, and how hys modir discoverde hit in her pryde how she had worought by enchauntemente that he
445v sholde never be hole untyll the beste knyght of the worlde had serched hys woundis.

'And so I have passed all the londis crystynde thorow to have hym healed excepte thys londe, and gyff I fayle here in thys londe I woll never take more payne uppon me. And that ys grete pité, for he was a good knyght and of grete nobeles.'

'What ys hys name?' seyde kynge Arthure.

'My good and gracious lorde,' she seyde, 'his name ys sir Urré of the Mounte.'

'In good tyme,' seyde the kynge. 'And sythyn ye ar com into thys londe, ye ar ryght wellcom. And wyte you welle, here shall youre son be healed and ever ony Crystyn man [may] heale hym. And for to gyff all othir men off worshyp a currayge, I myselff woll asay to handyll your sonne, and so shall all the kynges, dukis and erlis that ben here presente at thys tyme, nat presumyng uppon me that I am so worthy to heale youre son be my dedis, but I woll corrayge othir men of worshyp to do as I woll do.'

And than the kynge commaunded all the kynges, dukes and erlis and all noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table that were there that tyme presente to com into the medow of Carlehyll.

And so at that tyme there were but an hondred an ten of

1–2 *C* it openly to be knowen how 4 *C* and asked her 8–9 *C* yere he myghte not be hole & thenne she 9 *C* kynge where 10 *C* and of whome 10 hit *not in C* 11 *C* wroughte that by enchauntement soo that 12 *C* le *S* be *W* the the beste 14 *C* thurgh alle the landes crystned 15 *C** fayle to hele hym here 17 *C*† is pyte 18 kynge *not in C* 23–24 *C** man may hele *Not emended in O*[1] 26–27 *C** presente with me at this tyme thereto wylle I commaunde them and wel I wote they shalle obeye and doo after my commaundement And wete you wel sayd kynge Arthur vnto Vrres syster† I shalle begynne to handle hym and serche vnto my power not presumyng

the Rounde Table, for forty knyghtes were that tyme away. And so here we muste begynne at kynge Arthur, as was kyndely to begynne at hym that was that tyme the moste man of worshyp crystynde.

Than kynge Arthur loked uppon sir Urré, and he thought he was a full lykly man whan he was hole. And than the kynge made to take hym downe of the lyttar and leyde hym uppon the erth, and anone there was layde a cussheon of golde that he shulde knele uppon. And than kynge Arthur sayde, 5 (11) 10

'Fayre knyght, me rewyth of thy hurte, and for to corrayge all other knyghtes I woll pray the sofftely to suffir me to handyll thy woundis.'

'My moste noble crystynd kynge, do ye as ye lyste,' seyde sir Urré, 'for I am at the mercy of God and at youre commaundemente.' 446r 15

So than kynge Arthur softely handeled hym. And than som of hys woundis renewed uppon bledynge.

Than kynge Claryaunce of Northumbirlonde serched, and hit wolde nat be. And than sir Barraunte le Apres, that was called the Kynge with the Hundred Knyghtes, he assayed and fayled. 20

So ded kynge Uryence of the londe of Gore. So ded kynge Angwysh of Irelonde, and so ded kynge Newtrys of Garloth. So ded kynge Carydos of Scotlonde. So ded the duke sir Galahalt the Haute Prynce. So ded sir Constantyne that was kynge Cadors son of Cornwayle. So ded duke Chalaunce of Claraunce. So ded the erle of Ulbawys. So ded the erle Lambayle. So ded the erle Arystanse. 25

Than cam in sir Gawayne wyth hys three sunnes, sir Gyngalyn, sir Florence, and sir Lovell (thes two were begotyn uppon sir Braundeles syster), and all they fayled. 30

2–3 *C** as is kyndely 3–4 *C* was the moost man of worshyp that was crystned at that tyme 5 *C* and the kynge thoughte 6–7 *C* thenne kynge Arthur made hym to be take doune 8 *C* fo *S* of 9 *C* thenne noble Arthur 11 *C* me repenteth of 12 *C* other noble Knyghtes 13 *C* handle your woundes 14 My *not in C* 14–15 *C* kynge sayd Vrre doo as ye lyste for 27 *C*† was sir Carados son *C* Challyns 29 *C* Arystause 32 *C*† vpon sir dyd the Erle Lambayle Soo dyd the Erle Arystause Thenne came iii syre Gawayne with his thre sones syr gangalayne syr Florens and syr Louel these two were goten vpon syr Brandyles syster (*duplication*)

Than cam in sir Aggravayne, sir Gaherys, and sir Mordred, and the good knyght sir Gareth that was of verry knyghthod worth all the brethirn.

So cam in the knyghtes of sir Launcelottis kyn, but sir Launcelot was nat [that] tyme in the courte, for he was that tyme uppon hys adventures. Than sir Lyonell, sir Ector de Marys, sir Bors de Ganys, sir Blamour de Ganys, sir Bleoberys de Gaynys, sir Gahalantyne, sir Galyhodyn, sir Menaduke, sir Vyllars the Valyaunte, sir Hebes le Renowné, all thes were of sir Launcelottis kynne, and all they fayled.

Than cam in sir Sagramour le Desyrus, sir Dodynas le Saveage, sir Dynadan, sir Brewne le Noyre that sir Kay named La Cote Male Tayle, and sir Kay le Senesciall, sir Kay d'Estraunges, sir Mellyot de Logris, sir Petipace of Wynchylsé, sir Galleron of Galway, sir Melyon of the Mountayne, sir Cardoke, sir Uwayne les Avoutres, and sir Ozanna
446v le Cure Hardy. Than cam in sir Ascamour, and sir Grummor and Grummorson, sir Crosseleme, sir Severause le Brewse that was called a passynge stronge knyght.

For, as the booke seyth, the chyff lady of the Lady off the Lake fested sir Launcelot and sir Severause le Brewse, and whan she had fested them both at sundry tymes, she prayde hem to gyff her a done, and anone they graunted her. And than she prayde sir Severause that he wolde promyse her never to do batayle ayenste sir Launcelot, and in the same wyse she prayde sir Launcelot never to do batayle ayenste sir Severause, and so aythir promysed her. (For the Freynshe booke sayth that sir Severause had never corayge nor grete luste to do batayle ayenste no man but if hit we[re] ayenste gyauntis and ayenste dragons and wylde bestis.)

So leve we thys mater and speke we of them that at the kynges rekeyste were [there] at the hyghe feste, as knyghtes

4 *C* came knyghtes 18–19 *C* syr Gromere grummors sone 21 of the Lady *not in C* 24 *C* a bone 24–25 *C* graunted it her 26 *C* launcelot du lake 30 grete *not in C* 33 *C* Soo we passe vnto them that 34 *W* rekeyste where they were at the *C* request made hem alle that were there at that hyȝ feest as of the knyȝtes (*see note*)

of the Rounde Table, for to serche sir Urré. And to thys entente the kynge ded hit, to wyte whych was the moste nobelyste knyght amonge them all.

Than cam in sir Agglovale, sir Durnor and sir Tor that was begotyn uppon the cowardis wyff, but he was begotyn afore Aryes wedded her (and kynge Pellynor begate them all: firste sir Tor, sir Agglovale, sir Durnor, sir Lamorak, the moste nobeleste knyght one of them that ever was in kynge Arthurs dayes as for a wordly knyght, and sir Percivale that was pyerles, excepte sir Galahad, in holy dedis. But they dyed in the queste of the Sangreall).

Than cam in sir Gryfflet le Fyze de Du, sir Lucan the Butlere, sir Bedyvere, hys brothir, sir Braundeles, sir Constantyne, sir Cadors son of Cornwayle that was kynge aftir Arthurs dayes, and sir Clegis, sir Sadok, sir Dynas le Senesciall de Cornwayle, sir Fergus, sir Dryaunte, sir Lambegus, sir Clarrus off Cleremownte, sir Cloddrus, sir Hectymere, sir Edwarde of Carnarvan, sir Pryamus whych was crystynde by **447r** the meanys of sir Trystram, the noble knyght, and thes three were brethirn; sir Helayne le Blanke that was son unto sir Bors, for he begate hym uppon kynge Brandygorys doughter, and sir Bryan de Lystenoyse; sir Gauter, sir Raynolde, sir Gyllymere, were three brethirn whych sir Launcelot wan uppon a brydge in sir Kayes armys; sir Gwyarte le Petite, sir Bellyngere le Bewse that was son to the good knyght sir Alysaundir le Orphelyn that was slayne by the treson of kynge Marke.

Also that traytoure kynge slew the noble knyght sir Trystram as he sate harpynge afore hys lady, La Beall Isode, with a trenchaunte glayve, for whos dethe was the moste waylynge of ony knyght that ever was in kynge Arthurs dayes, for there was never none so bewayled as was sir Tristram and sir Lamerok, for they were with treson slayne: sir Trystram by kynge Marke, and sir Lamorake by sir Gawayne and hys brethirn.

1–2 *C*† sir Turre to that entente 2 moste *not in C* 3 all *not in C* 4 in *not in C* 5 *C* vpon Aryes the couherdes 8 of them *not in C* 12 in *not in C* 15 *C* le *S* the 18–19 *C* Canaruan syre Dynas syre Pyramus that was crystned by sir Tristram 21 for *not in C* 23 *C* bretheren that syre 30 *C* treuchaunt *S* trenchaunt 30–31 *C* was moche bewaylynge of euery knyghte that euer were in 32 for *not in C* 33 *C* were traytoursly slayne

And thys sir Bellynger revenged the deth of hys fadir, sir Alysaundir, and sir Trystram, for he slewe kynge Marke. And La Beall Isode dyed sownyng uppon the crosse of sir Trystram, whereof was grete pité. And all that were with kynge Marke whych were of assente of the dethe of sir Trystram were slayne, as sir Andred and many othir.

Than cam sir Hebes, sir Morganoure, sir Sentrayle, sir Suppynabiles, sir Belyaunce le Orgulus that the good knyght sir Lamorak wan in playne batayle, sir Neroveus and sir Plenoryus, two good knyghtes that sir Launcelot wanne, sir Darras, sir Harry le Fyze Lake, sir Ermynde, brother to kyng Hermaunce, for whom sir Palomydes faught at the Rede Cité with two brethirn; and sir Selyses of the Dolerous Towre, sir Edward of Orkeney, sir Ironsyde that was called the noble knyght of the Rede Laundis, that sir Gareth wan for the love of da[m]e Lyones; sir Arrok, sir Degrevaunt, sir Degrave Saunze Vylony that faught wyth the gyaunte of the Blak Lowe; sir Epynogrys that was the kynges son of
447v Northumbirlonde, sir Pelleas that loved the lady Ettarde (and he had dyed for her sake, had nat bene one of the ladyes of the lake whos name was dame Nynyve; and she wedde sir Pelleas, and she saved hym ever aftir, that he was never slayne by her dayes; and he was a full noble knyght); and sir Lamyell of Cardyff that was a grete lovear, sir Playne de Fors, sir Melyaus de Lyle, sir Boarte le Cure Hardy that was kynge Arthurs son, sir Madore de la Porte, sir Collgrevaunce, sir Hervyse de la Foreyst Saveayge, sir Marrok the good knyght that was betrayed with his wyff, for he made hym seven yere a warwolff; sir Persaunt, sir Pertolope, hys brothir, that was called the Grene Knyght, and sir Perymones, brother unto them bothe, whych was called the Rede Knyght, that sir Gareth wanne whan he was called Bewmaynes.

All thes hondred knyghtes and ten serched sir Urryes woundis by the commaundemente of kynge Arthur.

(12) 'Mercy Jesu!' seyde kynge Arthur, 'where ys sir Launcelot du Lake, that he ys nat here at thys tyme?'

1–2 *C*† fader Alysander and syr Tristram slewe (*see note*) 5 *C* Marke that were consentynge to the 8 *C*† Bellangere le orgulous 16 *W* dane 16–17 *C*† Arrok de greuaunt syr Degrane 20 *C* her loue had not 21 *C* lake her name was dame Nymue *W* Nyuyne 22 ever aftir *not in C* 23 by her dayes *not in C* 28 *C** for she made 31 *C* broder to them bothe that was

And thus as they stood and spake of many thyngis, there one aspyed sir Launcelot that com rydynge towarde them, and anone they tolde the kynge.

'Pees,' seyde the kynge, 'lat no man say nothyng untyll he be com to us.'

So whan sir Launcelot had aspyed kynge Arthur he descended downe frome hys horse and cam to the kynge and salewed hym and them all.

And anone as the damesell, sir Urryes syster, saw sir Launcelot, she romed to her brothir thereas he lay in hys lyttar and seyde,

'Brothir, here ys com a knyght that my harte gyveth gretly unto.'

'Fayre syster,' seyde sir Urré, 'so doth my harte lyghte gretly ayenste hym, and my harte gyvith me more unto hym than to all thes that hath serched me.'

Than seyde kynge Arthur unto sir Launcelot, 'Sir, ye muste do as we have done', and tolde hym what they had done and shewed hym them all that had serched hym.

'Jesu defende me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'whyle so many noble kyngis and knyghtes have fayled, that I shulde presume uppon me to enchyve that all ye, my lordis, myght nat enchyve.' 448r

'Ye shall nat chose,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for I commaunde you to do as we all have done.'

'My moste renowmed lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I know well I dare nat, nor may nat, disobey you. But and I myght or durste, wyte you well I wolde nat take uppon me to towche that wounded knyght in that entent that I shulde passe all othir knyghtes. Jesu deffende me frome that shame!'

'Sir, ye take hit wronge,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'for ye shall nat do hit for no presumpcion, but for to beare us felyshyp, insomuche as ye be a felow of the Rounde Table. And

1–2 *C* there was aspyed 2 *C* that came rydyng 3 *C*† and told 4 *C* no maner thynge be sayd vntyl 6 had *not in C* 7 downe *not in C* 9 *C* the mayde syre Vrres 10 *C* she ronne to 15 gretly *not in C* 15–16 *C* and certaynly I hope now to be heled for my hert yeueth vnto hym more thã 16 *C* haue serched 17 Sir *not in C* 18 *C* told syr launcelot what 20 *C* Launcelot whan soo 21 noble *not in C*† *C** haue assayed and fayled 24–25 *C* I will commaunde yow for to doo 26 *C* Launcelot ye knowe 27 *C* disobey your commaundement but 31 Sir *not in C* for *not in C* 32 *C* presumpcyon *S* presumcyon 33 as *not in C* *C* table round

wyte you well,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'and ye prevayle nat and heale hym, I dare sey there ys no knyght in thys londe that may hele hym. And therefore I pray you do as we have done.'

5 And than all the kyngis and knyghtes for the moste party prayed sir Launcelot to serche hym. And than the wounded knyght, sir Urré, set hym up waykely and seyde unto sir Launcelot,

'Now, curteyse knyght, I requyre the, for Goddis sake,
10 heale my woundis! For methynkis ever sytthyn ye cam here my woundis grevyth me nat so muche as they ded.'

'A, my fayre lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'Jesu wolde that I myght helpe you! For I shame sore with myselff that I shulde be thus requyred, for never was I able in worthynes
15 to do so hyghe a thynge.'

Than sir Launcelot kneled downe by the wounded knyght, saiyng, 'My lorde Arthure, I muste do youre commaundemente, whych ys sore ayenste my harte.' And than he hylde up hys hondys and loked unto the este, saiynge secretely
20 unto hymselff, 'Now, Blyssed Fadir and Son and Holy Goste, I beseche The of Thy mercy that my symple worshyp and honesté be saved, and Thou Blyssed Trynyté, Thou mayste yeff me power to hele thys syke knyght by the grete vertu and grace of The, but, Good Lorde, never of
25 myselff.'

And than sir Launcelot prayde sir Urré to lat hym se hys
448v hede; and than, devoutly knelyng, he ransaked the three woundis, that they bled a lytyll; and forthwithall the woundis fayre heled and semed as they had bene hole a seven
30 yere. And in lyke wyse he serched hys body of othir three woundis, and they healed in lyke wyse. And than the laste of all he serched hys honde, and anone hit fayre healed.

Than kynge Arthur and all the kynges and knyghtes kneled downe and gave thankynges and lovynge unto God
35 and unto Hys Blyssed Modir. And ever sir Launcelote wepte, as he had bene a chylde that had bene beatyn!

3 that *not in C* 7–9 *C* and praid sir Launcelot hertely sayeng curtois 11 so muche as they ded *not in C*† 13 For *not in C* *C* shame me sore that 14 *C*† thus rebuked for (*see Glossary* s.v *shame*) 18 *C* the whiche 19 *C* in to the eest 20 *C* hym self thow* blessid fader sone 23 me *not in C* 32 *C* serched the whiche was in his hand and anone hit heled fayre 34 *C* louynges

Than kyng Arthure lat ravyshe prystes and clarkes in the moste devoutiste wyse to brynge in sir Urré into Carlyle with syngyng and lovyng to God. And whan thys was done the kynge lat clothe hym in ryche maner, and than was there but feaw bettir made knyghtes in all the courte, for he was passyngly well made and bygly.

Than kynge Arthur asked sir Urré how he felte hymselff.

'A! my good and gracious lorde, I felte myselffe never so lusty.'

'Than woll ye juste and do ony armys?' seyd kynge Arthur.

'Sir, and I had all that longed unto justis, I wolde be sone redy.'

Than kynge Arthur made a party [of] a hondred knyghtes (13) to be ayenste an hondred, and so uppon the morn they justed for a dyamounde, but there justed none of the daungerous knyghtes. And so, for to shortyn this tale, sir Urré and sir Lavayne justed beste that day, for there was none of them but he overthrew and pulled down a thirty knyght.

And than by assente of all the kynges and lordis sir Urré and sir Lavayne were made knyghtes of the Table Rounde. And than sir Lavayne keste hys love unto dame Fyleloly, sir Urré syster, and than they were wedded with grete joy, and so kynge Arthur gaff to every of them a barony of londis.

And this sir Urré wolde never go frome sir Launcelot, but he and sir Lavayne awayted evermore uppon hym, and they were in all the courte accounted for good knyghtes and full desyrous in armys. And many noble dedis they ded, for they wolde have no reste but ever sought uppon their dedis. 449r Thus they lyved in all that courte wyth grete nobeles and joy longe tymes.

But every nyght and day sir Aggravayne, sir Gawaynes brother, awayted quene Gwenyver and sir Launcelot to put hem bothe to a rebuke and a shame.

1 *C* lete araye† preestes (*see note*) 2 *C* deuoutest manere *C* Vrre within Carleil 4–5 *C** in the rychest maner that coude be thoughte and thenne were there 7 *C* and Arthur 8 *A not in C* *C* good lord he sayd 10 Than *not in C* *C** doo dedes of armes [illegible] *C* Sir [illegible] Vrre and [illegible] *C* agayns te an hondred knyghtes and [illegible] *not in C* [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] *C* Vrres *C* wedded to gyder with 29–30 *C* soughte aduentures thus 31 *C* tyme 33 *C* Launcelot du lake 34 bothe *not in C* *C* rebuke & shame

And so I leve here of this tale, and overlepe grete bookis of sir Launcelot, what grete adventures he ded whan he was called 'le Shyvalere de Charyot'. For, as the Freynshe booke sayth, because of dispyte that knyghtes and ladyes called hym 'the Knyght that rode in the Charyot', lyke as he were juged to the jybett, therefore, in the despite of all them that named hym so, he was caryed in a charyotte a twelve-monethe; for but lytill aftir that he had slayne sir Mellyagaunte in the quenys quarell, he never of a twelve-moneth com on horsebak. And, as the Freynshe booke sayth, he ded that twelve-moneth more than forty batayles.

And bycause I have loste the very mater of Shevalere de Charyot I departe from the tale of sir Launcelot; and here I go unto the morte Arthur, and that caused sir Aggravayne.

AND HERE ON THE OTHIR SYDE FOLOWYTH *THE MOSTE PYTEUOUS TALE OF THE MORTE ARTHURE SAUNZ GWERDON* PAR LE SHYVALERE SIR THOMAS MALLEORRÉ, KNYGHT.

JESU, AYEDE LY PUR VOUTRE BONE MERCY! AMEN.

1 *C* ouer hyp 2 *C* Launcelot du lake 3 *C* le cheualer* du charyot 6 *W* the jubett *C* to the galhous Therfor in despyt- 9 *C* neuer in a twelue 12–13 *C* of la† chevaler* du† charyot 14 *C* morte of kynge Arthur 15–19 *C* Agrauayne Explicit liber XIX And here after foloweth the moost pytous history of the morte of kynge Arthur the whiche is the XX book 19 *W* ayed ely

Then, as the French book maketh mention, there was a good knight in the land of Hungary whose name was sir Urry. And he was an adventurous knight, and in all places where he might hear any adventurous deeds and of worship there would he be.

So it happened in Spain there was an earl, and his son's name was called sir Alpheus. And at a great tournament in Spain this sir Urry, knight of Hungary, and sir Alpheus of Spain encountered togethers for very envy, and so either undertook other to the utterance. And by fortune this sir Urry slew sir Alpheus, the earl's son of Spain. But this knight that was slain had given sir Urry, or ever he were slain, seven great wounds, three on the head and three on his body, and one upon his left hand. And this sir Alpheus had a mother which was a great sorceress, and she, for the despite of her son's death, wrought by her subtle crafts that sir Urry should never be whole, but ever his wounds should one time fester and another time bleed, so that he should never be whole until the best knight of the world had searched his wounds. And thus she made her avaunt, wherethrough it was known that this sir Urry should never be whole.

Then his mother let make an horse-litter and put him therein with two palfreys carrying him. And then she took with him his sister, a full fair damsel, whose name was Fileloly, and a page with them to keep their horses, and so they led sir Urry through many countries. For, as the French book saith, she led him so seven year thorough all lands christened and never could find no knight that might ease her son.

So she came unto Scotland and into the bounds of England. And by fortune she came unto the feast of Pentecost until king Arthur's court that at that time was holden at Carlisle. And when she came there she made it to be openly known how that she was come into that land for to heal her son. Then king Arthur let call that lady and ask her the cause why she brought that hurt knight into that land.

'My most noble king,' said that lady, 'wit you well I brought him hither to be healed of his wounds, that of all this seven year might never be whole.' And thus she told the king, and where he was wounded and with whom, and how his mother discovered it in her pride how she had wrought by enchantment that he should never be whole until the best knight of the world had searched his wounds.

'And so I have passed all the lands christened through to have him healed except this land, and if I fail here in this land I will never take more pain upon me. And that is great pity, for he was a good knight and of great noblesse.'

'What is his name?' said king Arthur.

'My good and gracious lord,' she said, 'his name is sir Urry of the Mount.'

'In good time,' said the king. 'And sithen ye are come into this land, ye are right welcome. And wit you well, here shall your son be healed and ever any Christian man may heal him. And for to give all other men of worship a courage, I myself will essay to handle your son, and so shall all the kings, dukes and earls that been here present at this time; not presuming upon me that I am so worthy to heal your son by my deeds, but I will courage other men of worship to do as I will do.'

And then the king commanded all the kings, dukes and earls and all noble knights of the Round Table that were there that time present to come into the meadow of Carlisle. And so at that time there were but an hundred and ten of the Round Table, for forty knights were that time away.

And so here we must begin at king Arthur, as is* kindly to begin at him that was that time the most man of worship christened. Then king Arthur looked upon sir Urry, and he thought he was a full likely man when he was whole. And then the king made to take him down off the litter and laid him upon the earth, and anon there was laid a cushion of gold that he should kneel upon. And then king Arthur said,

'Fair knight, me reweth of thy hurt, and for to courage all other knights I will pray thee softly to suffer me to handle thy wounds.'

'My most noble christened king, do ye as ye list,' said sir Urry, 'for I am at the mercy of God and at your commandment.'

So then king Arthur softly handled him. And then some of his

wounds renewed upon bleeding. [*Then many kings, dukes and earls essayed and failed.*]

Then came in sir Gawain with his three sons . . . and all they failed. Then came in sir Agravain, sir Gaheris, and sir Mordred, and the good knight sir Gareth that was of very knighthood worth all the brethren.

So came in the knights of sir Lancelot's kin, but sir Lancelot was not that time in the court, for he was that time upon his adventures. . . All these were of sir Lancelot's kin, and all they failed.

[*Then came many others, as*] sir Lucan the Butler; sir Bedivere, his brother; sir Brandiles; sir Constantine, sir Cador's son of Cornwall that was king after Arthur's days; and sir Clegis; sir Priamus which was christened by the means of sir Tristram, the noble knight . . . sir Bellinger le Bewse that was son to the good knight sir Alexander le Orphelin that was slain by the treason of king Mark.

(Also that traitor slew the noble knight sir Tristram as he sat harping afore his lady, La Belle Isolde, with a trenchant glaive, for whose death was the most wailing of any knight that ever was in king Arthur's days, for there was never none so bewailed as was sir Tristram and sir Lamorak, for they were with treason slain; sir Tristram by king Mark, and sir Lamorak by sir Gawain and his brethren. And this sir Bellinger revenged the death of his father, sir Alexander, and sir Tristram, for he slew king Mark. And La Belle Isolde died swooning upon the cross of sir Tristram, whereof was great pity. And all that were with king Mark which were of assent of the death of sir Tristram were slain, as sir Andred and many other.)

Then came [*very many other good knights and*] all these hundred knights and ten searched sir Urry's wounds by the commandment of king Arthur.

'Mercy Jesu!' said king Arthur, 'where is sir Lancelot du Lake that he is not here at this time?' And thus as they stood and spoke of many things, there one espied sir Lancelot that came riding toward them, and anon they told the king. 'Peace,' said the king, 'let no man say nothing until he be come to us.' So when sir Lancelot had espied king Arthur he descended down from his horse and came to the king and salued him and them all.

And anon as the damsel, sir Urry's sister, saw sir Lancelot, she roamed to her brother thereas he lay in his litter and said, 'Brother, here is come a knight that my heart giveth greatly unto.' 'Fair sister,'

said sir Urry, 'so doth my heart light greatly against him, and certainly I hope now to be healed for* my heart giveth unto him more* than to all these that hath searched me.'

Then said king Arthur unto sir Lancelot, 'Sir, ye must do as we have done,' and told him what they had done and shewed him them all that had searched him.

'Jesu defend me,' said sir Lancelot, 'while so many noble kings and knights have essayed and* failed, that I should presume upon me to achieve that all ye, my lords, might not achieve.'

'Ye shall not choose,' said king Arthur, 'for I command you to do as we all have done.'

'My most renowned lord,' said sir Lancelot, 'Ye* know well I dare not, nor may not, disobey you. But and I might or durst, wit you well I would not take upon me to touch that wounded knight in that intent that I should pass all other knights. Jesu defend me from that shame!'

'Sir, ye take it wrong,' said king Arthur, 'for ye shall not do it for no presumption, but for to bear us fellowship, insomuch as ye be a fellow of the Round Table. And wit you well,' said king Arthur, 'and ye prevail not and heal him, I dare say there is no knight in this land that may heal him. And therefore I pray you do as we have done.'

And then all the kings and knights for the most party prayed sir Lancelot to search him. And then the wounded knight, sir Urry, sat him up weakly and said unto sir Lancelot. 'Now courteous knight, I require thee, for God's sake, heal my wounds! For methinks ever sithen ye came here my wounds grieveth me not so much as they did.'

'Ah! my fair lord,' said sir Lancelot, 'Jesu would that I might help you! For I shame sore with myself that I should be thus required, for never was I able in worthiness to do so high a thing.'

Then sir Lancelot kneeled down by the wounded knight, saying, 'My lord Arthur, I must do your commandment, which is sore against my heart.' And then he held up his hands and looked unto the east, saying secretly unto himself, 'Now, blessed Father and Son and Holy Ghost, I beseech Thee of Thy mercy that my simple worship and honesty be saved, and Thou Blessed Trinity, Thou mayest give me power to heal this sick knight by the great virtue and grace of Thee, but, good Lord, never of myself.'

And then sir Lancelot prayed sir Urry to let him see his head. And

then, devoutly kneeling, he ransacked the three wounds, that they bled a little. And forthwithal the wounds fair healed and seemed as they had been whole a seven year. And in like wise he searched his body of other three wounds, and they healed in like wise. And then the last of all he searched his hand, and anon it fair healed.

Then king Arthur and all the kings and knights kneeled down and gave thankings and loving unto God and unto His blessed Mother. And ever sir Lancelot wept, as he had been a child that had been beaten.

Then king Arthur let ravish priests and clerks in the most devoutest wise to bring in sir Urry into Carlisle with singing and loving to God. And when this was done the king let clothe him in rich manner, and then was there but few better made knights in all the court, for he was passingly well made and bigly.

Then king Arthur asked sir Urry how he felt himself.

'Ah! my good and gracious lord, I felt myself never so lusty.'

'Then will ye joust and do deeds of* arms?' said king Arthur.

'Sir, and I had all that longed unto jousts, I would be soon ready.'

Then king Arthur made a party of a hundred knights to be against an hundred, and so upon the morn they jousted for a diamond, but there jousted none of the dangerous knights. And so, for to shorten this tale, sir Urry and sir Lavain jousted best that day, for there was none of them but he overthrew and pulled down a thirty knights.

And then by assent of all the kings and lords sir Urry and sir Lavain were made knights of the Table Round. And then sir Lavain cast his love unto dame Fileloly, sir Urry sister. And then they were wedded with great joy, and so king Arthur gave to every of them a barony of lands.

And this sir Urry would never go from sir Lancelot, but he and sir Lavain awaited evermore upon him. And they were in all the court accounted for good knights and full desirous in arms. And many noble deeds they did, for they would have no rest but ever sought upon their deeds. Thus they lived in all that court with great noblesse and joy long times.

But every night and day sir Agravain, sir Gawain's brother, awaited queen Guenevere and sir Lancelot to put them both to a rebuke and a shame.

And so I leave here of this tale, and overleap great books of sir Lancelot, what great adventures he did when he was called 'le Chevalier de

Chariot.' For, as the French book saith, because of despite that knights and ladies called him 'the Knight that rode in the Chariot,' like as he were judged to the gibbet, therefore, in the despite of all them that named him so, he was carried in a chariot a twelve-month; for but little after that he had slain sir Meliagaunt in the queen's quarrel, he never of a twelve-month came on horseback. And, as the French book saith, he did that twelve month more than forty battles.

And because I have lost the very matter of Chevalier de Chariot I depart from the tale of sir Lancelot; and here I go unto the Morte Arthur, and that caused sir Agravain.

And here on the other side followeth the most piteous tale of the Morte Arthur Sans Guerdon par le chevalier sir Thomas Malory, knight. Jesu, aide lui pour votre bonne merci! Amen.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR URRE CAME INTO ARTHUR'S COURT FOR TO BE HEALED OF HIS WOUNDS, AND HOW KING ARTHUR WOULD BEGIN TO HANDLE HIM.

THEN as the French book maketh mention, there was a good knight in the land of Hungary, his name was Sir Urre, and he was an adventurous knight, and in all places where he might hear of any deeds of worship there would he be. So it happened in Spain there was an earl's son, his name was Alphegus, and at a great tournament in Spain this Sir Urre, knight of Hungary, and Sir Alphegus of Spain encountered together for very envy; and so either undertook other to the utterance. And by fortune Sir Urre slew Sir Alphegus, the earl's son of Spain, but this knight that was slain had given Sir Urre, or ever he was slain, seven great wounds, three on the head, and four on his body and upon his left hand. And this Sir Alphegus had a mother, the which was a great sorceress; and she, for the despite of her son's death, wrought by her subtle crafts that Sir Urre should never be whole, but ever his wounds should one time fester and another time bleed, so that he should never be whole until the best knight of the world had searched his wounds; and thus she made her avaunt, wherethrough it was known that Sir Urre should never be whole.

Then his mother let make an horse litter, and put him therein under two palfreys; and then she took Sir Urre's sister with him, a

full fair damosel, whose name was Felelolie; and then she took a page with him to keep their horses, and so they led Sir Urre through many countries. For as the French book saith, she led him so seven year through all lands christened, and never she could find no knight that might ease her son. So she came into Scotland and into the lands of England, and by fortune she came nigh the feast of Pentecost until King Arthur's court, that at that time was holden at Carlisle. And when she came there, then she made it openly to be known that she was come into that land for to heal her son.

Then King Arthur let call that lady, and asked her the cause why she brought that hurt knight into that land. My most noble king, said that lady, wit you well I brought him hither for to be healed of his wounds, that of all this seven year he might not be whole. And then she told the king where he was wounded, and of whom; and how his mother had discovered in her pride how she had wrought that by enchantment, so that he should never be whole until the best knight of the world had searched his wounds. And so I have passed through all the lands christened to have him healed, except this land. And if I fail to heal him here in this land, I will never take more pain upon me, and that is pity, for he was a good knight, and of great nobleness. What is his name? said Arthur. My good and gracious lord, she said, his name is Sir Urre of the Mount. In good time, said the king, and sith ye are come into this land, ye are right welcome; and wit you well here shall your son be healed, an ever any Christian man may heal him. And for to give all other men of worship courage, I myself will assay to handle your son, and so shall all the kings, dukes, and earls that be here present with me at this time; thereto will I command them, and well I wot they shall obey and do after my commandment. And wit you well, said King Arthur unto Urre's sister, I shall begin to handle him, and search unto my power, not presuming upon me that I am so worthy to heal your son by my deeds, but I will courage other men of worship to do as I will do. And then the king commanded all the kings, dukes, and earls, and all noble knights of the Round Table that were there that time present, to come into

the meadow of Carlisle. And so at that time there were but an hundred and ten of the Round Table, for forty knights were that time away; and so here we must begin at King Arthur, as is kindly to begin at him that was the most man of worship that was christened at that time.

CHAPTER XI

HOW KING ARTHUR HANDLED SIR URRE, AND AFTER HIM MANY OTHER KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

THEN King Arthur looked upon Sir Urre, and the king thought he was a full likely man when he was whole; and then King Arthur made him to be taken down off the litter and laid him upon the earth, and there was laid a cushion of gold that he should kneel upon. And then noble Arthur said: Fair knight, me repenteth of thy hurt, and for to courage all other noble knights I will pray thee softly to suffer me to handle your wounds. Most noble christened king, said Urre, do as ye list, for I am at the mercy of God, and at your commandment. So then Arthur softly handled him, and then some of his wounds renewed upon bleeding. Then the King Clarence of Northumberland searched, and it would not be. And then Sir Barant le Apres that was called the King with the Hundred Knights, he assayed and failed; and so did King Uriens of the land of Gore; so did King Anguish of Ireland; so did King Nentres of Garloth; so did King Carados of Scotland; so did the Duke Galahad, the haut prince; so did Constantine, that was Sir Carados' son of Cornwall; so did Duke Chaleins of Clarance; so did the Earl Ulbause; so did the Earl Lambaile; so did the Earl Aristause.

Then came in Sir Gawaine with his three sons, Sir Gingalin, Sir Florence, and Sir Lovel, these two were begotten upon Sir Brandiles' sister; and all they failed. Then came in Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, Sir Mordred, and the good knight, Sir Gareth, that was of very knighthood worth all the brethren. So came knights of

Launcelot's kin, but Sir Launcelot was not that time in the court, for he was that time upon his adventures. Then Sir Lionel, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, Sir Gahalantine, Sir Galihodin, Sir Menaduke, Sir Villiars the Valiant, Sir Hebes le Renoumes. All these were of Sir Launcelot's kin, and all they failed. Then came in Sir Sagramore le Desirous, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Dinadan, Sir Bruin le Noire, that Sir Kay named La Cote Male Taile, and Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Kay de Stranges, Sir Meliot de Logris, Sir Petipase of Winchelsea, Sir Galleron of Galway, Sir Melion of the Mountain, Sir Cardok, Sir Uwaine les Avoutres, and Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy.

Then came in Sir Astamor, and Sir Gromere, Grummor's son, Sir Crosselm, Sir Servause le Breuse, that was called a passing strong knight, for as the book saith, the chief Lady of the Lake feasted Sir Launcelot and Servause le Breuse, and when she had feasted them both at sundry times she prayed them to give her a boon. And they granted it her. And then she prayed Sir Servause that he would promise her never to do battle against Sir Launcelot du Lake, and in the same wise she prayed Sir Launcelot never to do battle against Sir Servause, and so either promised her. For the French book saith, that Sir Servause had never courage nor lust to do battle against no man, but if it were against giants, and against dragons, and wild beasts. So we pass unto them that at the king's request made them all that were there at that high feast, as of the knights of the Table Round, for to search Sir Urre: to that intent the king did it, to wit which was the noblest knight among them.

Then came Sir Aglovale, Sir Durnore, Sir Tor, that was begotten upon Aries, the cowherd's wife, but he was begotten afore Aries wedded her, and King Pellinore begat them all, first Sir Tor, Sir Aglovale, Sir Durnore, Sir Lamorak, the most noblest knight one that ever was in Arthur's days as for a worldly knight, and Sir Percivale that was peerless except Sir Galahad in holy deeds, but they died in the quest of the Sangreal. Then came Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu, Sir Lucan the Butler, Sir Bedevere his brother, Sir Brandiles, Sir Constantine, Sir Cador's son of Cornwall, that was king after Arthur's days, and Sir Clegis, Sir Sadok, Sir Dinas le

Seneschal of Cornwall, Sir Fergus, Sir Driant, Sir Lambegus, Sir Clarrus of Cleremont, Sir Cloddrus, Sir Hectimere, Sir Edward of Carnarvon, Sir Dinas, Sir Priamus, that was christened by Sir Tristram the noble knight, and these three were brethren; Sir Hellaine le Blank that was son to Sir Bors, he begat him upon King Brandegoris' daughter, and Sir Brian de Listinoise; Sir Gautere, Sir Reynold, Sir Gillemere, were three brethren that Sir Launcelot won upon a bridge in Sir Kay's arms. Sir Guyart le Petite, Sir Bellangere le Beuse, that was son to the good knight, Sir Alisander le Orphelin, that was slain by the treason of King Mark. Also that traitor king slew the noble knight Sir Tristram, as he sat harping afore his lady La Beale Isoud, with a trenchant glaive, for whose death was much bewailing of every knight that ever were in Arthur's days; there was never none so bewailed as was Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak, for they were traitorously slain, Sir Tristram by King Mark, and Sir Lamorak by Sir Gawaine and his brethren. And this Sir Bellangere revenged the death of his father Alisander, and Sir Tristram slew King Mark, and La Beale Isoud died swooning upon the corse of Sir Tristram, whereof was great pity. And all that were with King Mark that were consenting to the death of Sir Tristram were slain, as Sir Andred and many other.

Then came Sir Hebes, Sir Morganore, Sir Sentraile, Sir Suppinabilis, Sir Bellangere le Orgulous, that the good knight Sir Lamorak won in plain battle; Sir Nerovens and Sir Plenorius, two good knights that Sir Launcelot won; Sir Darras, Sir Harry le Fise Lake, Sir Erminide, brother to King Hermaunce, for whom Sir Palomides fought at the Red City with two brethren; and Sir Selises of the Dolorous Tower, Sir Edward of Orkney, Sir Ironside, that was called the noble Knight of the Red Launds that Sir Gareth won for the love of Dame Liones, Sir Arrok de Grevaunt, Sir Degrane Saunce Velany that fought with the giant of the black lowe, Sir Epinogris, that was the king's son of Northumberland. Sir Pelleas that loved the lady Ettard, and he had died for her love had not been one of the ladies of the lake, her name was Dame Nimue, and she wedded Sir Pelleas, and she saved him that he was never slain, and he was a full noble knight; and Sir Lamiel of Cardiff that was

a great lover. Sir Plaine de Force, Sir Melleaus de Lile, Sir Bohart le Cure Hardy that was King Arthur's son, Sir Mador de la Porte, Sir Colgrevance, Sir Hervise de la Forest Savage, Sir Marrok, the good knight that was betrayed with his wife, for she made him seven year a wer-wolf, Sir Persaunt, Sir Pertilope, his brother, that was called the Green Knight, and Sir Perimones, brother to them both, that was called the Red Knight, that Sir Gareth won when he was called Beaumains. All these hundred knights and ten searched Sir Urre's wounds by the commandment of King Arthur.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS COMMANDED BY ARTHUR TO HANDLE HIS WOUNDS. AND ANON HE WAS ALL WHOLE, AND HOW THEY THANKED GOD.

MERCY Jesu, said King Arthur, where is Sir Launcelot du Lake that he is not here at this time? Thus, as they stood and spake of many things, there was espied Sir Launcelot that came riding toward them, and told the king. Peace, said the king, let no manner thing be said until he be come to us. So when Sir Launcelot espied King Arthur, he descended from his horse and came to the king, and saluted him and them all. Anon as the maid, Sir Urre's sister, saw Sir Launcelot, she ran to her brother thereas he lay in his litter, and said: Brother, here is come a knight that my heart giveth greatly unto. Fair sister, said Sir Urre, so doth my heart light against him, and certainly I hope now to be healed, for my heart giveth unto him more than to all these that have searched me.

Then said Arthur unto Sir Launcelot: Ye must do as we have done; and told Sir Launcelot what they had done, and showed him them all, that had searched him. Jesu defend me, said Sir Launcelot, when so many kings and knights have assayed and failed, that I should presume upon me to enchieve that all ye, my lords, might not enchieve. Ye shall not choose, said King Arthur,

for I will command you for to do as we all have done. My most renowned lord, said Sir Launcelot, ye know well I dare not nor may not disobey your commandment, but an I might or durst, wit you well I would not take upon me to touch that wounded knight in that intent that I should pass all other knights; Jesu defend me from that shame. Ye take it wrong, said King Arthur, ye shall not do it for no presumption, but for to bear us fellowship, insomuch ye be a fellow of the Table Round; and wit you well, said King Arthur, an ye prevail not and heal him, I dare say there is no knight in this land may heal him, and therefore I pray you, do as we have done.

And then all the kings and knights for the most part prayed Sir Launcelot to search him; and then the wounded knight, Sir Urre, set him up weakly, and prayed Sir Launcelot heartily, saying: Courteous knight, I require thee for God's sake heal my wounds, for me-thinketh ever sithen ye came here my wounds grieve me not. Ah, my fair lord, said Sir Launcelot, Jesu would that I might help you; I shame me sore that I should be thus rebuked, for never was I able in worthiness to do so high a thing. Then Sir Launcelot kneeled down by the wounded knight saying: My lord Arthur, I must do your commandment, the which is sore against my heart. And then he held up his hands, and looked into the east, saying secretly unto himself: Thou blessed Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I beseech thee of thy mercy, that my simple worship and honesty be saved, and thou blessed Trinity, thou mayst give power to heal this sick knight by thy great virtue and grace of thee, but, Good Lord, never of myself. And then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Urre to let him see his head; and then devoutly kneeling he ransacked the three wounds, that they bled a little, and forthwith all the wounds fair healed, and seemed as they had been whole a seven year. And in likewise he searched his body of other three wounds, and they healed in likewise; and then the last of all he searched the which was in his hand, and anon it healed fair.

Then King Arthur and all the kings and knights kneeled down and gave thankings and lovings unto God and to His Blessed Mother. And ever Sir Launcelot wept as he had been a child that

had been beaten. Then King Arthur let array priests and clerks in the most devoutest manner, to bring in Sir Urre within Carlisle, with singing and loving to God. And when this was done, the king let clothe him in the richest manner that could be thought; and then were there but few better made knights in all the court, for he was passingly well made and bigly; and Arthur asked Sir Urre how he felt himself. My good lord, he said, I felt myself never so lusty. Will ye joust and do deeds of arms? said King Arthur. Sir, said Urre, an I had all that longed unto jousts I would be soon ready.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW THERE WAS A PARTY MADE OF AN HUNDRED KNIGHTS AGAINST AN HUNDRED KNIGHTS, AND OF OTHER MATTERS.

THEN Arthur made a party of hundred knights to be against an hundred knights. And so upon the morn they jousted for a diamond, but there jousted none of the dangerous knights; and so for to shorten this tale, Sir Urre and Sir Lavaine jousted best that day, for there was none of them but he overthrew and pulled down thirty knights; and then by the assent of all the kings and lords, Sir Urre and Sir Lavaine were made knights of the Table Round. And Sir Lavaine cast his love unto Dame Felelolie, Sir Urre's sister, and then they were wedded together with great joy, and King Arthur gave to everych of them a barony of lands. And this Sir Urre would never go from Sir Launcelot, but he and Sir Lavaine awaited evermore upon him; and they were in all the court accounted for good knights, and full desirous in arms; and many noble deeds they did, for they would have no rest, but ever sought adventures.

Thus they lived in all that court with great noblesse and joy long time. But every night and day Sir Agravaine, Sir Gawaine's brother, awaited Queen Guenever and Sir Launcelot du Lake to put them

to a rebuke and shame. And so I leave here of this tale, and overskip great books of Sir Launcelot du Lake, what great adventures he did when he was called Le Chevaler du Chariot. For as the French book saith, because of despite that knights and ladies called him the knight that rode in the chariot like as he were judged to the gallows, therefore in despite of all them that named him so, he was carried in a chariot a twelvemonth, for, but little after that he had slain Sir Meliagrance in the queen's quarrel, he never in a twelvemonth came on horseback. And as the French book saith, he did that twelvemonth more than forty battles. And because I have lost the very matter of Le Chevaler du Chariot, I depart from the tale of Sir Launcelot, and here I go unto the morte of King Arthur; and that caused Sir Agravaine.

Explicit liber xix.

And hereafter followeth the most piteous history of the morte of King Arthur, the which is the twentieth book.

THE MOST PITEOUS MORTE ARTHUR SAUNZ GUERDON

I

SLANDER AND STRIFE

IN May, whan every harte floryshyth and burgenyth (for, (1)
as the season ys lusty to beholde and comfortable, so man
and woman rejoysyth and gladith of somer commynge with
his freyshe floures, for wynter wyth hys rowghe wyndis and
blastis causyth lusty men and women to cowre and to syt by 5
fyres), so thys season hit befelle in the moneth of May a
grete angur and unhapp⟨e⟩ that stynted nat tylle the floure of
chyvalry of [alle] the worlde was destroyed and slayne.

And all was longe uppon two unhappy knyghtis whych 449v
were named sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred, that were 10
brethirn unto sir Gawayne. For thys sir Aggravayne and
sir Mordred had ever a prevy hate unto the quene, dame
Gwenyver, and to sir Launcelot; and dayly and nyghtly they
ever wacched uppon sir Launcelot.

Sy hyt myssefortuned sir Gawayne and all hys brethirne 15
were in kynge Arthurs chambir, and than sir Aggravayne
seyde thus opynly, and nat in no counceyle, that manye
knyghtis myght here:

'I mervayle that we all be nat ashamed bothe to se and to
know how sir Launcelot lyeth dayly and nyghtly by the quene. 20
And all we know well that hit ys so, and hit ys sha[m]efully
suffird of us all that we shulde suffir so noble a kynge as
kynge Arthur ys to be shamed.'

Than spake sir Gawayne and seyde,

'Brothir, sir Aggravayne, I pray you and charge you, meve 25
no such maters no more afore me, for wyte you well, I woll
nat be of youre counceyle.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Gaherys and sir Gareth, 'we
woll nat be knowyn of your dedis.'

'Than woll I!' seyde sir Mordred. 30

'I lyve you well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'for ever unto all
unhappynes, sir, ye woll graunte. And I wolde that ye leffte
[all thys,] and make you nat so bysy, for I know', seyde sir
Gawayne, 'what woll falle of hit.'

1 *C* euery lusty herte 5–6 *C* a lusty man and woman to couer and sytte fast by the fyre So in this season as in the monethe of May it byfelle a 7 *C* vnhap *WO*[1] unhappy 8 *Not emended in O*[1] 9 *C* the whiche 15 *C* it myshapped syr 18 *C* here it 21 *C*† knowe it so *W* shanefully 22 *C* we alle 23 *C* is soo to 26 *C* wel sayd svr Gawayne I 29 *C* knowynge broder Agrauayne of 32 *C* vnhappynes broder syr Mordred there to wille ye 32–33 *C** lefte alle this and made *Not emended in O*[1]

'Falle whatsumever falle may,' seyde sir Aggravayne, 'I woll disclose hit to the kynge!'

'Nat be my counceyle,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'for, and there aryse warre and wrake betwyxte sir Launcelot [and us], wyte you well, brothir, there woll many kynges and grete lordis holde with sir Launcelot. Also, brothir, sir Aggravayne,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'ye muste remembir how oftyntymes sir **450r** Launcelot hath rescowed the kynge and the quene; and the beste of us all had bene full colde at the harte-roote had nat sir Launcelot bene bettir than we, and that hathe he preved hymselff full ofte. And as for my parte,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I woll never be ayenste sir Launcelot for one dayes dede, that was whan he rescowed me frome kynge Carados of the Dolerous Towre and slew hym and saved my lyff. Also, brother, sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred, in lyke wyse sir Launcelot rescowed you bothe and three score and two frome sir Tarquyne. And therefore, brothir, methynkis suche noble dedis and kyndnes shulde be remembirde.'

'Do ye as ye lyste,' seyde sir [Aggrav]ayne, 'for I woll layne hit no lenger.'

So wyth thes wordis cam in sir Arthur.

'Now, brothir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'stynte youre stryff.'

'That woll I nat,' seyde sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred.

'Well, woll ye so?' seyde sir Gawayne. 'Than God spede you, for I woll nat here of youre talis, nothir be of youre counceile.'

'No more woll I,' seyde sir Gaherys.

'Nother I,' seyde sir Gareth, 'for I shall never say evyll by that man that made me knyght.'

And therewythall they three departed makynge grete dole.

'Alas!' seyde sir Gawayne and sir Gareth, 'now ys thys realme holy destroyed and myscheved, and the noble felyshyp of the Rounde Table shall be disparbeled.'

1 *C* Falle of hit what falle may 4 *C* ryse *C** launcelot and vs (*see note*) 6 *C* s y (*S* syr) Launcelot 13 that was *not in C* 17–18 *C* Turquyn Me thynketh broder suche kynde dedes 19 *W* but do *C** Agrauayne *W* Gawayne (*see note*) 21 *C* came to them kynge Arthur 22 *C* broder stynte your noyse sayd syre Gawayne 23 That *not in C* *C* we wylle not 24 Well *not in C* 25 *C* here your tales ne be 27–28 *C* no more wyll I sayd sir Gareth and sir Gaherys for we wyl neuer 29–30 *C** man for by cause sayd syre Gareth syr launcelot made me knyghte by no manere owe I to say ylle of hym and there with al 32 destroyed and *not in C*† 33 *C* be disparplyd

So they departed, and than kynge Arthure asked them (2) what noyse they made.

'My lorde,' seyde sir Aggravayne, 'I shall telle you, for I may kepe hit no lenger. Here ys I and my brothir sir Mordred brake unto my brothir sir Gawayne, sir Gaherys and to sir Gareth—for thys ys all, to make hit shorte—[how] ⟨that⟩ we know all that sir Launcelot holdith youre quene, and hath done longe; and we be your syster sunnes, we may suffir hit no lenger. And all we wote that ye shulde be above sir Launcelot, and ye ar the kynge that made hym knyght, and therefore **450v** we woll preve hit that he is a traytoure to youre person.'

'Gyff hit be so,' seyde the kynge, 'wyte you well, he ys non othir. But I wolde be lothe to begyn such a thynge but I myght have prevys of hit, for sir Launcelot ys an hardy knyght, and all ye know that he ys the beste knyght amonge us all, and but if he be takyn with the dede he woll fyght with hym that bryngith up the noyse, and I know no knyght that ys able to macch hym. Therefore, and hit be sothe as ye say, I wolde that he were takyn with the dede.'

For, as the Freynshe booke seyth, the kynge was full lothe that such a noyse shulde be uppon sir Launcelot and his quene; for the kynge had a demyng of hit, but he wold nat here thereoff, for sir Launcelot had done so much for hym and for the quene so many tymes that wyte you well the kynge loved hym passyngly well.

'My lorde,' seyde sir Aggravayne, 'ye shall ryde to-morne an-huntyng, and doute ye nat, sir Launcelot woll nat go wyth you. And so whan hit drawith towarde nyght ye may sende the quene worde that ye woll ly oute all that nyght, and so may ye sende for your cookis. And than, uppon payne of deth, that nyght we shall take hym wyth the quene, and we shall brynge hym unto you, quycke or dede.'

'I woll well,' seyde the kynge. 'Than I counceyle you to take with you sure felyshyp.'

3–4 *C* yow that I may kepe no 6–7 *C*† Gareth how this we knowe *Not emended in O*[1] 8 *C* sones & we 12 *C* sayd syr Arthur wete 14 *C* preues vpon hit 15, 19 that *not in C* 21 *C* lothe therto that ony noyse 21–22 *C*† his queue 22 of hit *not in C* 22–23 *C* not here of hit for 24 *C* and the quene 28 *C* Thenne whan it 31 *C* we shalle take hym that nyght 31–32 *C* and outher we shal brynge hym to yow dede or quyck 33–34 *C* yow sayd the kynge take

'Sir,' seyde sir Aggravayne, 'my brothir sir Mordred and I woll take wyth us twelve knyghtes of the Rounde Table.'

'Beware,' seyde kynge Arthure, 'for I warne you, ye shall fynde hym wyght.'

5 'Lat us deale!' seyde sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred.

451r So on the morne kynge Arthure rode an-huntyng and sente worde to the quene that he wolde be oute all that nyght. Than sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred gate to them twelve knyghtes and hyd hemselff in a chambir in the castell 10 of Carlyle. And thes were their namys: sir Collgrevaunce, sir Mador de la Porte, sir Gyngalyne, sir Mellyot de Logris, sir Petipace of Wynchylsé, sir Galleron of Galoway, sir Melyon de la Mountayne, sir Ascomore, sir Gromoresom Erioure, sir Cursesalyne, sir Florence, and sir Lovell. So 15 thes twelve knyghtes were with sir Mordred and sir Aggravayne, and all they were of Scotlonde, other ellis of sir Gawaynes kynne, other [well-]wyllers to hys brothir.

So whan the nyght cam sir Launcelot tolde sir Bors how he wolde go that nyght and speke wyth the quene.

20 'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'ye shall nat go thys nyght be my counceyle.'

'Why?' seyde sir Launcelot.

'Sir, for I drede me ever of sir Aggravayne that waytith uppon you dayly to do you shame and us all. And never gaff 25 my harte ayenste no goynge that ever ye wente to the quene so much as now, for I mystruste that the kynge ys oute thys nyght frome the quene [bycause peradventure he hath layne som wacche for you and the quene]. Therefore I drede me sore of som treson.'

30 'Have ye no drede,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for I shall go and com agayne and make no taryynge.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'that me repentis, for I drede me sore that youre goyng thys nyght shall wratth us all.'

'Fayre neveawe,' seyd sir Launcelot, 'I mervayle me much 35 why ye say thus, sytthyn the quene hath sente for me. And

9 *C*† dyd them self *Le Morte Arthur* (*1767*) So prewely thay gonne hem hyde 13 *C* of the montayne 13–14 *C*† Gromore somyr Ioure (*see Index*) 14 and *not in C* 17 *C** wel willers to his bretheren 23 *C* Sir sayd sir Bors I drede 24 uppon *not in C* 27–28 *C** quene by cause perauentur he hath layne somme watche for yow and the Quene and therfor (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 29 som *not in C* 33 *C* goynge oute thys 34 *C* merueylle moche

wyte you well, I woll nat be so much a cowarde, but she shall undirstonde I woll se her good grace.'

'God spede you well,' seyde sir Bors, 'and sende you sounde and sauff agayne!'

So sir Launcelot departed and toke hys swerde undir hys 5 (3)
arme, and so he walked in hys mantell, that noble knyght, 451v
and put hymselff in grete jouparté. And so he past on tylle he cam to the quenys chambir, and so lyghtly he was had into the chambir.

For, as the Freynshhe booke seyth, the quene and sir 10
Launcelot were togydirs. And whether they were abed other at other maner of disportis, me lyste nat thereof make no mencion, for love that tyme was nat as love ys nowadayes.

But thus as they were togydir there cam sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred wyth twelve knyghtes with them of the 15
Rounde Table, and they seyde with grete cryyng and scaryng voyce,

'Thou traytoure, sir Launcelot, now ar thou takyn!'

And thus they cryed wyth a lowde voyce, that all the courte myght hyre hit. And thes fourtene knyghtes all were 20
armed at all poyntis, as they shulde fyght in a batayle.

'Alas!' seyde quene Gwenyver, 'now ar we myscheved bothe!'

'Madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ys there here ony armour within you that myght cover my body wythall? And 25
if there be ony, gyff hit me and I shall sone stynte their malice, by the grace of God!'

'Now, truly,' seyde the quyne, 'I have none armour nother helme, shylde, swerde, nother speare, wherefore I dred me sore oure longe love ys com to a myschyvus ende. 30
For I here by their noyse there be many noble knyghtes, and well I wote they be surely armed, and ayenst them ye may make no resistence. Wherefore ye ar lykly to be slayne, and than shall I be brente! For and ye myght ascape them,' seyde the quene, 'I wolde nat doute but that ye wolde 35
rescowe me in what daunger that I ever stood in.'

6–7 *C*† soo in his mantel that noble knyghte putte 8–10 *C* quenes chamber and thenne sir launcelot was lyȝtely putte in to the chambir And thenne as the 13 *C* as is 16 and scaryng *not in C*† 18 *C* Traytour knyghte syr launcelot du lake 20 *C* and they all xiiij were 25 *C** within your chambre that I *C** my poure body 28 Now *not in C* 29 nother helme *not in C*† 32 *C* armed ageynste

'Alas!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'in all my lyff thus was I never bestad that I shulde be thus shamefully slayne, for lake of myne armour.'

But ever sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred cryed,

5 'Traytour knyght, come oute of the quenys chambir!
452r For wyte thou well thou arte besette so that thou shalt nat ascape.'

'A, Jesu mercy!' seyd sir Launcelot, 'thys shamefull cry and noyse I may nat suffir, for better were deth at onys than
10 thus to endure thys payne.'

Than he toke the quene in hys armys and kyssed her and seyde,

'Moste nobelest Crysten quene, I besech you, as ye have ben ever my speciall good lady, and I at all tymes your poure
15 knyght and trew unto my power, and as I never fayled you in ryght nor in wronge sytthyn the firste day kynge Arthur made me knyght, that ye woll pray for my soule if that I be slayne. For well I am assured that sir Bors, my nevewe, and all the remenaunte of my kynne, with sir Lavayne and sir Urré,
20 that they woll nat fayle you to rescow you from the fyer. And therfore, myne owne lady, recomforte youreselff, whatsomever com of me, that ye go with sir Bors, my nevew, and [sir Urré and] they all woll do you all the plesure that they may, and ye shall lyve lyke a quene uppon my londis.'

25 'Nay, sir Launcelot, nay!' seyde the quene. 'Wyte thou well that I woll ⟨nat⟩ lyve longe aftir thy dayes. But and ye be slayne I woll take my dethe as mekely as ever ded marter take hys dethe for Jesu Crystes sake.'

'Well, madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'syth hit ys so that
30 the day ys com that oure love muste departe, wyte you well I shall selle my lyff as dere as I may. And a thousandfolde', seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am more hevyar for you than for myselff! And now I had levir than to be lorde of all Crystendom that I had sure armour uppon me, that men myght speke of
35 my dedys or ever I were slayne.'

4 *C** euer in one sir Agrauayne 6 *C* arte soo besette that 8 *C* O Ihesu 8–9 *W* shamefull cry and noyse I may nat *repeated* 13 *C* moost noble 14–15 *C*† your true poure knyghte vnto 17 *C* I here be 23 *Not emended in O*[1] 23–24 *C** they can or may 25 *C* Nay launcelot sayd the 26 *C* wel I wyll neuer* lyue after 26–27 *C* thou be 27–28 *C*† as mekely for Ihesus Crystus sake as euer dyd ony crysten Quene 31 *C* shall *S* shalle

'Truly,' seyde the quene, 'and hit myght please God, I wolde that they wolde take me and sle me and suffir you to ascape.'

'That shall never be,' seyde sir Launcelot. 'God deffende me frome such a shame! But, Jesu Cryste, be Thou my shylde and myne armoure!'

And therewith sir Launcelot wrapped hys mantel aboute (4) 452 hys arme well and surely; and by than they had getyn a grete fourme oute of the halle, and therewith they all russhed at the dore.

'Now, fayre lordys,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'leve youre noyse and youre russhynge, and I shall sette opyn thys dore, and tha[n] may ye do with me what hit lykith you.'

'Com of, than,' seyde they all, 'and do hit, for hit avaylyth the nat to stryve ayenste us all! And therefore lat us into thys chambir, and we shall save thy lyff untyll thou com to kynge Arthur.'

Than sir Launcelot unbarred the dore, and with hys lyffte honde he hylde hit opyn a lytyll, that but one man myght com in at onys. And so there cam strydyng a good knyght, a much man and a large, and hys name was called sir Collgrevaunce of Goore. And he wyth a swerde strake at sir Launcelot myghtyly, and so he put asyde the stroke, and gaff hym such a buffette uppon the helmet that he felle grovelyng ⌈dede⌉ wythin the chambir dore.

Than sir Launcelot with grete myght drew the knyght within the chambir dore. And than sir Launcelot, wyth helpe of the quene and her ladyes, he was lyghtly armed in Collgrevaunce armoure. And ever stood sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred, cryyng,

'Traytoure knyght! Come forthe oute of the quenys chambir!'

'Sires, leve youre noyse,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for wyte you well, sir Aggravayne, ye shall nat preson me thys nyght!

1–2 *C* Quene I wold and it myghte please god that 4 *W* seyde seyde 5 Cryste *not in C* 9 *C* there with all they rasshed 11 Now *not in C* 12–13 *W* and that may *C** and thenne may 19 *C* so that 21 *C* and large 21–22 called sir *not in C* 23 so *not in C* 25 *C** grouelynge dede *F* (*Mort Artu, p. 93*) si l'abat mort a terre 26 *C** drewe that dede knyght 28 he *not in C* 31 forthe *not in C* 33 Sires *not in C* *C* launcelot vnto sir Agrauayne For

And therefore, and ye do be my counceyle, go ye all frome thys chambir dore and make you no suche cryyng and such maner of sclaundir as ye do. For I promyse you be my knyghthode, and ye woll departe and make no more noyse, I shall as to-morne appyere afore you all and before the kynge, and than lat hit be sene whych of you all, other ellis ye all, that woll depreve me of treson. And there shall I answere 453r you, as a knyght shulde, that hydir I cam to the quene for no maner of male engyne, and that woll I preve and make hit good uppon you wyth my hondys.'

'Fye uppon the, traytour,' seyde sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred, 'for we woll have the magré thyne hede and sle the, and we lyste! For we let the wyte we have the choyse of kynge Arthure to save the other sle the.'

'A, sirres,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ys there none other grace with you? Than kepe youreselff!'

And than sir Launcelot sette all opyn the chambir dore, and myghtyly and knyghtly he strode in amonge them. And anone at the firste stroke he slew sir Aggravayne, and anone aftir twelve of hys felowys. Within a whyle he had layde them down colde to the erthe, for there was none of the twelve knyghtes myght stonde sir Launcelot one buffet. And also he wounded sir Mordred, and therewithall he fled with all hys myght. And than sir Launcelot returned agayne unto the quene and seyde,

'Madame, now wyte you well, all oure trew love ys brought to an ende, for now wyll kyng Arthur ever be my foo. And therefore, madam, and hit lyke you that I may have you with me, I shall save you frome all maner adventures daungers.'

'Sir, that ys nat beste,' seyde the quene, 'mesemyth, for now ye have don so much harme hit woll be beste that ye holde you styll with this. And if ye se that as to-morne they woll putte me unto dethe, than may ye rescowe me as ye thynke beste.'

'I woll well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for have ye no doute, whyle I am a man lyvyng I shall rescow you.'

2 *C* make not suche 5 and *not in C* 7 *C*† wille accuse me *C* I shal 11 *C* Fy on 12 for *not in C* 19 *C* fyrst buffet he 19–21 *C*† Agrauayne and twelue of his felawes after within a lytel whyle after he layd hem cold 22 *C* twelue that myghte *W* myght stonde sir Launcelot *repeated* 23 *C* Also syr Launcelot wounded therewithall *not in C* 29 *C* daungerous 30 Sir *not in C* for *not in C* 33 *C* vnto the dethe 35 a man *not in C*

And than he kyste her, and ayther of hem gaff othir a rynge, and so the quene he leffte there and wente untyll hys lodgynge.

Whan sir Bors saw sir Launcelot he was never so glad of (5) hys home-comynge. 5

'Jesu mercy!' seyde sir Launcelot, 'why be ye all armed? What meanyth thys?'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'aftir ye were departed frome us we all that ben of youre blood and youre well-wyllars were so adre⌜tch⌝ed that som of us lepe oute of oure beddis naked, 10 **453v** and som in their dremys caught naked swerdys in their hondis. And therefore,' seyde sir Bors, 'we demed there was som grete stryff on honde, and so we demed that [y]e were betrapped with som treson; and therefore we made us thus redy, what nede that ever [y]e were in.' 15

'My fayre nevew,' seyde sir Launcelot unto sir Bors, 'now shall ye wyte all that thys nyght I was more harde bestad than ever I was dayes of my lyff. And thanked be God, I am myselff ascaped their daungere.' And so he tolde them all how and in what maner, as ye have harde toforehande. 'And 20 therefore, my felowys,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I pray you all that ye woll be of harte good, and helpe me in what nede that ever I stonde, for now ys warre comyn to us all.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'all ys wellcom that God sendyth us, and as we have takyn much weale with you and much wor- 25 shyp, we woll take the woo with you as we have takyn the weale.'

And therefore they seyde, all the good knyghtes,

'Loke ye take no discomforte! For there ys no bondys of knyghtes undir hevyn but we shall be able to greve them as much as they [may] us, and therefore discomforte nat youre- 30 selff by no maner. And we shall gadir togyder all that we love and that lovyth us, and what that ye woll have done shall be done. And therefore lat us take the wo and the joy togydir.'

2 *C* soo there he lefte the quene and 5 *C** comynge (*W* conynge) as he was thenne 10 *W* adremed *C** dretched *Le Morte Arthur* (*1876*) Owre knyghtis haue be drechyd to-nyght 12 *C*† deme there is 13 *C** at hand & thēne we all demed *WO*[1] we were 15 *W* we 18 *C*† wan euer 18–19 *C*† was in my lyf & yet I escaped And so 20 *C* to fore And 22 *C*† of good herte in 22–23 *C* nede someuer I 25 as *not in C* *C* haue had moche 25–26 *C* worshyp and therfor we 27 *C* alle there were many good 30 *Not emended in O*[1] *C* maye 31 all *not in C*† 33—p. 1170, l. 1 *C** And therfor syr Launcelot sayd they we wil take the woo with the wele Graunt mercy

'Grauntmercy,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'of youre good comforte, for in my grete distresse, fayre nevew, ye comforte me gretely. But th[y]s, my fayre nevew, I wolde that ye ded, in all haste that ye may, [or] hit ys far dayes paste: that ye woll loke in their lodgynge that ben lodged nyghe here aboute the kynge, whych woll holde with me and whych woll nat. For now I wolde know whych were my frendis fro my fooes.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Bors, 'I shall do my payne, and or hit be seven of the clok I shall wyte of such as ye have dou⟨t⟩ fore,
454r who that woll holde with you.'

Than sir Bors called unto hym sir Lyonel, sir Ector de Marys, sir Blamour de Ganys, [sir Bleoberys de Ganys,] sir Gahalantyne, sir Galyhodyn, sir Galyhud, sir Menaduke, sir Vyllyers the Valyaunte, syr Hebes le Renowné, sir Lavayne, sir Urré of Hungry, sir Neroveus, sir Plenoryus (for thes two were knyghtes tha⟨t⟩ sir Launcelot wan uppon a brydge, and therefore they wolde never be ayenst hym), and sir Harry le Fyz Lake, and sir Selyses of the Dolerous Towre, sir Mellyas de Lyle, and sir Bellangere le Bewse that was sir Alysaundir le Orphelyne [sone]; bycause hys modir was [Alys la Beale Pelleryn, and she was] kyn unto sir Launcelot, he hylde wyth hym. So cam sir Palomydes and sir Saphir, hys brothir; sir Clegis, sir Sadok, sir Dynas and sir Clarryus of Cleremount.

So thes two-and-twenty knyghtes drew hem togydirs, and by than they were armed and on horsebak they promysed sir Launcelot to do what he wolde. Than there felle to them, what of Northe Walys and of Cornwayle, for sir Lamorakes sake and for sir Trystrames sake, to the numbir of a seven score knyghtes. Than spake sir Launcelot:

'Wyte you well, I have bene ever syns I cam to thys courte well-wylled unto my lorde Arthur and unto my lady

2 *C* my fayr neuewe 3 *C** gretely and moche I am beholdyng vnto yow But thys (*W* thus) 4 *W* may for† (*contamination*) hit ys far dayes *C* may or* it be forth† dayes that ye wille 5 *C* lodged here nyghe 9–10 *C*† haue sayd before who wil *W* have doue (*probably misread by Caxton as* done) fore who who 12, 20–21 *Not emended in O*[1] 15 for *not in C* 15–16 *W* two were knyghtes than *C* two knyghtes sire launcelot made and the one he wanne vpon 19–20 *C* syr Alysanders sone* la orphelyn (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 21 *C* Launcelot and he 22–23 *C* broder to hold with syr launcelot And syre Clegys of† Sadok and syr Dynas syr Claryus of Cleremont 28–30 *C* a four score knyghtes My lordes sayd syre Launcelot wete 30–31 *C* came in to this Countrey wel

quene Gwenyver unto my power. And thys nyght bycause my lady the quene sente for me to speke with her, I suppose hit was made by treson; howbehit I dare largely excuse her person, natwithstondynge I was there b[e a forecaste] nerehonde slayne but as Jesu provyded for me.' 5

And than that noble knyght sir Launcelot tolde hem how he was harde bestad in the quenys chambir, and how and in what maner he ascaped from them.

'And therefore wyte you well, my fayre lordis, I am sure there nys but warre unto me and to myne. And for cause I 10 have slayne thys nyght sir Aggravayne, sir Gawaynes brothir, and at the leste twelve of hys felowis, and for thys cause now 454v am I sure of mortall warre. For thes knyghtes were sente by kynge Arthur to betray me, and therefore the kyng woll in thys hete and malice jouge the quene unto brennyng, and 15 that may nat I suffir that she shulde be brente for my sake. For and I may be harde and suffirde and so takyn, I woll feyght for the quene, that she ys a trew lady untyll her lorde. But the kynge in hys hete, I drede, woll nat take me as I ought to be takyn.' 20

'My lorde, sir Launcelot,' seyde sir Bors, 'be myne (6) advyce, ye shall take the woo wyth the weall. And sytthyn hit ys fallyn as hit ys, I counceyle you to kepe youreselff, for and ye woll youreselffe, there ys no felyshyp of knyghtes crystynde that shall do you wronge. And also I woll coun- 25 ceyle you, my lorde, that my lady quene Gwenyver, and she be in ony distres, insomuch as she ys in payne for youre sake, that ye knyghtly rescow her; for and ye ded ony other wyse all the worlde wolde speke you shame to the worldis ende. Insomuch as ye were takyn with her, whether ye ded ryght 30 othir wronge, hit ys now youre parte to holde wyth the quene, that she be nat slayne and put to a myschevous deth. For and she so dye, the shame shall be evermore youres.'

4 *W* there by 5 *C** prouyded me I escaped alle theyir malyce and treason 6 *C* hem al how 9 *C* therfore sayd sir Launcelot wete 10 to *not in C* *C* for by cause 11 *C** nyghte these knyghtes I wote wel as is sir Agrauayne 12 *C* felawes for this 13 *C* I am *C** sente and ordeyned by 15 *C* this hete *S* his hete 15–16 *C* quene to the fyre and that 16 *C* not I *S* I not 19 *C* drede me wylle 22 *W* yf ye (yf *not in C**) *C** wele and take hit in pacyence and thanke god of hit And sythen 23 *C* yow kepe *S* yow to kepe 26–27 *C* lord syr Launcelot that and my lady quene Gueneuer be in distresse 28 for *not in C*† 29 *C* world wylle *C** speke of yow 33 evermore *not in C*†

'Now Jesu deffende me from shame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and kepe and save my lady the quene from vylany and shamefull dethe, and that she never be destroyed in my defaute! Wherefore, my fayre lordy[s], my kyn and my fryndis,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'what woll ye do?'

And anone they seyde all with one voyce,

'We woll do as ye woll do.'

'Than I put thys case unto you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that my lorde, kynge Arthure, by evyll counceile woll tomorne in hys hete put my lady the quene unto the fyre and 455r there to be brente, than, I pray you, counceile me what ys beste for me to do.'

Than they seyde all at onys with one voice,

'Sir, us thynkis beste that ye knyghtly rescow the quene. Insomuch as she shall be brente, hit ys for youre sake; and hit ys to suppose, and ye myght be handeled, ye shulde have the same dethe, othir ellis a more shamefuller dethe. And, sir, we say all that ye have rescowed her frome her deth many tymys for other mennes quarels; therefore us semyth hit ys more youre worshyp that ye rescow the quene from thys quarell, insomuch that she hath hit for your sake.'

Than sir Launcelot stood stylle and sayde,

'My fayre lordis, wyte you well I wolde be lothe to do that thynge that shulde dishonour you or my bloode; and wyte you well I wolde be full lothe that my lady the quene shu[l]de dye such a shamefull deth. But and hit be so that ye woll counceyle me to rescow her, I must do much harme or I rescow her, and peradventure I shall there destroy som of my beste fryndis, ⟨and⟩ [that shold moche repente me. And peradventure there be som, and they coude wel bryng it aboute or disobeye my lord kynge Arthur, they wold sone come to me, the whiche I were loth to hurte.] And if so be that I may wynne the quene away, where shall I kepe her?'

'Sir, that shall be the leste care of us all,' seyde sir Bors, 'for how ded the moste noble knyght sir Trystram? By youre

1 Now *not in C* 6 *C* Thenne they with one voyce *not in C*† 8 *C* Than *not in C* case *not in C* 9 *C** that yf my lord Arthur 12 *C* best to 18–19 *C* ye haue many tymes rescowed her from dethe for other 19 therefore *not in C* 20–21 *C* this perylle* in soo moche she 25 full *not in C* 28 *W* there destroy there 29–32 *Homoeoteleuton in W* 30 *C* be somme 31 *C* Arthue *S* Arthur *C* soone 33 *C* þt I rescowe her where 34 Sir *not in C* 35 for *not in C*

good wyll, kept nat he with hym La Beall Isode nere three yere in Joyous Garde, the whych was done by youre althers avyce? And that same place ys youre owne, and in lyke wyse may ye do, and ye lyst, and take the quene knyghtly away with you, if so be that the kynge woll jouge her to be brente. And in Joyous Garde may ye kepe her longe inowe untyll the hete be paste of the kynge, and than hit may fortune you to brynge the quene agayne to the kynge with grete worshyp, and peradventure ye shall have than thanke for youre bryngyng home where othir may happyn to have magré.'

'That ys hard for to do,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for by sir Trystram I may have a warnynge: for whan by meanys of tretyse sir Trystram brought agayne La Beall Isode unto kynge Marke from Joyous Garde, loke ye now what felle on the ende, how shamefully that false traytour kyng Marke slew hym as he sate harpynge afore hys lady, La Beall Isode. Wyth a grounden glayve he threste hym in behynde to the harte, whych grevyth sore me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'to speke of his dethe, for all the worlde may nat fynde such another knyght.' 455v

'All thys ys trouthe,' seyde sir Bors, 'but there ys one thyng shall corrayge you and us all: ye know well that kynge Arthur and kynge Marke were never lyke of cond[y]cions, for there was never yet man that ever coude preve kynge Arthure untrew of hys promyse.'

But so, to make shorte tale, they were all condiscended that, for bettir othir for wars, if so were that the quene were brought on that morne to the fyre, shortely they all wolde rescow here. And so by the advyce of sir Launcelot they put hem all in a wood as nyghe Carlyle as they myght, and there they abode stylle to wyte what the kynge wold do.

Now turne we agayne, that whan sir Mordred was ascaped (7)

2–3 *C* elthers deuyse 4–5 *C** Quene lyghtely away yf it soo be the kynge 6 *C* ye may 7–8 *C* the hete of the kynge be paste And thenne shalle ye brynge ageyne the quene to 9–11 *C** thenne peraduenture ye shalle haue thanke for her bryngynge home and loue and thanke where other shall haue maugre 12 *C* hard to doo *W* Launcelot to do for 15 ye now *not in C*† *C* what befelle 18–19 *C* herte hit greueth me said 20 *C* suche a knyghte 23 *W* conducions 24 that ever *not in C* 26 *C** consented 27–28 *C* were on that morne broughte to 30 *C** in an enbusshement in a woode (*homoeoteleuton in W?*) 32—p. 1174, l. 1 *C* ageyne vnto syre Mordred that whan he was escaped from the noble knyghte sire Launcelot he anone gat

frome sir Launcelot he gate hys horse and cam to kynge Arthur sore wounded and all forbled, and there he tolde the kynge all how hit was, and how they were all slayne save hymselff alone.

'A, Jesu, mercy! How may thys be?' seyde the kynge. 'Toke ye hym in the quenys chambir?'

'Yee, so God me helpe,' seyde sir Mordred, 'there we founde hym unarmed, and anone he slew sir Collgrevaunce and armed hym in hys armour.'

And so he tolde the kynge frome the begynnyng to the endynge.

'Jesu mercy!' seyde the kynge, 'he ys a mervaylous knyght of proues. And alas,' seyde the kynge, 'me sore repentith that
456r ever sir Launcelot sholde be ayenste me, for now I am sure the noble felyshyp of the Rounde Table ys brokyn for ever, for wyth hym woll many a noble knyght holde. And now hit ys fallen so,' seyde the kynge, 'that I may nat with my worshyp but my quene muste suffir dethe,' and was sore amoved.

So than there was made grete ordynaunce in thys ire, and the quene muste nedis be jouged to the deth. And the law was such in tho dayes that whatsomever they were, of what astate or degré, if they were founden gylty of treson there shuld be none other remedy but deth, and othir the menour other the takynge wyth the dede shulde be causer of their hasty jougement. And ryght so was hit ordayned for quene Gwenyver: bycause sir Mordred was ascaped sore wounded, and the dethe of thirtene knyghtes of the Rounde Table, thes previs and experyenses caused kynge Arthure to commaunde the quene to the fyre and there to be brente.

Than spake sir Gawayn and seyde,

'My lorde Arthure, I wolde counceyle you nat to be over hasty, but that ye wolde put hit in respite, thys jougemente of my lady the quene, for many causis. One ys thys, thoughe hyt were so that sir Launcelot were founde in the

1 *C** hors and mounted vpon hym and rode vnto Kynge 2 *C* wounded and smyten and alle forbled 4 *C* hym self al only 8 *C* and there he 10 *C* and alle this he 13 And *not in C* *C* Allas me sore repenteth sayd the Kynge that 14 *C* ageynst me Now 18 *C* but the quene must suffer the dethe and was sore amoved *not in C*† 19–20 *C* this hete that the 20 nedis *not in C* 23–24 *C* outher the men† or the takynge (*see note*) 28 *W* experyenseß *C*† experyences 29 and *not in C* 33–34 *C* One it is though

quenys chambir, yet hit myght be so that he cam thydir for none evyll. For ye know, my lorde,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that my lady the quene hath oftyntymes ben gretely beholdyn unto sir Launcelot, more than to ony othir knyght; for oftyntymes he hath saved her lyff and done batayle for her whan all the courte refused the quene. And peradventure she sente for hym for goodnes and for none evyll, to rewarde hym for his good dedys that he had done to her in tymes past. And peraventure my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente, that sir Launcelot sholde a com prevaly to her, 456v wenyng that hyt had be beste in eschewyng [and dredyng] of slaundir; for oftyntymys we do many thynges that we wene for the beste be, and yet peradventure hit turnyth to the warste. For I dare sey,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'my lady, your quene, ys to you both good and trew. And as for sir Launcelot, I dare say he woll make hit good uppon ony knyght lyvyng that woll put uppon hym vylany or shame, and in lyke wyse he woll make good for my lady the quene.'

'That I beleve well,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'but I woll nat that way worke with sir Launcelot, for he trustyth so much uppon hys hondis and hys myght that he doutyth no man. And therefore for my quene he shall nevermore fyght, for she shall have the law. And if I may gete sir Launcelot, wyte you well he shall have as shamefull a dethe.'

'Jesu defende me,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that I never se hit nor know hit.'

'Why say you so?' seyde kynge Arthur. 'For, perdé, ye have no cause to love hym! For thys nyght last past he slew youre brothir sir Aggravayne, a full good knyght, and allmoste he had slayne youre othir brother, sir Mordred, and also there he slew thirtene noble knyghtes. And also remembir you, sir Gawayne, he slew two sunnes of youres, sir Florens and sir Lovell.'

3–4 *C* that the quene is moche beholden 5 *C* oftymes *S* oftyme 10–12 *C** shold come to her good grace pryuely and secretely wenynge to her that hit was best so to do in eschewyng & dredyng of sklaunder (*S* slkaunder) *Not emended in O*[1] 12–13 *C* wene it be for the best & yet 15–16 *C* Launcelot sayd sir Gawayne I dare 17 *C* hym self vylony 18 *C* lady dame Gueneuer 20 worke *not in C*† 22 *C* neuer fyghte more 24 *C* a shameful dethe 25 me *not in C* *C* I may neuer 26 nor know hit *not in C*† 27 *C* For soth ye 28 *C* loue sir Launcelot 31–32 *C* and also sir Gawayne remembre ye he

'My lorde,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'of all thys I have a knowleche, whych of her dethis sore repentis me. But insomuch as I gaff hem warnynge and tolde my brothir and my sonnes aforehonde what wolde falle on the ende, and insomuche as they wolde nat do be my counceyle, I woll nat meddyll me thereoff, nor revenge me nothynge of their dethys; for I tolde them there was no boote to stryve with sir Launcelot. Howbehit I am sory of the deth of my brothir and of my two
457r sunnes, but they ar the causars of their owne dethe; for oftyntymes I warned my brothir sir Aggravayne, and I tolde hym of the perellis [the which ben now fallen].'

(8) Than seyde kynge Arthur unto sir Gawayne,

'Make you redy, I pray you, in youre beste armour, wyth youre brethirn, sir Gaherys and sir Ga[reth], to brynge my quene to the fyre and there to have her jougement.'

'Nay, my moste noble kynge,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that woll I never do, for wyte you well I woll never be in that place where so noble a quene as ys my lady dame Gwenyver shall take such a shamefull ende. For wyte you well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'my harte woll nat serve me for to se her dye, and hit shall never be seyde that ever I was of youre counceyle for her deth.'

'Than,' seyde the kynge unto sir Gawayne, 'suffir your brethirn sir Gaherys and sir Gareth to be there.'

'My lorde,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'wyte you well they wyll be lothe to be there present bycause of many adventures that ys lyke to falle, but they ar yonge and full unable to say you nay.'

Than spake sir Gaherys and the good knyght sir Gareth unto kynge Arthur,

'Sir, ye may well commande us to be there, but wyte you well hit shall be sore ayenste oure wyll. But and we be there by youre strayte commaundement, ye shall playnly holde us

1 a *not in C* 1–2 *C* knouleche of whos dethes I repente me sore but 3, 4 as *not in C* 3, 8 *C*† my bretheren 4 *C* in the 7 *C* hem it was 8 two *not in C* 9 *C*† for they are 11 of *not in C* *Not emended in O*[1] 12 *C* the noble Kynge 12–13 *C** Gawayne dere neuew I pray yow make yow redy in your best 14 and *not in C* *W* sir Gawayne to *C** syre Gareth to 15 *C** Iugement and receyue the dethe 16 *C* noble lord sayd 19 such *not in C* 20 *C* wylle neuer serue me to 21–22 *C* counceylle of her 26–27 *C* aduentures the whiche ben lyke there to falle 30 *C* vnto syre Arthur

there excused: we woll be there in pesyble wyse, and beare none harneyse of warre uppon us.'

'In the name of God,' seyde the kynge, 'than make you redy, for she shall have sone her jugemente.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that ever I shulde endure to se this wofull day!' 5

So sir Gawayne turned hym and wepte hartely, and so he wente into hys chambir. And so the quene was lad furthe withoute Carlyle, and anone she was dispoyled into he[r] smokke. And than her gostely fadir was brought to her to be shryven of her myssededis. Than was there wepyng and waylynge and wryngyng of hondis of many lordys and ladyes; but there were but feaw in comparison that wolde beare ony 457v armoure for to strengthe the dethe of the quene. 10

Than was there one that sir Launcelot had sente unto [that place], whych wente to aspye what tyme the quene shulde go unto her deth. And anone as he saw the quene dispoyled into her smok and shryvyn, than he gaff sir Launcelot warnynge anone. Than was there but spurryng and pluckyng up of horse, and ryght so they cam unto the fyre. And who that stoode ayenste them, there were they slayne; [there myght none withstande sir Launcelot. 15 20

So all that bare armes and withstoode them, there were they slayne], full many a noble knyght. For there was slayne sir Bellyas le Orgulus, sir Segwarydes, sir Gryfflet, sir Braundyles, sir Agglovale, sir Tor; sir Gauter, sir Gyllymer, sir Raynold, three brethirn, and sir Damas, sir Priamus, sir Kay le Straunge, sir Dryaunt, sir Lambegus, sir Hermynde, sir Pertolyp, sir Perymones, two brethren whych were called the Grene Knyght and the Rede Knyght. 25 30

And so in thys russhynge and hurlynge, as sir Launcelot thrange here and there, hit mysfortuned hym to sle sir Gaherys and sir Gareth, the noble knyght, for they were unarmed and unwares. As the Freynshe booke sayth,

4 *C* soone haue her Iugement anone 9 *C* there she 15–16 *C** vnto that place for to aspye 18 *C* and soo shryuen 19 anone *not in C* 20 *C* horses 22–24 *C** slayne there myghte none withstande sir Launcelot so all that bare armes and withstoode hem there were they slayne ful many (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 27 *C* Reynolds iij bretheren syr Damas *C* Pryamus *S* Pyramus 28 *C* Kay the strunger 29 *C* that were 32 *C* it myhapped hym 34 *C* vnware For as the

sir Launcelot smote sir Gaherys and sir Gareth uppon the brayne-pannes, wherethorow that they were slayne in the felde. Howbehit in very trouth sir Launcelot saw them [nat]. And so were they founde dede amonge the thyckyste of the prees.

Than sir Launcelot, whan he had thus done, and slayne and put to flyght all that wolde wythstonde hym, than he rode streyt unto quene Gwenyver and made caste a kurdyll and a gown uppon her, and than he made her to be sette behynde hym and prayde her to be of good chere. Now wyte you well the quene was glad that she was at that tyme ascaped frome the deth, and than she thanked God and sir Launcelot.

458r And so he rode hys way wyth the quene, as the Freynshe booke seyth, unto Joyous Garde, and there he kepte her as a noble knyght shulde. And many grete lordis and many good knyghtes were sente hym, and many full noble knyghtes drew unto hym. Whan they harde that kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot were at debate many knyghtes were glad, and many were sory of their debate.

2 that *not in C* 3 *C** sawe hem not *F* (*Mort Artu, p. 100*) Lancelos qui aloit les rens cerchant nel connut mie 6 *C* Thenne whan syr launcelot had thus 8–9 *C* vnto dame Gueneuer and maade a kyrtyl and a gowne to be cast vpon 10 Now *not in C* 11 at that tyme *not in C* 15 *C* shold doo 15–18 *C* lordes and somme kynges sent syr Launcelot many good knyghtes and many noble knyghtes drewe vnto sir Launcelot whan this was knowen openly that kyng Arthur and sire launcelot were 18–19 *C** gladde of their debate and many were ful heuy of their debate

1. *Slander and Strife*

(Caxton XX, 1–8)

In May, when every heart flourisheth and burgeoneth (for, as the season is lusty to behold and comfortable, so man and woman rejoiceth and gladdeth of summer coming with his fresh flowers, for winter with his rough winds and blasts causeth lusty men and women to cower and to sit by fires), so this season it befell in the month of May a great anger and unhap that stinted not till the flower of chivalry of all the world was destroyed and slain.

And all was long upon two unhappy knights which were named sir Agravain and sir Mordred, that were brethren unto sir Gawain. For this sir Agravain and sir Mordred had ever a privy hate unto the queen, dame Guenevere, and to sir Lancelot; and daily and nightly they ever watched upon sir Lancelot. So it misfortuned sir Gawain and all his brethren were in king Arthur's chamber, and then sir Agravain said thus openly, and not in no counsel, that many knights might hear: 'I marvel that we all be not ashamed both to see and to know how sir Lancelot lieth daily and nightly by the queen. And all we know well that it is so, and it is shamefully suffered of us all that we should suffer so noble a king as king Arthur is to be shamed.'

Then spoke sir Gawain and said, 'Brother, sir Agravain, I pray you and charge you, move no such matters no more afore me, for wit you well, I will not be of your counsel.'

'So God me help,' said sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, 'we will not be known of your deeds.'

'Then will I!' said sir Mordred.

'I lieve you well,' said sir Gawain, 'for ever unto all unhappiness, sir, ye will grant. And I would that ye left all this and make you not so busy, for I know,' said sir Gawain, 'what will fall of it.'

'Fall whatsomever fall may,' said sir Agravain, 'I will disclose it to the king!'

'Not by my counsel,' said sir Gawain, 'for, and there arise war and wrack betwixt sir Lancelot and us, wit you well, brother, there will

many kings and great lords hold with sir Lancelot. Also, brother sir Agravain', said sir Gawain, 'ye must remember how oftentimes sir Lancelot hath rescued the king and the queen; and the best of us all had been full cold at the heart-root had not sir Lancelot been better than we, and that hath he proved himself full oft. And as for my part,' said sir Gawain, 'I will never be against sir Lancelot for one day's deed; that was when he rescued me from king Carados of the Dolorous Tower, and slew him and saved my life. Also, brother sir Agravain and sir Mordred, in like wise sir Lancelot rescued you both and three score and two from sir Tarquin. And therefore, brother, methinks such noble deeds and kindness should be remembered.'

'Do as ye list,' said sir Agravain, 'for I will lain it no longer.'

So with these words came in sir Arthur.

'Now, brother,' said sir Gawain, 'stint your strife.'

'That will I not,' said sir Agravain and sir Mordred.

'Well, will ye so?' said sir Gawain. 'Then God speed you, for I will not hear of your tales nother be of your council.'

'No more will I,' said sir Gaheris.

'Nother I,' said sir Gareth, 'for I shall never say evil by that man that made me knight.'

And therewithal they three departed making great dole. 'Alas!' said sir Gawain and sir Gareth, 'now is this realm wholly destroyed and mischieved, and the noble fellowship of the Round Table shall be disparbeled.'

So they departed, and then king Arthur asked them what noise they made. 'My lord,' said sir Agravain, 'I shall tell you, for I may keep it no longer. Here is I and my brother sir Mordred broke unto my brother sir Gawain, sir Gaheris and to sir Gareth; for this is all, to make it short: we know all that sir Lancelot holdeth your queen, and hath done long, and we be your sister's sons, we may suffer it no longer. And all we wot that ye should be above sir Lancelot, and ye are the king that made him knight, and therefore we will prove it that he is a traitor to your person.'

'If it be so,' said the king, 'wit you well, he is none other. But I would be loth to begin such a thing but I might have proofs of it, for sir Lancelot is an hardy knight, and all ye know that he is the best knight among us all, and but if he be taken with the deed he will

fight with him that bringeth up the noise, and I know no knight that is able to match him. Therefore, and it be soth as ye say, I would that he were taken with the deed.'

For, as the French book saith, the king was full loth that such a noise should be upon sir Lancelot and his queen; for the king had a deeming of it, but he would not hear thereof, for sir Lancelot had done so much for him and for the queen so many times that wit you well the king loved him passingly well.

'My lord,' said sir Agravain, 'ye shall ride to-morrow an-hunting, and doubt ye not, sir Lancelot will not go with you. And so when it draweth toward night ye may send the queen word that ye will lie out all that night, and so may ye send for your cooks. And then, upon pain of death, that night we shall take him with the queen, and we shall bring him unto you, quick or dead.'

'I will well,' said the king. 'Then I counsel you to take with you sure fellowship.'

'Sir,' said sir Agravain, 'my brother sir Mordred and I will take with us twelve knights of the Round Table.'

'Beware,' said king Arthur, 'for I warn you, ye shall find him wight.'

'Let us deal!' said sir Agravain and sir Mordred.

So on the morn king Arthur rode an-hunting and sent word to the queen that he would be out all that night. Then sir Agravain and sir Mordred got to them twelve knights and hid themself in a chamber in the castle of Carlisle. And these were their names, sir Collgrevaunce, sir Mador le la Porte, sir Gingaline, sir Meliot de Logres, sir Petipace of Winchelsea, sir Galleron of Galloway, sir Melion de la Mountain, sir Ascomore, sir Gromoresom Erioure, sir Cursesalain, sir Florence, and sir Lovel. So these twelve knights were with sir Mordred and sir Agravain, and all they were of Scotland, other else of sir Gawain's kin, other well-willers to his brother.

So when the night came sir Lancelot told sir Bors how he would go that night and speak with the queen. 'Sir,' said sir Bors, 'ye shall not go this night by my counsel.' 'Why?' said sir Lancelot. 'Sir, for I dread me ever of sir Agravain that waiteth upon you daily to do you shame and us all. And never gave my heart against no going that ever ye went to the queen so much as now, for I mistrust that the king is out this night from the queen because peradventure he hath lain some watch for you and the queen. Therefore I dread me sore of

some treason.' 'Have ye no dread,' said sir Lancelot, 'for I shall go and come again and make no tarrying.' 'Sir,' said sir Bors, 'that me repents, for I dread me sore that your going this night shall wrath us all.' 'Fair nephew,' said sir Lancelot, 'I marvel me much why ye say thus, sithen the queen hath sent for me. And wit you well, I will not be so much a coward, but she shall understand I will see her good grace.' 'God speed you well,' said sir Bors, 'and send you sound and safe again!'

So sir Lancelot departed and took his sword under his arm, and so he walked in his mantle, that noble knight, and put himself in great jeopardy. And so he passed on till he came to the queen's chamber, and so lightly he was had into the chamber. For, as the French book saith, the queen and sir Lancelot were togethers. And whether they were abed other at other manner of disports, me list not thereof make no mention, for love that time was not as love is nowadays.

But thus as they were together there came sir Agravain and sir Mordred with twelve knights with them of the Round Table, and they said with great crying and scaring voice,

'Thou traitor, sir Lancelot, now are thou taken!'

And thus they cried with a loud voice, that all the court might hear it. And these fourteen knights all were armed at all points, as they should fight in a battle.

'Alas!' said queen Guenevere, 'now are we mischieved both!'

'Madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'is there here any armour within your chamber* that might cover my poor* body withal? And if there be any, give it me and I shall soon stint their malice, by the grace of God!'

'Now, truly,' said the queen, 'I have none armour nother helm, shield, sword, nother spear; wherefore I dread me sore our long love is come to a mischievous end. For I hear by their noise there be many noble knights, and well I wot they be surely armed, and against them ye may make no resistance. Wherefore ye are likely to be slain, and then shall I be burnt! For and ye might escape them,' said the queen, 'I would not doubt but that ye would rescue me in what danger that I ever stood in.'

'Alas!' said sir Lancelot, 'in all my life thus was I never bestead that I should be thus shamefully slain, for lack of mine armour.'

But ever in one* sir Agravain and sir Mordred cried, 'Traitor knight, come out of the queen's chamber!' For wit thou well thou art beset so that thou shalt not escape.'

'Ah! Jesu mercy!' said sir Lancelot, 'this shameful cry and noise I may not suffer, for better were death at once than thus to endure this pain.'

Then he took the queen in his arms and kissed her and said, 'Most noblest Christian queen, I beseech you, as ye have been ever my special good lady, and I at all times your poor knight and true unto my power, and as I never failed you in right nor in wrong sithen the first day king Arthur made me knight, that ye will pray for my soul if that I be slain. For well I am assured that sir Bors, my nephew, and all the remnant of my kin, with sir Lavain and sir Urry, that they will not fail you to rescue you from the fire. And therefore, mine own lady, recomfort yourself, whatsomever come of me, that ye go with sir Bors, my nephew, and sir Urry and* they all will do you all the pleasure that they can or* may, and ye shall live like a queen upon my lands.'

'Nay, sir Lancelot, nay!' said the queen. 'Wit thou well that I will never* live long after thy days. But and ye be slain I will take my death as meekly as ever did martyr take his death for Jesu Christ's sake.'

'Well, madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'sith it is so that the day is come that our love must depart, wit you well I shall sell my life as dear as I may. And a thousandfold,' said sir Lancelot, 'I am more heavier for you than for myself! And now I had liefer than to be lord of all Christendom that I had sure armour upon me, that men might speak of my deeds or ever I were slain.'

'Truly,' said the queen, 'and it might please God, I would that they would take me and slay me and suffer you to escape.'

'That shall never be,' said sir Lancelot, 'God defend me from such a shame! But Jesu Christ, be Thou my shield and mine armour!'

And therewith sir Lancelot wrapped his mantle about his arm well and surely. And by then they had gotten a great form out of the hall, and therewith they all rushed at the door.

'Now, fair lords,' said sir Lancelot, 'leave your noise and your rushing, and I shall set open this door, and then may ye do with me what it liketh you.'

'Come off, then,' said they all, 'and do it, for it availeth thee not to strive against us all! And therefore let us into this chamber, and we shall save thy life until thou come to king Arthur.'

Then sir Lancelot unbarred the door, and with his left hand he held it open a little, that but one man might come in at once. And so

there came striding a good knight, a much man and a large, and his name was called sir Collgrevaunce of Gore. And he with a sword struck at sir Lancelot mightily, and so he put aside the stroke, and gave him such a buffet upon the helmet that he fell grovelling dead within the chamber door. Then sir Lancelot with great might drew that dead knight* within the chamber door, and then sir Lancelot, with help of the queen and her ladies, he was lightly armed in Collgrevaunce armour.

And ever stood sir Agravain and sir Mordred, crying, 'Traitor knight! Come forth out of the queen's chamber!'

'Sirs, leave your noise,' said sir Lancelot, 'for wit you well, sir Agravain, ye shall not prison me this night! And therefore, and ye do by my counsel, go ye all from this chamber door and make you no such crying and such manner of slander as ye do. For I promise you by my knighthood, and ye will depart and make no more noise, I shall as to-morn appear afore you all and before the king, and then let it be seen which of you all, other else ye all, that will depreve me of treason. And there shall I answer you, as a knight should, that hither I came to the queen for no manner of mal engine, and that will I prove and make it good upon you with my hands.'

'Fie upon thee, traitor,' said sir Agravain and sir Mordred, 'for we will have thee maugre thine head, and slay thee, and we list! For we let thee wit we have the choice of king Arthur to save thee other slay thee.'

'Ah! sirs,' said sir Lancelot, 'is there none other grace with you? Then keep yourself!'

And then sir Lancelot set all open the chamber door, and mightily and knightly he strode in among them. And anon at the first stroke he slew sir Agravain, and anon after twelve of his fellows. Within a while he had laid them down cold to the earth, for there was none of the twelve knights might stand sir Lancelot one buffet. And also he wounded sir Mordred, and therwithal he fled with all his might.

And then sir Lancelot returned again unto the queen and said, 'Madam, now wit you well, all our true love is brought to an end, for now will king Arthur ever be my foe. And therefore, madam, and it like you that I may have you with me, I shall save you from all manner adventures dangers.'

'Sir, that is not best,' said the queen, 'meseemeth, for now ye have done so much harm it will be best that ye hold you still with this.

And if ye see that as to-morn they will put me unto death, then may ye rescue me as ye think best.'

'I will well,' said sir Lancelot, 'for have ye no doubt, while I am a man living I shall rescue you.' And then he kissed her, and either of them gave other a ring, and so the queen he left there and went until his lodging.

When sir Bors saw sir Lancelot he was never so glad of his home-coming as he was then.* 'Jesu mercy!' said sir Lancelot, 'why be ye all armed? What meaneth this?'

'Sir,' said sir Bors, 'after ye were departed from us we all that been of your blood and your well-willers were so adretched that some of us lep out of our beds naked, and some in their dreams caught naked swords in their hands. And therefore,' said sir Bors, 'we deemed there was some great strife on hand, and so we deemed that we were betrapped with some treason; and therefore we made us thus ready, what need that ever ye were in.'

'My fair nephew,' said sir Lancelot unto sir Bors, 'now shall ye wit all that this night I was more hard bestead than ever I was days of my life. And thanked be God, I am myself escaped their danger.' And so he told them all how and in what manner, as ye have heard toforehand. 'And therefore, my fellows,' said sir Lancelot, 'I pray you all that ye will be of heart good, and help me in what need that ever I stand, for now is war comen to us all.'

'Sir,' said sir Bors, 'all is welcome that God sendeth us, and as we have taken much weal with you and much worship, we will take the woe with you as we have taken the weal.'

And therefore they said, all the good knights, 'Look ye take no discomfort! For there is no bands of knights under heaven but we shall be able to grieve them as much as they us, and therefore discomfort not yourself by no manner. And we shall gather together all that we love and that loveth us, and what that ye will have done shall be done. And therefore, sir Lancelot,' said they, 'we will take the woe with the weal'.*

'Grauntmercy,' said sir Lancelot, 'of your good comfort, for in my great distress, fair nephew, ye comfort me greatly, and much I am beholding unto you.* But this, my fair nephew, I would that ye did, in all haste that ye may, or it is far days past: that ye will look in their lodging that been lodged nigh here about the king, which will hold

with me and which will not. For now I would know which were my friends from my foes.'

'Sir,' said sir Bors, 'I shall do my pain, and or it be seven of the clock I shall wit of such as ye have doubt for, who that will hold with you.'

Then sir Bors called unto him sir Lionel, sir Ector de Maris, sir Blamour de Ganis, sir Bleoberis de Ganis, sir Gahalantine, sir Galihodin, sir Galihud, sir Menaduke, sir Villiers the Valiaunt, sir Hebes le Renown, sir Lavain, sir Urry of Hungary, sir Neroveus, sir Plenorius (for these two were knights that sir Lancelot won upon a bridge, and therefore they would never be against him,) and sir Harry le Fitz Lake, and sir Selises of the Dolorous Tower, sir Melias de Lile, and sir Bellinger le Bewse that was sir Alexander le Orphelin son (because his mother was Alice la Belle Pelerin, and she was kin unto sir Lancelot, he held with him.) So came sir Palomides and sir Saphir, his brother; sir Clegis, sir Sadok, sir Dinas and sir Clarrius of Cleremont.

So these two-and-twenty knights drew them togethers, and by then they were armed and on horseback they promised sir Lancelot to do what he would. Then there fell to them, what of North Wales and of Cornwall, for sir Lamorak's sake and for sir Tristram's sake, to the number of a seven score knights.

Then spoke sir Lancelot: 'Wit you well, I have been ever since I came to this court well-willed unto my lord Arthur and unto my lady queen Guenevere unto my power. And this night because my lady the queen sent for me to speak with her, I suppose it was made by treason; howbeit I dare largely excuse her person, notwithstanding I was there by a forecast nearhand slain; but as Jesu provided me I escaped all their malice and treason'* And then that noble knight sir Lancelot told them how he was hard bestead in the queen's chamber, and how and in what manner he escaped from them.

'And therefore wit you well, my fair lords, I am sure there nis but war unto me and to mine. And for cause I have slain this night sir Agravain, sir Gawain's brother, and at the least twelve of his fellows, and for this cause now am I sure of mortal war. For these knights were sent by king Arthur to betray me, and therefore the king will in this heat and malice judge the queen unto burning, and that may not I suffer, that she should be burnt for my sake. For and I may be heard and suffered and so taken, I will fight for the queen, that she is a true

lady until her lord. But the king in his heat, I dread, will not take me as I ought to be taken.'

'My lord, sir Lancelot,' said sir Bors, 'by mine advice, ye shall take the woe with the weal and take it in patience and thank God of it.* And sithen it is fallen as it is, I counsel you to keep yourself, for and ye will yourself there is no fellowship of knights christened that shall do you wrong. And also I will counsel you, my lord, that my lady queen Guenevere, and she be in any distress, insomuch as she is in pain for your sake, that ye knightly rescue her; for and ye did any other wise all the world would speak of* you shame to the world's end. Insomuch as ye were taken with her, whether ye did right other wrong, it is now your part to hold with the queen, that she be not slain and put to a mischievous death. For and she so die, the shame shall be evermore yours.'

'Now Jesu defend me from shame,' said sir Lancelot, 'and keep and save my lady the queen from villainy and shameful death, and that she never be destroyed in my default! Wherefore, my fair lords, my kin and my friends,' said sir Lancelot, 'what will ye do?'

And anon they said all with one voice, 'We will do as ye will do.'

'Then I put this case unto you,' said sir Lancelot, 'that my lord, king Arthur, by evil counsel will to-morn in his heat put my lady the queen unto the fire and there to be burnt. Then, I pray you, counsel me what is best for me to do.'

Then they said all at once with one voice:

'Sir, us thinks best that ye knightly rescue the queen. Insomuch as she shall be burnt, it is for your sake; and it is to suppose, and ye might be handled, ye should have the same death, other else a more shamefuller death. And, sir, we say all that ye have rescued her from death many times for other men's quarrels; therefore us seemeth it is more your worship that ye rescue the queen from this peril,* insomuch that she hath it for your sake.'

Then sir Lancelot stood still and said, 'My fair lords, wit you well I would be loth to do that thing that should dishonour you or my blood; and wit you well I would be full loth that my lady the queen should die such a shameful death. But and it be so that ye will counsel me to rescue her, I must do much harm or I rescue her, and peradventure I shall there destroy some of my best friends, and that should much repent me. And peradventure there be some, and they could

well bring it about or disobey my lord king Arthur, they would soon come to me, the which I were loth to hurt. And if so be that I may win the queen away, where shall I keep her?'

'Sir, that shall be the least care of us all,' said sir Bors, 'for how did the most noble knight sir Tristram? By your good will, kept not he with him La Belle Isolde near three year in Joyous Gard, the which was done by your althers advice? And that same place is your own, and in like wise may ye do, and ye list, and take the queen knightly away with you, if so be that the king will judge her to be burnt. And in Joyous Gard may ye keep her long enough until the heat be past of the king, and then it may fortune you to bring the queen again to the king with great worship, and peradventure ye shall have then thank for her bringing home, and love and thank where other shall* have malgré.'

'That is hard for to do,' said sir Lancelot, 'for by sir Tristram I may have a warning: for when by means of treaties sir Tristram brought again La Belle Isolde unto king Mark from Joyous Gard, look ye now what fell on the end, how shamefully that false traitor king Mark slew him as he sat harping afore his lady, La Belle Isolde. With a grounden glaive he thrust him in behind to the heart, which grieveth sore me,' said sir Lancelot, 'to speak of his death, for all the world may not find such another knight.'

'All this is truth,' said sir Bors, 'but there is one thing shall courage you and us all: ye know well that king Arthur and king Mark were never like of conditions, for there was never yet man that ever could prove king Arthur untrue of his promise.'

But so, to make short tale, they were all condescended that, for better other for worse, if so were that the queen were brought on that morn to the fire, shortly they all would rescue her. And so by the advice of sir Lancelot they put them all in a bushment in a wood as nigh Carlisle as they might, and there they abode still to wit what the king would do.

Now turn we again unto sir Mordred that when* he was escaped from sir Lancelot he got his horse and mounted upon him and rode unto* king Arthur sore wounded and all forbled, and there he told the king all how it was, and how they were all slain save himself alone.

'Ah! Jesu, mercy! How may this be?' said the king. 'Took ye him in the queen's chamber?'

'Yea, so God me help,' said sir Mordred, 'there we found him unarmed, and anon he slew sir Collgrevaunce and armed him in his armour.' And so he told the king from the beginning to the ending.

'Jesu mercy!' said the king, 'he is a marvellous knight of prowess. And alas,' said the king, 'me sore repenteth that ever sir Lancelot should be against me, for now I am sure the noble fellowship of the Round Table is broken for ever, for with him will many a noble knight hold. And now it is fallen so,' said the king, 'that I may not with my worship but my queen must suffer death,' and was sore amoved.

So then there was made great ordinance in this ire, and the queen must needs be judged to the death. And the law was such in tho days that whatsomever they were, of what estate or degree, if they were founden guilty of treason there should be none other remedy but death, and other the menour other the taking with the deed should be causer of their hasty judgement. And right so was it ordained for queen Guenevere; because sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded, and the death of thirteen knights of the Round Table, these proofs and experiences caused king Arthur to command the queen to the fire and there to be burnt.

Then spoke sir Gawain and said,

'My lord Arthur, I would counsel you not to be over hasty, but that ye would put it in respite, this judgement of my lady the queen, for many causes. One is this, though it were so that sir Lancelot were found in the queen's chamber, yet it might be so that he came thither for none evil. For ye know, my lord,' said sir Gawain, 'that my lady the queen hath oftentimes been greatly beholden unto sir Lancelot, more than to any other knight; for oftentimes he hath saved her life and done battle for her when all the court refused the queen. And peradventure she sent for him for goodness and for none evil, to reward him for his good deeds that he had done to her in times past. And peradventure my lady the queen sent for him to that intent, that sir Lancelot should a come privily to her, weening that it had be best in eschewing of slander; for oftentimes we do many things that we ween for the best be, and yet peradventure it turneth to the worst. For I dare say,' said sir Gawain, 'my lady, your queen, is to you both good and true. And as for sir Lancelot, I dare say he will make it good upon any knight living that will put upon him villainy or shame, and in like wise he will make good for my lady the queen.'

'That I believe well,' said king Arthur, 'but I will not that way work with sir Lancelot, for he trusteth so much upon his hands and his might that he doubteth no man. And therefore for my queen he shall nevermore fight, for she shall have the law. And if I may get sir Lancelot, wit you well he shall have as shameful a death.'

'Jesu defend me,' said sir Gawain, 'that I never see it nor know it.'

'Why say you so?' said king Arthur, 'For perdé, ye have no cause to love him! For this night last past he slew your brother sir Agravain, a full good knight, and almost he had slain your other brother, sir Mordred, and also there he slew thirteen noble knights. And also remember you, sir Gawain, he slew two sons of yours, sir Florence and sir Lovel.'

'My lord,' said sir Gawain, 'of all this I have a knowledge, which of their deaths sore repents me. But insomuch as I gave them warning and told my brother and my sons aforehand what would fall on the end, and insomuch as they would not do by my counsel, I will not meddle me thereof, nor revenge me nothing of their deaths; for I told them there was no boot to strive with sir Lancelot. Howbeit I am sorry of the death of my brother and of my two sons, but they are the causers of their own death; for oftentimes I warned my brother sir Agravain, and I told him of the perils the which been now fallen.'

Then said king Arthur unto sir Gawain, 'Dear nephew, I pray you make* you ready, in your best armour, with your brethren, sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, to bring my queen to the fire and there to have her judgement and receive the death.'*

'Nay, my most noble king,' said sir Gawain, 'that will I never do, for wit you well I will never be in that place where so noble a queen as is my lady dame Guenevere shall take such a shameful end. For wit you well,' said sir Gawain, 'my heart will not serve me for to see her die, and it shall never be said that ever I was of your counsel for her death.'

'Then,' said the king unto sir Gawain, 'suffer your brethren sir Gaheris and sir Gareth to be there.' 'My lord,' said sir Gawain, 'wit you well they will be loth to be there present because of many adventures that is like to fall, but they are young and full unable to say you nay.'

Then spake sir Gaheris and the good knight sir Gareth unto king

Arthur: 'Sir, ye may well command us to be there, but wit you well it shall be sore against our will. But and we be there by your strait commandment, ye shall plainly hold us there excused. We will be there in peaceable wise, and bear none harness of war upon us.'

'In the name of God,' said the king, 'then make you ready, for she shall have soon her judgement.'

'Alas,' said sir Gawain, 'that ever I should endure to see this woeful day!' So sir Gawain turned him and wept heartily, and so he went into his chamber. And so the queen was led forth without Carlisle, and anon she was despoiled into her smock. And then her ghostly father was brought to her to be shriven of her misdeeds. Then was there weeping and wailing and wringing of hands of many lords and ladies; but there were but few in comparison that would bear any armour for to strength the death of the queen.

Then was there one that sir Lancelot had sent unto that place, which went to espy what time the queen should go unto her death. And anon as he saw the queen despoiled into her smock and shriven, then he gave sir Lancelot warning anon. Then was there but spurring and plucking up of horse, and right so they came unto the fire. And who that stood against them, there were they slain; there might none withstand sir Lancelot. So all that bore arms and withstood them, there were they slain, full many a noble knight. For there was slain sir Bellias le Orgulus, sir Segwarides, sir Grifflet, sir Brandiles, sir Aglovale, sir Tor; sir Walter, sir Gillimer, sir Reynold, (three brothers), and sir Damas, sir Priamus, sir Kay le Strange, sir Driant, sir Lambegus, sir Hermind; sir Pertolip, sir Perimones, (two brethren which were called the Green Knight and the Red Knight.)

And so in this rushing and hurling, as sir Lancelot thrang here and there, it misfortuned him to slay sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, the noble knight, for they were unarmed and unwares. As the French book saith, sir Lancelot smote sir Gaheris and sir Gareth upon the brain-pans, wherethrough that they were slain in the field. Howbeit in very truth sir Lancelot saw them not. And so were they found dead among the thickest of the press.

Then sir Lancelot, when he had thus done, and slain and put to flight all that would withstand him, then he rode straight unto queen Guenevere and made cast a kirtle and a gown upon her, and then he made her to be set behind him and prayed her to be of good cheer.

Now wit you well the queen was glad that she was at that time escaped from the death, and then she thanked God and sir Lancelot.

And so he rode his way with the queen, as the French book saith, unto Joyous Gard, and there he kept her as a noble knight should. And many great lords and some kings sent sir Lancelot* many good knights, and many full noble knights drew unto him. When this was known openly* that king Arthur and sir Lancelot were at debate many knights were glad, and many were sorry of their debate.

BOOK XX

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR AGRAVAINE AND SIR MORDRED WERE BUSY UPON SIR GAWAINE FOR TO DISCLOSE THE LOVE BETWEEN SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUENEVER.

In May when every lusty heart flourisheth and bourgeoneth, for as the season is lusty to behold and comfortable, so man and woman rejoice and gladden of summer coming with his fresh flowers: for winter with his rough winds and blasts causeth a lusty man and woman to cower, and sit fast by the fire. So in this season, as in the month of May, it befell a great anger and unhap that stinted not till the flower of chivalry of all the world was destroyed and slain; and all was long upon two unhappy knights, the which were named Agravaine and Sir Mordred, that were brethren unto Sir Gawaine. For this Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred had ever a privy hate unto the queen Dame Guenever and to Sir Launcelot, and daily and nightly they ever watched upon Sir Launcelot.

So it mishapped, Sir Gawaine and all his brethren were in King Arthur's chamber; and then Sir Agravaine said thus openly, and not in no counsel, that many knights might hear it: I marvel that we all be not ashamed both to see and to know how Sir Launcelot lieth daily and nightly by the queen, and all we know it so; and it is shamefully suffered of us all, that we all should suffer so noble a king as King Arthur is so to be shamed.

Then spake Sir Gawaine, and said: Brother Sir Agravaine, I pray you and charge you move no such matters no more afore me, for wit you well, said Sir Gawaine, I will not be of your counsel. So God me help, said Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, we will not be knowing, brother Agravaine, of your deeds. Then will I, said Sir Mordred. I lieve well that, said Sir Gawaine, for ever unto all unhappiness, brother Sir Mordred, thereto will ye grant; and I

would that ye left all this, and made you not so busy, for I know, said Sir Gawaine, what will fall of it. Fall of it what fall may, said Sir Agravaine, I will disclose it to the king. Not by my counsel, said Sir Gawaine, for an there rise war and wrack betwixt Sir Launcelot and us, wit you well brother, there will many kings and great lords hold with Sir Launcelot. Also, brother Sir Agravaine, said Sir Gawaine, ye must remember how ofttimes Sir Launcelot hath rescued the king and the queen; and the best of us all had been full cold at the heart-root had not Sir Launcelot been better than we, and that hath he proved himself full oft. And as for my part, said Sir Gawaine, I will never be against Sir Launcelot for one day's deed, when he rescued me from King Carados of the Dolorous Tower, and slew him, and saved my life. Also, brother Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, in like wise Sir Launcelot rescued you both, and threescore and two, from Sir Turquine. Methinketh brother, such kind deeds and kindness should be remembered. Do as ye list, said Sir Agravaine, for I will lain it no longer. With these words came to them King Arthur. Now brother, stint your noise, said Sir Gawaine. We will not, said Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred. Will ye so? said Sir Gawaine; then God speed you, for I will not hear your tales ne be of your counsel. No more will I, said Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, for we will never say evil by that man; for because, said Sir Gareth, Sir Launcelot made me knight, by no manner owe I to say ill of him: and therewithal they three departed, making great dole. Alas, said Sir Gawaine and Sir Gareth, now is this realm wholly mischieved, and the noble fellowship of the Round Table shall be disparpled: so they departed.

CHAPTER II

HOW SIR AGRAVAINE DISCLOSED THEIR LOVE TO KING ARTHUR, AND HOW KING ARTHUR GAVE THEM LICENCE TO TAKE HIM.

And then Sir Arthur asked them what noise they made. My lord, said Agravaine, I shall tell you that I may keep no longer. Here is I, and my brother Sir Mordred, brake unto my brothers Sir Gawaine, Sir Gaheris, and to Sir Gareth, how this we know all, that Sir Launcelot holdeth your queen, and hath done long; and we be your sister's sons, and we may suffer it no longer, and all we wot that ye should be above Sir Launcelot; and ye are the king that made him knight, and therefore we will prove it, that he is a traitor to your person.

If it be so, said Sir Arthur, wit you well he is none other, but I would be loath to begin such a thing but I might have proofs upon it; for Sir Launcelot is an hardy knight, and all ye know he is the best knight among us all; and but if he be taken with the deed, he will fight with him that bringeth up the noise, and I know no knight that is able to match him. Therefore an it be sooth as ye say, I would he were taken with the deed. For as the French book saith, the king was full loath thereto, that any noise should be upon Sir Launcelot and his queen; for the king had a deeming, but he would not hear of it, for Sir Launcelot had done so much for him and the queen so many times, that wit ye well the king loved him passingly well. My lord, said Sir Agravaine, ye shall ride to-morn a-hunting, and doubt ye not Sir Launcelot will not go with you. Then when it draweth toward night, ye may send the queen word that ye will lie out all that night, and so may ye send for your cooks, and then upon pain of death we shall take him that night with the queen, and outher we shall bring him to you dead or quick. I will well, said the king; then I counsel you, said the king, take with you sure fellowship. Sir, said Agravaine, my brother, Sir Mordred, and I, will take with us twelve knights of the Round Table. Beware, said

King Arthur, for I warn you ye shall find him wight. Let us deal, said Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred.

So on the morn King Arthur rode a-hunting, and sent word to the queen that he would be out all that night. Then Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred gat to them twelve knights, and hid themself in a chamber in the Castle of Carlisle, and these were their names: Sir Colgrevance, Sir Mador de la Porte, Sir Gingaline, Sir Meliot de Logris, Sir Petipase of Winchelsea, Sir Galleron of Galway, Sir Melion of the Mountain, Sir Astamore, Sir Gromore Somir Joure, Sir Curselaine, Sir Florence, Sir Lovel. So these twelve knights were with Sir Mordred and Sir Agravaine, and all they were of Scotland, outher of Sir Gawaine's kin, either well-willers to his brethren.

So when the night came, Sir Launcelot told Sir Bors how he would go that night and speak with the queen. Sir, said Sir Bors, ye shall not go this night by my counsel. Why? said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Bors, I dread me ever of Sir Agravaine, that waiteth you daily to do you shame and us all; and never gave my heart against no going, that ever ye went to the queen, so much as now; for I mistrust that the king is out this night from the queen because peradventure he hath lain some watch for you and the queen, and therefore I dread me sore of treason. Have ye no dread, said Sir Launcelot, for I shall go and come again, and make no tarrying. Sir, said Sir Bors, that me repenteth, for I dread me sore that your going out this night shall wrath us all. Fair nephew, said Sir Launcelot, I marvel much why ye say thus, sithen the queen hath sent for me; and wit ye well I will not be so much a coward, but she shall understand I will see her good grace. God speed you well, said Sir Bors, and send you sound and safe again.

CHAPTER III

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS ESPIED IN THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER, AND HOW SIR AGRAVAINE AND SIR MORDRED CAME WITH TWELVE KNIGHTS TO SLAY HIM.

So Sir Launcelot departed, and took his sword under his arm, and so in his mantle that noble knight put himself in great jeopardy; and so he passed till he came to the queen's chamber, and then Sir Launcelot was lightly put into the chamber. And then, as the French book saith, the queen and Launcelot were together. And whether they were abed or at other manner of disports, me list not hereof make no mention, for love that time was not as is now-a-days. But thus as they were together, there came Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, with twelve knights with them of the Round Table, and they said with crying voice: Traitor-knight, Sir Launcelot du Lake, now art thou taken. And thus they cried with a loud voice, that all the court might hear it; and they all fourteen were armed at all points as they should fight in a battle. Alas, said Queen Guenever, now are we mischieved both. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, is there here any armour within your chamber, that I might cover my poor body withal? An if there be any give it me, and I shall soon stint their malice, by the grace of God. Truly, said the queen, I have none armour, shield, sword, nor spear; wherefore I dread me sore our long love is come to a mischievous end, for I hear by their noise there be many noble knights, and well I wot they be surely armed; against them ye may make no resistance. Wherefore ye are likely to be slain, and then shall I be brent. For an ye might escape them, said the queen, I would not doubt but that ye would rescue me in what danger that ever I stood in. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, in all my life thus was I never bestead, that I should be thus shamefully slain for lack of mine armour.

But ever in one Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred cried: Traitor-knight, come out of the queen's chamber, for wit thou well thou art so beset that thou shalt not escape. O Jesu mercy, said Sir

Launcelot, this shameful cry and noise I may not suffer, for better were death at once than thus to endure this pain. Then he took the queen in his arms, and kissed her, and said: Most noble Christian queen, I beseech you as ye have been ever my special good lady, and I at all times your true poor knight unto my power, and as I never failed you in right nor in wrong sithen the first day King Arthur made me knight, that ye will pray for my soul if that I here be slain; for well I am assured that Sir Bors, my nephew, and all the remnant of my kin, with Sir Lavaine and Sir Urre, that they will not fail you to rescue you from the fire; and therefore, mine own lady, recomfort yourself, whatsomever come of me, that ye go with Sir Bors, my nephew, and Sir Urre, and they all will do you all the pleasure that they can or may, that ye shall live like a queen upon my lands. Nay, Launcelot, said the queen, wit thou well I will never live after thy days, but an thou be slain I will take my death as meekly for Jesu Christ's sake as ever did any Christian queen. Well, madam, said Launcelot, sith it is so that the day is come that our love must depart, wit you well I shall sell my life as dear as I may; and a thousandfold, said Sir Launcelot, I am more heavier for you than for myself. And now I had liefer than to be lord of all Christendom, that I had sure armour upon me, that men might speak of my deeds or ever I were slain. Truly, said the queen, I would an it might please God that they would take me and slay me, and suffer you to escape. That shall never be, said Sir Launcelot, God defend me from such a shame, but Jesu be Thou my shield and mine armour !

CHAPTER IV

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT SLEW SIR COLGREVANCE, AND ARMED HIM IN HIS HARNESS, AND AFTER SLEW SIR AGRAVAINE, AND TWELVE OF HIS FELLOWS.

And therewith Sir Launcelot wrapped his mantle about his arm well and surely; and by then they had gotten a great form out of the hall, and therewithal they rashed at the door. Fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, leave your noise and your rashing, and I shall set open this door, and then may ye do with me what it liketh you. Come off then, said they all, and do it, for it availeth thee not to strive against us all; and therefore let us into this chamber, and we shall save thy life until thou come to King Arthur. Then Launcelot unbarred the door, and with his left hand he held it open a little, so that but one man might come in at once; and so there came striding a good knight, a much man and large, and his name was Colgrevance of Gore, and he with a sword struck at Sir Launcelot mightily; and he put aside the stroke, and gave him such a buffet upon the helmet, that he fell grovelling dead within the chamber door. And then Sir Launcelot with great might drew that dead knight within the chamber door; and Sir Launcelot with help of the queen and her ladies was lightly armed in Sir Colgrevance's armour.

And ever stood Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred crying: Traitor-knight, come out of the queen's chamber. Leave your noise, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Agravaine, for wit you well, Sir Agravaine, ye shall not prison me this night; and therefore an ye do by my counsel, go ye all from this chamber door, and make not such crying and such manner of slander as ye do; for I promise you by my knighthood, an ye will depart and make no more noise, I shall as to-morn appear afore you all before the king, and then let it be seen which of you all, outher else ye all, that will accuse me of treason; and there I shall answer you as a knight should, that hither I came to the queen for no manner of mal engin, and that will I

prove and make it good upon you with my hands. Fie on thee, traitor, said Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, we will have thee maugre thy head, and slay thee if we list; for we let thee wit we have the choice of King Arthur to save thee or to slay thee. Ah sirs, said Sir Launcelot, is there none other grace with you? then keep yourself.

So then Sir Launcelot set all open the chamber door, and mightily and knightly he strode in amongst them; and anon at the first buffet he slew Sir Agravaine. And twelve of his fellows after, within a little while after, he laid them cold to the earth, for there was none of the twelve that might stand Sir Launcelot one buffet. Also Sir Launcelot wounded Sir Mordred, and he fled with all his might. And then Sir Launcelot returned again unto the queen, and said: Madam, now wit you well all our true love is brought to an end, for now will King Arthur ever be my foe; and therefore, madam, an it like you that I may have you with me, I shall save you from all manner adventures dangerous. That is not best, said the queen; meseemeth now ye have done so much harm, it will be best ye hold you still with this. And if ye see that as to-morn they will put me unto the death, then may ye rescue me as ye think best. I will well, said Sir Launcelot, for have ye no doubt, while I am living I shall rescue you. And then he kissed her, and either gave other a ring; and so there he left the queen, and went until his lodging.

CHAPTER V

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO SIR BORS, AND TOLD HIM HOW HE HAD SPED, AND IN WHAT ADVENTURE HE HAD BEEN, AND HOW HE HAD ESCAPED.

When Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot he was never so glad of his home-coming as he was then. Jesu mercy, said Sir Launcelot, why be ye all armed: what meaneth this? Sir, said Sir Bors, after ye were departed from us, we all that be of your blood

and your well-willers were so dretched that some of us leapt out of our beds naked, and some in their dreams caught naked swords in their hands; therefore, said Sir Bors, we deem there is some great strife at hand; and then we all deemed that ye were betrapped with some treason, and therefore we made us thus ready, what need that ever ye were in.

My fair nephew, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Bors, now shall ye wit all, that this night I was more harder bestead than ever I was in my life, and yet I escaped. And so he told them all how and in what manner, as ye have heard to-fore. And therefore, my fellows, said Sir Launcelot, I pray you all that ye will be of good heart in what need somever I stand, for now is war come to us all. Sir, said Bors, all is welcome that God us, and we have had much weal with you and much worship, and therefore we will take the woe with you as we have taken the weal. And therefore, they said all (there were many good knights), look ye take no discomfort, for there nis no bands of knights under heaven but we shall be able to grieve them as much as they may us. And therefore discomfort not yourself by no manner, and we shall gather together that we love, and that loveth us, and what that ye will have done shall be done. And therefore, Sir Launcelot, said they, we will take the woe with the weal. Grant mercy, said Sir Launcelot, of your good comfort, for in my great distress, my fair nephew, ye comfort me greatly, and much I am beholding unto you. But this, my fair nephew, I would that ye did in all haste that ye may, or it be forth days, that ye will look in their lodging that be lodged here nigh about the king, which will hold with me, and which will not, for now I would know which were my friends from my foes. Sir, said Sir Bors, I shall do my pain, and or it be seven of the clock I shall wit of such as ye have said before, who will hold with you.

Then Sir Bors called unto him Sir Lionel, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, Sir Gahalantine, Sir Galihodin, Sir Galihud, Sir Menadeuke, Sir Villiers the Valiant, Sir Hebes le Renoumes, Sir Lavaine, Sir Urre of Hungary, Sir Nerounes, Sir Plenorius. These two knights Sir Launcelot made, and the one he won upon a bridge, and therefore they would never be against

him. And Harry le Fise du Lake, and Sir Selises of the Dolorous Tower, and Sir Melias de Lile, and Sir Bellangere le Beuse, that was Sir Alisander's son Le Orphelin, because his mother Alice le Beale Pellerin and she was kin unto Sir Launcelot, and he held with him. So there came Sir Palomides and Sir Safere, his brother, to hold with Sir Launcelot, and Sir Clegis of Sadok, and Sir Dinas, Sir Clarius of Cleremont. So these two-and-twenty knights drew them together, and by then they were armed on horseback, and promised Sir Launcelot to do what he would. Then there fell to them, what of North Wales and of Cornwall, for Sir Lamorak's sake and for Sir Tristram's sake, to the number of a fourscore knights.

My lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well, I have been ever since I came into this country well willed unto my lord, King Arthur, and unto my lady, Queen Guenever, unto my power; and this night because my lady the queen sent for me to speak with her, I suppose it was made by treason, howbeit I dare largely excuse her person, notwithstanding I was there by a forecast near slain, but as Jesu provided me I escaped all their malice and treason. And then that noble knight Sir Launcelot told them all how he was hard bestead in the queen's chamber, and how and in what manner he escaped from them. And therefore, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well, my fair lords, I am sure there nis but war unto me and mine. And for because I have slain this night these knights, I wot well, as is Sir Agravaine Sir Gawaine's brother, and at the least twelve of his fellows, for this cause now I am sure of mortal war, for these knights were sent and ordained by King Arthur to betray me. And therefore the king will in his heat and malice judge the queen to the fire, and that may I not suffer, that she should be brent for my sake; for an I may be heard and suffered and so taken, I will fight for the queen, that he is a true lady unto her lord; but the king in his heat dread me will not take me as I ought to be taken.

CHAPTER VI

OF THE COUNSEL AND ADVICE THAT WAS TAKEN BY SIR LAUNCELOT AND HIS FRIENDS FOR TO SAVE THE QUEEN.

My lord, Sir Launcelot, said Sir Bors, by mine advice ye shall take the woe with the weal, and take it in patience, and thank God of it. And sithen it is fallen as it is, I counsel you keep yourself, for an ye will yourself, there is no fellowship of knights christened that shall do you wrong. Also I will counsel you my lord, Sir Launcelot, than an my lady, Queen Guenever, be in distress, insomuch as she is in pain for your sake, that ye knightly rescue her; an ye did otherwise, all the world will speak of you shame to the world's end. Insomuch as ye were taken with her, whether ye did right or wrong, it is now your part to hold with the queen, that she be not slain and put to a mischievous death, for an she so die the shame shall be yours. Jesu defend me from shame, said Sir Launcelot, and keep and save my lady the queen from villainy and shameful death, and that she never be destroyed in my default; wherefore my fair lords, my kin, and my friends, said Sir Launcelot, what will ye do? Then they said all: We will do as ye will do. I put this to you, said Sir Launcelot, that if my lord Arthur by evil counsel will to-morn in his heat put my lady the queen to the fire there to be brent, now I pray you counsel me what is best to do. Then they said all at once with one voice: Sir, us thinketh best that ye knightly rescue the queen, insomuch as she shall be brent it is for your sake; and it is to suppose, an ye might be handled, ye could have the same death, or a more shamefuler death. And sir, we say all, that ye have many times rescued her from death for other men's quarrels, us seemeth it is more your worship that ye rescue the queen from this peril, insomuch she hath it for your sake.

Then Sir Launcelot stood still, and said: My fair lords, wit you well I would be loath to do that thing that should dishonour you or my blood, and wit you well I would be loath that my lady, the

queen, should die a shameful death; but an it be so that ye will counsel me to rescue her, I must do much harm or I rescue her; and peradventure I shall there destroy some of my best friends, that should much repent me; and peradventure there be some, an they could well bring it about, or disobey my lord King Arthur, they would soon come to me, the which I were loath to hurt. And if so be that I rescue her, where shall I keep her? That shall be the least care of us all, said Sir Bors. How did the noble knight Sir Tristram, by your good will? kept not he with him La Beale Isoud near three year in Joyous Gard? the which was done by your alther device, and that same place is your own; and in likewise may ye do an ye list, and take the queen lightly away, if it so be the king will judge her to be brent; and in Joyous Gard ye may keep her long enough until the heat of the king be past. And then shall ye bring again the queen to the king with great worship; and then peradventure ye shall have thank for her bringing home, and love and thank where other shall have maugre.

That is hard to do, said Sir Launcelot, for by Sir Tristram I may have a warning, for when by means of treaties, Sir Tristram brought again La Beale Isoud unto King Mark from Joyous Gard, look what befell on the end, how shamefully that false traitor King Mark slew him as he sat harping afore his lady La Beale Isoud, with a grounden glaive he thrust him in behind to the heart. It grieveth me, said Sir Launcelot, to speak of his death, for all the world may not find such a knight. All this is truth, said Sir Bors, but there is one thing shall courage you and us all, ye know well King Arthur and King Mark were never like of conditions, for there was never yet man could prove King Arthur untrue of his promise.

So to make short tale, they were all consented that for better outher for worse, if so were that the queen were on that morn brought to the fire, shortly they all would rescue her. And so by the advice of Sir Launcelot, they put them all in an embushment in a wood, as nigh Carlisle as they might, and there they abode still, to wit what the king would do.

CHAPTER VII

HOW SIR MORDRED RODE HASTILY TO THE KING, TO TELL HIM OF THE AFFRAY AND DEATH OF SIR AGRAVAINE AND THE OTHER KNIGHTS.

Now turn we again unto Sir Mordred, that when he was escaped from the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, he anon gat his horse and mounted upon him, and rode unto King Arthur, sore wounded and smitten, and all forbled; and there he told the king all how it was, and how they were all slain save himself all only. Jesu mercy, how may this be? said the king; took ye him in the queen's chamber? Yea, so God me help, said Sir Mordred, there we found him unarmed, and there he slew Colgrevance, and armed him in his armour; and all this he told the king from the beginning to the ending. Jesu mercy, said the king, he is a marvellous knight of prowess. Alas, me sore repenteth, said the king, that ever Sir Launcelot should be against me. Now I am sure the noble fellowship of the Round Table is broken for ever, for with him will many a noble knight hold; and now it is fallen so, said the king, that I may not with my worship, but the queen must suffer the death. So then there was made great ordinance in this heat, that the queen must be judged to the death. And the law was such in those days that whatsomever they were, of what estate or degree, if they were found guilty of treason, there should be none other remedy but death; and outher the manor or the taking with the deed should be causer of their hasty judgment. And right so was it ordained for Queen Guenever, because Sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded, and the death of thirteen knights of the Round Table. These proofs and experiences caused King Arthur to command the queen to the fire there to be brent.

Then spake Sir Gawaine, and said: My lord Arthur, I would counsel you not to be over-hasty, but that ye would put it in respite, this judgment of my lady the queen, for many causes. One it is, though it were so that Sir Launcelot were found in the queen's

chamber, yet it might be so that he came thither for none evil; for ye know my lord, said Sir Gawaine, that the queen is much beholden unto Sir Launcelot, more than unto any other knight, for ofttimes he hath saved her life, and done battle for her when all the court refused the queen; and peradventure she sent for him for goodness and for none evil, to reward him for his good deeds that he had done to her in times past. And peradventure my lady, the queen, sent for him to that intent that Sir Launcelot should come to her good grace privily and secretly, weening to her that it was best so to do, in eschewing and dreading of slander; for ofttimes we do many things that we ween it be for the best, and yet peradventure it turneth to the worst. For I dare say, said Sir Gawaine, my lady, your queen, is to you both good and true; and as for Sir Launcelot, said Sir Gawaine, I dare say he will make it good upon any knight living that will put upon himself villainy or shame, and in like wise he will make good for my lady, Dame Guenever.

That I believe well, said King Arthur, but I will not that way with Sir Launcelot, for he trusteth so much upon his hands and his might that he doubteth no man; and therefore for my queen he shall never fight more, for she shall have the law. And if I may get Sir Launcelot, wit you well he shall have a shameful death. Jesu defend, said Sir Gawaine, that I may never see it. Why say ye so? said King Arthur; forsooth ye have no cause to love Sir Launcelot, for this night last past he slew your brother, Sir Agravaine, a full good knight, and almost he had slain your other brother, Sir Mordred, and also there he slew thirteen noble knights; and also, Sir Gawaine, remember ye he slew two sons of yours, Sir Florence and Sir Lovel. My lord, said Sir Gawaine, of all this I have knowledge, of whose deaths I repent me sore; but insomuch I gave them warning, and told my brethren and my sons aforehand what would fall in the end, insomuch they would not do by my counsel, I will not meddle me thereof, nor revenge me nothing of their deaths; for I told them it was no boot to strive with Sir Launcelot. Howbeit I am sorry of the death of my brethren and of my sons, for they are the causers of their own death; for ofttimes I warned

my brother Sir Agravaine, and I told him the perils the which be now fallen.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND HIS KINSMEN RESCUED THE QUEEN FROM THE FIRE, AND HOW HE SLEW MANY KNIGHTS.

THEN said the noble King Arthur to Sir Gawaine: Dear nephew, I pray you make you ready in your best armour, with your brethren, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, to bring my queen to the fire, there to have her judgment and receive the death. Nay, my most noble lord, said Sir Gawaine, that will I never do; for wit you well I will never be in that place where so noble a queen as is my lady, Dame Guenever, shall take a shameful end. For wit you well, said Sir Gawaine, my heart will never serve me to see her die; and it shall never be said that ever I was of your counsel of her death.

Then said the king to Sir Gawaine: Suffer your brothers Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth to be there. My lord, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well they will be loath to be there present, because of many adventures the which be like there to fall, but they are young and full unable to say you nay. Then spake Sir Gaheris, and the good knight Sir Gareth, unto Sir Arthur: Sir, ye may well command us to be there, but wit you well it shall be sore against our will; but an we be there by your strait commandment ye shall plainly hold us there excused: we will be there in peaceable wise, and bear none harness of war upon us. In the name of God, said the king, then make you ready, for she shall soon have her judgment anon. Alas, said Sir Gawaine, that ever I should endure to see this woful day. So Sir Gawaine turned him and wept heartily, and so he went into his chamber; and then the queen was led forth without Carlisle, and there she was despoiled into her smock. And so then her ghostly father was brought to her, to be shriven of her misdeeds.

Then was there weeping, and wailing, and wringing of hands, of many lords and ladies, but there were but few in comparison that would bear any armour for to strength the death of the queen.

Then was there one that Sir Launcelot had sent unto that place for to espy what time the queen should go unto her death; and anon as he saw the queen despoiled into her smock, and so shriven, then he gave Sir Launcelot warning. Then was there but spurring and plucking up of horses, and right so they came to the fire. And who that stood against them, there were they slain; there might none withstand Sir Launcelot, so all that bare arms and withstood them, there were they slain, full many a noble knight. For there was slain Sir Belliance le Orgulous, Sir Segwarides, Sir Griflet, Sir Brandiles, Sir Aglovale, Sir Tor; Sir Gauter, Sir Gillimer, Sir Reynolds' three brethren; Sir Damas, Sir Priamus, Sir Kay the Stranger, Sir Driant, Sir Lambegus, Sir Herminde; Sir Pertilope, Sir Perimones, two brethren that were called the Green Knight and the Red Knight. And so in this rushing and hurling, as Sir Launcelot thrang here and there, it mishapped him to slay Gaheris and Sir Gareth, the noble knight, for they were unarmed and unware. For as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot smote Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris upon the brain-pans, wherethrough they were slain in the field; howbeit in very truth Sir Launcelot saw them not, and so were they found dead among the thickest of the press.

Then when Sir Launcelot had thus done, and slain and put to flight all that would withstand him, then he rode straight unto Dame Guenever, and made a kirtle and a gown to be cast upon her; and then he made her to be set behind him, and prayed her to be of good cheer. Wit you well the queen was glad that she was escaped from the death. And then she thanked God and Sir Launcelot; and so he rode his way with the queen, as the French book saith, unto Joyous Gard, and there he kept her as a noble knight should do; and many great lords and some kings sent Sir Launcelot many good knights, and many noble knights drew unto Sir Launcelot. When this was known openly, that King Arthur and Sir Launcelot were at debate, many knights were glad of their debate, and many were full heavy of their debate.

II

THE VENGEANCE OF SIR GAWAIN

NOW turne we agayne unto kynge Arthure, that whan (9)
hit was tolde hym how and in what maner the quene
was taken away frome the fyre, and whan he harde of the deth
of his noble knyghtes, and in especiall sir Gaherys and sir
Gareth, than he sowned for verry pure sorow. And whan 5
he awooke of hys swoughe, than he sayde,

'Alas, that ever I bare crowne uppon my hede! For now
have I loste the fayryst felyshyp of noble knyghtes that ever
hylde Crystyn kynge togydirs. Alas, my good knyghtes be
slayne and gone away fro me, that now within thys two dayes 10
I have loste nygh forty knyghtes and also the noble felyshyp
of sir Launcelot and hys blood, for now I may nevermore
holde hem togydirs with my worshyp. Now, alas, that ever
thys warre began!

'Now, fayre felowis,' seyde the kynge, 'I charge you that 15
no man telle sir Gawayne of the deth of hys two brethirne,
for I am sure,' seyde the kynge, 'whan he hyryth telle that
sir Gareth ys dede, he wyll go nygh oute of hys mynde.
M[e]rci Jesu,' seyde the kynge, 'why slew he sir Gaherys
and sir Gareth? For I dare sey, as for sir Gareth, he loved 20
sir Launcelot of all men erthly.'

'That ys trouth,' seyde som knyghtes, 'but they were
slayne in the hurlynge, as sir Launcelot thrange in the
thyckyst of the prees. And as they were unarmed, he smote
them and wyst nat whom that he smote, and so unhappely 25
they were slayne.' 458v

'Well,' seyde Arthure, 'the deth of them woll cause the
grettist mortall warre that ever was, for I am sure that whan
sir Gawayne knowyth hereoff that sir Gareth ys slayne, I
shall never have reste of hym tyll I have destroyed sir Launce- 30
lottys kynne and hymselff bothe, othir ellis he to destroy me.
And therefore,' seyde the kynge, 'wyte you well, my harte

1 *C* Soo torne 2 *C* maner of wyse the 4 *C* especyal for syr *S* especyal of syr 5 *C* Gareths deth thenne the kyng swouned verry *not in C*† 10 and gone *not in C*† (*homoeoteleuton*) that *not in C* 11 nygh *not in C* 12–13 *C* neuer hold hem to gyders no more with my worshyp Allas 17 *C* whan sir Gawayne hereth 19 *W* Marci 19–20 *C* syre Gareth and sire Gaherys 23 *C* hurtlyng 24 *C* thyck 27 Well *not in C* *C* The dethe of them sayd Arthur wyll 28–30 *C* was I am sure wyste sir Gawayne that syr Gareth were slayne I shold neuer 30 *C* tyl I had

was never so hevy as hit ys now. And much more I am soryar for my good knyghtes losse than for the losse of my fayre quene; for quenys I myght have inow, but such a felyship of good knyghtes shall never be togydirs in no company. And now I dare sey,' seyde kynge Arthur, 'there was never Crystyn kynge that ever hylde such a felyshyp togydyrs. And alas, that ever sir Launcelot and I shulde be at debate! A, Aggravayne, Aggravayne!' seyde the kynge, 'Jesu forgyff hit thy soule, for thyne evyll wyll that thou haddist and sir Mordred, thy brothir, unto sir Launcelot hath caused all this sorow.'

And ever amonge thes complayntes the kynge wepte and sowned.

Than cam there one to sir Gawayne and tolde [hym] how the quene was lad away with sir Launcelot, and nygh a four-and-twenty knyghtes slayne.

'A, Jesu, save me my two brethirn!' seyde sir Gawayne, 'For full well wyst I,' sayde sir Gawayne, 'that sir Launcelot wolde rescow her, othir ellis he wolde dye in that fylde; and to say the trouth he were nat of worshyp but if he had rescowed the quene, insomuch as she shulde have be brente for his sake. And as in that,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'he hath done but knyghtly, and as I wolde have done myselff and I had stonde in lyke case. But where ar my brethirn?' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I mervayle that I se nat of them.'

Than seyde that man, 'Truly, sir Gaherys and sir Gareth be slayne.'

459r 'Jesu deffende!' seyd sir Gawayne. 'For all thys worlde I wolde nat that they were slayne, and in especiall my good brothir sir Gareth.'

'Sir,' seyde the man, 'he ys slayne, and that ys grete pité.'

'Who slew hym?' seyde sir Gawayne.

'Sir Launcelot,' seyde the man, 'slew hem both.'

'That may I nat beleve,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that ever he

6 that ever *not in C* 9–10 *C* thou and thy broder syre Mordred haddest vnto 12–13 *W* wepte amonge and sowned (*contamination*) 14 *Not emended in O*1 17 *C* O Ihesu defende my bretheren 18 *C* wyst I that 20–21 *C* he had not ben a man of worshyp had he not rescowed the quene that day in so moche she 25 *C* merueyll I here not 26–27 *C* Truly sayd that man sir Gareth and syr Gaherys be 28 *C* the world 33 *C* Sir sayd the man Launcelot slewe

slew my good brother sir Gareth, for I dare say my brothir loved hym bettir than me and all hys brethirn and the kynge bothe. Also I dare say, an sir Launcelot had desyred my brothir sir Gareth with hym, he wolde have ben with hym ayenste the kynge and us all. And therefore I may never be- 5 lyeve that sir Launcelot slew my brethern.'

'Veryly, sir,' seyde the man, 'hit ys noysed that he slew hym.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'now ys my joy gone!' (10)

And than he felle downe and sowned, and longe he lay there as he had ben dede. And whan he arose oute of hys 10 swoughe he cryed oute sorowfully and seyde,

'Alas!'

And forthwith he ran unto the kynge, criyng and wepyng, and seyde,

'A, myne uncle kynge Arthur! My good brother sir 15 Gareth ys slayne, and so ys my brothir sir Gaherys, whych were two noble knyghtes.'

Than the kynge wepte and he bothe, and so they felle on sownynge. And whan they were revyved, than spake sir Gawayne and seyde, 20

'Sir, I woll goo and se my brother sir Gareth.'

'Sir, ye may nat se hym,' seyde the kynge, 'for I caused hym to be entered and sir Gaherys bothe, for I well undirstood that ye wolde make overmuche sorow, and the syght of sir Gareth shulde have caused youre double sorrow.' 25

'Alas, my lorde,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'how slew he my brothir sir Gareth? I pray you telle me.'

'Truly,' seyde the kynge, 'I shall tell you as hit hath bene tolde me: sir Launcelot slew hym and sir Gaherys both.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'they beare none armys ayenst 30 hym, neyther of them bothe.'

'I wote nat how hit was,' seyde the kynge, 'but as hit ys sayde, sir Launcelot slew them in the thyk prees and knew **459v** tham nat. And therefore lat us shape a remedy for to revenge their dethys.' 35

1 good *not in C* 1–2 *C* say my broder Gareth loued 6 *C* broder 7 Veryly *not in C*† *C* sayd this man 10 *C* And thenne whanne he oute *not in C* 13 *C* and ryȝte soo syr Gawayne ranne to the 14, 20 and seyde *not in C* 15 *C* O kynge Arthur myne vnkel my good 16 *C* slayne and soo *S* slayne soo 21 *C* go see 22 Sir *not in C* 27 *C** gareth myn own good lord I praye 28–29 *C* as it is told 33 *C* them bothe in the thyckest of the prees

'My kynge, my lorde, and myne uncle,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'wyte you well, now I shall make you a promyse whych I shall holde be my knyghthode, that frome thys day forewarde I shall never fayle sir Launcelot untyll that one of us have slayne that othir. And therefore I requyre you, my lorde and kynge, dresse you unto the warres, for wyte you well, I woll be revenged uppon sir Launcelot; and therefore, as ye woll have my servyse and my love, now haste you thereto and assay youre frendis. For I promyse unto God,' seyde sir Gawayn, 'for the deth of my brothir, sir Gareth, I shall seke sir Launcelot thorowoute seven kynges realmys, but I shall sle hym, other ellis he shall sle me.'

'Sir, ye shall nat nede to seke hym so far,' seyde the kynge, 'for as I here say, sir Launcelot woll abyde me and us all wythin the castell of Joyous Garde. And muche peple drawyth unto hym, as I here say.'

'That may I ryght well belyve,' seyde sir Gawayne; 'but my lorde,' he sayde, 'assay your fryndis and I woll assay myne.'

'Hit shall be done,' seyde the kyng, 'and as I suppose I shall be bygge inowghe to dryve hym oute of the bygyst toure of hys castell.'

So than the kynge sente lettirs and wryttis thorowoute all Inglonde, both the lengthe and the brede, for to assomon all hys knyghtes. And so unto kynge Arthure drew many knyghtes, deukes, and erlis, that he had a grete oste, and whan they were assembeled the kynge enfourmed hem how sir Launcelot had beraffte hym hys quene.

Than the kynge and all hys oste made hem redy to leysyege aboute sir Launcelot where he lay within Joyous Garde.

And anone sir Launcelot harde thereof and purveyde hym off many good knyghtes; ⌜for with hym helde many knyghtes,⌝ som for hys owne sake and som for the quenys
460r sake. Thus they were on bothe partyes well furnysshed and

2 *C* promyse that 3–4 forewarde *not in C* 5 *C* the other 13 Sir *not in C* 14–15 *C*† and yow in the Ioyous 17 ryght well *not in C* 21 *C* drawe hym 24 *C* in the lengthe 26 *C* Erles soo that 32 And anone *not in C* *C* Therof herd sir Launcelot and 33–34 *C** knyghtes for with hym helde many knyghtes and some *F* (*Mort Artu, ed. Frappier, p. 112*) por ce qu'il estoit tant amez de toutes parz

garnysshed of all maner of thynge that longed unto the warre. But kynge Arthurs oste was so grete that sir Launcelottis oste wolde nat abyde hym in the fylde. For he was full lothe to do batayle ayenste the kynge; but sir Launcelot drew hym unto hys stronge castell with all maner of vytayle plenté, and as many noble men as he myght suffyse within the towne and the castell.

Than cam kynge Arthure with sir Gawayne wyth a grete oste and leyde syge all aboute Joyus Garde, both the towne and the castell. And there they made stronge warre on bothe partyes, but in no wyse sir Launcelot wolde ryde oute [nor go oute] of the castell of longe tyme; and nother he wold nat suffir none of hys good knyghtes to issew oute, nother of the towne nother of the castell, untyll fiftene wykes were paste.

So hit felle uppon a day[e in hervest tyme] that sir Launce- (11)
lot loked over the wallys and spake on hyght unto kynge Arthure and to sir Gawayne:

'My lordis bothe, wyte you well all thys ys in vayne that ye make at thys syge, for here wynne ye no worshyp, but magré and dishonoure. For and hit lyste me to com myselff oute and my good knyghtes, I shulde full sone make an ende of thys warre.'

'Com forth,' seyde kynge Arthur unto sir Launcelot, 'and thou darste, and I promyse the I shall mete the in myddis of thys fylde.'

'God deffende me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ever I shulde encounter wyth the moste noble kynge that made me knyght.'

'Now, fye uppon thy fayre langayge!' seyde the kynge, 'for wyte thou well and truste hit, I am thy mortall foo and ever woll to my deth-day; for thou haste slayne my good knyghtes and full noble men of my blood, that shall I never recover agayne. Also thou haste layne be my quene and holdyn her many wynters, and sytthyn, lyke a traytoure, taken her away fro me by fors.'

'My moste noble lorde and kynge,' seyde sir Launcelot, **460**[v]

2 *C* soo bygge that 2–3 *C* launcelot wold not 6 plenté *not in C* 8–9 *C* an hughe hoost 9 *C* a syege 9–10 *C* both at the Towne and at the Castel 11–12 *Not emended in O*[1] 12 *C* of his Castel 12–13 *C* tyme neyther he wold none 15 *C* Thenne it befel *Not emended in O*[1] 18 *C* al is 25 *C* the felde 28 Now *not in C* 29 *C* wete yow† wel 31 *C* I shal 34 away *not in C*

'ye may sey what ye woll, for ye wote well wyth youreselff I woll nat stryve. But thereas ye say that I have slayne youre good knyghtes, I wote woll that I have done so, and that me sore repentith; but I was forced to do batayle with hem in savyng of my lyff, othir ellis I muste have suffirde hem to have slayne me. And as for my lady quene Gwenyver, excepte youre person of your hyghnes and my lorde sir Gawayne, there nys no knyght undir hevyn that dare make hit good uppon me that ever I was traytour unto youre person. And where hit please you to say that I have holdyn my lady, youre quene, yerys and wynters, unto that I shall ever make a large answere, and prove hit uppon ony knyght that beryth the lyff, excepte your person and sir Gawayne, that my lady, quene Gwenyver, ys as trew a lady unto youre person as ys ony lady lyvynge unto her lorde, and that woll I make good with my hondis. Howbehyt hit hath lyked her good grace to have me in favoure and cherysh me more than ony other knyght; and unto my power agayne I have deserved her love, for oftyntymes, my lorde, ye have concented that she sholde have be brente and destroyed in youre hete, and than hit fortuned me to do batayle for her, and or I departed from her adversary they confessed there untrouthe, and she full worsshypfully excused. And at suche tymes, my lorde Arthur,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye loved me and thanked me whan I saved your quene frome the fyre, and than ye promysed me for ever to be my good lorde. And now methynkith ye rewarde me evyll for my good servyse. And, my lorde, mesemyth I had loste a grete parte of my worshyp in my knyghthod and I had suffird my lady, youre
461r quene, to have ben brente, and insomuche as she shulde have bene brente for my sake; for sytthyn I have done batayles for youre quene in other quarels than in myne owne quarell, mesemyth now I had more ryght to do batayle for her in her ryght quarell. And therefore, my good and gracious lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'take your quene unto youre good grace, for she ys both tru and good.'

4 *C* enforced 8 *C* there is no 9 *C* was traytour *S* was a traytour 14 *C* is a true lady 15 *C* as ony is lyuyng 16–17 *W* her good grace *repeated* 17 *C* me in chyerte and to cherysshe 20 have *not in C* 27 *C** me ful ylle 30 as *not in C* 32–33 *C* owne me semeth 34 *C* in ryghte 36 *C** bothe fayr true

'Fy on the, false recreayed knyght!' seyde sir Gawayn. 'For I lat the wyte: my lorde, myne uncle kynge Arthur shall have hys quene and the bothe magré thy vysayge, and sle you bothe and save you whether hit please hym.'

'Hit may well be,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but wyte thou well, my lorde sir Gawayne, and me lyste to com oute of thys castell ye shuld wyn me and the quene more harder than ever ye wan a stronge batayle.'

'Now, fy on thy proude wordis!' seyde sir Gawayne. 'As for my lady the quene, wyte thou well, I woll never say [of] her shame. But thou, false and recrayde knyght,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'what cause haddist thou to sle my good brother sir Gareth that loved the more than me and all my kynne? And alas, thou madist hym knyght thyne owne hondis! Why slewest thou hym that loved the so well?'

'For to excuse me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'hit boteneth me nat, but by Jesu, and by the feyth that I owghe unto the hyghe Order of Knyghthode, I wolde with as a good a wyll have slayne my nevew, sir Bors de Ganys, [at that tyme]. And alas, that ever I was so unhappy', seyde sir Launcelot, 'that I had nat seyne sir Gareth and sir Gaherys!'

'Thou lyest, recrayed knyght,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'thou slewyste hem in the despite of me. And therefore wyte thou well, sir Launcelot, I shall make warre uppon the, and all the whyle that I may lyve be thyne enemy!'

'That me repentes,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for well I undir- **461v**
stonde hit boteneth me nat to seke none accordemente whyle ye, sir Gawayne, ar so myschevously sett. And if ye were nat, I wolde nat doute to have the good grace of my lorde kynge Arthure.'

'I leve well, false recrayed knyght, for thou haste many longe dayes overlad me and us all, and destroyed many of oure good knyghtes.'

'Sir, ye say as hit pleasith you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'yet

2 For *not in C* 3 bothe *not in C* 4 and save you *not in C*† 9 Now *not in C* 10 wyte thou well *not in C* 10–11 *WO*[1] say her 13 *C*† more and than al (and *not in S*) 14 And *not in C* 16 *C* it helpeth me 18 *C* I shold with 19 *Not emended in O*[1] 20 *C* but alas 23 *C* in despyte 24 sir Launcelot *not in C* 26 warre to the 28 be thyne enemy *not in C*† 29 *C* it helpeth not 31 *C* I byleue it wel *C** knyght sayd sir Gawayne for 34 Sir *not in C* *C* launcelot & yet

may hit never be seyde on me and opynly preved that ever I be forecaste of treson slew no goode knyght as ye, my lorde sir Gawayne, have done; and so ded I never but in my deffence, that I was dryven thereto in savyng of my lyff.'

5 'A, thou false knyght,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'that thou menyst by sir Lamorak. But wyte thou well, I slew hym!'

'Sir, ye slew hym nat youreselff,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for hit had ben overmuch for you, for he was one of the beste knyghtes crystynde of his ayge. And hit was grete pité of hys

10 deth!'

(12) 'Well, well, sir Launcelot,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'sytthyn thou enbraydyst me of sir Lamorak, wyte thou well I shall never leve the tyll I have the at suche avayle that thou shalt nat ascape my hondis.'

15 'I truste you well inowgh,' seyde sir Launcelot. 'And ye may gete me, I gett but lytyll mercy.'

But the Freynshe booke seyth kynge Arthur wolde have takyn hys quene agayne and to have bene accorded with sir Launcelot, but sir Gawayne wolde nat suffir hym by no

20 maner of meane. And so sir Gawayne made many men to blow uppon sir Launcelot, and so all at onys they called hym 'false recrayed knyght'.

But whan sir Bors de Ganys, sir Ector de Marys and sir Lyonell harde thys outecry they called unto them sir Palo-

25 mydes and sir Lavayne an sir Urré wyth many mo knyghtes of their bloode, and all they wente unto sir Launcelot and seyde thus:

'My lorde, wyte you well we have grete scorne of the

462r grete rebukis that we have harde sir Gawayne sey unto you;

30 wherefore we pray you and charge you as ye woll have oure servyse, kepe us no lenger wythin thys wallis, for we lat you wete playnly we woll ryde into the fylde and do batayle wyth hem. For ye fare as a man that were aferde, and for all their fayre speche hit woll nat avayle you, for wyte you well

2–3 *C* as . . . ye haue 5 *C* A fals 6 But *not in C* 7 Sir *not in C* for *not in C* 8 *C** ouer moche on hand for yow to haue slayne hym for he 11 *C* wel sayd sayd sir Gawayne to Launcelot sythen 17 *C* but as the *C* the noble kyng 18 to *not in C* 23 *C* Thenne when 24–25 *C** Palomydes sir Safyrs broder and 25 an sir Urré *not in C*† knyghtes *not in C*† 28 *C* lord sir launcelot wete ye 29 *C* we herd gawayn 31–32 *C*† for wete yow wel playnly 33–34 *C* alle your* fair

sir Gawayne woll nevir suffir you to accorde wyth kynge Arthur. And therefore fyght for youre lyff and ryght, and [ye] dare.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for to ryde oute of thys castell and to do batayle I am full lothe.' 5

Than sir Launcelot spake on hyght unto kyng Arthur and sir Gawayne:

'My lorde, I requyre you and beseche you, sytthyn that I am thus requyred and conjoured to ryde into the fylde, that neyther you, my lorde kyng Arthur, nother you, sir Gawayne, 10 com nat into the fylde.'

'What shall we do?' than seyde sir Gawayne. 'Is nat thys the kynges quarell to fyght wyth the? And also hit ys my quarell to fyght wyth the because of the dethe of my brothir, sir Gareth.' 15

'Than muste I nedys unto batayle,' seyde sir Launcelot. 'Now wyte you well, my lorde Arthur and sir Gawayne, ye woll repent hit whansomever I do batayle wyth you.'

And so than they departed eythir frome othir; and than aythir party made hem redy on the morne for to do batayle, 20 and grete purveyaunce was made on bothe sydys. And sir Gawayne lat purvey many knyghtes for to wayte uppon sir Launcelot for to oversette hym and to sle hym. And on the morn at underne kynge Arthure was redy in the fylde with three grete ostys. 25

And than sir Launcelottis felyshyp com oute at the three gatis in full good aray; and sir Lyonell cam in the formyst batayle, and sir Launcelot cam in the myddyll, and sir Bors com oute at the thirde gate. And thus they cam in order and **462v** rule as full noble knyghtes. And ever sir Launcelot charged 30 all hys knyghtes in ony wyse to save kynge Arthure and sir Gawayne.

Than cam forth sir Gawayne frome the kyngis oste and (13) profirde to juste. And sir Lyonel was a fyers knyght, and lyghtly he encountred with hym, and there sir Gawayne 35 smote sir Lyonell thorowoute the body, that he daysshed to

1 *C* wille not suffer you to be accorded 2 *C** and your ryghte 12 nat *not in C*† 13 quarel with the to fyghte and it is 14 *C* the syr laūcelot by cause 26 *C* at thre 30 *C* and alwayes syr 33–34 *C** and he came before and proferd 35 *C* with syr Gawayne & there

the erth lyke as he had ben dede. And than sir Ector de Marys and other mo bare hym into the castell.

And anone there began a grete stowre and much people were slayne; and ever sir Launcelot ded what he myght to save the people on kynge Arthurs party. For sir Bors and sir Palomydes and sir Saffir overthrew many knyghts, for they were dedely knyghtes, and sir Blamour de Ganys and sir Bleoberys, wyth sir Bellyngere le Bewse, thes six knyghtes ded much harme. And ever was kynge Arthur aboute sir Launcelot to have slayne hym, and ever sir Launcelot suffird hym and wolde nat stryke agayne. So sir Bors encountirde wyth kynge Arthur, and sir Bors smote hym, and so he alyght and drew hys swerde and seyd to sir Launcelot,

'Sir, shall I make an ende of thys warre?' (For he mente to have slayne hym.)

'Nat so hardy,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'uppon payne of thy hede, that thou touch hym no more! For I woll never se that moste noble kynge that made me knyght nother slayne nor shamed.'

And therewithall sir Launcelot alyght of hys horse and toke up the kynge and horsed hym agayne, and seyd thus:

'My lorde the kynge, for Goddis love, stynte thys stryff, for ye gette here no worshyp and I wolde do myne utteraunce. 463r But allwayes I forbeare you, and ye nor none off youres forberyth nat me. And therefore, my lorde, I pray you rembir what I have done in many placis, and now am I evyll rewarded.'

So whan kynge Arthur was on horsebak he loked on sir Launcelot; than the teerys braste oute of hys yen, thynkyng of the grete curtesy that was in sir Launcelot more than in ony other man. And therewith the kynge rod hys way and myght no lenger beholde hym, saiyng to hymselff, 'Alas, alas, that ⌜ever⌝ yet thys warre began!'

And than aythir party of the batayles wythdrew them to

4 *C* was slayne 5–6 *C* for syr palomydes and syr Bors 9 *C* euer kynge Arthur was nyghe aboute syr 10–11 *C* and syr launcelot suffred 12 *C** Arthur and there with a spere syr Bors smote hym doun & 14 Sir *not in C* 14–15 *C* & that he mente to haue slayn Kynge Arthur 18–19 *C* ne shamed 22 *C* my lord Arthur for 25 nat *not in C* *C* me my lord remembre 28 *C* Thenne whan 29–30 *C* thynkyng on the 32–33 *C** hym & sayd Allas that euer this (*see note*)

repose them, and buryed the dede and serched the wounded men, and leyde to their woundes soffte salves; and thus they endured that nyght tylle on the morne. And on the morne by undirn they made them redy to do batayle, and than sir Bors lad the vawarde. 5

So uppon the morn there cam sir Gawayne, as brym as ony boore, wyth a grete spere in hys honde. And whan sir Bors saw hym he thought to revenge hys brother, sir Lyonell, of the despite sir Gawayne gaff hym the other day. And so, as they that knew aythir other, feautred their spearis, and with 10 all their myght of their horsis and themselff so fyersly they mette togydirs and so felonsly that aythir bare other thorow, and so they felle bothe to the bare erthe.

And than the batayle joyned, and there was much slaughter on bothe partyes. Than sir Launcelot rescowed sir Bors and 15 sent hym into the castell, but neyther sir Gawayne nother sir Bors dyed nat of their woundis, for they were well holpyn.

Than sir Lavayne and sir Urré prayde sir Launcelot to do hys payne and feyght as they do: 'For we se that ye forbeare and spare, and that doth us much harme. And therefore we 20 **463v** pray you spare nat youre enemyes no more than they do you.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I have no harte to fyght ayenste my lorde Arthur, for ever mesemyth I do nat as me ought to do.'

'My lorde,' seyde sir Palomydes, 'thoughe ye spare them, 25 never so much all thys day they woll can you thanke; and yf they may gete you at avayle ye ar but a dede man.'

So than sir Launcelot undirstoode that they seyde hym trouthe. Than he strayned hymselff more than he ded toforehonde, and bycause of hys nevew, sir Bors, was sore 30 wounded he payned hymselff the more. And so within a lytyll whyle, by evynsong tyme, sir Launcelottis party the bettir stood, for their horsis wente in blood paste the fyttlokkes, there were so many people slayne.

1–2 *C* dede & to the woūded men they leid softe 5 *C* the forward 9 *C* despyte that syr Gawayn dyd hym as *not in C* 11 so fyersly *not in C* 12 and *not in C* 13 bare *not in C* 14 *C* batails 16–17 *C* Gawayne nor syr 17 *C* were alle holpen 19 *C*[m] they had done *C* we see ye 20 us *not in C*† 21 *C* they done yow 23–24 *C* as I oughte 26 never so much *not in C* *C* will neuer conne yow 27–28 *C* but dede So 30 of *not in C* 31 he payned hymselff the more *not in C*† 32–33 *C* Launcelot and his party better 34 *C* was soo moche people

And than for verry pité sir Launcelot withhylde hys knyghtes and suffird kynge Arthurs party to withdraw them insyde. And so he withdrew hys meyny into the castell, and aythir partyes buryed the dede and put salve unto the wounded men. So whan sir Gawayne was hurte, they on kynge Arthurs party were nat so orgulus as they were toforehonde to do batayle.

So of thys warre that was betwene kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot hit was noysed thorow all Crystyn realmys, and so hit cam at the laste by relacion unto the Pope. And than the Pope toke a consideracion of the grete goodnes of kynge Arthur and of the hyghe proues off sir Launcelot, that was called the moste nobelyst knyght of the worlde. Wherefore the Pope called unto hym a noble clerke that at that tyme was there presente (the Freynshe boke seyth hit was the
464r Bysshop of Rochester), and the Pope gaff [hym bulles] undir leade, and sente hem unto the kynge, chargyng hym uppon payne of entirdytynge of all Inglonde that he take hys quene agayne and accorde with sir Launcelot.

(14) So whan thys Bysshop was com unto Carlyle he shewed the kynge hys bullys, and whan the kynge undirstode them he wyste nat what to do: but full fayne he wolde have bene acorded with sir Launcelot, but sir Gawayn wolde nat suffir hym. But to have the quene he thereto agreed, but in no wyse he wolde suffir the kynge to accorde with sir Launcelot; but as for the quene, he consented. So the Bysshop had of the kynge hys grete seale and hys assuraunce, as he was a trew and anoynted kynge, that sir Launcelot shulde go sauff and com sauff, and that the quene shulde nat be seyde unto of the kynge, nother of none other, for nothynge done of tyme paste. And of all thes appoyntementes the

1 verry *not in C*† 3 *C* ou syde *S* on syde *C* And thenne sir launcelots party withdrewe hem in to his Castel 8–9 that was betwene kynge Arthur and sir Launcelot hit *not in C*† 9–11 *C* al crystendome & at the last it was noysed afore the pope and he consyderyng the grete 12 of the hyghe proues *not in C* 13 *C* knyghtes 16–17 *W* gaff undir leade *C** gaf hym bulles (*see note*) 17 and sente hem *not in C*† *C* vnto kynge Arthur of Englond chargynge 19 *C* quene dame Gueneuer vnto hym ageyne 21 *C* kynge these bulles 21–22 *C* vnderstood these bulles he nyst what 22 but *not in C* 24 *C* but as for to haue the quene ther to he agreed 25 *C* wyse syre Gawayne wold not suffer 28 *C* true ennoynted 28–29 *C* come sauf and goo sauf 29–30 *C* be spoken vnto 31 *C* done afore tyme past

Bysshop brought with hym sure wrytynge to shew unto sir Launcelot.

So whan the Bysshop was com to Joyous Garde, there he shewed sir Launcelot how he cam frome the Pope with wrytynge unto kyng Arthur and unto hym. And there he tolde hym the perelis, gyff he wythhelde the quene frome the kynge.

'Sir, hit was never in my thought', seyde sir Launcelot, 'to withholde the quene frome my lorde Arthur, but I kepe her for thys cause: insomuche as she shulde have be brente for my sake, mesemed hit was my parte to save her lyff and put her from that daunger tyll bettir recover myght com. And now I thanke God,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that the Pope hathe made he[r] pease. For God knowyth,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll be a thousandefolde more gladder to brynge her agayne than ever I was of her takyng away, wyth thys I may be sure to com sauff and go sauff, and that the quene shall 464v have her lyberté, and never for nothyng that hath be surmysed afore thys tyme that she never frome thys stonde in no perell. For ellis,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I dare adventure me to kepe her frome an harder showre than ever yet I had.'

'Sir, hit shall nat nede you', seyde the Bysshop, 'to drede thus muche, for wyte yow well, the Pope muste be obeyed, and hit were nat the Popis worshyp nother my poure honesté to know you distressed nother the quene, nother in perell nother shamed.'

And than he shewed sir Launcelot all hys wrytynge bothe frome the Pope and kynge Arthure.

'Thys ys sure ynow,' seyde sir Launcelot. 'For full well I dare truste my lordys owne wrytyng and hys seale, for he was never shamed of hys promyse. Therefore,' seyde sir Launcelot unto the Bysshop, 'ye shall ryde unto the kynge afore and recommaunde me unto hys good grace, and lat hym have knowlecchynge that the same day eyght dayes, by the grace of God, I myselff shall brynge the quene unto hym. And than

1 with *not in S* *C* sure assuraunce & wrytynge unto *not in C* 4–5 *C* how the pope had wryten to Arthur 7 Sir *not in C* 8–9 I kepe her (*W* here) for thys cause *not in C*† 9 as *not in C* 9–10 *C* haue ben dede for my sake me semeth 13 *C** made her pees 17 *C** lyberte as she had before and 18 that *not in C* 20–21 *C* euer I kepte her It shal 21–22 *C* drede soo moche 24 *C* to wete yow 27 *C* and from kynge Arthur 33 *C* that this same 34 *C* brynge my lady Quene Guenuer vnto

sey ye to my moste redouted kynge that I woll sey largely for the quene, that I shall none excepte for drede nother for feare but the kynge hymselff and my lorde sir Gawayne; and that ys for the kyngis love more than for hymselff.'

5 So the Bysshop departed and cam to the kynge to Carlehyll, and tolde hym all how sir Launcelot answerd hym; so that made the teares falle oute at the kyngis yen. Than sir Launcelot purveyed hym an hondred knyghtes, and all well clothed in grene velvet, and their horsis trapped in the same 10 to the heelys, and every knyght hylde a braunche of olyff in hys honde in tokenyng of pees. And the quene had four-and-twenty jantillwomen folowyng her in the same wyse. And sir Launcelot had twelve coursers folowyng hym, and 465r on every courser sate a yonge jantylman; and all they were 15 arayed in whyght velvet with sarpis of golde aboute their quarters, and the horse trapped in the same wyse down to the helys, wyth many owchys, isette with stonys and perelys in golde, to the numbir of a thousande. And in the same wyse was the quene arayed, and sir Launcelot in the same, of 20 whyght clothe of golde tyssew.

And ryght so as ye have herde, as the Freynshe booke makyth mencion, he rode with the quene frome Joyus Garde to Carlehyll. And so sir Launcelot rode thorowoute Carlehylle, and so into the castell, that all men myght beholde 25 hem. And there was many a wepyng ien.

And than sir Launcelot hymselff alyght and voyded hys horse, and toke adowne the quene, and so lad her where kyng Arthur was in hys seate; and sir Gawayne sate afore hym, and many other grete lordys.

30 So whan sir Launcelot saw the kynge and sir Gawayne, than he lad the quene by the arme, and than he kneled downe and the quene bothe. Wyte you well, than was there many a bolde knyght wyth kynge Arthur that wepte as tendirly as they had seyne all their kynne dede afore them!

2–3 *C* drede nor fere 4 *C* that is more for the kynges loue than 6–7 *C** ansuerd hym and thenne the teres brast oute of the 8–9 *C** alle were clothed 9 in the same *not in C*† 15 *C* in grene veluet with 18–20 *C** thowsand and she and sir Launcelot were clothed in whyte clothe 25 hem *not in C* *C* & wete you wel ther was many 27 adowne *not in C* 33 a *not in C*† *C* knyghte ther with 33–34 *C* as though they had 34 dede *not in C*†

So the kynge sate stylle and seyde no worde. And whan sir Launcelot saw hys countenaunce he arose up and pulled up the quene with hym, and thus he seyde full knyghtly:

'My moste redouted kynge, ye shall undirstonde, by the (15)
Popis commaundemente and youres I have brought to you 5
my lady the quene, as ryght requyryth. And if there be ony knyght, of what degré that ever he be off, except your person, that woll sey or dare say but that she ys trew and clene to you, I here myselff, sir Launcelot du Lake, woll make hit good uppon hys body that she ys a trew lady unto you. 10

'But, sir, lyars ye have lystened, and that hath caused grete debate betwyxte you and me. For tyme hath bene, my lorde Arthur, that [y]e were gretly pleased with me whan 465v
I ded batayle for my lady, youre quene; and full well ye know, my moste noble kynge, that she hathe be put to grete 15
wronge or thys tyme. And sytthyn hyt pleased you at many tymys that I shulde feyght for her, therefore mesemyth, my good lorde, I had more cause to rescow her from the fyer whan she sholde have ben brente for my sake.

'For they that tolde you tho talys were lyars, and so hit 20
felle uppon them: for by lyklyhode, had nat the myght of God bene with me, I myght never have endured with fourtene knyghtes, and they armed and afore purposed, and I unarmed and nat purposed; for I was sente unto my lady, youre quyne, I wote nat for what cause, but I was nat so 25
sone within the chambir dore but anone sir Aggravayne and sir Mordred called me traytoure and false recrayed knyght.'

'Be my fayth, they called the ryght!' seyde sir Gawayne.

'My lorde, sir Gawayne,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'in their quarell they preved nat hemselff the beste, nother in the 30
ryght.'

'Well, well, sir Launcelot,' seyde the kynge, 'I have gyvyn you no cause to do to me as ye have done, for I have worshipt you and youres more than ony othir knyghtes.'

2 *C* arose and 3 *C* he spak ful 4 *C*† Capitulum xiiii 7 *C* of what someuer degree that he be excepte 11 sir *not in C* 12 grete *not in C*† 13 *W* he were *C* ye* haue ben 17 *W* and therefore (*not in C*) 18–19 *C* fyre in soo moche she shold 21 *C* felle *S* befelle 22–23 *C* endured fourten 24 *C* sente for vnto 27 false *not in C* 28 Be my fayth *not in C* 30–31 *C* preued hem self not in the ryght 32 *W* well seyde sir Launcelot seyde the kynge 32–33 *C* gyuen the no 33 *C* as thou hast 33–34 *C* worshypped the and thyn more than ony of alle my knyghtes

'My lorde,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'so ye be nat displeased, ye shall undirstonde that I and myne have done you oftyntymes bettir servyse than ony othir knyghtes have done, in many dyverce placis; and where ye have bene full ha[r]d bestadde dyvers tymes, I have rescowed you frome many daungers; and ever unto my power I was glad to please you and my lorde sir Gawayne. In justis and in turnementis and in batayles set, bothe on horsebak and on foote, I have oftyn rescowed you, and you, my lorde sir Gawayne, and many mo of youre knyghtes in many dyvers placis.

466r 'For now I woll make avaunte,' seyde sir Launcelot. 'I woll that ye all wyte that as yet I founde never no maner of knyght but that I was over harde for hym and I had done myne utteraunce, God graunte mercy! Howbehit I have be macched with good knyghtes, as sir Trystram and sir Lamorak, but ever I had favoure unto them and a demyng what they were. And I take God to recorde, I never was wrothe nor gretly hevy wyth no good knyght and I saw hym besy and aboute to wyn worshyp; and glad I was ever whan I founde a good knyght that myght onythynge endure me on horsebak and on foote. Howbehit sir Carados of the Dolerous Toure was a full noble knyght and a passynge stronge man, and that wote ye, my lorde sir Gawayne; for he myght well be called a noble knyght whan he be fyne fors pulled you oute of your sadyll and bounde you overthwarte afore hym to hys sadyll-bow. And there, my lorde sir Gawayne, I rescowed you and slew hym afore your syght. Also I founde youre brothir, sir Gaherys, and sir Terquyn ledyng hym bounden afore hym; and there also I rescowed youre brothir and slew sir Terquyn and delyverde three score and four of my lorde Arthurs knyghtes oute of hys preson. And now I dare sey,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I mette never wyth so stronge a knyght nor so well-fyghtyng as was sir Carados and sir Tarquyn, for they and I faught to the uttermest.

1 *C* My good* lord 2 that *not in C* 2–3 *C* ofte better 5 *C* I haue my self 7 *C* Gawayne bothe in 9 and you *not in C* 12 as *not in C* 14 *C* vtteraunce thāked be god how be it 17 *C* record sayd syr launcelot I 19 *C* besy aboute 20 *C* fonde ony knyghte onythynge *not in C* 24 you *not in S* 27–28 *C* fonde his broder syr Turquyn in lyke wyse ledyng sir Gaherys youre broder boūden 29 *C* there I rescowed 29–30 *C* slewe that Turquyn 32 sir *not in S* 32–33 *C* knyghtes nor 34 *C* for I fought with them to the

'And therefore,' seyde sir Launcelot unto sir Gawayne, 'mesemyth ye ought of ryght to remembir this; for, and I myght have youre good wyll, I wold truste to God for to have my lorde Arthurs good grace.'

'Sir, the kynge may do as he wyll,' seyde sir Gawayne, 5 (16) 'but wyte thou well, sir Launcelot, thou and I shall never be accorded whyle we lyve, for thou hast slayne three of my brethyrn. And two of hem thou slew traytourly and piteuously, for they bare none harneys ayenste the, nother none **466** wold do.' 10

'Sir, God wolde they had ben armed,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for than had they ben on lyve. And [wete you well, sir Gawayne, as] for Gareth, I loved no kynnesman I had more than I loved hym, and ever whyle I lyve,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll bewayle sir Gareth hys dethe, nat all only for the 15 grete feare I have of you, but for many causys whych causyth me to be sorowfull. One is that I made hym knyght; another ys, I wote well he loved me aboven all othir knyghtes; and the third ys, he was passyng noble and trew, curteyse and jantill and well-condicionde. The fourthe ys, I wyste well, 20 anone as I harde that sir Gareth was dede, I knew well that I shulde never aftir have youre love, my lorde sir Gawayne, but everlastyng warre betwyxt us. And also I wyste well that ye wolde [cause] my noble lorde kynge Arthur for ever to be my mortall foo. And as Jesu be my helpe, and be my 25 knyghthode, I slewe never sir Gareth nother hys brother be my wyllynge, but alas that ever they were unarmed that unhappy day!

'But this much I shall offir me to you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'if hit may please the kyngis good grace and you, my lorde 30 sir Gawayne: I shall firste begyn at Sandwyche, and there I shall go in my shearte, bare-foote; and at every ten myles ende I shall founde and gar make an house of relygion, of what order that ye woll assygne me, with an holé covente, to synge and rede day and nyght in especiall for sir Gareth sake 35

5, 11 Sir *not in C* 8 *C* ye slewe 10 *C* wold bere 12–13 *O*[1] lyve A[s] for 13–14 *C* loued none of my kynnesman so moche as I dyd hym 16–17 *C* but many causes causen me 17 *C* is for I made 19 *C* noble true 21 I knew well that *not in C* 22 my lorde sir Gawayne *not in C* 25–26 *C*† help sayd syr Launcelot I slewe 26–27 *C* Gareth nor sir Gaherys by my wylle but 29 to you *not in C* 33 *S* endes *C* wylle founde *WO*[1] relygions 35 *W* sygne

and sir Gaherys. And thys shall I perfourme [from Sandwyche unto Carlyle; and every house shall have suffycyent lyvelod. And thys shall I perfourme] whyle that I have ony lyvelod in Crystyndom, and there ys none of all thes religious placis but they shall be perfourmed, furnysshed and garnysshed with all thyngis as an holy place ought to be. And thys were 467r fayrar and more holyar and more perfyte to their soulis than ye, my moste noble kynge, and you, sir Gawayne, to warre uppon me, for thereby shall ye gete none avayle.'

Than all the knyghtes and ladyes that were there wepte as they were madde, and the tearys felle on kynge Arthur hys chekis.

'Sir Launcelot,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I have ryght well harde thy langayge and thy grete proffirs. But wyte thou well, lat the kynge do as hit pleasith hym, I woll never forgyff the my brothirs dethe, and in especiall the deth of my brothir sir Gareth. And if myne uncle, kynge Arthur, wyll accorde wyth the, he shall loose my servys, for wyte thou well,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'thou arte bothe false to the kynge and to me.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'he beryth nat the lyff that may make hit good! And ye, sir Gawayne, woll charge me with so hyghe a thynge, ye muste pardone me, for than nedis must I answere you.'

'Nay, nay,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'we ar paste that as at thys tyme, and that causyth the Pope, for he hath charged myne uncle the kynge that he shall take agayne his quene and to accorde wyth the, sir Launcelot, as for thys season, and therefore thou shalt go sauff as thou com. But in this londe thou shalt nat abyde paste a fiftene dayes, such somons I gyff the, for so the kynge and we were condescended and accorded ar thou cam. And ellis,' seyde sir Gawayn, 'wyte thou well, thou shulde nat a comyn here but if hit were magré

1–3 *C** performe from Sandwyche vnto Carleil And euery hows shal haue suffycyent lyuelode and this shal I performe (*homoeoteluton in W*) 4 *C* there nys none 5–6 *C* garnysshed in alle 6–7 *C** be I promyse yow feythfully And this sir Gawayne me thynketh were more fayrer holyer & more better to their 14 *C* thy speche and 15 *C* pleasyd 15–16 *C* forgyue my 19 seyde sir Gawayne *not in C* 22 *C* make that good And yf ye 25 *C* Nay sayd as *not in C* 26 *C* caused 27 *C* take his Quene ageyne 29, 32 *C* camest 30 a *not in C* 31 for *not in C* *C* were consented 33 *C* sholdest

thyne hede. And if hit were nat for the Popis commaundement,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'I shulde do batayle with the myne owne hondis, body for body, and preve hit uppon the that thou haste ben both false unto myne uncle, kynge Arthur, and to me bothe; and that shall I preve on thy body, whan thou arte departed fro hense, wheresomever that I fynde the!'

Than sir Launcelotte syghed, and therewith the tearys 467ᵛ(17
felle on hys chekys, and than he seyde thus:

'Moste nobelyst Crysten realme, whom I have loved aboven all othir realmys! And in the I have gotyn a grete parte of my worshyp, and now that I shall departe in thys wyse, truly me repentis that ever I cam in thys realme, that I shulde be thus shamefully banysshyd, undeserved and causeles! But fortune ys so varyaunte, and the wheele so mutable, that there ys no constaunte abydynge. And that may be preved by many olde cronycles, as of noble Ector of Troy and Alysaunder, the myghty conquerroure, and many mo other: whan they were moste in her royalté, they alyght passyng lowe. And so faryth hit by me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for in thys realme I had worshyp, and be me and myne all the hole Rounde Table hath bene encreced more in worshyp, by me and myne, than ever hit was by ony of you all.

'And therefore wyte thou well, sir Gawayne, I may lyve uppon my londis as well as ony knyght that here ys. And yf ye, my moste redoutted kynge, woll com uppon my londys with sir Gawayne to warre uppon me, I muste endure you as well as I may. But as to you, sir Gawayne, if that ye com there, I pray you charge me nat wyth treson nother felony, for and ye do, I muste answere you.'

'Do thou thy beste,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'and therefore hyghe the faste that thou were gone! And wyte thou well we shall sone com aftir, and breke th[e] strengyst castell that thou hast, uppon thy hede!'

'Hyt shall nat nede that,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for and I were as orgulous sette as ye ar, wyte you well I shulde mete you in myddys of the fylde.'

3 *C* owne body ageynst thy body 6, 11 that *not in C* 9 *C* Allas moost noble 15 *C* meuable there nys none 16 as *not in C* 16–17 *C*† Ector and Troylus and Alysander 18–19 *C* alyghte lowest and 21 *C* hole *S* whole 22–23 *C* myn blood than by ony other And therfor 25 *C* ye moost 30 and *not in C*† 32 *W* thy 34 *C* That shalle not nede sayd

'Make thou no more langayge,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'but delyvir the quene from the, and pyke the lyghtly oute of thys courte!'

468r 'Well,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'and I had wyste of thys shortecomyng, I wolde a advysed me twyse or that I had com here. For and the quene had be so dere unto me as ye noyse her, I durste have kepte her frome the felyshyp of the beste knyghtes undir hevyn.'

And than sir Launcelot seyde unto quene Gwenyver in hyryng of the kynge and hem all,

'Madame, now I muste departe from you and thys noble felyshyp for ever. And sytthyn hit ys so, I besech you to pray for me, and I shall pray for you. And telle ye me, and if ye be harde bestad by ony false tunges, but lyghtly, my good lady, sende me worde; and if ony knyghtes hondys undir the hevyn may delyver you by batayle, I shall delyver you.'

And therewithall sir Launcelot kyssed the quene, and than he seyde all opynly,

'Now lat se whatsomever he be in thys place that dare sey the quene ys nat trew unto my lorde Arthur, lat se who woll speke and he dare speke.'

And therewith he brought the quene to the kynge, and than sir Launcelot toke hys leve and departed. And there was nother kynge, duke, erle, barowne, nor knyght, lady nor jantyllwoman, but all they wepte as people oute of mynde, excepte sir Gawayne. And whan thys noble knyght sir Launcelot toke his horse to ryde oute of Carlehyll, there was sobbyng and wepyng for pure dole of hys departynge.

And so he toke his way to Joyous Garde, and than ever afftir he called hit the 'Dolerous [Garde]'. And thus departed sir Launcelot frome the courte for ever.

And so whan he cam to Joyous Garde he called hys felyshyp unto hym and asked them what they wolde do. Than they answerde all holé togydirs with one voyce, they wold do as he wolde do.

'Than, my fayre felowys,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I muste

6 *C* comen hyder 9 quene *not in C* 12–13 *C* praye for me and saye me wel and yf ye be 14 but *not in C* good *not in C* 15–16 undir the hevyn *not in C*† 19 *C* what he be 20 *W* who who 24 *C* duke ne erle baron ne knyghte 25 *C* of their mynde 26 knyght *not in C* 30 *C** gard *W* towre 35 *C* wold as 36 Than *not in C*

departe oute of thys moste noble realme. And now I shall 468v
departe, hit grevyth me sore, for I shall departe with no worship; fo[r] a fleymed man departith never oute of a realme with no worship. And that ys to me grete hevynes, for ever I feare aftir my dayes that men shall cronycle uppon me that I was fleamed oute of thys londe. And ellis, my fayre lordis, be ye sure, and I had nat drad shame, my lady quene Gwenyvere and I shulde never have departed.'

Than spake noble knyghtes, as sir Palomydes and sir Saffyr, hys brothir, and sir Bellynger le Bewse, and sir Urré with sir Lavayne, with many other:

'Sir, and ye woll so be disposed to abyde in thys londe we woll never fayle you; and if ye lyste nat abyde in thys londe, there ys none of the good knyghtes that here be that woll fayle you, for many causis. One ys, all we that be nat of your bloode shall never be wellcom unto the courte. And sytthyn hit lyked us to take a parte with you in youre distres in this realme, wyte you well hit shall lyke us as well to go in othir contreyes with you and there to take suche parte as ye do.'

'My fayre lordys,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I well undirstond you, and as I can, I thanke you. And ye shall undirstonde, suche lyvelode as I am borne unto I shall departe with you in thys maner of wyse: that ys for to say, I shall departe all my lyvelode and all my londis frely amonge you, and myselff woll have as lytyll as ony of you; for, have I sufficiaunte that may longe unto my person, I woll aske none other ryches nother aray. And I truste to God to maynteyne you on my londys as well as ever ye were maynteyned.'

Than spake all the knyghtes at onys: 'Have he shame that woll leve you! For we all undirstonde, in thys realme [woll be no] quyett, but ever debate and stryff, now the felyshyp 469r
of the Rounde Table ys brokyn. For by the noble felyshyp of the Rounde Table was kynge Arthur upborne, and by their nobeles the kynge and all the realme was ever in quyet and

4 *C* that is my heuynes 9 *C* spak many noble 9–10 *C* Palomydes sir Safyr 12 *C* ye be so 13 *C* not to abyde 14 *C* there nys *C* ben will 17 *C** distresse & heuynesse in 18 *S* vs al† as wel 21 *C* can thanke 24–25 *C* I my self 26–27 *C*† other ryche araye 28 euer were mayntened ony knyȝtes 29 *C*† spap *C* he haue 30–31 *C** vnderstande in this realme wyll be now no quyete but euer stryf and debate now *W* undirstonde was never quyett in thys realme (*see note*) 34 *C* alle his realme was in quyete

reste. And a grete parte', they sayde all, 'was because of youre moste nobeles, sir Launcelot.'

(18) 'Now, truly I thanke you all of youre good sayinge! Howbehit I wote well that in me was nat all the stabilité of thys realme, but in that I myght I ded my dever. And well I am sure I knew many rebellyons in my dayes that by me and myne were peased; and that I trow we all shall here of in shorte space, and that me sore repentith. For ever I drede me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that sir Mordred woll make trouble, for he ys passyng envyous and applyeth hym muche to trouble.'

And so they were accorded to departe wyth sir Launcelot to hys landys. And to make shorte thys tale, they trussed and payed all that wolde aske them; and holé an hondred knyghtes departed with sir Launcelot at onys, and made their avowis they wolde never leve hym for weale ne for woo.

And so they shypped at Cardyff, and sayled unto Benwyke: som men calle hit Bayan and som men calle hit Beawme, where the wyne of Beawme ys. But say the sothe, sir Launcelott and hys neveawis was lorde of all Fraunce and of all the londis that longed unto Fraunce; he and hys kynrede rejoysed hit all thorow sir Launcelottis noble proues.

And than he stuffed and furnysshed and garnysshed all his noble townys and castellis. Than all the people of th[o] landis cam unto sir Launcelot on foote and hondis. And so whan he had stabelysshed all those contreyes, he shortly called a parlement; and there he crowned sir Lyonell kynge
469v off Fraunce, and sir Bors he crowned hym kynge of all kyng Claudas londis, and sir Ector de Marys, sir Launcelottis yonger brother, he crowned hym kynge of Benwyke and kynge of all Gyan, whych was sir Launcelottis owne londys. And he made sir Ector prynce of them all.

And thus he departed hys londis and avaunced all hys

2–3 *C* your noblesse Capitulum xviii Truly sayd sir Launcelot I thanke yow 4, 7 that *not in C* 6–7 and myne *not in C* 7 *C* of hem in 10 muche *not in C* 12 *C* accorded to go with 13 thys *not in C* 15 *W* departed departed 16 *C* wele nor for 18–19 *C* it bayen and somme men calle it Beaume where the wyn of beaume is But to saye 20 *C* neuewes were lordis of 23 *C* thenne sir Launcelot stuffed 24 *W* of the *C** of tho 25 *C* soo *S* so 26 *C* stabled alle these 28 he *not in C* 29–30 *C* marys that was sir launcelot yongest broder 31 *C* Gyan that was sir launcelot owne land 33 *C*† & thus he departed Thenne sir Launcelot auaunced alle his

noble knyghtes. And firste he avaunced them off hys blood, as sir Blamour, he made hym duke of Lymosyn in Gyan, and sir Bleoberys, he made hym duke of Payters. And sir Gahalantyne, he made hym deuke of Overn; and sir Galyodyn, he made hym deuke of Sentonge; and sir Galyhud, he made hym erle of Perygot; and sir Menaduke, he made hym erle of Roerge; and sir Vyllars the Valyaunt, he made hym erle of Bearne; and sir Hebes le Renownes, he made hym erle of Comange; and sir Lavayne, he made hym erle of Armynake; and sir Urré, he made hym erle of Estrake; and sir Neroveus, he made hym erle of Pardyak; and sir Plenoryus, he made hym erle of Foyse; and sir Selyses of the Dolerous Toure, he made hym erle of Ma⟨r⟩sank; and sir Melyas de le Ile, he made hym erle of Tursanke; and sir Bellyngere le Bewse, he made hym erle of the Lawundis; and sir Palomydes, he made hym deuke of Provynce; and sir Saffir, he made hym deuke of Landok. And sir Clegys, he gaff hym the erle[dome] of Agente; and sir Sadok, he gaff hym the erledom of Sarlat; and sir Dynas le Senesciall, he made hym deuke of Angeoy; and sir Clarrus, he made hym duke of Normandy.

Thus sir Launcelot rewarded hys noble knyghtes, and many mo that mesemyth hit were to longe to rehers.

1–2 *C* blood that was syr 3 *C* of poyters 12, 15, 19 hym *not in C* 13 *W* Mansank (=Marsan) *C*† Masauke 15 *C* laundes 16 *C*† of the prouynce 18 *C* erldome 19 *C*† Surlat 20 Anioye

2. *The Vengeance of sir Gawain*

(Caxton XX, 9–18)

Now turn we again unto king Arthur, that when it was told him how and in what manner the queen was taken away from the fire, and when he heard of the death of his noble knights, and in especial sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, then he swooned for very pure sorrow. And when he awoke of his swough then he said, 'Alas, that ever I bore crown upon my head! For now have I lost the fairest fellowship of noble knights that ever held Christian king togethers. Alas, my good knights be slain and gone away from me, that now within this two days I have lost nigh forty knights and also the noble fellowship of sir Lancelot and his blood, for now I may nevermore hold them togethers with my worship. Now, alas! that ever this war began!

'Now, fair fellows,' said the king, 'I charge you that no man tell sir Gawain of the death of his two brethren, for I am sure,' said the king, 'when he heareth tell that sir Gareth is dead, he will go nigh out of his mind. Mercy Jesu!' said the king, 'why slew he sir Gaheris and sir Gareth? For I dare say, as for sir Gareth, he loved sir Lancelot of all men earthly.'

'That is truth,' said some knights, 'but they were slain in the hurling, as sir Lancelot thrang in the thickest of the press. And as they were unarmed, he smote them and wist not whom that he smote, and so unhappily they were slain.'

'Well,' said Arthur, 'the death of them will cause the greatest mortal war that ever was, for I am sure that when sir Gawain knoweth hereof that sir Gareth is slain, I shall never have rest of him till I have destroyed sir Lancelot's kin and himself both, other else he to destroy me. And

therefore,' said the king, 'wit you well, my heart was never so heavy as it is now. And much more I am sorrier for my good knights' loss than for the loss of my fair queen; for queens I might have enough, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be togethers in no company. And now I dare say,' said king Arthur, 'there was never Christian king that ever held such a fellowship togethers. And alas, that ever sir Lancelot and I should be at debate! Ah! Agravain, Agravain!' said the king, 'Jesu forgive it thy soul, for thine evil will that thou haddest and sir Mordred, thy brother, unto sir Lancelot hath caused all this sorrow.' And ever among these complaints the king wept and swooned.

Then came there one to sir Gawain and told him how the queen was led away with sir Lancelot, and nigh a four-and-twenty knights slain. 'Ah! Jesu, save me my two brethren!' said sir Gawain, 'For full well wist I,' said sir Gawain, 'that sir Lancelot would rescue her, other else he would die in that field. And to say the truth he were not of worship but if he had rescued the queen, insomuch as she should have be burnt for his sake. And as in that,' said sir Gawain, 'he hath done but knightly, and as I would have done myself and I had stand in like case. But where are my brethren?' said sir Gawain, 'I marvel that I see not of them.'

Then said that man, 'Truly, sir Gaheris and sir Gareth be slain.'

'Jesu defend!' said sir Gawain. 'For all this world I would not that they were slain, and in especial my good brother sir Gareth.'

'Sir,' said the man, 'he is slain, and that is great pity.'

'Who slew him?' said sir Gawain.

'Sir Lancelot,' said the man, 'slew them both.'

'That may I not believe,' said sir Gawain, 'that ever he slew my good brother sir Gareth, for I dare say, my brother loved him better than me and all his brethren and the king both. Also I dare say, and sir Lancelot had desired my brother sir Gareth with him, he would have been with him against the king and us all. And therefore I may never believe that sir Lancelot slew my brethren.'

'Verily, sir,' said the man, 'it is noised that he slew him.'

'Alas,' said sir Gawain, 'now is my joy gone!'

And then he fell down and swooned, and long he lay there as he had been dead. And when he arose out of his swough he cried out sorrowfully and said, 'Alas!'

And forthwith he ran unto the king, crying and weeping, and said, 'Ah! mine uncle, king Arthur! My good brother sir Gareth is slain, and so is my brother sir Gaheris, which were two noble knights.' Then the king wept and he both, and so they fell on swooning. And when they were revived, then spoke sir Gawain and said, 'Sir, I will go and see my brother sir Gareth.' 'Sir, ye may not see him,' said the king, 'for I caused him to be interred and sir Gaheris both, for I well understood that ye would make overmuch sorrow, and the sight of sir Gareth should have caused your double sorrow.'

'Alas, my lord,' said sir Gawain, 'how slew he my brother sir Gareth? I pray you tell me.' 'Truly,' said the king, 'I shall tell you as it hath been told me: sir Lancelot slew him and sir Gaheris both.' 'Alas,' said sir Gawain, 'they bore none arms against him, neither of them both.' 'I wot not how it was,' said the king, 'but as it is said, sir Lancelot slew them in the thickest of the* press and knew them not. And therefore let us shape a remedy for to revenge their deaths.'

'My king, my lord, and mine uncle,' said sir Gawain, 'wit you well, now I shall make you a promise which I shall hold by my knighthood, that from this day forward I shall never fail sir Lancelot until that one of us have slain that other. And therefore I require you, my lord and king, dress you unto the war, for wit you well, I will be revenged upon sir Lancelot; and therefore, as ye will have my service and my love, now haste you thereto and assay your friends. For I promise unto God,' said sir Gawain, 'for the death of my brother, sir Gareth, I shall seek sir Lancelot throughout seven king's realms, but I shall slay him, other else he shall slay me.'

'Sir, ye shall not need to seek him so far,' said the king, 'for as I hear say, sir Lancelot will abide me and us all within the castle of Joyous Gard. And much people draweth unto him, as I hear say.'

'That may I right well believe,' said sir Gawain; 'but, my lord,' he said, 'assay your friends and I will assay mine.'

'It shall be done,' said the king, 'and as I suppose I shall be big enough to drive him out of the biggest tower of his castle.'

So then the king sent letters and writs throughout all England, both the length and the breadth, for to assummon all his knights. And so unto king Arthur drew many knights, dukes, and earls, that he had a great host, and when they were assembled the king informed them how sir Lancelot had bereft him his queen. Then the king and

all his host made them ready to lay siege about sir Lancelot where he lay within Joyous Gard.

And anon sir Lancelot heard thereof and purveyed him of many good knights; for with him held many knights, some for his own sake and some for the queen's sake. Thus they were on both parties well furnished and garnished of all manner of thing that longed unto the war. But king Arthur's host was so great that sir Lancelot's host would not abide him in the field. For he was full loth to do battle against the king; but sir Lancelot drew him unto his strong castle with all manner of victual plenty, and as many noble men as he might suffice within the town and the castle.

Then came king Arthur with sir Gawain with a great host and laid siege all about Joyous Gard, both the town and the castle. And there they made strong war on both parties, but in no wise sir Lancelot would ride out of the castle of long time; and nother he would not suffer none of his good knights to issue out, nother of the town nother of the castle, until fifteen weeks were past.

So it fell upon a day in harvest time that sir Lancelot looked over the walls and spoke on height unto king Arthur and to sir Gawain:

'My lords both, wit you well all this is in vain that ye make at this siege, for here win ye no worship, but malgré and dishonour. For and it list me to come myself out and my good knights, I should full soon make an end of this war.'

'Come forth,' said king Arthur unto sir Lancelot, 'and thou durst, and I promise thee I shall meet thee in mids of this field.'

'God defend me,' said sir Lancelot, 'that ever I should encounter with the most noble king that made me knight.'

'Now, fie upon thy fair language!' said the king, 'for wit thou well and trust it, I am thy mortal foe and ever will to my death-day; for thou hast slain my good knights and full noble men of my blood, that shall I never recover again. Also thou hast lain by my queen and holden her many winters, and sithen, like a traitor, taken her away from me by force.'

'My most noble lord and king,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye may say what ye will, for ye wot well with yourself I will not strive. But thereas ye say that I have slain your good knights, I wot well that I have done so, and that me sore repenteth; but I was forced to do battle with them

in saving of my life, other else I must have suffered them to have slain me. And as for my lady queen Guenevere, except your person of your highness and my lord sir Gawain, there nis no knight under heaven that dare make it good upon me that ever I was traitor unto your person. And where it please you to say that I have holden my lady, your queen, years and winters, unto that I shall ever make a large answer, and prove it upon any knight that beareth the life, except your person and sir Gawain, that my lady, queen Guenevere, is as true a lady unto your person as is any lady living unto her lord, and that will I make good with my hands. Howbeit it hath liked her good grace to have me in favour and cherish me more than any other knight, and unto my power again I have deserved her love. For oftentimes, my lord, ye have consented that she should have be burnt and destroyed in your heat, and then it fortuned me to do battle for her, and or I departed from her adversary they confessed their untruth and she full worshipfully excused. And at such times, my lord Arthur,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye loved me and thanked me when I saved your queen from the fire, and then ye promised me for ever to be my good lord. And now methinketh ye reward me evil for my good service. And, my lord, meseemeth I had lost a great part of my worship in my knighthood and I had suffered my lady, your queen, to have been burnt, and insomuch as she should have been burnt for my sake; for sithen I have done battles for your queen in other quarrels than in mine own quarrel, meseemeth now I had more right to do battle for her in her right quarrel. And therefore, my good and gracious lord,' said sir Lancelot, 'take your queen unto your good grace, for she is both true and good.'

'Fie on thee, false recrayed knight!' said sir Gawain. 'For I let thee wit: my lord, mine uncle king Arthur shall have his queen and thee both maugre thy visage, and slay you both and save you whether it please him.'

'It may well be,' said sir Lancelot, 'but wit thou well, my lord sir Gawain, and me list to come out of this castle ye should win me and the queen more harder than ever ye won a strong battle.'

'Now, fie on thy proud words!' said sir Gawain. 'As for my lady the queen, wit thou well I will never say of her shame. But thou, false and recrayed knight,' said sir Gawain, 'what cause haddest thou to slay my good brother sir Gareth that loved thee more than me and

all my kin? And alas, thou madest him knight, thine own hands! Why slewest thou him that loved thee so well?'

'For to excuse me,' said sir Lancelot, 'it boteneth me not, but by Jesu, and by the faith that I owe unto the high Order of Knighthood, I would with as good a will have slain my nephew, sir Bors de Ganis, at that time. And alas, that ever I was so unhappy,' said sir Lancelot, 'that I had not seen sir Gareth and sir Gaheris!'

'Thou liest, recrayed knight,' said sir Gawain. 'Thou slewest them in the despite of me. And therefore wit thou well, sir Lancelot, I shall make war upon thee, and all the while that I may live be thine enemy!'

'That me repents,' said sir Lancelot, 'for well I understand it boteneth me not to seek none accordment while ye, sir Gawain, are so mischievously set. And if ye were not, I would not doubt to have the good grace of my lord king Arthur.'

'I lieve well, false recrayed knight, for thou hast many long days overled me and us all, and destroyed many of our good knights.'

'Sir, ye say as it pleaseth you,' said sir Lancelot, 'yet may it never be said on me and openly proved that ever I by forecast of treason slew no good knight as ye, my lord sir Gawain, have done; and so did I never but in my defence, that I was driven thereto in saving of my life.'

'Ah! thou false knight,' said sir Gawain, 'that thou meanest by sir Lamorak. But wit thou well I slew him!'

'Sir, ye slew him not yourself,' said sir Lancelot, 'for it had been overmuch on hand for you to have slain him;* for he was one of the best knights christened of his age. And it was great pity of his death!'

'Well, well, sir Lancelot,' said sir Gawain, 'sithen thou enbraidest me of sir Lamorak, wit thou well, I shall never leave thee till I have thee at such avail that thou shalt not escape my hands.'

'I trust you well enough,' said sir Lancelot. 'And ye may get me, I get but little mercy.'

But the French book saith king Arthur would have taken his queen again and to have been accorded with sir Lancelot, but sir Gawain would not suffer him by no manner of mean. And so sir Gawain made many men to blow upon sir Lancelot, and so all at once they called him 'False recrayed knight.' But when sir Bors de Ganis, sir Ector de Maris and sir Lionel heard this outcry they called unto them sir Palomides, sir Saphir's brother,* and sir Lavain and sir Urry with many mo

knights of their blood, and all they went unto sir Lancelot and said thus: 'My lord, wit you well we have great scorn of the great rebukes that we have heard sir Gawain say unto you. Wherefore we pray you, and charge you as ye will have our service, keep us no longer within these walls, for we let you wit plainly we will ride into the field and do battle with them. For ye fare as a man that were afeared, and for all your* fair speech it will not avail you, for wit you well sir Gawain will never suffer you to accord with king Arthur. And therefore fight for your life and right, and ye dare.' 'Alas,' said sir Lancelot, 'for to ride out of this castle and to do battle I am full loth.'

Then sir Lancelot spoke on height unto king Arthur and sir Gawain: 'My lord, I require and beseech you, sithen that I am thus required and conjured to ride into the field, that neither you, my lord king Arthur, nother you, sir Gawain, come not into the field.'

'What shall we do?' then said sir Gawain. 'Is not this the king's quarrel to fight with thee? And also it is my quarrel to fight with thee because of the death of my brother, sir Gareth.'

'Then must I needs unto battle,' said sir Lancelot. 'Now wit you well, my lord Arthur and sir Gawain, ye will repent it whensomever I do battle with you.' And so then they departed either from other.

And then either party made them ready on the morn for to do battle, and great purveyance was made on both sides. And sir Gawain let purvey many knights for to wait upon sir Lancelot for to overset him and to slay him. And on the morn at undern king Arthur was ready in the field with three great hosts. And then sir Lancelot's fellowship came out at the three gates in full good array. And sir Lionel came in the foremost battle, and sir Lancelot came in the middle, and sir Bors came out at the third gate. And thus they came in order and rule as full noble knights. And ever sir Lancelot charged all his knights in any wise to save king Arthur and sir Gawain.

Then came forth sir Gawain from the king's host and proffered to joust. And sir Lionel was a fierce knight, and lightly he encountered with him, and there sir Gawain smote sir Lionel throughout the body that he dashed to the earth like as he had been dead. And then sir Ector de Maris and other mo bore him into the castle.

And anon there began a great stour and much people were slain. And ever sir Lancelot did what he might to save the people on king Arthur's party. For sir Bors and sir Palomides and sir Saphir overthrew

many knights, for they were deadly knights, and sir Blamour de Ganis and sir Bleoberis, with sir Bellinger le Bewse, these six knights did much harm. And ever was king Arthur about sir Lancelot to have slain him, and ever sir Lancelot suffered him and would not strike again. So sir Bors encountered with king Arthur, and sir Bors smote him, and so he alight and drew his sword and said to sir Lancelot, 'Sir, shall I make an end of this war?' (for he meant to have slain him). 'Not so hardy,' said sir Lancelot, 'upon pain of thy head, that thou touch him no more! For I will never see that most noble king that made me knight nother slain nor shamed.'

And therwithal sir Lancelot alight of his horse and took up the king and horsed him again, and said thus: 'My lord the king, for God's love, stint this strife, for ye get here no worship and I would do mine utterance. But always I forbear you, and ye nor none of yours forbeareth not me. And therefore, my lord, I pray you remember what I have done in many places, and now am I evil rewarded.'

So when king Arthur was on horseback he looked on sir Lancelot; then the tears burst out of his eyen, thinking of the great courtesy that was in sir Lancelot more than in any other man. And therewith the king rode his way and might no longer behold him, saying to himself, 'Alas, alas, that ever yet this war began!'

And then either party of the battles withdrew them to repose them, and buried the dead, and searched the wounded men and laid to their wounds soft salves. And thus they endured that night till on the morn.

And on the morn by undern they made them ready to do battle, and then sir Bors led the vanguard. So upon the morn there came sir Gawain, as brim as any boar, with a great spear in his hand. And when sir Bors saw him he thought to revenge his brother, sir Lionel, of the despite sir Gawain gave him the other day. And so, as they that knew either other, fewtred their spears, and with all their might of their horses and themself so fiercely they met togethers and so felonously that either bore other through, and so they fell both to the bare earth.

And then the battle joined, and there was much slaughter on both parties. Then sir Lancelot rescued sir Bors and sent him into the castle, but neither sir Gawain nother sir Bors died not of their wounds, for they were well holpen.

Then sir Lavain and sir Urry prayed sir Lancelot to do his pain and fight as they had done*—'For we see that ye forbear and spare and

that doth us much harm. And therefore we pray you spare not your enemies no more than they do you.' 'Alas,' said sir Lancelot, 'I have no heart to fight against my lord Arthur, for ever meseemeth I do not as me ought to do.' 'My lord,' said sir Palomides, 'though ye spare them, never so much all this day they will can you thank; and if they may get you at avail, ye are but a dead man.'

So then sir Lancelot understood that they said him truth. Then he strained himself more than he did toforehand, and because* his nephew, sir Bors, was sore wounded he pained himself the more. And so within a little while, by evensong time, sir Lancelot's party the better stood, for their horses went in blood past the fetlocks, there were so many people slain. And then for very pity sir Lancelot withheld his knights and suffered king Arthur's party to withdraw them inside. And so he withdrew his meyny into the castle, and either parties buried the dead and put salve unto the wounded men. So when sir Gawain was hurt, they on king Arthur's party were not so orgulous as they were toforehand to do battle.

So of this war that was between king Arthur and sir Lancelot it was noised through all Christian realms, and so it came at the last by relation unto the Pope. And then the Pope took a consideration of the great goodness of king Arthur and of the high prowess of sir Lancelot, that was called the most noblest knight of the world. Wherefore the Pope called unto him a noble clerk that at that time was there present (the French book saith it was the Bishop of Rochester) and the Pope gave him bulls under lead, and sent them unto the king, charging him upon pain of interdicting of all England that he take his queen again and accord with sir Lancelot.

So when this Bishop was come unto Carlisle he showed the king his bulls, and when the king understood them he wist not what to do. But full fain he would have been accorded with sir Lancelot, but sir Gawain would not suffer him. But to have the queen he thereto agreed, but in no wise he would suffer the king to accord with sir Lancelot; but as for the queen, he consented. So the Bishop had of the king his great seal and his assurance, as he was a true and anointed king, that sir Lancelot should go safe and come safe, and that the queen should not be spoken* unto of the king, nother of none other, for nothing done of time past. And of all these appointments the Bishop brought with him sure assurance* and writing to show unto sir Lancelot.

So when the Bishop was come to Joyous Gard, there he showed sir Lancelot how he came from the Pope with writing unto king Arthur and unto him. And there he told him the perils, if he withheld the queen from the king. 'Sir, it was never in my thought,' said sir Lancelot, 'to withhold the queen from my lord Arthur, but I keep her for this cause, insomuch as she should have be burnt for my sake. Meseemed it was my part to save her life and put her from that danger till better recover might come. And now I thank God,' said sir Lancelot, 'that the Pope hath made her peace. For God knoweth,' said sir Lancelot, 'I will be a thousandfold more gladder to bring her again than ever I was of her taking away, with this I may be sure to come safe and go safe, and that the queen shall have her liberty as she had before, and never for nothing that hath be surmised afore this time that she never from this stand in no peril. For else,' said sir Lancelot, 'I dare adventure me to keep her from an harder shower than ever yet I had.'

'Sir, it shall not need you,' said the Bishop, 'to dread thus much, for wit you well, the Pope must be obeyed, and it were not the Pope's worship nother my poor honesty to know you distressed, nother the queen nother in peril nother shamed.' And then he showed sir Lancelot all his writing both from the Pope and king Arthur.

'This is sure enough,' said sir Lancelot, 'for full well I dare trust my lord's own writing and his seal, for he was never shamed of his promise. Therefore,' said sir Lancelot unto the Bishop, 'ye shall ride unto the king afore and recommend me unto his good grace, and let him have knowledging that the same day eight days, by the grace of God, I myself shall bring the queen unto him. And then say ye to my most redoubted king that I will say largely for the queen, that I shall none except, for dread nother for fear, but the king himself and my lord sir Gawain. And that is for the king's love more than for himself.'

So the Bishop departed and came to the king to Carlisle, and told him all how sir Lancelot answered him, so that made the tears fall out at the king's eyen. Then sir Lancelot purveyed him an hundred knights, and all well clothed in green velvet, and their horses trapped in the same to the heels. And every knight held a branch of olive in his hand in tokening of peace. And the queen had four-and-twenty gentlewomen following her in the same wise. And sir Lancelot had twelve coursers following him, and on every courser sat a young gentleman. And al

they were arrayed in white velvet with sarps of gold about their quarters, and the horse trapped in the same wise down to the heels with many ouches, yset with stones and pearls in gold, to the number of a thousand. And in the same wise was the queen arrayed, and sir Lancelot in the same, of white cloth of gold tissue.

And right so as ye have heard, as the French book maketh mention, he rode with the queen from Joyous Gard to Carlisle. And so sir Lancelot rode throughout Carlisle, and so into the castle, that all men might behold them. And there was many a weeping eyen. And then sir Lancelot himself alight and voided his horse and took adown the queen, and so led her where king Arthur was in his seat. And sir Gawain sat afore him, and many other great lords.

So when sir Lancelot saw the king and sir Gawain, then he led the queen by the arm, and then he kneeled down and the queen both. Wit you well, then was there many a bold knight with king Arthur that wept as tenderly as they had seen all their kin dead afore them! So the king sat still and said no word. And when sir Lancelot saw his countenance he arose up and pulled up the queen with him, and thus he said full knightly:

'My most redoubted king, ye shall understand, by the Pope's commandment and yours I have brought to you my lady the queen, as right requireth. And if there be any knight, of what degree that ever he be of, except your person, that will say or dare say but that she is true and clean to you, I here, myself, sir Lancelot du Lake, will make it good upon his body that she is a true lady unto you.

'But, sir, liars ye have listened, and that hath caused great debate betwixt you and me. For time hath been, my lord Arthur, that ye were greatly pleased with me when I did battle for my lady, your queen; and full well ye know, my most noble king, that she hath be put to great wrong or this time. And sithen it pleased you at many times that I should fight for her, therefore meseemeth, my good lord, I had more cause to rescue her from the fire when she should have been burnt for my sake.

'For they that told you tho tales were liars, and so it fell upon them: for by likelihood, had not the might of God been with me, I might never have endured with fourteen knights. And they were armed and afore purposed, and I unarmed and not purposed; for I was sent unto my lady, your queen, I wot not for what cause. But I was

not so soon within the chamber door but anon sir Agravain and sir Mordred called me traitor and false recrayed knight.'

'By my faith, they called thee right!' said sir Gawain.

'My lord, sir Gawain,' said sir Lancelot, 'in their quarrel they proved not themself the best, nother in the right.'

'Well, well, sir Lancelot,' said the king, 'I have given you no cause to do to me as ye have done, for I have worshipped you and yours more than any other knights.'

'My good* lord,' said sir Lancelot, 'so ye be not displeased, ye shall understand that I and mine have done you oftentimes better service than any other knights have done in many divers places. And where ye have been full hard bestead divers times, I have rescued you from many dangers, and ever unto my power I was glad to please you and my lord sir Gawain. In jousts and in tournaments and in battles set, both on horseback and on foot, I have often rescued you, and you, my lord sir Gawain, and many mo of your knights in many divers places.

'For now I will make avaunt,' said sir Lancelot, 'I will that ye all wit that as yet I found never no manner of knight but that I was over hard for him and I had done mine utterance, God graunt mercy! Howbeit I have be matched with good knights, as sir Tristram and sir Lamorak, but ever I had favour unto them and a deeming what they were. And I take God to record, I never was wroth nor greatly heavy with no good knight and I saw him busy and about to win worship; and glad I was ever when I found a good knight that might anything endure me on horseback and on foot. Howbeit sir Carados of the Dolorous Tower was a full noble knight and a passing strong man, and that wot ye, my lord sir Gawain; for he might well be called a noble knight when he by fine force pulled you out of your saddle and bound you overthwart afore him to his saddle-bow. And there, my lord sir Gawain, I rescued you and slew him afore your sight. Also I found your brother sir Gaheris, and sir Tarquin leading him bounden afore him; and there also I rescued your brother and slew sir Tarquin and delivered three score and four of my lord Arthur's knights out of his prison. And now I dare say,' said sir Lancelot, 'I met never with so strong a knight nor so well-fighting as was sir Carados and sir Tarquin, for they and I fought to the uttermost.

'And therefore,' said sir Lancelot unto sir Gawain, 'meseemeth ye

ought of right to remember this; for, and I might have your good will, I would trust to God for to have my lord Arthur's good grace.'

'Sir, the king may do as he will,' said sir Gawain, 'but wit thou well, sir Lancelot, thou and I shall never be accorded while we live, for thou hast slain three of my brethren. And two of them thou slew traitorly and piteously, for they bore none harness against thee, nother none would do.'

'Sir, God would they had been armed,' said sir Lancelot, 'for then had they been on live. And wit you well, sir Gawain, as for Gareth, I loved no kinsman I had more than I loved him, and ever while I live,' said sir Lancelot, 'I will bewail sir Gareth his death, not all only for the great fear I have of you, but for many causes which causeth me to be sorrowful. One is that I made him knight; another is, I wot well he loved me aboven all other knights; and the third is, he was passing noble and true, courteous and gentle and well-conditioned. The fourth is, I wist well, anon as I heard that sir Gareth was dead, I knew well that I should never after have your love, my lord sir Gawain, but everlasting war betwixt us. And also I wist well that ye would cause my noble lord king Arthur for ever to be my mortal foe. And as Jesu be my help, and by my knighthood, I slew never sir Gareth nother his brother by my willing, but alas that ever they were unarmed that unhappy day!

'But this much I shall offer me to you,' said sir Lancelot, 'if it may please the king's good grace and you, my lord sir Gawain: I shall first begin at Sandwich, and there I shall go in my shirt, bare-foot. And at every ten miles end I shall found and gar make an house of religious,* of what order that ye will assign me, with an holy convent, to sing and read day and night in especial for sir Gareth sake and sir Gaheris. And this shall I perform from Sandwich unto Carlisle. And every house shall have sufficient livelihood. And this shall I perform while that I have any livelihood in Christendom. And there is none of all these religious places but they shall be performed, furnished and garnished with all things as an holy place ought to be, I promise you faithfully.* And this, sir Gawain, me thinketh* were fairer and more holier and more perfect to their souls than ye, my most noble king, and you, sir Gawain, to war upon me, for thereby shall ye get none avail.'

Then all the knights and ladies that were there wept as they were mad, and the tears fell on king Arthur his cheeks.

'Sir Lancelot,' said sir Gawain, 'I have right well heard thy language and thy great proffers. But wit thou well, let the king do as it pleaseth him, I will never forgive thee my brothers' death, and in especial the death of my brother sir Gareth. And if mine uncle, king Arthur, will accord with thee, he shall lose my service, for wit thou well,' said sir Gawain, 'thou art both false to the king and to me.'

'Sir,' said sir Lancelot, 'he beareth not the life that may make it good! And ye, sir Gawain, will charge me with so high a thing, ye must pardon me, for then needs must I answer you.'

'Nay, nay,' said sir Gawain, 'we are past that as at this time, and that causeth the Pope, for he hath charged mine uncle the king that he shall take again his queen and to accord with thee, sir Lancelot, as for this season, and therefore thou shalt go safe as thou come. But in this land thou shalt not abide past a fifteen days, such summons I give thee, for so the king and we were condescended and accorded or thou came. And else,' said sir Gawain, 'wit thou well, thou should not a comen here but if it were magré thine head. And if it were not for the Pope's commandment,' said sir Gawain, 'I should do battle with thee mine own hands, body for body, and prove it upon thee that thou hast been both false unto mine uncle, king Arthur, and to me both; and that shall I prove on thy body, when thou art departed from hence, wheresomever that I find thee!'

Then sir Lancelot sighed, and therewith the tears fell on his cheeks, and then he said thus:

'Most noblest Christian realm, whom I have loved aboven all other realms! And in thee I have gotten a great part of my worship, and now that I shall depart in this wise, truly me repents that ever I came in this realm, that I should be thus shamefully banished, undeserved and causeless! But fortune is so variant, and the wheel so mutable, that there is no constant abiding. And that may be proved by many old chronicles, as of noble Hector of Troy and Alexander the mighty conqueror, and many mo other: when they were most in their royalty, they alight passing low. And so fareth it by me,' said sir Lancelot, 'for in this realm I had worship, and by me and mine all the whole Round Table hath been increased more in worship, by me and mine, than ever it was by any of you all.

'And therefore wit thou well, sir Gawain, I may live upon my lands as well as any knight that here is. And if ye, my most redoubted king, will come upon my lands with sir Gawain to war upon me, I must endure you as well as I may. But as to you, sir Gawain, if that ye come there, I pray you charge me not with treason nother felony, for and ye do, I must answer you.'

'Do thou thy best,' said sir Gawain, 'and therefore hie thee fast that thou were gone! And wit thou well we shall soon come after and break the strongest castle that thou hast, upon thy head!'

'It shall not need that,' said sir Lancelot, 'for and I were as orgulous set as ye are, wit you well I should meet you in mids of the field.'

'Make thou no more language,' said sir Gawain, 'but deliver the queen from thee, and pick thee lightly out of this court!'

'Well,' said sir Lancelot, 'and I had wist of this shortcoming, I would a advised me twice or that I had come here. For and the queen had be so dear unto me as ye noise her, I durst have kept her from the fellowship of the best knights under heaven.'

And then sir Lancelot said unto queen Guenevere in hearing of the king and them all, 'Madam, now I must depart from you and this noble fellowship for ever. And sithen it is so, I beseech you to pray for me, and I shall pray for you. And tell ye me and if ye be hard bestead by any false tongues. But lightly, my good lady, send me word. And if any knight's hands under the heaven may deliver you by battle, I shall deliver you.'

And therewithal sir Lancelot kissed the queen, and then he said all openly, 'Now let see whatsomever he be in this place that dare say the queen is not true unto my lord Arthur. Let see who will speak, and he dare speak.'

And therewith he brought the queen to the king, and then sir Lancelot took his leave and departed. And there nother king, duke, earl, baron, nor knight, lady nor gentlewoman, but all they wept as people out of their* mind, except sir Gawain. And when this noble knight sir Lancelot took his horse to ride out of Carlisle, there was sobbing and weeping for pure dole of his departing.

And so he took his way to Joyous Gard, and then ever after he called it the 'Dolorous Gard.' And thus departed sir Lancelot from the court for ever.

And so when he came to Joyous Gard he called his fellowship unto

him and asked them what they would do. Then they answered all wholly togethers with one voice, they would do as he would do.

'Then, my fair fellows,' said sir Lancelot, 'I must depart out of this noble realm. And now I shall depart, it grieveth me sore, for I shall depart with no worship; for a flemed man departeth never out of a realm with no worship. And that is to me great heaviness, for ever I fear after my days that men shall chronicle upon me that I was flemed out of this land. And else, my fair lords, be ye sure, and I had not dread shame, my lady queen Guenevere and I should never have departed.'

Then spoke noble knights, as sir Palomides and sir Saphir, his brother, and sir Bellinger le Bewse, and sir Urry with sir Lavain, with many other: 'Sir, and ye will so be disposed to abide in this land we will never fail you. And if ye list not abide in this land, there is none of the good knights that here be that will fail you, for many causes. One is, all we that be not of your blood shall never be welcome unto the court. And sithen it liked us to take a part with you in your distress in this realm, wit you well, it shall like us as well to go in other countries with you and there to take such part as ye do.'

'My fair lords,' said sir Lancelot, 'I well understand you, and as I can, I thank you. And ye shall understand, such livelihood as I am born unto I shall depart with you in this manner of wise: that is for to say, I shall depart all my livelihood and all my lands freely among you, and myself will have as little as any of you; for, have I sufficient that may long unto my person, I will ask none other riches nother array. And I trust to God to maintain you on my lands as well as ever ye were maintained.'

Then spake all the knights at once: 'Have he shame that will leave you! For we all understand, in this realm will be no quiet but ever debate and strife, now the fellowship of the Round Table is broken. For by the noble fellowship of the Round Table was king Arthur upborne, and by their noblesse the king and all the realm was ever in quiet and rest. And a great part,' they said all, 'was because of your most noblesse, sir Lancelot.'

'Now, truly I thank you all of your good saying! Howbeit I wot well that in me was not all the stability of this realm, but in that I might I did my devoir. And well I am sure I knew many rebellions in my days that by me and mine were peaced. And that I trow we all shall hear of in short space, and that me sore repenteth. For ever I

dread me,' said sir Lancelot, 'that sir Mordred will make trouble, for he is passing envious and applieth him much to trouble.'

And so they were accorded to depart with sir Lancelot to his lands. And to make short this tale, they trussed and payed all that would ask them; and wholly an hundred knights departed with sir Lancelot at once, and made their avows they would never leave him for weal ne for woe.

And so they shipped at Cardiff, and sailed unto Benwick. Some men call it Bayonne and some men call it Beaune, where the wine of Beaune is. But say the sooth, sir Lancelot and his nephews was lord of all France and of all the lands that belonged unto France. He and his kindred rejoiced it all through sir Lancelot's noble prowess.

And then he stuffed and furnished and garnished all his noble towns and castles. Then all the people of tho lands came unto sir Lancelot on foot and hands. And so when he had stablished all those countries, he shortly called a parliament; and there he crowned sir Lionel king of France, and sir Bors he crowned him king of all king Claudas lands, and sir Ector de Maris, sir Lancelot's younger brother, he crowned him king of Benwick and king of all Guienne, which was sir Lancelot's own lands. And he made sir Ector prince of them all.

And thus he departed his lands and advanced all his noble knights. And first he advanced them of his blood, as sir Blamour, he made him duke of Limousine in Guienne, and sir Bleoberis, he made him duke of Poitiers. And sir Gahalantin, he made him duke of Auvergne; and sir Galihodin, he made him duke of Sentonge; and sir Galihud, he made him earl of Perigot; and sir Menaduke, he made him earl of Roerge; and sir Villiers the Valiant, he made him earl of Bearn; and sir Hebes le Renownes, he made him earl of Comange; and sir Lavain, he made him earl of Armignac; and sir Urry, he made him earl of Estrake; and sir Neroveus, he made him earl of Pardiak; and sir Plenorius, he made him earl of Foise; and sir Selises of the Dolorous Tower, he made him earl of Marsac; and sir Melias de le Ile, he made him earl of Tursanke; and sir Bellinger le Bewse, he made him earl of the Landes; and sir Palomides, he made him duke of Provence; and sir Saphir, he made him duke of Languedoc. And sir Clegis, he gave him the earldom of Argente; and sir Sadok, he gave him the earldom of Sarlat; and sir Dinas le Seneschal, he made him duke of Anjou; and sir Clarrus, he made him duke of Normandy.

Thus sir Lancelot rewarded his noble knights, and many mo that meseemeth it were too long to rehearse.

CHAPTER IX

OF THE SORROW AND LAMENTATION OF KING ARTHUR FOR THE DEATH OF HIS NEPHEWS AND OTHER GOOD KNIGHTS. AND ALSO FOR THE QUEEN, HIS WIFE.

So turn we again unto King Arthur, that when it was told him how and in what manner of wise the queen was taken away from the fire, and when he heard of the death of his noble knights, and in especial of Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth's death, then the king swooned for pure sorrow. And when he awoke of his swoon, then he said: Alas, that ever I bare crown upon my head ! for now have I lost the fairest fellowship of noble knights that ever held Christian king together. Alas, my good knights be slain away from me: now within these two days I have lost forty knights, and also the noble fellowship of Sir Launcelot and his blood, for now I may never hold them together no more with my worship. Alas that ever this war began. Now fair fellows, said the king, I charge you that no man tell Sir Gawaine of the death of his two brethren; for I am sure, said the king, when Sir Gawaine heareth tell that Sir Gareth is dead he will go nigh out of his mind. Mercy Jesu, said the king, why slew he Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, for I dare say as for Sir Gareth he loved Sir Launcelot above all men earthly. That is truth, said some knights, but they were slain in the hurtling as Sir Launcelot thrang in the thick of the press; and as they were unarmed he smote them and wist not whom that he smote, and so unhappily they were slain. The death of them, said Arthur, will cause the greatest mortal war that ever was; I am sure, wist Sir Gawaine that Sir Gareth were slain, I should never have rest of him till I had destroyed Sir Launcelot's kin and himself both, outher else he to destroy me. And therefore, said the king, wit you well my heart was never so heavy as it is now, and much more I am sorrier for my good knights' loss than for the loss of my fair queen; for queens I might have enow, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be together in no company. And now I dare say, said King

Arthur, there was never Christian king held such a fellowship together; and alas that ever Sir Launcelot and I should be at debate. Ah Agravaine, Agravaine, said the king, Jesu forgive it thy soul, for thine evil will, that thou and thy brother Sir Mordred hadst unto Sir Launcelot, hath caused all this sorrow: and ever among these complaints the king wept and swooned.

Then there came one unto Sir Gawaine, and told him how the queen was led away with Sir Launcelot, and nigh a twenty-four knights slain. O Jesu defend my brethren, said Sir Gawaine, for full well wist I that Sir Launcelot would rescue her, outher else he would die in that field; and to say the truth he had not been a man of worship had he not rescued the queen that day, insomuch she should have been brent for his sake. And as in that, said Sir Gawaine, he hath done but knightly, and as I would have done myself an I had stood in like case. But where are my brethren? said Sir Gawaine, I marvel I hear not of them. Truly, said that man, Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris be slain. Jesu defend, said Sir Gawaine, for all the world I would not that they were slain, and in especial my good brother, Sir Gareth. Sir, said the man, he is slain, and that is great pity. Who slew him? said Sir Gawaine. Sir, said the man, Launcelot slew them both. That may I not believe, said Sir Gawaine, that ever he slew my brother, Sir Gareth; for I dare say my brother Gareth loved him better than me, and all his brethren, and the king both. Also I dare say, an Sir Launcelot had desired my brother, Sir Gareth, with him he would have been with him against the king and us all, and therefore I may never believe that Sir Launcelot slew my brother. Sir, said this man, it is noised that he slew him.

CHAPTER X

HOW KING ARTHUR AT THE REQUEST OF SIR GAWAINE CONCLUDED TO MAKE WAR AGAINST SIR LAUNCELOT, AND LAID SIEGE TO HIS CASTLE CALLED JOYOUS GARD.

ALAS, said Sir Gawaine, now is my joy gone. And then he fell down and swooned, and long he lay there as he had been dead. And then, when he arose of his swoon, he cried out sorrowfully, and said: Alas ! And right so Sir Gawaine ran to the king, crying and weeping: O King Arthur, mine uncle, my good brother Sir Gareth is slain, and so is my brother Sir Gaheris, the which were two noble knights. Then the king wept, and he both; and so they fell a-swooning. And when they were revived then spake Sir Gawaine: Sir, I will go see my brother, Sir Gareth. Ye may not see him, said the king, for I caused him to be interred, and Sir Gaheris both; for I well understood that ye would make over-much sorrow, and the sight of Sir Gareth should have caused your double sorrow. Alas, my lord, said Sir Gawaine, how slew he my brother, Sir Gareth? Mine own good lord I pray you tell me. Truly, said the king, I shall tell you how it is told me, Sir Launcelot slew him and Sir Gaheris both. Alas, said Sir Gawaine, they bare none arms against him, neither of them both. I wot not how it was, said the king, but as it is said, Sir Launcelot slew them both in the thickest of the press and knew them not; and therefore let us shape a remedy for to revenge their deaths.

My king, my lord, and mine uncle, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well now I shall make you a promise that I shall hold by my knighthood, that from this day I shall never fail Sir Launcelot until the one of us have slain the other. And therefore I require you, my lord and king, dress you to the war, for wit you well I will be revenged upon Sir Launcelot; and therefore, as ye will have my service and my love, now haste you thereto, and assay your friends. For I promise unto God, said Sir Gawaine, for the death of my brother, Sir Gareth, I shall seek Sir Launcelot throughout seven

kings' realms, but I shall slay him or else he shall slay me. Ye shall not need to seek him so far, said the king, for as I hear say, Sir Launcelot will abide me and you in the Joyous Gard; and much people draweth unto him, as I hear say. That may I believe, said Sir Gawaine; but my lord, he said, assay your friends, and I will assay mine. It shall be done, said the king, and as I suppose I shall be big enough to draw him out of the biggest tower of his castle.

So then the king sent letters and writs throughout all England, both in the length and the breadth, for to assummon all his knights. And so unto Arthur drew many knights, dukes, and earls, so that he had a great host. And when they were assembled, the king informed them how Sir Launcelot had bereft him his queen. Then the king and all his host made them ready to lay siege about Sir Launcelot, where he lay within Joyous Gard. Thereof heard Sir Launcelot, and purveyed him of many good knights, for with him held many knights; and some for his own sake, and some for the queen's sake. Thus they were on both parties well furnished and garnished of all manner of thing that longed to the war. But King Arthur's host was so big that Sir Launcelot would not abide him in the field, for he was full loath to do battle against the king; but Sir Launcelot drew him to his strong castle with all manner of victual, and as many noble men as he might suffice within the town and the castle. Then came King Arthur with Sir Gawaine with an huge host, and laid a siege all about Joyous Gard, both at the town and at the castle, and there they made strong war on both parties. But in no wise Sir Launcelot would ride out, nor go out of his castle, of long time; neither he would none of his good knights to issue out, neither none of the town nor of the castle, until fifteen weeks were past.

CHAPTER XI

OF THE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN KING ARTHUR AND SIR LAUNCELOT, AND HOW KING ARTHUR REPROVED HIM.

THEN it befell upon a day in harvest time, Sir Launcelot looked over the walls, and spake on high unto King Arthur and Sir Gawaine: My lords both, wit ye well all is in vain that ye make at this siege, for here win ye no worship but maugre and dishonour; for an it list me to come myself out and my good knights, I should full soon make an end of this war. Come forth, said Arthur unto Launcelot, an thou durst, and I promise thee I shall meet thee in midst of the field. God defend me, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I should encounter with the most noble king that made me knight. Fie upon thy fair language, said the king, for wit you well and trust it, I am thy mortal foe, and ever will to my death day; for thou hast slain my good knights, and full noble men of my blood, that I shall never recover again. Also thou hast lain by my queen, and holden her many winters, and sithen like a traitor taken her from me by force.

My most noble lord and king, said Sir Launcelot, ye may say what ye will, for ye wot well with yourself will I not strive; but thereas ye say I have slain your good knights, I wot well that I have done so, and that me sore repenteth; but I was enforced to do battle with them in saving of my life, or else I must have suffered them to have slain me. And as for my lady, Queen Guenever, except your person of your highness, and my lord Sir Gawaine, there is no knight under heaven that dare make it good upon me, that ever I was a traitor unto your person. And where it please you to say that I have holden my lady your queen years and winters, unto that I shall ever make a large answer, and prove it upon any knight that beareth the life, except your person and Sir Gawaine, that my lady, Queen Guenever, is a true lady unto your person as any is living unto her lord, and that will I make good with my hands. Howbeit

it hath liked her good grace to have me in chierté, and to cherish me more than any other knight; and unto my power I again have deserved her love, for ofttimes, my lord, ye have consented that she should be brent and destroyed, in your heat, and then it fortuned me to do battle for her, and or I departed from her adversary they confessed their untruth, and she full worshipfully excused. And at such times, my lord Arthur, said Sir Launcelot, ye loved me, and thanked me when I saved your queen from the fire; and then ye promised me for ever to be my good lord; and now methinketh ye reward me full ill for my good service. And my good lord, meseemeth I had lost a great part of my worship in my knighthood an I had suffered my lady, your queen, to have been brent, and insomuch she should have been brent for my sake. For sithen I have done battles for your queen in other quarrels than in mine own, meseemeth now I had more right to do battle for her in right quarrel. And therefore my good and gracious lord, said Sir Launcelot, take your queen unto your good grace, for she is both fair, true, and good.

Fie on thee, false recreant knight, said Sir Gawaine; I let thee wit my lord, mine uncle, King Arthur, shall have his queen and thee, maugre thy visage, and slay you both whether it please him. It may well be, said Sir Launcelot, but wit you well, my lord Sir Gawaine, an me list to come out of this castle ye should win me and the queen more harder than ever ye won a strong battle. Fie on thy proud words, said Sir Gawaine; as for my lady, the queen, I will never say of her shame. But thou, false and recreant knight, said Sir Gawaine, what cause hadst thou to slay my good brother Sir Gareth, that loved thee more than all my kin? Alas thou madest him knight thine own hands; why slew thou him that loved thee so well? For to excuse me, said Sir Launcelot, it helpeth me not, but by Jesu, and by the faith that I owe to the high order of knighthood, I should with as good will have slain my nephew, Sir Bors de Ganis, at that time. But alas that ever I was so unhappy, said Launcelot, that I had not seen Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris.

Thou liest, recreant knight, said Sir Gawaine, thou slewest him in despite of me; and therefore, wit thou well I shall make war to

thee, and all the while that I may live. That me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot; for well I understand it helpeth not to seek none accordment while ye, Sir Gawaine, are so mischievously set. And if ye were not, I would not doubt to have the good grace of my lord Arthur. I believe it well, false recreant knight, said Sir Gawaine; for thou hast many long days overled me and us all, and destroyed many of our good knights. Ye say as it pleaseth you, said Sir Launcelot; and yet may it never be said on me, and openly proved, that ever I by forecast of treason slew no good knight, as my lord, Sir Gawaine, ye have done; and so did I never, but in my defence that I was driven thereto, in saving of my life. Ah, false knight, said Sir Gawaine, that thou meanest by Sir Lamorak: wit thou well I slew him. Ye slew him not yourself, said Sir Launcelot; it had been overmuch on hand for you to have slain him, for he was one of the best knights christened of his age, and it was great pity of his death.

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE COUSINS AND KINSMEN OF SIR LAUNCELOT EXCITED HIM TO GO OUT TO BATTLE, AND HOW THEY MADE THEM READY.

WELL, well, said Sir Gawaine to Launcelot, sithen thou enbraidest me of Sir Lamorak, wit thou well I shall never leave thee till I have thee at such avail that thou shalt not escape my hands. I trust you well enough, said Sir Launcelot, an ye may get me I get but little mercy. But as the French book saith, the noble King Arthur would have taken his queen again, and have been accorded with Sir Launcelot, but Sir Gawaine would not suffer him by no manner of mean. And then Sir Gawaine made many men to blow upon Sir Launcelot; and all at once they called him false recreant knight.

Then when Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel, heard this outcry, they called to them Sir Palomides, Sir Safere's

brother, and Sir Lavaine, with many more of their blood, and all they went unto Sir Launcelot, and said thus: My lord Sir Launcelot, wit ye well we have great scorn of the great rebukes that we heard Gawaine say to you; wherefore we pray you, and charge you as ye will have our service, keep us no longer within these walls; for wit you well plainly, we will ride into the field and do battle with them; for ye fare as a man that were afeard, and for all your fair speech it will not avail you. For wit you well Sir Gawaine will not suffer you to be accorded with King Arthur, and therefore fight for your life and your right, an ye dare. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, for to ride out of this castle, and to do battle, I am full loath.

Then Sir Launcelot spake on high unto Sir Arthur and Sir Gawaine: My lords, I require you and beseech you, sithen that I am thus required and conjured to ride into the field, that neither you, my lord King Arthur, nor you Sir Gawaine, come not into the field. What shall we do then? said Sir Gawaine, — is this the king's quarrel with thee to fight? and it is my quarrel to fight with thee, Sir Launcelot, because of the death of my brother Sir Gareth. Then must I needs unto battle, said Sir Launcelot. Now wit you well, my lord Arthur and Sir Gawaine, ye will repent it whensomever I do battle with you.

And so then they departed either from other; and then either party made them ready on the morn for to do battle, and great purveyance was made on both sides; and Sir Gawaine let purvey many knights for to wait upon Sir Launcelot, for to overset him and to slay him. And on the morn at underne Sir Arthur was ready in the field with three great hosts. And then Sir Launcelot's fellowship came out at three gates, in a full good array; and Sir Lionel came in the foremost battle, and Sir Launcelot came in the middle, and Sir Bors came out at the third gate. Thus they came in order and rule, as full noble knights; and always Sir Launcelot charged all his knights in any wise to save King Arthur and Sir Gawaine.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR GAWAINE JOUSTED AND SMOTE DOWN SIR LIONEL, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT HORSED KING ARTHUR.

THEN came forth Sir Gawaine from the king's host, and he came before and proffered to joust. And Sir Lionel was a fierce knight, and lightly he encountered with Sir Gawaine; and there Sir Gawaine smote Sir Lionel throughout the body, that he dashed to the earth like as he had been dead; and then Sir Ector de Maris and other more bare him into the castle. Then there began a great stour, and much people was slain; and ever Sir Launcelot did what he might to save the people on King Arthur's party, for Sir Palomides, and Sir Bors, and Sir Safere, overthrew many knights, for they were deadly knights. And Sir Blamore de Ganis, and Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, with Sir Bellangere le Beuse, these six knights did much harm; and ever King Arthur was nigh about Sir Launcelot to have slain him, and Sir Launcelot suffered him, and would not strike again. So Sir Bors encountered with King Arthur, and there with a spear Sir Bors smote him down; and so he alighted and drew his sword, and said to Sir Launcelot: Shall I make an end of this war? and that he meant to have slain King Arthur. Not so hardy, said Sir Launcelot, upon pain of thy head, that thou touch him no more, for I will never see that most noble king that made me knight neither slain ne shamed. And therewithal Sir Launcelot alighted off his horse and took up the king and horsed him again, and said thus: My lord Arthur, for God's love stint this strife, for ye get here no worship, and I would do mine utterance, but always I forbear you, and ye nor none of yours forbeareth me; my lord, remember what I have done in many places, and now I am evil rewarded.

Then when King Arthur was on horseback, he looked upon Sir Launcelot, and then the tears brast out of his eyen, thinking on the great courtesy that was in Sir Launcelot more than in any other

man; and therewith the king rode his way, and might no longer behold him, and said: Alas, that ever this war began. And then either parties of the battles withdrew them to repose them, and buried the dead, and to the wounded men they laid soft salves; and thus they endured that night till on the morn. And on the morn by underne they made them ready to do battle. And then Sir Bors led the forward.

So upon the morn there came Sir Gawaine as brim as any boar, with a great spear in his hand. And when Sir Bors saw him he thought to revenge his brother Sir Lionel of the despite that Sir Gawaine did him the other day. And so they that knew either other feutred their spears, and with all their mights of their horses and themselves, they met together so felonously that either bare other through, and so they fell both to the earth; and then the battles joined, and there was much slaughter on both parties. Then Sir Launcelot rescued Sir Bors, and sent him into the castle; but neither Sir Gawaine nor Sir Bors died not of their wounds, for they were all holpen. Then Sir Lavaine and Sir Urre prayed Sir Launcelot to do his pain, and fight as they had done; For we see ye forbear and spare, and that doth much harm; therefore we pray you spare not your enemies no more than they do you. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, I have no heart to fight against my lord Arthur, for ever meseemeth I do not as I ought to do. My lord, said Sir Palomides, though ye spare them all this day they will never con you thank; and if they may get you at avail ye are but dead. So then Sir Launcelot understood that they said him truth; and then he strained himself more than he did aforehand, and because his nephew Sir Bors was sore wounded. And then within a little while, by evensong time, Sir Launcelot and his party better stood, for their horses went in blood past the fetlocks, there was so much people slain. And then for pity Sir Launcelot withheld his knights, and suffered King Arthur's party for to withdraw them aside. And then Sir Launcelot's party withdrew them into his castle, and either parties buried the dead, and put slave unto the wounded men.

So when Sir Gawaine was hurt, they on King Arthur's party were not so orgulous as they were toforehand to do battle. Of this

war was noised through all Christendom, and at the last it was noised afore the Pope; and he considering the great goodness of King Arthur, and of Sir Launcelot, that was called the most noblest knights of the world, wherefore the Pope called unto him a noble clerk that at that time was there present; the French book saith, it was the Bishop of Rochester; and the Pope gave him bulls under lead unto King Arthur of England, charging him upon pain of interdicting of all England, that he take his queen Dame Guenever unto him again, and accord with Sir Launcelot.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THE POPE SENT DOWN HIS BULLS TO MAKE PEACE, AND HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BROUGHT THE QUEEN TO KING ARTHUR

So when this Bishop was come to Carlisle he shewed the king these bulls. And when the king understood these bulls he nist what to do: full fain he would have been accorded with Sir Launcelot, but Sir Gawaine would not suffer him; but as for to have the queen, thereto he agreed. But in nowise Sir Gawaine would not suffer the king to accord with Sir Launcelot; but as for the queen he consented. And then the Bishop had of the king his great seal, and his assurance as he was a true anointed king that Sir Launcelot should come safe, and go safe, and that the queen should not be spoken unto of the king, nor of none other, for no thing done afore time past; and of all these appointments the Bishop brought with him sure assurance and writing, to shew Sir Launcelot.

So when the Bishop was come to Joyous Gard, there he shewed Sir Launcelot how the Pope had written to Arthur and unto him, and there he told him the perils if he withheld the queen from the king. It was never in my thought, said Launcelot, to withhold the queen from my lord Arthur; but, insomuch she should have been

dead for my sake, meseemeth it was my part to save her life, and put her from that danger, till better recover might come. And now I thank God, said Sir Launcelot, that the Pope hath made her peace; for God knoweth, said Sir Launcelot, I will be a thousandfold more gladder to bring her again, than ever I was of her taking away; with this, I may be sure to come safe and go safe, and that the queen shall have her liberty as she had before; and never for no thing that hath been surmised afore this time, she never from this day stand in no peril. For else, said Sir Launcelot, I dare adventure me to keep her from an harder shour than ever I kept her. It shall not need you, said the Bishop, to dread so much; for wit you well, the Pope must be obeyed, and it were not the Pope's worship nor my poor honesty to wit you distressed, neither the queen, neither in peril, nor shamed. And then he shewed Sir Launcelot all his writing, both from the Pope and from King Arthur. This is sure enough, said Sir Launcelot, for full well I dare trust my lord's own writing and his seal, for he was never shamed of his promise. Therefore, said Sir Launcelot unto the Bishop, ye shall ride unto the king afore, and recommend me unto his good grace, and let him have knowledging that this same day eight days, by the grace of God, I myself shall bring my lady, Queen Guenever, unto him. And then say ye unto my most redoubted king, that I will say largely for the queen, that I shall none except for dread nor fear, but the king himself, and my lord Sir Gawaine; and that is more for the king's love than for himself.

So the Bishop departed and came to the king at Carlisle, and told him all how Sir Launcelot answered him; and then the tears brast out of the king's eyen. Then Sir Launcelot purveyed him an hundred knights, and all were clothed in green velvet, and their horses trapped to their heels; and every knight held a branch of olive in his hand, in tokening of peace. And the queen had four-and-twenty gentlewomen following her in the same wise; and Sir Launcelot had twelve coursers following him, and on every courser sat a young gentleman, and all they were arrayed in green velvet, with sarps of gold about their quarters, and the horse trapped in the same wise down to the heels, with many ouches, y-set with

stones and pearls in gold, to the number of a thousand. And she and Sir Launcelot were clothed in white cloth of gold tissue; and right so as ye have heard, as the French book maketh mention, he rode with the queen from Joyous Gard to Carlisle. And so Sir Launcelot rode throughout Carlisle, and so in the castle, that all men might behold; and wit you well there was many a weeping eye. And then Sir Launcelot himself alighted and avoided his horse, and took the queen, and so led her where King Arthur was in his seat: and Sir Gawaine sat afore him, and many other great lords. So when Sir Launcelot saw the king and Sir Gawaine, then he led the queen by the arm, and then he kneeled down, and the queen both. Wit you well then was there many bold knight there with King Arthur that wept as tenderly as though they had seen all their kin afore them. So the king sat still, and said no word. And when Sir Launcelot saw his countenance, he arose and pulled up the queen with him, and thus he spake full knightly.

CHAPTER XV

OF THE DELIVERANCE OF THE QUEEN TO THE KING BY SIR LAUNCELOT, AND WHAT LANGUAGE SIR GAWAINE HAD TO SIR LAUNCELOT.

My most redoubted king, ye shall understand, by the Pope's commandment and yours, I have brought to you my lady the queen, as right requireth; and if there be any knight, of whatsomever degree that he be, except your person, that will say or dare say but that she is true and clean to you, I here myself, Sir Launcelot du Lake, will make it good upon his body, that she is a true lady unto you; but liars ye have listened, and that hath caused debate betwixt you and me. For time hath been, my lord Arthur, that ye have been greatly pleased with me when I did battle for my lady, your queen; and full well ye know, my most noble king, that she hath been put to great wrong or this time; and sithen it

pleased you at many times that I should fight for her, meseemeth, my good lord, I had more cause to rescue her from the fire, insomuch she should have been brent for my sake. For they that told you those tales were liars, and so it fell upon them; for by likelihood had not the might of God been with me, I might never have endured fourteen knights, and they armed and afore purposed, and I unarmed and not purposed. For I was sent for unto my lady your queen, I wot not for what cause; but I was not so soon within the chamber door, but anon Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred called me traitor and recreant knight. They called thee right, said Sir Gawaine. My lord Sir Gawaine, said Sir Launcelot, in their quarrel they proved themselves not in the right. Well well, Sir Launcelot, said the king, I have given thee no cause to do to me as thou hast done, for I have worshipped thee and thine more than any of all my knights.

My good lord, said Sir Launcelot, so ye be not displeased, ye shall understand I and mine have done you oft better service than any other knights have done, in many divers places; and where ye have been full hard bestead divers times, I have myself rescued you from many dangers; and ever unto my power I was glad to please you, and my lord Sir Gawaine; both in jousts, and tournaments, and in battles set, both on horseback and on foot, I have often rescued you, and my lord Sir Gawaine, and many mo of your knights in many divers places. For now I will make avaunt, said Sir Launcelot, I will that ye all wit that yet I found never no manner of knight but that I was overhard for him, an I had done my utterance, thanked be God; howbeit I have been matched with good knights, as Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak, but ever I had a favour unto them and a deeming what they were. And I take God to record, said Sir Launcelot, I never was wroth nor greatly heavy with no good knight an I saw him busy about to win worship; and glad I was ever when I found any knight that might endure me on horseback and on foot: howbeit Sir Carados of the Dolorous Tower was a full noble knight and a passing strong man, and that wot ye, my lord Sir Gawaine; for he might well be called a noble knight when he by fine force pulled you out of your saddle, and bound

you overthwart afore him to his saddle bow; and there, my lord Sir Gawaine, I rescued you, and slew him afore your sight. Also I found his brother, Sir Turquin, in likewise leading Sir Gaheris, your brother, bounden afore him; and there I rescued your brother and slew that Turquin, and delivered three-score-and-four of my lord Arthur's knights out of his prison. And now I dare say, said Sir Launcelot, I met never with so strong knights, nor so well fighting, as was Sir Carados and Sir Turquin, for I fought with them to the uttermost. And therefore, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Gawaine, meseemeth ye ought of right to remember this; for, an I might have your good will, I would trust to God to have my lord Arthur's good grace.

CHAPTER XVI

OF THE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN SIR GAWAINE AND SIR LAUNCELOT, WITH MUCH OTHER LANGUAGE.

THE king may do as he will, said Sir Gawaine, but wit thou well, Sir Launcelot, thou and I shall never be accorded while we live, for thou hast slain three of my brethren; and two of them ye slew traitorly and piteously, for they bare none harness against thee, nor none would bear. God would they had been armed, said Sir Launcelot, for then had they been alive. And wit ye well Sir Gawaine, as for Sir Gareth, I love none of my kinsmen so much as I did him; and ever while I live, said Sir Launcelot, I will bewail Sir Gareth's death, not all only for the great fear I have of you, but many causes cause me to be sorrowful. One is, for I made him knight; another is, I wot well he loved me above all other knights; and the third is, he was passing noble, true, courteous, and gentle, and well conditioned; the fourth is, I wist well, anon as I heard that Sir Gareth was dead, I should never after have your love, but everlasting war betwixt us; and also I wist well that ye would cause my noble lord Arthur for ever to be my mortal foe. And as Jesu be

my help, said Sir Launcelot, I slew never Sir Gareth nor Sir Gaheris by my will; but alas that ever they were unarmed that unhappy day. But thus much I shall offer me, said Sir Launcelot, if it may please the king's good grace, and you, my lord Sir Gawaine, I shall first begin at Sandwich, and there I shall go in my shirt, barefoot; and at every ten miles' end I will found and gar make an house of religion, of what order that ye will assign me, with an whole convent, to sing and read, day and night, in especial for Sir Gareth's sake and Sir Gaheris. And this shall I perform from Sandwich unto Carlisle; and every house shall have sufficient livelihood. And this shall I perform while I have any livelihood these religious places, but they shall be performed, furnished and garnished in all things as an holy place ought to be, I promise you faithfully. And this, Sir Gawaine, methinketh were more fairer, holier, and more better to their souls, than ye, my most noble king, and you, Sir Gawaine, to war upon me, for thereby shall ye get none avail.

Then all knights and ladies that were there wept as they were mad, and the tears fell on King Arthur's cheeks. Sir Launcelot, said Sir Gawaine, I have right well heard thy speech, and thy great proffers, but wit thou well, let the king do as it pleased him, I will never forgive my brothers' death, and in especial the death of my brother, Sir Gareth. And if mine uncle, King Arthur, will accord with thee, he shall lose my service, for wit thou well thou art both false to the king and to me. Sir, said Launcelot, he beareth not the life that may make that good; and if ye, Sir Gawaine, will charge me with so high a thing, ye must pardon me, for then needs must I answer you. Nay, said Sir Gawaine, we are past that at this time, and that caused the Pope, for he hath charged mine uncle, the king, that he shall take his queen again, and to accord with thee, Sir Launcelot, as for this season, and therefore thou shalt go safe as thou camest. But in this land thou shalt not abide past fifteen days, such summons I give thee: so the king and we were consented and accorded or thou camest. And else, said Sir Gawaine, wit thou well thou shouldst not have come here, but if it were maugre thy head. And if it were not for the Pope's commandment, said Sir Gawaine, I should do battle with mine own body against thy body, and prove

it upon thee, that thou hast been both false unto mine uncle King Arthur, and to me both; and that shall I prove upon thy body, when thou art departed from hence, wheresomever I find thee

CHAPTER XVII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT DEPARTED FROM THE KING AND FROM JOYOUS GARD OVER SEAWARD, AND WHAT KNIGHTS WENT WITH HIM.

THEN Sir Launcelot sighed, and therewith the tears fell on his cheeks, and then he said thus: Alas, most noble Christian realm, whom I have loved above all other realms, and in thee I have gotten a great part of my worship, and now I shall depart in this wise. Truly me repenteth that ever I came in this realm, that should be thus shamefully banished, undeserved and causeless; but fortune is so variant, and the wheel so moveable, there nis none constant abiding, and that may be proved by many old chronicles, of noble Ector, and Troilus, and Alisander, the mighty conqueror, and many mo other; when they were most in their royalty, they alighted lowest. And so fareth it by me, said Sir Launcelot, for in this realm I had worship, and by me and mine all the whole Round Table hath been increased more in worship, by me and mine blood, than by any other. And therefore wit thou well, Sir Gawaine, I may live upon my lands as well as any knight that here is. And if ye, most redoubted king, will come upon my lands with Sir Gawaine to war upon me, I must endure you as well as I may. But as to you, Sir Gawaine, if that ye come there, I pray you charge me not with treason nor felony, for an ye do, I must answer you. Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore hie thee fast that thou were gone, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and break the strongest castle that thou hast, upon thy head. That shall not need, said Sir Launcelot, for an I were as orgulous set as ye are, wit you well I should meet you in midst of the field. Make thou no more

language, said Sir Gawaine, but deliver the queen from thee, and pike thee lightly out of this court. Well, said Sir Launcelot, an I had wist of this short coming, I would have advised me twice or that I had come hither; for an the queen had been so dear to me as ye noise her, I durst have kept her from the fellowship of the best knights under heaven.

And then Sir Launcelot said unto Guenever, in hearing of the king and them all: Madam, now I must depart from you and this noble fellowship for ever; and sithen it is so, I beseech you to pray for me, and say me well; and if ye be hard bestead by any false tongues, lightly my lady send me word, and if any knight's hands may deliver you by battle, I shall deliver you. And therewithal Sir Launcelot kissed the queen; and then he said all openly: Now let see what he be in this place that dare say the queen is not true unto my lord Arthur, let see who will speak an he dare speak. And therewith he brought the queen to the king, and then Sir Launcelot took his leave and departed; and there was neither king, duke, nor earl, baron nor knight, lady nor gentlewoman, but all they wept as people out of their mind, except Sir Gawaine. And when the noble Sir Launcelot took his horse to ride out of Carlisle, there was sobbing and weeping for pure dole of his departing; and so he took his way unto Joyous Gard. And then ever after he called it the Dolorous Gard. And thus departed Sir Launcelot from the court for ever.

And so when he came to Joyous Gard he called his fellowship unto him, and asked them what they would do. Then they answered all wholly together with one voice, they would as he would do. My fair fellows, said Sir Launcelot, I must depart out of this most noble realm, and now I shall depart it grieveth me sore, for I shall depart with no worship, for a flemed man departed never out of a realm with no worship; and that is my heaviness, for ever I fear after my days that men shall chronicle upon me that I was flemed out of this land; and else, my fair lords, be ye sure, an I had not dread shame, my lady, Queen Guenever, and I should never have departed.

Then spake many noble knights, as Sir Palomides, Sir Safere his

brother, and Sir Bellangere le Beuse, and Sir Urre, with Sir Lavaine, with many others: Sir, an ye be so disposed to abide in this land we will never fail you; and if ye list not to abide in this land there nis none of the good knights that here be will fail you, for many causes. One is, all we that be not of your blood shall never be welcome to the court. And sithen it liked us to take a part with you in your distress and heaviness in this realm; wit you well it shall like us as well to go in other countries with you, and there to take such part as ye do. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, I well understand you, and as I can, thank you: and ye shall understand, such livelihood as I am born unto I shall depart with you in this manner of wise; that is for to say, I shall depart all my livelihood and all my lands freely among you, and I myself will have as little as any of you, for have I sufficient that may long to my person, I will ask none other rich array; and I trust to God to maintain you on my lands as well as ever were maintained any knights. Then spake all the knights at once: He have shame that will leave you; for we all understand in this realm will be now no quiet, but ever strife and debate, now the fellowship of the Round Table is broken; for by the noble fellowship of the Round Table was King Arthur upborne, and by their noblesse the king and all his realm was in quiet and rest, and a great part they said all was because of your noblesse.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT PASSED OVER THE SEA, AND HOW HE MADE GREAT LORDS OF THE KNIGHTS THAT WENT WITH HIM.

TRULY, said Sir Launcelot, I thank you all of your good saying; howbeit, I wot well, in me was not all the stability of this realm, but in that I might I did my devoir; and well I am sure I knew many rebellions in my days that by me were peaced, and I trow

we all shall hear of them in short space, and that me sore repenteth. For ever I dread me, said Sir Launcelot, that Sir Mordred will make trouble, for he is passing envious and applieth him to trouble. So they were accorded to go with Sir Launcelot to his lands; and to make short tale, they trussed, and paid all that would ask them; and wholly an hundred knights departed with Sir Launcelot at once, and made their avows they would never leave him for weal nor for woe.

And so they shipped at Cardiff, and sailed unto Benwick: some men call it Bayonne, and some men call it Beaune, where the wine of Beaune is. But to say the sooth, Sir Launcelot and his nephews were lords of all France, and of all the lands that longed unto France; he and his kindred rejoiced it all through Sir Launcelot's noble prowess. And then Sir Launcelot stuffed and furnished and garnished all his noble towns and castles. Then all the people of those lands came to Sir Launcelot on foot and hands. And so when he had stablished all these countries, he shortly called a parliament; and there he crowned Sir Lionel, King of France; and Sir Bors [he] crowned him king of all King Claudas' lands; and Sir Ector de Maris, that was Sir Launcelot's youngest brother, he crowned him King of Benwick, and king of all Guienne, that was Sir Launcelot's own land. And he made Sir Ector prince of them all, and thus he departed.

Then Sir Launcelot advanced all his noble knights, and first he advanced them of his blood; that was Sir Blamore, he made him Duke of Limosin in Guienne, and Sir Bleoberis he made him Duke of Poictiers, and Sir Gahalantine he made him Duke of Querne, and Sir Galihodin he made him Duke of Sentonge, and Sir Galihud he made him Earl of Perigot, and Sir Menadeuke he made him Earl of Roerge, and Sir Villiars the Valiant he made him Earl of Bearn, and Sir Hebes le Renoumes he made him Earl of Comange, and Sir Lavaine he made him Earl of Arminak, and Sir Urre he made him Earl of Estrake, and Sir Neroneus he made him Earl of Pardiak, and Sir Plenorius he made Earl of Foise, and Sir Selises of the Dolorous Tower he made him Earl of Masauke, and Sir Melias de Lile he made him Earl of Tursauk, and Sir Bellangere le Beuse he made

Earl of the Launds, and Sir Palomides he made him Duke of the Provence, and Sir Safere he made him Duke of Landok, and Sir Clegis he gave him the Earldom of Agente, and Sir Sadok he gave the Earldom of Surlat, and Sir Dinas le Seneschal he made him Duke of Anjou, and Sir Clarrus he made him Duke of Normandy. Thus Sir Launcelot rewarded his noble knights and many more, that meseemeth it were too long to rehearse.

III

THE SIEGE OF BENWICK

SO leve we sir Launcelot in hys londis and hys noble (19)
knyghtes with hym, and returne we agayne unto kynge 470r
Arthure and unto sir Gawayne that made a grete oste aredy
to the numbir of three score thousande. And all thynge was
made redy for shyppyng to passe over the see, to warre 5
uppon sir Launcelot and uppon hys londis. And so they
shypped at Cardyff.

And there kynge Arthur made sir Mordred chyeff ruler
of all Ingelonde, and also he put the quene undir hys gover-
naunce: bycause sir Mordred was kynge Arthurs son, he 10
gaff hym the rule off hys londe and off hys wyff.

And so the kynge passed the see and landed uppon sir
Launcelottis londis, and there he brente and wasted, thorow
the ve[n]geaunce of sir Gawayne, all that they myght over-
renne. So whan thys worde was [com] unto sir Launcelot, 15
that kynge Arthur and sir Gawayne were landed uppon hys
londis and made full grete destruccion and waste, than spake
sir Bors and seyde,

'My lorde, sir Launcelot, hit is shame that we suffir hem
thus to ryde over oure londys. For wyte you well, suffir ye 20
hem as longe as ye wyll, they woll do you no favoure and
they may handyll you.'

Than seyde sir Lyonell that was ware and wyse, 'My lorde,
sir Launcelot, I woll gyff you thys counceyle: lat us kepe
oure stronge-walled townys untyll they have hunger and 25
colde, and blow on their nayles; and than lat us fresshly set
uppon them and shrede hem downe as shepe in a folde, that
ever aftir alyauntis may take ensample how the[y] lande
uppon oure londys!'

Than spake kynge Bagdemagus to sir Launcelot and 30
seyde, 'Sir, youre curtesy woll shende us all, and youre
curtesy hath waked all thys sorow; for and they thus over-

3 *C* hoost redy 5 *C* for their shyppyng 5–6 to warre . . . hys londis *not in C*† *Cf. Le Morte Arthur* (2506) On Launcelot landys for to ryde *F* (*Mort Artu, p. 141*) l'amonesta tant messires Gauvains qu'il recomençast la guerre encontre Lancelot 9 *C* put quene Gueneuer under 15 *C** word came to syr 17 *C* a full 27 *C*† vpon hym and *C*† in a felde 28 ever aftir *not in C* *C* ensample for euer how 30–31 and seyde *not in C* 31–32 *C* alle and thy curtosy

ryde oure londis, they shall by proces brynge us all to nought whyle we thus in holys us hyde.'

470v Than seyde sir Galyhud unto sir Launcelot, 'Sir, here bene knyghtes com of kyngis blod that woll nat longe
5 droupe and dare within thys wallys. Therefore gyff us leve, lyke as we ben knyghtes, to mete hem in the fylde, and we shall ⌜slee them and⌝ so deale wyth them that they shall curse the tyme that ever they cam into thys contrey.'

Than spake seven brethirn of Northe Walis whych were
10 seven noble knyghtes, for a man myghte seke seven kyngis londis or he myght fynde such seven knyghtes. And thes seven noble knyghtes seyde all at onys,

'Sir Launcelot, for Crystis sake, late us ryde oute with sir Galyhud, for we were never wonte to coure in castels nother
15 in noble townys.'

Than spake sir Launcelot, that was mayster and governoure of hem all, and seyde,

'My fayre lordis, wyte you well I am full lothe to ryde oute with my knyghtes for shedynge of Crysten blood; and
20 yet my londis I undirstonde be full bare for to sustayne any oste awhyle for the myghty warris that whylom made kyng Claudas uppon thys contrey and uppon my fadir, kyng Ban, and on myne uncle, kynge Bors. Howbehit we woll as at this tyme kepe oure stronge wallis. And I shall sende a messyn-
25 gere unto my lorde Arthur a tretyse for to take, for better ys pees than allwayes warre.'

So sir Launcelot sente forthe a damesel wyth a dwarff with her, requyryng kynge Arthur to leve hys warryng uppon hys londys. And so he starte uppon a palferey, and a dwarffe
30 ran by her syde, and whan she cam to the pavelon of kynge Arthur, there she alyght. And there mette her a jantyll knyght, sir Lucan the Butlere, and seyde,

'Fayre damesell, come ye frome sir Launcelot du Lake?'

1 *C* ouer our landes ryde 5 *C*† droupe & they are within these *Le Morte Arthur* (2574–5) 'Syr, here ar knyghtis of kynges blode That longe wylle not droupe and dare' 7 *C* shalle slee them that they *Le Morte Arthur* (2579) I shall them sle and make full bare 9 *C* northwalys and they were 10 for *not in C* *C* seke in seuen 11–12 *C* Knyghtes Thenne they all said at ones 13 *C* oute ryde 14 *C* we be 17 and seyde *not in C* 20 *P* sull *R* full 22 *C* countrey vpon 27 *C* damoysell & a 29 *C* so she. *Cf.* 1150. 28 the dwerf

'Yee, sir,' she seyde,' therefore cam I hyddir to speke with my lorde the kynge.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Lucan, 'my lorde Arthure wolde accorde with sir Launcelot, but sir Gawayne woll nat suffir hym.' And than he seyde, 'I pray to God, damesell, that ye may spede ⌜well⌝, for all we that bene aboute the kynge wolde that Launcelot ded beste of ony knyght lyvynge.' 471r

And so with thys sir Lucan lad the damesell to the kynge, where he sate with syr Gawayne, for to hyre what she wolde say. So whan she had tolde her tale the watir ran oute of the kyngis yen. And all the lordys were full glad for to advyce the kynge to be accorded with sir Launcelot, save all only sir Gawayne. And he seyde,

'My lorde, myne uncle, what woll ye do? Woll ye now turne agayne, now ye ar paste thys farre uppon youre journey? All the worlde woll speke of you vylany and shame.'

'Now', seyde kynge Arthur, 'wyte you well, sir Gawayne, I woll do as ye advyse me; and yet mesemyth', seyde kynge Arthur, 'hys fayre proffers were nat good to be reffused. But sytthyn I am com so far uppon thys journey, I woll that ye gyff the damesell her answere, for I may nat speke to her for pité: for her profirs ben so large.'

Than sir Gawayne seyde unto the damesell thus: 'Sey ye to (20) sir Launcelot that hyt ys waste laboure now to sew to myne uncle. For telle hym, and he wolde have made ony laboure for pease, he sholde have made hit or thys tyme, for telle hym now hit ys to late. And say to hym that I, sir Gawayne, so sende hym word, that I promyse hym by the faythe that I owghe to God and to knyghthode, I shall never leve hym tylle he hathe slayne me or I hym!'

So the damesell wepte and departed, and so there was many a wepyng yghe. And than sir Lucan brought the damesell to her palffrey; and so she cam to sir Launcelot, where he was amonge all hys knyghtes, and whan sir Launcelot

3–4 *C* wold loue launcelot 5 that *not in C* 6 *C** spede wel *Le Morte Arthur* (*2643*) Jesu, for hys modyris sake, Yiffe the grace wele to spede 6–7 *C* wold sir launcelot 12 *C* as to be 15–16 *C* thus fer vpon this Iourney 16–17 and shame *not in C*† 18 *C* thou 19 *C* ye wil aduyse 24 *C* thus Damoysel saye ye 28 to hym *not in C* 29–30 feythe I owe vnto god 32–33 *C* and there were many wepyng eyen and soo sir 35 *C* when *S* whan

had harde hir answere, than the tearys ran downe by hys chekys. And than hys noble knyghtes com about hym and seyde,

'Sir Launcelot, wherefore make ye suche chere? Now thynke what ye ar and what men we ar, and lat us noble knyghtis macche hem in myddis of the fylde.'

'That may be lyghtly done,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'but I was never so lothe to do batayle. And therefore I pray you, sirres, as ye love me, be ruled at thys tyme as I woll have you. For I woll allwayes fle that noble kynge that made me knyght; and whan I may no farther, I muste nedis deffende me. And that woll be more worshyp for me and us all tha[n] to compare with that noble kynge whom we have all served.'

Than they hylde their langayge, and as that nyght they toke their reste. And uppon the mornyng erly, in the dawnynge of the day, as knyghtes loked oute, they saw the cité of Benwyke besyged rounde aboute, and gan faste to sette up laddirs. And they within kepte them oute of the towne and bete hem myghtyly frome the wallis.

Than cam forthe sir Gawayne, well armede, uppon a styff steede, and he cam before the chyeff gate with hys speare in hys honde, cryynge:

'Where art thou, sir Launcelot? Ys there none of all your proude knyghtes that dare breake a speare with me?'

Than sir Bors made hym redy and cam forth oute of the towne. And there sir Gawayne encountred with sir Bors, and at that tyme he smote hym downe frome hys horse, and allmoste he had slayne hym. And so sir Bors was rescowed and borne into the towne.

Than cam forthe sir Lyonell and thoughte to revenge hym; and aythir feawtred their spearys and so ran togydirs, and there they mette spiteously, but sir Gawayne had such a grace that he smote sir Lyonell downe and wounded hym

1 *C* this ansuer 2 *C* knyghtes strode aboute 4 Now *not in C* 9 *C* fayre sirs at thys tyme *not in C* 12–13 *W* that to compare 15 *C* morne erly 17 *C* and fast they beganne to 18–20 *C* and thenne they defyed hem oute of the Towne and bete hem from the walles wyghtely Thenne 23 *C* syr Launcelot where arte thou 23–24 *C* of you proude 24 that *not in C* 27 *C* smote sir Bors doune 30 *C** Lyonel broder to syr Bors and *Cf. Le Morte Arthur* (2754–5) Syr Lyonelle was all redy than And for hys broder was wonder woo 31 so *not in C* 32 *C* mette spytefully 33 a *not in C*

there passyngly sore. And than sir Lyonell was rescowed and borne into the towne.

And thus sir Gawayne com every day, and fayled nat but that he smote downe one knyght or othir. So thus they endured halff a yere, and muche slaughter was of people on bothe partyes.

Than hit befelle uppon a day that sir Gawayne cam afore the gatis, armed at all pecis, on a noble horse, with a greate speare in hys honde, and than he cryed with a lowde voyce and seyde, 472r

'Where arte thou now, thou false traytour, sir Launcelot? Why holdyst thou thyselff within holys and wallys lyke a cowarde? Loke oute, thou false traytoure knyght, and here I shall revenge uppon thy body the dethe of my three brethirne!'

And all thys langayge harde sir Launcelot every deale. Than hys kynne and hys knyghtes drew aboute hym, and all they seyde at onys unto sir Launcelot,

'Sir, now muste you deffende you lyke a knyght, othir ellis ye be shamed for ever, for now ye be called uppon treson, hit ys tyme for you to styrre! For ye have slepte over longe, and suffirde overmuche.'

'So God me helpe,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I am ryght hevy at sir Gawaynes wordys, for now he chargith me with a grete charge. And therefore I wote as well as ye I muste nedys deffende me, other ellis to be recreaunte.'

Than sir Launcelot bade sadyll hys strongest horse and bade let fecche hys armys and brynge all to the towre of the gate. And than sir Launcelot spake on hyght unto the kynge and seyde,

'My lorde Arthur, and noble kynge that made me knyght! Wyte you well I am ryght hevy for youre sake that ye thus sewe uppon me. And allwayes I forbeare you, for and I wolde be vengeable I myght have mette you in myddys the fylde or thys tyme and thereto have made your boldiste knyghtes full tame. And now I have forborne you and suffirde you halff a yere, and sir Gawayne, to do what ye

1 *C* passynge sore 3 *C* And this† sir *C* he fayled 10 and seyde *not in C* 12 *C** why hydest thow 13 *C* oute now thow 15–16 *C* dele and his 18 *C* Sir Launcelot 22–23 *C* heuy of sire 23 *C* charged me 24 nedys *not in C* 27–28 *C* alle vnto the gate of the Toure 28–29 *C* vnto kynge Arthur and 34 or thys tyme *not in C* 35–36 *C* forborne half a yere and suffred yow and sire

wolde do. And now I may no lenger suffir to endure, but nedis I muste deffende myselff, insomuch as sir Gawayn hathe becalled me of treson; whych ys gretly ayenste my wyll that ever I shulde fyghte ayenste ony of youre blood, but now I may nat forsake hit: for I am dryvyn thereto as beste tylle a bay.'

Than sir Gawayne seyde unto sir Launcelotte,

472v 'And thou darste do batayle, leve thy babelynge and com off, and lat us ease oure hartis!'

Than sir Launcelot armed hym and mownted uppon hys horse, and aythir of them gate greate spearys in their hondys. And so the oste withoute stoode stylle all aparte, and the noble knyghtes of the cité cam a greate numbir, that whan kynge Arthur saw the numbir of men and knyghtes he mervaylde and seyde to hymself,

'Alas, that ever sir Launcelot was ayenst me! For now I se that he hath forborne me.'

And so the covenaunte was made, there sholde no man nyghe hem nother deale wyth them tylle the tone were dede other yolden.

(21) Than sir Launcelot and sir Gawayne departed a greate way in sundir, and than they cam togydirs with all the[ir] horse myghtes as faste as they myght renne, and aythir smote othir in myddis of their shyldis. But the knyghtes were so stronge and their spearys so bygge that their horsis myght nat endure their buffettis, and so their horsis felle to the erthe. And than they avoyded their horsys and dressed their shyldis afore them; than they cam togydirs and gaff many sad strokis on dyverse placis of their bodyes, that the bloode braste oute on many sydis.

Than had sir Gawayne suche a grace and gyffte that an holy man had gyvyn hym, that every day in the yere, frome undern tyll hyghe noone, hys myght encresed tho three owres as much as thryse hys strength. And that caused sir

1–2 *C* may endure it no lenger for now muste I nedes defende 2 as *not in C* 3 *C* hath apeeled me of treason the whiche 5 for *not in C* 7–8 *C* sayd sir Launcelot and thou 10 *C* hym lyghtely & 11 *C* of the knyghtes gat 12 so *not in C* 13 *C* noble knyghtes came oute of the Cyte by a grete nombre in so moche that whan 19 *C* tyl the one 21 *C* syr Gauwayn and syr Launcelot 22–23 *O*1 the horse 23 as faste *not in C*† 26 *W* buffeffettis 28 *C* they stode to gyders 30 *C* sydes and places (*contamination ?*) 33 *C* hye *S* hyhe

Gawayne to wynne grete honoure. And for hys sake kynge Arthur made an ordynaunce that all maner off batayles for ony quarels that shulde be done afore kynge Arthur shulde begynne at undern; and all was done for sir Gawaynes love, that by lyklyhode if sir Gawayne were on the tone parté, he shulde have the bettir in batayle whyle hys strengthe endured three owrys. But there were that tyme but feaw knyghtes **473r** lyvynge that knewe thys advauntayge that sir Gawayne had, but kynge Arthure all only.

So sir Launcelot faught wyth sir Gawayne, and whan sir Launcelot felte hys myght evermore encrese, sir Launcelot wondred and drad hym sore to be shamed; for, as the Freynshe booke seyth, he wende, whan he felte sir Gawaynes double hys strengthe, that he had bene a fyende and none earthely man. Wherefore sir Launcelot traced and traverced, and coverde hymselff with hys shylde, and kepte hys myght and hys brethe duryng three owrys. And that whyle sir Gawayne gaff hym many sad bruntis ⌜and many sad strokis,⌝ that all knyghtes that behylde sir Launcelot mervayled how he myght endure hym, but full lytyll undirstood they that travayle that sir Launcelot had to endure hym.

And than whan hit was paste noone sir Gawaynes strengthe was gone and ⟨he⟩ had no more but hys owne myght. Whan sir Launcelot felte hym so com downe, than he strecched hym up and strode nere sir Gawayne and seyde thus:

'Now I fele ye have done youre warste! And now, my lorde sir Gawayn, I muste do my parte, for many a grete and grevous strokis I have endured you thys day with greate payne.'

And so sir Launcelot doubled hys strokis and gaff sir Gawayne suche a stroke uppon the helmet that sydelynge he felle downe uppon hys one syde. And sir Launcelot withdrew hym frome hym.

'Why wythdrawyst thou the?' seyde sir Gawayne. 'Turne

5 *C* the one 7–8 *C* knyghtes that tyme lyuyng 10 *C* Thus syr Launcelot 13 *C* sayth Syr Launcelot wende *C* Gauwayn 17 *C*† and his brayde duryng thre houres *F* (*Mort Artu, p. 175*) en se fu il auques reposez et ot reprise sa force et s'aleinne 18 *C** bruntes And many sadde strokes *Le Morte Arthur* (*2809*) Agayne xx strokys he yaff not one (*homoeoteleuton in W*) 19 *C** al the knyghtes 19–20 *C* how that he 21 *C* had for to 22–23 *C*† Gauwayn had noo 23–24 *C* myght Thenne syr 25 *C* stode nere 26 *C* my lord syr Gauwayn now youre warste and *not in C*† 27 a *not in C* 29 *C* Than sir Launcelot 30 *C* suche a buffet on sydelynge *not in C* 33 *C* Gawayn now torne

agayne, false traytoure knyght, and sle me oute! For and thou leve me thus, anone as I am hole I shall do batayle with the agayne.'

'Sir,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I shall endure you, be Goddis
5 grace! But wyte thou well, sir Gawayne, I woll never smyte a felde knyght.'

473v And so sir Launcelot departed and wente unto the cité. And sir Gawayne was borne unto kynge Arthurs pavylon, and anone lechys were brought unto hym of the beste, and
10 serched and salved hym with souffte oynementis. And than sir Launcelot seyde,

'Now have good day, my lorde the kynge! For wyte you welle ye wynne no worshyp at thes wallis, for and I wolde my knyghtes outebrynge, there shulde many a douty man
15 dye. And therefore, my lorde Arthur, remembir you of olde kyndenes, and howsomever I fare, Jesu be youre gyde in all placis.'

(22) 'Now, alas,' seyde the kynge, 'that ever thys unhappy warre began! For ever sir Launcelot forbearyth me in all
20 placis, and in lyke wyse my kynne, and that ys sene well thys day, what curtesy he shewed my neveawe, sir Gawayne.'

Than kynge Arthur felle syke for sorow of sir Gawayne, that he was so sore hurte, and bycause of the warre betwyxte hym and sir Launcelot. So aftir that they on kynge Arthurs
25 party kepte the sege with lytyll warre wythouteforthe, and they withinforthe kepte their wallys and deffended them whan nede was.

Thus sir Gawayne lay syke and unsounde three wykes in hys tentis with all maner of lechecrauffte that myght be had.
30 And as sone as sir Gawayne myght go and ryde, he armed hym at all poyntis and bestroode a styff courser and gate a grete speare in hys honde, and so he cam rydynge afore the chyeff gate of Benwyke. And there he cryed on hyght and seyde,

1 oute *not in C* 2 *C* thus whan I 4 Sir seyde sir Launcelot *not in C* *C* you syr by 7 departed and *not in C* 7, 8 *C* in to 9 anone *not in C* of the beste *not in C*† 10 hym *not in C* 13 *C* thys wallys & yf I 14 douty *not in C*† 16 *C* how euer I 18 Now *not in C* 19 *C* warre was begonne 21 *C*† day by my neuew 24 *C* So than they 28 and unsounde *not in C*† *Le Morte Arthur* (2859) passynge seke and unsonde 31 *C*† poyntes & sterte vpon a courser grete *not in C*† *Cf. Le Morte Arthur* (2890) Gawayne grypes a full good spere 33 *C*† of barwyk and seyde *not in C*

'Where arte thou, sir Launcelot? Com forth, thou false traytoure knyght and recrayed, for I am here, sir Gawayne, that woll preve thys that I say uppon the!'

And all thys langayge sir Launcelot harde and sayde thus:

'Sir Gawayne, me repentis of youre fowle sayinge, that ye woll nat cease your langayge. For ye wote well, sir Gawayne, I know youre myght and all that ye may do, and well ye wote, sir Gawayne, ye may nat greatly hurte me.' 474r

'Com downe, traytoure knyght,' seyde he, 'and make hit good the contrary wyth thy hondys! For hit myssehapped me the laste batayle to be hurte of thy hondis, therefore, wyte thou well, I am com thys day to make amendis, for I wene this day to ley the as low as thou laydest me.'

'Jesu deffende me,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ever I be so farre in youre daunger as ye have bene in myne, for than my dayes were done. But, Gawayne,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'ye shall nat thynke that I shall tarry longe, but sytthyn that ye unknyghtly calle me thus of treson, ye shall have bothe youre hondys fulle of me.'

And than sir Launcelot armed hym at all poyntis and mounted uppon [his] horse and gate a grete speare in hys honde and rode oute at the gate. And bothe their ostis were assembled, of them withoute and within, and stood in aray full manly, and bothe partyes were charged to holde hem stylle to se and beholde the batayle of thes two noble knyghtes.

And than they layde their spearys in their restis and so cam togydir as thundir. And sir Gawayne brake hys speare in an hondred peces to hys honde, and sir Launcelot smote hym with a gretter myght, that sir Gawaynes horse feete reysed, and so the horse and he felle to the erthe. Than sir Gawayne delyverly devoyded hys horse and put hys shylde afore hym, and egirly drew hys swerde and bade sir Launcelot, 'Alyght, traytoure knyght!' and seyde,

'Gyff a marys sonne hath fayled me, wyte thou well a kyngis sonne and a quenys sonne shall nat fayle the!'

3 that *not in C* 4 *C* & than he sayd 5 fowle *not in S* (*C* foule) 6 *C* sease of your 16 *C* syr Gauwayn 17 *C* I tary 18 *C* ye so vnknyghtelye thus *not in C* 21 *Not emended in O*[1] 22 *C* the hoostes 23 *C* and of them wythin 27 so *not in C* 28–29 *C* spere vpon syr Launcelot in an 32 *C* auoyded 34–35 *C* knyght for yf thys marys

Than sir Launcelot devoyded hys horse and dressed hys shylde afore hym and drew hys swerde, and so cam egirly togydirs and gaff many sad strokis, that all men on bothe partyes had wondir.

But whan sir Launcelot felte sir Gawaynes myght so mer-
474v vaylously encres, he than wythhylde hys corayge and hys wynde, and so he kepte hym undir coverte of hys myght and of hys shylde: he traced and traverced here and there to breake sir Gawaynys strokys and hys currayge. And ever sir Gawayne enforced hymselff wyth all hys myght and power to destroy sir Launcelot, for, as the Freynshe booke saythe, ever as sir Gawaynes myght encresed, ryght so encreced hys wynde and hys evyll wyll.

And thus he ded grete payne unto sir Launcelot three owres, that he had much ado to defende hym. And whan the three owres were paste, that he felte sir Gawayne was com home to his owne propir strengthe, than sir Launcelot sayde,

'Sir, now I have preved you twyse that ye ar a full daungerous knyght and a wondirfull man of [your] myght! And many wondir dedis have ye done in youre d⌜aye⌝s, for by youre myght encresyng ye have desceyved many a full noble knyght. And now I fele that ye have done youre myghty dedis, now, wyte you well, I muste do my dedis!'

And than sir Launcelot strode nere sir Gawayne and doubled hys strokis, and ever sir Gawayne deffended hym myghtyly, but nevertheles sir Launcelot smote such a stroke uppon hys helme and uppon the olde wounde that sir Gawayne sanke downe and sowned. And anone as he ded awake he waved and foyned at sir Launcelot as he lay, and seyde,

'Traytoure knyght, wyte thou well I am nat yet slayne.

1 *C* auoyded 2–3 *C* and soo stode they to gyders 4 *C** had therof passyng grete wonder 7 so he *not in C* 7–8 *C* hym self wonder† covert of his myght and vnder his shelde 9 ever *not in C* 14 *C* Thus syr Gawayne dyd 15 *C* had ryght grete payne for to 16 *C* that syr Launcelot felte that syr 17 home *not in C*† 18–19 *C* sayd vnto syr Gawayn now haue I 20 *C** of your myght *W* of hys myght 21 *C* wonderful dedes *W* in youre dedis (*contamination*) *C** dayes 23 *C** noble and valyaunte knyght 24 *W* dedis and now *C** dedes Now 25–26 *C* stode nerre syr Gauwayn and thenne syr Launcelot doubled 26 ever *not in C* 28 *C* vpon sir Gauwayns helme 29 *C* synked doun vpon hys one syde in a swounde

Therefore com thou nere me and p[er]fo[rm]e thys batayle to the utteraunce!'

'I woll no more do than I have done,' seyde sir Launcelot. 'For whan I se you on foote I woll do batayle uppon you all the whyle I se you stande uppon youre feete; but to smyte a wounded man that may nat stonde, God defende me from such a shame!'

And than he turned [hym and wente] hys way towarde the cité, and sir Gawayne evermore callyng hym 'traytoure knyght' and seyde, 475r

'Traytoure knyght! Wyte thou well, sir Launcelot, whan I am hole I shall do batayle with you agayne, for I shall never leve the tylle the tone of us be slayne!'

Thus as thys syge endured and as sir Gawayne lay syke nerehande a moneth, and whan he was well recovirde and redy within three dayes to do batayle agayne with sir Launcelot, ryght so cam tydyngis unto kynge Arthur frome Inglonde that made kynge Arthur and all hys oste to remeve.

1 Therefore *not in C* *W* and profounde *C** and perfourme 2 *C* vnto the vttermyst 8 *Not emended in O*[1] 10–11 *C* and sayd wyt thou wel 12 *C* wyth the ageyn 13 *C* tyl that one 15 *C* nere a monthe 18 *C* remeue Here foloweth the xxi book

3. *The Siege of Benwick*

(Caxton XX, 19–22)

So leave we sir Lancelot in his lands and his noble knights with him, and return we again unto king Arthur and unto sir Gawain, that made a great host aready to the number of three score thousand. And all thing was made ready for shipping to pass over the sea, to war upon sir Lancelot and upon his lands. And so they shipped at Cardiff.

And there king Arthur made sir Mordred chief ruler of all England, and also he put the queen under his governance. Because sir Mordred was king Arthur's son he gave him the rule of his land and of his wife.

And so the king passed the sea and landed upon sir Lancelot's lands, and there he burnt and wasted, through the vengeance of sir Gawain, all that they might overrun.

So when this word was come unto sir Lancelot, that king Arthur and sir Gawain were landed upon his lands and made full great destruction and waste, then spoke sir Bors and said, 'My lord, sir Lancelot, it is shame that we suffer them thus to ride over our lands. For wit you well, suffer ye them as long as ye will, they will do you no favour and they may handle you.'

Then said sir Lionel, that was ware and wise, 'My lord, sir Lancelot, I will give you this counsel: let us keep our strongwalled towns until they have hunger and cold, and blow on their nails; and then let us freshly set upon them and shred them down as sheep in a fold, that ever after aliens may take example how they land upon our lands!'

Then spoke king Bagdemagus to sir Lancelot and said, 'Sir, your courtesy will shend us all, and your courtesy hath waked all this sorrow; for and they thus override our lands, they shall by process bring us all to nought while we thus in holes us hide.'

Then said sir Galihud unto sir Lancelot, 'Sir, here been knights come of king's blood that will not long droop and dare within these walls. Therefore give us leave, like as we been knights, to meet them in the field, and we shall slay them and so deal with them that they shall curse the time that ever they came into this country.'

Then spoke seven brethren of North Wales which were seven noble knights; for a man might seek seven kings' lands or he might find such seven knights. And these seven noble knights said all at once, 'Sir Lancelot, for Christ's sake, let us ride out with sir Galihud, for we were never wont to cower in castles nother in noble towns.'

Then spoke sir Lancelot, that was master and governor of them all, and said, 'My fair lords, wit you well I am full loth to ride out with my knights for shedding of Christian blood; and yet my lands I understand be full bare for to sustain any host awhile, for the mighty wars that whilom made king Claudas upon this country and upon my father, king Ban, and on mine uncle, king Bors. Howbeit we will as at this time keep our strong walls. And I shall send a messenger unto my lord Arthur a treatise for to take, for better is peace than always war'.

So sir Lancelot sent forth a damsel with a dwarf with her, requiring king Arthur to leave his warring upon his lands. And so she* start upon a palfrey, and the* dwarf ran by her side, and when she came to the pavilion of king Arthur, there she alight. And there met her a gentle knight, sir Lucan the Butler, and said, 'Fair damsel, come ye from sir Lancelot du Lake?'

'Yea, sir,' she said, 'therefore came I hither to speak with my lord the king.'

'Alas,' said sir Lucan, 'my lord Arthur would accord with sir Lancelot, but sir Gawain will not suffer him.' And then he said, 'I pray to God, damsel, that ye may speed well, for all we that been about the king would that Lancelot did best of any knight living.' And so with this sir Lucan led the damsel to the king, where he sat with sir Gawain, for to hear what she would say. So when she had told her tale the water ran out of the king's eyen. And all the lords were full glad for to advise the king to be accorded with sir Lancelot, save all only sir Gawain. And he said, 'My lord, mine uncle, what will ye do? Will ye now turn again, now ye are passed this far upon your journey? All the world will speak of you villainy and shame.'

'Now,' said king Arthur, 'wit you well, sir Gawain, I will do as ye advise me; and yet meseemeth,' said king Arthur, 'his fair proffers were not good to be refused. But sithen I am come so far upon this jnorney, I will that ye give the damsel her answer, for I may not speak to her for pity; for her proffers been so large.'

Then sir Gawain said unto the damsel thus: 'Say ye to sir Lancelot

that it is waste labour now to sue to mine uncle. For tell him, and he would have made any labour for peace, he should have made it or this time, for tell him now it is too late. And say to him that I, sir Gawain, so send him word, that I promise him by the faith that I owe to God and to knighthood, I shall never leave him till he hath slain me or I him!' So the damsel wept and departed, and so there was many a weeping eye. And then sir Lucan brought the damsel to her palfrey.

And so she came to sir Lancelot, where he was among all his knights, and when sir Lancelot had heard her answer, then the tears ran down by his cheeks. And then his noble knights strode about him and said, 'Sir Lancelot, wherefore make ye such cheer? Now think what ye are, and what men we are, and let us, noble knights, match them in mids of the field.'

'That may be lightly done,' said sir Lancelot. 'But I was never so loth to do battle. And therefore I pray you, sirs, as ye love me, be ruled at this time as I will have you. For I will always flee that noble king that made me knight; and when I may no farther, I must needs defend me. And that will be more worship for me and us all than to compare with that noble king whom we have all served.'

Then they held their language, and as that night they took their rest. And upon the morning early, in the dawning of the day, as knights looked out they saw the city of Benwick besieged round about, and gan fast to set up ladders. And they within kept them out of the town and beat them mightily from the walls.

Then came forth sir Gawain, well armed, upon a stiff steed, and he came before the chief gate with his spear in his hand, crying: 'Where art thou, sir Lancelot? Is there none of all your proud knights that dare break a spear with me?'

Then sir Bors made him ready and came forth out of the town. And there sir Gawain encountered with sir Bors, and at that time he smote him down from his horse, and almost he had slain him. And so sir Bors was rescued and borne into the town.

Then came forth sir Lionel, brother to sir Bors, and thought to revenge him; and either fewtred their spears and so ran togethers. And there they met spiteously, but sir Gawain had such a grace that he smote sir Lionel down, and wounded him there passingly sore. And then sir Lionel was rescued and borne into the town.

And thus sir Gawain came every day, and failed not but that he smote down one knight or other. So thus they endured half a year, and much slaughter was of people on both parties.

Then it befell upon a day that sir Gawain came afore the gates, armed at all pieces, on a noble horse, with a great spear in his hand, and then he cried with a loud voice and said,

'Where art thou now, thou false traitor, sir Lancelot? Why hidest* thou thyself within holes and walls like a coward? Look out, thou false traitor knight, and here I shall revenge upon thy body the death of my three brethren!'

And all this language heard sir Lancelot every deal. Then his kin and his knights drew about him, and all they said at once unto sir Lancelot, 'Sir, now must you defend you like a knight, other else ye be shamed for ever, for now ye be called upon treason, it is time for you to stir! For ye have slept overlong, and suffered overmuch.'

'So God me help,' said sir Lancelot, 'I am right heavy at sir Gawain's words, for now he chargeth me with a great charge. And therefore I wot as well as ye I must needs defend me, other else to be recreant.'

Then sir Lancelot bade saddle his strongest horse and bade let fetch his arms and bring all to the tower of the gate. And then sir Lancelot spoke on height unto the king and said,

'My lord Arthur, and noble king that made me knight! Wit you well I am right heavy for your sake and that ye thus sue upon me. And always I forbear you, for and I would be vengeable I might have met you in mids the field or this time, and there to have made your boldest knights full tame. And now I have forborne you and suffered you half a year, and sir Gawain, to do what ye would do. And now I may no longer suffer to endure, but needs I must defend myself, insomuch as sir Gawain hath becalled me of treason; which is greatly against my will that ever I should fight against any of your blood, but now I may not forsake it: for I am driven thereto as beast till a bay.'

Then sir Gawain said unto sir Lancelot, 'And thou durst do battle, leave thy babbling and come off, and let us ease our hearts!'

Then sir Lancelot armed him lightly* and mounted upon his horse, and either of them got great spears in their hands. And so the host without stood still all apart, and the noble knights of the city came a great number, that when king Arthur saw the number of men and

knights he marvelled and said to himself, 'Alas, that ever sir Lancelot was against me! For now I see that he hath forborne me.'

And so the covenant was made, there should no man nigh them nother deal with them till the tone were dead other yolden.

Then sir Lancelot and sir Gawain departed a great way in sunder, and then they came togethers with all their horse mights as fast as they might run, and either smote other in mids of their shields. But the knights were so strong and their spears so big that their horses might not endure their buffets, and so their horses fell to the earth. And then they avoided their horses and dressed their shields afore them. Then they stood togethers and gave many sad strokes on diverse places of their bodies, that the blood burst out on many sides.

Then had sir Gawain such a grace and gift that an holy man had given him, that every day in the year, from undern till high noon, his might increased tho three hours as much as thrice his strength. And that caused sir Gawain to win great honour. And for his sake king Arthur made an ordinance that all manner of battles for any quarrels that should be done afore king Arthur should begin at undern; and all was done for sir Gawain's love, that by likelihood if sir Gawain were on the tone party, he should have the better in battle while his strength endured three hours. But there were that time but few knights living that knew this advantage that sir Gawain had, but king Arthur all only.

So sir Lancelot fought with sir Gawain, and when sir Lancelot felt his might evermore increase, sir Lancelot wondered and dread him sore to be shamed; for, as the French book saith, he weened, when he felt sir Gawain* double his strength, that he had been a fiend and none earthly man. Wherefore sir Lancelot traced and traversed, and covered himself with his shield, and kept his might and his breath during three hours. And that while sir Gawain gave him many sad brunts and many sad strokes that all knights that beheld sir Lancelot marvelled how he might endure him, but full little understood they that travail that sir Lancelot had to endure him.

And then when it was past noon sir Gawain's strength was gone and he had no more but his own might. When sir Lancelot felt him so come down, then he stretched him up and strode near sir Gawain and said thus: 'Now I feel ye have done your worst! And now my lord sir Gawain, I must do my part, for many a great and grievous strokes I have endured you this day with great pain.'

And so sir Lancelot doubled his strokes and gave sir Gawain such a stroke upon the helmet that sideling he fell down upon his one side. And sir Lancelot withdrew him from him.

'Why withdrawest thou thee?' said sir Gawain. 'Turn again, false traitor knight, and slay me out! For and thou leave me thus, anon as I am whole I shall do battle with thee again.'

'Sir,' said sir Lancelot, 'I shall endure you, by God's grace! But wit thou well, sir Gawain, I will never smite a felled knight.'

And so sir Lancelot departed and went unto the city. (And sir Gawain was borne unto king Arthur's pavilion, and anon leeches were brought unto him of the best, and searched and salved him with soft ointments.) And then sir Lancelot said, 'Now have good day, my lord the king! For wit you well ye win no worship at these walls, for and I would my knights outbring, there should many a doughty man die. And therefore, my lord Arthur, remember you of old kindness, and howsomever I fare, Jesu be your guide in all places.'

'Now, alas,' said the king, 'that ever this unhappy war began! For ever sir Lancelot forbeareth me in all places, and in like wise my kin, and that is seen well this day, what courtesy he showed my nephew, sir Gawain.'

Then king Arthur fell sick for sorrow of sir Gawain, that he was so sore hurt, and because of the war betwixt him and sir Lancelot. So after that they on king Arthur's party kept the siege with little war withoutforth, and they withinforth kept their walls and defended them when need was.

Thus sir Gawain lay sick and unsound three weeks in his tents with all manner of leechcraft that might be had. And as soon as sir Gawain might go and ride, he armed him at all points and bestrode a stiff courser and got a great spear in his hand, and so he came riding afore the chief gate of Benwick. And there he cried on height and said, 'Where art thou, sir Lancelot? Come forth, thou false traitor knight and recrayed, for I am here, sir Gawain, that will prove this that I say upon thee!'

And all this language sir Lancelot heard and said thus: 'Sir Gawain, me repents of your foul saying, that ye will not cease your language. For ye wot well, sir Gawain, I know your might and all that ye may do, and well ye wot, sir Gawain, ye may not greatly hurt me.'

'Come down, traitor knight,' said he, 'and make it good the con-

trary with thy hands! For it mis-happed me the last battle to be hurt of thy hands. Therefore, wit thou well, I am come this day to make amends, for I ween this day to lay thee as low as thou laidest me.'

'Jesu defend me,' said sir Lancelot, 'that ever I be so far in your danger as ye have been in mine, for then my days were done. But, sir* Gawain,' said sir Lancelot, 'ye shall not think that I shall tarry long, but sithen that ye unknightly call me thus of treason, ye shall have both your hands full of me.' And then sir Lancelot armed him at all points and mounted upon his horse and got a great spear in his hand and rode out at the gate. And both their hosts were assembled, of them without and within, and stood in array full manly, and both parties were charged to hold them still to see and behold the battle of these two noble knights.

And then they laid their spears in their rests and so came together as thunder. And sir Gawain broke his spear upon sir Lancelot in an hundred pieces unto* his hand, and sir Lancelot smote him with a greater might, that sir Gawain's horse feet raised, and so the horse and he fell to the earth. Then sir Gawain deliverly devoided his horse and put his shield afore him, and eagerly drew his sword and bade sir Lancelot, 'alight, traitor knight!' and said, 'If a mare's son hath failed me, wit thou well a king's son and a queen's son shall not fail thee!'

Then sir Lancelot devoided his horse and dressed his shield afore him and drew his sword, and so stood eagerly togethers and gave many sad strokes, that all men on both parties had thereof passing great* wonder.

But when sir Lancelot felt sir Gawain's might so marvellously increase, he then withheld his courage and his wind, and so he kept him under covert of his might and of his shield. He traced and traversed here and there, to break sir Gawain's strokes and his courage. And ever sir Gawain enforced himself with all his might and power to destroy sir Lancelot, for, as the French book saith, ever as sir Gawain's might increased, right so increased his wind and his evil will.

And thus he did great pain unto sir Lancelot three hours, that he had much ado to defend him. And when the three hours were passed, that he felt sir Gawain was come home to his own proper strength, then sir Lancelot said, 'Sir, now I have proved you twice that ye are a full dangerous knight and a wonderful man of your might! And many wonder deeds have ye done in your days, for by your might increasing

ye have deceived many a full noble knight. And now I feel that ye have done your mighty deeds, now, wit you well, I must do my deeds!'

And then sir Lancelot strode near sir Gawain and doubled his strokes. And ever sir Gawain defended him mightily, but nevertheless sir Lancelot smote such a stroke upon his helm and upon the old wound that sir Gawain sank down and swooned. And anon as he did awake he waved and foined at sir Lancelot as he lay, and said, 'Traitor knight wit thou well I am not yet slain. Therefore come thou near me and perform this battle to the utterance!'

'I will no more do than I have done,' said sir Lancelot. 'For when I see you on foot I will do battle upon you all the while I see you stand upon your feet; but to smite a wounded man that may not stand, God defend me from such a shame!'

And then he turned him and went his way toward the city, and sir Gawain evermore calling him 'traitor knight' and said, 'Traitor knight! Wit thou well, sir Lancelot, when I am whole I shall do battle with thee* again, for I shall never leave thee till the tone of us be slain!'

Thus as this siege endured and as sir Gawain lay sick nearhand a month, and when he was well recovered and ready within three days to do battle again with sir Lancelot, right so came tidings unto king Arthur from England that made king Arthur and all his host to remove.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW KING ARTHUR AND SIR GAWAINE MADE A GREAT HOST READY TO GO OVER SEA TO MAKE WAR ON SIR LAUNCELOT.

So leave we Sir Launcelot in his lands, and his noble knights with him, and return we again unto King Arthur and to Sir Gawaine, that made a great host ready, to the number of threescore thousand; and all thing was made ready for their shipping to pass over the sea, and so they shipped at Cardiff. And there King Arthur made Sir Mordred chief ruler of all England, and also he put Queen Guenever under his governance; because Sir Mordred was King Arthur's son, he gave him the rule of his land and of his wife; and so the king passed the sea and landed upon Sir Launcelot's lands, and there he brent and wasted, through the vengeance of Sir Gawaine, all that they might overrun.

When this word came to Sir Launcelot, that King Arthur and Sir Gawaine were landed upon his lands, and made a full great destruction and waste, then spake Sir Bors, and said: My lord Sir Launcelot, it is shame that we suffer them thus to ride over our lands, for wit you well, suffer ye them as long as ye will, they will do you no favour an they may handle you. Then said Sir Lionel that was wary and wise: My lord Sir Launcelot, I will give this counsel, let us keep our strong walled towns until they have hunger and cold, and blow on their nails; and then let us freshly

set upon them, and shred them down as sheep in a field, that aliens may take example for ever how they land upon our lands.

Then spake King Bagdemagus to Sir Launcelot: Sir, your courtesy will shende us all, and thy courtesy hath waked all this sorrow; for an they thus over our lands ride, they shall by process bring us all to nought whilst we thus in holes us hide. Then said Sir Galihud unto Sir Launcelot: Sir, here be knights come of kings' blood, that will not long droop, and they are within these walls; therefore give us leave, like as we be knights, to meet them in the field, and we shall slay them, that they shall curse the time that ever they came into this country. Then spake seven brethren of North Wales, and they were seven noble knights; a man might seek in seven kings' lands or he might find such seven knights. Then they all said at once: Sir Launcelot, for Christ's sake let us out ride with Sir Galihud, for we be never wont to cower in castles nor in noble towns.

Then spake Sir Launcelot, that was master and governor of them all: My fair lords, wit you well I am full loath to ride out with my knights for shedding of Christian blood; and yet my lands I understand be full bare for to sustain any host awhile, for the mighty wars that whilom made King Claudas upon this country, upon my father King Ban, and on mine uncle King Bors; howbeit we will as at this time keep our strong walls, and I shall send a messenger unto my lord Arthur, a treaty for to take; for better is peace than always war.

So Sir Launcelot sent forth a damosel and a dwarf with her, requiring King Arthur to leave his warring upon his lands; and so she start upon a palfrey, and the dwarf ran by her side. And when she came to the pavilion of King Arthur, there she alighted; and there met her a gentle knight, Sir Lucan the Butler, and said: Fair damosel, come ye from Sir Launcelot du Lake? Yea sir, she said, therefore I come hither to speak with my lord the king. Alas, said Sir Lucan, my lord Arthur would love Launcelot, but Sir Gawaine will not suffer him. And then he said: I pray to God, damosel, ye may speed well, for all we that be about the king would Sir Launcelot did best of any knight living. And so with this Lucan led

the damosel unto the king where he sat with Sir Gawaine, for to hear what she would say. So when she had told her tale, the water ran out of the king's eyen, and all the lords were full glad for to advise the king as to be accorded with Sir Launcelot, save all only Sir Gawaine. and he said: My lord mine uncle, what will ye do? Will ye now turn again, now ye are passed thus far upon this journey? all the world will speak of your villainy. Nay, said Arthur, wit thou well, Sir Gawaine, I will do as ye will advise me; and yet meseemeth, said Arthur, his fair proffers were not good to be refused; but sithen I am come so far upon this journey, I will that ye give the damosel her answer, for I may not speak to her for pity, for her proffers be so large.

CHAPTER XX

WHAT MESSAGE SIR GAWAINE SENT TO SIR LAUNCELOT; AND HOW KING ARTHUR LAID SIEGE TO BENWICK, AND OTHER MATTERS.

THEN Sir Gawaine said to the damosel thus: Damosel, say ye to Sir Launcelot that it is waste labour now to sue to mine uncle; for tell him, an he would have made any labour for peace, he should have made it or this time, for tell him now it is too late; and say that I, Sir Gawaine, so send him word, that I promise him by the faith I owe unto God and to knighthood, I shall never leave him till he have slain me or I him. So the damosel wept and departed, and there were many weeping eyen; and so Sir Lucan brought the damosel to her palfrey, and so she came to Sir Launcelot where he was among all his knights. And when Sir Launcelot had heard this answer, then the tears ran down by his cheeks. And then his noble knights strode about him, and said: Sir Launcelot, wherefore make ye such cheer, think what ye are, and what men we are, and let us noble knights match them in midst of the field. That may be lightly done, said Sir Launcelot, but I was

never so loath to do battle, and therefore I pray you, fair sirs, as ye love me, be ruled as I will have you, for I will always flee that noble king that made me knight. And when I may no further, I must needs defend me, and that will be more worship for me and us all than to compare with that noble king whom we have all served. Then they held their language, and as that night they took their rest.

And upon the morn early, in the dawning of the day, as knights looked out, they saw the city of Benwick besieged round about; and fast they began to set up ladders, and then they defied them out of the town, and beat them from the walls wightly. Then came forth Sir Gawaine well armed upon a stiff steed, and he came before the chief gate, with his spear in his hand, crying: Sir Launcelot, where art thou? is there none of you proud knights dare break a spear with me? Then Sir Bors made him ready, and came forth out of the town, and there Sir Gawaine encountered with Sir Bors. And at that time he smote Sir Bors down from his horse, and almost he had slain him; and so Sir Bors was rescued and borne into the town. Then came forth Sir Lionel, brother to Sir Bors, and thought to revenge him; and either feutred their spears, and ran together; and there they met spitefully, but Sir Gawaine had such grace that he smote Sir Lionel down, and wounded him there passing sore; and then Sir Lionel was rescued and borne into the town. And this Sir Gawaine came every day, and he failed not but that he smote down one knight or other.

So thus they endured half a year, and much slaughter was of people on both parties. Then it befell upon a day, Sir Gawaine came afore the gates armed at all pieces on a noble horse, with a great spear in his hand; and then he cried with a loud voice: Where art thou now, thou false traitor, Sir Launcelot? Why hidest thou thyself within holes and walls like a coward? Look out now, thou false traitor knight, and here I shall revenge upon thy body the death of my three brethren. All this language heard Sir Launcelot every deal; and his kin and his knights drew about him, and all they said at once to Sir Launcelot: Sir Launcelot, now must ye defend you like a knight, or else ye be shamed for ever; for, now

ye be called upon treason, it is time for you to stir, for ye have slept over-long and suffered over-much. So God me help, said Sir Launcelot, I am right heavy of Sir Gawaine's words, for now he charged me with a great charge; and therefore I wot it as well as ye, that I must defend me, or else to be recreant.

Then Sir Launcelot bade saddle his strongest horse, and bade let fetch his arms, and bring all unto the gate of the tower; and then Sir Launcelot spake on high unto King Arthur, and said: My lord Arthur, and noble king that made me knight, wit you well I am right heavy for your sake, that ye thus sue upon me; and always I forbare you, for an I would have been vengeable, I might have met you in midst of the field, and there to have made your boldest knights full tame. And now I have forborne half a year, and suffered you and Sir Gawaine to do what ye would do; and now may I endure it no longer, for now must I needs defend myself, insomuch Sir Gawaine hath appealed me of treason; the which is greatly against my will that ever I should fight against any of your blood, but now I may not forsake it, I am driven thereto as a beast till a bay.

Then Sir Gawaine said: Sir Launcelot, an thou durst do battle, leave thy babbling and come off, and let us ease our hearts. Then Sir Launcelot armed him lightly, and mounted upon his horse, and either of the knights gat great spears in their hands, and the host without stood still all apart, and the noble knights came out of the city by a great number, insomuch that when Arthur saw the number of men and knights, he marvelled, and said to himself: Alas, that ever Sir Launcelot was against me, for now I see he hath forborne me. And so the covenant was made, there should no man nigh them, nor deal with them, till the one were dead or yelden.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR GAWAINE DID BATTLE TOGETHER, AND HOW SIR GAWAINE WAS OVERTHROWN AND HURT.

THEN Sir Gawaine and Sir Launcelot departed a great way asunder, and then they came together with all their horses' might as they might run, and either smote other in midst of their shields; but the knights were so strong, and their spears so big, that their horses might not endure their buffets, and so their horses fell to the earth; and then they avoided their horses, and dressed their shields afore them. Then they stood together and gave many sad strokes on divers places of their bodies, that the blood brast out on many sides and places. Then had Sir Gawaine such a grace and gift that an holy man had given to him, that every day in the year, from underne till high noon, his might increased those three hours as much as thrice his strength, and that caused Sir Gawaine to win great honour. And for his sake King Arthur made an ordinance, that all manner of battles for any quarrels that should be done afore King Arthur should begin at underne; and all was done for Sir Gawaine's love, that by likelihood, if Sir Gawaine were on the one part, he should have the better in battle while his strength endureth three hours; but there were but few knights that time living that knew this advantage that Sir Gawaine had, but King Arthur all only.

Thus Sir Launcelot fought with Sir Gawaine, and when Sir Launcelot felt his might evermore increase, Sir Launcelot wondered and dread him sore to be shamed. For as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot weened, when he felt Sir Gawaine double his strength, that he had been a fiend and none earthly man; wherefore Sir Launcelot traced and traversed, and covered himself with his shield, and kept his might and his braide during three hours; and that while Sir Gawaine gave him many sad brunts, and many sad strokes, that all the knights that beheld Sir Launcelot

marvelled how that he might endure him; but full little understood they that travail that Sir Launcelot had for to endure him. And then when it was past noon Sir Gawaine had no more but his own might. When Sir Launcelot felt him so come down, then he stretched him up and stood near Sir Gawaine, and said thus: My lord Sir Gawaine, now I feel ye have done; now my lord Sir Gawaine, I must do my part, for many great and grievous strokes I have endured you this day with great pain.

Then Sir Launcelot doubled his strokes and gave Sir Gawaine such a buffet on the helmet that he fell down on his side, and Sir Launcelot withdrew him from him. Why withdrawest thou thee? said Sir Gawaine; now turn again, false traitor knight, and slay me, for an thou leave me thus, when I am whole I shall do battle with thee again. I shall endure you, Sir, by God's grace, but wit thou well, Sir Gawaine, I will never smite a felled knight. And so Sir Launcelot went into the city; and Sir Gawaine was borne into King Arthur's pavilion, and leeches were brought to him, and searched and salved with soft ointments. And then Sir Launcelot said: Now have good day, my lord the king, for wit you well ye win no worship at these walls; and if I would my knights outbring, there should many a man die. Therefore, my lord Arthur, remember you of old kindness; and however I fare, Jesu be your guide in all places.

CHAPTER XXII

OF THE SORROW THAT KING ARTHUR MADE FOR THE WAR, AND OF ANOTHER BATTLE WHERE ALSO SIR GAWAINE HAD THE WORSE.

ALAS, said the king, that ever this unhappy war was begun; for ever Sir Launcelot forbeareth me in all places, and in likewise my kin, and that is seen well this day by my nephew Sir Gawaine. Then King Arthur fell sick for sorrow of Sir Gawaine, that he was so sore hurt, and because of the war betwixt him and Sir Launcelot.

So then they on King Arthur's part kept the siege with little war withoutforth; and they withinforth kept their walls, and defended them when need was. Thus Sir Gawaine lay sick three weeks in his tents, with all manner of leechcraft that might be had. And as soon as Sir Gawaine might go and ride, he armed him at all points, and start upon a courser, and gat a spear in his hand, and so he came riding afore the chief gate of Benwick; and there he cried on height: Where art thou, Sir Launcelot? Come forth, thou false traitor knight and recreant, for I am here, Sir Gawaine, will prove this that I say on thee.

All this language Sir Launcelot heard, and then he said thus: Sir Gawaine, me repents of your foul saying, that ye will not cease of your language; for you wot well, Sir Gawaine, I know your might and all that ye may do; and well ye wot, Sir Gawaine, ye may not greatly hurt me. Come down, traitor knight, said he, and make it good the contrary with thy hands, for it mishapped me the last battle to be hurt of thy hands; therefore wit thou well I am come this day to make amends, for I ween this day to lay thee as low as thou laidest me. Jesu defend me, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I be so far in your danger as ye have been in mine, for then my days were done. But Sir Gawaine, said Sir Launcelot, ye shall not think that I tarry long, but sithen that ye so unknightly call me of treason, ye shall have both your hands full of me. And then Sir Launcelot armed him at all points, and mounted upon his horse, and gat a great spear in his hand, and rode out at the gate. And both the hosts were assembled, of them without and of them within, and stood in array full manly. And both parties were charged to hold them still, to see and behold the battle of these two noble knights. And then they laid their spears in their rests, and they came together as thunder, and Sir Gawaine brake his spear upon Sir Launcelot in a hundred pieces unto his hand; and Sir Launcelot smote him with a greater might, that Sir Gawaine's horse's feet raised, and so the horse and he fell to the earth. Then Sir Gawaine deliverly avoided his horse, and put his shield afore him, and eagerly drew his sword, and bade Sir Launcelot: Alight, traitor knight, for if this mare's son hath failed me, wit thou well

a king's son and a queen's son shall not fail thee.

Then Sir Launcelot avoided his horse, and dressed his shield afore him, and drew his sword; and so stood they together and gave many sad strokes, that all men on both parties had thereof passing great wonder. But when Sir Launcelot felt Sir Gawaine's might so marvellously increase, he then withheld his courage and his wind, and kept himself wonder covert of his might; and under his shield he traced and traversed here and there, to break Sir Gawaine's strokes and his courage; and Sir Gawaine enforced himself with all his might and power to destroy Sir Launcelot; for as the French book saith, ever as Sir Gawaine's might increased, right so increased his wind and his evil will. Thus Sir Gawaine did great pain unto Sir Launcelot three hours, that he had right great pain for to defend him.

And when the three hours were passed, that Sir Launcelot felt that Sir Gawaine was come to his own proper strength, then Sir Launcelot said unto Sir Gawaine: Now have I proved you twice, that ye are a full dangerous knight, and a wonderful man of your might; and many wonderful deeds have ye done in your days, for by your might increasing you have deceived many a full noble and valiant knight; and, now I feel that ye have done your mighty deeds, now wit you well I must do my deeds. And then Sir Launcelot stood near Sir Gawaine, and then Sir Launcelot doubled his strokes; and Sir Gawaine defended him mightily, but nevertheless Sir Launcelot smote such a stroke upon Sir Gawaine's helm, and upon the old wound, that Sir Gawaine sinked down upon his one side in a swoon. And anon as he did awake he waved and foined at Sir Launcelot as he lay, and said: Traitor knight, wit thou well I am not yet slain, come thou near me and perform this battle unto the uttermost. I will no more do than I have done, said Sir Launcelot, for when I see you on foot I will do battle upon you all the while I see you stand on your feet; but for to smite a wounded man that may not stand, God defend me from such a shame. And then he turned him and went his way toward the city. And Sir Gawaine evermore calling him traitor knight, and said: Wit thou well Sir Launcelot, when I am whole I shall do battle with thee

again, for I shall never leave thee till that one of us be slain. Thus as this siege endured, and as Sir Gawaine lay sick near a month; and when he was well recovered and ready within three days to do battle again with Sir Launcelot, right so came tidings unto Arthur from England that made King Arthur and all his host to remove.

Here followeth the xxi book.

IV

THE DAY OF DESTINY

AS sir Mordred was rular of all Inglonde, he lete make (1)
lettirs as thoughe that they had com frome beyonde the see, and the lettirs specifyed that kynge Arthur was slayne in batayle with sir Launcelot. Wherefore sir Mordred made a parlemente, and called the lordys togydir, and there he 5
made them to chose ⌜hym⌝ kynge. And so was he crowned at Caunturbyry, and hylde a feste there fiftene dayes.

And aftirwarde he drew hym unto Wynchester, and there he toke quene Gwenyver, and seyde playnly that he wolde wedde her (which was hys unclys wyff and hys fadirs wyff). 10
And so he made redy for the feste, and a day prefyxte that they shulde be wedded; wherefore quene Gwenyver was passyng hevy. But she durst nat discover her harte, but spake fayre, and aggreed to sir Mordredys wylle.

And anone she desyred of sir Mordred to go to London 15
to byghe all maner thynges tha[t] longed to the brydale. And bycause of her fayre speche sir Mordred trusted her and gaff her leve; and so whan she cam to London she toke the Towre of London, and suddeynly in all haste possyble she stuffed hit with all maner of vytayle, and well garnysshed hit 20
with men, and so kepte hit.

And whan sir Mordred wyst thys he was passynge wrothe oute of mesure. And shorte tale to make, he layde a myghty 475v
syge aboute the Towre and made many assautis, and threw engynnes unto them, and shotte grete gunnes. But all myght 25
nat prevayle, for quene Gwenyver wolde never, for fayre speache nother for foule, never to truste unto sir Mordred to com in hys hondis agayne.

Than cam the Bysshop of Caunturbyry, whych was a noble clerke and an holy man, and thus he seyde unto sir Mordred: 30

'Sir, what woll ye do? Woll ye firste displease God and

1 *C* he dyd do make 2 *C* they came from 6 *W* chose a kynge *C** chese hym kyng *Le Morte Arthur* (*2981*) They made Mordred kynge with crowne 12 *C* Gweneur *S* Gweneuer 15 *C* Thenne she desyred *C* for to goo 16 *C* manere of thynges that (*W* than) longed vnto the weddyng And 17–18 *C* hyr wel ynough and gaf hyr (*S* her) leue to goo 22 *C** wyste and vnderstode how he was begyled he was 23 *C* And a shorte tale for to make he wente and layed 24 *C* toure of London and 24–25 *C** many grete assaultes therat And threwe many grete engynes 26 *C* preuaylle Syr mordred For 27–28 *C* foule wold neuer truste to come 29 *C* the whyche

sytthyn shame youreselff and all knyghthode? For ys nat kynge Arthur youre uncle, and no farther but youre modirs brothir, and uppon her he hymselffe begate you, uppon hys owne syster? Therefore how may ye wed youre owne fadirs wyff? And therefor, sir,' seyde the Bysshop, 'leve thys opynyon, other ellis I shall curse you with booke, belle and candyll.'

'Do thou thy warste,' seyde sir Mordred, 'and I defyghe the!'

'Sir,' seyde the Bysshop, 'wyte you well I shall nat feare me to do that me ought to do. And also ye noyse that my lorde Arthur ys slayne, and that ys nat so, and therefore ye woll make a foule warke in thys londe!'

'Peas, thou false pryste!' seyde sir Mordred, 'for and thou chauffe me ony more, I shall stryke of thy hede!'

So the Bysshop departed, and ded the cursynge in the moste orguluste wyse that myght be done. And than sir Mordred sought the Bysshop off Caunturbyry for to have slayne hym. Than the Bysshop fledde, and tooke parte of hys good with hym, and wente nyghe unto Glassyngbyry. And there he was a preste-ermyte in a chapel, and lyved in poverté and in holy prayers; for well he undirstood that myschevous warre was at honde.

Than sir Mordred soughte uppon quene Gwenyver by lettirs and sondis, and by fayre meanys and foule meanys, to have her to com oute of the Towre of London; but all thys
476r avayled nought, for she answerd hym shortely, opynly and pryvayly, that she had levir sle herselff than to be maryed with hym.

Than cam there worde unto sir Mordred that kynge Arthure had areysed the syge frome sir Launcelot and was commynge homwarde wyth a greate oste to be avenged uppon sir Mordred, wherefore sir Mordred made wryttes unto all the baronny of thys londe. And muche people drew unto hym; for than was the comyn voyce amonge them that

1 For *not in C* 2 *C* vncle no ferther 3 *C* & on hir hym self kyng Arthur bygate 4–5 *C* your faders 5 *C* wyf Syr sayd the noble clerke leue 8–9 *C* Mordred wyt thou wel I shal defye the 10 *W* wyte you well and I shall 11 *C* also where ye 15 *C* shal make stryke 20 *C* goodes 24 *C* sought on 27 *C* auaylled not 31 *C*† syege For Syr Launcelot & he was 33 *C** maad wryte wryttes 34 *C* barownry

with kynge Arthur was never othir lyff but warre and stryff, and with sir Mordrede was grete joy and blysse. Thus was kynge Arthur depraved, and evyll seyde off; and many there were that kynge Arthur had brought up of nought, and gyffyn them londis, that myght nat than say hym a good worde.

Lo ye all Englysshemen, se ye nat what a myschyff here was? For he that was the moste kynge and nobelyst knyght of the worlde, and moste loved the felyshyp of noble knyghtes, and by hym they all were upholdyn, and yet myght nat thes Englyshemen holde them contente with hym. Lo thus was the olde custom and usayges of thys londe, and men say that we of thys londe have nat yet loste that custom. Alas! thys ys a greate defaughte of us Englysshemen, for there may no thynge us please no terme.

And so fared the peple at that tyme: they were better pleased with sir Mordred than they were with the noble kynge Arthur, and muche people drew unto sir Mordred and seyde they wold abyde wyth hym for bettir and for wars. And so sir Mordred drew with a greate oste to Dovir, for there he harde sey that kyng Arthur wolde aryve, and so he thought to beate hys owne fadir fro hys owne londys. And the moste party of all Inglonde hylde wyth sir Mordred, for the people were so new-fangill.

And so as sir Mordred was at Dovir with hys oste, so cam (2)
kyng Arthur wyth a greate navy of shyppis and galyes and **476v**
carykes, and there was sir Mordred redy awaytyng uppon hys londynge, to lette hys owne fadir to londe uppon the londe that he was kynge over.

Than there was launchyng of greate botis and smale, and full of noble men of armys; and there was muche slaughtir of jantyll knyghtes, and many a full bolde barown was layde full lowe, on bothe partyes.

But kynge Arthur was so currageous that there myght no maner of knyght lette hym to lande, and hys knyghtes fyersely folowed hym. And so they londed magré sir Mordredis

1 *C* was none other 4 *C* had made vp 5 that *not in C* 7 nobelyst *not in C*† 9–10 *C* vpholden Now myght not this 11 *C* vsage 11–12 *C* And also men 12–13 *C** loste ne foryeten that custom & vsage Alas 14 *C* no thynge plese vs noo 16 the noble *not in C* 20 *C* that sir Arthur 21 *C* his landes 22 for *not in C* *S* peple 24 *C* was *S* wat 27 *C* his londage 27–28 *C* to lāde vp the lande that 34 *C* maner of knyghtes

hede and all hys powere, and put sir Mordred abak, ⌜that he fledde⌝ and all hys people.

So whan thys batayle was done, kynge Arthure let serche hys people that were hurte and dede. And than was noble sir Gawayne founde in a greate boote, liynge more than halff dede. Whan kyng Arthur knew that he was layde so low he wente unto hym and so fownde hym. And there the kynge made greate sorow oute of mesure, and toke sir Gawayne in hys armys, and thryse he there sowned. And than whan he was waked, kyng Arthur seyde,

'Alas! sir Gawayne, my syster son, here now thou lyghest, the man in the worlde that I loved moste. And now ys my joy gone! For now, my nevew, sir Gawayne, I woll discover me unto you, tha⟨t⟩ in youre person and in sir Launcelot I moste had my joy and myne affyaunce. And now have I loste my joy of you bothe, wherefore all myne erthely joy ys gone fro me!'

'A, myn uncle,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'now I woll that ye wyte that my deth-dayes be com! And all I may wyte myne owne hastynes and my wy[l]fulnesse, for thorow my wylfulnes I was causer of myne owne dethe; for I was thys day hurte and smytten uppon myne olde wounde that sir
477r Launcelot gaff me, and I fele myselff that I muste nedis be dede by the owre of noone. And thorow me and ⟨my⟩ pryde ye have all thys shame and disease, for had that noble knyght, sir Launcelot, ben with you, as he was and wolde have ben, thys unhappy warre had never ben begunne; for he, thorow hys noble knyghthode and hys noble bloode, hylde all youre cankyrde enemyes in subjeccion and daungere. And now', seyde sir Gawayne, 'ye shall mysse sir Launcelot. But alas that I wolde nat accorde with hym! And

1 hede *not in C*† 1–2 *C** abak that he fledde *Cf. Le Morte Arthur* (*3087*) The false were feld, som were fledde 3–4 *C* lete burye his peple that were dede 6 *C* whan syr Arthur wyst that syre Gawayne was layd 7 and so fownde hym *not in C*† (*homoeoteleuton*) 8 greate *not in C* 10 was *not in C* *C* awaked he sayd 14–15 *C* vnto your persone in syr Launcelot & you I *W* unto you than in 18 A *not in C* 18–26 *C*† Myn vnkel kyng Arthur said sir Gawayn wete you wel my deth day is come & alle is thorou myn owne hastynes & wilfulnes for I am smyten vpon thold wounde the which sir launcelot gaf me on the whiche I fele wel I must dye & had sir laũcelot 20 *W* wyffulnesse 26–27 and wolde have ben *not in C*† 27–29 *C* neuer begonne & of alle this am I causer for sir laũcelot & his blood thorou their prowes helde alle 31 *C* allas I

there[fore], fayre unkle, I pray you that I may have paupir, penne, and inke, that I may wryte unto sir Launcelot a letter wrytten with myne owne honde.'

So whan pauper, penne and inke was brought, than sir Gawayne was sette up waykely by kynge Arthure, for he was shryven a lytyll afore. And than he toke hys penne and wrote thus, as the Freynshe booke makith mencion:

'Unto the, sir Launcelot, floure of all noble kynghtes that ever I harde of or saw be my dayes, I, sir Gawayne, kynge Lottis sonne of Orkeney, and systirs sonne unto the noble kynge Arthur, sende the gretynge, lattynge the to have knowlecche that the tenth day of May I was smytten uppon the olde wounde that thou gaff me afore the cité of Benwyke, and thorow that wounde I am com to my dethe-day. And I woll that all the worlde wyte that I, sir Gawayne, knyght of the Table Rounde, soughte my dethe, and nat thorow thy deservynge, but myne owne sekynge. Wherefore I beseche the, sir Launcelot, to returne agayne unto thys realme and se my toumbe and pray som prayer more other les for my soule. And thys same day that I wrote the same sedull I was hurte to the dethe, whych wounde was fyrste gyffyn of thyn honde, sir Launcelot; for of a more nobelar man myght I nat be slayne.

'Also, sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwyxte us, make no taryyng, but com over the see in all the 477 goodly haste that ye may, wyth youre noble knyghtes, and rescow that noble kynge that made the knyght, for he ys full straytely bestad wyth an false traytoure whych ys my halffbrothir, sir Mordred. For he hath crowned hymselff kynge, and wolde have wedded my lady, quene Gwenyver; and so had he done, had she nat kepte the Towre of London with

1 *C* therfor* (*W* there) sayd syr Gawayne I praye you fayre vnkel that I may 1–6 *W* (*sidenote*) How sir Gawayn wrote a letter to sir Launcelot at the tyme of his dethe 2–3 *C* Launcelot a cedle with myn owne handes 4 *C* And thenne whan paper penne *not in C*† 6 toke hys penne and *not in C*† 8 the *not in C*† 10 *C* Orkeney syster sone 11 *C* gretynge & lete the haue 13 *C* thou gauest 14 *C* thorow the same woūd that thou gauest me I am 17 *C* but it was myn owne 20–21 *C* this sedyl 21–22 *C** dethe in the same wound the whiche I had of thy 22 *C*† For a of a 25 *W* all the the 25–26 the goodly *not in C*† 26 *C* thow mayse with thy and *not in C* 27 *C** kynghte that is my lord Arthur for 28 *C* traytour that is 29 *C* Mordred and he hath lete croune hym kynge 31—p. 1232, l. 1 *C*† not put her self in the toure of london And soo

stronge honde. And so the tenth day of May last paste my lorde kynge Arthur and we all londed uppon them at Dover, and there he put that false traytoure, sir Mordred, to flyght. And so hit there mysfortuned me to be smytten uppon the
5 strooke that ye gaff me of olde.

'And the date of thys lettir was wrytten but two owrys and an halff afore my dethe, wrytten with myne owne honde and subscrybed with parte of my harte blood. And therefore I requyre the, moste famous knyght of the worlde, that thou
10 wolte se my tumbe.'

And than he wepte and kynge Arthur both, and sowned. And whan they were awaked bothe, the kynge made sir Gawayne to resceyve hys sacrament, and than sir Gawayne prayde the kynge for to sende for sir Launcelot and to
15 cherysshe hym aboven all othir knyghtes.

And so at the owre of noone sir Gawayne yelded up the goste. And than the kynge lat entere hym in a chapell within Dover castell. And there yet all men may se the skulle of hym, and the same wounde is sene that sir Launce-
20 lot gaff in batayle.

Than was hit tolde the kynge that sir Mordred had pyght a new fylde uppon Bareon Downe. And so uppon the morne kynge Arthur rode thydir to hym, and there was a grete batayle betwyxt hem, and muche people were slayne on bothe
25 partyes. But at the laste kynge Arthurs party stoode beste, and sir Mordred and hys party fledde unto Caunturbyry.

(3) And than the kynge let serche all the downys for hys knyghtes that were slayne and entered them; and salved
478r them with soffte salvys that full sore were wounded. Than
30 much people drew unto kynge Arthur, and than they sayde that sir Mordred warred uppon kynge Arthure wyth wronge.

And anone kynge Arthure drew hym wyth his oste downe by the seesyde westewarde, towarde Salusbyry. And there was a day assygned betwyxte kynge Arthur and sir Mordred,

3 *C* we putt 4 *C* and there it 4–6 *C*† be stryken vpon thy stroke And at the date 7–8 *C* and soo subscrybed 8 *C* hertes blood And I 11–12 *C* thenne sir Gawayne wept and kynge Arthur wepte And thēne they swouned both And whan they awaked bothe 13 *C* his saueour 16–17 *C* yelded vp the spyryte and thenne 20 *C* gaf hym in 22 *C* Baramdoune 22–23 *C* morne the kynge rode 24 *C* peple was slayne 25 *C* syr Arthurs 27 *C* alle the townes† for 29 *C* that so sore

that they shulde mete uppon a downe besyde Salesbyry and nat farre frome the seesyde. And thys day was assygned on Monday aftir Trynyté Sonday, whereof kynge Arthur was passyng glad that he myght be avenged uppon sir Mordred.

Than sir Mordred araysed muche people aboute London, for they of Kente, Southsex and Surrey, Esax, Suffolke and Northefolke helde the moste party with sir Mordred. And many a full noble knyght drew unto hym and also [to] the kynge; but they that loved sir Launcelot drew unto sir Mordred.

So uppon Trynyté Sunday at nyght kynge Arthure dremed a wondirfull dreme, and in hys dreme hym semed that he saw uppon a chafflet a chayre, and the chayre was faste to a whele, and thereuppon sate kynge Arthure ⌜in the rychest⌝ clothe of golde that myght be made. And the kynge thought there was undir hym, farre from hym, an hydeous depe blak watir, and therein was all maner of serpentis and wormes and wylde bestis fowle and orryble. And suddeynly the kynge thought that the whyle turned up-so-downe, and he felle amonge the serpentis, and every beste toke hym by a lymme. And than the kynge cryed as he lay in hys bed,

'Helpe! helpe!'

And than knyghtes, squyars and yomen awaked the kynge, and than he was so amased that he wyste nat where he was. And than so he awaked untylle hit was nyghe day, and than he felle on slumberynge agayne, nat slepynge nor thorowly wakynge.

So the kyng semed verryly that there cam sir Gawayne 478v
unto hym with a numbir of fayre ladyes wyth hym. So whan kyng Arthur saw hym he seyde,

'Wellcom, my systers sonne, I wende ye had bene dede! And now I se the on lyve, much am I beholdyn unto Allmyghty Jesu. A, fayre nevew, what bene thes ladyes that hyder be com with you?'

8 *C** vnto syr Mordred and to *Not emended in O*[1] 9, 19 that *not in C*† 12–13 *C* dreme & that was this that hym semed he satte vpon a chaflet in a chayer 14–15 *C** Arthur in the rychest clothe of gold *Le Morte Arthur* (*3172*) hym thowht he satte in gold all gledde 17 *C* there in were all 21 *C*† bedde and slepte 22 helpe *not repeated in C* 25 And than so he awaked untylle hit was nyghe day *not in C*† (*homoeoteleuton*) *Le Morte Arthur* (*3192*) All nyght gan he wake and wepe 31 *C* wende thou haddest ben 32 *C* beholdynge 33 *C* O fayre neuewe and my systers sone what ben

'Sir,' seyde sir Gawayne, 'all thes be ladyes for whom I have foughten for, whan I was man lyvynge. And all thes ar tho that I ded batayle fore in ryghteuous quarels, and God hath gyvyn hem that grace at their grete prayer, bycause I ded batayle [for] them for their ryght, that they shulde brynge me hydder unto you. Thus much hath gyvyn me leve God for to warne you of youre dethe: for and ye fyght as to-morne with sir Mordred, as ye bothe have assygned, doute ye nat ye shall be slayne, and the moste party of youre people on bothe partyes. And for the grete grace and goodnes that Allmyghty Jesu hath unto you, and for pyté of you and many mo other good men there shall be slayne, God hath sente me to you of Hys speciall grace to gyff you warnyng that in no wyse ye do batayle as to-morne, but that ye take a tretyse for a moneth-day. And proffir you largely, so that to-morne ye put in a delay. For within a moneth shall com sir Launcelot with all hys noble knyghtes, and rescow you worshypfully, and sle sir Mordred and all that ever wyll holde wyth hym.'

Than sir Gawayne and all the ladyes vanysshed, and anone the kynge called uppon hys knyghtes, squyars, and yomen, and charged them wyghtly to fecche hys noble lordis and wyse bysshoppis unto hym. And whan they were com the kynge tolde hem of hys avision: that sir Gawayne had tolde hym and warned hym that and he fought on the morn, he sholde be slayne. Than the kynge commaunded sir Lucan the Butlere and hys brothir sir Bedyvere the Bolde, with two
479r bysshoppis wyth hem, and charged them in ony wyse to take a tretyse for a moneth-day wyth sir Mordred:

'And spare nat, proffir hym londys and goodys as much as ye thynke resonable.'

So than they departed and cam to sir Mordred where he had a grymme oste of an hondred thousand, and there they entretyd sir Mordred longe tyme. And at the laste sir Mordred was aggreed for to have Cornwale and Kente by

1–2 *C* ladyes for whome I have foughten whanne 3 *C* quarel 5 *W* wyth them *C** for hem for their ryght *not in C*† 6–7 *C* hath god gyuen me leue for 9 *C* not ye must be 13 *W* slayne for God 16 *C* so as to morne to be putte 20 *C*† vaynquysshed 24 *C* told hem his auysyon what sir 25 *C* that yf he 27 the Bolde *not in C*† 28–29 *C* wyse & they myght take 31 *C* thynke best 33 *C** hondred thousand men And

kynge Arthurs dayes; and afftir that all Inglonde, after the dayes of kynge Arthur.

Than were they condescende that kynge Arthure and (4) sir Mordred shulde mete betwyxte bothe their ostis, and everych of them shulde brynge fourtene persons. And so 5 they cam wyth thys worde unto Arthur. Than seyde he,

'I am glad that thys ys done'; and so he wente into the fylde.

And whan kynge Arthur shulde departe he warned all hys ⌈hoost⌉ that and they se ony swerde drawyn, 'loke 10 ye com on fyersely and sle that traytoure, sir Mordred, for ⌈I⌉ in no wyse truste hym'. In lyke wyse sir Mordred warned hys oste that 'and ye se ony maner of swerde drawyn, loke that ye com on fyersely and so sle all that ever before you stondyth, for in no wyse I woll nat truste for thys tretyse'. 15 And in the same wyse seyde sir Mordred unto hys oste: 'for I know well my fadir woll be avenged uppon me.'

And so they mette as their poyntemente was, and were agreed and accorded thorowly. And wyne was fette, and [they] dranke togydir. Ryght so cam oute an addir of a 20 lytyll hethe-buysshe, and hit stange a knyght in the foote. And so whan the knyght felte hym so stonge, he loked downe and saw the adder; and anone he drew hys swerde to sle the addir, and thought none othir harme. And whan the oste on bothe partyes saw that swerde drawyn, than they blewe 25 beamys, trumpettis, and hornys, and shoutted grymly, and so bothe ostis dressed hem togydirs. And kynge Arthur toke hys horse and seyde, 'Alas, this unhappy day!' and so rode **479v** to hys party, and sir Mordred in lyke wyse.

And never syns was there seyne a more dolefuller batayle 30 in no Crysten londe, for there was but russhynge and rydynge, foynynge and strykynge, and many a grym worde was there spokyn of aythir to othir, and many a dedely stroke.

1 *C* dayes After alle *W* dayes and afftir all that all 10 *C** hys hoost that *Le Morte Arthur* (3321) And to hys lordis gan he saye (*see note*) 11–12 *C** for I in no *Le Morte Arthur* (3322) To yonder traytour have I no truste 13 maner of *not in C* 16 And in the same wyse seyde sir Mordred unto hys oste *not in C* 18 *C* was & so they were 20 togydir *not in C* *C* came an adder oute of 21 *C* on the foote 22 *C* hym stongen 24 *C* thought of none 26 *C*† beaumous 30 syns *not in C* *WO*[1] there never seyne 32 *C* fewnyng 33 of *not in C*

But ever kynge Arthure rode thorowoute the bat[a]yle of sir Mordred many tymys and ded full nobely, as a noble kynge shulde do, and at all tymes he faynted never. And sir Mordred ded hys devoure that day and put hymselffe in grete perell.

And thus they fought all the longe day, and never stynted tylle the noble knyghtes were layde to the colde erthe. And ever they fought stylle tylle hit was nere [ny]ght, and by than was there an hondred thousand leyde dede uppon the erthe. Than was kynge Arthure wode wrothe oute of mesure, whan he saw hys people so slayne frome hym.

And so he loked aboute hym and cowde se no mo of all hys oste and good knyghtes leffte no mo on lyve but two knyghtes: the tone was sir Lucan de Buttler and hys brother, sir Bedwere; and yette they were full sore wounded.

'Jesu mercy!' seyde the kynge, 'where ar all my noble knyghtes becom? Alas, that ever I shulde se thys doleful day! For now', seyde kynge Arthur, 'I am com to myne ende. But wolde to God', seyde he, 'that I wyste now where were that traytoure sir Mordred that hath caused all thys myschyff.'

Than kynge Arthur loked aboute and was ware where stood sir Mordred leanyng uppon hys swerde amonge a grete hepe of dede men.

'Now, gyff me my speare,' seyde kynge Arthure unto sir Lucan, 'for yondir I have aspyed the traytoure that all thys woo hath wrought.'

'Sir, latte hym be,' seyde sir Lucan, 'for he ys unhappy. And yf ye passe this unhappy day y[e] shall be ryght well revenged. And, [good lord, remembre ye of your nyghtes dreme and] what the spyryte of sir Gawayne tolde you to-
480r nyght, and yet God of Hys grete goodnes hath preserved you hyddirto. And for Goddes sake, my lorde, leve of thys, for,

1, 8–11 *MS. damaged* 3 do *not in C* 3–4 *C*† Mordred that day put hym in deuoyr and in grete 8–9 *C* by that tyme was 9–10 *C* vpon the down Thenne 12–13 *C* Thenne the kyng loked aboute hym & thenne was he ware of al hys hoost & of al his good knyghtes were lefte no moo on lyne (*S* lyue) 14 *C* that one 15 yette *not in C* 19 seyde he *not in C* now *not in C* 22–23 *C*† Thenne was kyng arthure ware where syr Mordred lenyd vpon 30–31 *W* revenged and what (*homoeoteleuton*) *C** reuengyd vpon hym Good lord remembre ye of your nyghtes dreme & what 31–32 *C* you this nyght yet 33 *C* hyderto Therfore for goddes *C* leue of by thys

blyssed be God, ye have won the fylde: for yet we ben here three on lyve, and with sir Mordred ys nat one on lyve. And therefore if ye leve of now, thys wycked day of Desteny ys paste!'

'Now tyde me dethe, tyde me lyff,' syde the kyng, 'now I se hym yondir alone, he shall never ascape myne hondes! For at a bettir avayle shall I never have hym.'

'God spyede you well!' seyde sir Bedyvere.

Than the kynge gate his speare in bothe hys hondis, and ran towarde sir Mordred, cryyng and saying,

'Traytoure, now ys thy dethe-day com!'

And whan sir Mordred saw kynge Arthur he ran untyll hym with hys swerde drawyn in hys honde, and there kyng Arthur smote sir Mordred undir the shylde, with a foyne of hys speare, thorowoute the body more than a fadom. And whan sir Mordred felte that he had hys dethys wounde he threste hymselff with the myght that he had upp to the burre of kyng Arthurs speare, and ryght so he smote hys fadir, kynge Arthure, with hys swerde holdynge in both hys hondys, uppon the syde of the hede, that the swerde perced the helmet and the tay of the brayne. And therewith Mordred daysshed downe starke dede to the erthe.

And noble kynge Arthure felle in a swoughe to the erthe, and there he sowned oftyntymys, and sir Lucan and sir Bedwere offtetymys hove hym up. And so waykly betwyxte them they lad hym to a lytyll chapell nat farre frome the see, and whan the kyng was there, hym thought hym resonabely cased.

Than harde they people crye in the fylde.

'Now go thou, sir Lucan,' seyde the kyng, 'and do me to wyte what betokyns that noyse in the fylde.'

So sir Lucan departed, for he was grevously wounded in many placis; and so as he yode he saw and harkened by the moonelyght how that pyllours and robbers were com into

1 *C*† by god 1–2 *C* For here we ben thre 2–3 *C* is none on lyue And yf ye 5 *C* deth betyde me lyf sayth th 10 and saying *not in C* 12 *C* Mordred herde syr Arthur 16 *MS. damaged* 19 *C* holden 21–22 *C* helmet and the brayne panne and therwythall syr Mordred fyl starke deed 24 *C* Lucan de butlere 25–26 *C* waykely they ledde hym betwyxte them both to a 26 *C* see syde 27–28 *C* hym wel cased

the fylde to pylle and to robbe many a full noble knyght of
480v brochys and bees and of many a good rynge and many a
ryche juell. And who that were nat dede all oute, there they
slew them for their harneys and their ryches.

5 Whan sir Lucan undirstood thys warke he cam to the
kynge as sone as he myght, and tolde hym all what he had
harde and seyne.

'Therefore be my rede,' seyde sir Lucan, 'hit ys beste that
we brynge you to som towne.'

(5) 10 'I wolde hit were so,' seyde the kynge, 'but I may nat
stonde, my hede worchys so. . . . A, sir Launcelot!' seyde
kynge Arthure, 'thys day have I sore myssed the! And alas,
that ever I was ayenste the! For now have I my dethe, where-
of sir Gawayne me warned in my dreame.'

15 Than sir Lucan toke up the kynge the tone party and sir
Bedwere the othir parté, and in the lyfftyng up the kynge
sowned, and in the lyfftynge sir Lucan felle in a sowne, that
parte of hys guttis felle o[ut]e of hys bodye, and therewith
the noble knyght hys harte br[aste]. And whan the kynge
20 awoke he behylde sir Lucan, how he lay fomyng at the
mowth and parte of his guttes lay at hys fyete.

'Alas,' seyde the kynge, 'thys ys to me a fulle hevy syght,
to se thys noble deuke so dye for my sake, for he wold
have holpyn me that had more nede of helpe than I! Alas,
25 that he wolde nat complayne hym, for hys harte was so sette
to helpe me. Now Jesu have mercy uppon hys soule!'

Than sir Bedwere wepte for the deth of hys brothir.

'Now leve thys mournynge and wepyng, jantyll knyght,'
seyde the kyng, 'for all thys woll nat avayle me. For wyte
30 thou well, and I myght lyve myselff, the dethe of sir Lucan
wolde greve me evermore. But my tyme passyth on faste,'
seyde the kynge. 'Therefore,' seyde kynge Arthur unto sir
Bedwere, 'take thou here Excaliber, my good swerde, and go
wyth hit to yondir watirs syde; and whan thou commyste

1 *C* and to robbe *S* and robbe *W* of of 2 *C*† brochys and bedys of many a good rynge & of many a *Le Morte Arthur* (3419) They refte theym besaunt, broche, and bee 12 And *not in C* 16 up *not in C* 17 in the lyfftynge *not in C* *C* sowne wyth the lyfte 17–18 *C* the parte 18, 19 *MS. damaged* 20 *C* awoke *S* awake 20 *C* foomyyg *S* foomyng 25 for *not in C* 28 Now *not in C* jantyll knyght *not in C*† 31 *C** tyme hyeth fast 34 *C* water syde

there, I charge the throw my swerde in that water, and com agayne and telle me what thou syeste there.'

'My lorde,' seyde sir Bedwere, 'youre commaundement shall be done, and lyghtly brynge you worde agayne.' **481r**

So sir Bedwere departed. And by the way he behylde that noble swerde, and the pomell and the hauffte was all precious stonys. And than he seyde to hymselff, 'If I throw thys ryche swerde in the water, thereof shall never com good, but harme and losse.' And than sir Bedwere hyd Excalyber undir a tre, and so as sone as he myght he cam agayne unto the kynge and seyde he had bene at the watir and had throwen the swerde into the watir.

'What sawe thou there?' seyde the kynge.

'Sir,' he seyde, '[I] saw nothyng but wawis and wyndys.'

'That ys untruly seyde of the,' seyde the kynge. 'And therefore go thou lyghtly agayne, and do my commaundemente; as thou arte to me lyff and dere, spare nat, but throw hit in.'

Than sir Bedwer[e] returned agayne a[n]d toke the swerde in hys honde; and ⟨y⟩et hym thought synne and [s]hame to throw away that noble swerde. And so effte he hyd the swerde and returned agayne and [t]olde the kynge that he had bene at the watir and done hys commaundement.

'What sawist thou there?' seyde the kynge.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I sy nothynge but watirs wap and wawys wanne.'

'A, traytour unto me and untrew,' seyde kyng Arthure, 'now hast thou betrayed me twyse! Who wolde wene that thou that hast bene to me so leve and dere, and also named so noble a knyght, that thou wolde betray me for the ryches of thys swerde? But now go agayn lyghtly; for thy longe taryynge puttith me in grete jouperté of my lyff, for I have takyn colde. And but if thou do now as I bydde the, if ever I may se the, I shall sle the myne owne hondis, for thou woldist for my rych swerde se me dede.'

2 *C* there seest 6 *C* swerde that the pomel *C* al of precyous 14 *WO*1 he saw 15 And *not in C* 19–22 *MS. damaged* 20 *C* and than hym 22 *C* tolde to the *W* that that 24 *C* what sawe thou 25 *C* sawe no thynge but the waters 27 unto me and *not in C*† 28 *C* wold haue wente 29 *C* bast been *S* hast been 29–30 *C* dere and thou arte named a noble knyghte and wold 31 *C* the swerde

Than sir Bedwere departed and wente to the swerde and lyghtly toke hit up, and so he wente unto the watirs syde. And there he bounde the gyrdyll aboute the hyltis, and threw
481v the swerde as farre into the watir as he myght. And there cam
5 an arme and an honde above the watir, and toke hit and cleyght hit, and shoke hit thryse and braundysshed, and than vanysshed with the swerde into the watir.

So sir Bedyvere cam agayne to the kynge and tolde hym what he saw.

10 'Alas,' seyde the kynge, 'helpe me hens, for I drede me I have taryed over [l]onge.'

Than sir Bedwere toke the kynge uppon hys bak and so wente with hym to the watirs syde. And whan they were there, evyn faste by the banke hoved a lytyll barge wyth
15 many fayre ladyes in hit, and amonge hem all was a quene, and all they had blak hoodis. And all they wepte and shryked whan they saw kynge Arthur.

'Now put me into that barge,' seyde the kynge.

And so he ded sofftely, and there [re]sceyved hym three
20 ladyes with grete mournyng. And so they sette he[m d]owne, and in one of their lappis kyng Arthure layde hys hede. And than the quene sayde,

'A, my dere brothir! Why [ha]ve ye taryed so longe frome me? Alas, thys wounde on youre hede hath caught over-
25 much coulde!'

And anone they rowed fromward the londe, and sir Bedyvere behylde all tho ladyes go frowarde hym. Than sir Bedwere cryed and seyde,

'A, my lorde Arthur, what shall becom of me, now ye go
30 frome me and leve me here alone amonge myne enemyes?'

'Comforte thyselff,' seyde the kynge, 'and do as well as thou mayste, for in me ys no truste for to truste in. For I muste into the vale of Avylyon to hele me of my grevous wounde. And if thou here nevermore of me, pray for my
35 soule!'

2 so he *not in C* C wente to the water syde 3 C and thenne he threwe 5–6 C* water and mette it & caught it and so shoke 7 C* vanysshed awaye the hande wyth the swerde in the 11, 19–21, 23 *MS. damaged* 13 C that water syde 13–14 C were at the water syde euyn 18 C the barge 19–20 C* thre quenes 23 my *not in C* 26 C And soo than they rowed from the londe 27 C goo from hym 28 and seyde *not in C* 32–33 C I wyl in to

But ever the quene and ladyes wepte and shryked, that hit was pité to hyre. And as sone as sir Bedwere had loste the syght of the barge he wepte and wayled, and so toke the foreste and wente all that nyght.

And in the mornyng he was ware, betwyxte two holtis hore, of a chapell and an ermytage. Than was sir Bedwere fayne, and thyder he wente, and whan he cam into the chapell he saw where lay an ermyte grovelynge on all four, faste there by a tumbe was newe gravyn. Whan the ermy[t]e saw sir Bedyvere he knewe hym well, for he was but l[y]tyll tofore Bysshop of Caunturbery that sir Mordred fleamed. 482r (6)

'Sir,' seyde sir Bedyvere, 'what man ys there here entyred that ye pray so faste fore?'

'Fayre sunne,' seyde the ermyte, 'I wote nat veryly but by demynge. But thys same nyght, at mydnyght, here cam a numbir of ladyes and brought here a dede corse and prayde me to entyre hym. And here they offird an hondred tapers, and they gaff me a thousande besauntes.'

'Ala[s]!' seyde sir Bedyvere, '[th]at was my lo[r]de kynge Arthur, whych lyethe here gravyn in thys chapell.'

Than sir Bedwere sowned, and whan he awooke he prayde the ermyte tha⟨t⟩ he myght abyde with hym stylle, there to lyve with fastynge and prayers:

'For from hens woll I never go,' seyde sir Bedyvere, 'be my wyll, but all the dayes of my lyff here to pray for my lorde Arthur.'

'Sir, ye ar wellcom to me,' seyde the ermyte, 'for I know you bettir than ye wene that I do: for ye ar sir Bedwere the Bolde, and the full noble duke sir Lucan de Butler was you[r] brother.'

Than sir Bedwere tolde the ermyte all as ye have harde tofore, and so he belaffte with the ermyte that was before-hande Bysshop of Caunturbyry. And there sir Bedwere put

1 *C*† the quenes and 4 *C* and so he wente 6–7 *C* Bedwere glad and 9, 11, 20, 23 *MS. damaged* 15–16 *C* by demyyng 5 by my demyyng 16 same *not in C* 17 *C* broughte hyder 18 *C* to beryd 19 *C* an hondred besauntes 20 *W* londe 21 *C* Arthur that here lyeth buryed in 23 that *not in C* 28 Sir *not in C* 29–30 *C* doo Ye sir the bolde bedwere and 33–34 *C* to fore so there bode syr bedwere with the hermyte that was tofore bysshop

uppon hym poure clothys, and served the ermyte full lowly in fastyng and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I fynde no more wrytten in bokis that bene auctorysed, nothir more of the verry sertaynté of hys dethe harde I never rede, but thus was he lad away in a shyp
482v wherein were three quenys; that one was kynge Arthur syster, quene Morgan le Fay, the tother was the quene of North Galis, and the thirde was the quene of the Waste Londis. Also there was dame Nynyve, the chyff lady of the laake, whych had wedded sir Pellyas, the good knyght; and thys lady had done muche fo[r] kynge Arthure. (And thys dame Nynyve wolde never suffir sir Pe[ll]eas to be in no place where he shulde be in daungere of hys lyff, and so he lyved unto the uttermuste of hys dayes with her in grete reste.)

Now more of the deth of kynge Arthur coude I never fynde, but that thes ladyes brought hym to hys grave, and such one was entyred there whych [the] ermyte bare wytnes that sometyme was Bysshop of Caunturbyry. But yet the ermyte knew nat in sertayne that he was veryly the body of [kyn]ge Arthur; for thys tale sir Bedwere, a knyght of the Table Ro[un]de, made hit to be wrytten.

(7) Yet som men say in many p[art]ys of Inglonde that kynge Arthure ys nat dede, but h[ad] by the wyll of oure Lorde Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall com agayne, and he shall wynne the Holy Crosse. Yet I woll nat say that hit shall be so, but rather I wolde sey: here in thys worlde he chaunged hys lyff. And many men say that there ys wrytten uppon the tumbe thys:

HIC IACET ARTHURUS, REX QUONDAM REXQUE FUTURUS

And thus leve I here sir Bedyvere with the ermyte that dwelled that tyme in a chapell besydes Glassyngbyry, and there was hys ermytage. And so they lyved in prayers and fastynges and grete abstynaunce.

3 *C* fynde nener (*S* neuer) more 8 and *not in C* 9 dame *not in C* 9–10 *C* lake that had 11–12 *C* Arthur for she wold 11, 12 *MS. damaged* 15 Now *not in C* 16 thes *not in C* *C* his buryellys & 17 *C* was buryed there that the hermyte 20 a *not in C* 20–21 *MS. damaged* 25 Yet *not in C* 26 *C* I wyl say 27 *C* lyf but many 28 *C** vpon his tombe this vers 29 *C* qondam *S* quondam 30 And *not in C* 32 *C* in theyr prayers

And whan quene Gwenyver undirstood that kynge Arthure was dede and all the noble knyghtes, sir Mordred and all the remanaunte, than she stale away with fyve ladyes with her, and so she wente to Amysbyry. And there she lete make herselff a nunne, and wered whyght clothys and blak, and grete penaunce she toke uppon her, as ever ded synfull woman in thys londe. And never creature coude make her myry, but ever she lyved in fastynge, prayers, and almes-dedis, that all maner of people mervayled how vertuously she was chaunged.

483r

2 *C* was slayn & 3 *C* Than the quene stale aweye & v ladyes 5 *C* hir helf *S* hir self 6 uppon her *not in C* 7 *C* synful lady in 8 ever she *not in C* *W* in in

4. *The Day of Destiny*

(Caxton XXI, 1–7)

As sir Mordred was ruler of all England, he let make letters as though that they had come from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that king Arthur was slain in battle with sir Lancelot. Wherefore sir Mordred made a parliament, and called the lords together, and there he made them to choose him king. And so was he crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days.

And afterward he drew him unto Winchester, and there he took queen Guenevere, and said plainly that he would wed her (which was his uncle's wife and his father's wife). And so he made ready for the feast, and a day prefixed that they should be wedded; wherefore queen Guenevere was passing heavy. But she durst not discover her heart, but spoke fair, and agreed to sir Mordred's will.

And anon she desired of sir Mordred to go to London to buy all manner things that longed to the bridal. And because of her fair speech sir Mordred trusted her and gave her leave. And so when she came to London she took the Tower of London, and suddenly in all haste possible she stuffed it with all manner of victual, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it.

And when sir Mordred wist how he was beguiled* he was passing wroth out of measure. And short tale to make, he laid a mighty siege about the Tower, and made many assaults, and threw engines unto them, and shot great guns. But all might not prevail, for queen Guenevere would never, for fair speech nother for foul, never to trust unto sir Mordred to come in his hands again.

Then came the Bishop of Canterbury, which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said unto sir Mordred: 'Sir, what will ye do? Will ye first displease God and sithen shame yourself and all knighthood? For is not king Arthur your uncle, and no farther but your mother's brother, and upon her he himself begat you, upon his own sister? Therefore how may ye wed your own father's wife? And therefore, sir,' said the Bishop, 'leave this opinion, other else I shall curse you with book, bell and candle.'

'Do thou thy worst,' said sir Mordred, 'and I defy thee!'

'Sir,' said the Bishop, 'wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. And also ye noise that my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land!'

'Peace, thou false priest!' said sir Mordred, 'for and thou chafe me any more, I shall strike off thy head!'

So the Bishop departed, and did the cursing in the most orgulust wise that might be done. And then sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his good with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury. And there he was a priest-hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers; for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand.

Then sir Mordred sought upon queen Guenevere by letters and sands, and by fair means and foul means, to have her to come out of the Tower of London. But all this availed nought, for she answered him shortly, openly and privily, that she had liefer slay herself than to be married with him.

Then came there word unto sir Mordred that king Arthur had

araised the siege from sir Lancelot and was coming homeward with a great host to be avenged upon sir Mordred; wherefore sir Mordred made write* writs unto all the barony of this land. And much people drew unto him; for then was the common voice among them that with king Arthur was never other life but war and strife, and with sir Mordred was great joy and bliss. Thus was king Arthur depraved, and evil said of; and many there were that king Arthur had brought up of nought, and given them lands, that might not then say him a good word.

Lo, ye all Englishmen, see ye not what a mischief here was? For he that was the most king and noblest knight of the world, and most loved the fellowship of noble knights, and by him they all were upholden, and yet might not these Englishmen hold them content with him. Lo thus was the old custom and usages of this land, and men say that we of this land have not yet lost that custom. Alas! this is a great default of us Englishmen, for there may no thing us please no term.

And so fared the people at that time; they were better pleased with sir Mordred than they were with the noble king Arthur, and much people drew unto sir Mordred and said they would abide with him for better and for worse. And so sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that king Arthur would arrive, and so he thought to beat his own father from his own lands. And the most party of all England held with sir Mordred, for the people were so new-fangle.

And so as sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, so came king Arthur with a great navy of ships and galleys and carracks, and there was sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landing, to let his own father to land upon the land that he was king over.

Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms. And there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low on both parties. But king Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of knight let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him. And so they landed maugre sir Mordred's head and all his power, and put sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people.

So when this battle was done, king Arthur let search his people that were hurt and dead. And then was noble sir Gawain found in a great boat lying more than half dead. When king Arthur knew that he was

laid so low he went unto him and so found him. And there the king made great sorrow out of measure, and took sir Gawain in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And then when he was waked, king Arthur said,

'Alas! sir Gawain, my sister son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most. And now is my joy gone! For now, my nephew, sir Gawain, I will discover me unto you, that in your person and in sir Lancelot I most had my joy and mine affiance. And now have I lost my joy of you both, wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me!'

'Ah, mine uncle,' said sir Gawain, 'now I will that ye wit that my death-days be come! And all, I may wite mine own hastiness and my wilfulness, for through my wilfulness I was causer of mine own death. For I was this day hurt and smitten upon mine old wound that sir Lancelot gave me, and I feel myself that I must needs be dead by the hour of noon. And through me and my pride ye have all this shame and disease, for had that noble knight, sir Lancelot, been with you, as he was and would have been, this unhappy war had never been begun; for he, through his noble knighthood and his noble blood, held all your cankered enemies in subjection and danger. And now,' said sir Gawain, 'ye shall miss sir Lancelot. But alas that I would not accord with him! And therefore, fair uncle, I pray you that I may have paper, pen and ink, that I may write unto sir Lancelot a letter written with mine own hand.'

So, when paper, pen and ink was brought, then sir Gawain was set up weakly by king Arthur, for he was shriven a little afore. And then he took his pen and wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention:

'Unto thee, sir Lancelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my days, I, sir Gawain, king Lot's son of Orkney, and sister's son unto the noble king Arthur, send thee greeting, letting thee to have knowledge that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gave me afore the city of Benwick. And through that wound I am come to my death-day. And I will that all the world wit that I, sir Gawain, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but mine own seeking. Wherefor I beseech thee, sir Lancelot, to return again unto this realm and see my tomb, and pray some prayer more other less for my soul. And this same day that I wrote the same schedule I was hurt to the death, which

wound was first given of thine hand, sir Lancelot; for of a more nobler man might I not be slain.

'Also, sir Lancelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all the goodly haste that ye may, with your noble knights, and rescue that noble king that made thee knight, for he is full straitly bestead with an false traitor which is my half-brother, sir Mordred. For he hath crowned himself king, and would have wedded my lady, queen Guenevere; and so had he done, had she not kept the Tower of London with strong hand. And so the tenth day of May last past my lord king Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover, and there he put that false traitor, sir Mordred, to flight. And so it there misfortuned me to be smitten upon the stroke that ye gave me of old.

'And the date of this letter was written but two hours and an half afore my death, written with mine own hand and subscribed with part of my heart blood. And therefore I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb.'

And then he wept and king Arthur both, and swooned. And when they were awaked both, the king made sir Gawain to receive his sacrament, and then sir Gawain prayed the king for to send for sir Lancelot and to cherish him aboven all other knights.

And so at the hour of noon sir Gawain yielded up the ghost. And then the king let inter him in a chapel within Dover castle. And there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that sir Lancelot gave in battle.

Then was it told the king that sir Mordred had pight a new field upon Barham Down. And so upon the morn king Arthur rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people were slain on both parties. But at the last king Arthur's party stood best, and sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

And then the king let search all the downs for his knights that were slain and interred them. And salved them with soft salves that full sore were wounded. Then much people drew unto king Arthur, and then they said that sir Mordred warred upon king Arthur with wrong.

And anon king Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside westward, toward Salisbury. And there was a day assigned betwixt king Arthur and sir Mordred, that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury and not far from the seaside. And this day was assigned

on Monday after Trinity Sunday, whereof king Arthur was passing glad that he might be avenged upon sir Mordred.

Then sir Mordred araised much people about London, for they of Kent, Sussex and Surrey, Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk held the most party with sir Mordred. And many a full noble knight drew unto him and also the king; but they that loved sir Lancelot drew unto sir Mordred.

So upon Trinity Sunday at night king Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream. And in his dream him seemed that he saw upon a chafflet a chair, and the chair was fast to a wheel, and thereupon sat king Arthur in the richest cloth of gold that might be made. And the king thought there was under him, far from him, an hideous deep black water, and therein was all manner of serpents and worms and wild beasts foul and horrible. And suddenly the king thought that the wheel turned up-so-down, and he fell among the serpents, and every beast took him by a limb. And then the king cried as he lay in his bed, 'Help! help!' and then knights, squires and yeomen awaked the king, and then he was so amazed that he wist not where he was.

And then so he awaked until it was nigh day, and then he fell on slumbering again, not sleeping nor thoroughly waking. So the king seemed verily that there came sir Gawain unto him with a number of fair ladies with him. So when king Arthur saw him he said, 'Welcome, my sister's son, I weened ye had been dead! And now I see thee on live, much am I beholden unto Almighty Jesu. Ah, fair nephew, what been these ladies that hither be come with you?'

'Sir,' said sir Gawain, 'all these be ladies for whom I have foughten for, when I was man living. And all these are tho that I did battle for in righteous quarrels, and God hath given them that grace at their great prayer, because I did battle for them for their right, that they should bring me hither unto you. Thus much hath given me leave God for to warn you of your death: for and ye fight as to-morn with sir Mordred, as ye both have assigned, doubt ye not ye shall be slain, and the most party of your people on both parties. And for the great grace and goodness that Almighty Jesu hath unto you, and for pity of you and many mo other good men there shall be slain, God hath sent me to you of his special grace to give you warning that in no wise ye do battle as to-morn, but that ye take a treatise for a month day. And proffer you largely, so that to-morn ye put in a delay. For within a

month shall come sir Lancelot with all his noble knights, and rescue you worshipfully and slay sir Mordred and all that ever will hold with him.'

Then sir Gawain and all the ladies vanished, and anon the king called upon his knights, squires, and yeomen, and charged them wightly to fetch his noble lords and wise bishops unto him. And when they were come the king told them of his avision, that sir Gawain had told him and warned him that and he fought on the morn, he should be slain. Then the king commanded sir Lucan the Butler and his brother sir Bedivere the Bold, with two bishops with them, and charged them in any wise to take a treatise for a month day with sir Mordred: 'And spare not. Proffer him lands and goods as much as ye think reasonable.'

So then they departed and came to sir Mordred where he had a grim host of an hundred thousand men,* and there they entreated sir Mordred long time. And at the last sir Mordred was agreed for to have Cornwall and Kent by king Arthur's days; and after that all England, after the days of king Arthur.

Then were they condescend that king Arthur and sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every of them should bring fourteen persons. And so they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he, 'I am glad that this is done.' And so he went into the field.

And when king Arthur should depart he warned all his host that and they see any sword drawn, 'look ye come on fiercely and slay that traitor, sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him.' In like wise sir Mordred warned his host 'that and ye see any manner of sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely and so slay all that ever before you standeth, for in no wise I will not trust for this treatise.' And in the same wise said sir Mordred unto his host: 'for I know well my father will be avenged upon me.'

And so they met as their appointment was, and were agreed and accorded thoroughly. And wine was fetched, and they drank together. Right so came out an adder of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight in the foot. And so when the knight felt him so stung, he looked down and saw the adder; and anon he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew bemes, trumpets and horns, and shouted grimly, and so both hosts dressed them togethers. And king Arthur took his horse and said, 'Alas, this unhappy day!' and so rode to his party, and sir Mordred in like wise.

And never since was there never seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land, for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken of either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever king Arthur rode throughout the battle of sir Mordred many times and did full nobly, as a noble king should do, and at all times he fainted never. And sir Mordred did his devoir that day and put himself in great peril.

And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth. And ever they fought still till it was near night, and by then was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the earth. Then was king Arthur wood wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. And so he looked about him and could see no mo of all his host and good knights left, no mo on live but two knights: the tone was sir Lucan de Butler and his brother sir Bedivere; and yet they were full sore wounded.

'Jesu mercy!' said the king, 'where are all my noble knights become? Alas, that ever I should see this doleful day! For now,' said king Arthur, 'I am come to mine end. But would to God,' said he, 'that I wist now where were that traitor sir Mordred that hath caused all this mischief.'

Then king Arthur looked about and was ware where stood sir Mordred leaning upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. 'Now, give me my spear,' said king Arthur unto sir Lucan, 'for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought.'

'Sir, let him he,' said sir Lucan, 'for he is unhappy. And if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him.* Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream and what the spirit of sir Gawain told you to-night, and yet God of His great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. And for God's sake, my lord, leave off this, for, blessed be God, ye have won the field. For yet we been here three on live, and with sir Mordred is not one of live. And therefore if ye leave off now, this wicked day of Destiny is past!'

'Now tide me death, tide me life,' said the king, 'now I see him yonder alone, he shall never escape mine hands! For at a better avail shall I never have him.'

'God speed you well!' said sir Bedivere.

Then the king got his spear in both his hands, and ran toward sir Mordred, crying and saying, 'Traitor, now is thy death-day come!'

And when sir Mordred saw king Arthur he ran until him with his

sword drawn in his hand, and there king Arthur smote sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body more than a fathom. And when sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the burr of king Arthur's spear, and right so he smote his father, king Arthur, with his sword holding in both his hands, upon the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the tay of the brain. And therwith Mordred dashed down stark dead to the earth.

And noble king Arthur fell in a swough to the earth, and there he swooned oftentimes, and sir Lucan and sir Bedivere oft-times hove him up. And so weakly betwixt them they led him to a little chapel not far from the sea, and when the king was there, him thought him reasonably eased.

Then heard they people cry in the field. 'Now go thou, sir Lucan,' said the king, 'and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field.' So sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yode he saw and hearkened by the moonlight how that pillers and robbers were come into the field to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches and bees and of many a good ring and many a rich jewel. And who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches.

When sir Lucan understood this work he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. 'Therefore by my rede,' said sir Lucan, 'it is best that we bring you to some town.'

'I would it were so,' said the king, 'but I may not stand, my head works so. Ah, sir Lancelot!' said king Arthur, 'this day have I sore missed thee! And alas, that ever I was against thee! For now have I my death, whereof sir Gawain me warned in my dream.'

Then sir Lucan took up the king the tone party and sir Bedivere the other party. And in the lifting up the king swooned, and in the lifting sir Lucan fell in a swoon, that part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight his heart burst. And when the king awoke he beheld sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth and part of his guts lay at his feet.

'Alas,' said the king, 'this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I! Alas, that he would not complain him, for his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul!'

Then sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.

'Now leave this mourning and weeping, gentle knight,' said the king, 'for all this will not avail me. For wit thou well, and I might live myself, the death of sir Lucan would grieve me evermore. But my time hieth* fast,' said the king. 'Therefore,' said king Arthur unto sir Bedivere, 'take thou here Excaliber, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water's side. And when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou seest there.'

'My lord,' said sir Bedivere, 'your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.' So sir Bedivere departed. And by the way he beheld that noble sword, and the pommel and the haft was all precious stones. And then he said to himself, 'If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss.' And then sir Bedivere hid Excaliber under a tree. And so as soon as he might he came again unto the king and said he had been at the water and had thrown the sword into the water.

'What saw thou there?' said the king.

'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but waves and winds.'

'That is untruly said of thee,' said the king, 'and therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment. As thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in.'

Then sir Bedivere returned again and took the sword in his hand; and yet him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword. And so eft he hid the sword and returned again and told the king that he had been at the water and done his commandment.

'What sawest thou there?' said the king.

'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but waters wap and waves wan.'

'Ah, traitor unto me and untrue,' said king Arthur, 'now hast thou betrayed me twice! Who would ween that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and also named so noble a knight, that thou would betray me for the riches of this sword? But now go again lightly; for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee mine own hands, for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.'

Then sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword and lightly took it up, and so he went unto the water's side. And there he bound the

girdle about the hilts, and threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and an hand above the water, and took it and cleight it, and shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished with the sword into the water.

So sir Bedivere came again to the king and told him what he saw. 'Alas,' said the king, 'help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.'

Then sir Bedivere took the king upon his back and so went with him to the water's side. And when they were there, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods. And all they wept and shrieked when they saw king Arthur.

'Now put me into that barge,' said the king. And so he did softly, and there received him three ladies with great mourning. And so they set them down, and in one of their laps king Arthur laid his head.

And then the queen said, 'Ah, my dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold!' And anon they rowed fromward the land, and sir Bedivere beheld all tho ladies go froward him. Then sir Bedivere cried and said,

'Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?'

'Comfort thyself,' said the king, 'and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I must into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear nevermore of me, pray for my soul!'

But ever the queen and ladies wept and shrieked that it was pity to hear. And as soon as sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge he wept and wailed, and so took the forest and went all that night.

And in the morning he was ware, betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage. Then was sir Bedivere fain, and thither he went, and when he came into the chapel he saw where lay an hermit groveling on all fours, fast thereby a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little tofore Bishop of Canterbury that sir Mordred flemed.

'Sir,' said sir Bedivere, 'what man is there here interred that ye pray so fast for?'

'Fair son,' said the hermit, 'I wot not verily but by deeming. But this same night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies and brought

here a dead corpse and prayed me to inter him. And here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me a thousand besants.'

'Alas,' said sir Bedivere, 'that was my lord king Arthur, which lieth here graven in this chapel.' Then sir Bedivere swooned. And when he awoke he prayed the hermit that he might abide with him still, there to live with fasting and prayers: 'For from hence will I never go,' said sir Bedivere, 'by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur.'

'Sir, ye are welcome to me,' said the hermit, 'for I know you better than ye ween that I do: for ye are sir Bedivere the Bold, and the full noble duke sir Lucan de Butler was your brother.' Then sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard tofore, and so he beleft with the hermit that was beforehand Bishop of Canterbury. And there sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find no more written in books that been authorised, nother more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read. But thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was king Arthur sister, queen Morgan le Fay, the tother was queen of North Wales, and the third was the queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was dame Ninive, the chief lady of the lake, which had wedded sir Pelleas, the good knight; and this lady had done much for king Arthur. And this dame Ninive would never suffer sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life, and so he lived unto the uttermost of his days with her in great rest.

Now more of the death of king Arthur could I never find, but that these ladies brought him to his grave, and such one was interred there which the hermit bore witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury. But yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of king Arthur; for this tale sir Bedivere, a knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

Yet some men say in many parts of England that king Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place. And men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the Holy Cross. Yet I will not say that it shall be so, but rather I would say: here in this world he changed his life. And many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse:*

HIC IACET ARTHURUS, REX QUONDAM REXQUE FUTURUS.

And thus leave I here sir Bedivere with the hermit that dwelled that time in a chapel besides Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in prayers and fastings and great abstinence.

And when queen Guenevere understood that king Arthur was dead and all the noble knights, sir Mordred and all the remnant, then she stole away with five ladies with her, and so she went to Amesbury. And there she let make herself a nun, and weared white clothes and black, and great penance she took upon her, as ever did sinful woman in this land. And never creature could make her merry, but ever she lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed.

BOOK XXI

CHAPTER I

HOW SIR MORDRED PRESUMED AND TOOK ON HIM TO BE KING OF ENGLAND, AND WOULD HAVE MARRIED THE QUEEN, HIS FATHER'S WIFE.

As Sir Mordred was ruler of all England, he did do make letters as though that they came from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot. Wherefore Sir Mordred made a parliament, and called the lords together, and there he made them to choose him king; and so was he crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days; and afterward he drew him unto Winchester, and there he took the Queen Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her which was his uncle's wife and his father's wife. And so he made ready for the feast, and a day prefixed that they should be wedded; wherefore Queen Guenever was passing heavy. But she durst not discover her heart, but spake fair, and agreed to Sir Mordred's will. Then she desired of Sir Mordred for to go to London, to buy all manner of things that longed unto the wedding. And because of her fair speech Sir Mordred trusted her well enough, and gave her leave to go. And so when she came to London she took the Tower of London, and suddenly in all haste possible she stuffed it with all manner of victual, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it.

Then when Sir Mordred wist and understood how he was beguiled, he was passing wroth out of measure. And a short tale for to make, he went and laid a mighty siege about the Tower of London, and made many great assaults thereat, and threw many great engines unto them, and shot great guns. But all might not prevail Sir Mordred, for Queen Guenever would never for fair speech nor for foul, would never trust to come in his hands again.

Then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble

clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred: Sir, what will ye do? will ye first displease God and sithen shame yourself, and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your uncle, no father but your mother's brother, and on her himself King Arthur begat you upon his own sister, therefore how may you wed your father's wife? Sir, said the noble clerk, leave this opinion or I shall curse you with book and bell and candle. Do thou thy worst, said Sir Mordred, wit thou well I shall defy thee. Sir, said the Bishop, and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land. Peace, thou false priest, said Sir Mordred, for an thou chafe me any more I shall make strike off thy head. So the Bishop departed and did the cursing in the most orgulist wise that might be done. And then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury, for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury; and there he was as priest hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers, for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand.

Then Sir Mordred sought on Queen Guenever by letters and sonds, and by fair means and foul means, for to have her to come out of the Tower of London; but all this availed not, for she answered him shortly, openly and privily, that she had liefer slay herself than to be married with him. Then came word to Sir Mordred that King Arthur had araised the siege from Sir Launcelot, and he was coming homeward with a great host, to be avenged upon Sir Mordred; wherefore Sir Mordred made write writs to all the barony of this land, and much people drew to him. For then was the common voice among them that with Arthur was none other life but war and strife, and with Sir Mordred was great joy and bliss. Thus was Sir Arthur depraved, and evil said of. And many there were that King Arthur had made up of nought, and given them lands, might not then say him a good word. Lo ye all Englishmen, see ye not what a mischief here was ! for he that was the most king and knight of the world, and most loved the fellowship of noble knights, and by him they were all upholden, now

might not these Englishmen hold them content with him. Lo thus was the old custom and usage of this land; and also men say that we of this land have not yet lost nor forgotten that custom and usage. Alas, this is a great default of us Englishmen, for there may no thing please us no term. And so fared the people at that time, they were better pleased with Sir Mordred than they were with King Arthur; and much people drew unto Sir Mordred, and said they would abide with him for better and for worse. And so Sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that Sir Arthur would arrive, and so he thought to beat his own father from his lands; and the most part of all England held with Sir Mordred, the people were so new-fangle.

CHAPTER II

HOW AFTER THAT KING ARTHUR HAD TIDINGS, HE RETURNED AND CAME TO DOVER, WHERE SIR MORDRED MET HIM TO LET HIS LANDING: AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR GAWAINE.

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships, and galleys, and carracks. And there was Sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landing, to let his own father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms; and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low, on both parties. But King Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed maugre Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he led and all his people.

So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury his people that were dead. And then was noble Sir Gawaine found in a great boat, lying more than half dead. When Sir Arthur wist that Sir

Gawaine was laid so low, he went unto him; and there the king made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawaine in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And then when he awaked, he said: Alas, Sir Gawaine, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most; and now is my joy gone, for now, my nephew Sir Gawaine; I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Launcelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affiance, and now have I lost my joy of you both; wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me. Mine uncle King Arthur, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well my death-day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and wilfulness; for I am smitten upon the old wound the which Sir Launcelot gave me, on the which I feel well I must die; and had Sir Launcelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun; and of all this am I causer, for Sir Launcelot and his blood, through their prowess, held all your cankered enemies in subjection and daunger. And now, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall miss Sir Launcelot. But alas, I would not accord with him, and therefore, said Sir Gawaine, I pray you, fair uncle, that I may have paper, pen, and ink, that I may write to Sir Launcelot a cedle with mine own hands.

And then when paper and ink was brought, then Gawaine was set up weakly by King Arthur, for he was shriven a little to-fore; and then he wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention: Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my days, I, Sir Gawaine, King Lot's son of Orkney, sister's son unto the noble King Arthur, send thee greeting, and let thee have knowledge that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Benwick, and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death-day. And I will that all the world wit, that I, Sir Gawaine, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but it was mine own seeking; wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, to return again unto this realm, and see my tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for my soul. And this same day that I wrote this cedle, I was hurt to the death in the same wound, the which I had of thy hand, Sir Launcelot; for of a more nobler

man might I not be slain. Also Sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayst with thy noble knights rescue that noble king that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur; for he is full straitly bestead with a false traitor, that is my half-brother, Sir Mordred; and he hath let crown him king, and would have wedded my lady Queen Guenever, and so had he done had she not put herself in the Tower of London. And so the tenth day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover; and there we put that false traitor, Sir Mordred, to flight, and there it misfortuned me to be stricken upon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was written, but two hours and a half afore my death, written with mine own hand, and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. And I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb. And then Sir Gawaine wept, and King Arthur wept; and then they swooned both. And when they awaked both, the king made Sir Gawaine to receive his Saviour. And then Sir Gawaine prayed the king for to send for Sir Launcelot, and to cherish him above all other knights.

And so at the hour of noon Sir Gawaine yielded up the spirit; and then the king let inter him in a chapel within Dover Castle; and there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Launcelot gave him in battle. Then was it told the king that Sir Mordred had pight a new field upon Barham Down. And upon the morn the king rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people was slain on both parties; but at the last Sir Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

CHAPTER III

HOW AFTER, SIR GAWAINE'S GHOST APPEARED TO KING ARTHUR, AND WARNED HIM THAT HE SHOULD NOT FIGHT THAT DAY.

And then the king let search all the towns for his knights that were slain, and interred them; and salved them with soft salves that so sore were wounded. Then much people drew unto King Arthur. And then they said that Sir Mordred warred upon King Arthur with wrong. And then King Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside, westward toward Salisbury; and there was a day assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury, and not far from the seaside; and this day was assigned on a Monday after Trinity Sunday, whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred. Then Sir Mordred araised much people about London, for they of Kent, Southsex, and Surrey, Estsex, and of Southfolk, and of Northfolk, held the most part with Sir Mordred; and many a full noble knight drew unto Sir Mordred and to the king: but they that loved Sir Launcelot drew unto Sir Mordred.

So upon Trinity Sunday at night, King Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream, and that was this: that him seemed he sat upon a chaflet in a chair, and the chair was fast to a wheel, and thereupon sat King Arthur in the richest cloth of gold that might be made; and the king thought there was under him, far from him, an hideous deep black water, and therein were all manner of serpents, and worms, and wild beasts, foul and horrible; and suddenly the king thought the wheel turned up-so-down, and he fell among the serpents, and every beast took him by a limb; and then the king cried as he lay in his bed and slept: Help. And then knights, squires, and yeomen, awaked the king; and then he was so amazed that he wist not where he was; and then he fell a-slumbering again, not sleeping nor thoroughly waking. So the king

seemed verily that there came Sir Gawaine unto him with a number of fair ladies with him. And when King Arthur saw him, then he said: Welcome, my sister's son; I weened thou hadst been dead, and now I see thee alive, much am I beholding unto Almighty Jesu. O fair nephew and my sister's son, what be these ladies that hither be come with you? Sir, said Sir Gawaine, all these be ladies for whom I have foughten when I was man living, and all these are those that I did battle for in righteous quarrel; and God hath given them that grace at their great prayer, because I did battle for them, that they should bring me hither unto you: thus much hath God given me leave, for to warn you of your death; for an ye fight as to-morn with Sir Mordred, as ye both have assigned, doubt ye not ye must be slain, and the most part of your people on both parties. And for the great grace and goodness that almighty Jesu hath unto you, and for pity of you, and many more other good men there shall be slain, God hath sent me to you of his special grace, to give you warning that in no wise ye do battle as to-morn, but that ye take a treaty for a month day; and proffer you largely, so as to-morn to be put in a delay. For within a month shall come Sir Launcelot with all his noble knights, and rescue you worshipfully, and slay Sir Mordred, and all that ever will hold with him. Then Sir Gawaine and all the ladies vanished.

And anon the king called upon his knights, squires, and yeomen, and charged them wightly to fetch his noble lords and wise bishops unto him. And when they were come, the king told them his avision, what Sir Gawaine had told him, and warned him that if he fought on the morn he should be slain. Then the king commanded Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, with two bishops with them, and charged them in any wise, an they might, Take a treaty for a month day with Sir Mordred, and spare not, proffer him lands and goods as much as ye think best. So then they departed, and came to Sir Mordred, where he had a grim host of an hundred thousand men. And there they entreated Sir Mordred long time; and at the last Sir Mordred was agreed for to have Cornwall and Kent, by Arthur's days: after, all England, after the days of King Arthur.

CHAPTER IV

HOW BY MISADVENTURE OF AN ADDER THE BATTLE BEGAN, WHERE MORDRED WAS SLAIN, AND ARTHUR HURT TO THE DEATH.

THEN were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and everych of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he: I am glad that this is done: and so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn: Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that: An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me. And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beams, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said: Alas this unhappy day ! and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in like wise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever

they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wood wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him.

Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more alive but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now, said Arthur, I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief. Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this, for blessed be God ye have won the field, for here we be three alive, and with Sir Mordred is none alive; and if ye leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere.

Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: Traitor, now is thy death-day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and

therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned ofttimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere ofttimes heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased.

Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go thou, Sir Lucan, said the king, and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by my rede, said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king.

CHAPTER V

HOW KING ARTHUR COMMANDED TO CAST HIS SWORD EXCALIBUR INTO THE WATER. AND HOW HE WAS DELIVERED TO LADIES IN A BARGE.

But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee: alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his guts lay

at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me: now Jesu have mercy upon his soul ! Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and waves wan. Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see

thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: Ah my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayst, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR BEDIVERE FOUND HIM ON THE MORROW DEAD IN AN HERMITAGE, AND HOW HE ABODE THERE WITH THE HERMIT.

THEN was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit grovelling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little to-fore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed. Sir, said Bedivere, what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for? Fair son, said the hermit, I wot not verily, but by deeming. But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants. Alas, said Sir Bedivere, that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel. Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. For from hence will I never go, said Sir Bedivere, by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur. Ye are welcome to me, said the hermit, for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler, was your brother. Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard to-fore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was to-fore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorised, nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knight; and this lady had

done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of his days with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur: for this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

CHAPTER VII

OF THE OPINION OF SOME MEN OF THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR; AND HOW QUEEN GUENEVER MADE HER A NUN IN ALMESBURY.

YET some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say: here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: ***Hic facet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus.*** Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers, and fastings, and great abstinence. And when Queen Guenever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the queen stole away, and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and ware white clothes and black, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry; but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed. Now leave we Queen Guenever in Almesbury, a nun in white clothes and black, and there she was Abbess and ruler as reason would:

V

THE DOLOROUS DEATH AND DEPARTING OUT OF THIS WORLD OF SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

NOW leve we the quene in Amysbery, a nunne in whyght clothys and blak—and there she was abbas and rular, as reson w[o]lde—and now turne we from her and speke we of sir Launcelot du Lake, that whan he harde (8) in hys contrey that sir Mordred was crowned kynge in 5 Inglonde and made warre ayenst kyng Arthur, hys owne fadir, and wolde lette hym to londe in hys owne londe (also hit was tolde hym how sir Mordred had leyde a syge aboute the Towre of London, bycause the [quen]e wold nat w[ed]de hym), than was sir Launcelot wrot[he o]ute of mesure and 10 seyde [to] hys kynnesmen,

'Alas! that double tra[yt]oure, sir Mordred, now me [rep]entith that ever he escaped [my] hondys, [fo]r much shame hath he done unto my lorde Arthure. For I fele b[y th]ys dolefull letter that sir Gawayne sente me, on whos 15 soule Jesu have mercy, that my lorde Arthur ys full harde bestad. Alas,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that ever I shulde lyve to hyre of that moste noble kynge that made me knyght thus to be oversette with hys subjette in hys owne realme! And this dolefull lettir that my lorde sir Gawayne hath sente me 20 afore hys dethe, praynge me to se hys tumbe, wyte you well hys doleffull wordes shall never go frome my harte. For he was a full noble knyght as ever was born! And in an unhappy owre was I born that ever I shulde have that mysse-happe to sle firste sir Gawayne, sir Gaherys, the good 25 knyght, and myne owne frynde sir Gareth that was a full noble knyght. Now, alas, I may sey I am unhappy th[at] ever I shulde do thus. And yet, alas, myght I never have hap to sle that traytoure, sir Mordred!'

'Now leve youre complayntes,' seyde sir Bors, 'and firste 30 revenge you of the dethe of sir Gawayne, on whos soule Jesu have mercy! And hit woll be well done that ye se hys tumbe, 483v

1 *C* we quene Gueneuere in Almesburye 4 *C* lake Capitulum viii And whan 8 *C* tolde Syr Launcelot how that 9–15 *MS. damaged* 13 *W* hys 14 *C* for alle I 15 *C* the doleful letter that My lord syr 18 of *not in C* 24–25 *C* that vnhappe 26 *C* Gareth that ful 27, 30 Now *not in C* 27–28 *C* vnhappy sayd Syr Launcelot that (*W* there) euer 28 *C* thus vnhappely and alas yet myght 31–32 on whos soule Jesu have mercy *not in C*† 32 *C* see syr Gauwayns tombe

and secundly that ye revenge my lorde Arthur and my lady quene Gwenyver.'

'I thanke you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'for ever ye woll my worshyp.'

5 Than they made hem redy in all haste that myght be, with shyppis and g[a]lyes, with hym and hys oste to pas into Inglonde. And so at the laste he cam to Dover, and there he landed with seven kyngis, and the numbir was hedeous to beholde.

Than sir Launcelot spyrred of men of Dover where was 10 the kynge becom. And anone the people tolde hym how he was slayne and sir Mordred to, with an hondred thousand that dyed uppon a day; and how sir Mordred gaff kynge Arthur the first batayle there at hys londynge, and there was sir Gawayne slayne. 'And uppon the [mor]ne sir Mordred 15 faught with the kynge on Baram Downe, and the[re t]he kyng put sir Mordred to the wars.'

'Alas,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'thys [i]s the hevyest tydyngis that ever cam [to] my harte! Now, f[a]yre sirres,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'shew me [th]e tumbe of sir Gawayne.'

20 And anone he was brought into the castel of Dover, and so they shewed hym the tumbe. Than sir Launcelot kneled downe by the tumbe and wepte, and prayde hartely for hys soule.

And that nyght he lete make a dole, [and] all that wolde 25 com of the towne or of the contrey they had as much fleyssh and fysshe and wyne and ale, and every man and woman he dalt to twelve pence, com whoso wolde. Thus with hys owne honde dalte he thys money, in a mournyng gown; and ever he wepte hartely and prayde the people to pray for the soule 30 of sir Gawayne.

And on the morn all the prystes and clarkes that myght be gotyn in the contrey and in the town were there, and sange

5 *C* al the haste 6 *MS. damaged* *C* wyth syr Launcelot & his 7 *C** & so he passyd ouer the see tyl he came 9–10 *C* was kyng Arthur become Than the peple 11–12 *C* Mordred & an C thousand deyed on 13 *C* batayle at 13–14 *C* was good syr 14–19 *MS. damaged* 18 *C* cam to* me† Now *Le Morte Arthur* (3599) That made hys hert wonder sare 20 *C* & than certeyn peple of the towne brou3t hym in to 21 so they *not in C* 22 by the tumbe *not in C*† 24–25 *C* nyght he made a dole &* al they that wold come had *W* dole of all 26–27 *C* woman had xii pens come who wold 29 hartely *not in C*† *C* prayed hem to praye 32 and in the town *not in C*†

massis of Requiem. And there offird first sir Launcelot, and he offird an hondred pounde, and than the seven kynges offirde, and every of them offirde fourty pounde. Also there was a thousand knyghtes, and every of them offirde a pounde; and the offeryng dured fro the morne to nyght.

And there sir Launcelot lay two nyghtes uppon hys tumbe, in prayers and in dolefull wepynge. Than, on the **484r** thirde day, sir Launcelot called the kyngis, deukes, and erlis, with the barownes and all hys noble knyghtes, and seyde [t]hus:

'My fayre lordis, I thanke you all of youre comynge into thys contrey with me. But wyte you well all, we ar com to late, and that shall repente me whyle I lyve, but ayenste deth may no man rebell. But sytthyn hit ys so,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I woll myselffe ryde and syke my lady, quene Gwenyver. For, as I here sey, she hath had grete payne and muche disease, and I here say that she ys fledde into the weste. And therefore ye all shall abyde me here, and but if I com agayne within thes fyftene dayes, take youre shyppis and youre felyship and departe into youre contrey, for I woll do as I [sey y]ou.'

Than cam sir [B]ors and seyde, 'My lorde, sir Launcelot, (9) [w]hat thynke ye for to d[o, n]ow for to ryde in thys realme? Wyte [yo]u well ye shall do fy[n]de feaw fryndis.'

'Be as be may as for ⟨th⟩at,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'kepe you stylle here, for I woll furthe on my journey, and no man nor chylde shall go with me.'

So hit was no boote to stryve, but he departed and rode westirly; and there he sought a seven or eyght dayes. And at the laste he cam to a nunry, and anone quene Gwenyver was ware of sir Launcelot as she walked in the cloyster. And anone as she saw hym there, she sowned thryse, that all ladyes and jantyllwomen had worke inowghe to hold the

1 *C* masse of requyem 3 and every of them offirde *not in C* (*homoeoteleuton?*) *C* fourty pounde a pees & also 4 *C* knyghtes & eche of 5–6 *C* fro morne tyl nyght & syr Launcelot 7 in dolefull *not in C*† 8–9 *C* dukes erles barons & knyghtes 10, 21–25 *MS. damaged* 12 *C* but we came to 17 *C* herd say 19 *C* wythin xv dayes Than take 21 *C* I say to you 22 *C* Bors de ganys 23 *C* now to 24 do *not in C* 25 as for that *not in C* 30–31 *C* & than was quene Gueneuer ware of 31 *C** as he walked (see *Commentary, note 1251. 15–1252. 6*) 31–32 *C* & whan she sawe 33–p. 1252, l. 1 *C* holde the quene vp So

quene frome the erthe. So whan she myght speke she called her ladyes and jantillwomen to her, and than she sayde thus:

'Ye mervayle, fayre ladyes, why I make thys fare. Truly,' she seyde, 'hit ys for the syght of yondir knyght that yondir stondith. Wherefore I pray you calle hym hyddir to me.'

Than sir Launcelot was brought before her; than the quene seyde to all tho ladyes,

'Thorow thys same man and me hath all thys warre be wrought, and the deth of the moste nobelest knyghtes of the worlde; for thorow oure love that we have loved togydir
484v is my moste noble lorde slayne. Therefore, sir Launcelot, wyte thou well I am sette in suche a plyght to gete my soule ⌜hele⌝. And yet I truste, thorow Goddis grace and thorow Hys Passion of Hys woundis wyde, that aftir my deth I may have a syght of the blyss[ed] face of Cryste Jesu, and on Doomesday to sytte on Hys ryght syde; [fo]r as synfull as ever I was, now ar seyntes in hevyn. And there[f]ore, sir Launcelot, I requyre the and beseche the hartily, for all the lo[v]e that ever was betwyxt us, that thou never se me no more in the visayge. And I commaunde the, on Goddis behalff, that thou forsake my company. And to thy kyngedom loke thou turne agayne, and kepe well thy realme frome warre and wrake, for as well as I have loved the heretofore, myne [har]te woll nat serve now to se the; for thorow the and me ys the f[lou]re of kyngis and [knyghtes] destroyed. And therefore [go] thou to thy realme, [an]d there take ye a wyff, and lyff with [hir wyth] joy and blys. [A]nd I pray the hartely to pray for me [to] the Everlastynge Lorde [tha]t I may amende my mysselyvyng.'

'Now, my swete madame,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'wolde ye

1–2 *C*† callyd ladyes 2–3 *C* & sayd ye 5 *C* you al calle hym to 6 *C* Whan syr 6–7 *C* to hyr Than she sayd to al the ladyes 8 same *not in C*† *Le Morte Arthur* (3639) throw thys ylke man and me 12–13 *W* my soule helthe *C** my soule hele *Le Morte Arthur* (3655) my sowle hele I wyll abyde 13–14 and thorow Hys Passion of Hys woundis wyde *not in C*† *Le Morte Arthur* (3657) Throw mercy of Hys woundys wyde 14–15 *C* deth to haue 15 Jesu *not in C* 15–17 *MS. damaged* *C* at domes day 17 now *not in C* 19 *W* lowe no *not in C* 22 loke *not in C* 23 heretofore *not in C* 24–28 *MS. damaged* 24 *C* hert wyl not serue me to 25 *W* and destroyed *C** & kynghtes destroyed 26 *C* therfor sir Launcelot goo to thy 26–27 *C* take the a wyf 28 *C* hertelye praye *C* to our lord 30 my *not in C*

that I shuld turne agayne unto my contrey and thereto wedde a lady? Nay, madame, wyte you well that shall I never do, for I shall never be so false unto you of that I have promysed. But the selff desteny that ye have takyn you to, I woll take me to, for the pleasure of Jesu, and ever for you I caste me specially to pray.'

'A, sir Launcelot, if ye woll do so and holde thy promyse! But I may never beleve you,' seyde the quene, 'but that ye woll turne to the worlde agayne.'

'Well, madame,' seyde he, 'ye say as hit pleasith you, f⟨o⟩r yet wyste ye me never false of my promyse. And God deffende but that I shulde forsake the worlde as ye have done! For in the queste of the Sankgreall I had that tyme forsakyn the vanytees of the worlde, had nat youre love bene. And if I had done so at that tyme with my harte, wylle, and thought, I had passed all the knyghtes that ever were in the Sankgreall [excepte syr Galahad, my sone. And therfore, lady, sythen ye have taken you to perfeccion, I must nedys take me to perfection, of ryght. For I take recorde of God, in you I have had myn erthly joye, and yf I had founden you now so dysposed, I had caste me to have had you into myn owne royame. But sythen I fynde you thus desposed, I (10) ensure you faythfully, I wyl ever take me to penaunce and praye whyle my lyf lasteth, yf that I may fynde ony heremyte, other graye or whyte, that wyl receyve me. Wherfore, madame, I praye you kysse me, and never no more.'

'Nay,' sayd the quene, 'that shal I never do, but absteyne you from suche werkes.'

And they departed; but there was never so harde an herted man but he wold have wepte to see the dolour that they made, for there was lamentacyon as they had be stungyn wyth sperys, and many tymes they swouned. And the ladyes bare the quene to hir chambre.

4 *C** the same deystenye *Le Morte Arthur* (*3687*) the same desteny that yow is dyghte 5 *C** for to plese Ihesu *Le Morte Arthur* (*3689*) to plese hereafter God Allmyght 7 A sir Launcelot *not in C* *C** Yf thou wylt do so sayd the quene holde 8–9 *C* beleue but that thou wylt torne 10 hit *not in C* 11 for *not in C* 12 that *not in C* 13 *C* that tyme *not in C* 14 *R ends with the word* forsaken (*sig. ee ii verso*). *The remaining pages in the Rylands copy are Whittaker's facsimiles of P* *P*† lord ben 16 ever *not in P* 17 *W ends with the catchwords* except sir. *The rest of the text is based on P. The variants include Whittaker's errors* (*Wh*) *and Wynkyn de Worde's readings* 31 *P* laementacyon

And syr Launcelot awok, and went and took his hors, and rode al that day and al nyght in a forest, wepyng. And atte last he was ware of an ermytage and a chappel stode betwyxte two clyffes, and than he herde a lytel belle rynge to masse. And thyder he rode and alyght, and teyed his hors to the gate, and herd masse.

And he that sange masse was the Bysshop of Caunterburye. Bothe the Bysshop and sir Bedwer knewe syr Launcelot, and they spake togyders after masse. But whan syr Bedwere had tolde his tale al hole, syr Launcelottes hert almost braste for sorowe, and sir Launcelot threwe hys armes abrode, and sayd, 'Alas! Who may truste thys world?'

And than he knelyd doun on his knee and prayed the Bysshop to shryve hym and assoyle hym; and than he besought the Bysshop that he myght be hys brother. Than the Bysshop sayd, 'I wyll gladly', and there he put an habyte upon syr Launcelot. And there he servyd God day and nyght with prayers and fastynges.

Thus the grete hoost abode at Dover. And than sir Lyonel toke fyftene lordes with hym and rode to London to seke sir Launcelot; and there syr Lyonel was slayn and many of his lordes. Thenne syr Bors de Ganys made the grete hoost for to goo hoome ageyn, and syr Boors, syr Ector de Maris, syr Blamour, syr Bleoboris, with moo other of syr Launcelottes kynne, toke on hem to ryde al Englond overthwart and endelonge to seek syr Launcelot.

So syr Bors by fortune rode so longe tyl he came to the same chapel where syr Launcelot was. And so syr Bors herde a lytel belle knylle that range to masse, and there he alyght and herde masse. And whan masse was doon, the Bysshop, syr Launcelot and sir Bedwere came to syr Bors, and whan syr Bors sawe sir Launcelot in that maner clothyng, than he preyed the Bysshop that he myght be in the same sewte. And so there was an habyte put upon hym, and there he lyved in prayers and fastyng.

And wythin halfe a yere there was come syr Galyhud, syr Galyhodyn, sir Blamour, syr Bleoberis, syr Wyllyars, syr Clarrus, and sir Gahallantyne. So al these seven noble knyghtes there abode styll. And whan they sawe syr Launce-

37 *Wh* Bleoheris 38 *Wh* Clarras *Wh* sir Gohaleaniyne

lot had taken hym to suche perfeccion they had no lust to departe but toke such an habyte as he had.

Thus they endured in grete penaunce syx yere. And than syr Launcelot took th' abyte of preesthode of the Bysshop, and a twelve-monthe he sange masse. And there was none of these other knyghtes but they redde in bookes and holpe for to synge masse, and range bellys, and dyd lowly al maner of servyce. And soo their horses wente where they wolde, for they toke no regarde of no worldly rychesses; for whan they sawe syr Launcelot endure suche penaunce in prayers and fastynges they toke no force what payne they endured, for to see the nobleste knyght of the world take such abstynaunce that he waxed ful lene.

And thus upon a nyght there came a vysyon to syr Launcelot and charged hym, in remyssyon of his synnes, to haste hym unto Almysbury: 'And by thenne thou come there, thou shalt fynde quene Guenever dede. And therfore take thy felowes with the, and purvey them of an horsbere, and fetche thou the cors of hir, and burye hir by her husbond, the noble kyng Arthur.'

So this avysyon came to Launcelot thryse in one nyght. Than syr Launcelot rose up or day and tolde the heremyte. (11)

'It were wel done', sayd the heremyte, 'that ye made you redy and that ye dyshobeye not the avysyon.'

Than syr Launcelot toke his seven felowes with hym, and on fote they yede from Glastynburye to Almysburye, the whyche is lytel more than thirty myle, and thyder they came within two dayes, for they were wayke and feble to goo.

And whan syr Launcelot was come to Almysburye within the nunerye, quene Guenever deyed but halfe an oure afore. And the ladyes tolde syr Launcelot that quene Guenever tolde hem al or she passyd that syr Launcelot had ben preest nere a twelve-monthe: 'and hyder he cometh as faste as he may to fetche my cors, and besyde my lord kyng Arthur he shal berye me.' Wherefore the quene sayd in heryng of hem al, 'I beseche Almyghty God that I may never have power to see syr Launcelot wyth my worldly eyen!'

1 *Wh* no last 4 *Wh* preesthod 7 *Wh* dyd bodoly 16 *Wh* thenne then come 17 *Wh* shall 18 *Wh* parcuey them 22 *Wh* oe day 26 *Wh* on fore

'And thus,' said al the ladyes, 'was ever hir prayer these two dayes tyl she was dede.'

Than syr Launcelot sawe hir vysage, but he wepte not gretelye, but syghed. And so he dyd al the observaunce of the servyce hymself, bothe the dyryge and on the morne he sange masse. And there was ordeyned an hors-bere, and so wyth an hondred torches ever brennyng aboute the cors of the quene and ever syr Launcelot with his eyght felowes wente aboute the hors-bere, syngyng and redyng many an holy oryson, and frankensens upon the corps encensed.

Thus syr Launcelot and his eyght felowes wente on foot from Almysburye unto Glastynburye; and whan they were come to the chapel and the hermytage, there she had a dyryge wyth grete devocyon. And on the morne the heremyte that somtyme was Bysshop of Canterburye sange the masse of Requyem wyth grete devocyon, and syr Launcelot was the fyrst that offeryd, and than als his eyght felowes. And than she was wrapped in cered clothe of Raynes, from the toppe to the too, in thirtyfolde; and after she was put in a webbe of leed, and than in a coffyn of marbyl.

And whan she was put in th' erth syr Launcelot swouned, and laye longe stylle, whyle the hermyte came and awaked hym, and sayd,

'Ye be to blame, for ye dysplese God with suche maner of sorow-makyng.'

'Truly,' sayd syr Launcelot, 'I trust I do not dysplese God, for He knoweth myn entente: for my sorow was not, nor is not, for ony rejoysyng of synne, but my sorow may never have ende. For whan I remembre of hir beaulté and of hir noblesse, that was bothe wyth hyr kyng and wyth hyr, so whan I sawe his corps and hir corps so lye togyders, truly myn herte wold not serve to susteyne my careful body. Also whan I remembre me how by my defaute and myn orgule and my pryde that they were bothe layed ful lowe, that were pereles that ever was lyvyng of Cristen people, wyt you wel,' sayd syr Launcelot, 'this remembred, of their kyndenes and myn unkyndenes, sanke so to myn herte that I myght not susteyne myself.' So the Frensshe book maketh mencyon.

3 *Wh* bat he 8 *Wynkyn de Worde* his seuen 36 *Wh* of there

Thenne syr Launcelot never after ete but lytel mete, nor (12) dranke, tyl he was dede, for than he seekened more and more and dryed and dwyned awaye. For the Bysshop nor none of his felowes myght not make hym to ete and lytel he dranke, that he was waxen by a kybbet shorter than he was, that the peple coude not knowe hym. For evermore, day and nyght, he prayed, but somtyme he slombred a broken slepe. Ever he was lyeng grovelyng on the tombe of kyng Arthur and quene Guenever, and there was no comforte that the Bysshop, nor syr Bors, nor none of his felowes coude make hym, it avaylled not.

Soo wythin syx wekys after, syr Launcelot fyl seek and laye in his bedde. And thenne he sente for the Bysshop that there was heremyte, and al his trewe felowes. Than syr Launcelot sayd wyth drery steven,

'Syr Bysshop, I praye you gyve to me al my ryghtes that longeth to a Crysten man.'

'It shal not nede you,' sayd the heremyte and al his felowes. 'It is but hevynesse of your blood. Ye shal be wel mended by the grace of God to-morne.'

'My fayr lordes,' sayd syr Launcelot, 'wyt you wel my careful body wyll into th' erthe, I have warnyng more than now I wyl say. Therfore gyve me my ryghtes.'

S⟨o⟩ whan he was howselyd and enelyd and had al that a Crysten man ought to have, he prayed the Bysshop that his felowes myght bere his body to Joyous Garde. (Somme men say it was Anwyk, and somme men say it was Bamborow.)

'Howbeit,' sayd syr Launcelot, 'me repenteth sore, but I made myn avowe somtyme that in Joyous Garde I wold be buryed. And bycause of brekyng of myn avowe, I praye you al, lede me thyder.'

Than there was wepyng and wryngyng of handes among his felowes.

So at a seson of the nyght they al wente to theyr beddes, for they alle laye in one chambre. And so after mydnyght, ayenst day, the Bysshop that was hermyte, as he laye in his

1 *P* Thēne *S* Thene 12 *Wh* wekye 17 *S* chrysten 22 *Wh* wyl *Wh* houe warnyng 24 *P* Se *Wh* So 27 *Wh* anwyk & somme may say 28 *S* hamborow 31 *Wh* bysshop then was

bedde aslepe, he fyl upon a grete laughter. And therwyth al the felyshyp awoke and came to the Bysshop and asked hym what he eyled.

'A, Jesu mercy!' sayd the Bysshop, 'why dyd ye awake me? I was never in al my lyf so mery and so wel at ease.'

'Wherfore?' sayd syr Bors.

'Truly,' sayd the Bysshop, 'here was syr Launcelot with me, with mo angellis than ever I sawe men in one day. And I sawe the angellys heve up syr Launcelot unto heven, and the yates of heven opened ayenst hym.'

'It is but dretchyng of swevens,' sayd syr Bors, 'for I doubte not syr Launcelot ayleth nothynge but good.'

'It may wel be,' sayd the Bysshop. 'Goo ye to his bedde, and than shall ye preve the soth.'

So whan syr Bors and his felowes came to his bedde they founde hym starke dede; and he laye as he had smyled, and the swettest savour aboute hym that ever they felte. Than was there wepynge and wryngyng of handes, and the grettest dole they made that ever made men.

And on the morne the Bysshop dyd his masse of Requyem, and after the Bysshop and al the nine knyghtes put syr La⟨un⟩celot in the same hors-bere that quene Guenevere was layed in tofore that she was buryed. And soo the Bysshop and they al togyders wente wyth the body of syr Launcelot dayly, tyl they came to Joyous Garde; and ever they had an hondred torches brennyng aboute hym.

And so within fyftene dayes they came to Joyous Garde. And there they layed his corps in the body of the quere, and sange and redde many saulters and praye⟨r⟩s over hym and aboute hym. And ever his vysage was layed open and naked, that al folkes myght beholde hym; for suche was the custom in tho dayes that al men of worshyp shold so lye wyth open vysage tyl that they were buryed.

And ryght thus as they were at theyr servyce, there came syr Ector de Maris that had seven yere sought al Englond, Scotlond and Walys, sekyng his brother, syr Launcelot. (13) And whan syr Ector herde suche noyse and lyghte in the quyre of Joyous Garde, he alyght and put his hors from hym

1 *Wh* bedd 14 *P* preue *Wh* proue 22 *P* Lanacelot *Wh* Launcelot
24 *Wh* togydere 26 *Wh* bernnyng

and came into the quyre. And there he sawe men synge ⟨and⟩ wepe, and al they knewe syr Ector, but he knewe not them.

Than wente syr Bors unto syr Ector and tolde hym how there laye his brother, syr Launcelot, dede. And than syr Ector threwe hys shelde, swerde and helme from hym, and whan he behelde syr Launcelottes vysage he fyl doun in a swoun. And whan he waked it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that he made for his brother.

'A, Launcelot!' he sayd, 'thou were hede of al Crysten knyghtes! And now I dare say,' sayd syr Ector, 'thou sir Launcelot, there thou lyest, that thou were never matched of erthely knyghtes hande. And thou were the curtest knyght that ever bare shelde! And thou were the truest frende to thy lovar that ever bestrade hors, and thou were the trewest lover, of a synful man, that ever loved woman, and thou were the kyndest man that ever strake wyth swerde. And thou were the godelyest persone that ever cam emonge prees of knyghtes, and thou was the mekest man and the jentyllest that ever ete in halle emonge ladyes, and thou were the sternest knyght to thy mortal foo that ever put spere in the reeste.'

Than there was wepyng and dolour out of mesure.

Thus they kepte syr Launcelots corps on-lofte fyftene dayes, and than they buryed it with grete devocyon. And than at leyser they wente al with the Bysshop of Canterburye to his ermytage, and there they were togyder more than a monthe.

Than syr Costantyn that was syr Cadores sone of Cornwayl was chosen kyng of Englond, and he was a ful noble knyght, and worshypfully he rulyd this royame. And than thys kyng Costantyn sent for the Bysshop of Caunterburye, for he herde saye where he was. And so he was restored unto his bysshopryche and lefte that ermytage, and syr Bedwere was there ever stylle heremyte to his lyves ende.

Than syr Bors de Ganys, syr Ector de Maris, syr Gahalantyne, syr Galyhud, sir Galyhodyn, syr Blamour, syr Bleoberys, syr Wyllyars ⟨le⟩ Valyaunt, syr Clarrus of Clere-

1 *P* qnyre *Wh* quyre 1–2 *P* synge (*end of line*) wepe 11 *Wynkyn de Worde omits* that 18 *Wynkyn de Worde* thou were 21 *Wh* in the breste 36 *P* Wyllyars de valyaunt *Wh* Wyllyats de balyaunt *Wynkyn de Worde* Vyllyars le valyaunt *Wh* Clartus

mounte, al these knyghtes drewe them to theyr contreyes. Howbeit kyng Costantyn wold have had them wyth hym, but they wold not abyde in this royame. And there they al lyved in their cuntreyes as holy men.

And somme Englysshe bookes maken mencyon that they wente never oute of Englond after the deth of syr Launcelot —but that was but favour of makers. For the Frensshe book maketh mencyon—and is auctorysed—that syr Bors, syr Ector, syr Blamour and syr Bleoberis wente into the Holy Lande, thereas Jesu Cryst was quycke and deed. And anone as they had stablysshed theyr londes, for, the book saith, so syr Launcelot commaunded them for to do or ever he passyd oute of thys world, ⟨there⟩ these foure knyghtes dyd many bataylles upon the myscreantes, or Turkes. And there they ⟨dyed⟩ upon a Good Fryday for Goddes sake.

HERE IS THE ENDE OF THE HOOLE BOOK OF KYNG ARTHUR AND OF HIS NOBLE KNYGHTES OF THE ROUNDE TABLE, THAT WHAN THEY WERE HOLE TOGYDERS THERE WAS EVER AN HONDRED AND FORTY. AND HERE IS THE ENDE OF *The Deth of Arthur*.

I PRAYE YOU ALL JENTYLMEN AND JENTYLWYMMEN THAT REDETH THIS BOOK OF ARTHUR AND HIS KNYGHTES FROM THE BEGYNNYNG TO THE ENDYNGE, PRAYE FOR ME WHYLE I AM ON LYVE THAT GOD SENDE ME GOOD DELYVERAUNCE. AND WHAN I AM DEED, I PRAYE YOU ALL PRAYE FOR MY SOULE.

FOR THIS BOOK WAS ENDED THE NINTH YERE OF THE REYGNE OF KYNG EDWARD THE FOURTH, BY SYR THOMAS MALEORÉ, KNYGHT, AS JESU HELPE HYM FOR HYS GRETE MYGHT, AS HE IS THE SERVAUNT OF JESU BOTHE DAY AND NYGHT.]

4 *S* cuntreys · 13 *P*† world And these · 15 *P*† they ded 16 *S* end *Wh* of the booke book 29 *Caxton's colophon*: Thus endeth thys noble and Ioyous book entytled le morte Darthur Notwythstondyng it treateth of the byrth lyf and actes of the sayd kyng Arthur of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table theyr meruayllous enquestes and aduentures thachyeuyng of the sangreal & in thende the dolorous deth & departyng out of thys world of them al whiche book was reduced iu (*S* in) to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd and by me deuyded in to XXI bookes chapytred and enprynted and fynysshed in thabbey westmestre the last day of Iuyl the yere of our lord MCCCCLXXXV Caxton me fieri fecit

5. *The Dolorous Death and Departing out of this World of Sir Lancelot and Queen Guenevere*

(Caxton XXI, 8–13)

Now leave we the queen in Amesbury, a nun in white clothes and black, and there she was abbess and ruler, as reason would. And now turn we from her and speak we of sir Lancelot du Lake, that when he heard in his country that sir Mordred was crowned king in England and made war against king Arthur, his own father, and would let him to land in his own land (also it was told him how sir Mordred had laid a siege about the Tower of London, because the queen would not wed him), then was sir Lancelot wroth out of measure and said to his kinsmen,

'Alas! that double traitor, sir Mordred! Now me repenteth that ever he escaped my hands, for much shame hath he done unto my lord Arthur. For I feel by this doleful letter that sir Gawain sent me, on whose soul Jesu have mercy, that my lord Arthur is full hard bestead. Alas,' said sir Lancelot, 'that ever I should live to hear of that most noble king that made me knight thus to be overset with his subject in his own realm! And this doleful letter that my lord sir Gawain hath sent me afore his death, praying me to see his tomb, wit you well his doleful words shall never go from my heart. For he was a full noble knight as ever was born! And in an unhappy hour was I born that ever I should have that mishap to slay first sir Gawain, sir Gaheris, the good knight, and mine own friend sir Gareth that was a full noble knight.

Now, alas, I may say I am unhappy that ever I should do thus. And yet, alas, might I never have hap to slay that traitor, sir Mordred!'

'Now leave your complaints,' said sir Bors, 'and first revenge you of the death of sir Gawain, on whose soul Jesu have mercy! And it will be well done that ye see his tomb, and secondly that ye revenge my lord Arthur and my lady queen Guenevere.'

'I thank you,' said sir Lancelot, 'for ever ye will my worship.'

Then they made them ready in all haste that might be, with ships and galleys, with him and his host to pass into England. And so he passed over the sea till* he came to Dover, and there he landed with seven kings, and the number was hideous to behold.

Then sir Lancelot spiered of men of Dover where was the king become. And anon the people told him how he was slain, and sir Mordred too, with an hundred thousand that died upon a day; and how sir Mordred gave king Arthur the first battle there at his landing, and there was sir Gawain slain: 'And upon the morn sir Mordred fought with the king on Barham Down, and there the king put sir Mordred to the wars.'

'Alas,' said sir Lancelot, 'this is the heaviest tidings that ever came to my heart! Now, fair sirs,' said sir Lancelot, 'show me the tomb of sir Gawain.' And anon he was brought into the castle of Dover, and so they showed him the tomb. Then sir Lancelot kneeled down by the tomb and wept, and prayed heartily for his soul.

And that night he let make a dole, and all that would come of the town or of the country they had as much flesh and fish and wine and ale, and every man and woman he dealt to twelve pence, come whoso would. Thus with his own hand dealt he this money, in a mourning gown. And ever he wept heartily and prayed the people to pray for the soul of sir Gawain.

And on the morn all the priests and clerks that might be gotten in the country and in the town were there, and sang masses of requiem. And there offered first sir Lancelot, and he offered an hundred pound, and then the seven kings offered, and every of them offered forty pound. Also there was a thousand knights, and every of them offered a pound; and the offering dured from the morn to night.

And there sir Lancelot lay two nights upon his tomb in prayers and in doleful weeping. Then on the third day, sir Lancelot called the kings dukes and earls, with the barons and all his noble knights, and said thus:

'My fair lords, I thank you all of your coming into this country with me. But wit you well all, we are come too late, and that shall repent me while I live; but against death may no man rebel. But sithen it is so,' said sir Lancelot, 'I will myself ride and seek my lady, queen Guenevere. For, as I hear say, she hath had great pain and much disease, and I hear say that she is fled into the west. And therefore ye shall all abide me here, and but if I come again within these fifteen days, take your ships and your fellowship and depart into your country, for I will do as I say you.'

Then came sir Bors and said, 'My lord, sir Lancelot, what think ye for to do, now for to ride in this realm? Wit you well ye shall* find few friends.'

'Be as be may, as for that,' said sir Lancelot. 'Keep you still here, for I will forth on my journey, and no man nor child shall go with me.' So it was no boot to strive, but he departed and rode westerly; and there he sought a seven or eight days.

And at the last he came to a nunnery, and anon queen Guenevere was ware of sir Lancelot as she walked in the cloister. And anon as she saw him there, she swooned thrice, that all ladies and gentlewomen had work enough to hold the queen from the earth. So when she might speak she called her ladies and gentlewomen to her, and then she said thus:

'Ye marvel, fair ladies, why I make this fare. Truly,' she said, 'it is for the sight of yonder knight that yonder standeth. Wherefore I pray you call him hither to me.'

Then sir Lancelot was brought before her. Then the queen said to all tho ladies:

'Through this same man and me hath all this war be wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain. Therefore, sir Lancelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul heal. And yet I trust, through God's grace and through His Passion of His wounds wide, that after my death I may have a sight of the blessed face of Christ Jesu, and on Doomsday to sit on His right side; for as sinful as ever I was, now are saints in heaven. And therefore, sir Lancelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me no more in the visage. And I command thee, on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company.

And to thy kingdom look thou turn again, and keep well thy realm from war and wrack, for as well as I have loved thee heretofore mine heart will not serve now to see thee; for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed. And therefore go thou to thy realm, and there take thee* a wife, and live with her with joy and bliss. And I pray thee heartily to pray for me to the Everlasting Lord that I may amend my mis-living.'

'Now, my sweet madam,' said sir Lancelot, 'would ye that I should turn again unto my country, and there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well, that shall I never do, for I shall never be so false unto you of that I have promised. But the self destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me to, for to please Jesu,* and ever for you I cast me specially to pray.'

'Ah, sir Lancelot, if ye will do so, hold thy promise! But I may never believe you,' said the queen, 'but that ye will turn to the world again.'*

'Well, madam,' said he, 'ye say as it pleaseth you, for yet wist ye me never false of my promise. And God defend but that I should forsake the world as ye have done! For in the quest of the Sankgreall I had that time forsaken the vanities of the world, had not your love been. And if I had done so at that time with my heart, will, and thought, I had passed all the knights that ever were in the Sankgreall except sir Galahad, my son. And therefore, lady, sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection, of right. For I take record of God, in you I have had mine earthly joy, and if I had founden you now so disposed, I had cast me to have had you into mine own royame. But sithen I find you thus disposed, I ensure you faithfully, I will ever take me to penance, and pray while my life lasteth, if that I may find any hermit, other grey or white, that will receive me. Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me, and never no more.'

'Nay,' said the queen, 'that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works.'

And they departed; but there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made, for there was lamentation as they had be stungen with spears, and many times they swooned. And the ladies bore the queen to her chamber.

And sir Lancelot awoke, and went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all night in a forest, weeping. And at last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel stood betwixt two cliffs, and then he heard

a little bell ring to mass. And thither he rode and alight, and tied his horse to the gate and heard mass.

And he that sang was the Bishop of Canterbury. Both the Bishop and sir Bedivere knew sir Lancelot, and they spoke togethers after mass. But when sir Bedivere had told his tale all whole, sir Lancelot's heart almost burst for sorrow, and sir Lancelot threw his arms abroad, and said, 'Alas! Who may trust this world?'

And then he kneeled down on his knee and prayed the Bishop to shrive him and assoil him. And then he besought the Bishop that he might be his brother. Then the Bishop said, 'I will gladly,' and there he put an habit upon sir Lancelot. And there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings.

Thus the great host abode at Dover. And then sir Lionel took fifteen lords with him and rode to London to seek sir Lancelot; and there sir Lionel was slain and many of his lords. Then sir Bors de Ganis made the great host for to go home again, and sir Bors, sir Ector de Maris, sir Blamour, sir Bleoberis, with mo other of sir Lancelot's kin, took on them to ride all England overthwart and endlong to seek sir Lancelot.

So sir Bors by fortune rode so long till he came to the same chapel where sir Lancelot was. And so sir Bors heard a little bell knell that rang to mass, and there he alight and heard mass. And when mass was done, the Bishop, sir Lancelot and sir Bedivere came to sir Bors, and when sir Bors saw sir Lancelot in that manner clothing, then he prayed the Bishop that he might be in the same suit. And so there was an habit put upon him, and there he lived in prayers and fasting.

And within half a year there was come sir Galihud, sir Galihodin, sir Blamour, sir Bleoberis, sir Villiers, sir Clarrus, and sir Gahalantine. So all these seven noble knights there abode still. And when they saw sir Lancelot had taken him to such perfection they had no lust to depart but took such an habit as he had.

Thus they endured in great penance six year. And then sir Lancelot took the habit of priesthood of the Bishop, and a twelve-month he sang mass. And there was none of these other knights but they read in books and holp for to sing mass, and rang bells, and did lowly all manner of service. And so their horses went where they would, for they took no regard of no worldly richesses. For when they saw sir Lancelot endure such penance in prayers and fastings they took no force what

pain they endured, for to see the noblest knight of the world take such abstinence that he waxed full lean.

And thus upon a night there came a vision to sir Lancelot and charged him, in remission of his sins, to haste him unto Amesbury: 'And by then thou come there, thou shalt find queen Guenevere dead. And therefore take thy fellows with thee, and purvey them of an horse-bier, and fetch thou the corpse of her, and bury her by her husband, the noble king Arthur.' So this avision came to Lancelot thrice in one night. Then sir Lancelot rose up or day and told the hermit. 'It were well done,' said the hermit, 'that ye made you ready and that ye disobey not the avision.' Then sir Lancelot took his seven fellows with him, and on foot they yede from Glastonbury to Amesbury, the which is little more than thirty mile, and thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go.

And when sir Lancelot was come to Amesbury within the nunnery queen Guenevere died but half an hour afore. And the ladies told sir Lancelot that queen Guenevere told them all or she passed that sir Lancelot had been priest near a twelve-month: 'and hither he cometh as fast as he may to fetch my corpse, and beside my lord king Arthur he shall bury me.' Wherefore the queen said in hearing of them all, 'I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see sir Lancelot with my worldly eyen!' 'And thus,' said all the ladies, 'was ever her prayer these two days till she was dead.'

Then sir Lancelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed. And so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the dirge and on the morn he sang mass. And there was ordained an horse-bier, and so with an hundred torches ever burning about the corpse of the queen and ever sir Lancelot with his eight fellows went about the horse-bier, singing and reading many an holy orison, and frankincense upon the corpse incensed.

Thus sir Lancelot and his eight fellows went on foot from Amesbury unto Glastonbury; and when they were come to the chapel and the hermitage, there she had a dirge with great devotion. And on the morn the hermit that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury sang the mass of requiem with great devotion, and sir Lancelot was the first that offered, and then also his eight fellows. And then she was wrapped in cered cloth of Rennes from the top to the toe, in thirtyfold; and after she was put in a web of lead, and then in a coffin of marble.

And when she was put in the earth sir Lancelot swooned, and lay long still, while the hermit came and awaked him, and said, 'Ye be to blame, for ye displease God with such manner of sorrow-making.'

'Truly,' said sir Lancelot, 'I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent. For my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her, so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie togethers, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my care-full body. Also when I remember me how by my default and mine orgule and my pride that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well,' said sir Lancelot, 'this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to mine heart that I might not sustain myself.' So the French book maketh mention.

Then sir Lancelot never after ate but little meat, nor drank, till he was dead, for then he sickened more and more and dried and dwined away. For the Bishop nor none of his fellows might not make him to eat and little he drank, that he was waxen by a cubit shorter than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore, day and night, he prayed, but sometime he slumbered a broken sleep. Ever he was lying grovelling on the tomb of king Arthur and queen Guenevere, and there was no comfort that the Bishop, nor sir Bors, nor none of his fellows could make him, it availed not.

So within six weeks after, sir Lancelot fell sick and lay in his bed. And then he sent for the Bishop that there was hermit, and all his true fellows. Then sir Lancelot said with dreary steven, 'Sir Bishop, I pray you give to me all my rights that longeth to a Christian man.'

'It shall not need you,' said the hermit and all his fellows. 'It is but heaviness of your blood. Ye shall be well mended by the grace of God to-morn.'

'My fair lords,' said sir Lancelot, 'wit you well my care-full body will into the earth. I have warning more than now I will say. Therefore give me my rights.'

So when he was houseled and aneled and had all that a Christian man ought to have, he prayed the Bishop that his fellows might bear his body to Joyous Gard. (Some men say it was Alnwick and some men say it was Bamborough.) 'Howbeit,' said sir Lancelot, 'me repenteth

sore, but I made mine avow sometime that in Joyous Gard I would be buried. And because of breaking of mine avow, I pray you all, lead me thither.' Then there was weeping and wringing of hands among his fellows.

So at a season of the night they all went to their beds, for they all lay in one chamber. And so after midnight, against day, the Bishop that was hermit, as he lay in his bed asleep, he fell upon a great laughter. And therewith all the fellowship awoke and came to the Bishop and asked him what he ailed.

'Ah, Jesu mercy!' said the Bishop, 'why did ye awake me? I was never in all my life so merry and so well at ease.' 'Wherefore?' said sir Bors.

'Truly,' said the Bishop, 'here was sir Lancelot with me, with mo angels than ever I saw men in one day. And I saw the angels heave up sir Lancelot unto heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him.' 'It is but dretching of swevens,' said sir Bors, 'for I doubt not sir Lancelot aileth nothing but good.' 'It may well be,' said the Bishop. 'Go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the sooth.'

So when sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed they found him stark dead; and he lay as he had smiled, and the sweetest savour about him that ever they felt. Then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and the greatest dole they made that ever made men.

And on the morn the Bishop did his mass of requiem, and after the Bishop and all the nine knights put sir Lancelot in the same horse-bier that queen Guenevere was laid in tofore that she was buried. And so the Bishop and they all togethers went with the body of sir Lancelot daily, till they came to Joyous Gard; and ever they had an hundred torches burning about him.

And so within fifteen days they came to Joyous Gard. And there they laid his corpse in the body of the choir, and sang and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him. And ever his visage was laid open and naked, that all folks might behold him, for such was the custom in tho days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried.

And right thus as they were at their service, there came sir Ector de Maris that had seven year sought all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother, sir Lancelot. And when sir Ector heard such noise and light in the choir of Joyous Gard, he alight and put his horse from

him and came into the choir. And there he saw men sing and weep. And all they knew sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went sir Bors unto sir Ector and told him how there lay his brother, sir Lancelot, dead. And then sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him, and when he beheld sir Lancelot's visage he fell down in a swoon. And when he waked it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother.

'Ah, Lancelot!' he said, 'thou were head of all Christian knights! And now I dare say,' said sir Ector, 'thou sir Lancelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bore shield! And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman, and thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights, and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies, and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.'

Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure.

Thus they kept sir Lancelot's corpse on-loft fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion. And then at leisure they went all with the Bishop of Canterbury to his hermitage, and there they were together more than a month.

Then sir Constantine that was sir Cador's son of Cornwall was chosen king of England, and he was a full noble knight, and worshipfully he ruled this royame. And then this king Constantine sent for the Bishop of Canterbury, for he heard say where he was. And so he was restored unto his bishopric and left that hermitage, and sir Bedivere was there ever still hermit to his life's end.

Then sir Bors de Ganis, sir Ector de Maris, sir Gahalantine, sir Galihud, sir Galihodin, sir Blamour, sir Bleoberis, sir Villiers le Valiant, sir Clarrus of Cleremont, all these knights drew them to their countries. Howbeit king Constantine would have had them with him, but they would not abide in this royame. And there they all lived in their countries as holy men.

And some English books maken mention that they went never out of England after the death of sir Lancelot—but that was but favour of makers. For the French book maketh mention, and is authorised, that

sir Bors, sir Ector, sir Blamour and sir Bleoberis went into the Holy Land, thereas Jesu Christ was quick and dead. And anon as they had established their lands (for, the book saith, so sir Lancelot commanded them for to do or ever he passed out of this world), there these four knights did many battle upon the miscreants, or Turks. And there they died upon a Good Friday, for God's sake.

Here is the end of the whole book of king Arthur and of his noble knights of the Round Table, that when they were wholly togethers there was ever an hundred and forty. And here is the end of the *Death of Arthur*

I pray you all gentlemen and gentlewomen that readeth this book of Arthur and his knights from the beginning to the ending, pray for me while I am on live that God send me good deliverance. And when I am dead, I pray you all pray for my soul.

For this book was ended the ninth year of the reign of king Edward the Fourth, by sir Thomas Malory, knight, as Jesu help him for his great might, as he is the servant of Jesu both day and night.

CAXTON'S COLOPHON

Thus endeth this noble and joyous book entitled *Le Morte Darthur*; notwithstanding it treateth of the birth, life and acts of the said king Arthur, of his noble knights of the Round Table, their marvellous enquests and adventures, th'achieving of the Sangreal, and in th'end the dolorous death and departing out of this world of them all. Which book was reduced into English by sir Thomas Malory, knight, as afore is said, and by me divided into XXI books, chaptered and enprinted and finished in th' Abbey Westminster, the last day of July, the year of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV.

Caxton me fieri fecit.

and turn we from her, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW WHEN SIR LAUNCELOT HEARD OF THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR, AND OF SIR GAWAINE, AND OTHER MATTERS, HE CAME INTO ENGLAND.

And when he heard in his country that Sir Mordred was crowned king in England, and made war against King Arthur, his own father, and would let him to land in his own land; also it was told Sir Launcelot how that Sir Mordred had laid siege about the Tower of London, because the queen would not wed him; then was Sir Launcelot wroth out of measure, and said to his kinsmen: Alas, that double traitor Sir Mordred, now me repenteth that ever he escaped my hands, for much shame hath he done unto my lord Arthur; for all I feel by the doleful letter that my lord Sir Gawaine sent me, on whose soul Jesu have mercy, that my lord Arthur is full hard bestead. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I should live to hear that most noble king that made me knight thus to be overset with his subject in his own realm. And this doleful letter that my lord, Sir Gawaine, hath sent me afore his death, praying me to see his tomb, wit you well his doleful words shall never go from mine heart, for he was a full noble knight as ever was born; and in an unhappy hour was I born that ever I should have that unhap to slay first Sir Gawaine, Sir Gaheris the good knight, and mine own friend Sir Gareth, that full noble knight. Alas, I may say I am unhappy, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I should do thus unhappily, and, alas, yet might I never have hap to slay that traitor, Sir Mordred.

Leave your complaints, said Sir Bors, and first revenge you of the death of Sir Gawaine; and it will be well done that ye see Sir

Gawaine's tomb, and secondly that ye revenge my lord Arthur, and my lady, Queen Guenever. I thank you, said Sir Launcelot, for ever ye will my worship.

Then they made them ready in all the haste that might be, with ships and galleys, with Sir Launcelot and his host to pass into England. And so he passed over the sea till he came to Dover, and there he landed with seven kings, and the number was hideous to behold. Then Sir Launcelot spered of men of Dover where was King Arthur become. Then the people told him how that he was slain, and Sir Mordred and an hundred thousand died on a day; and how Sir Mordred gave King Arthur there the first battle at his landing, and there was good Sir Gawaine slain; and on the morn Sir Mordred fought with the king upon Barham Down, and there the king put Sir Mordred to the worse. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, this is the heaviest tidings that ever came to me. Now, fair sirs, said Sir Launcelot, shew me the tomb of Sir Gawaine. And then certain people of the town brought him into the castle of Dover, and shewed him the tomb. Then Sir Launcelot kneeled down and wept, and prayed heartily for his soul. And that night he made a dole, and all they that would come had as much flesh, fish, wine and ale, and every man and woman had twelve pence, come who would. Thus with his own hand dealt he this money, in a mourning gown; and ever he wept, and prayed them to pray for the soul of Sir Gawaine. And on the morn all the priests and clerks that might be gotten in the country were there, and sang mass of Requiem; and there offered first Sir Launcelot, and he offered an hundred pound; and then the seven kings offered forty pound apiece; and also there was a thousand knights, and each of them offered a pound; and the offering dured from morn till night, and Sir Launcelot lay two nights on his tomb in prayers and weeping.

Then on the third day Sir Launcelot called the kings, dukes, earls, barons, and knights, and said thus: My fair lords, I thank you all of your coming into this country with me, but we came too late, and that shall repent me while I live, but against death may no man rebel. But sithen it is so, said Sir Launcelot, I will myself ride and seek my lady, Queen Guenever, for as I hear say she hath had

great pain and much disease; and I heard say that she is fled into the west. Therefore ye all shall abide me here, and but if I come again within fifteen days, then take your ships and your fellowship, and depart into your country, for I will do as I say to you.

CHAPTER IX

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT DEPARTED TO SEEK THE QUEEN GUENEVER, AND HOW HE FOUND HER AT ALMESBURY.

THEN came Sir Bors de Ganis, and said: My lord Sir Launcelot, what think ye for to do, now to ride in this realm? wit ye well ye shall find few friends. Be as be may, said Sir Launcelot, keep you still here, for I will forth on my journey, and no man nor child shall go with me. So it was no boot to strive, but he departed and rode westerly, and there he sought a seven or eight days; and at the last he came to a nunnery, and then was Queen Guenever ware of Sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloister. And when she saw him there she swooned thrice, that all the ladies and gentlewomen had work enough to hold the queen up. So when she might speak, she called ladies and gentlewomen to her, and said: Ye marvel, fair ladies, why I make this fare. Truly, she said, it is for the sight of yonder knight that yonder standeth; wherefore I pray you all call him to me.

When Sir Launcelot was brought to her, then she said to all the ladies: Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul-heal; and yet I trust through God's grace that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at domesday to sit on his right side, for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never

see me more in the visage; and I command thee, on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company, and to thy kingdom thou turn again, and keep well thy realm from war and wrack; for as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee, for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed; therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thy realm, and there take thee a wife, and live with her with joy and bliss; and I pray thee heartily, pray for me to our Lord that I may amend my misliving. Now, sweet madam, said Sir Launcelot, would ye that I should now return again unto my country, and there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that shall I never do, for I shall never be so false to you of that I have promised; but the same destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me unto, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to pray. If thou wilt do so, said the queen, hold thy promise, but I may never believe but that thou wilt turn to the world again. Well, madam, said he, ye say as pleaseth you, yet wist you me never false of my promise, and God defend but I should forsake the world as ye have done. For in the quest of the Sangreal I had forsaken the vanities of the world had not your lord been. And if I had done so at that time, with my heart, will, and thought, I had passed all the knights that were in the Sangreal except Sir Galahad, my son. And therefore, lady, sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection, of right. For I take record of God, in you I have had mine earthly joy; and if I had found you now so disposed, I had cast me to have had you into mine own realm.

CHAPTER X

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO THE HERMITAGE WHERE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WAS, AND HOW HE TOOK THE HABIT ON HIM.

BUT sithen I find you thus disposed, I ensure you faithfully, I will ever take me to penance, and pray while my life lasteth, if I may find any hermit, either gray or white, that will receive me. Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me and never no more. Nay, said the queen, that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works: and they departed. But there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made; for there was lamentation as they had been stung with spears; and many times they swooned, and the ladies bare the queen to her chamber.

And Sir Launcelot awoke, and went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all night in a forest, weeping. And at the last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel stood betwixt two cliffs; and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass. And he that sang mass was the Bishop of Canterbury. Both the Bishop and Sir Bedivere knew Sir Launcelot, and they spake together after mass. But when Sir Bedivere had told his tale all whole, Sir Launcelot's heart almost brast for sorrow, and Sir Launcelot threw his arms abroad, and said: Alas, who may trust this world. And then he kneeled down on his knee, and prayed the Bishop to shrive him and assoil him. And then he besought the Bishop that he might be his brother. Then the Bishop said: I will gladly; and there he put an habit upon Sir Launcelot, and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings.

Thus the great host abode at Dover. And then Sir Lionel took fifteen lords with him, and rode to London to seek Sir Launcelot; and there Sir Lionel was slain and many of his lords. Then Sir Bors de Ganis made the great host for to go home again; and Sir Bors,

Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, with more other of Sir Launcelot's kin, took on them to ride all England overthwart and endlong, to seek Sir Launcelot. So Sir Bors by fortune rode so long till he came to the same chapel where Sir Launcelot was; and so Sir Bors heard a little bell knell, that rang to mass; and there he alighted and heard mass. And when mass was done, the Bishop, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Bedivere, came to Sir Bors. And when Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot in that manner clothing, then he prayed the Bishop that he might be in the same suit. And so there was an habit put upon him, and there he lived in prayers and fasting. And within half a year, there was come Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villiars, Sir Clarras, and Sir Gahalantine. So all these seven noble knights there abode still. And when they saw Sir Launcelot had taken him to such perfection, they had no lust to depart, but took such an habit as he had.

Thus they endured in great penance six year; and then Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood of the Bishop, and a twelve-month he sang mass. And there was none of these other knights but they read in books, and holp for to sing mass, and rang bells, and did bodily all manner of service. And so their horses went where they would, for they took no regard of no worldly riches. For when they saw Sir Launcelot endure such penance, in prayers, and fastings, they took no force what pain they endured, for to see the noblest knight of the world take such abstinence that he waxed full lean. And thus upon a night, there came a vision to Sir Launcelot, and charged him, in remission of his sins, to haste him unto Almesbury: And by then thou come there, thou shalt find Queen Guenever dead. And therefore take thy fellows with thee, and purvey them of an horse bier, and fetch thou the corpse of her, and bury her by her husband, the noble King Arthur. So this avision came to Sir Launcelot thrice in one night.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WENT WITH HIS SEVEN FELLOWS TO ALMESBURY, AND FOUND THERE QUEEN GUENEVER DEAD, WHOM THEY BROUGHT TO GLASTONBURY.

THEN Sir Launcelot rose up or day, and told the hermit. It were well done, said the hermit, that ye made you ready, and that you disobey not the avision. Then Sir Launcelot took his eight fellows with him, and on foot they yede from Glastonbury to Almesbury, the which is little more than thirty mile. And thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Launcelot was come to Almesbury within the nunnery, Queen Guenever died but half an hour afore. And the ladies told Sir Launcelot that Queen Guenever told them all or she passed, that Sir Launcelot had been priest near a twelvemonth, And hither he cometh as fast as he may to fetch my corpse; and beside my lord, King Arthur, he shall bury me. Wherefore the queen said in hearing of them all: I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Launcelot with my worldly eyen; and thus, said all the ladies, was ever her prayer these two days, till she was dead. Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed. And so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the dirige, and on the morn he sang mass. And there was ordained an horse bier; and so with an hundred torches ever brenning about the corpse of the queen, and ever Sir Launcelot with his eight fellows went about the horse bier, singing and reading many an holy orison, and frankincense upon the corpse incensed. Thus Sir Launcelot and his eight fellows went on foot from Almesbury unto Glastonbury.

And when they were come to the chapel and the hermitage, there she had a dirige, with great devotion. And on the morn the hermit that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury sang the mass of Requiem with great devotion. And Sir Launcelot was the first that offered, and then also his eight fellows. And then she was wrapped

in cered cloth of Raines, from the top to the toe, in thirtyfold; and after she was put in a web of lead, and then in a coffin of marble. And when she was put in the earth Sir Launcelot swooned, and lay long still, while the hermit came and awaked him, and said: Ye be to blame, for ye displease God with such manner of sorrow-making. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent. For my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her, so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me how by my default, mine orgule and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to mine heart, that I might not sustain myself. So the French book maketh mention.

CHAPTER XII

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BEGAN TO SICKEN, AND AFTER DIED, WHOSE BODY WAS BORNE TO JOYOUS GARD FOR TO BE BURIED.

THEN Sir Launcelot never after ate but little meat, he drank, till he was dead. For then he sickened more and more, and dried, and dwined away. For the Bishop nor none of his fellows might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was waxen by a cubit shorter than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore, day and night, he prayed, but sometime he slumbered a broken sleep; ever he was lying grovelling on the tomb of King Arthur and Queen Guenever. And there was no comfort that the Bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of his fellows, could make him, it availed not. So within six weeks after, Sir Launcelot fell sick, and

lay in his bed; and then he sent for the Bishop that there was hermit, and all his true fellows. Then Sir Launcelot said with dreary steven: Sir Bishop, I pray you give to me all my rites that longeth to a Christian man. It shall not need you, said the hermit and all his fellows, it is but heaviness of your blood, ye shall be well mended by the grace of God to-morn. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well my careful body will into the earth, I have warning more than now I will say; therefore give me my rites. So when he was houseled and annealed, and had all that a Christian man ought to have, he prayed the Bishop that his fellows might bear his body to Joyous Gard. Some men say it was Alnwick, and some men say it was Bamborough. Howbeit, said Sir Launcelot, me repenteth sore, but I made mine avow sometime, that in Joyous Gard I would be buried. And because of breaking of mine avow, I pray you all, lead me thither. Then there was weeping and wringing of hands among his fellows.

So at a season of the night they all went to their beds, for they all lay in one chamber. And so after midnight, against day, the Bishop that then was hermit, as he lay in his bed asleep, he fell upon a great laughter. And therewith all the fellowship awoke, and came to the Bishop, and asked him what he ailed. Ah Jesu mercy, said the Bishop, why did ye awake me? I was never in all my life so merry and so well at ease. Wherefore? said Sir Bors. Truly, said the Bishop, here was Sir Launcelot with me with mo angels than ever I saw men in one day. And I saw the angels heave up Sir Launcelot unto heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him. It is but dretching of swevens, said Sir Bors, for I doubt not Sir Launcelot aileth nothing but good. It may well be, said the Bishop; go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the sooth. So when Sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled, and the sweetest savour about him that ever they felt.

Then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and the greatest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morn the Bishop did his mass of Requiem; and after, the Bishop and all the nine knights put Sir Launcelot in the same horse bier that Queen

Guenever was laid in to-fore that she was buried. And so the Bishop and they all together went with the body of Sir Launcelot daily, till they came to Joyous Gard; and ever they had an hundred torches brenning about him. And so within fifteen days they came to Joyous Gard. And there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sang and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him. And ever his visage was laid open and naked, that all folks might behold him. For such was the custom in those days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried. And right thus as they were at their service, there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had seven years sought all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother, Sir Launcelot.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW SIR ECTOR FOUND SIR LAUNCELOT HIS BROTHER DEAD, AND HOW CONSTANTINE REIGNED NEXT AFTER ARTHUR; AND OF THE END OF THIS BOOK.

And when Sir Ector heard such noise and light in the quire of Joyous Gard, he alighted and put his horse from him, and came into the quire, and there he saw men sing and weep. And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother, Sir Launcelot, dead; and then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him. And when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon. And when he waked it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. Ah Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights, and now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse. And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And

thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest. Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure.

Thus they kept Sir Launcelot's corpse aloft fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion. And then at leisure they went all with the Bishop of Canterbury to his hermitage, and there they were together more than a month. Then Sir Constantine, that was Sir Cador's son of Cornwall, was chosen king of England. And he was a full noble knight, and worshipfully he ruled this realm. And then this King Constantine sent for the Bishop of Canterbury, for he heard say where he was. And so he was restored unto his Bishopric, and left that hermitage. And Sir Bedivere was there ever still hermit to his life's end. Then Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Gahalantine, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villiars le Valiant, Sir Clarrus of Clermont, all these knights drew them to their countries. Howbeit King Constantine would have had them with him, but they would not abide in this realm. And there they all lived in their countries as holy men. And some English books make mention that they went never out of England after the death of Sir Launcelot, but that was but favour of makers. For the French book maketh mention, and is authorised, that Sir Bors, Sir Ector, Sir Blamore, and Sir Bleoberis, went into the Holy Land thereas Jesu Christ was quick and dead, and anon as they had stablished their lands. For the book saith, so Sir Launcelot commanded them for to do, or ever he passed out of this world. And these four knights did many battles upon the miscreants or Turks. And there they died upon a Good Friday for God's sake.

Here is the end of the book of King Arthur, and of his noble knights of the Round Table, that when they were whole together there was ever an hundred and forty. And here is the end of the death of Arthur. I pray you all, gentlemen and gentlewomen that readeth

this book of Arthur and his knights, from the beginning to the ending, pray for me while I am alive, that God send me good deliverance, and when I am dead, I pray you all pray for my soul. For this book was endèd the ninth year of the reign of King Edward the fourth, by Sir Thomas Maleore, knight, as Jesu help him for his great might, as he is the servant of Jesu both day and night.

Thus endeth this noble and joyous book entitled Le Morte Darthur. Notwithstanding it treateth of the birth, life, and acts of the said King Arthur, of his noble knights of the Round Table, their marvellous enquests and adventures, the achieving of the Sangreal, and in the end the dolorous death and departing out of this world of them all. Which book was reduced into English by Sir Thomas Malory, knight, as afore is said, and by me divided into twenty-one books, chaptered and enprinted, and finished in the abbey, Westminster, the last day of July the year of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV.

Caxton me fieri fecit.

CORRIGENDA[1]

I. *Misreadings and omissions*: 22. 20 purvey a) purvey for a; 69. 14 crowper) crowpen; 84. 17 we) ye; 91. 17 the) that; 118. 35 ferse) so ferse; 158. 23 the) their; 173. 8 aventure) adventure; 185. 10 to) for to; 185. 19 recrayedest) recrayed and; 198. 17, 201. 7 the) that; 211. 25 thy) thyne; 234. 10 they) that they; 238. 29 kynge) kynde; 253. 31 was not so) was [not] so; 272. 24 is the) is; 277. 4 by) [by]; 311. 22 jantyllmen) jantyllman; 325. 19 he) be; 326. 2 the) tho; 331. 27 And) All; 334. 11 by) be; 335. 17 avoyded) voyded; 353. 7 over the) over a; 361. 1 hydir) thydir; 384. 26 And than) Than; 389. 24 the) that; 396. 32 he wente) wente; 398. 27 your) you; 399. 6 croupyr) croupyn; 407. 4 me) unto me; 411. 26 to) of; 417. 12 [preson]) preso[n]; 420. 4 and) to; 424. 20 ellys) or ellys; 427. 25 the) that; 427. 29 sir) there sir; 472. 16 with La) with sir La; 481. 1 du) de; 493. 1 unto the) unto her; 496. 8 yeode) he yeode; 525. 30 the) tho; 532. 35 towards) towarde; 597. 21 knyght) knyghtes; 624. 18 make a trewe) make trewe; 648. 1 that) the; 690. 6 make redy) make the redy; 713. 10 and all) and to all; 719. 23 y[e] well) you well; 737. 34 suche rejoysynge) suche a rejoycynge; 845. 14 Trystram) sir Trystram; 881. 22 the) than the; 884. 15 Sette) Knyght, sette; 884. 4 *note* toke the) toke up the; 889. 9 of the) of this; 944. 9 the) that; 982. 18 the) this; 989. 1 of the) of this; 1011. 4 adventure) aventure; 1034. 29 hondis, hondis and; 1084. 23 [I]) I; 1089. 15 y[e] that) you that; 1130. 26 *note* hur upppon) hur chamber upppon; 1195. 33, 1231. 20 the) this; 1234. 26 by) be.

II. *Footnotes to be deleted at* 398. 27, 411. 26, 420. 4, 624. 18, 884. 15, 973. 7, 1166. 8–9, 1195. 33 *and the reference to* W *at* 1168. 22.

III. *Misspellings*:

(a) *Proper names*: Anyausse) Anyawse 957. 10, Arthur) Arthure 146. 7, 148. 18, 791. 10, 1086. 32, 1112. 22. 1113. 30, Balan) Balyn 84.13, Blamour) Blamoure 1148. 7, Bors) Boors 799. 35, Bragwayne) Brangwayne 513. 17–30 *note*, Brandyles) Braundyles 489. 16, Butler) Butlere 1241. 30, Cador) Cadore 213. 26, Colume) Columbe 71. 27 *note*, Gawayne) Gawayn 1199. 31, Gringamours) Gryngamouns 345. 31, Guenever) Guenyver 487. 7, Gwinevere) Gwenyvere 129. 17, Kehydins) Keyhidins 428. 11, Kehydyns) Keyhydyns 482. 14, 493. 1, Lamerok) Lameroke 430. 27, 660. 32 *note*, Launcelot) Launcelotte 264. 23, Launcelot) Launcelott 761. 11, Palomides) Palomydes 769. 1, Pellynor) Pellynore 1149. 6, Red Knyght) Rede Knyght

[1] This list illustrates both one's own fallibility and one's constant indebtedness to fellow-scholars. In the interval of time which has elapsed since the printing of the text I have been able to collate it again with the photostats of the Winchester MS. in the John Rylands Library; and during the same time I have received from Mr. Shunichi Noguchi, Mr. A. O. Sandved, and Mr. Jan Šimko their own lists of *errata* based upon the first edition of the text. All readers of Malory will owe these scholars a lasting debt of gratitude for having thus helped to eliminate from the present edition, along with a number of unfortunate, if trivial, errors, a few which affect the sense, such as the ones listed in Section I above under 84. 1, 238. 29, 361. 1, and 398. 27. In all cases the correct reading follows the round bracket.

316. 14, Sankgreall) Sankegreall 906. 29, Safyr) Safyre 1110. 26, Tristram) Trystram 539. 25, 540. 15, 551. 8, 551. 11, 563. 11, 705. 28, 783. 3, 1149. 33, Tristrams) Trystrams 308. 19, 375. 24, Trystram) Trystrams 704. 27, Trystrames) Trystrams 492. 10, Vwayne) Vwayn 538 29 *note*, Westewalle) Westwalle 233. 5.

(b) *Final 'e' omitted in*: aboute 319. 36, amende 226. 4, are 104. 18, areste 194. 19, arte 795. 27, ayenste 338. 22, beste 623. 8, 970. 30, bothe 28. 14, 410. 28, 805. 15, came 745. 7, come 347. 14, 571. 22, courte 260. 30, 809. 3, crye 1065. 3, daungere 204. 15, 1195. 11, downe 298. 21, 531. 22, 761. 1, 1072. 19, ende 190. 13, excepte 608. 7, felle 144. 14, 785. 1, fewe 179. 30, flowe 29. 35, founde 500. 35, frome 32. 3, 33. 29, 109. 23, 253.19, 330. 29, 526. 1, 719. 17, 736. 4, 747. 33, 829. 24, 839. 2, 861. 9, 865. 10, 878. 13, 1057. 16, 1154. 13, gete 1110. 17, grete 1077. 9, halle 22. 31, hande 418. 35, herte 960. 29, honde 52. 16, kynge 98. 14, 101. 29, 187. 6, 379. 34, 384. 9, 475. 19, 491. 28, 758. 8, 1025. 3, 1065. 3, 1066. 27, lesse 146. 19, lete 600. 12, lorde 471. 9, 716. 1, 886. 33, Lorde 590. 26, 920. 7, lyghte 969. 27, Madame 1003. 15, marke 378. 5, moste 21. 29, 131. 20, 194. 24, 561. 34, 735. 1, 991. 9, muche 564. 31, muste 69. 1, 130. 29, 173. 31, 301. 10, 711. 7, 828. 18, 883. 11, Northe 524. 23, nyghe 219. 24, oughte 946. 6, 1025. 25, oure 840. 23, 879. 21, oute 86. 23, passynge 38. 29, poore 617. 36, sawe 36. 2, 149. 1, 681. 13, 684. 6, 731. 27, 755. 34, seyde 606. 15, 853. 11, shylde 116. 6, 754. 24, slewe 1238. 4, some 253. 4, sprange 785. 14, stoode 1046. 32, straungere 1075. 33, stronge 152. 31, suche 143. 3, 167. 25, 776. 29, swerde 171. 8, 491. 29, telle 86. 14, 207. 10 *note*, 517. 18, 842. 19, 962. 34, theire 21. 10, 35. 7, 215. 20, thousande 39. 12, tolde 108. 17, 157. 7, 505. 8, traytoure 219. 12, tylle 1036. 10, welle 823. 20, wente 50. 27, 661. 13, wepynge 1251. 7, whyghte 729. 16, withoute 914. 22, wolde 397. 16, 401. 23, wrothe 216. 6, wyldernesse 916. 4, youre 87. 3, 104. 22, 245. 34, 472. 13, 502. 21, 616. 28, 644. 2, (youre harneis) 714. 15, 1056. 1.

(c) *Final 'e' to be deleted in*: Alle 1070. 13, alle 397. 2, are 272. 6, 312. 16, bede 1133. 11, betwyxte 508. 24, byrthe 300. 3, came 656. 21, 1018. 14, come 49. 23, 50. 1, 52. 23, 68. 6, 119. 17, 132. 19, 142. 24, 168. 28, 191. 10, 272. 36, 287. 10, 287. 36, 299. 35, 402. 7, 524. 8, 579. 11, 619. 5, 853. 22, 1166. 5, 1212. 33, daye 1053. 3, erthe 772. 5, faste 912. 22, foughte 103. 36, Freynshe 1190. 17, fyghte 1122. 5, hathe 992. 16, 1051. 31, helpe 764. 20, here 1173. 29, horse 513. 10, kynge 28. 26, (kyng Nentres) 202. 14, 203. 6, 207. 7, 212. 23, 758. 8, 761. 29, 1051. 8, knyghte 482. 4, 699. 16, 783. 13, 1127. 25, laste 890. 15, morne 1172. 10, myselfe 319. 9, nevewe 360. 6, Northe 530. 7, overcome 664. 28, passynge 38. 29, 210. 31, plyghte 332. 35, powere 1230. 1, rescowe 472. 6, scorne 340. 17, see 309. 2, seyde 62. 27, 102. 1, 109. 17, 971. 3, shewe 313. 5, slepynge 256. 18, some 168. 12, 253. 4, 943. 20, suche 777. 20, telle 596. 22, Therefore 1013. 19, these 1028. 7, tree 117. 33, tylle 1036. 10, welle 779. 27, wellcome 98. 22, wente 639. 6, wepynge 774. 8, whose 961. 8, whyghte 999. 33, withe 109. 12, wrothe 1236. 10, wyste 861. 9, wyte 1200. 14, wythe 475. 18.

(d) *'i' for 'y' or vice versa in*: betwixt 512. 21, cité 311. 19, dismay 473.

24, *d*isworshyp 315. 16, encountirde 495. 5, felysh*i*p 220. 13, 360. 34, 561. 19, felyshyp 118. 14, going 503. 12, his 215. 6, 403. 5, 468. 36, 470. 8, 487. 15, 931. 25, hys 69. 15, 464. 13, 776. 30, 779. 28, 784. 19, 26, 785. 3, 4, 11, hyt 98. 6, is 413. 20, 482. 34, 722. 1, 1252. 11, jantyll 112. 17, jantyllmen 471. 31, king 516. 27, *l*ityll 536. 29, *l*ytyll 482. 33, 537. 7, pité 148. 11, Prince 666. 19, prynce 675. 8, prov*i*sion 360. 13, rowing 196. 6, sir 108. 9, 891. 17, Sir 888. 22, sperys 21. 7, Syr 324. 32, *v*ilany 562. 19, which 98. 9, 469. 26, with 769. 2, 1138. 14, worshyp 21. 21, ys 691. 21.

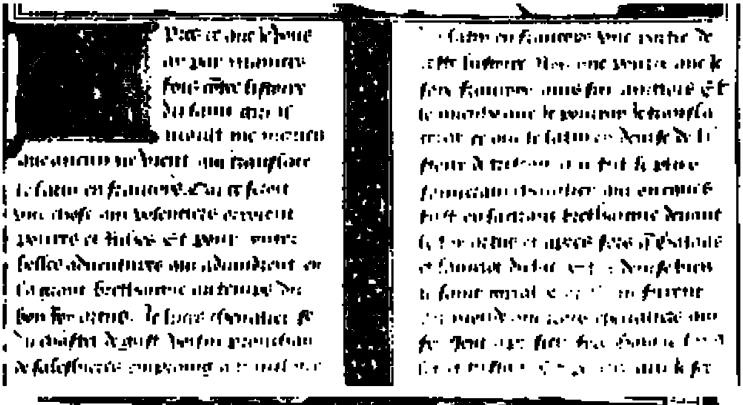
(e) *'seyde' for 'sayde' or vice versa at*: 160. 32, 164. 6, 277. 10, 465. 19, 547. 30, 670. 16, 698. 19, 947. 7, 1240. 22.

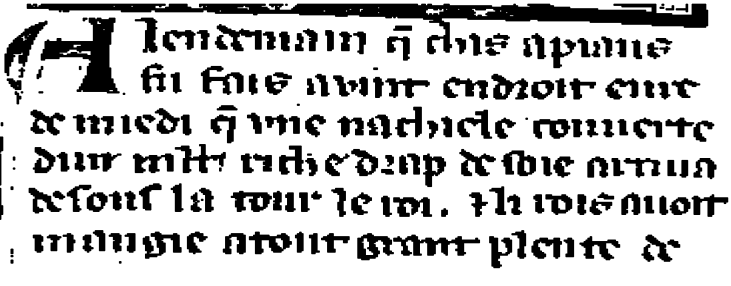
(f) *'Then' for 'Than' ('than') or vice versa at*: 97. 33, 149. 32, 175. 9, 334. 24, 482. 11, 609. 16, 667. 15, 802. 9, 931. 27.

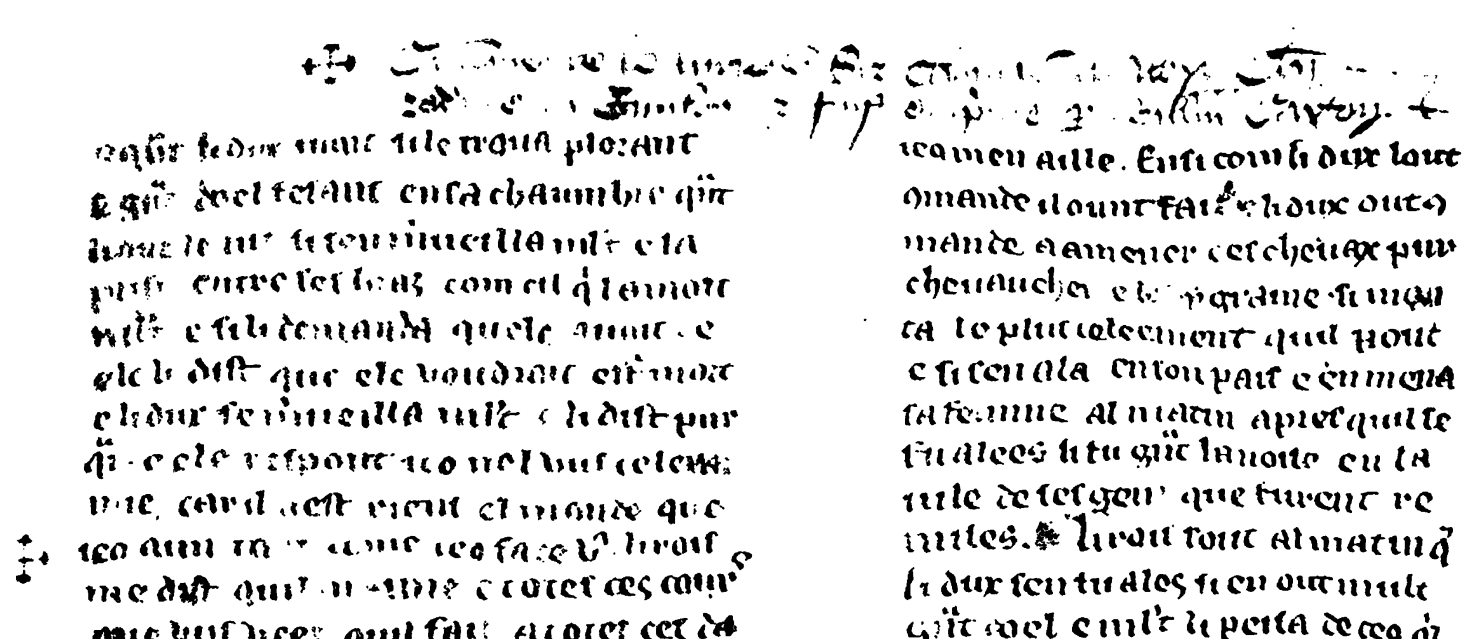
(g) *'when' for 'whan' at*: 151. 13, 159. 20, 335. 26, 470. 13, 566. 3, 983. 28.

(h) *Other misspellings*: 27. 8 pavilions) pavilons, 27. 35 mervelously) merveylously, 31. 29 meanwhyle) meanewhyle, 32. 24 throwoute) thorowoute, 38. 30 after) aftir, 39. 1 agenst) ayenst, 39. 20 took) toke, 46. 7 seying) seyng, 53. 4 yourselffe) youreselffe, 54. 15 wherof) whereof, 62. 10 meanwhyle) meanewhyle, 84. 17 inoughe) inowghe, 97. 13 sholde) scholde, 102. 1 say) sey, 103. 21, 23, 104. 15 other) othir, 104. 19, wylfulness) wylfulnes, 111. 11 it) hit, 117. 34 awoke) awooke, 119. 10 corse) coorse, 120. 17 morthir) mourthir, 127. 4 not) nat, 128. 17 people) peple, 128. 20 water) watir, 139. 18 say) sey, 143. 3 answered) answerde, 145. 22 sister) sistir, 149. 25 say) sey, 150. 29 myssed) myssid, 159. 5 falsehede) falshede, 162. 29 fountayne) founteyne, 162. 34 dameselle) damesell, 164. 35 damesel) damesell, 165. 14 stroof) strooff, 166. 14, countrey) countray, 167. 4 loved) lovid, 168. 35 gate) ghate, 169. 31 it) hit, 170. 36 true) trew, 177. 15 them) hem, 179. 36 after) aftir, 192. 15 speeche) speche, 194. 7 feffyd) feffed, 199. 10 thow) thou, 205. 2 ferser) fersar, 206. 10 looke) loke, 213. 13 wennys) wenys, 217. 23 keuerchoff) keverchoff, 218. 18 follow) folow, 219. 18 *note* dyned) dynned, 224. 26 buryed) burryed, 233. 7 sixty) sixti, 237. 13 Sarazens) Sarezens, 242. 24 sonne) sone, 244. 14 cunnyngst) cunnyngyst, 259. 19 not) nat, 261. 34 strenghthe) strengthe, 267. 19 somwhat) somwhatt, 271. 21 cheyff) chyeff, 272. 34 countreyes) contreyes, 275. 8 countrey) contrey, 278. 7 each) eche, 297. 8 systynaunce) sustynaunce, 297. 33 after) afftyr, 302. 7 spere) speare, 304. 10 Thou) Thow, 306. 36 said) sayde, 307. 12 Soo) So, 314. 3 owrys) owres, 317. 8 sister) sistir, 321. 6 wylle) woll, 321. 21 dedley) dedly, 323. 25 aspye) asspye, 324. 9 grovellynge) grovelynge, 324. 13 sister . . . shrekys) sistir . . . shrekis, 324. 33 shamefull) shameful, 326. 3 maydyn) mayden, 331. 26 were) where, 332. 10 better) bettir, 332. 29 caused) causid, 333. 36 from) fro, 334. 6 shamefully) shamfully, 335. 1 jocunde) jocounde, 353. 27 lyghtend) lyghtened, 358. 7 palefrey) palferey, 360. 20 seeseyde) seesyde, 361. 3 sister) sistir, 372. 18 sorrow) sorow, 373. 13 fostred) forstred, 375. 33 after) aftir, 383. 8 shelde) shylde, 392. 24 ever I) ever y, 395. 35 after) aftir, 414. 30 better) bettir, 416. 16 yre) ire, 420. 30 husbande) husbonde, 424. 22 mortal) mortall, 426. 7 recovered) recoverde, 427. 10 pereless) peereles,

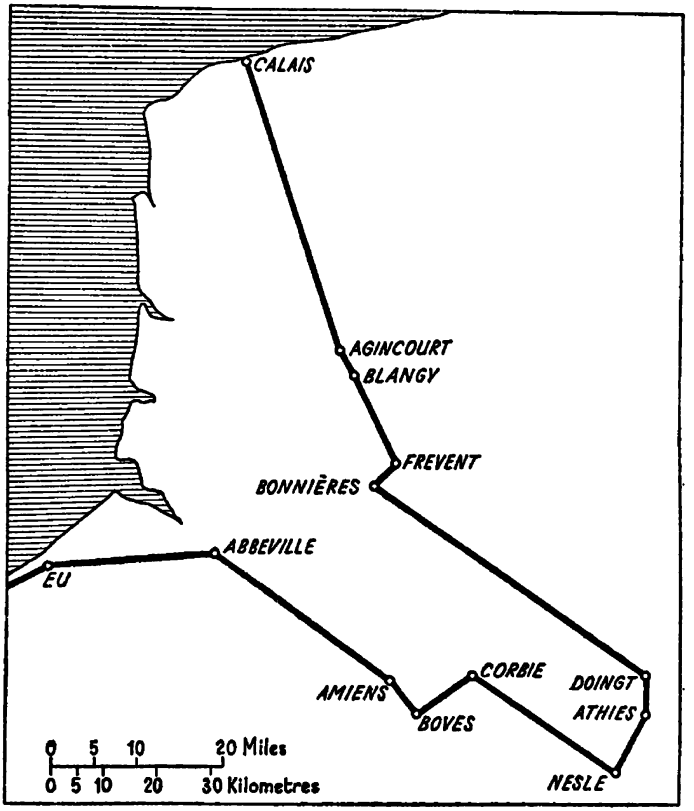
428. 4 handled) handeled, 431. 23 thou) thow, 460. 13 prayed) prayde, 460. 28 feythefull) faythefull, 469. 23 furthwithal) furthwithall, 473. 24 not) nat, 474. 3 wete) wyte, 474. 14 walopynge) waloppynge, 475. 5 hem) them, 481. 14 vessel) vessell, 489. 30 not) nat, 497. 13 felyshypped) felyshyppyd, 502. 17 tymes) tymis, 518. 9 upon) uppon, 527. 12 suddenly) suddeynly, 532. 10 freysshed) freysshid, 534. 9 jantilness) jantilnes, 540. 15 taryynyge) taryynge, 546. 5 ancountir) encountir, 556. 21 holpen) holpyn, 562. 20 damsell) damesell, 583. 15 howbeit) howbehit, 590. 11 nyghe) nye, 593. 7 treason) treson, 602. 2 half) halff, 615. 16 la) La, 620. 25 marvayled) mervayled, 621. 7 keep) kepe, 622. 32 of) off, 626. 10 countrey) contrey, 641. 12 myself) myselff, 642. 31 sucche) suche, 666. 23 upon) uppon, 670. 20 say) sey, 670. 28 fro) from, 675. 10 discovered) discoverde, 694. 4 of) off, 694. 7 comyn) commyn, 699. 26 byhynde) behynde, 701. 11 deathe) dethe, 730. 25 it) hit, 739. 27 despyte) dispyte, 741. 20 sey) say, 746. 32 yourselff) youreselff, 754. 29 known) knowyn, 756. 17 pardoned) pardonned, 779. 14 renowned) renowmed, 784. 32 after) aftir, 784. 33 encheyved) enchevyd, 808. 10 sey) say, 811. 1 lodgying) lodgynge, 815. 25 sometyme) somtyme, 823. 11 cam) come, 827. 4 deep) depe, 830. 14 countrey) contrey, 844. 35 confessed) conffessed, 855. 16 mervylous) mervaylous, 856. 21 350r) 350v, 864. 9 wol) woll, 869. 5, 888. 32 jantillwomen, jantillwoman) jantilwomen, jantilwoman, 893. 29 bysyde) besyde, 897. 14 disadventurs) disadventure, 912. 8 makying) makyng, 919. 25 from) fro, 925. 26 *note* brother) brothir, 943. 31 aythir) eythir, 956. 34 purvey) pirvey, 958. 11 blacknesse) blaknesse, 961. 19 Jesus) Jesu, 974. 16 answered) answerd, 982. 23 cam) com, 1004. 17 evensonge) evynsonge, 1012. 7 *note* dressyd) dressed, 1029. 10 *note* palesy) pallesy, 1035. 18 com) cam, 1065. 4 called) callyd, 1066. 22 com) cam, 1145. 28 boke) booke, 1176. 31 commande) commaunde, 1188. 3 woll) well, 1196. 21 herde) harde, 1249. 13 escaped) ascaped.



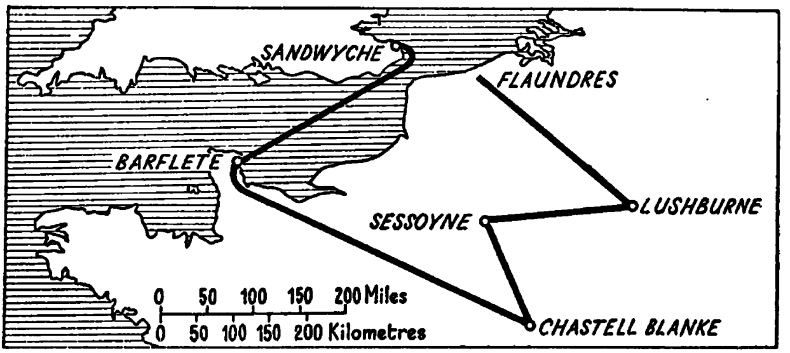




vi. *Ci commence le livre que Sir Thomas Malori, Chevalier, reduce in Engloys, et fuist emprenté par William Caxton.* (Sidenote on f. 189r of the Cambridge MS. of the *Suite du Merlin*)



ROUTE FROM EU TO CALAIS



ARTHUR'S ROUTE ACCORDING TO MALORY

SOUTH-WESTERN FRANCE

IN THE SECOND QUARTER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

(political divisions)

GLOSSARY

a, *interj.* ah 232. 8.
a, *prep.* on 682. 8.
a, *pron.* he 463. 6.
a, *v.* unstressed form of 'have' used as an auxiliary 21. 1, 44. 15, 402. 34.
a. See *a(n)*, indef. art.
abacke. See *abak*, adv.
abaysshe, abeyse, *v.* to lower 524. 9, 531. 31, to beat down 534. 20, to be astonished 858. 15.
aba(y)sshed, *ppl. adj.* silent from shame or confusion, ashamed 10. 16, astonished, taken aback 38. 24, 612. 14, puzzled 197. 10.
abak, abacke, *adv.* back, backwards 36. 23, 400. 29. *gaff abak*, gave way 625. 14.
abasshed See *aba(y)sshed*, ppl. adj.
abate, *v.* to lessen, reduce 178. 23, to cast down 320. 2. *abated at*, set on 1104. 11.
abbas, *sb. gen. sg.* of the abbess 853. 34.
abeyse. See *abaysshe*, v.
abyde, *v.*; **abithe,** *3 sg. pres.*; **abydith,** *imper. sg.*; **abode,** *pret.*; **aby(d)yn,** *pp.* to wait 972. 13, 1138. 5, to wait for 888. 26, 911. 28, 949. 11, to stay, remain 165. 30, to withstand 77. 1, 679. 19, to face, sustain 421. 25, *abyde by*, to perform 888. 3.
abyte. See *(h)abyte*, sb.
abithe. See *abyde*, v.
able, *adj.* of sufficient power 191. 8.
ablemente, *sb.* habiliment warlike accoutrements and munitions 41. 8.
abode. See *abyde*, v.
abought, *v. pret.* paid for 323. 24.
aboute, *prep.* near 417. 20, privy to 795.3; *adv.* in every direction 982. 2. *lay aboute*, was busy scheming 126. 17; *be aboute to*, to be engaged in, be scheming to 149. 30, 158. 5.
abovyn, aboven, *adv.* above, at the top 222. 33, 314. 9.
abovynseyde, *ppl. adj.* mentioned above 127. 25.
abrode, *adv.* away 197. 9, widely 194. 10; widely apart 1254. 12.
absteyne, *v.* to abstain 1253. 27.
accompany, *v. reflex.* to associate, ally oneself 224. 2.
ac(c)ompte, *v.* to count, reckon 516. 28, to consider, think 67. 9, 319. 7.
accord, *sb.* reconciliation 9. 32.
ac(c)orde, *v.* to reconcile 135. 12, to be reconciled 166. 2, 260. 17.
ac(c)orded, *ppl. adj.* reconciled 7. 9, 9. 33, agreed 18. 12, 332. 37.
accounseyle, *adj.* plotting 158. 6.
achyeve, *v.* to bring to a successful end 183. 9.
acombird, *pp.* encumbered 1126. 8.

acompte, acorde. See *ac(c)ompte*, v., *ac(c)orde*, v.
acquyte, *v.* to repay, requite 177. 16, to defend, excuse 781. 3; *reflex.* to perform one's part 594. 35.
actuall, *adj.* active, energetic 34. 18.
actually, *adv.* actively, vigorously 165. 28.
admyrall. See *amerall.*
adoyng(e), *prep. and sb.* being done, in progress 72. 3, 528. 4.
ado(o), *sb.* business, affair 73. 16, 745. 9, sexual intercourse 38. 32, fight 53. 26, 123. 3. *had lytyl ado to,* had little reason to 8. 17; *hath ynow ado,* is fully occupied 40. 23. Cf. French *avoir affaire,* earlier *avoir à faire.*
adouted, *pp.* afraid 656. 10.
adowne, *adv.* down 760. 22.
adrad(de), *pp.* afraid, terrified 34. 27, 51. 5.
adretched, *pp.* troubled, perturbed 1169. 10.
advauntage, *sb.* boasting 431. 24.
advaunte-garde, *sb.* advance guard 31. 21.
a(d)venture, *sb.* fortune, chance 8. 15, 396. 30, risk, danger 420. 19, chance occurrence 70. 19, remarkable experience 66. 28, adventurous task 63. 3, hazard, doubt 1079.8.
a(d)venture, *v.* to risk 713. 17, 47. 1; *reflex.* to venture 861. 19. *to putte in adventure,* to risk 54. 19, *hit is in adventure,* it is doubtful 564. 7.
adventures, *adj.*; **adventurest,** *superl.* adventurous, ready to undertake adventures 160. 3, 933. 11, perilous 877. 23.
advyce, advyse, *sb.* opinion 46. 24, 560. 19.
advyse, *v. reflex.* to think 1202. 5.
advysed, *ppl. adj.* conscious 703. 3
advysemente, *sb.* reflexion 421. 9.
advysyon. See *avision* sb.
advoutrer, *sb.* adulterer 270. 35.
aferde, *ppl. adj.* afraid 81. 14, 113. 1.
affyaunce, *sb.* trust 1230. 15.
affinité, *sb.* kinship 1055. 13.
affray, *sb.* disturbance 1133. 6.
afonned, *adj.* passionately in love, doting 647. 8.
afo(o)te, *adv.* on foot 116. 3, 875. 19.
afore, *prep.* in the presence of 15. 21, 19. 38, before, in front of 354. 30, 547. 2; *adv.* ahead 22. 14, previously 15. 30. *two yere afore,* for two years 514. 2.
aforehande, aforehonde, *adv.* in advance 74. 21, previously 747. 32.
aforetyme, *adv.* hitherto 644. 11.
aforne, *adv.* previously 1068. 10.
afote. See *afo(o)te,* adv.
after, aftir, *prep.* along 639. 6, according to 328. 20, in view of 21. 35, for (after verb of asking) 274. 28, *adv.* afterwards 10. 11, 38. 33, in addition 146. 24. *in all Fraunce aftir* in the rest of France 199. 17; *cj.* according as 611. 16. *aftir me,* as I tell you 655. 20.
agayne, ageyne, *prep.* against 420. 20, in front of 894. 36, near (the beginning of) 179. 25; *adv.* again 28. 32, in return 52. 27; in reply 7. 32, 583. 1, back 24. 16, 840. 16.
agayne-commynge, *sb.* return 714. 18, 1087. 14.
agaynesay, agaynesey, *v.* to speak against 866. 18, 1129. 2.
agaynewarde, *adv.* back 216. 4.
agaynste. See *ayenst(e),* prep.
ageyne. See *agayne.*
aghenst. See *ayenst(e),* prep.
agré, *v.* to agree, consent 104. 22.
ayede (O.F.), *v. 2nd pers. sing. imper. of ayd(i)er,* to help 1154. 18.
ayge, *sb.* age; *within two ayges,* within the limits of military age 189. 2.
ayre, *sb.* heir 195. 20, 245. 29.
aythir, eythir, eyther, *adj. and pron.* each, either 105. 12, 165. 27, 357. 19. *aythir . . . othir,* each . . . the other 27. 28.
aknowyn, *ppl. adj.* cognizant. *to be aknowyn* to show knowledge 341. 15; *wolde nat be aknowyn of,* would not acknowledge 396. 3.
alayed, *pp.* relieved 1028. 26.
alere (O.F.), *v.* to go 1138. 3.
Alhalowmas, Allhalowmasse, the feast of All Saints (Nov. 1) 13. 23, 22. 19.
alyauntes, alyauntis, *sb. pl.* foreigners 189. 4, 191. 2.
alygeaunce, *sb.* alleviation, relief 1093. 15.
alyght, alight, *v. pret. and pp.* dismounted 13. 33, 683, 16, fell 1201. 18.
alyghted, *pp.* illumined 865. 21.
all, *adj.* every 271. 3; *adv.* quite, completely 276. 16, 459. 20, (strengthening another adverb) 763. 21. *all the fylde,* all over the field 756. 7; *all that,* as hard as 1056. 13.
alledged, *pp.* lessened 245. 18.
allso. See *also,* adv. and cj.

al(l)ther, althers, *adj. gen. pl* of all; *oure al(l)ther* of us all 147. 1. 235. 10, *youre althers* of you all 1173. 2.
allwey, allway, *adv.* at all times, continually, always 28. 2, 158. 5.
allweyes, *adv.* always 35. 12.
almeryes, *sb. pl.* ambries, libraries 1036. 21.
almes-dede, *sb.* charitable act 973. 10.
alow, *v.* to praise, commend 117. 21, 300. 9.
alowde, *adv.* loudly 215. 21.
als, *adv.* also 225. 5, 1256. 17.
also, allso, *adv. and cj.* thus 371. 33, now (introducing narrative) 986. 23, just as 7. 21, as soon as, when 28. 29, as 590. 30, 728. 20.
alther(s). See *al(l)ther* adj.
althirnexte, allthernexte, *adv.* nearest of all 220. 16, next of all 240. 7.
amased, *ppl. adj.* out of one's wits 609. 26, bewildered 1233. 24.
amated, *pp.* confused 323. 16.
ambular, *sb.* ambling horse 619. 13.
amende, *v.* to repair, mend 35. 31, 350. 28, to cure 495. 24, to adorn, bring distinction to 460. 3.
amerall, admyrall, *sb.* Saracen emir or prince 222. 36. *admyrallys noblys,* noble Saracen princes 193. 19.
amyvestyall, *adj.* word coined by Malory from the French *ains estions del.* See *Commentary,* 151. 34.
amonge, *adv.* from time to time. *ever amonge,* every now and then 472. 25.
amonyshment, *sb.* exhortation 975. 12.
amoved, *pp.* grieved, angry 1128. 23.
amownted, *pret.* mounted 647. 15
a(n), *indef. art.* used to give numerals collective sense (cf. modern 'a dozen'): *the an eleven,* the group of eleven 27. 1; cf. 36. 30, 74. 1, 151. 8, 1001. 10; *a syse lyke,* the same size 221. 10.
an, *prep.* on 33. 18, engaged in 80. 27.
an. See *an(d),* cj.
ancountir, *v.* to encounter 546. 5.
an(d), *cj.* and 991. 10, if 9. 38, 1055. 10, 1146. 23.
angirfull, *adj.* wrathful 202. 15.
angirly. See *angurly,* adv.
angre, angir, angur, *sb.* vexation 8. 8, 11, 502. 21.
angred, *v. pret.* grew angry 185. 12, 227. 13.
angur. See *angre,* sb.
angurly, angirly, *adv.* furiously 203. 9, angrily 213. 12.
angwyshlye, *adv.* sorrowfully 972. 7.
anone, *adv.* at once, 36. presently 53. 20, quickly 1120. 32 *anone a.,* as soon as 280. 25, 490. 34.
answere, *v.* to fight with 505. 35.
anvylde, *sb.* anvil 12. 32.
aparte, *adv.* in part 565. 24.
apeche, appeyche, *v.* to accuse 5. 21, 579. 3.
apoynted, *pp.* determined, resolved 359. 11.
appayre, *v.* to impair, injure 99. 29.
apparayled, *pp.* furnished 702. 27.
appeyche. See *apeche.* v.
appele, *v.* to accuse 404. 30.
appertenaunce, apportenaunce, *sb.* property rights, privileges belonging to an estate 12. 2, 147. 18.
appyere, *v.* to appear 1168. 5
applye, *v. reflex.* to try, set about 1089. 27.
appoynte, *v.* to arrange 717. 5.
appoyntement, *sb.* agreement 370. 23, arrangement 1194. 31.
apportenaunce. See *appertenaunce,* sb.
ar, *adv., cj., and prep.* before 165. 17, 1200. 32.
arace, *v.* to raze, destroy 1119. 14.
araged, *ppl. adj.* enraged 533. 21, frenzied 807. 6.
aray, *v.* to clothe 63. 13, to equip 996. 12, to discomfit, to rout 498. 11.
aray. See *ar(r)ay,* sb.
araymente, *sb.* attire, clothing 63. 24.
arayse, areyse, *v.* to raise, levy 633. 9, 1233. 5.
araunte, *adj.* See *ar(r)aunte,* adj.
aredy, *adj.* ready, prepared 1211. 3.
areyse. See *arayse,* v.
arere, *v.* to raise, call to arms 127. 9, 189. 18, to rear, 718. 24.
arest(e), *v.* to seize, commandeer 194. 19.
areste, *sb.* capture 1122. 5.
aryght, *adv.* rightly 222. 21.
aryve, *v.* to reach the shore 711. 10, 1003. 27.
armys, armes, *sb. pl.* weapons 12. 16, armorial bearings 70. 3, warlike deeds 1153. 10. *gentilmen of armes,* barons, knights, and their sons 12. 16.
armytayge, *sb.* hermitage 982. 20.
armyte, *sb.* hermit 1086. 25.
ar(r)aunte, *adj.* errant, wandering (esp. of knights following or looking for adventures) 147. 7. 22.
ar(r)ay, *sb.* attire, clothing 8. 16, preparation 344. 32, state, condition

762. 24, state of affairs; *what aray is thys?* what is happening here? 507. 21, 1133. 7.

arred, *pp.* erred 934. 20.

ars, *sb.* buttocks 254. 13, 821. 11.

arson, *sb.* saddle-bow 263. 7.

arst(e), *adv.* before, previously 599. 16, 969. 15, until then 620. 15, 908. 33.

as, os, *cj.* as 160. 7, 988. 8, as if 35. 33, 966. 9, where 732. 22, when 254. 30, (redundant with adverbial expressions of time) 722. 11, 755. 2, (weakened to expletive) 340. 30. *as for, as in,* with regard to, in respect of 138. 4, 406. 4; *but as,* but that 141. 19.

asay. See *as(s)ay,* v.

asawte, *sb.* assault, onset, attack 241. 20.

ascape, *v.* to escape 224. 22, 372. 10.

ascawnce, *cj.* as if 396. 6.

ashamed, *ppl. adj.* shamed 76. 9.

aske, *v.* to ask for 611. 30, 776. 21, to require, demand 102. 25.

askynges, *sb. pl.* demands 388. 12.

asoted, *ppl. adj.* infatuated 693. 28, 795. 9.

aspye, *v.* to perceive, notice 9. 17, 678. 20, *aspye aftir,* to search for 511. 5, to learn, become aware 677. 2, to become familiar with 323. 25.

aspyes, *sb. pl.* secret watch 1082. 32.

as(s)ay, *v.* to attempt, try 14. 26, to put to the test 745. 22, 1087. 20, to appeal to 1186. 18, to challenge, attack 254. 17, 275. 20, to fight with 50. 14, to endure 502. 21.

assayle, *sb.* attack, assault 1070. 7.

assayle, *v.* to attack 996. 5.

assente, *sb.* agreement 1153. 20, connivance 1150. 5, concurrence 492. 2.

assigne, *v.* to arrange 570, 16, to agree 809. 28.

assoyle, *v.* to absolve 899. 5.

assomon, assumpne, *v.*; **assomned, assumned,** *pp.* to summon 342. 23, 404. 17, 407. 11, 1186. 24.

assomons, *sb. pl.* bands, companies 342. 24.

assot(t)ed, *ppl. adj.* infatuated, madly in love 123. 1. 125. 8.

assumned, assumpne. See *assomon,* v.

assura(u)nce, *sb.* formal promise 149. 31.

as(s)ure, *sb.* azure, blue 196. 13, 689. 27, 721. 21.

assure, *v.* to promise 888. 8.

assured, *ppl. adj.* confident 63. 13, 961. 2.

astat(t)e, *sb.* rank, position 61. 12, 99. 30, lady of rank 964. 27, state, condition 1002. 4; *pl.* classes, estates of the realm 414. 4, 534. 9.

asto(o)ned, *pp.* dazed, stunned 28. 7, 277. 30, astounded, dumbfounded 106. 26.

asure. See *as(s)ure,* sb.

aswaged, *pp.* subdued 213. 14.

at, *prep.* to 7. 31, 104. 11, towards 385. 15, in 595. 23, into 840. 31, by 1136. 4, from 19. 33. *toke his wordis at,* considered his words to be 565. 6.

atayntе, *ppl. adj.* exhausted 959. 29.

ato, a-to(o), *adv.* in two 333. 32, 531. 13, 813. 18.

attayne, *v.* to prevail, be victorious 484. 19.

attame, *v.* to cut into, pierce 222. 18.

atte, assimilated form of *at the* 13. 35.

attemte, *v.* to tempt 246. 12.

attende, *v.* to lie in wait 270. 11.

attyre, *v.* to equip 190. 4, 212. 17.

auctorysed, *ppl. adj* authoritative 1242. 4.

audiens, *sb.* hearing. *in opyn audiens,* in the hearing of all 102. 8.

au(l)ter, awter, *sb.* altar 12. 30, 802. 1, 887. 7.

auncet(t)ryes, *sb. pl.* ancestors 185. 10, 192. 9.

availle, avayle, *sb.* benefit, advantage 9. 5, 50. 20, 79. 30.

availle, *v.* to benefit, be of advantage to 88. 8.

avalyd, *v. pret.* dismounted 241. 22.

avanta(y)ge. See *ava(u)nta(y)ge,* sb.

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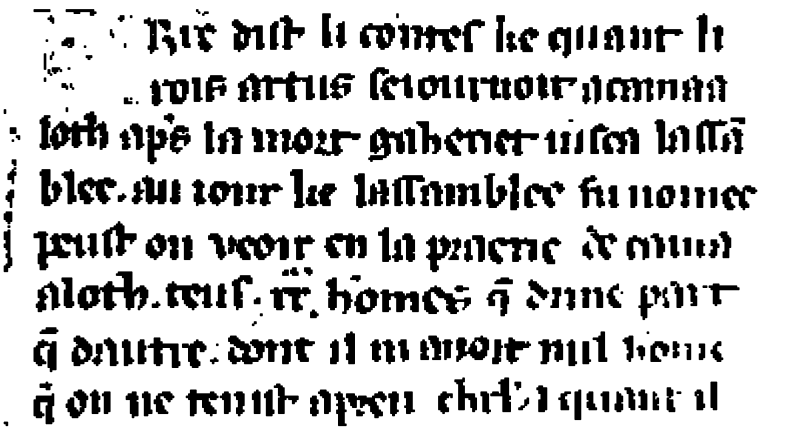

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Behests, promises, 9 16
Behight, promised, 17 23
Beholden (beholding) to, obliged to, 7 21, 13 19
Behote, promised, 8 8
Benome, deprived, taken away, 14 8, 16 8
Besants, gold coins, 4 25
Beseek, beseech, 15 4
Beseen, appointed, arrayed, 1 18, 11 6
Beskift, shove off, 4 1
Bested, beset, 21 2
Betaken, entrusted, 1 6
Betaught, entrusted, recommended, 6 7
Betid, happened, 7 15
Betook, committed, entrusted, 1 23, 10 69
Bevered, quivered, 1 15
Board, *sb.*, deck, 14 7
Bobaunce, boasting, pride, 10 63, 15 6, 18 15
Boishe, bush, branch of a tree, 6 16
Boistous, rough, 2 8, 14 6
Bole, trunk of a tree, 6 16
Boot, remedy, 9 17
Borrow out, redeem, 10 30
Borrows, pledges, 7 18
Bote, remedy, 8 1, 6
Bound, ready, 1 2
Bourded, jested, 9 43
Bourder, jester, 10 25
Braced, embraced, 10 78
Brachet, little hound, 3 6
Braide, quick movement, 20 21

Brast, burst, break, 1 14, 18 2
Breaths, breathing holes, 8 7
Brief, shorten, 9 12
Brim, fierce, furious, 20 13
Brised, broke, 9 4, 10 1
Broached, pierced, 1 16
Broaches, spits, 5 5
Bur, hand-guard of a spear, 21 4
Burble, bubble, 18 22
Burbling, bubbling, 10 2
Burgenetts, buds, blossoms, 20 1
Bushment, ambush, 5 5
By and by, immediately, 18 4
Bywaryed, expended, bestowed, 7 21

C

Canel bone, collar bone, 4 27
Cankered, inveterate, 21 2
Cantel, slice, strip, 1 16
Careful, sorrowful, full of troubles, 5 5, 21 11
Cast (of bread), loaves baked at the same time, 7 14
Cast, *ref. v.*, propose, 13 20
Cedle, schedule, note, 21 2
Cere, wax over, embalm, 5 8 ; *cered*, 21 11
Certes, certainly, 14 7
Chafe, heat, decompose, 4 8 ; *chafed*, heated, 14 9
Chaflet, platform, scaffold, 21 3
Champaign, open country, 1 14
Chariot (Fr. *charette*), cart, 19 4
Cheer, countenance, 7 15, 13 20 ; entertainment, 3 8
Chierte, dearness, 13 8
Chrism, anointing oil, 9 39
Clatter, talk confusedly, 11 8
Cleight, clutched, 6 2

Cleped, called, 9 6
Clipping, embracing, 4 22, 8 36
Cog, small boat, 5 3
Cognisance, badge, mark of distinction, 10 3
Coif, head-piece, 8 7
Comfort, strengthen, help, 16 7
Cominal, common, 4 25
Complished, complete, 7 1
Con, know, be able, 5 16 ; *con thank*, be grateful, 20 13
Conserve, preserve, 17 14
Conversant, abiding in, 17 3
Cording, agreement, 1 11
Coronal, circlet, 5 5
Cost, side, 7 12
Costed, kept up with, 18 21
Couched, lay, 14 6
Courage, encourage, 19 10
Courtelage, courtyard, 4 24
Covert, sheltered, 20 22
Covetise, covertousness, 13 14
Covin, deceit, 13 15
Cream, oil, 9 39
Credence, faith, 5 2
Croup, crupper, 8 16
Curteist, most courteous, 6 10

D

Daffish, foolish, 9 42
Danger (in), under obligation to, in the power of, 7 8, 19 4
Dawed, *v. tr.*, revived, 11 10 ; *intr.*, dawned, 17 2
Deadly, mortal, human, 17, 9, 20
Deal, part, portion, 16 11
Debate, quarrel, strife, 3 6
Debonair, courteous, 17 4

Deceivable, deceitful, 10 61
Defaded, faded, 10 86
Default, fault, 3 8
Defend, forbid, 1 23 ; *defended*, forbade, 7 1 ; forbidden, 18 2
Defoiled, trodden down, fouled, deflowered, 1 14, 7 12, 9 32
Degree, (win the), rank, superiority, 8 9
Delibered, determined, 5 2
Deliverly, adroitly, 20 22
Departed, divided, 9 7
Departition, departure, 9 36
Dere, harm, 1 17, 13 12
Descrive, describe, 10 1
Despoiled, stripped, 15 2
Detreached, cut to pieces, 5 7
Devised, looked carefully at, 17 13
Devoir, duty, service, 7 23, 20 18
Did off, doffed, 13 17
Dight, prepared, 4 6
Dindled, trembled, 5 8
Disadventure, misfortune, 13 20
Discover, reveal, 13 20
Disherited, disinherited, 13 10, 14 8
Disparpled, scattered, 20 1
Dispenses, expenses, 5 2
Disperplyd, scattered, 5 2, 8
Dispoiled, stripped, 7 2
Distained, sullied, dishonoured, 18 4
Disworship, shame, 9 3
Dole, gift of alms, 21 3
Dole, sorrow, 1 15, 11 14
Domineth, dominates, rules, 5 1
Don, gift, 7 2
Doted, foolish, 10 55
Doubted, redoubtable, 16 7
Draughts, privities, secret interviews, recesses, 18 1, 19 6
Drenched, drowned, 14 8

Dress, make ready, 1 16
Dressed up, raised, 13 18
Dretched, troubled in sleep, 20 5
Dretching, being troubled in sleep, 21 12
Dromounds, war vessels, 5 3
Dure, endure, last, 4 1 ; *dured*, 8 29 ; *during*, 10 71
Duresse, bondage, hardship, 13 12, 14 7
Dwined, dwindled, 21 12

E

Eased, entertained, 17 11
Eft, after, again, 8 13
Eftures, passages, 19 7
Embattled, ranged for battle, 5 8
Embushed, concealed in the woods, 1 19, 4 6
Eme, uncle, 8 5
Empoisen, poison, 18 3
Emprised, undertook, 9 2
Enbraid, 20 12
Enchafe, heat, 18 15 ; *enchafed*, heated, 14 9, 18 5
Enchieve, achieve, 9 2, 13 2
Endlong, alongside of, 6 7
Enewed, painted, 3 9
Enforce, constrain, 10 74, 18 18
Engine, device, 10 17
Enow, enough, 1 23
Enquest, enterprise, 9 2
Ensured, assured, 7 17
Entermete, intermeddle, 10 26
Errant, wandering, 4 12
Estates, ranks, 10 61
Even hand, at an equality, 9 2
Evenlong, along, 10 61
Everych, each, every one, 16 3

F

Faiter, vagabond, 2 10
Fare, *sb.*, ado, commotion, 21 9
Faren, *pp.*, treated, 7 15
Faute, *v.*, lack, 3 1 ; *fauted*, lacked, 9 32
Fealty, oath of fidelity, 7 17
Fear, frighten, 7 16
Feute, trace, track, 6 14, 18 21
Feuter, set in rest, couch, 6 2
Feutred, set in socket, 20 13
Fiaunce, affiance, promise, 1 3
Flang, flung, 6 7, 10 41 ; rushed, 9 6
Flatling, prostrate, 18 7
Fleet, float, 13 2
Flemed, put to flight, 20 17
Flittered, fluttered, 5 4
Foiled, defeated, shamed, 18 25
Foined, thrust, 20 22
Foining, thrusting, 7 4
Foins, thrusts, 9 8
Foot-hot, hastily, 9 28, 33
For-bled, spent with bleeding, 9 8, 20 7
Force (no), no concern, 3 7, 21 10
Fordeal, advantage, 5 8
Fordo, destroy, 8 26 ; *fordid*, 2 19
Forecast, preconcerted plot, 20 5
For-fared, worsted, 6 6
Forfend, forbid, 18 2
Forfoughten, weary with fighting, 2 10
Forhewn, hewn to pieces, 7 12, 17
Forjousted, tired with jousting, 8 39, 10 58
Forthinketh, repents, 2 3
Fortuned, happened, 7 1
Forward, vanguard, 20 13

Forwounded, sorely wounded, 9 8
Free, noble, 10 61
Freshed, Froward, away from, 3 14, 10 4

G

Gad, wedge or spike of iron, 15 2
Gainest, readiest, 7 20
Gar, cause, 20 16
Gart, compelled, 3 10, 8 15
Gentily, like a gentleman, 9 5
Gerfalcon, a fine hawk, 4 26
Germane, closely allied, 2 11, 14 2
Gest, deed, story, 6 13
Gisarm, halberd, battle-axe, 4 25, 7 22
Glaive, sword, 20 6
Glasting, barking, 10 53
Glatisant, barking, yelping, 10 13
Gobbets, lumps, 7 23
Graithed, made ready, 5 7
Gree, degree, superiority, 5 10, 6 7
Greed, *pp.*, pleased, content, 16 15
Greses, steps, 17 18
Grimly, ugly, 6 8, 19 2
Grovelling, on his face, 8 26
Guerdonless, without reward, 10 86
Guise, fashion, 1 10

H

Habergeon, hauberk with leggings attached 16 10
Hair, a hair-shirt, 15 2
Hale and how, a sailor's cry, 7 15
Halp, helped, 10 64

Halsed, embraced, 8 14
Halsing, embracing, 2 16
Handfast, betrothed, 10 37
Handsel, earnest-money, 8 16
Hangers, testicles, 10 38
Harbingers, messengers sent to prepare lodgings, 7 27
Harness, armour, 9 11
Hart of greese, fat deer, 10 86
Hauberk, coat of mail, 1 16
Haut, high, noble, 2 19, 8 27
Hauteyn, haughty, 4 10
Heavy, sad, 14 4, 6
Hete, command, 11 9
Hide, skin, 11 14
Hied, hurried, 17 19
High (on), aloud, 6 11
Higher hand, the uppermost, 16 14
Hight, called, 1 18
Hilled, covered, concealed, 10 59, 17 22
Holden, held, 1 8
Holp, helped, 6 12
Holts, woods, 5 9
Hough-bone, back part of knee-joint, 12 3
Houselled, to be given the Eucharist, 21 12
Hoved, hovered, waited about, 2 19, 4 20, 18 10
Hurled, dashed, staggered, 8 26, 9 4, 6, 10 41 ; *hurling*, 7 10, 9 6
Hurtle, dash, 7 12

I

Incontinent, forthwith, 5 2
Ind, dark blue, 1 15
Infellowship, join in fellowship, 8 27

In like, alike, 12 14
Intermit, interpose, 16 15

J

Japer, jester, 10 44
Japes, jests, 3 11
Jesseraunt, a short cuirass, 1 9

K

Keep, *sb.*, care, 7 20
Keep, *v.*, care, reck, 9 14
Kemps, champions, 7 8
Kind, nature, 11 8
Kindly, natural, 11 8
Knights, parters, marshals, 19 9
Know, acknowledge, 5 12
Knowledging, acknowledgment, confession, 19 1

L

Lain, conceal, 20 1
Langering, sauntering, 9 20
Lapped, took in her lap, 8 1
Large, generous, 10 61
Largeness, liberality, 4 12
Laton, latten, brass, 2 11
Laund, waste plain, 4 19
Layne, conceal, 18 13
Lazar-cot, leper-house, 8 35
Learn, teach, 6 10
Lears, cheeks, 9 20

Leaved, leafy, 18 10
Lecher, fornicator, 18 2
Leech, physician, 1 25
Leman, lover, 6 5
Let, caused to, 10 61
Let, hinder, 5 7
Lewdest, most ignorant, 1 26
Licours, lecherous, 18 25
Lief, dear, 21 5
Liefer, more gladly, 9 4
Lieve, believe, 20 1
Limb-meal, limb from limb, 8 37
List, desire, pleasure, 9 24, 10 39
Lithe, joint, 3 13
Longing unto, belonging to, 1 16
Long on (upon), because of, 15 2, 20 1
Loos, praise, 5 10, 16 11
Lotless, without a share, 10 4
Loveday, day for settling disputes, 10 15
Loving, praising, 11 1, 19 12
Lunes, leashes, strings, 6 16
Lusk, lubber, 7 5
Lusts, inclinations, 8 36

M

Maims, wounds, 1 15
Makeless, matchless, 6 11, 10 73
Makers, authors, poets, 21 13
Mal-ease, discomfort, 8 41
Mal engine, evil design, 18 5, 18, 20 4
Mal-fortune, ill-luck, mishap, 9 12
Marches, borders, 1 18, 9 13
Mass-penny, offering at mass for the dead, 18 20
Matchecold, machicolated, with holes for defence, 7 10

Maugre, *sb.*, despite, 1 23, 20 6, 11
Measle, disease, 17 11
Medled, mingled, 10 59
Medley, melée, general encounter, 1 15
Meiny, retinue, 5 5
Mickle, much, 10 63
Minever, ermine, 12 1
Mischieved, hurt, 9 11
Mischievous, painful, 20 6
Miscomfort, discomfort, 10 29
Miscreature, unbeliever, 17 2
Missay, revile, 9 3 ; *missaid*, 9 2
Mo, more, 8 34, 10 58
More and less, rich and poor, 7 27
Motes, notes on a horn, 7 8
Mountenance, amount of, extent, 7 4
Much, great, 20 4

N

Naked, unarmed, 12 12
Namely, especially, 13 20
Ne, nor, 5 8
Near-hand, nearly, 5 7, 8 14 ; near, 19 1
Needly, needs, on your own compulsion, 10 67
Nesh, soft, tender, 13 20
Nigh-hand, nearly, 9 35
Nill, will not, 10 55
Nilt, will not, 13 20
Nis, ne is, is not, 6 16
Nist, ne wist, knew not, 16 14
Noblesse, nobleness, 11 9
Nobley, nobility, splendour, 10 6
Noised, reported, 10 46
Nold, would not, 13 10

Noseling, on his nose, 17 4
Not for then, nevertheless, 10 30
Notoyrly, notoriously, *Pref.*
Noyous, hurtful, 17 8

O

Obeisance, obedience, 1 8
Or, before, 9 17
Orgule, haughtiness, 21 11
Orgulist, haughtiest, 21 1
Orgulité, pride, arrogance, 10 1
Orgulous, proud, 2 4
Other, or, 1 23
Ouches, jewels, 20 14
Ought, owned, 6 5, 9 2
Outcept, except, 10 72
Outher, or, 9 17, 10 70
Out-taken, except, 10 73
Over-evening, last night, 9 31
Overget, overtake, 12 3
Overhylled, covered, 10 9
Over-led, domineered over, 20 11
Overlong, the length of, 10 60
Overslip, *v.*, pass, 8 14
Overthwart, *adj.*, cross, 9 15
Overthwart, *sb.*, mischance, 7 17
Overthwart and endlong, by the breadth and length, 13 17

P

Painture, painting, 6 6
Paitrelles, breastplate of a horse, 7 16
Paltocks, short coats, 5 10

Parage, descent, 7 5
Pareil, like, 5 2
Passing, surpassingly, 18 1
Paynim, pagan, 9 38
Pensel, pennon, 10 47
Perclos, partition, 14 3
Perdy, par Dieu, 7 19
Perigot, falcon, 6 16
Perish, destroy, 17 2
Peron, tombstone, 10 2
Pight, pitched, 1 1, 5 5, 9 20
Pike, steal away, 20 17
Piked, stole, 9 44
Pillers, plunderers, 21 4
Pilling, plundering, 13 15
Pleasaunce, pleasure, 8 36
Plenour, complete, 7 1
Plump, *sb.*, cluster, 1 16
Pointing, aiming, 11 4
Pont, bridge, 11 1
Port, gate, 7 19
Posseded, possessed, 8 12
Potestate, governor, 5 8
Precessours, predecessors, 5 1
Press, throng, 1 17
Pretendeth, belongs to, 1 18
Pricker, hard rider, 5 10
Pricking, spurring, 14 5
Prime, 6.0 A.M., 6 4, 13 19
Prise, capture, 4 6
Puissance, power, 1 26
Purfle, trimming, 1 26
Purfled, embroidered, 1 26
Purvey, provide, 4 1, 18 3

Q

Quarrels, arrowheads, 11 5
Questing, barking, 1 19
Quick, alive, 1 21
Quit, repaid, 4 28 ; acquitted, behaved, 5 11

R

Raced (rased), tore, 1 23, 10 41, 18 23
Rack (of bulls), herd, 16 1, 3
Raines, a town in Brittany famous for its cloth, 21 11
Ramping, raging, 9 1
Range, rank, station, 10 41
Ransacked, searched, 13 13
Rashed, fell headlong, 9 6
Rashing, rushing, 6 8
Rasing, rushing, 6 8, 7 4
Rasure, 18 25
Raundon, impetuosity, 1 10, 3 9
Rear, raise, 4 2
Rechate, note of recall, 10 52
Recomforted, comforted, cheered, 7 33
Recounter, rencontre, encounter, 4 24, 10 3
Recover, rescue, 20 14
Rede, advise, 1 23 ; *sb.*, counsel, 21 4
Redounded, glanced back, 1 16
Religion, religious order, 15 1
Reneye, deny, 8 37
Report, refer, 18 4
Resemblaunt, semblance, 14 6
Retrayed, drew back, 7 12
Rightwise, rightly, 1 5
Rivage, shore, 7 21

Romed, roared, 5 4
Roted, practised, 10 36
Rove, cleft, 2 17
Rownsepyk, a branch, 6 16

S

Sacring, consecrating, 14 3
Sad, serious, 9 7
Sadly, heartily, earnestly, 7 2
Salle, room, 17 16
Samite, silk stuff with gold or silver threads, 1 25
Sangreal, Holy Grail, 12 4
Sarps, girdles, 20 14
Saw, proverb, 10 61
Scathes, harms, hurts, 10 30
Scripture, writing, 17 21
Search, probe wounds, 8 8
Selar, canopy, 17 6
Semblable, like, 5 10
Semblant, semblance, 8 8
Sendal, fine cloth, 5 8
Sennight, week, 4 18
Servage, slavery, 13 15
Sewer, officer who set on dishes and tasted them, 7 36
Shaft-mon, handbreadth, 7 22
Shaw, thicket, 9 39
Sheef, thrust, 13 9
Sheer-Thursday, Thursday in Holy Week, 17 20
Shend, harm, 20 19
Shenship, disgrace, 7 15
Shent, undone, blamed, 7 15
Shour, attack, 20 14
Shrew, rascal, 10 47
Shrewd, knavish, 9 18, 24

Sib, akin to, 3 3
Sideling, sideways, 10 64
Siege, seat, 13 4
Signified, likened, 17 9
Siker, sure, 7 18, 11 13
Sikerness, assurance, 4 27
Sith, since, 1 22
Sithen, afterwards, since, 5 9
Skift, changed, 9 40
Slade, valley, 6 5, 7 7
Slake, glen, 6 5
Soil (to go to), hunting term for taking the water, 18 21
Sonds, messages, 21 1
Sort, company, 9 31
Sperd, bolted, 8 34
Spere, ask, inquire, 13 17
Spered, asked, 7 30, 21 8
Sperhawk, sparrowhawk, 12 7
Sprent, sprinkled, 17 7
Stale, station, 5 10
Stark, thoroughly, 4 17
Stead, place, 4 14
Stert, started, rose quickly, 2 16, 14 10
Steven, appointment, 2 14 ; *steven set*, appointment made, 8 13
Steven, voice, 21 12
Stigh, path, 7 31
Stilly, silently, 7 19
Stint, fixed revenue, 1 24
Stonied, astonished, 6 8 ; became confused, 9 34
Stour, battle, 9 34, 16 8
Strain, race, descent, 13 8
Strait, narrow, 1 10
Straked, blew a horn, 9 21, 10 52
Sue, pursue, 16 20
Sued, pursued, 3 10

Surcingles, saddle girths, 7 16
Swang, swung, 8 14
Sweven, dream, 1 13 ; *pl.*, 21 12
Swough, sound of wind, 5 4

T

Talent, desire, 10 20
Tallages, taxes, 5 2
Tallies, taxes, 5 2
Tamed, crushed, 2 18, 3 10, 15 2
Tatches, qualities, 2 2, 8 3
Tene, sorrow, 2 16
Term, period of time, 21 1
Thilk, that same, 5 12
Tho, then, 17 1
Thrang, pushed, 7 30, 20 8
Thrulled, pushed, 9 4
Till, to, 9 26
To-brast, burst, 6 13
To-fore, before, 1 4, 16 14
To-morn, to-morrow, 4 24
Took, gave, 7 30, 16 6
To-rove, broke up, 8 38
To-shivered, broken to pieces, 1 22
Traced, advanced and retreated, 20 21
Trains, devices, wiles, 9 25
Trasing, pressing forward, 6 8, 7 4
Travers (met at), came across, 17 19
Traverse, slantwise, 10 65, 17 19
Traversed, moved sideways, 20 21
Tray, grief, 2 16
Treatise, treaty, 4 24
Tree, timber, 17 19
Trenchant, cutting, sharp, 19 11

Trest, hunting term, 18 21
Truage, tribute, 1 23, 5 1
Trussed, packed, 20 18

U

Ubblié, wafer, Host, 17 20
Umbecast, cast about, 18 21
Umberere, the part of the helmet which shaded the eyes, 8 41
Umbre, shade, 8 1
Unavised, thoughtlessly, 9 17
Uncouth, strange, 3 6
Underne, 9-12 A.M., 7 19
Ungoodly, rudely, 7 31
Unhappy, unlucky, 20 11
Unhilled, uncovered, 12 4
Unnethe, scarcely, 1 15, 18 2
Unsicker, unstable, 17 23
Unwimpled, uncovered, 10 39
Unwrast, untwisted, unbound, 8 34
Upright, flat on the back, 16 8
Up-so-down, upside down, 10 60, 14 9, 21 3
Ure, usage, 1 16
Utas, octave of a festival, 5 3
Utterance, uttermost, 9 3

V

Varlet, servant, 10 60
Venery, hunting, 8 3
Ventails, breathing holes, 10 60
Villain, man of low birth, 10 61
Visors, the perforated parts of helmets, 8 7
Voided, slipped away from, 1 16

W

Wagging, shaking, 19 9
Waited, watched, 6 16
Waits, watches, 7 30
Wallop, gallop, 1 22
Wanhope, despair, 16 10, 13
Wap, ripple, 21 5
Ware, aware, 14 7
Warison, reward, 9 12
Warn, forbid, refuse, 6 10, 16 11
Weeds, garments, 10 71
Weltered, rolled about, 5 5, 11 8
Wend, thought, 4 27
Wer-wolf, a man turned into a wolf by magic, 19 11
Where, whereas, 9 7
Wide-where, over wide space, 9 2
Wield, possess, have power over, 7 26
Wield himself, come to himself, 8 13
Wight, brave, strong, 7 9, 9 4, 20 2
Wightly, swiftly, 21 3
Wildsome, desolate, 7 22
Wimpled, with the head covered, 10 68
Win, make way, 9 4
Wite, *v.*, blame, 1 26, 4 11
Within-forth, on the inside, 16 13, 20 22
Without-forth, on the outside, 16 13, 20 22
Wittiest, cleverest, 17 3
Wittily, cleverly, 10 36
Witting, knowledge, 11 14
Wold or nold, would or would not, 13 10
Wonder, *adj.*, wondrous, 17 1
Wonder, *adv.*, wondrously, 10 68, 20 22
Wonderly, wonderfully, 9 4
Wood, mad, 1 15, 9 3

Woodness, madness, 1 15
Wood shaw, thicket of the wood, 9 12
Worship, honour, 7 23
Worshipped, cause to be honoured, 18 5
Worts, roots, 16 3
Wot, know, 1 16
Wrack, destruction, 20 1
Wroken, wreaked, 3 7
Wrothe, twisted, 12 2

Y

Yede, ran, 2 18
Yelden, yielded, 20 20
Yerde, stick, stem, 17 5
Yode, went, 6 2
Yolden, yielded, 5 12
Y-wis, certainly, 10 58